

by  
Roger Winans  
Edited by  
R. Alfred Swain

**2021**

**Nazarene Missions International**

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# **Books**

## **GOSPEL OVER THE ANDES**

A HUNDRED YEARS OF THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE IN PERU

*by Roger Winans*

*Edited by R. Alfred Swain*

## **THE GREENING**

*by R. Franklin Cook and Steve Weber*

## **EUNC ON MISSION**

*by Klaus Arnold*

by  
Roger Winans  
Edited by  
R. Alfred Swain



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## GENERAL EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

*Gospel Over the Andes*, written by Roger Winans in 1955, and edited and re-released by Helen Temple in 1990, is one of Nazarene Missions International's (NMI) "Classic Series" of books that tells a compelling story of pioneer missionary, Roger Winans [WIE-nuhns], to Peru and the Amazon. This latest edition is the work of R. Alfred [AL-fred] Swain [SWAYN], retired missionary to Peru, who brings the story up to date.

Part ONE of this book you are about to read is an autobiographical re-visitation of Roger Winans's story, which presents itself in a way that resembles journal entries of his life and ministry, full of the emotions that marked his journey, the loss of loved ones who did not survive the mission, and the joy of seeing that mission begin to flourish in response to his faithful obedience to God's call.

Part TWO of the book has been newly written by R. Alfred Swain, missionary to Peru. Born into a Christian home in rural Northern Ireland, UK, Alfred emigrated to Connecticut, USA, with his family in 1952. He is a graduate of Eastern Nazarene College in Quincy [KWIN-see], Massachusetts, USA, and Nazarene Theological Seminary in Kansas City, Missouri, USA. He and his wife, Arlene [ahr-LEEN], were appointed missionaries to Peru in 1965, and having completed Spanish language study in Mexico City, settled in Lima [LEE-mah], Peru. The Swains' first assignment was church planting, and after five successful years in Peru, they were assigned to open the work in Ecuador. Ten years, and 13 churches later, they were transferred to La [LAH] Paz [PAHS], Bolivia, where Alfred served as seminary director. He was soon named mission director for Bolivia. In 1986, Dr. Louie [LOO-ee] Bustle [BUHS-uhl], regional director for South America, appointed him to be field strategy coordinator of the South Andean [ahn-DEE-ahn] Field, which included Bolivia, Chile, and Peru. He coordinated the ministries of national district superintendents, seminary directors, and missionaries serving the three countries. He also provided training in administration and leadership for pastors and church leaders. In 1998, the South Andean Field became the Central Andean Field of Bolivia and Peru with the field office in Lima, Peru. Alfredo [ahl-FRE-doh], as he is known to his friends, and Arlene, continued their missionary service there until they retired in 2003. They

now live in Sarasota [se-ruh-SOH-tuh], Florida, USA.

Alfred walked in the footsteps of Roger Winans and the missionaries and pastors who continued the mission. He is well acquainted with the mission to the Aguaruna [ah-gwah-ROO-nah] and Huambiza [wahn-BEE-sah] tribes, and has been a participant in the expansion of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru. It is an expansive story continuation of the work of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru, and acts as a historical account of developments since the Winanses left Peru, and the missionaries who came to build upon their pioneering work. New ministries have blossomed and the Church of the Nazarene has grown significantly through the faithful work of missionaries and national church leaders, yielding a harvest Roger Winans might have imagined, but was not able to see to full fruition.

You will be blessed to see how God uses committed lives to bring His children out of darkness into His glorious light. Your faithfulness in giving to the World Evangelism Fund and Alabaster Offerings, as well as your prayers for those serving on the front lines of missions, is what makes these stories of transformation, blessing, and growth possible. In that, you are also a part of this magnificent story. Thank you!

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**PART ONE: GOSPEL OVER THE ANDES**  
**The autobiographical account of the ministry of**  
**Pioneer Missionary to Peru: Rev. Roger Winans**

**Introduction to the**  
**Church of the Nazarene in Peru**  
**by R. Alfred Swain**

The Republic of Peru was one of the earliest mission areas of the Church of the Nazarene. The first Nazarene missionaries, Roger and Mary Winans [WIE-nuhns] arrived in Pacasmayo [pah-kahs-MIE-yoh], Peru in 1914. Three years later, Peru was recognized officially by the church leaders. In 2014 the Church of the Nazarene in Peru marked the Centenario [sen-te-NAH-ree-oh] with a great emotion-filled celebration in Chiclayo [cheek-LIE-yoh], Peru.



**(Map of Peru)**

The Republic of Peru is located on the Pacific coast of South America. It is the third-largest country on

the continent with a population of over 32 million inhabitants. The coastal area (referred in this book as "the Coast") is primarily a desert region that rises gradually to the magnificent Andes [AN-deez] mountain range running from north to south. Most of Peru's large cities are located in the coastal area.

The Andes mountain region (called the Sierra) was highly developed by the Inca empire, and still is home to the descendants of the Quechua [KE-chwah] and Aymara [ie-MAH-rah] indigenous peoples. Spanish is the predominant language of this area, but in the central Andes Quechua is also spoken. In the southern mountains, Aymara is the common language of many communities.

The eastern region of Peru slopes down from the high mountain range and becomes the very fertile watershed of the large rivers that flow into the mighty Amazon River that winds through dense jungle areas. This region is often referred to as both the Montaña [mohn-TOHN-yah] and the Selva [SEL-vah]. The fertile lowlands have attracted millions of colonists who raise coffee, tropical fruits, cacao [kah-KOW], and convert the forests into lumber for the nation and for export. The Amazon basin is the home of many tribes, including the Aguaruna [ah-gwah-ROO-nah] and Huambisa [wahm-BEE-sah] tribes, whom the Roger Winanses began early to evangelize.

The purpose of this book is to tell the story of the spread of the Church of the Nazarene during the past 100 years. The story begins with the heroic and pioneer ministry of Roger Winans and his family during the first 30 years. This story was dramatically told by Roger

Winans himself in his book: *Gospel over the Andes*. We include that story here to provide a foundation as part of the present book. Building upon that foundation, the book tells of the development and extension of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru in more recent years.

Roger Winans, pioneer missionary to Peru, was driven by a dream—a vision and a call from God to an unknown Indian community in the Peruvian jungles. His friends and relatives thought he was foolish. His schoolmates called him crazy. Roger stubbornly set out to find his people—the first Nazarene missionary to Peru. For several years following his call to go to Peru he applied to the leadership of the Church of the Nazarene to be sent to Peru. Each time he was told that the church was not able to send him there. As he relates in his story, he and his wife Mary worked at various occupations to save money for their travel. Finally, they decided they could not wait any longer and paid for their own passages on a vessel going to Peru.

On 1 November 1914, Roger and Mary Winans arrived in Pacasmayo, Peru to serve as missionaries with the Church of the Nazarene. It was three years before they were officially appointed to begin establishing Churches of the Nazarene in Peru. That humble beginning was the opening of one of the greatest stories of missionary service that would lead to the present-day extension of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru.

In his autobiographical book, *Gospel Over the Andes*, we see pioneer missions work through the eyes and heart of a missionary who was driven by a God-given dream.

He and his family were faithful to God's call at a price far higher than most men are asked to pay. Two wives and two children lie buried in Peru. The dream never wavered. Yet not once do we see any questioning of God's wisdom or his call. At the end of his life, Roger could point to few established converts and few missions among the Aguarunas. However, the Nazarene Mission he had begun had already established many churches throughout the coastal, mountain, and eastern regions. Roger left Peru convinced that he had been obedient to God's call. He was able to leave the mission work and the churches in the capable hands of both missionaries and Peruvian pastors. He had done his best to plant the seeds in the tribal areas along the Marañón [mah–rahn–YOHN] River and he knew the harvest had only begun. In 1948 he and Mabel<sup>1</sup> turned over the work in the jungle area to Rev. Elvin Douglass and his wife, Jane, and traveled down the Marañón and Amazon rivers to return to the States and a well-deserved retirement.

We now pick up the story in Roger's words.

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<sup>1</sup> Over the years, Roger Winans had three wives. He went to Peru with his first wife, Mary. She passed away in August 1918 during childbirth. In December 1919, Roger married Esther Carson. Unfortunately, she passed away in November 1928, due to complications from malaria and childbirth. In December of 1929, Roger married Mabel Park. They retired in 1947.



# Chapter 1

## Early Years

My forefathers were pioneers first in Kentucky and later in Kansas. My grandfather settled on the Delaware Indian Reservation. Their relationships with the Indians were friendly and pleasant. For 18 months, my grandmother did not see another white woman. My father came to Kansas just before the Civil War. He was a blacksmith by trade and did not acquire land. He rented but became involved in debt, and our family was among the poorest of the poor.

I was born 15 December 1886, in a farmhouse two miles (3.2 kilometers) south of Osawkie [oh-SAH-kee], Kansas, USA.<sup>2</sup> The brook, or creek, near our home, became our chief entertainment. We always had enough to eat. Thickened gravy and potatoes, mush and milk, were the standard foods, with pork most of the year and chickens and eggs to help out. As we grew older, we

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<sup>2</sup> Ozawkie, Kansas, is an incorporated city with a population of 660. It is believed that this Indian village, originally named Osawkee, received its moniker in honor of the chief of the Sak (Sauk) tribe. The spelling of the town has changed twice—to Osawkie in 1883 when the railroad depot was built, and 17 years later, to Ozawkie. (City of Ozawkie, “History of Ozawkie” [<https://ozawkie.org>] and Paula Smith, email messages to Gail Sawrie, 12 February 2020)

collected food from Mother Nature. There were greens and sheep sorrel in the spring, with wild fruits, berries, and nuts in the summer and fall.

School attendance was irregular for my older brothers and my older sister, for lack of suitable school clothes. Being thick-skinned, I attended school even if the children did make fun of my clothes. Sometimes we shared the clothing and took turns going to Sunday school.

Shortly after I was seven years old, a crazy old man held a few services in our schoolhouse. At least everyone said he was crazy. The one night I went to hear him, he drew a line on the blackboard and said: "Let the lower side represent the people who are lost and on their way to hell, and the upper side represent those that are saved and on their way to heaven. Each of you knows which side of the line you are on."

I said to myself, "I don't know, but I wish I did."

A few days later, I went out to the woods alone and asked God which side of the line I was on. There was no delay in His answer: I was at the deciding point and could choose for myself on which side I wanted to be. But there was a condition to be met. If I chose the right side of the line, I would have to come out boldly for the Lord, and my older brothers would laugh at me and class me with that crazy old man. I wanted to decide right, but fear of my brothers was too much. I was a coward and a sinner.

About the time I was 14, I was under conviction a second time. An earnest Christian man moved to our community. In the winter, he started protracted prayer meetings. At first, only three or four attended. Then

a tough chap in our school attended and was soundly converted. Several of us went the next night. The new convert came to plead with my brother to come and pray. If he had gone, I would have gone too. But no one made a move, and after a few nights, the meetings discontinued.

My father died when I was 15 years old. My oldest brothers took on the family debts and paid them off. My mother earned money raising chickens, and we younger boys did the farming.

It was customary in our school district for young people to continue in primary school until they were 18 to 20. When I was 18, I failed to pass the county examination for a third-grade certificate. I resolved to go west and make money and let the Jefferson County youth grow up in ignorance!

The death of my brother about two o'clock one morning was a shock to all of us. He and my mother were the only Christians in our family. If I had been called to eternity instead of him, I knew I had no hope at all.

With the first streaks of daylight, I set out for the village and county seat two miles (3.2 kilometers) away to seek help. I wanted to seek religion, but I did not know what steps to take. I knelt in the dry creek bed and begged for God to give me a year in which to get saved.

Some months later, we heard that some strangers were in town, preaching that people could be holy in this present life. My brother thought they should be run out of the country, but I wanted to hear them. I was impressed with their earnestness and invited them home with me to take dinner.

It had been decided that I would work away from home in eastern Colorado that summer, where wages were a little higher. I was to leave the next morning, so I did not go to the meeting to hear the young preacher who had joined the others. My younger sister went, and she was saved. She returned after I had gone to bed and called to me, "Roger, I've got salvation." Half asleep, I turned over and replied, "Well, Nettie, I'm glad you joined the church."

I left for Colorado early the next morning while my sister was still in bed and did not see her for months. I worked at several temporary jobs, one with a group of Mexicans, and I learned a few words of Spanish.

Letters from home telling of the conversion of my younger brothers and sisters brought tears to my eyes. I was under conviction all summer. Sooner than I had planned, I was on my way back to Kansas and home. Everything had changed: prayers in the morning, prayers at night, and the blessing before each meal, with all kinds of meetings. I was the one sinner in the family and the object of their prayers. One afternoon I saw my sister praying behind a haystack. I had no doubt as to whom she was praying for. A little later, she announced to me that I was to be converted that night. In my opinion, she had gone too far in her prophesying, and I decided to see who was right.

Before prayers that evening, I slipped off my shoes, preparing to go to bed. The family gathered around me and insisted that I should not go to bed before prayers. Out of respect to God, I knelt with them but refused to

pray. Suddenly I realized that I was struggling against God rather than against my brothers and sisters.

Convinced that this was my last chance, I decided to yield to God but found it hard to frame a prayer. My mother told me to ask for mercy. I asked God to have mercy on me and forgive me. There was a clear sense of relief and peace, but the definite witness of the Spirit did not come.

I had decided to be a Christian but believed I could choose what kind of Christian I would be. Couldn't I live the life and let others do the testifying and praying?

One night a group of rowdies was in the back of the meetinghouse. I was seated about halfway between them and the testifying crowd. During prayers, these rowdies got on their knees and, in mockery, made noises like hogs. I saw my position halfway between the hogs and the Christians. A few steps backward, and I would be a hog like them. A step forward would put me on record as a follower of Christ. I would seal my faith with my public testimony before three worlds.

When the time came for testimonies, my legs were trembling. I took hold of the seat ahead of me and pulled myself to my feet. As I confessed Christ before those rowdies, the witness came, clear and definite, that He at that moment was confessing me before His Father. What joy and peace and assurance were mine!

A matter of restitution still stood in my way. A group of boys had stolen and cooked a man's turkey. They insisted that I eat a little taste so that I would not tell on them. I wrote a letter and enclosed a coin, and the turkey ceased

to trouble me. I went to the haystack to pray and seek the blessing of holiness that I had heard preached. The glory descended, and I was sure it must be that about which the preacher had talked. I said, "OH, I wish the preacher was here so that I could ask him if this is sanctification!" God was displeased by my lack of faith, and the glory left.

A few months, in a revival meeting, I was the only seeker. It was the last night of the meeting, and the evangelist had left for his hotel when I prayed through. It was a direct transaction with the Lord.

Someone sent me a catalog from Hutchinson Bible School.<sup>3</sup> I took the catalog in my hand and knelt down behind a soapweed and said, "Lord, if You want me to go to Bible school, I am willing."

In Hutchinson, I washed dishes in a cheap hotel for my board and \$3.00 a week. Then I got a job climbing tall trees and trimming off branches for 25 cents an hour. I took it, but it did not last, and soon I was out of work again. With only occasional work, I had a hard winter. Friends urged me to leave, saying I was a misfit in town. Finally, in desperation, I walked out of town with my Bible in my hand, to the sandhills. I spent the day in prayer and was greatly blessed of the Lord but did not get any clear leading on my future. I went back again for a second and third day.

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<sup>3</sup> Hutchinson Bible School in Hutchinson, Kansas, had several names, including Bresee College, which was its last name. Roger Winans attended the school in its early days, as did his sister, Nettie Winans Soltero, who became a Pilgrim Holiness missionary in Central America. The school merged with Bethany-Peniel College (now Southern Nazarene University in Bethany, Oklahoma) around 1939.

On the third day, about the middle of the afternoon, I saw as clearly as Paul saw the man of Macedonia a tribe of Indians on the upper Amazon River. A hand seemed to point them out to me, and I knew that was my field. I went back to town, walking on air. That night at testimony meeting, I testified to my call. There were no amens, and the people thought I was mistaken. One man shook hands and said, "It is a long way to South America, Brother Winans."

I entered Bible school when I was 23 years old. The two years I spent in school, I learned as much by association with the teachers and the more spiritual students as I did from the books.

While I was in school, Rev. C. B. Jernigan<sup>4</sup> visited Hutchinson, and the Hutchinson Holiness Church as a body was admitted into the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene.<sup>5</sup> I felt led to cast my lot with this church and was received as a member. A few weeks later, one of my schoolmates said he thought they were going to license us to preach. I was surprised. But sure enough, we were called before the church board. When asked if I was called to preach, I replied that I did not know. They asked if I was called to the mission field, and I told them I was sure

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<sup>4</sup> Rev. C.B. Jernigan was born 4 September 1863 in the USA, and gave his life to Christ, was sanctified, and sensed God's call to preach early in life. Jernigan organized the first Independent Holiness Church in 1901, which ultimately became a part of the Church of the Nazarene. In 1908, Jernigan was appointed district superintendent of the Oklahoma/Kansas District. He later established a college near Oklahoma City that eventually became Southern Nazarene University.

<sup>5</sup> The Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene was the original name of what is now the Church of the Nazarene.

of it. They asked me what I planned to do when I reached the mission field, and I replied, "Preach the gospel."

They decided that my call to the mission field constituted a call to preach and gave me a license. I always felt that my call to the mission field was central, and my call to preach was dependent on this primary call.

In October 1911, I went to El Paso, Texas, USA to work. For nine months, Santos [SAHN-tohs] Elizondo [e-lee-ZOHN-doh] was my fellow laborer. She put me up to preach on every possible occasion, and I butchered the Spanish language horribly.

One day a slim young lady walked into the mission and introduced herself as Mary Hunt, a sister of Ed Hunt, a Nazarene missionary in southern Mexico. She was on her way to join him, but the Mexican revolution providentially kept the railroad cut, so she could not go.

Sister Elizondo placed her in charge of a day school and appointed me as her interpreter. Her use of Spanish was limited, and she was totally dependent on me.

I had often prayed for a companion in the work, but I had always thought it would be a man, strong and robust, who could share the hardships ahead of us. Could this slim girl bear the hardships of a pioneer missionary life? I had no income, and I knew a man in my state had no right to think of marriage.

But a little money came my way, and despite our feeling of caution, we decided to get married on 7 June 1912. We rented a one-room apartment and fitted it up as best we could with our limited means. Our food bill

cost us about \$4.00 a month. For \$1.00, we bought a 25-pound (11.3-kilogram) bag of whole wheat flour, which served as breakfast food, dinner staple, and mush for supper. Beans were cheap, and a soup bone could be bought for only 10 cents.

Dr. H. F. Reynolds<sup>6</sup> came to El Paso to plan for the work. We invited him to dine with us. Our main dish was beans, but they were not quite done. Later that week, he said, “Brother Winans, we cannot send you to South America, but if God has called you, you will go or backslide.” He influenced my life more than any other individual I ever met.

On a hot day in the middle of 1912, we moved to Deming [DE-ming], New Mexico, to work with Rev. Hackley, pastor of the Church of the Nazarene. His helper, Brother Thompson, told us of a group of Mexicans who needed a preacher. At first, they did not invite us in, but when we said we wanted to visit their Sunday school, they relented. They invited me to preach that night. After a private conference, they gave me a little over \$3.00. “We didn’t come here for your money,” I said, “we came for your souls.”

“That is the reason we want you to have our money,” they answered.

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<sup>6</sup> Hiram F. Reynolds (1854–1938) was an ordained elder in the Church of the Nazarene and elected the second general superintendent of the denomination. Upon accepting Christ as his Savior as a young man, he was called to preach and attended Montpelier Theological Seminary in Vermont, later becoming an evangelist. Following the formation of the denomination, Reynolds served in two capacities: general superintendent (1907–1932) and chief executive of the General Board of Foreign Missions (1908–1922, 1925–1927). H. F. Reynolds was passionate about missions and traveled around the world, promoting missions within the new denomination.

Brother Thompson gave us a two-room house with a stove, table, bed, and two or three chairs. We labored among the Mexicans for many months and finally organized a Church of the Nazarene. During this time, I sent my annual application for missionary appointment and received the negative decision of the General Board.

## Chapter 2

### Bound for Peru

The urge to reach others became almost an agony. I asked the Mexican church to release me and then sent my wife to Kansas while I went to California to try to stir up interest in Peru. In San Francisco, a Nazarene pastor gave me encouragement and good advice. “Put your money in the bank, get a job on a fruit farm, and write your friends that you are going to Peru just as soon as you have enough money for your passage.”

I took his advice, and each month we added to our savings. Finally, the amount tallied with what the steamship company asked for third-class tickets for our family, and we were off. I have often read of the leave-taking of missionaries at the pier, but some hoboes who carried our luggage aboard were the only people to see us off.

An hour or two before midnight on 1 November 1914, we were put ashore at the port of Pacasmayo [pahk-ahs-MIE-yoh], Peru, without a single acquaintance or a document worthy of the name, and worst of all, with

almost no money. We were placed in a hotel for the night, and the next morning before breakfast, a boy from the hotel was knocking on our door and demanding pay for our night's lodging. We were definitely up against it.



(The pier where the Winanses landed in Pacasmayo on 1 November, 1919)

Going out into the street, I accosted [stopped] a well-dressed young man and told him I had come to town to start an English school. He was already an English student and employed by an American businessman. He made me acquainted with a few of his friends who also wanted to study English, and, last of all, took me to the office of his employer. I informed him that I had three of his clerks enrolled in my English classes who agreed to pay me five soles<sup>7</sup> a month each as tuition, and I was in need of a little loan to carry me over my present distress. After consulting with his clerks, he counted out 30 soles to me, agreeing to

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<sup>7</sup> The sol (plural: soles) was the national currency of Peru from 1863–1985. It was replaced by the inti in 1985, which was replaced in 1991 by the nuevo sol. Sol notes and coins are no longer legal tender in Peru, nor can they be exchanged for notes and coins denominated in the current nuevo sol. As of February 2020, the exchange rate of the Peruvian nuevo sol was 3.38 per US dollar.

collect it from his own clerks. I was able to pay our hotel bill, the transportation of our baggage, and a month's rent on a new house on the edge of town, and still had a little money left over for food.

We soon had more students, giving us more income. We bought lumber to make benches for our front room for services. However, we made the mistake of putting the benches in rows, as we would at home. No Peruvian wanted to sit in front of anyone else, as it would show pride. We learned that in their homes or halls, they put the chairs or benches around the four walls so that all were equal.

We spent three years as a colporteur<sup>8</sup> [KAHL-por-tuhr] and subagent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. During this time, I made my first trip to the high mountain region.

We kept waiting for word from the General Board. One member had said, "We may someday extend our work as far south as Guatemala but never as far as Peru." Imagine our surprise and joy when we received word that we had been appointed as missionaries to open the field in Peru!

With as little delay as possible, we turned over the work of the Bible Society to our successor. We chose the town of Pacasmayo as our base because we thought it would be a gateway to the mountains and the distant interior. On 11 March 1917, we held the first public service under the auspices of our own church in Pacasmayo.

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<sup>8</sup>A colporteur is a peddler of religious books.

We combined English teaching and colportage with our missionary work and tried to reach as many of the towns and plantations in the province of Pacasmayo as possible.

I bought a little mare from a lawyer at a cheap price. Afterward, I learned he had acquired the mare as a fee for defending a shady character who had been thrown into jail. The mare was fleet-footed and willing and carried me to many villages and plantations.

One day I timed my arrival at the village of Chocofán [choh-koh-FAHN] for 5 P.M., the hour when the workers would be arriving from their fields. To my surprise, I found the village deserted and all doors closed. I was sure a few people would arrive before dark, so I tied my steed, fished a nail out of my pocket, and with a stone nailed my picture roll<sup>9</sup> up on a tall post. About that time, a small boy came out of one of the houses, and as he passed, he stopped to look at the picture roll. “¡Ven a ver!” [BVEN AH BVER] he shouted. “Come to see!” Doors flew open, and out rushed the people, eager to see what the excitement was about. They had returned to their homes by the back-door route and had failed to see me, as I had failed to see them. In such villages where one house is joined to another house, and there are no windows, the family is quite secluded when the front door is closed. I proceeded to give them a gospel message from the books I had for sale and sold a goodly number of Gospels and Testaments. There was no question of the right of a bookseller to explain the books he had for sale.

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<sup>9</sup> A scroll illustrated by or chiefly written in pictures, especially a historical record or chronicle.

Shortly after the arrival of the two lady missionaries, Mabel Park and Esther Carson, in August 1918, two men from the mountains visited the mission. They told me of a little group of nine converts in the Santa [SAHN-tah] Cruz [CROOS] District who were praying for the visit of a missionary. A few weeks later, I was able to make the three-day trip to this community. My arrival created a great deal of excitement, and we had almost all-day meetings with a little recess at noon, but no night meetings. Nine others were converted during the three days, a good start for the work there. On the last day, two men came from the highlands. The younger of them asked questions that showed he was a Bible student. I asked him where he had secured a Bible, and he replied, "You sold it to me." He was one of those who had bought a Bible that Monday when we had been in such straitened circumstances. We agreed on a meeting place the following day, and he became my guide and companion on the return trip as far as Llapa [YAH-pah]. There I met that remarkable idealist, Victoriano [vik-tohr-ee-AH-noh] Castañeda [kahn-tahn-YE-dah], who spent long years as an itinerant preacher for our mission.

We found it difficult to adjust to living conditions in Peru, especially the food. The yuca [YOO-kah] or mandioca [mahn-dee-OH-KAH]<sup>10</sup> sold in the marketplace seemed to us a tasteless, starchy tuber. Rice was the staff of life in every home but ours. We longed

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<sup>10</sup> Yuca and mandioca are also known as cassava, a type of American plant grown in the tropics for their edible tuberous roots which yield a nutritious starch.

for vegetables and fruits like those to which we were accustomed. The poorly ventilated houses were more of a trial than the food.

Our oldest child, Joel, was suffering from malaria when we visited Callao [kah-YAH-oh]. But under the treatment of an English doctor, he was completely cured and never suffered from malaria again. Our second son, John, was very hardy and robust and suffered only such passing ailments as are the common lot of children. Our third child, a precious little girl from the time of birth, suffered from a disease that the doctor diagnosed as inherited malaria. She did not linger with us long, and we laid the little body to rest just outside the Catholic graveyard in Pacasmayo.

A little over a year later, a baby boy, Pablito [pahb-LEE-toh], was born. My wife, Mary, did not rally but became feverish. The doctor treated her for pneumonia but wrote on the death certificate, "Pulmonia [pool-mohn-EE-ah] galopante [gah-loh-PAHN-te]," or quick consumption. During her last hours, I was in an awful agony in prayer. Could I, by believing prayer, stay the hand of death? Finally, she grew weaker and slipped away to be with Jesus. We laid her remains beside our baby girl, who had preceded her.

The months that followed were difficult indeed for me. I realized that some change would have to be made, but it was hard to decide on a definite course of action. Esther Carson wanted to adopt Pablito, but I refused, saying, "Just now he needs a mother; but if he lives, the day will come when he will need a father."



(Catholic church in Pacasmayo.  
In the cemetery nearby were buried the bodies of  
Mary Winans and two of their small children.)

We secured a wet nurse for him for a time and then tried various baby foods, but nothing seemed to agree with him. Meanwhile, I was trying to find some solution for the care of my older boys without burdening the lady missionaries.



## Chapter 3

### Move to Monsefú

A letter from independent missionaries located at Monsefú [mohn-se-FOO] informed us they would like to sell their property and retire from the field. I visited them, and we agreed on a price. About the close of the year 1918, we took possession.

The main house was a combination of lumber and adobe and had never been completed. We held services in the living room. A Peruvian worker had an adobe house at the back of the property and made his living selling flowers. Most of the vacant land around the house was planted in flowers, especially roses. A barbed-wire fence, much in need of repair, enclosed the property on one side, and untrimmed hedgerows flanked the other two sides.

We replaced the barbed wire with an adobe wall. I found enough used lumber to complete a meeting hall that was under construction.

As I pastored the congregation, I learned that every family had some difficult home or personal problems that hindered the spiritual life of the congregation. Every morning for a time, I called the roll on my knees until some of the problems were solved.

A very strict standard had been maintained, and there even seemed a limitation placed on who could seek salvation. One night a man and woman came to the services who had never heard the gospel before. There was a tangle in their lives, and some of the old converts came to me and asked if such people could be saved. I replied that I was not God to dictate who could be converted. "Let us pray with them, and if we pray up against an obstacle, we will know what is hindering them, but if God gives us liberty, and they pray through, let us not limit God." They prayed through to victory that night, and within a week, we had the tangle straightened out.

In 1918 and 1919, owing to poor steamer connections between Pacasmayo and Éten [E–ten], I made several horseback trips between Monsefú and Pacasmayo. The first trip I made, I traveled along the beach, which served me as a guide most of the way. To avoid the hot sun, I traveled partly by night. On the return trip, I decided to take advantage of the full moon and travel entirely by night. A few miles (kilometers) along the way, I reached a place where there was only a narrow gravel ridge that separated the ocean from a lagoon. This, with other similar lagoons, gave its name to the little village of Lagunas [lah–GOON–ahs], a couple of miles (3.2 kilometers) inland. A half-mile (804 meters) or so from the ocean stood a lone building, half-buried in the desert sand, that marked the former site of the village. The residents of this village were famous for their thieving proclivities, and my little mare showed a decided affinity for the place, trying to turn aside from the trail.

I had barely crossed the narrow ridge of gravel and entered the sand dunes when I met three horsemen dressed in light-colored clothing, driving a herd of horses, mules, and donkeys. I hastily turned aside into one of the little depressions scooped out by the wind in the sand and stopped my mare. As I was dressed in dark clothing and fairly well hidden, I hoped they would not see me. After they passed on, I found I had gotten off my trail, but decided to follow a general direction facing the wind until I reached the ocean. My course took me, too, near the abandoned house. I saw dark objects moving about and decided they were people who belonged to the same gang as those I had just avoided.

Shifting my course, a little toward the ocean, I found a long, straight hollow made by the wind. At first, I thought they had not seen me, but after a few minutes, I looked back and saw three mounted men pursuing me at a gallop.

My little mare was fleet of foot, but we had been on the trail five hours, while their horses were fresh. To try to run was worse than useless, so I kept on my way at a good swift trot, looking back occasionally to note how fast they were gaining on me. Over my regular clothing, I wore a big woolen poncho, so it was impossible for them to see whether I was armed or not. As they drew nearer, I suddenly stopped my mare and, dismounting, turned her square across the trail in such a way that I would be on the opposite side from them. Summoning all my courage, I shouted at them to halt.

They flattened their bodies on their horses but kept on coming. By their protective attitude, I inferred that they

were as badly frightened as I was. I shouted to them a second time to halt. They stopped their horses and waited. I stepped out from behind my mare and invited them to come on. According to their story, they were on their way to Pueblo [poo-EB-loh] Nuevo [noo-E-voh], a town 10 or 15 miles (16–24 kilometers) back from the ocean, in search of some stray donkeys. I told them who I was and managed to include the fact that I was a very poor man, which is a good reputation to have when traveling with thieves.

A few miles (kilometers) farther on, our ways parted, and they took the trail for Pueblo Nuevo. As they rode over the first ridge, I followed them to see if they were acting in good faith or if I might expect a second scare before morning. As my head reached the top of the ridge, I stopped my mare. Looking down the trail, I saw they had stopped to talk matters over. A half-hour later, it seemed I could see black objects flitting along the sides of the sandhills a distance from the ocean. Were they birds, or were they men?

Arriving at a little house near a stream that entered the ocean, I called the owner to inquire about the proper place to ford the stream. “At this stage of the tide, it is far out near where the waves are breaking, and three men have just passed over ahead of you,” he said.

My acquaintances will be waiting for me on the other side, I thought. Sure enough, their horses were grazing in a little patch of grass near the stream while they were stretched out, apparently asleep. They probably hoped that I would run, but I rode in among them and, dismounting,

called out, "Friends, let us eat; I have some lunch with me."

They explained that they had decided their donkeys might be at La [LAH] Boca [BOH-kah] del [DEL] Rio [REE-oh] near Pacasmayo, rather than at Pueblo Nuevo. As the daylight came, I saw one was only a boy of 18 or 20 years, and the other two were mature men. The oldest confided that he had been wounded by the police in the town of Guadalupe [gwah-dah-LOO-pe] when they ran the priest out of town. Their horses were becoming jaded, while my little mare was still fresh after nearly 50 miles (80 kilometers) of travel through the sand. We parted company near La Boca del Rio, and I continued my journey alone to Pacasmayo. When I told this story to Peruvians acquainted with the region, their reply invariably was, "Fueron [FWE-rohn] ladrones [lahd-ROH-nes]" ("They were thieves").

During the year 1919, I made three trips to the mountains: one to Santa Cruz, one to San [SAHN] Miguel [mee-GEL], and a long trip to Jaén [hah-EN]. The trip to Santa Cruz was the most fruitful, and the one to Jaén the most far-reaching in paving the way for the future mission to the Aguaruna Indians. Returning from San Miguel, as I rode along the mountain trail, a feeling of loneliness came over me; and I felt that Pablito, my baby, had slipped away. The feeling passed, and I continued my journey. On my arrival back in Pacasmayo, Miss Carson wanted to tell me something but found it hard. When she finally succeeded, I told her my experience of the day before. "God has made it easier for you," she replied.



## Chapter 4

### Expanding Horizons

Toribio [toh-REE-bee-oh] Suarez [SWAH-res] and I made great preparations for the trip to Jaén, the unknown, great "beyond." I had heard glowing tales about this fabulous province! But my chief interest was in the people, especially the Indians. We traveled light, taking only the bare necessities and a stock of Scriptures, which we easily dispensed along the way.

We arrived at the banks of the Chamaya [chah-MIE-yah] River after several days, and because of the intense heat, we decided to rest until it was cool.

Early the next morning, we were on our way and approached the town about 9 A.M. An old man met us on the road. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"To Jaén," we replied.

"Turn back," he said, "there is a revolution in Jaén."

We explained that we had traveled a long distance to see this famous town, and we didn't want to turn back now.

"Have you been recommended to lodgings?" he demanded.

“Yes,” we replied, “we have been specially recommended to the house of Señor [se-NYOHR] Sixto [SEEKS-toh] Vidarte [vee-DAHR-te].”

“Don’t go there,” he said. “The revolution is right in his house.”

We were relieved to know that the revolution was small enough to be confined to one house and decided to go on.

As we entered the town, a tall man dressed in tropical clothing stopped us, asked our destination, and inquired if we had been recommended to anyone in town. Reluctantly we told him that a certain Señor Oseas [oh-SE-ahs] Montenegro [mohn-te-NE-groh] had recommended us to his cousin, Señor Sixto Vidarte.

“I am the man,” he replied.

He took us to his home. We learned that there had been considerable shooting the night before, and the mayor of the town had been killed by a gendarme<sup>11</sup> who had recently joined the local police force.

Our inquiries about the Jivaro [hee-VAH-roh] or Aguaruna Indians brought conflicting reports. We heard that Jivaros had arrived in Bellavista [be-yah-VEES-tah], so we rode there but found no Jivaros. Our trip at least acquainted us with the trail to Jaén and some of the people.

I was back in Monsefú in December, but what is a home without a mother? I set out for Pacasmayo to bring back a mother for the home. Much has been written about Esther Carson, but I find it impossible to describe

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<sup>11</sup> A gendarme is an armed police officer.

her. Ours was a life of pioneering with its hardships and adventures. She carried her full share of the burdens uncomplainingly. I can only say, “Who was I to be worthy of such a wife?” We were married on 19 December 1919.



**(Esther Carson Winans)**

The year 1920 was a time of great undertakings. We had a few children in a day school with their teacher. This we enlarged to a Bible school for the training of workers.

Our first district assembly had been held in 1919. The attendance was much better in 1920.

Three more missionaries came to our field within two years: Miss Augie [AW-gee] Holland, from Guatemala and Bolivia, who already spoke Spanish; and the Rademachers [RAH-duh-mahk-uhz]. Brother Rademacher was a great man of prayer and surprised us by praying in Spanish before he could preach in it.

Some men seem born to be leaders. I was not. I had

many sleepless nights. The time had not come to take a furlough, but I needed a rest. Brother Rademacher took over the work, and Esther and I went to San Miguel, where we rented a “haunted house” on the square. To a man from the wind-swept plains of western Kansas, the moaning and shaking of the doors and windows at night was nature’s music lulling him to sleep.

## Chapter 5

### Persecution Arises

As the time of year drew near for our district assembly, we decided to visit the work in the Santa Cruz District and hold several meetings on our way to the coast. When we arrived at the first group of converts, we sent our guides and saddle animals back to San Miguel, planning to hire others when we resumed our journey.

At night I heard what I took to be an unusual number of fireworks in the houses 100 yards (91 meters) or so from where we were staying. Afterward, we learned that it was rifle fire intended to intimidate us.

One morning I was out in the yard, walking about and reading my Bible when a group of men arrived. I continued with my reading until one walked up to me and snatched my Bible out of my hand. The others were preparing to enter our lodgings. I stopped them and demanded to know who they were and what their mission was. They were wild to locate a stock of Bibles that they supposed we had.

Finally, the leader reluctantly allowed me a hasty reading of his written order. He was the local constable, and his

instructions were to “absent” us from the community. I supposed it meant to arrest us, so I told him we were quite ready to accompany him. As I remember, they searched our goods and took most of our books and Esther’s guitar.

As we traveled along the road toward the town, they taunted us with the weakness of our followers and informed us that the constitution had been changed again, and we no longer had any rights before the law.

The town was still 10 miles (16 kilometers) away, but I wanted to arrive there and appear before intelligent judges.<sup>12</sup> Our captors were in no hurry and seemed to want to delay. We had traveled scarcely a mile (1.6 kilometers) until they stopped by the roadside and insisted that my wife play the guitar for them. I objected, insisting that we be taken to town and jail without more delay. The son of the local constable laid hands on my wife, and I struck him without thinking of the consequences.

Instantly the other members of the group began beating us over the head with their heavy clubs until our clothing was spattered with blood. The young man I struck pulled out his big revolver and fired into the air. The professional killer they had hired for the occasion awaited orders and the opportune moment to carry out his part. The leader ordered us to go on, and we continued another half-mile (804 meters) toward town.

Reaching a precipitous mule trail that branched off into a deep ravine, they ordered us down that trail.

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<sup>12</sup> At that time in Peru, most people did not read or write, including the police and local officials. By using this phrase, Roger meant that he wanted to talk to a judge who could read.

I refused to go, insisting that we be taken to town. The leader replied that his orders were not to take us to town but to “absent” us from the community. “Besides,” he replied, “you would never reach town alive. Crowds of people are waiting along the road to mob you.”

It was evident that their plan from the beginning was to murder us. Twice the hired assassin raised his rifle to take aim, and twice I faced him and looked into his eyes, and he lowered his gun.

Suddenly we were surprised by the appearance of a man on a little ridge overlooking the road. It was Don [DOHN] Pedro [PED-roh] Villareal [vee-yah-re-AHL], a distinguished man in whose home we had once been entertained. Fear seemed to grip him, and he started to leave, but I called to him. “Don Pedro, you profess to be our friend; I do not ask that you take our part, but I do ask that you stand right where you are as a witness, and after we are dead, tell the whole world how we died.”

His courage returned, and he said to the men holding us, “You have beaten these people without a cause. Now turn them loose and let them go.”

The constable immediately agreed, but his son warned, “You are getting away today, but you will never get out of this region alive.”

When we had returned to the house where we had been staying, the owners begged us to leave immediately. We knew that two or three miles (3.2–4.8 kilometers) up the mountainside, a half-brother of Victoriano Castañeda was teaching in a little country school. We decided to go to this schoolhouse for the night and then out with our

two boys, Joel and John. We carried most of our clothing and bedding in our bags slung over our shoulders. A woman followed us, carrying our guitar.

A gunman had hidden in a cane field by the trail to shoot us if we tried to escape. But the warm afternoon sun, coupled with the liquor he had imbibed, put him to sleep, and we passed within a few feet (meters) of his hiding place without disturbing him. He awoke minutes later and took the guitar and the books away from the woman.

Schoolteacher Castañeda gave us a warm welcome and put us up for the night. After dark, a group of long-bearded men armed with Winchester rifles called on us and informed us that we were among friends and needed not to fear anything that night.

We decided that there were enough people present for a preaching service and preached on the text, “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do” (Luke 23:34). The message, coupled with our blood-spattered clothing, made a deep impression. Years later, many were converted to Christ in this neighborhood.

Our plan of escape was to leave our boys in the home of the schoolteacher, who would send them to the home of Baldomero [bahl–doh–ME–roh] Terrones [ter–ROHN–es], a valiant disciple of Christ, while Esther and I escaped on foot.

As we approached the foot of the last steep mountain that leads up to the high, rolling tablelands, we passed the last house we were to see for several hours. A small boy, innocently or maliciously, asked if we were returning, to

which I replied, "Yes."

"That is all right," he remarked.

After we passed the house, a woman came out and shouted as loud as she could, "There they go." I said to Esther, "They are waiting for us somewhere up the trail." It had rained hard the night before, and the ground was soft and slippery. We thought it advisable to leave as few tracks as possible and made it a point to step on stones or walk on the grass near the trail.

Up and up we climbed, but we had to stop for my wife to rest. She was heavy with child and weak from the loss of blood the day before. I helped her to press on, listening, and watching for any sign of human life on the trail ahead.

As we were nearing the top, to the left and a little ahead, I heard voices. A man spoke to someone, "I have not seen anyone pass by here."

Quietly I said to Esther, "They are in that field; we will have to hurry before they return to the trail." Summoning all her strength, she followed me away from the trail on an angle to the right. Providentially we came to a slight depression, deep enough to conceal a human body stretched flat on the ground. We quickly lay down. We heard the steps of our pursuers approaching the trail, then a long pause, and finally the words, "They have not passed this way."

We waited until the last faint sounds from the men on the descending trail died out. At the foot of the mountain, they would learn from the woman that we had escaped. We assumed that there might be another posse following us in an hour or two.

We were convinced that they expected us to try to return to San Miguel. Instead, we planned to take another trail to Hualgayoc [HWAHL–gah–yohk], the capital of the province. The parting of the trails was only a few miles (kilometers) away. Could we reach there before our pursuers overtook us? As we walked along a ridge of open grassland, we looked behind us and saw three men on horseback. They may have been innocent travelers, but we wanted no dealings with them. We left the trail and followed the swale<sup>13</sup> [SWAYL] to the nearest timber and hid while they passed. Two miles (3.2 kilometers) to the east was the home of the parents of Toribio Suarez. I thought I could find the place by following the general direction, and it would be safer than returning to the trail. Our nerves were growing unsteady, and we were ready to see fantastic things and people. Suddenly we saw ahead of us two armed people coming in our direction. As they drew closer, we saw they were a man and a woman. He was carrying his walking stick, and she was spinning wool. We recognized that it was Toribio's brother Doroteo [doh–roh–TE–oh] and his grandmother out looking for their cattle. We were at last safe among friends and could rest and eat.

A few hours later, we were surprised by the arrival of Baldomero Terrones, leading a horse well laden with good woolen blankets. He had heard of our plight and set out to find us and help us on our way. The next morning the three of us set out over the high, rolling tableland, light

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<sup>13</sup> A swale is a low-lying or depressed area and often wet stretch of land.

of heart and fleet of foot. We had time to meditate on God's goodness and mercy in delivering us from death three times in 24 hours. We continued on our journey to the coast and arrived in time for the assembly. After the assembly, we returned to San Miguel by way of Pacasmayo, the Chilete [chee-LE-te] railroad, and one day by mule.

The authorities in Hualgayoc and Cajamarca [kah-hah-MAHR-kah] made no attempt to administer justice for us. However, the matter was laid before the American consul in Lima [LEE-mah], and we were officially informed that we would not be molested in the future.

Now Joel and John were rapidly growing up, and we felt that they should be in the States in school. They had their hours for classes and study and ran a great many errands but still had time on their hands. It was their job to carry water for the home, and because there was only one communal fountain for water, the waiting line could be long with delays and, at times, disputes. One day John returned with his clothes wet, and the boys said that a woman had thrown a bucket of water on him. I went to the fountain to investigate, and the woman said John had put his foot into the woman's bucket of water. I asked John why he had done that, and he said because Joel told him to. I did not investigate what the woman had done to provoke them but informed all the women that I would attend to the punishing of my sons, and requested that they inform me any time the boys misbehaved. There was no more trouble.

A few months later, we arranged to send them to the States in the company of a personal friend. We made the

trip by horse, train, and local boat to a sugar-loading port where the ship was to stop. The ship was delayed about two weeks in arriving, so I had this additional time with my boys. The next time I saw them, they were no longer boys but young men.

## Chapter 6

### To the Interior

The work on the coast was moving on quite well without us. After our two sons, Joel and John were sent to the States, it seemed the time had arrived to move forward on our cherished mission to the jungle Indians.

Toribio Suarez and family were to accompany us. One sunshiny morning in July 1923, we set out for the high plateau where Toribio was to meet us. Night found us near the agreed meeting place, but there was no Toribio in sight. We slept out under the stars and early the next morning found Toribio and his family camped about a mile (1.6 kilometers) from where we had slept.

The third day brought us in sight of the county seat town of Chota [CHOH-tah], but it was nearing eight o'clock at night when we were halted in the main square by the gendarmes and the sub-prefect, the highest official in the county. They wanted to know who we were and where we were going, and in what house we expected to lodge. We told them we were evangelicals on our way to Jaén and that we expected to lodge in the home of Señor Esteben [es-TE-ben] Gavidia [gah-vee-DEE-ah]

Romero [roh–ME–roh].

“Oh, yes, he is a fine man, and his brother is the gobernador [goh–ber–nah–DOHR; constable]. You may go on to your lodgings.”

We delayed a day in Chota and held the first public (Protestant) preaching service ever held in Chota. There were about 500 people respectfully listening in the plaza and many more from the various balconies overlooking the plaza.

Crossing the summit, we descended rapidly to a green plain with spots of scrub timber. Here we camped for the night, stacking our baggage and covering it and ourselves with rubber capes and woolen ponchos to protect us from the heavy rain that fell that night.

The next three days and nights were a nightmare of pulling mules and horses out of the mud and reloading baggage from morning to night. We advanced from three to five miles (4.8–8 kilometers) a day, and about noon on Saturday, we were resting and eating in Santo [SAHN–toh] Tomás [toh–MAHS]. Thirty-six hours of rest put us in shape to travel again. Three days’ journey through the sparsely settled semidesert valley skirting the Marañón River brought us to the banks of the Chamaya, a very swift stream, which we crossed on a raft. From there, it was a very short day’s journey to our immediate destination, Jaén.

We had not been in Jaén many weeks until an American engineer passed through the town to investigate some reputed gold- and oil-producing regions. He was planning a long trip far down the Marañón. He took an interest

in our mission to the Aguaruna Indians and promised to speak to Señor Cosio [koh-SEE-oh] in Pomará [poh-mah-RAH]. About a month later, he returned from his trip and sent for me. He advised me to lose no time in visiting Señor Cosio.

Saddling the mule, Ford, I reached the village of Santa Rosa [ROH-sah] in three short days' travel. On the advice of those who knew the trail, I left my mule behind for the final day's distance and set out on foot. Just as I reached the foot of the big mountain, three young Indians stepped out on the trail behind me and smiled when I looked back at them. Each wore a simple loincloth and carried a blowgun or spear. They did not attempt to speak Spanish but passing me led the way to the house of the chief, Samarin [sah-mah-REEN].



(A group of Aguarunas meeting visitors on the trail)

The chief was seated on his high stool and was in animated conversation with another Indian, so he paid little attention to me. After a time, I was led to the house

of Señor Simón [see—MOHN] Cosío, where I was made welcome. For three days, I gathered all the information I could about the Indians and their language. I discussed with Señor Cosío the proposition of opening a school for the Indians. He said he had written the Franciscan friars, asking them to open a school, but they had not replied. If they did not respond in six months, he said we were welcome to open a school there.

I returned to Jaén, carrying much information about the Indians.

In March 1924, a group of Aguaruna Indians came to Jaén to trade. We took some of them to our house to learn a few more words of their language and show them our friendship.

Esther and I made a second trip to Pomará, where we spent nearly two weeks. Esther tried her hand at teaching school. Our Aguaruna vocabulary grew during those days. Señor Cosío agreed to let us move there and open a school. But first we had to return to the coast to get supplies. We returned to Jaén, full of excitement.

One day Esther went to town alone and returned, saying she had met Mr. Harry Watkins, a collector of birds for a British museum, and his wife, and they wanted us to return to Pomará with them. He offered to provide our necessities and pay our expenses. We were soon on our way back to the Aguarunas.

How can I describe that month in Pomará? Mr. Watkins collected his birds, and in-between caught fish for our dinner. One day the Indians came, saying that a large herd of wild hogs was nearby. Every man with a gun

rushed toward the spot, and though I was looking after the baby that day, I picked him up and ran after them. By the time I had run about 300 yards (274 meters), I was so far behind that I gave up the chase and returned to the house.

A well-beaten side trail aroused my curiosity. I followed it and came to a row of neat little shelters lined with a split-reed mat. Here was some secret of the Indians' religious beliefs and practices. I inquired, and the Indians readily explained that this was where the boys went to dream and see visions after taking their narcotic drink called *natem* [NAH-tem]. Only young unmarried men and boys could participate. Others might enter or leave the house at will if they did not disturb the ceremonies. A master of ceremonies led the chants. In a few hours of repeated drinking, the boys would be well under the effects of the narcotic. At sundown, the drum would cease to beat, and they would file out of the big house to the little shelters, where they spent the night seeing visions. Some sleep restlessly but do not dream. Others dream of ordinary labor, such as making clearings or building houses; this is considered a poor dream. Still, others dream of successful hunting or fishing, and this is a good dream. The best dream is of warfare and killing the enemy. The Indians believe these experiences help make the boys into successful hunters and warriors.

We learned much from Señor Cosio's wife *Sesingu* [se-SING-goo], an Aguaruna, and the children.

All too soon, Mr. Watkins completed his bird collection, and it was time to leave. We paid for a house

in trade goods and returned to Jaén to prepare for a trip to the coast.

Halfway along the trail to the coast, we stopped, and Esther and the baby went into the house where we were to stay while I looked after our saddle animals. I was surprised to find Esther and the woman in the house in earnest conversation. I asked Esther if she didn't think it would be wise to get some food and rest first. And she replied, "She started it by asking if we were evangelicals." We rested here over Sunday, and the woman professed conversion before we left.

When we reached the coast, we found there had been changes there. The Rademachers had returned home because of illness. Rev. and Mrs. Ira True had come from Guatemala to take their place.

We gathered a good supply of necessities and sent them by a muleteer over the freight route, while we returned over the same trail on which we had come. At the Chinchipe [chin-CHEE-pe] River, a message reached us from the sub-prefect in Jaén, saying that a Jesuit priest had preceded us to Pomará by two or three days, and he feared the man would stir up the Indians against us. I was concerned for the safety of my family, but Esther said, "Let us go on and trust the Lord. He will take care of us."

Night was falling when we reached the house we had bought on our last trip. A group of boys was following us, and I said to them, "Mina [MEE-nah] jea" [HE-ah] ("That is my house") and pointed to the house. Atsá [aht-SAH], Taita [tah-EE-tah] Cura [KOO-rah] jea" [HE-ah] ("That is the priest's house"), they replied.

We decided not to stop in our house that night, to avoid trouble. We went on to Señor Cosio's house, where the priest was staying. Señor Cosio was away, but the priest came to welcome us, saying how grateful he, as a Belgian citizen, was to all Americans for having saved Belgium during the war.<sup>14</sup> I thanked him but felt I must deliver the message of the sub-prefect first of all.

"No," the priest said. "There will be no trouble between us; we will work together as brothers."

We finally mentioned the matter of the house, and a boy whom Señor Cosio had raised spoke up and said, "The house belongs to the pastor; I saw him pay for it."

The priest replied that he had no intention of taking our house away from us, but some of the Indians had offered it to him free. The next morning we moved into our house to await the goods we had shipped by mule train.

The house stood on a flat piece of tableland 80 to 100 feet (24–30 meters) above the narrow Pomará Valley. It was an old, abandoned house with the doors at either end missing. The public had made a pathway through the center. Every morning the women passed through on their way to the fields, and every afternoon they walked

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<sup>14</sup> During World War I, Germany invaded Belgium, a neutral territory. The United States entered the war in 1917, and while most of the forces were fighting in France, four Army divisions fought in Belgium alongside the British Army in a battlefield in the Flanders area of Belgium. It was here that some of the fiercest battles of World War I were waged. Many soldiers were injured and killed there, and several villages of the area were completely destroyed. Future president Herbert Hoover set up aid organizations to help Belgium with relief. By the end of the war, these organizations had accumulated a net surplus of \$30 million in funds, which was used to improve Belgium's educational system.

back through, carrying heavy loads of vegetables and bananas. Groups of young men on hunting expeditions or idling away the day might stroll through at any time. Esther called it the house on both sides of the road. We had much to do to fix up the house and the outside.

For a time the priest was a regular caller at our home and often stayed for a midday meal or dinner. He and Esther read the Bible in French together.

One day he failed to appear at our home, and we learned that Shavit [SHAH-veet], the old Indian from Tutumberos [too-toom-BER-ohs], had carried him away. Shavit claimed to be chief in Tutumberos, since his brother-in-law, Samarin, was chief in Pomará. But Shavit said he was an orphan because he had no patron to finance his section of the tribe. He thought the priest would make a good patron. He called on the priest one evening and asked if he would like to be patron in Tutumberos or not. He allowed no time to think. The canoe was at the river, night was falling, and it was going to rain. They gathered up the priest's few belongings and rushed him to the canoe.

## Chapter 7

### Life at Pomará

We turned our attention to starting the little school, holding public services, defending our flock of chickens, and seeking pasture for our mules and food for ourselves. Esther was the schoolteacher, and a young man who had come with us from the coast was her helper. One Indian boy who advanced a little faster than the others was certain at the end of a month he had learned all there was to learn.

I bought an old field of cassava and spent a lot of time digging for enough of this substitute for bread to satisfy the needs of our family. For meat, we killed a chicken occasionally, and I tried fishing without much success. Finally, I secured a few sticks of dynamite and gained a reputation for both fishing and generosity that brought returns for years.<sup>15</sup> At the beginning of the rainy season, when the main river becomes swollen and muddy, certain fish gather in the clear water near the mouth of a small stream. A short section of dynamite tightly wrapped with

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<sup>15</sup> Blast fishing, such as described by Roger Winans, was common in many countries around the world in the past. While the use of explosives is effective in its yield, it is dangerous and can damage the environment. It is now illegal in most countries.

paper, cloth, and twine and attached to a small stone for a sinker, if thrown at the right moment, will kill a lot of fish.

My first experiment gave us about a dozen nice, large suckers weighing from four to five pounds (1.8–2.2 kilograms) each. A large group of Indians was present to see and participate in the results. If each could succeed in catching one fish and taking it home, I would be empty-handed. The tribe had rules for game caught in various ways but no rules about fish killed with dynamite. It was up to me to establish a rule in the next 30 seconds or suffer the consequences.



**(The old chief of the Aguarunas, Samarin, shortly before his death. He was converted when Dr. Chapman preached through two interpreters.)**

Unfortunately for me, the chief, Samarin, was the first to lay claim to a fish. I had an idea but was not sure the chief would listen and obey. I asked them to pile all the fish up in one heap. The chief protested that he had

caught only one. Finally, he complied, and then the others followed. Earlier I had seen two Peruvians carry away a whole killing of fish without giving the Indians even one. I wondered if they thought I was as stingy as those men. When the pile was finished, I began giving out fish to each head of a family, making sure the chief got a different fish from the one he had caught.

Among the others, there was a weak-eyed old man who had two or three wives and many children. When I gave him a fish, the Indians protested that he could never have caught it himself and that instead of dividing the fish, I was giving them away. All were pleased with my action and thought me to be a very generous man even if I did carry away about half the fish myself. From then on, it became a rule of the tribe that every time there was a fishing party, each one must send me one or more small fish and sometimes a larger one or a good cut out of a big fish.

In the division of labor in our home, I became the doctor. For ten years, I refused to dabble in medicine lest I do more harm than good. But around Jaén, I saw old women who could neither read nor write treating the sick, and I decided that if they could practice medicine, I could also by being very careful. I bought a family doctor book and a smaller first-aid manual, which on every page instructed one to send for the doctor. Not very practical when the nearest doctor was 200 miles (321.9 kilometers) away.

My first attempt at tooth extraction was a failure; I lost my nerve. But the next case was relatively easy, and I

succeeded. I had the reputation of having an “easy” hand, that is, being careful.

My services were most sought after in treating tropical ulcers. For a time, I had great success, and then suddenly very little success. I decided there must be different kinds of ulcers needing different methods of treatment. Medical doctors eventually confirmed this.

Twice I was called to help in childbirth. The first mother gave birth before I arrived, and the second was just a little slower than they were accustomed to and gave birth naturally in due time. They didn’t call me after that.

A young Indian boy insisted on trying to kill fish with dynamite when I was away from home. He insisted he knew how and begged Esther until she gave him the dynamite. Just as he raised his arm to throw the dynamite, he got “buck fever,”<sup>16</sup> and could not let go of the dynamite. Fortunately, he held it at arm’s length, and only his fingers suffered. I treated them until they healed completely. The flesh grew out over the jagged bones.

After a time, we learned that the land in the old clearings around our house could not be made to produce again, and the house itself would rot down in another year or two. We needed a new location and virgin soil. Esther mentioned a beautiful little brook, Sunsuntsa [soon–SOONT–sah], about a mile (1.6 kilometers) downstream, which she had discovered one day. I went and looked it over and decided it was just what we needed. The chief agreed that we could have it, and we began to clear the

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<sup>16</sup> Buck fever is the nervous excitement of an inexperienced hunter at the sight of game.

land and plant. The chief was the life and center of the work crew.

Let me describe our home. We had six outside doors, hewn out of wide roots or braces of a certain tree; they were 30 inches (76.2 centimeters) wide by 7 feet (2 meters) long. The doors swung on projecting tenons about 6 inches (15.2 centimeters) from one side. We had no locks. Our house had a well-patted-down dirt floor and a hole or two in the walls, which we called windows. I secured a wide board 5 or 6 feet (1.5–1.8 meters) long, which I called my desk. A rough bench served me as a seat. A large slab from the door tree supported by four stakes was my bed, and an army blanket was my mattress. Boxes or crates were cupboards and bookcases.

The time was drawing near for the 1925 district assembly at Monsefú. Esther and little Roger would not be able to go this year. A group of four Indians accompanied me, and we attracted a great deal of excitement.



(The Roger Winanses family, with two children, July 1926, Monsefú, Peru)

As the time drew near for my return, I was suffering from a sore toe and a touch of malaria. Some urged me to wait a week, but I told them I had reason to hurry. With the cold of the highlands, my malaria became worse, and I took generous doses of quinine. As we went down into the burning semidesert valley, my thirst became unquenchable. Stopping at a large plantation, I ate a number of large, sweet, oranges. The next day I developed diarrhea and barely had strength to sustain myself in the saddle every day. After two days, I remembered that one of the freight boxes contained a box of cinnamon. I opened it and made cinnamon tea; it calmed me. At Jaén, a gentleman gave me some tea and gingersnaps, which went fine. On Friday, we reached the Chinchipe River with one long day ahead of me. I was very hungry and decided to eat a good meal. The next day I was worse but managed to get home. A day of rest and diet put me in good shape again.

We were in need of food supplies from La [LAH] Yunga [YOON-gah]. Esther said, "I feel you have time to make the trip and return before the baby comes." When I returned the next day, she was busy with her preparation for the coming event. There was no doctor or midwife to call on, and I was fully aware of the gravity of the situation. Fortunately, all went well, and we were soon rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy whom we named Frankie George.

Our freight arrived from the coast, and we completed our house at Sunsuntsa. It was on a ridge about 80 feet (24 meters) above the Marañón flood level. To the east, across

the river, was a steep mountain rising 2,000 to 3,000 feet (609–914 meters) above the river. It was heavily forested, and some of the trees were covered with vines, which bloomed in bright colors. All year round, we had before our eyes this natural painting full of life and color.

The most enchanting thing about the property was the babbling brook, carrying an abundant supply of crystal, cold water. I thought that it was large enough to be useful and small enough to be tamed for our service.

One day I found a slight depression running along the hillside to the top of the ridge by our door. Following it in the opposite direction, I found that it went to the edge of the brook. Inquiry convinced me that the early Spanish explorers had possibly built as a sluice from which they took gold. None of the present inhabitants knew anything of it.

About this time, Chief Samarin told me that he had always lived near his patron, and he wanted to build his house across the brook from us. We granted him a building site there, and he put his gardens farther up the mountain. It was a pleasant arrangement for both of us.

As the time drew near for our annual trip to the coast, Esther said one day, "I am going to have to take a furlough."

I suddenly realized that she needed it, but the thought of a furlough never occurred to me. I decided to stay on and keep things going.

The return from the coast without Esther was hard, but there was much that needed to be done. It seemed a good time to explore down the river with Indian friends.

We camped here and there and spent a week returning home.

The dry season of 1926 was extra dry, and people were short of food. Our fields were in full production, and we traded yuca and bananas for chickens, turkeys, raw sugar, and other items. With no pressing duties, I worked on the ditch. We cleared away a landslide and sealed the cracks in the limestone with clay.

I was happy when assembly time came again. We found the town of Jaén in great commotion due to an investigation of unrest by the civil guard. They were very considerate of us the few days we were there, and we went on without delay.

Arriving at the coast, we plunged into the plans and meetings. Assembly in those days was like a camp meeting, with all of us taking part in the planning and execution of the event.

Esther and her parents arrived from the States during the assembly, bringing considerable equipment, including a turning lathe and the metal parts of a waterwheel. The revolution in the mountains with the army confiscating mules and horses made it difficult for us to secure transportation.

## Chapter 8

### The Carsons Come to Pomará

We finally arranged for transportation and set out for Pomará. The beauties of nature were a delight to Mother Carson. She filled her notebook with a long list of wild flowers. The roads were dry, and we made good progress, arriving at Santo Tomás for the night. The next morning when we got our animals from the pasture, we found that old Ford, the mule, had been badly bitten by vampire bats. He had never allowed them to bite him before. We relieved him of his load and pushed on another long day's journey to the Marañón River. In the morning, old Ford was dead. How we missed him!

Two days later, we reached the Chamaya River. The ferryman was not at his post, but the raft was in sight across the river. I led our largest horse across and took charge of the raft. Just as we were ready to load the ferry, a sergeant and two gendarmes rode up and demanded to use the raft. I had to cross over with them and return the raft. That delay prevented us from reaching Jaén that night. A few more days of tedious, weary travel brought us to our home at Sunsuntsa.

Everywhere we turned, there was work to be done. Our fields were in full production. With the arrival of our freight from the coast, we were able to start installing the waterwheel. We collected a good supply of short cedar logs and improvised a large turning lathe to make them uniform size.

One day when my father-in-law and I were working together, Esther sent two-year-old Frankie George to be with us. He was in our way around the lathe, and I told him to watch the end of the log and see what came out of it. Seeing the wood move as the auger broke through, Frankie shoved his hand in, and instantly two fingers were cut off. He fell to the ground, and I ran to him. Blood was spurting from the stumps of his little fingers. I hurried with him to my office, where I had bandages and disinfectant. It was difficult to stop the flow of blood, but we finally succeeded. Healing set in soon, and there was no infection. How often I have blamed myself for sending him to see the auger break through the log!

There was a natural division of labor among us. Esther found her place in the school, language study, and caring for the chickens. Mother Carson took over the medical work. Father Carson was the mechanical genius and installed many conveniences, such as the waterwheel and the sawmill. My job was to look after the fieldwork, the pastures, and the building, to make the trips, and to keep the budget balanced. We had time to visit with the Indians and to explore.

The Aguarunas were slow to see any advantage of education. They did not understand its nature. They

turned away from books as “useless paper.” One day I took an Indian boy with me to Jaén. We went to a store to cash a check and purchase dry goods for trade. It took some time to explain the check to the merchant. When he finally accepted the check and began to lay bolt after bolt of cloth on the counter, the boy became very interested. And when he saw the stack of silver coins added, all for one little piece of paper, he was excited. When I returned home, a group of Indians wanted to see my book. I asked what book they meant. They explained it was the little book, a single page of which was sufficient to buy a muleload of dry goods and a pile of silver. I showed them my checkbook. They asked the value of each page. I told them they had no value until I wrote on them. Then why didn't I write more? I tried to explain the need to have funds in the bank, but they could not understand this. With this incident, a new interest in learning was generated.

An earthquake struck Jaén, and those opposed to evangelicals spread the word that it was a judgment from God for harboring heretics. They urged the people to run the evangelicals out of town before something worse happened.

The earthquake had occurred a few minutes after 5 P.M. The prisoners were outside the jail, cutting weeds in the public square, which saved their lives and the guards' lives as well. The smaller children had left school earlier, but the teachers and older students were still in the school building. The first strong tremor jammed the door of the girls' school, imprisoning them inside. Toribio Suarez

found a crowbar and went to the school. Another young man joined him until they uncovered the body of his dead daughter. Then Toribio worked on alone. He could hear their calls for help. He succeeded in rescuing 14 live girls out of the ruins of the heavy adobe building. As the hours of the night wore away, there were no more calls for aid, and he finally abandoned his task. The next day he and others worked with the civil guard to dig their arms and possessions out of the ruins of their building. The dead had to be buried and a temporary shelter built on the mission premises. Many of the other citizens of the town had fled into the brush or gone to rescue the wooden St. Huamantango [hwah-mahn-TAHN-goh] from the ruins of the church.

In the face of these happenings, one can understand the sergeant's reply to those demanding the ouster of the evangelicals: "While you were fleeing to the brush or praying to that wooden saint, these evangelicals were saving the lives of the dying and burying the dead. We owe our shelter and our arms to their efforts. If you want to run them out of town, go ahead, but don't count on us to help you."

We were busy at Sunsuntsa, putting everything in readiness for my trip to the coast. With a crew of ten Indians, I cut out a section of a 20-foot (6-meter) log of hardwood and with block and tackle placed it at our door. It was to be the foundation to which the saws were to be bolted. "When I return from the coast," I told Father Carson, "I will get a crew of Indians and put it in place."

I returned from the coast to find that Father Carson

alone had pulled the big log, weighing over a ton (907.2 kilograms), to the brow of the hill, gently let it down to the mill site, and placed it where it belonged. I am still guessing how he did it.

We soon had the wheels of the mill turning and were able to saw boards six feet (1.8 meters) long and six feet (1.8 meters) wide.

The material side of the mission was moving on satisfactorily, and God was blessing us in the school and public services. Andrés [ahn-DRES] Pijuchkun [pee-HOOCH-koon], the oldest son of the chief, was definitely converted, and others were showing interest. The work in La Yunga was growing, and the congregation was planning to build a chapel.



## Chapter 9

### Esther's Homegoing

While we were rejoicing in these material and spiritual blessings, the time drew near for the arrival of another baby. There was no doctor or capable midwife nearer than the coast, but we had been alone when Frankie George was born, and all had gone well. As the hour drew near, it became apparent that all was not well, but I prayed and expected the best. Esther asked me to call her mother and pray, but by the time I did so, she had lost consciousness. A little later, the baby (Jean Esther) was born, but Esther slipped away to be with the Lord. Mother Carson was better prepared and calmer than I was and took complete charge. I went about dazed and almost out of my mind.

Father Carson made the coffin, and we picked a little knoll about 50 yards (46 meters) above the mission as the site for the grave. Little Frankie George was accustomed to bringing his mother flowers from the roadside, and that day he brought in a handful of pure white flowers, which we laid on her breast. As best I could, I conducted the funeral service, and we laid her mortal remains to rest. I wrote the board and the missionaries on the coast, all that I knew.

Some weeks later, when I was calm enough to listen, Mother Carson told me several things I did not know. It seems that Esther had never completely recovered from the severe attack of malaria she had in Jaén. Her family doctor in California realized that she was far from well but advised an active life rather than medicine. Esther suffered from an enlarged spleen, and during her furlough, had a recurrence of malaria. To her mother and possibly one other person, she had confided the possibility of death on this occasion and given instructions as to what to do. She was cheerful up to this time and had given me no cause for alarm.

It was my sad task to go through all her papers and conserve her work on the language. She had employed her own private system of phonetics, which she told me was intelligible to her alone. The vocabulary I compiled from her papers and my own language was limited indeed. No attempt had been made toward a grammar.

Among her papers, I was surprised to find a copy of an agreement with Miss Ethel Wilson that she should assume the responsibility of raising her children in case of her death. After a few months, I received a letter from Miss Wilson mentioning this agreement and stating that she stood ready to carry out her part if I approved. After praying over the matter, I wrote to her that I trusted Esther's judgment in the matter and gave my approval.

Roger Joseph was already in the home of Mrs. Nicholson,<sup>17</sup> and none of us wanted to change that.

In talking with Mother Carson, I told her I was willing to be their son and live with them if they would remain in Peru. She replied that Esther had charged them that if anything happened to her, they were to take the children and return to the States. However, they delayed more than a year, completing the work Father Carson had planned.



(Esther Carson Winans' grave at Sunsuntsa)

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<sup>17</sup> Mrs. Nicholson was a close friend in the USA who had offered to host the Winans children in her home. While Esther was on furlough before returning with the Carsons, she made arrangements with Mrs. Nicholson to take Roger Joseph into her home.



## Chapter 10

### The Carsons Return Home

From August to November, the months slipped rapidly by with the routine of labors about the mission. The Carsons had definitely decided to return to the States and planned to cross the mountains before the rainy season set in. They would take the two children with them, in accordance with Esther's spoken and written desire. Our fields and pasture had reached their maximum production, but who was to eat the bananas and mandioca?

During the darkest hours, I had no thought of giving up and abandoning the mission, but how was I to go on alone? There was only one person whom I could consult at such a time, and that was Mother Carson. She knew the situation as well as I did. When I mentioned the question of writing Miss Mabel Park and asking her to become my wife and share the responsibility of the Aguaruna mission, she urged me to do so. With her encouragement, the letter was written.

Our mail service at that time had been very poor. The revolution, rain, mud, and high water often delayed the mail. Sometimes the mail carrier left mail sacks behind to

carry other materials. But during these months none of these things happened. Our letters went through in record time. Not only did I get an affirmative reply, but the oft-repeated phrase in most of the letters that followed was, "It will not be long now." Father Carson gave me all the mechanical instruction he could in the last few months.

There were certain delays in getting away, and we left early in November instead of October. We left the main mission house open but, having no lock or key, decided to nail shut the door of the little house where the Carsons lived. The old chief, Samarin, stood by with a pained look on his face while I drove the nails. Perhaps he thought I distrusted him after all the years we had been neighbors. Suddenly he seemed to understand my motives, and he smiled. "That is all right," he said. "Of course, no Indian would steal anything you have, but some other Peruvians might chance this way and want to break in and steal." We understood that he referred to others not connected to the tribe.

Despite a few delays and having to take a longer, drier trail, we reached the coast in good shape. We secured passage for the Carsons and the children on a large steamer that was taking on a load of sugar at the nearest port. The sadness of the parting was only partially relieved by the knowledge that it was for the best.

Mabel Park and I were married on 21 December 1929, by the mayor of Chiclayo, and a few hours later, the marriage was consecrated by the resident missionary in Monsefú. Two days later, we left for the interior and passed through the village of Llama [YAH-mah] the

night they had their Christmas celebration. On the entire trip, the weather was perfect. We rode on ahead of the muleteers the last three days and got home in time to unpack and straighten things up before our goods arrived.

We had plenty of company the following days, mostly Indian women who wanted to know the new missionary, to whom they gave the name Senoji [se-NOH-hee].

We occupied the little house where the Carsons had lived. It was quite convenient and had a homemade stove complete with a stovepipe and all. Nearby flowed the ditch full of clear, cold water, useful for keeping milk and cream on hot days. For some reason, the snakes took a liking to our house. Twice I killed a poisonous one inside the house, one of them coiled inside a basket on a high shelf.



(Mrs. Mabel Winans's schoolboys in Aguarunaland.  
Philip Winans is in the front row, left.)

Having been a schoolteacher in Ohio, Mabel took an interest in the little school and introduced modern teaching methods. On the coast, she had given much time to personal work, and soon she was pressing the claims of the gospel on those about us. We both made progress on the language during the months before our next annual assembly.

Among the Aguarunas who spoke Spanish were Andwash [AHND–wahsh] and his older brother, Ujukum [oo–HOO–koom]. One day I asked Ujukum to give me the Aguaruna words for pardon and sin. He said he did not understand those words. I explained that if he had an enemy who at some time had wanted to kill him but in the course of time grew tired of the quarrel, he would send word that he wanted to forgive him and forget the quarrel. His eyes burned with anger as he answered, “I meet my enemy; I kill him; he meet me; he kill me. Aguaruna, no forgive.” I tried to explain the word for sin with no better success. He admitted having killed two men; they were bad men, he said and deserved to be killed. No, he did not know what I meant by sin.

One day the schoolboys came in full of excitement. Yangua [YAHNG–wah], the nephew of Samarin, had forgiven Anibel [ah–NEE–bel], and they had become friends. “Quick, tell me what word they used to ask forgiveness,” I asked. “The boys replied,” Anibel said, ‘Sangundunda [sahn–goon–DOON–dah].’” We wrote the word down, memorized it, put it into everyday use in settling schoolboy fusses, used it in public preaching services, and made a household word out of this term that

they had so seldom used. Eventually, we found words for evil, one of which, tunau [TOON-ow], seemed a fair equivalent for sin.

Before we left for the coast in June 1930, we knew that we would delay longer than usual, for Mabel was expecting a baby. We made the best arrangements possible for the care of the work and the property during our absence. Our first traveling companion proved worthless, but in Socotá [soh-koh-TAH] we acquired the services of Don Cesar [SE-sahr] for the rest of the trip. Don Cesar knew every stopping place and where we could get the best pasture for our mules and the best treatment for ourselves. He looked after the mules and, at times, even cooked for us and helped us with our cots. How thankful we were for his help. We had violent attacks of malaria, which I controlled with quinine, but we were afraid for Mabel to take it. Despite our sickness, we reached our destination in the usual time and, at last, were comfortable in the mission at Monsefú. The midwife said that Mabel could take the usual dosage of quinine, and she soon recovered from malaria.

We were planning to take a furlough after the baby was born, and Mabel was able to travel. Rev. David and Edith Walworth were to take our place. Brother Walworth had bought a steel craft boat, believing that the highway from Olmos [OHL-mohs] to Jaén had advanced sufficiently to get the boat across the Andes in a truck and float it down the Chamaya River to the Marañón. Investigation showed that the highway had stopped at the base of the Andes Mountains. We would have to carry the boat over the

mountains on men's shoulders. My memory of the trip was a continual round of new obstacles, more complaints, and repeated bickering and demands for higher pay.

Even after we reached the river, we battled whirlpools, shallows, and hidden boulders for many days. When inquiry showed that we had over 30 miles (48 kilometers) of rapids still ahead of us, we sent Abad [ah-BAHD] and the Aguaruna boy ahead with a letter asking Brother Walworth to send a few experienced Indians to take the boat downstream.

When Brother Walworth and the Indians arrived, we set out immediately, and they took the boat through the bad place that had stopped us. We camped a mile (1.6 kilometers) or so farther downstream; they had brought two mules with them, so while the three Indians traveled in the boat, we followed the trail that skirted the river and had several interesting glimpses of how the Indians negotiated the rapids. They relied more on their skill with the paddles and less on the ropes than we had. That day we covered about three times as much distance as we usually did in a day. That night we stopped at a large cocoa plantation from which there was a direct trail to the coast. I had no word from my wife and baby during all these weeks, and I was anxious about them. I decided to return to the coast from the plantation.

## Chapter 11

### First Furlough and Return

Arriving in Monsefú, I was alarmed to find that neither my wife nor our baby was doing well. I called in the local doctor, and his treatment helped my wife a little. Although I was registered as an American citizen at the consulate in Lima and my documents were in good shape with the Peruvian government, I had never held a passport. I had to go to Lima and secure a passport before sailing for the States. This delay turned out to be providential, for my wife and baby were greatly benefited by the treatment received at the American Clinic, later known as the British and American Hospital.

We secured passage on a Japanese steamer and traveled well out to sea over a calm, tropical ocean. Schools of flying fish were frequently seen along the way.

When we docked at San Pedro in California, we were met by several of our children. They were accompanied by Rev. D. I. Vanderpool [van-duhr-POOL] from Bresee [bruh-ZEE] Avenue Church, and Dr. Orval [OHR-vuhl] J. Nease [NEES], president of Pasadena [pa-sah-DEE-nah] College, now Point [POYNT] Loma [LOH-mah] Nazarene University.

I had been away from the States for nearly 17 years, and there had been many changes. I was so accustomed to Peruvians and the Indians of the jungle that the sight of an American outside our narrow missionary circle was an extraordinary event. Walking down the streets of Pasadena, my attention would be fixed on a man 40 or 50 yards (36.5 or 45.7 meters) away, and I would think that fellow looks like an American; then, I would wake up and realize I was in the United States.

The 1932 General Board meeting was a time of stress because of the depression.<sup>18</sup> They voted to close the Aguaruna work, but a day or so later, the Department of Foreign Missions (now Global Missions for the Church of the Nazarene) reconsidered the matter. We traveled through western Kansas and south to Texas, holding meetings, and in Waco [WAY-koh], we received authorization to sail for Peru.

In September 1932, we sailed from San Pedro as third-class passengers. We carried a limited amount of equipment and paid only \$2.00 duty.<sup>19</sup>

Business matters and traveling arrangements were quickly cared for in Peru, and we were on our way to the interior. We had a good trip and were soon at Sunsuntsa. We had been absent a little over two years and were surprised to find that many of the Indians had moved downstream. It was decided that one couple should move

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<sup>18</sup> The Great Depression was a severe worldwide economic downturn that took place from the late 1920s through the late 1930s and affected numerous countries globally.

<sup>19</sup> "Duty" is a shortened term for customs duty, a tax imposed on imports and exports of goods.

downstream, and the other remain at Sunsuntsa. It fell our lot to move downstream and open the new mission, which we called Yama Yakat [YAH–mah YAH–kaht].

The Quechua word for “gateway” is pongo [POHN–goh], and the Spanish adopted it for the narrow passageways 8 to 10 miles (12.8–16 kilometers) long that the Marañón and other large streams have cut through the mountain chains that obstruct their course. In our move to Yama Yakat on two large rafts, we passed through seven of these pongos, three of them included in the list of major ones. Some were the whirlpool type, and some were the dashing type. The whirlpool pongos are very dangerous in high water, and the dashing ones are worse in low water. At the time of our trip, the water was high enough to lessen the danger of the dashing rapids without increasing too much the danger of the whirlpools.

Since Aguarunas do not like to risk their lives in the rapids, we hired four Peruvians to man the rafts. Two young men went with us as passengers. The rafts were provided with large sweep oars seated in forks or crotches formed by driving pieces of split-palm timber into the soft balsa logs at different angles and tying them securely where they crossed a little over two feet (60.1 centimeters) above the water level. One of our men was skilled in using this type of oar, but the other was not and would get his oar pinched when we were in greatest danger.

Our raft was loaded with household articles and heavy boxes on one side and the family milk cow and calf on the other. The cow kept moving about and upset the equilibrium of the raft, and after 10 minutes, she slipped

off into the water. We thought we would lose her. All five of us men joined in the effort to pull her back on. Partly by tipping the raft with our weight, and partly by pulling and tugging, we got her safely back on just in time to prepare for the first pongo. We rode the crest safely through this rapid.

A few miles (kilometers) farther on, we passed a big rock well out in the river where others have been wrecked in times past. Then we entered the great gorge with towering mountain peaks on both sides of the river. We passed two of the lesser pongos without mishap and began to feel elated with our success.

At one place, the current carried us toward the big boulders on the left riverbank just as our inexperienced raftsman, whose turn it was to row and save us, got his long oar pinched in the crotch and stood there hopelessly trying to wiggle his oar. We were too near the bank to use the other sweep oar, and our two passengers awoke to the danger too late to help. We hit the big boulder, and the whole raft trembled and creaked with the impact.

The force of the current slowly turned our raft around and headed us out into the river. Many of the stakes supporting our cargo were broken, and the entire section leaned dangerously to one side. The crotch to the other sweep oar was broken. Our experienced raftsman took charge and gave orders, and we all worked with a will. We took the big rope from the head of the raft and tied it firmly to the leaning upper structure. Then with the help of all hands, we tightened it up and tied it to the outside balsa pole on the opposite side of the raft. The

one raftsman alone repaired the broken support for his sweep oar.

As we approached the Pongo de Balta [BAHL-tah], reputed to be the worst of them all, everyone was in his proper place except the dog. The first wave went over our heads, and then the lesser bumps followed. How many were there? Three or seven? No one stops to count them. Mabel threw a wrap over Philip's face to protect him a little, and the dog sought safety by our side.

Just as we felt relieved in passing this danger, our head raftsman warned us that we were coming to the Lorocacha [loh-roh-KAH-chah], the father of the pongos. Soon we were in it. It bumped us like a bucking horse and tried to pull us into its dangerous whirlpool. This time both raftsmen pulled together, and we were soon out of its clutches.

We decided to stop at a suitable place below the rapids to repair our raft. We spent the night on the riverbank without a shelter. It rained repeatedly through the night, and we were drenched. The next morning was bright and sunny, and we had a pleasant trip in more tranquil waters to our new mission station.

In June 1933, we took up our duties in Yama Yakat. We moved into the small house I had built in December of the year before until we could build a better house. There was a leaf that grew there that was said to last three times as long as the ivory leaves commonly used. It took more labor and skill to put on than the ivory, and we soon learned that the workers knew how to slight the job to make the leaves go farther. When a windstorm preceded

a shower, the leaves, tied in only one place, stood on end, and we could see the sky. If the wind passed before the rain came, they settled back in place; if not, we were drenched. We innovated a split or beaten palm floor, and to save labor placed the supports too far apart. We crossed this floor with a beaten bamboo floor, and between the two floors had a cockroaches' paradise. We said, "Never again!"

We planned to plant more pasture and bring in more cattle. Because pole fences rot quickly, we decided to put the pastures on one side of the small stream and the fields and houses on the other.

Our first converts were from the school and Sunday school, but later we had ten very earnest adults seeking in a prayer meeting. It looked as though we were ready for a real harvest of souls.

Then in 1933, complications arose in our coastal work, and we had to go to the coast and take charge of the work. We put things in the best order we could and left with little baggage. Going upstream, we had to walk, and the trip up and down the mountains was hard on Mabel.

The Ira Taylors arrived in Peru just before our July assembly in 1934 and took a great load off me. Brother Taylor took on the school responsibilities, and Mrs. Taylor became treasurer. Brother and Sister Walworth came for assembly and remained indefinitely. We had agreed to stay only one year but had been there for over 16 months. Brother Taylor was made district superintendent, and we were authorized to return to the interior.

Through the assistance of a wealthy Spaniard, we were

able to charter a plane for our return trip. Ten days mule travel was reduced to an hour and 45 minutes. There was still the trip by mule to Sunsuntsa and the foot trail on into the jungle. We had left Ruperto [roo-PER-toh] Cardozo [kahr-DOH-soh] in charge in Yama Yakat during our absence, and he had done what he could to keep things up. Still, the school and spiritual work had to be started anew. Some of the Indians living near the mission had lost their interest during our absence. They wanted to be friends and work for us but were not interested in our message. On rainy Sundays, they would come to the meeting, but on sunny days they tried to get on their way before we started our services.



## Chapter 12

### Battles and Victories



(L. to R. Andrea and Baltazar Rubio, a cousin, and Baltazar's father—all workers in Aguarunaland.)

Baltazar [BAHL-tah-sahr] Rubio [ROO-bee-oh] had testified to his call to the Aguarunas at the last district assembly. At the time assigned, he arrived in La Yunga with his wife and father.

For years I had been working on a series of Spanish-Aguaruna lessons and decided to try them on the Rubios. Like most language study, it was uphill work at first. They

persisted in the studies, and it gradually became easier for them. After they had gone through the lessons once, we started through the second time. We always had at least one Aguaruna boy present to give the exact pronunciation of words and phrases. However, no Indian likes to pronounce an isolated word; it doesn't make sense to him. The second time through the lessons the Rubios did so well, I thought they could make it alone after that.

There were two houses almost across the river from us, and we passed quite close to one of them every time we came upstream. Suddenly an Indian a mile or two (1.6 or 3.2 kilometers) away died. His son came to visit us, and we tried to explain to him that his father had died of natural causes, not witchcraft. For a time, he seemed to be convinced, but his friends persuaded him it was witchcraft. They decided that an Indian living about two miles (3.2 kilometers) away was the guilty party and, gathering a group, killed this man and one of his sons. Part of the mob fled downstream, but others moved into the house across the river and began to fortify it.

I sent word twice that I did not want them to fortify a house across from the mission. They refused to listen. Finally, I decided to go in person and talk to them. All around the outside of the house was a row of upright balsa logs. Two rows of upright logs extended about 30 feet (9 meters) out from each door with a 3-foot (1-meter) passageway between them. At the end, the entrance was protected with more upright timbers. When I arrived, they removed one or two for me to squeeze through.

They invited me to eat with them. I accepted, showing

that I bore them no ill will. Finally, I reminded them that I had sent them word twice that I did not want them to fortify the house, but they had not listened. I told them there was sure to be retaliation for the death of the man and his son and that we did not want any fighting near the mission.

“Tomorrow, I am sending the mail,” I said, “and if you persist, I will have to notify the Peruvian officials that you have fortified a house directly across the river from the mission. But if you will promise to abandon this house, I will not write.”

They talked it over and responded, “We can’t go upstream because of our enemies, and we have enemies downstream.” Then turning to me, they said, “Pastor, we don’t want you to write; we don’t know where we can go, but if you promise not to write, we will abandon this house within two days.” True to their word, the house was empty before the end of two days.

In April 1938, Baltazar Rubio and his family went to the coast so that he could finish some of his studies and prepare for ordination at the next assembly. We were planning to go to Iquitos [ee-KEE-tohs] and travel to the States on furlough as soon as the water receded sufficiently. Ruperto Cardozo agreed to stay until the Rubios could return.

Shortly before the Rubios left, we received word that Wijinta [wee-HEEN-tah], a famous witch doctor, had asked for us to come and hold a meeting in his house. He wanted to be converted.

The following Sunday afternoon, a canoe load of us

called at his home. When it was time for me to speak, I became personal, which is perfectly good usage in the tribe. After giving a brief message, I said, “Now that we have complied with your spoken request, we expect you to keep your promise and get converted.”

Wijinta was on his feet immediately. He did not deny his desire to be converted. He said he had seen the evils of drinking beer, but in his case, it was food, and he was too poor to own a milk cow.

I was surprised at the turn of the discussion and wondered what answer I should give. Suddenly Baltazar Rubio was on his feet. He told of the deer hunter who stopped just before shooting the deer to decide how he would divide up the venison among his acquaintances and relatives. By the time he had decided, the deer was gone. “That is what Wijinta is doing,” he said. “Wijinta, let us kill the deer first; after you give your heart to the Lord, He will help you solve this problem of food.” Wijinta answered with just one word, “*Aiyu*” [IE-yoo], which signified his willingness. We were soon on our knees, pleading the promises, and Wijinta seemed to pray through to victory.

## Chapter 13

### Second Furlough and Return

In April 1938, after a delay because of rain and high water, we traveled by dugout canoe, raft, motorboat, and steamer to Iquitos, and then to the mouth of the Amazon by riverboat. It was our first furlough home by way of the Amazon.

The trip down the Amazon was interesting. The wide, tranquil waters were a pleasant contrast to the rushing, turbulent, boulder-strewn courses of the headwaters where we had spent so many years. A gentle upstream breeze cooled the air day and night on the open river, while on the narrow side streams, the inhabitants were sweltering.

We embarked on a steamer of the Booth line that was authorized to carry only 12 passengers. Our family of 3 caused them to exceed this number by 1, so I was signed on as a member of the crew. In New York, I had to line up with the crew, and the immigration officials asked why I had no uniform, although they understood the situation perfectly.

We were met in New York by Rev. Leighton [LAY-tuhn] Tracy<sup>20</sup> [TRAY-see] and helped us on our way. We crossed the country to Pasadena, California, where we were met by our children and members of the Bresee Avenue Church. The Carsons had arranged for us to live in their home.

A medical checkup revealed that we were all infected with intestinal parasites. Philip had three varieties, Mrs. Winans had two, and I had one. Either the treatments or the parasites left us anemic, but we were able to accept speaking dates in California.



**(Rev. and Mrs. Roger Winans with the Winans children  
while they were home on furlough in  
Pasadena, California, 1939.**

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<sup>20</sup> Leighton Tracy and his wife, Gertrude, were pioneer Nazarene missionaries to India in the early 20th century.

The General Board, meeting in January 1939, voted to send us back to Peru at the end of our furlough. We were able to place Philip in the home of Miss Esther Wilson, a fine Christian woman, and teacher.

Early in August, we embarked on a steamship for Pará [pah-RAH], Brazil. The trip up the Amazon was pleasant. A group of Brazilian civil engineers was on the ship. They had a radio transmitting set and kept us informed of the world news, so we knew when World War II broke out.

It took us a month to reach Iquitos going against the current. Two large canoes were waiting for us at Borja [BOHR-hah]. The river was fairly low, and we soon transferred our goods to the canoes and set out for our mission station.

We had asked Baltazar Rubio to have clearings made and crops planted at a suitable site for a new station down the river from Yama Yakat by the time we should return. We found all in order with rice, bananas, mandioca, and even pineapples planted. Two little houses had been built, but the roof of the larger one had been thatched with green leaves. The sun had shrunk the leaves, and when it rained, the water poured in. I soon had two crews of Indians working at building a new house and enlarging our clearings.

We had not planned to have a school here, but rather to give our time to evangelism and translation work. But we had been there only a few days until boys began to pour in, saying, "We want school." How could we refuse them? We soon had ten little fellows on our hands with more to follow. We would have to provide for their food,

clothing, and lodging. A schoolhouse, which also served as a chapel, was built with a dormitory and a kitchen.

Our rice harvest helped with the food problem. We were able to buy bananas and mandioca from near neighbors while ours were maturing, until the death of a witch doctor led to the killing of an innocent boy with reprisals, burning of houses, and destruction of banana plantations. Other sources of food were chickens, fish, and game; our puppy had grown to be a great wild hog hunter.

The school vacation period coincided with the rainy season. While there was no school and little farm work or building, we found this to be a good time for translation work. We had already completed the Gospel of Luke but decided to give it a thorough correction before having it printed. We were also working on passages from John and other scriptures.

Just before the date for reopening the school in 1942, a boy arrived from the Cenepa [se-NE-pah] River with a message from his father. "My father says we do not want to go to the fire. Come to our house, and we will all get converted."

In a few days, a group of us set out by canoe and made the trip in a few hours. The house was up a steep hill a mile (1.6 kilometers) from the river. After the usual salutations and lunch, we started our service. The schoolboys with us helped by explaining the way of salvation. There were six seekers in this home, and the next morning four more in another home. Several boys returned with us to the mission to enter school.

In 1944 I was away from home unexpectedly for several months longer than I had expected. Mabel was alone at the mission and did not know why I did not return. She suffered greatly from fear and concern for me. When I returned, it was apparent that I should get her out of the region before high water made travel impossible. Many things needed attention, and I worked hard until the first of the year. One morning an army boat from upstream arrived. The motorist was an old acquaintance who would take us to Borja if we could be ready within an hour. From Borja on, we might travel by plane, so we threw a few things into some rubber bags and were off. At Borja, the Peruvian army officials gave us a room, board, and medical attention without cost.

In about two weeks, a hydroplane arrived from Iquitos. They planned to return by way of Yurimaguas [yoo-ree-MAHG-wahs], and if we could be ready soon, they would take us as passengers. We quickly packed what we had, and the officers sent soldiers to help us down to the river. The plane followed the Marañón River over 100 miles (160.9 kilometers), then a short distance across the forested region to the Huallaga [hwah-YAH-gah] River and up this stream to Yurimaguas. From there, we had an American pilot on our plane and enjoyed the scenery below us. We flew through a mountain pass and followed the Mayo [MIE-yoh] River. Near Moyobamba [moh-yoh-BAHM-bah], we came out to a broad valley where the great river winds its sluggish course in great curves and twists.

Dr. Lindsey<sup>21</sup> met us at the landing field at Moyobamba and took us directly to the hospital in the center of town. We spent 50 days in this peaceful, happy environment under the best medical care. When the time came for us to travel on to the coast, we found that our hospital bill, including medicines, was less than any hotel or boardinghouse would have charged for the same time. Dr. Lindsey accompanied us as far as Chiclayo.

The Burchfields gave us two rooms in their home in Monsefú. Eventually, we had a house to ourselves. I made one trip back to the Aguaruna region and made some changes to the plans. At the assembly, in July, I was asked to be superintendent for a time. There were many problems to handle and a great need for helping the churches accept the challenge of outreach and self-support.

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<sup>21</sup> It is believed that Dr. Lindsey was a missionary medical doctor, who was associated with the Presbyterian mission in Moyobamba.

## Chapter 14

### Supervising the Work

The following year was made up of trips, short and long, and plenty of preaching appointments. I traveled in every conceivable way: on trucks, by mule, by plane, and long distances on foot. One of the happiest experiences during this time was to revisit the mountain work in San Miguel, Santa Cruz, Chota, and Llama, and see the progress made.

In 1946 there were talks with our new superintendent, Rev. Harry Mingleдорff [MEENG–uhl–dohrf],<sup>22</sup> and letters to Kansas City. Before long, we had the needed approval and were planning our trip to the interior. This time it would be by the central highway and then by boat. It took us a long time to pack and set out for Lima. Then there was a delay while we searched in vain for a suitable motor for the boat. We finally ordered a motor from the United States and went on to the interior.

The trip overland by truck was quite different from

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<sup>22</sup> Harry Mingleдорff and his wife, Jean, served as Nazarene missionaries to Mexico and Peru.

our travels in the north. The mountains were higher, and the distances greater. The many switchbacks and hairpin turns at the high altitude gave us mountain sickness. At one place, we were delayed because of landslides across the highways. This and other delays caused by bad weather and trouble over the new boat lengthened into many months. I found it best to return to Lima on business matters regarding our jungle property. Finally, the time arrived to attend the 1947 district assembly in Monsefú. It was to be the last time. (Mabel Winans had stayed in Aguaytia [ah-gwie-TEE-ah] with some Wycliffe [WICK-lif] Translators<sup>23</sup> while Roger returned to Lima and Chiclayo. She had difficulty with the high altitude on the trip over the Andes.)

Elvin Douglass and others had made a hasty trip to the Aguaruna work, and we were thinking of him and his wife as our successors. It was arranged that Brother Douglass, with his equipment, would travel with us over the central highway and by boat, while his wife and little boy would go by plane, and we would pick them up on the way.

In due course of time, we arrived in Pucallpa [poo-KAHL-pah] with our goods. The contractors who built the original boat had sold it and were building a better one for us. It was nearly ready to be put into the water. When we finally left port on 13 December 1947, we had freight stacked in every available place with bulky articles on the roof.

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<sup>23</sup> Wycliffe is a ministry named in memory of John Wycliffe, who translated the Bible from Latin to English in the fourteenth century. For more than 70 years, the ministry has helped people around the world translate the Bible into their own languages.

We found travel on the Ucayali [oo-kie-AH-lee] River much as we had expected. We ran into storms when we had to battle high waves. The mosquitoes were terrible when we neared land, our gasoline supply was uncertain, and at times we traveled without a guide.

Our last guide left us above the union of the Ucayali and Marañón rivers but gave us directions. We were to take the left branch of the river just before we reached the next island. To our surprise, the river widened out like the Amazon. If we turned too far to the right, we would be on our way downstream to Iquitos. If we kept too near the left shoreline, we might enter some lagoon or lesser stream than the Marañón.

Far ahead of us, a point of timbered land pushed out into our sea of water. I believed this point must be the union of the two rivers. Sure enough, when we rounded the point of land, we reached the juncture of the two rivers. The contrast in the color of the water, as well as the width of the stream, indicated that this was the Marañón.

At last, we were on our intended river! As we continued our journey upstream, day after day, the current became swifter. Just before we reached Borja, I made an awkward entrance into a place called El Pozo [EL POH-soh], which upset our equilibrium and might have capsized a less stable boat. It was a warning of what was ahead. At Borja, we delayed a day to unload a few articles that we felt we must leave behind to lighten our load.

The rapids of Manseriche [mahn-se-REE-che] were ahead of us, and the river was a little too high to attempt a passage when we arrived. I had been through the rapids

repeatedly, but I preferred to have a guide, and we secured a young Peruvian and his Indian servant who were going our way.

The pongos or rapids consist of very crooked courses, where the river may vary in width. Every few hundred yards (meters), the current rushes against a pile of boulders or a point of rocks and, changing its course, rushes downstream in a high crest, leaving an eddy or whirlpool between it and the protected bank.

Running through an eddy, we were approaching some boulders at slow speed when a sudden wave hit the bow of the boat and threw us off course. We were heading straight for the boulders. I barely had time to slow the motor and reverse the power, but the momentum of the heavy boat with four tons (3,629 kilograms) of freight carried us head-on into the boulder. The heavy planking resisted the shock, so no damage was done.

Near noon the next day, we reached the home of the young men. We had a good distance to go, but we hoped to reach the home of Titus and Florence Nickel, where Mrs. Douglass and her son were staying that night. We worked our way carefully through the shallow water at Patawachana [pah-tah-wah-CHAH-nah], and then we began to count the bends in the river. Suddenly we saw several people at the water's edge dressed in light-colored clothing. Yes, there they were, Sister Douglass and Lennie and Titus and Florence Nickel, surrounded by a group of Indians. Six weeks had gone by with no communications, and they had begun to wonder if we would ever arrive.

That night there was a big rise in the water, and we

knew we had to wait for lower water to continue our journey. We were delayed 12 days and redeemed the time by preaching the gospel. We saw more seekers than usual in that time.

A change in the weather and lower water in the river gave us our chance to reach home. The river was still fairly high the morning we set out upstream, and we had an all-day battle ahead of us against swift currents and treacherous rapids.

We successfully navigated the Pongo de Guaracayo [gwah-rah-KAH-yoh] and continued on to a place where the mission had paid for planting a field of manioc and built a temporary house that served as a shelter for the night. Suddenly someone said there was a canoe going downstream with white men in it. They had not seen our boat inside the creek. We began to shout until they heard and returned upstream. It was Brother Mingledorff and Brother Torgrimson<sup>24</sup> [TOHR-grim-suhn] with a group of Indians from Yama Yakat. They had received our telegram from Borja and, fearing that we had been delayed there, had come to see that Mrs. Douglass and Lennie were being cared for. Now that they knew that all was well, they were anxious to return to the coast.

The next morning the water had gone down a foot (30 centimeters). We set out with high hopes and battled the currents successfully. We were on the home stretch. A few more big bends, a few more crossings, and the end of our mission property was in sight. The noise of our motor

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<sup>24</sup> This refers to Nazarene missionary Philip A. Torgrimson. He and his wife, Mary, served as missionaries to Peru for 30 years.

announced our arrival. As we pulled into our home port, all the people of our little village were there to meet us. Now, in 1948 we were back at this mission station where we had lived until our travel to the coast two years before. Now we had returned with the Douglasses who would replace us when we left for furlough.

There had been some sad losses among our Christians, but we felt that the Lord had not deserted us and that there was work to be done for Him. At home in the mission, we had before us the reorganization of the little school, and a crusade for souls in the public services. There was work to be done in our homes, and building work and intense labor in the fields to bring up the production of bananas, manioc, and rice to meet the needs of the inhabitants of the mission.

The Douglasses moved into the mission house vacated by the Rubios when they moved to the coast. Sanjinez [sahn-HEE-nes], a Peruvian worker, had just completed a new house, which he offered us, but I saw a better prospect in an uncompleted house which was planned for storage space and tools. With a crew of five young men, we gathered building material consisting mostly of posts, timbers, and split palms and soon floored a section which was to serve as a bedroom and a living room.

The bedroom section was made bat-proof with scraps of leftover material like burlap, tar paper, heavy wrapping paper, and a limited amount of screen wire. It wasn't much for looks, but it was comfortable and just what we needed. Inside the bedroom, we had a chest for clothing and a strong line for our everyday wearing apparel. Several boxes

on the floor were fitted up with shelves for our supply of canned food, and an overhead shelf provided room for the surplus. It would have been hard to pack more into so small a space and still have been comfortable.

The little living room afforded space for shelves, desks, two chairs, and a bench. A ladder made it possible to reach our trade goods, which were stored overhead partly on the long, wide shelf and partly on the inner roof or ceiling of the bedroom.

Behind the bedroom was a spacious kitchen and dining room, combined with a dirt floor and the usual split-palm wall and thatched roof over the entire house. I was fortunate in finding a stovetop and a few more irons from which to construct a very satisfactory stove with a mud and stone foundation. There were also a few joints of stovepipe, which I ran out through the window. At the end of two weeks, we had our home furnished and ready for use. This, being the eighth house I had fitted out for a residence in the forest region, I had become accustomed to the routine.

## **FOOD PROBLEMS**

One of the problems we faced was securing food for those directly dependent on the mission and encouraging others less dependent to put forth a real effort to produce their own food. At the time of our arrival, there were over seventy residents in our village. That number gradually increased to near ninety without taking into account transient laborers in our fields. There were seven young

married couples, and all of the men attended school, and five of them with their wives. Five of these had their own homes and food supplies, while the other two were making an effort to make a beginning.

Our teacher, Francisco [frahñ-SEES-koh] Kaikat [KIE-kaht], had a manioc plantation a few miles (kilometers) down the river and at intervals was able to bring food by canoe. He had also acquired fields of bananas and plantain on the mission property, which were badly overgrown with weeds and brush and, therefore, in a low stage of production.

The mission was responsible for providing food for about forty students, for the one Peruvian worker, Sanjinez, and the two missionary families. We had a good plot of manioc just coming into production and a small plot near depletion, and various plots of banana and plantain somewhat overgrown with weeds and brush. There was also a quantity of rice already harvested, which we hulled in a mortar from time to time.

I took the schoolboys out each day to work in the old fields along the river and bring them back into production. We were short of tools and used everything we could lay our hands on, and some even worked with their bare hands. We drained and cleared a piece of swampland and planted it to peanuts, rice, and bananas. Then we took the other fields by turn and soon increased the banana production. We harvested a small patch of sweet potatoes and consumed them in a very short time. After school began, the boys worked only about three hours a day, but even that was a great help.

After we had advanced considerably with the mission work, I let Francisco Kaikat have a group of the older boys a few days to weed out his bananas and plantains. We did not have to wait long to notice the increase in the production from our fields and had sufficient bananas and plantains for our needs. Before our rice gave out, a Peruvian gave us a small plot free for the harvesting. On several occasions, we secured corn from our neighbors, which added variety to our fare.

The boys always looked forward to Saturday as a free day to go to the woods to forage, or to go to their relatives. There was a certain amount of work that had to be done, however, so I divided them into two groups with their captains. One group worked one Saturday, and the other the following Saturday. Even the group which worked could usually complete their tasks by noon and have the afternoon free.

One of their favorite haunts was the big swamp, where they found a great variety of delicacies for an Indian boy's palate. They would chop down the swamp palms and extract the tender palm-tree cabbage, leave the trunk for a month or six weeks, and then harvest a crop of fat, juicy grubs, of which they were very fond. This palm tree was very hard on axes and especially on sharp axes. There were several fruit-bearing trees in the forest or along the streams, which also contributed to the bill of fare.

I made it a point to harvest the breadfruit which had been planted near the mission. Several times the boys brought the fruit of a certain domesticated palm from an island where we had planted the trees ten years before. The

extreme height to which these trees grow, coupled with the thorns on their trunks, makes harvesting difficult, and the boys begged for the privilege of cutting down the trees to get the fruit. I feared that they might not use good judgment in deciding which trees to chop down and so forbade them.

Brother Douglass and I dismissed plans for making our mission site more permanent, including the question of permanent buildings and the cultivation of the land. The regular thatched-roofed house with medium-sized timbers can be expected to last three years, and in extreme cases, four. By employing the heart of heavier timbers and employing a certain rare leaf for the thatch, houses often last from eight to ten years. A brick building with a shingle or shake roof of Peruvian cedar would stand indefinitely. We hoped that the clay at our mission site would prove suitable for brickmaking and started by leveling off a piece of land and putting up a shed for drying the brick.

We also believed that it would be advantageous to keep cattle and use oxen for fieldwork and transporting timbers and other material. Cattle are destructive to crops, and fencing is difficult in the forest region. We had a timber plot that was somewhat isolated from the farmland and decided to clear it and plant it to grass. For this, we employed hired labor, and it was my job to oversee them part of the day and look after the boys for the rest of the day. In our ambition, we laid out too big a plot, and as our laborers were not steady, we never completed the clearing. One part was planted to manioc, however, and was very useful to the mission.

## SCHOOL REORGANIZED—1948

Sister Douglass was an experienced school teacher, and she and my wife took charge of the schoolwork. The search for books, slates, and other material finally gave results. Two abandoned houses were fitted up for the school, and when the time finally arrived, there was much interest and enthusiasm. Modern methods of teaching took the drudgery out of study, and the students made remarkable progress. Over sixty students were enrolled, and the average attendance was high.

During the months we were at the mission station, I took the Sunday morning services and asked Manuel Sanjinez to take most of the night services. There were many seekers. There were other seekers in our homes and in the outlying Sunday schools. In all, we saw 120 professions of faith in five months. We organized a Prayer and Fasting League,<sup>25</sup> a Young People's Society,<sup>26</sup> and a

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25 The Prayer and Fasting League was initiated in the 1920s. The Board of General Superintendents requested that "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society" (WFMS), now known as Nazarene Missions International (NMI), promote the ministry for missions, in which people would 1) fast one meal a week and pray for missions during the time it would take to eat the meal, and 2) give at least 25 cents (in 1924) a week to support missions for the Church of the Nazarene. This was a precursor to what is now the World Evangelism Fund.

26 The youth ministry of the Church of the Nazarene was known as the Nazarene Young People's Society (NYPS). It is now called Nazarene Youth International (NYI).

## FINAL PREPARATION FOR OUR TRAVEL TO THE STATES

The months slipped by rapidly, and with the passing of the rainy season, we prepared for our trip downstream to Iquitos, where we would take passage for the States. We visited groups of Indians on the way. We stopped at Chikais [chik-IE-is] near our former mission station at Wachintsa [wah-CHEENT-sah], where three of our former schoolboys were holding services. For a few days, we stayed in an abandoned army barracks. A great many Indians visited us while we were waiting at this place. A girl who had been converted at Wachintsa came to be reclaimed.

After visiting the last of our Indian friends, we proceeded down the river to Pará. Here we found that a large steamship of the Moore-McCormack line was to leave in 24 hours. By hurrying around, we secured the necessary permits, exchanged our money, booked our passage, and boarded the ship. We were given an airy stateroom with a private bath and every convenience. We ate with the officers. One day the captain opened up and

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<sup>27</sup> In 1915, it was recommended that there be an organization in each local church to increase knowledge and interest in missions through prayer, special speakers, maintaining contact with missionaries, and helping raise funds for missions. At the time of the writing of the first printing of *Gospel Over the Andes*, it went by the name "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society" (WFMS). Over the years, men, youth, and children also felt a passion to support missions, so the organization is now known as Nazarene Missions International (NMI).

allowed us to talk religion to him. He was the son of a Protestant missionary to India and wondered if the sacrifices his parents had made were worthwhile. From that day on, he never came to the table with us. We felt he must be under conviction.

We landed in New York and stopped off in several cities on our way across the country to Pasadena, California. We retired to live at Casa [KAH–sah] Robles<sup>28</sup> [ROH–buhlz], the church's community for retired missionaries in Temple City, California.

Postscript: Frank Winans, the youngest son of Roger and Esther Carson Winans, gave us a short account of the later years of his father. In 1967 Roger Winans was invited back to Peru for the installation of the first Peruvian District Superintendent. Mabel Winans passed away in 1971. Roger and Frank made plans to make another trip to Peru in 1975. However, cancer was discovered, and Roger passed away on 26 October 1975.

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<sup>28</sup> Casa Robles (House of Oaks) is a retirement community for Nazarene missionaries and was established in 1946 for people who can live independently in small cottages.



(The 1967 Golden Anniversary Service: Roger Winans with Baltazar Rubio in the 1967 Golden Anniversary service.)

**PART TWO:**  
**The Development of the Church in Peru**  
**from 1948 to 2018: Rev. R. Alfred Swain**

## **Chapter 15**

### **The Strategy for Establishing the Church of the Nazarene in Peru**

From the beginning of the Nazarene work in Peru, the driving purpose has been preaching and teaching the Gospel and the formation of new churches. The work involved intensive evangelism and following up all opportunities to enter new territory. This was especially true of Roger Winans. From his humble beginnings in Pacasmayo, he soon was making contacts in neighboring towns and haciendas [hah-see-EN-dahs]. When he heard of a group of believers in Santa Cruz needing a missionary to help them, he made the arduous trip up the mountains to visit them. That trip resulted in the conversion of more persons and the identification of several men willing to help evangelize that area. Several of these men became very important in helping Winans to extend the work to San Miguel, Chota, and later to Jaén and to his goal of reaching the Aguaruna tribe.

After the first Mrs. Winans died in 1918 and the opening of the second center in Monsefú, it was too much for one man to take care of all the new preaching

points being developed. He was able to appoint several of these new national workers as local preachers while he worked to develop the work at the Monsefú mission. He, along with his new wife, Esther Carson Winans, opened an elementary school to provide basic education to local residents, and especially to a group of young persons who were answering God's call to the ministry. At the same time, they opened the Nazarene Bible Institute to provide formal training to these new national preachers. Within a few years, the Bible Institute produced a good number of new pastors and preachers for the many churches and preaching points.

With the onset of the Great Depression in the United States, the missions board could no longer support all the missionaries in Peru. The staff was reduced to two missionary families: Roger and Esther Winans, working in the jungle area, and Rev. and Mrs. Walworth in Monsefú and the work on the coast and mountains. In retrospect, this situation led to the employment of the Bible institute students in evangelistic teams that were sent out to preach in many new areas, and the formation of many new preaching points, many of which later became new churches. Many of these student preachers became pastors and leaders. Rev. Walworth is credited with this strategy that became a standard in the preparation of pastors and the formation of new churches. By 1940 there were nine organized churches, 20 missions and preaching points, and almost 1,000 full and probationary (now known as "fellowship") members; most churches and missions had Sunday schools, mission societies, and youth ministries.

The missionaries and national pastors were praying for a sweeping revival. At a conference early that year with over 200 in attendance, the Lord came in mighty power. Many lives were changed, and every Christian went out to attempt great things for God. This was excellent preparation for the district assembly convened by Rev. Roger Winans, district superintendent, in 1945. He preached a message on holiness. Wave after wave of the glory of the Lord was upon the services. This paved the way for the 1946 district assembly when General Superintendent Dr. H. V. Miller presided. It was decided to transfer the mission and district offices and the Bible Institute from Monsefú to Chiclayo just 9 miles (14.4 kilometers) away. Dr. Miller also challenged the Peruvian churches to become self-supporting.

In September 1948, Rev. Roger Winans and Mabel Park Winans, were retired from active duty as missionaries. Roger had served 34 years and Mabel 31 years. Though they had arrived in Peru in Pacasmayo, they returned to the States via the Amazon River through Brazil. Roger and Mabel lived for many years at Casa Robles, the missionary retirement community in California. They promoted the interest of missions, inspiring many others to obey God's call to missionary service. Roger was able to make one more trip to Peru. In 1967 he was invited to the Golden Anniversary of the opening of Nazarene work in Peru, and for the installation of Rev. Espiridion [es-pe-ree-dee-OHN] Julca [HOOL-kah] as the first Peruvian district superintendent.



(Roger Winans arriving in Chiclayo Oct.1967  
for Golden Anniversary Celebration)



(Roger Winans preaching at  
Golden Anniversary service  
Nov. 1, 1967)



(Clyde Gollither, missionary Superintendent at installation  
of Rev. Espiridion Julca Cabanilas,  
first Peruvian district superintendent.  
Nov. 1, 1967)



## Chapter 16

### **More Missionaries Arrive in Peru**

In the 1940s, the missions board appointed several new missionaries to Peru. In 1947 Rev. and Mrs. Elvin Douglass and Rev. and Mrs. Philip Torgrimson arrived in Peru to begin long terms of service. In the 1950s, several more missionaries were appointed to Peru. Among them were Rev. and Mrs. William (Clyde) Gollither [GAH-li-huhr] (1952), and Mary Miller (1954).

#### **THE DYNAMIC MINISTRY OF REV. WILLIAM CLYDE GOLLIHER**

I remember my first meeting with Clyde Gollither. We were attending the orientation for new missionaries and missionaries on furlough in Bethany, Oklahoma, USA. My wife and I had been under appointment to India for over two years but were having difficulty getting visas to enter that country. While attending that orientation meeting in 1965, we received official word that our application for visas had been turned down for the second time. Immediately, Clyde Gollither, one of the conference

leaders and mission director for Peru, began talking to us about the need for new missionaries for Lima, Peru. He got us all excited about that possibility and promised to speak to the executive secretary for World Missions (now Global Missions director) about sending us there.

Within a few weeks, we received a telegram announcing our new appointment as missionaries to Peru. Within six weeks, we were in Mexico City, studying Spanish. Ten months later, we arrived in Lima, Peru, and were assigned as pastor and church planter for Comas [KOH-mahs], a popular suburb on the north side of Lima with over 500,000 people and just the beginnings of a new church. Clyde was my mentor and provided me opportunities to learn from him.



(Clyde Gollither and Alfred Swain)

In April of 1968, he invited me to accompany him for a series of meetings in the Department of Cajamarca [Kah-ha-MAR-kah]. I preached a three-day campaign in Chota while Clyde presented a Christian film each night. On

Monday morning at 5:00 A.M., we mounted up on horses and mules for a ten-day circuit over the Andes Mountains to visit five churches and show the films in each location. I will never forget that first day of travel. Fourteen hours on the back of a mule up over the top of the mountain range and then down to the town of Chadin [chah-DEEN]. It was my first experience on horseback, and I was very sore. Every other day we repeated the process on our circuit back to Chota visiting churches and showing the Christian film in each location. While I formed a special bond with Clyde, I also learned the secret of his success as a missionary. He set the example for the local pastors and Bible school students. His example became a model for my church planting ministry as well as my future administrative responsibilities.

William Clyde Gollither and his wife, Leona [lee-OH-nah], were appointed to Peru in 1952. Within a few years, he had become the mission director and district superintendent of the Peru District. He was an able administrator, both for the missionaries under his direction, and the pastors and the Bible Institute students as they graduated and were assigned a church. Back in 1946, the district assembly had accepted a goal of self-supporting churches and district budgets. As district superintendent, Gollither worked with the pastors, district boards, and local churches to make that a reality. Every local church was expected to pay its pastor. Even churches with a missionary as pastor were required to pay pastoral support into a fund used to assist needy pastors and new churches.

As the General Church launched evangelistic programs, Gollither promoted these in Peru, and there was considerable growth, both in the number of new churches and progress toward self-support across the district. As the 50th anniversary of the official opening of Nazarene missions in Peru approached (1917-1967), plans were made with the General Superintendents and the General Board to appoint a Peruvian pastor to the role of superintendent of the Peru National Mission District. That appointment named Rev. Espiridion Julca Cabanillas [kah-bah-NEE-yahs] as the new superintendent. For that special assembly, Rev. Roger Winans returned to Peru to help celebrate the momentous event. I will not forget meeting Roger Winans at Lima's airport, and then being present in the district assembly of 1967. Roger Winans joined the group of missionaries and Peruvian pastors as Rev. Julca was installed as the first national district superintendent in Peru and in all of South America.

Rev. Gollither worked alongside the new national superintendent as he led the district. As mission director, he assigned missionaries to direct the Nazarene Bible Institute and serve as teachers alongside several well-prepared Peruvian teachers. Gollither now took on a new role of using the staff of missionaries further to extend the Nazarene work to other parts of Peru. All the churches up to this time were in northern Peru in the coastal area, the Sierra (the Andean mountain area), the Montaña area east of the mountains, and the jungle area among the Aguaruna tribe. Further south, there were two small churches near the city of Chimbote [cheem-BOH-te],

the Lima church, and the mission in Comas. It was now time to move missionaries to the Lima area to plant churches in Peru's capital and most populous city.

The vision of Clyde Gollither was not only to extend the Church of the Nazarene throughout Peru but also to extend the church to the neighboring country to the north, Ecuador, where no Nazarene churches existed. To that end, Rev. Gollither, accompanied by Rev. Philip Torgrimson and made two exploratory trips to spy out the land. The Peru Mission Council made a recommendation to the Department of World Mission to begin work in Ecuador. In January 1971, the General Board appointed Rev. and Mrs. R. Alfred Swain [SWAYN] to open work in Ecuador. The vision that the Swains had for planting more churches in the Lima area was passed on to newly assigned missionaries and others transferred from the north of Peru. These missionaries helped the formation of new churches and, as soon as possible, passed the responsibility to Peruvian pastors.

While Clyde Gollither continued with the administration of the Mission Council, he set his focus on Lima, Peru's largest city. By 1975 there were three organized churches, three missions, and several preaching points where new churches were being established. At the District Assembly of 1975 in Chiclayo, Dr. Orville Jenkins, the presiding General Superintendent, announced the authorization to form the Peru Central District with headquarters in Lima. The first district assembly of the new district was held in Lima in February 1976. Rev. Clyde Gollither was appointed the district superintendent.

By the 4th District Assembly in 1979, there were six organized churches and 13 missions. Dr. William Greathouse, who presided the assembly accepted the proposal of the District Advisory Board to appoint a Peruvian District Superintendent. Rev. Ernesto [er-NES-toh] Lozano [loh-SAH-noh] Padilla [pah-DEE-yah] was appointed, and the Peru Central District became a Phase II District. This meant that the district had to accept responsibility for district budgets for all local churches and at least partial support for the salary of the district superintendent.

The Peru Central District promoted the training of pastors for the churches. The seminary in Chiclayo was 500 miles (804.7 kilometers) to the north, and it was difficult for students to move there for their studies. In Lima, starting in 1969, night classes were offered to prepare pastors. In 1977 missionary Robert Gray established a Nazarene seminary in Lima with Rev. Robert “Bob” Brunson<sup>29</sup> [BRUHN-suhn] as the first director. By 1979 the seminary in Lima was called the Nazarene Theological Seminary. By 1980 this district seminary had already graduated four pastors with others in preparation.

As mentioned above, Rev. Clyde Golliher, while mission director, guided the group of missionaries to other cities and areas in Peru, especially to the Lima area for church planting and preparation, and the formation of the Peru Central District. In 1965 he had assigned the Swains to do church planting in the Comas area of Lima.

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<sup>29</sup> Robert “Bob” Brunson and his wife, Norma, served as Nazarene missionaries to Peru, Mexico, Costa Rica, and Lebanon.



**(Baptizing new converts in the Rimac River in Lima in 1968  
Rev. Alberto Zamora and missionary Alfred Swain)**

In 1968 he had moved the Douglasses from Jaén to Chimbote to form a new church in that coastal city of half a million people. Other missionaries were assigned to the Lima area to work with new pastors coming from the seminary in Chiclayo or students in the Lima seminary. In 1974 the Douglasses returned from their furlough in the States and were assigned to assist in the formation of churches in San Martin de Porras [POHR–rahs] in Lima and another in Callao. Rev. Clyde Gollither continued to serve as mission director, guiding the missionaries in their work of opening new churches in Lima. He also worked closely with Dr. Larry Garman [GAHR–muhn] in the Selva. In 1982 it was time for Rev. Gollither and his wife, Leona, to return to the USA and retirement after 30 years of fruitful service.



## Chapter 17

### **Peru's First National District Superintendent**

Esperidion Julca Cabanillas was born in the province of Santa Cruz on 14 December 1910, the oldest of ten children. At the age of 13, he was converted, and he entered the Bible Institute and the American School in Monsefú at age 17. In 1931, after four years in the American School and in his ministerial preparation, he was assigned to his first pastoral charge in Chiclayo. In 1933 at the age of 23, he married Rachel [RAY–chuhl] Snow, a North American missionary who had previously served with a Holiness mission but had transferred to the Nazarene mission in Monsefú as a teacher.

Together, the Julcas, moved to Chota to consolidate the church in that important town. Rachel, who had started as a North American missionary in Peru, after her marriage to Espiridion Julca, adapted fully to her life in Peru and became not only a wife and mother but a tremendous asset to the ministry in Chota. She was a trained RN and provided nursing care for many of the people in that area, serving as a midwife for many mothers.

In 1938 the Julcas returned to Monsefú. Rachel became

the interim director and teacher of the Bible Institute in Monsefú, and Espiridion served as a teacher and pastor. In 1941 he traveled to Costa Rica for additional studies in the Seminario [se-mee-NAH-ree-oh] Biblico [BEE-blee-koh] Latinoamericano [lah-TEE-noh-ah-me-ree-KAH-noh]. Rachel, with their two sons, was also able to spend several months with her family and friends in California. They returned to Peru just as the war with Japan was happening.

On his return to Peru, Rev. Julca again became pastor in Chota. During his ministry in Chota, from 1942 to 1948, Rev. Julca guided the church in forming a large congregation and extending the ministry to many of the outlying towns and communities. Since Chota was an important city in this mountain area and had good schools, including a high school, many families sent their sons and daughters to study in Chota. They became acquainted with the Church of the Nazarene, and many became members. Because of this growth, it was necessary to buy property for both the church and the parsonage. Funds became available for both projects, and using local labor, they were able to build a large parsonage and a church building with capacity for 600 persons.

In January of 1948, Rev. Espiridion Julca became pastor of the Chiclayo Central church while his younger brother Sergio [SER-jee-oh] became the pastor of the Chota church. From 1948 to 1951, the Julcas served as pastor of the church in Chiclayo, as well as teachers in the Bible Institute that now functioned in the basement of the church building.

In 1951 Rev. Espiridion Julca traveled to Northwest Nazarene College (now Northwest Nazarene University) in Nampa, Idaho, USA, where he graduated with a BA degree two years later. His wife, Rachel, continued in Chiclayo as a teacher in the Bible Institute and was very active in guiding the practical training of the students in their ministry to neighboring towns and communities. On his return to Peru, Rev. Julca continued as pastor of the Central Church of the Nazarene in Chiclayo until 1966, when he became a student at Nazarene Theological Seminary in Kansas City.

Within a year, he was called back to Peru for the 50th year celebration, where he was appointed as the first Peruvian district superintendent. Roger Winans, the pioneer missionary now retired, went back to Peru and assisted in the installation of Rev. Espiridion Julca as district superintendent of all the churches of the Nazarene in Peru.

Rachel Snow Julca continued to serve as a teacher in the Bible Institute and in women's ministries on the district. She battled cancer for some time and, in 1974, died and was buried in Chiclayo.

Rev. Julca, in his ministry in Chota, was able to extend the ministry of the church to many of the other towns and communities in the province. Many of these preaching points developed into missions and later into organized churches. To do that, he had to develop many local preachers who later did their ministerial preparation and served as pastors. When Rev. Julca moved to Chiclayo, he continued to reach out to neighboring towns and other

districts within the city of Chiclayo. Now he had the Bible Institute functioning in the lower level of the Chiclayo church, and many young persons were called to preach and became students at the Bible Institute.

As district superintendent, he continued to promote this pattern of ministry. This system of opening new preaching points and missions became standard practice for the local pastors. The students, when they graduated, were assigned to new churches with the mission of multiplying their ministry to other communities. I previously related my trip on horseback over the mountains of Cajamarca to the small community of Chadin. The pastor, Sebastian [se-bah-STEE-ahn] Guevara [gwe-VAH-rah], a recent graduate of the Bible Institute, had already formed a circuit of five preaching points that he would visit every other week. He was traveling on foot for five days as he visited from community to community. This training for the pastoral ministry and reaching out to new communities became the pattern for most pastors and contributed to the rapid growth of the churches and membership.

Rev. Espiridion Julca continued as district superintendent until 1975 when he resigned because of poor health. However, at that same district assembly, presiding General Superintendent Dr. Orville Jenkins announced that the Nazarene Bible Institute would now be the Nazarene Bible Seminary, and Dr. Espiridion Julca would become the first Peruvian director of the seminary. He continued as seminary director through 1982 when he announced his retirement. In his retirement years, he continued as an occasional preacher and Sunday school

teacher. Dr. Julca continued to live in Chiclayo, where he was honored as a spiritual father and advisor to many pastors, missionaries, and laypersons.



**(Dr. Espiridion Julca Cabanillas (1910-2013). First Peruvian District Superintendent, 1967-1975. Director of Nazarene Bible Institute from 1975-1983)**

Espiridion Julca passed away at the age of 103 in 2013. In the announcement of his passing, the South American Region stated the following: *“Julca was a man of character, courageous and God-fearing. He had a significant impact on Peruvian Nazarenes and all who knew him. His legacy reflects an exemplary man with the DNA of holiness that all Nazarenes carry, and the inspiring challenge for the next generations to continue sharing the gospel to the ends of the earth.”*



## Chapter 18

### **The Continuation of Missionary Work with the Aguarunas**

Roger and Mabel Park Winans retired from missionary service in 1948. For twelve years before his retirement, Winans was accompanied by Rev. Baltazar Rubio and his wife Andrea [ahn–DRE–ah], the first Peruvian missionaries to the Aguaruna tribe. Just before the Winanses retired, Rev. Elvin Douglass and his wife Jane were appointed to Peru with the assignment of taking Roger Winans's place in the jungle area.

Rev. Baltazar Rubio was born on 6 January 1913 in Guadalupe, near Pacasmayo. He was converted at age 12 and entered the Nazarene Bible Institute in Monsefú at age 15. He participated in an evangelistic trip with Rev. Espiridion Julca in 1931, and in 1932 he received his first preacher's license. After his graduation from the American School, he married Andrea Carreno [kahr–RE–noh] and began his ministry in the city of Piura [pee–OO–rah]. At the District Assembly in 1935, he testified that he was called to work among the Aguaruna people with Roger Winans.

In 1936 he and his wife were named national missionaries<sup>30</sup> to the Aguarunas. The Rubios helped in the education ministry and in evangelism. By this time, the Winanses had relocated the mission station to Yama Yakat. Here the Rubios also helped Roger Winans on his project to expand the translation work begun by Esther Carson Winans. Roger had worked for years on some Spanish-Aguaruna lessons. Since the Rubios were learning the Aguaruna language, he tried these lessons with them. They made great progress, and after going through the lessons for the second time, Roger was confident the Rubios would be able to work alone while the Winanses made their trip to the coast and a furlough back to the USA.

When the Winanses returned from furlough Rev. Rubio helped Roger and Mabel Winans prepare the first translation of the Gospel of Luke, and they were working on the translation of passages from John. Brother Rubio had the opportunity to go to the States for two years of additional studies. He did studies at both Olivet Nazarene College in Illinois and Bethany Nazarene College. On his return, and arrival in Lima, he was asked to be pastor of the new church that was forming in Lima. From there, he returned to the Aguaruna work for several more years of ministry. Roger Winans needed to assist in the leadership

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<sup>30</sup> At the time, the Rubios received some financial support through the Nazarene mission in Peru. Later, some church planters in Peru worked under the national missionary system and were volunteers supported by the missionaries' local churches or districts. When the South America Region was formed, some of these became regional missionaries, financed by the region.

of the district on the coast. He left the Rubios in charge of the Aguaruna work until the return of the Winanses in 1948, and the arrival of the Douglass family.

Rev. Rubio made several trips with the Douglass family from Chiclayo to Yama Yakat. He assisted with the Aguaruna work for several more years, both as pastor and resident caretaker in Yama Yakat, while the Douglasses were absent. After 1956 he served as pastor in several other churches in the coastal cities of Peru: Piura, Lima, Trujillo [troo-HEE-yoh], and Chiclayo. He retired in 1981 after several years as pastor in Chiclayo.



## Chapter 19

### **New Missionaries to Replace Roger and Mabel Winans**

Elvin and Jane Douglass both had a college education when they met and married in their home state of California, USA. Jane had a bachelor's degree in Education. Elvin had worked as a graduate agricultural chemist and entomologist. They joined the Church of the Nazarene after their marriage, and they both became interested in missionary work. When they applied for missionary service, the General Board asked them to get further training at Pasadena College. They also worked for ten months with a Mexican mission in Albuquerque, New Mexico, USA. World War II erupted, and Elvin entered the U.S. Navy. Elvin received some excellent medical training while in the Navy at the National Naval Medical Center, becoming a laboratory technician in tropical medicine.

After the war was over, they applied again for missionary service. They were appointed to Peru in 1947, and without any formal Spanish language training, they arrived in Peru in May 1947. Immediately on Elvin's arrival in Chiclayo, he was invited to make a quick trip

with three other men into the area where Roger and Mabel Winans had ministered to the Aguaruna Indian tribe. It was a grueling trip over poor roads, traveling on mules, and finally on foot over the mountain ridges, and then on a balsa raft on the turbulent Marañón River to reach the Yama Yakat mission station.

The group returned to Monsefú in time for the 1947 district assembly. Roger Winans and Mabel had reached the time to return to the States for retirement. The Douglasses were asked to take their place in the Aguaruna area. After his trip into Yama Yakat, Elvin felt he could not subject Jane and their son to such a difficult assignment. He at first indicated he would not go. However, when Jane heard of the proposal, she convinced him that that was what God wanted them to do and that He would take care of them. So, he returned to Rev. Winans with his acceptance, and that became their assignment.

Elvin Douglass and Roger Winans would travel to Lima and take the central highway to Pucallpa, and travel down the Ucayali River, in a new boat they had arranged to be constructed, to the Marañón River, and up the Marañón to their mission station. This would be a 1,200-mile (1,931-kilometer) trip with all the risks of river travel. They were rejoined by Mabel Winans, who had stayed with Wycliffe missionaries in Aguaytia due to high altitude problems, while Roger returned earlier to Lima and Chiclayo. Roger Winans gave a detailed description of that journey in his book *Gospel Over the Andes* (see Chapter 14). Meanwhile, it was arranged that Jane Douglass and their son, Lennie, would travel to the

Marañón River by plane and boat, and await them at the home of Titus and Florence Nickel, who were working as translators in that area.

It was a wonderful reunion when the Winanses and Elvin arrived after six weeks without any communication from them. What a tremendous introduction to life in the jungle this was for the new missionaries. From this meeting point, the two families traveled up the Marañón to the Yama Yakat mission station. Rev. Baltazar Rubio and his wife, along with some national helpers, had maintained this station during the absence of Roger and Mabel Winans more than a year.

Elvin Douglass, under the leadership of Roger, made improvements at the mission station. Jane and Mabel reorganized the school. Roger Winans preached everywhere he could and reported about 120 conversions. There was just a short time before it was time for the Winanses to begin their trip down-river and their return to the States for their retirement at Casa Robles in California. The Douglasses accompanied the Winanses down the Marañón River in the mission launch visiting many villages where groups of believers lived. They passed through the rapids of Manseriche into the lower Marañón and on to the Amazon River and Iquitos. When the Winanses found a ship going down the Amazon through Brazil, they transferred to that.

Elvin and Jane stayed a few days in Iquitos before flying from there to Chiclayo and the District Assembly. They left the launch in Iquitos since it needed some repairs. Elvin purchased the needed parts for the launch

and flew back to Iquitos to prepare for the trip back to their mission station. Jane and their son Leonard flew out to Iquitos, and they prepared for their trip back to the mission station. In Iquitos, they purchased many supplies they would need back in Yama Yakat. However, as they were preparing the launch to leave for home, a fire broke out onboard, and Elvin barely escaped. The launch and all their goods were destroyed—a complete loss. A great setback for the missionaries and the Aguaruna helpers who were with them; Elvin and Jane returned to Chiclayo by plane. This was also a great loss for the Peru Mission. They could not replace the launch, and the Douglasses would have to return to their jungle station over the roads, trails, and rivers. Elvin made the return trip to Yama Yakat overland. Funds were scarce for the continued operation of their jungle mission. Elvin had to prepare to leave all in the hands of trusted Peruvian and Aguaruna helpers. He returned to Chiclayo, and it would be almost two years before he and Jane would return to continue their ministry.

While in Chiclayo, Elvin helped in the construction of the Chiclayo Central church. Jane became pregnant with their second child; however, the child only lived a few hours in the clinic in Lima, due to an RH negative problem. They returned to Chiclayo and prepared to return to their mission home in Yama Yakat. This time they were accompanied by Rev. Baltazar Rubio and his wife on the overland trip to the jungle. Once again, they found the mountain trails very difficult. When they reached the river, they had to construct a raft to take them

the rest of the way down the Marañón to Yama Yakat.

Thus, began a new period of ministry for Elvin and Jane Douglass. It must be remembered that neither Elvin nor Jane had been given any formal Spanish language training. Now they were ministering to the Aguarunas, and very few of them spoke Spanish. The Douglasses had to learn as they worked. Rev. Rubio was the pastor and preacher. There were some Peruvian helpers at the mission, and that helped them. Jane was a good teacher, and did her best to both teach the Aguaruna children and youth, as well as teach them the good news of Christ. With his training in tropical medicine and his laboratory experiences, Elvin soon was heavily involved in treating parasitic diseases and teaching hygiene. He also had to supervise the agricultural projects to provide food for the mission and school, and the families living in Yama Yakat. The upkeep of the homes and school rooms was a constant challenge. He also made many trips up and down the river to visit the villages and take the gospel message to them. The plans and vision of Roger Winans was to leave the Douglasses well equipped to travel up and down the rivers to evangelize. However, with the loss of the launch, they had to depend on the dugout canoes and rafts to move around on the river. This period of ministry lasted about 16 months before it was time to return to Chiclayo again on the overland route, requiring three weeks of very difficult travel by river, walking, and by mules. When they arrived in Chiclayo, it was time to return to the States for their first furlough, and their attendance at the 1952 General Assembly.

On their return to Peru in 1953, they discovered that Jane was pregnant. Since there was the RH negative factor in her blood, the mission decided they should not yet return to the jungle station. Elvin went to Moyobamba, where he studied tropical medicine with Dr. Lindsey. This was a valuable experience for Elvin Douglass since he was heavily involved with treating tropical diseases back at the mission station. The Douglass family then moved to Lima, where they would await the birth of their next child. The laboratory reports showed that the RH negative was an even greater problem, and without a miracle, it would be impossible to save the baby. However, baby Samuel was born healthy on 16 February 1954. Truly, a miracle. The *Herald of Holiness* for February 1954 had requested prayer for Jane Douglass, and that was exactly the day that Samuel was born, and completely free of the RH negative problem. What a wonderful miracle of divine intervention!

Soon after their return to Chiclayo, they prepared to return to Yama Yakat. Elvin went in by the overland route while Jane and the children were able to fly with the Wycliffe Translator's plane to Nazaret [NAH-zah-ret], just a few hours above the Yama Yakat station. The Douglasses were accompanied again in the work by Rev. and Mrs. Rubio, pastor Segundo [se-GOON-doh] Rosales [roh-SAH-les], and laypersons Julián [hoo-lee-AHN] and Felicita [fe-lee-CEE-tah] Lara [LAH-rah]. Thus began the most intense and fruitful ministry from 1954 through 1956 for the Douglass family. Soon it was time for them to travel out to Chiclayo for the annual mission

and district meetings. At that time, the mission council determined that the Douglass family should not return to the Aguaruna work. It transferred them to supervise the growing work of the churches in the Montaña Zone all around the cities of Jaén and Pucará [poo-kah-RAH].

Before moving to Pucará, which would be their base, Elvin and Rev. Clyde Golliher made another trip to Yama Yakat to evaluate the Aguaruna work. With the construction of better roads in this area, they were able to make much of the trip by truck, and then by raft down the river to Yama Yakat. There they constructed a larger raft for their trip downriver to Iquitos. For five days they floated down the Marañón River through many rapids until they reached the smoother waters of the lower Marañón. Then it was seven more days, day and night, floating down the Amazon to Iquitos. Rev. Golliher and Elvin stayed a couple of days in Iquitos before taking a flight out to Chiclayo. The report that they made on this exploratory trip was that it would be difficult to reach other tribes east of the present Aguaruna and Huambisa area since they appeared to live up the smaller rivers flowing into the Marañón and Amazon rivers. There were no missionaries or Peruvian pastors available to pioneer that ministry.

Before we describe the church planting ministry of Elvin Douglass in his new assignment in the Montaña area, we will include here Elvin Douglass's evaluation of his nine years working with the Aguarunas. "These nine years were times of continual uncertainty and crises. They

were years of great beauty, great danger, great sorrow, and unforgettable love. It was a time of learning, sifting, and maturing. It was the experience of the all-sufficient grace of the Lord, in the midst of the open rottenness of the hosts of Satan. Now it was time to settle down to the work in the Montaña.”

## Chapter 20

### **The Ministry of Elvin and Jane Douglass in the Montaña**

The Montaña is the name given to the eastern slopes of the Andes in Peru. It is quite mountainous with increasing vegetation as you descend into the watershed that produces the many rivers that are the headwaters of the mighty Amazon River. In northern Peru, these rivers empty into the Marañón River. It is a very fertile area and attracted thousands of families dedicated to agriculture. The indigenous Aguarunas moved eastward into the jungle areas as the Montaña was settled. Roger Winans traveled through this area on his way to the jungle and made many contacts there that resulted in several churches. Over the years, a few churches had been established. The principal churches were in Pucará and Jaén. By the time the Douglasses were assigned to work in this mountainous area, a road had been opened from Chiclayo through Pucará and on to Bagua [BAH-gwah]. Throughout this area, there were a few roads that only served for trucks. When the roads ended, travel was by mules and on foot.

Living in Pucará was very difficult for the Douglass

family. It was a small, dry, dusty town. Even though their rented house was on the central plaza, it offered few comforts. People from all around the area would come to the open market. It was very noisy and dangerous. Elvin saw his ministry as traveling almost continually to other communities scattered all over the mountainous area. Most of his travel involved travel by mule and on foot to reach these communities. He usually would return worn out, and often sick. Malaria was prevalent throughout the Montaña, and both Elvin and Jane had bouts of the sickness several times a year. Travel was too precarious for Jane to accompany her husband except to the larger communities. The few pastors working in this area were dedicated to reaching out from their churches to establish new preaching points, often days away from where they lived. Elvin would accompany them on these trips to do preaching and teaching. In this way, Elvin helped these pastors and lay preachers in their spiritual growth. He was a catalyst for church growth even though he did not pastor any local church. The large number of preaching points established in this way would result in many good churches in the years to come.

The three and a half years the Douglass family lived in Pucará and ministered all over this northern section of the Montaña were very stressful to the family. Their oldest son, Leonard, was sent to a missionary boarding school and was only at home for vacations. Jane's father had recently passed away, and her mother was in poor health. In January 1960, it was time to move with all their belongings out to Chiclayo to prepare for furlough

back in Southern California. While Elvin traveled all over the States doing deputation services, Jane had to stay in Long Beach caring for her mother. When the furlough year ended, Elvin worked as pastor at a church in Los Angeles. Jane's mother passed away in March 1962, and they prepared to return to Peru.

The Douglasses arrived back in Peru in July 1962. They moved back to Pucará, where they lived for two years while Elvin was building a mission home in Jaén. They moved to Jaén, which was more central to the Montaña Zone. The zone covered over 6,200 square miles (16,000 square kilometers) and included four major river valleys, which were divided by mountains ranging from 10,000 to 14,000 feet (3,000–4,267 meters) high. There were 15 churches in these mountains, and it required from one to three days travel by trucks, mules, and walking the mountain trails to visit them. Only one church had a trained pastor, while the others were led by laypersons. After five more years of supervising the Montaña Zone, more churches had been established. There were now 50 groups for the Douglasses to oversee. New roads had been opened connecting the larger towns. Changes were also taking place in the district leadership. Rev. Espiridion Julca was installed as the first Peruvian district superintendent in July 1967. From then on, the supervision of the zones and churches came under the supervision of the district leadership. That same month, July 1967, the Douglass family returned to the States for their scheduled furlough. The mission council, under the leadership of Rev. Clyde Gollither, gave them a new assignment. On their return

from furlough, they would live in Chimbote, an industrial city of 500,000 persons on the coast halfway between Lima and Chiclayo.

From July 1968 until December 1972, the Douglasses did church planting in Chimbote. This was the major fishmeal producer in Peru. It was impossible to escape the smell of decaying fish. Two small churches had already been formed, north of the city and on the south side. The challenge for Elvin and Jane was to form a church in the center of the city that would serve as a mother church to further church planting in the city and surrounding areas. Using rented facilities for their home and church, they were making good progress, especially with children and poor families.

All was going quite well until 31 May 1970 when a 7.7 earthquake shook the city and the entire coastal region. At least 10,000 lives were lost in Chimbote. The earthquake shook the mighty Cordillera [kohr-dee-YE-rah] Blanca [BLAHN-kah], with the highest mountains in Peru, and a mudslide buried at least 10,000 in Huaraz [wah-RAS]. The total number of deaths reached 60,000. Many more persons were injured, and all the homes were practically destroyed. Aftershocks continued for several months. Thousands of orphans were later relocated to other parts of Peru. The two nearby Nazarene churches with buildings were heavily damaged. Since the new churches started by Elvin and Jane were meeting in temporary quarters or even in open areas, they just continued to meet as best they could in shelters made from bamboo mats. They were having good success. Soon they had more people

attending in multiple locations, and they requested help from the district and the seminary in Chiclayo. Finally, in December 1972, a student pastor was assigned to help them, and the Douglasses were able to leave for their scheduled furlough in the States. Their four years in Chimbote brought a mixture of many good experiences, as well as many days of great sorrow and destruction. They enjoyed ministering to the children and their families.



**(Chimbote earthquake destruction, 31 May 1970)**

When the Douglasses returned from furlough in January 1974, they were assigned to assist in church planting in Lima and Callao, Peru's port city. For five years, they had the opportunity to work with other Nazarene missionaries and with young Peruvian pastors in the challenging work of church planting in urban areas. They faced many challenges but were able to see good

churches established in the San Martin de Porras section of Lima, and the Carmen [KAHR–men] de la Legua [LE–gwah] district of Callao.

On 7 August 1979, Jane and Elvin Douglass left Peru after 32 years of ministry. Crowds of Peruvian Christians joined the missionaries to honor them for their service, for their demonstrated love and compassion, and to see them off as they returned to Southern California, and their retirement home in Casa Robles, the Nazarene retirement community.

## Chapter 21

### **The Ministry of Dr. and Mrs. Larry Garman**

The original book on the Church of the Nazarene in Peru was written by the pioneer missionary Roger Winans. His ministry of 34 years not only produced the ministry to the Aguaruna tribe along the Marañón River and its tributaries, but he had a guiding hand on the development of the churches along the coast and the mountain areas and the eastern slopes of the Andes across northern Peru. As we have also seen, after he retired from Peru in 1948, the ministry to the Aguaruna people was carried on by Rev. Elvin and Jane Douglass from 1948 to 1955. From 1955 to 1964, when the Garmans were assigned to the Aguaruna work, the ministry in the jungle area was maintained by Peruvian workers and by Harry and Genevieve Flinner. During this time, a new location was chosen for the mission station at the mouth of the Kusú [koo-SOO] River. This was several hours travel by boat downriver from the mission station at Yama Yakat, where the Douglass family had lived. A simple mission home was built, as well as a chapel, clinic, and house for Peruvian workers.

In that year, 1964, Dr. Larry Garman [GAHR–muhn] and his wife Addie [A–dee] were appointed to serve in the ministry to the Aguaruna people. After a period of Spanish language study in Mexico City, they arrived in Peru and made their way to the Kusú mission home.

Dr. Garman had trained as a chiropractor and had a private practice for two years before he was appointed a missionary. He had also studied Tropical Medicine, Pharmacology, and Dentistry at Biola [bie–OH–lah] School of Missionary Medicine in La Mirada [muh–RAH–duh], California, USA. His training made it possible for him to establish a health clinic that was recognized by the local authorities. In addition to carrying on the visits to the established churches and preaching points, and setting up his clinic, Dr. Garman, with the excellent help of Addie Garman, his dynamic wife, established the Bible Institute to provide ministerial training to the pastors and all those who were being called by God to the work of ministry.



(The Garman family.)

All the established village churches were under the leadership of local pastors. Since even primary schools were not yet established in most of the Aguaruna communities, these local leaders needed to receive some Bible training that they could pass on to those who attended their churches and preaching points. At this time, the Bible Institute presented short two-week courses for the students.

My first visit to this jungle location was in early 1979. Bible translation by Wickliffe translators was ongoing, and a translation of some of the Epistles of Paul had recently been published. My wife and I were invited to present a course on these epistles in a two-week session at the Bible Institute. Just getting there was a challenge. After a full day of travel from Lima to Chiclayo along the Pan American highway, we had two more days of travel by car from Chiclayo over mountain and jungle roads. Our family of two adults and two boys, ages eight and six, finally arrived at Chiriaco [chee-ree-AH-koh], where the road ended. We then had a six-hour voyage down the Marañón River on a large dugout canoe with an outboard motor to the home of the Garmans on the Kusú River. What an experience that was!

Since we spoke Spanish and the students spoke only Aguaruna, except for a couple of village schoolteachers who also spoke Spanish and did two-way interpreting for us, we introduced these pastors and future pastors to the rich teachings of Paul. For them, it was an introduction to many theological concepts of our Christian faith. It

was a challenge to present the studies in simple concepts that our students could use in their own beliefs, as well as being able to teach and preach the message back in their village churches. This was our humble contribution to the important work of the Bible Institute being carried on by the Garmans.



**(First teaching trip to jungle by Alfred and Arlene Swain in 1969. Aguaruna students.)**

New missionaries Jerry and Brenda Wilson were later assigned to work with the Garmans in offering this Bible Institute training on a regular basis. Contacts developed along the Santiago [sahn-tee-AH-goh] River, where the Huambisa tribe lived. The Huambisa were old enemies of the Aguarunas, but friendly relations were established, and soon several churches were formed along the Santiago River.

For several years, the Garmans conducted their ministries from the Kusú station. Raising a family in the

jungles of Peru was not an easy task. Schooling required the Garmans to travel out to Chiclayo on the coast and fly their children to Pucallpa in the central Montaña area to a school for missionary children. Later, they would send them to Quito, Ecuador, for high school at the Alliance Academy. Amateur radio was a lifeline of communication with the other missionaries in Peru and with their children during those years.

After several years of ministry from the Kusú station, Dr. Garman was able to acquire property upriver on the road leading to Imaza [ee-MAH-sah], a small town and military base in this area. At this new property, given the name of New Horizons, and with the assistance of many Work & Witness teams, a mission home for the Garmans was built, along with a large tabernacle for district conferences and activities. Dormitories were added as needed for the Bible Institute students. A good clinic building was built to serve the medical needs of the families in the surrounding area, and official recognition by the health authorities was granted. Additional homes were added to accommodate the Bible Institute teachers and director.

When the highway from Chiclayo to Bagua was completed and paved, that trip could be made in less than a day. After a bridge was built over the Chiriaco River, the trip from Bagua to the New Horizons mission station took less than six hours as long as the road was properly maintained.



**(New Horizons mission station,  
Bible Institute and tabernacle.)**

After 2003, the road from Bagua to Imaza was paved, and the entire trip from Chiclayo to New Horizons could be made in one day. In recent years, additional roads have been built in this jungle area that have made it possible to travel overland to the towns of Nieva [nee–E–vah] and Saramiriza [sah–rah–mee–REE–sah] on the lower Marañón River. These roads cross over very rugged terrain and mountains and require constant maintenance to keep them usable. While most of the Aguaruna and Huambiza communities are located along the Marañón, Cenepa, and Santiago Rivers, as well as small tributaries, it still has given greater opportunity to the Aguaruna and Huambiza peoples to connect with the outside world. They are also able to use modern communications such as cell phones and internet.

While the work of the church in the Selva had always been considered part of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru, it was not until 1977 that the Pioneer Amazonas District was established with 30 churches, 26 of which have their own buildings, built from local materials. There were 1,125 full and probationary members. Dr. Garman served as the district leader until 1980 when an Aguaruna pastor was named district superintendent, and the district became the Amazonas District. From the beginning of the work in this area, it was the mission council that provided most of the funds to support the ministry of the missionaries, the Bible Institute, and the clinic. With the organization of the Amazonas District, part of the support is now being received from the established churches, the students, and the clinic.

As the number of churches multiplied through the jungle area inhabited by the Aguaruna tribe and the Huambiza tribe, and along the many small tributaries, the task of supervision grew considerably. The number of churches along the Cenepa River had increased. Churches had also been established on the Santiago River that flowed down from the border with Ecuador. This was an area inhabited by the Huambisa tribe. Churches had also been formed along the Marañón River below the great Manseriche rapids and down to Saramiriza, opening an extensive area for church planting. In addition to his medical work and participation in the teaching at the Bible Institute, Dr. Garman was able to provide resources for equipping the districts with boats, having strong

outboard motors to facilitate the supervision on the rivers.

In 1986, the South American regional leadership recommended the forming of the Phase I Alto Amazonas District with the center in Saramiriza. In 1990, the regional and general leaders approved the dividing of the Amazonas District to form the Phase I Condorcanqui [kohn-dohr-KAHN-kee] District. This new district included most of the churches below the Cenepa River including the town of Nieva, and the churches along the Santiago River.

While the work along the Marañón and Santiago Rivers was expanding, Dr. Garman made several visits to the city of Iquitos, a city on the banks of the mighty Amazon River, surrounded by the jungle of northeastern Peru. This city has now grown to over 300,000 inhabitants attracted to this area for farming, the lumber industry, and shipping on the Amazon River to Brazil. During the decade of the 1970s, a number of Nazarene families from other areas of Peru moved to Iquitos. From these families, several new churches were established. By 1991, the Iquitos area was approved for the formation of another pioneer district. The Loreto District was established, and a district superintendent was appointed to coordinate the work of the churches and guide the formation of new churches throughout this rain forest region. Since no roads were connecting Iquitos to other parts of Peru, travel down the Amazon River required a journey of several days. From the coast, air travel was possible. Even as the city grew rapidly, it was still a frontier city. After a generation, Iquitos is still struggling to accommodate all the migrants moving into

this jungle city. In addition to the churches established in the city of Iquitos, many churches have also been established along the Amazon River, as well as some of the tributaries throughout the Loreto [loh-RE-toh] region. In recent years, churches have also been established on the Ucayali River, also part of the Loreto District.

As previously described in the section dedicated to the growth and extension of the ministry to the Aguaruna and Huambisa communities, the original Amazonas District became a fully self-supporting district and has continued to grow. The Alto Amazonas and the Condorcanqui Districts were organized. And in 1991, the Loreto District was organized in the lower Amazon city of Iquitos. Dr. Larry Garman, during his long missionary ministry in the Peruvian Selva (1964-2009), guided the pastors and district leaders in the formation of genuine Nazarene churches and districts. By 2018, the Amazonas District had 110 churches and missions with more than 4,000 members. The Condorcanqui District had 71 churches and missions with over 3,000 members. The Loreto District evangelized along the Ucayali River as well as several other tributaries of the Amazon River and now had almost 50 churches and missions with almost 1,300 members.

The Bible Institute established on the New Horizons mission station has had a crucial role in the development of both the churches in this region and in the training of the pastors and leaders of these churches and districts. Since the level of education in most of the communities

only provided for primary education, most of the students in the early years did not have a high school education. While ministerial training requires Bible courses, as well as doctrine and practical training for pastoral ministry, this has been a challenge to both the missionaries serving in this area, as well as the director and teachers. Graduates from the Bible Institute who had also completed secondary education were encouraged to study at the Peru Theological Seminary in Chiclayo. Dr. Garman was able to provide scholarships for these pastors to study in Chiclayo. After their graduation, they returned to work on their districts and improve their churches and district organizations.

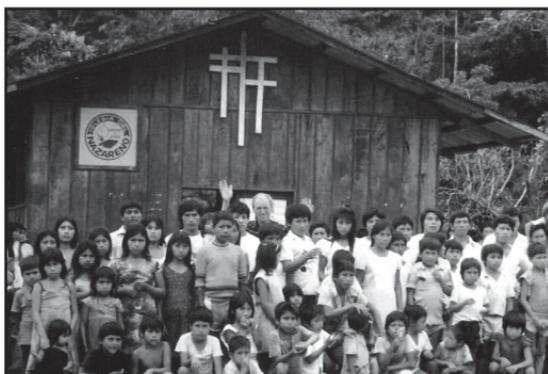
## Chapter 22

### **The Work & Witness Program Has Contributed to the Growth of Churches**

Since the beginning of the ministry to the Aguaruna and Huambiza communities, it has been evident that there is a significant cultural difference between the populations in the tribal areas and the other areas of Peru. The tribal culture is based on the land and the rivers. In most communities, agriculture has been based on the slash and burn preparation of the land for planting. Life is at the subsistence level. The land in the rain forest areas is not very fertile for growing crops. Often the process of burning destroys the layer of good soil. In many cases, after a few years of use, the land will no longer produce and is left to return to jungle vegetation. So, new fields need to be prepared. Until recently, there has been little opportunity for commerce and industry. The homes of the families are made from simple materials available from the surrounding rain forest.

Dr. Garman and the district leaders have developed ways in which local churches in the communities can build their church buildings. Several men have been

trained in the use of chainsaws in harvesting trees and producing lumber useful in the construction of the church buildings. Other persons have learned how to work with cement for pouring floors, columns, and blocks for the structures. Only churches that have demonstrated responsibility and are ready to undertake the project of building their place of worship have been included in the Work & Witness projects. As Work & Witness teams become available, the church must provide the building site, and prepare the building materials for the church. Work & Witness funds may be used to purchase cement and roofing materials. The Work & Witness program in the Selva of Peru is very attractive to teams who want an exciting and rugged experience helping the churches in the jungle areas. When the target communities have prepared well for the visit of a team, it is often possible for the team to help build two church buildings in less than ten days. For the teams, there is the experience of river travel on long dugout canoes to reach the communities. Then there is the spiritual contribution a team can make in the communities visited. While the team members cannot speak the tribal language, they can share in the services and provide translated messages. Often, they also participate in the showing of the *JESUS* film in the language of the people. For more than 40 years, more than 100 Work & Witness teams have visited the jungle areas of Peru assisting the Aguaruna and Huambisa communities, as well as the other Peruvian communities that have been established throughout this vast rainforest region.



(After every Work & Witness team finished a building, three crosses would be hung with the church sign.

Upon dedicating a church, attention would be called to the crosses, and the community was reminded of the significance of the crosses. Jesus died for all on the center cross; a repentant thief on the right, representing all who are saved; and the unrepentant thief on the left, representing family and friends who need the Lord.)

Dr. Larry Garman and his wife Addie served for 45 years in the Selva of Peru. They retired from missionary service in 2009 but have continued to motivate the churches in the US through speaking engagements at missionary conferences and Faith Promise weekends. The dream and vision of Roger Winans was to evangelize the indigenous tribes of Peru's jungle areas. There are still many areas to be reached in this vast rainforest region, but there is now a strong Church of the Nazarene presence throughout this part of Peru.

## **THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF WORK & WITNESS TEAMS IN OTHER AREAS OF PERU**

Work & Witness is a program that provides the opportunity for teams of Nazarenes from churches and districts to travel to selected Nazarene Mission areas and assist in the construction of church buildings, parsonages, and other structures. The teams provide partial funding for the projects. They are usually composed of 10 to 25 persons and the work time is usually two weeks. Over the years, hundreds of Work & Witness teams have gone to Peru and contributed enormously to the ministry of the churches. The interaction of Nazarenes from other countries with the Peruvian Nazarenes has helped the Peruvian church to become more globally oriented, while at the same time, providing real missionary experience to the thousands of team members. Many of these teams have also carried JESUS film equipment to Peru and participated in JESUS film evangelism. Many long-lasting friendships have been formed that are often renewed at the General Assemblies celebrated every four years in the USA.

The main purpose of the Work & Witness program in Peru is not to provide buildings for local churches. Since the number of new churches has been continuously multiplying in Peru, the leaders have understood that the responsibility for providing properties for churches and building church buildings remains with the local churches. Therefore, most local churches have been formed and built

without the help of Work & Witness teams. Preference in assigning projects for this assistance is usually given to district centers, parsonages, and offices, and often to an important ministry center, or even first church, in a developing mission area. As mentioned before, the Work & Witness teams that have gone to the jungle areas have fulfilled an important role in encouraging the formation of strong churches as well as giving an unforgettable mission experience to the team members.



**(One of the Work & Witness teams that worked on the Peru Seminary buildings.)**

One of the most important and extensive projects in which teams have participated was the construction of two major buildings at the seminary in Chiclayo. Between 1998 and 2000, a total of 16 teams worked on the new dining room and library building and then a new men's dormitory. In preparation for these projects, the field coordinator for Peru, Rev. Alfred Swain, invited

Rev. Clifford and Iva [IE-vuh] Tazelaar [TAZ-e-lahr] from Dover, Delaware, USA for a short-term volunteer assignment in Peru. The Tazelaars had already participated in about 17 Work & Witness projects all over the world. Seventy-year-old Cliff turned over his roofing business to his son, sold his personal airplane, and excitedly came to Peru. Over two years, they coordinated the work of over 30 Work & Witness teams, with major activity at the Seminary in Chiclayo. They also worked with teams in the jungle area, with a medical team to the San Martin area, and with a team building a district parsonage and office in Arequipa [ah-re-KEE-pah], Peru, as well as several projects in the Andes mountain area.



**(Rev. Clifford and Iva Tazelaar. NIVS 1998-2000.)**

With so many Work & Witness teams coming to Peru, it was necessary to have a missionary living in Lima to coordinate the arrival of teams, as well as their return to their home countries. The South Andean Field office

usually coordinated these details. The mission maintained a home, dormitory, and workshop in Chiclayo, to accommodate the teams passing through to work on their assigned projects in the interior of the country. A very faithful Peruvian layman, Esteban [es-TE-bahn] Puican [PWEE-kahn], would arrange transportation for the teams, and accompany them to their destination. For the last ten years, the coordinator of the Work & Witness program in Peru has been José [hoh-SE] David [dah-BVEED] Acosta [ah-KOH-stah], a missionary from Venezuela. Peru is one of the most visited countries in South America for tourism. Most Work & Witness teams that come to Peru, especially those who do projects in the jungle areas, also travel to Cuzco [KOOS-koh] and Machu [MAH-choo] Picchu [PEE-choo].

This is a good place to highlight the contribution of the Alabaster Offerings. Alabaster offerings are received each year in February and September from churches all over the world. All funds are designated for the purchasing of church properties and assistance with new buildings in Nazarene mission areas. Each year a grant of funds is made to each World Region, and the portion available for projects in Peru has been used to provide small grants to churches to help with purchasing property or for roofing materials. These small grants are a great stimulus to the local churches and districts as they carry out their responsibility of building their own church buildings.



## Chapter 23

### **The Ministry of the JESUS Film in Peru**

Throughout the history of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru, many methods of presenting the Gospel have been used. Before they had church buildings, most missionaries and pastors preached in the streets or used personal evangelism to reach the unevangelized. Evangelistic preaching is a large part of pastoral ministry. Evangelistic campaigns with dynamic evangelists have helped to spread the good news of Christ and add new converts to the churches. As was noted previously, Rev. Clyde Gollither used evangelistic films to reach out into the cities and towns to bring new persons into the churches.

Campus Crusade for Christ (now known as Cru) made the *JESUS* film, based on the Gospel of Luke, in 1979. In 1997, Dr. Louie Bustle, World Mission (now Global Missions) director, entered a partnership with Campus Crusade to use the *JESUS* film throughout the countries where the Church of the Nazarene had established churches. By 1998 the JESUS Film Harvest Partners had been organized and began to provide sets of projection equipment to trained teams in the Nazarene

Mission Fields. The genius of this ministry is that the film is not used inside the church buildings, but is projected in public parks, streets, and open spaces. In most developing countries, there is a natural curiosity among the families to attend such public presentations. In many cities and towns, the film is presented in areas where we do not have a church. Since the teams have all the projection equipment, including a small power generator, this can be done where there is no electric service.

The *JESUS* film ministry was launched in Peru in 1998. The plan was for each district to have a trained team of three persons to make the arrangements with local churches. This team would train a group of members in each church to do follow-up discipleship with the new converts; set up the projection equipment at the chosen location; project the film at the announced hour; and present an invitation to all persons who wanted to receive Christ as their Savior. From the very beginning, this ministry has been highly successful. In most presentations, there would be from 100 to 300 spectators. On average, at least 10% or more decide to receive Christ. The group of prepared believers would immediately contact these seekers, pray with them, and arrange for them to begin their discipling as soon as possible using the specially prepared Discipleship Lessons. The sponsoring, local church would then become responsible for these new converts. Many would become part of the local church ministry, and in many cases, a new preaching point or Bible study group would be formed. These new groups have often become new missions and

later organized churches. With this strategy of evangelism, the focus is on reaching families who do not attend church and win them to Christ. It is a strategy that works.

From the beginning of the *JESUS* film ministry in Peru, it has been very productive. Most districts have trained and sponsored teams. By 2018 there were 14 teams in Peru. In 20 years, they have made 16,094 presentations. Over 1.5 million persons have seen the film. Almost 99,000 persons have made decisions for Christ, and over 60,000 have received discipleship follow-up. Over 2,000 preaching points or Bible study groups have been formed.

One of the most challenging areas to use the *JESUS* film has been in the Aguaruna and Huambisa villages along the Marañón, Santiago, and Amazon rivers. I had the privilege of training the *JESUS* Film teams who would go from village to village to present the story of Jesus. There were many challenges to meet and solve. We needed a good boat and outboard motor to carry the team and all the equipment needed for the ministry. Fortunately, Dr. Larry Garman was able to provide the boat and motor for this ministry. We recruited Bible Institute students and some local pastors to form the three teams. Typically, we set aside three days for the training of these teams. Once, on arrival at the Bible Institute, we learned that it had been raining almost continually for ten days with little indication that it would stop. The training went very well. We planned on using the Spanish, Aguaruna, and Shuar [SHWAHR] language versions of the film since these were the languages needed in these tribal areas.

On our third day of training, it was still raining, and we were scheduled to leave that afternoon with the three teams to go upriver to the first village to receive this ministry. I remember the decision to all get down on our knees to pray for the end of the rain, and the salvation of the first group of converts. What a powerful prayer meeting that was! We praised the Lord that by 5:00 P.M., the rain had stopped, the sun came out, and we set out for the first village, where we had a very successful presentation. All of the people living in that village made their way in the darkness to the well-lit-up presentation area. We had the opportunity to pray with the first group of new converts. In just a few days, the first team set off to a full schedule of villages that had requested the film. The *JESUS* film was the first film that had been presented in many of these villages. The harvest of new believers was also a tremendous boost to these village churches. By the way, the rains did not return for more than a week.

Churches all over Peru have learned to use the *JESUS* film to reach new communities and new areas of the cities. Hundreds of new churches have been formed with the results of this ministry.

## Chapter 24

### Developing a Strategy for Growth

As the Church of the Nazarene entered new mission areas around the world, it was necessary to develop administrative regions to guide this growth. By 1982, the South American continent became one of those international regions. In 1983, Rev. Louie Bustle was named the regional director for South America. Rev. Bustle had been a very successful missionary in the Dominican Republic and, in 1982, was appointed mission director for Peru. When he was appointed regional director for South America, he moved to Quito, Ecuador, and established the regional office. However, he dedicated himself to developing strategies in each country to promote church growth. By 1986, he realized his need for several assistants to work more closely with the leadership of each country. He subdivided the region into four areas, and one of those was the South Andean Field, consisting of the countries of Peru, Bolivia, and Chile. Rev. Alfred Swain was named the field director. While Rev. Swain was living at that time in La Paz, Bolivia, he began to dedicate more of his time to

supervising the work of the church in Peru, and in 1992, established the field office in Lima.

The South American regional director, Dr. Louie Bustle, guided the leaders of the districts in South America in aggressive evangelism, church planting, and multiplication of districts. The field director for Peru, Rev. Alfred Swain, provided leadership training for district leaders and guided the leaders of new districts in developing their districts. Dr. Louie Bustle became World Mission director in 1994, and Rev. Bruno [BROO–noh] Radi [RAH–dee] took his place as regional director and moved the Regional Office to Argentina. From 1994 until 2002, Dr. Radi gave dynamic leadership to the region, especially in evangelistic strategies and church planting, until his tragic passing. Since 2002 Dr. Christian Sarmiento [sahr–mee–EN–toh] has been the regional director. Rev. Swain served as field director in Peru until 2003. Rev. Marlon [MAHR–luhn] King was field director until 2006 when Rev. Segundo Rimarachin [ree–mar–a–CHEEN] became what is now called the area strategic coordinator for Peru.

Since the regional and field structures were established, there have been continual opportunities for national, regional, and international conferences. These have ensured unity among the districts, leaders, and pastors. Throughout Peru, there is strong loyalty to the Global Church of the Nazarene. The massive attendance of delegates from Peru to the General Assemblies has further cemented this love for our global church. The Peruvian leaders have continued the early, strong, biblical, and

theological training provided by the missionaries. There is no doubt that the Church of the Nazarene in Peru is a holiness church in the Wesleyan-Arminian tradition.



## Chapter 25

### **The Creation of New Districts in Peru**

From 1917 through 1975, all the churches in Peru were part of the Peru District of the Church of the Nazarene. In 1947, the first church in Lima, Peru's capital city, was formed. In 1976, the Peru District became a self-supporting district, with the district office in Chiclayo, and the Peru South District was formed with the appointed superintendent, Rev. Clyde Golliher, residing in Lima.

In 1978 the District Superintendent of the North District, Rev. Alberto Zamora [zah-MOH-rah], visited the Selva, where the mission to the Aguaruna and Huambiza tribes had been developing since the pioneer ministry of Roger Winans. Rev. Zamora recommended that this area become the Pioneer Amazonas District. The assembly, and the presiding general superintendent, Dr. Gerald Johnson, approved the proposal, and the district was formed under the direction of Dr. Larry Garman. This became Peru's third district in 1980.

Rev. Zamora had also given special supervision to a group of churches formed in the San Martin Department of Peru. This area, east of the Andes mountain range and

part of the Montaña area, had become a settlement area for thousands of migrants from the cities, towns, and communities of Peru looking for new opportunities. Many of the families who moved into this area, came from Nazarene churches on the coast, and the Sierra, or mountain areas. As they established new communities, they would also begin new missions and churches. By 1977, the Peru North district had created several new zones in the San Martin Department. At the District Assembly of 1980, Dr. Gerald Johnson, general superintendent, announced the decision of the Board of General Superintendents to create the District of San Martin [Peru Nor Oriente], and the appointment of Rev. Alberto Zamora as the district superintendent of the new district. Already this new district had five organized churches, eight missions, and five new groups. The number of churches increased in this rapidly growing area as new churches were being formed at an advanced rate, and the district rapidly developed. Since many of the new churches were further south, along the new road opened by the government, by 1988, a new district called Peru Oriente Central was formed with a Peruvian pastor as the leader in Tocache [toh-KAH-che].

Rev. Modesto [moh-DES-toh] Rivera [ree-BE-rah] Oblitas [oh-BVLEE-tahs] had been elected the new superintendent of the Peru North District [Peru Norte] in 1980. As the number of churches on the North District increased, it became evident to Rev. Bustle and the district leaders that it was time for the creation of additional districts, and a commission was named to study the

possibilities. The report was presented to the District Assembly in December 1985. The commission had done extensive studies of the zones with the number of churches in each zone. They recommended the creation of three new districts. A new, self-supporting district was created named the Alto Marañón District, with Jaén as the district center. There were 34 organized churches, 44 missions, and 1,863 members. A second new district, called the Distrito Cajamarca, was also organized with the city of Cajamarca as district center. It had 15 organized churches, 15 missions, and 829 members. A third new district, called the Distrito Andino, was also organized with its district center in Chota. There were 15 organized churches, 41 missions, and 2,017 members. All three districts were within the Department of Cajamarca plus a few churches in the Amazonas Department. The last-named districts, Cajamarca and Andino, were National Mission Districts since they were not yet fully self-supporting districts. Now there were seven districts in Peru.

On the Peru South District [Distrito Sur] in Lima, there was interest in reaching out to Arequipa in the south of Peru. The first church was formed in 1982, and in 1986, the Pioneer Peru Distrito Sur was formed, with new churches being planted in Tacna [TAHK-nah] and Cuzco. This district has Spanish, Quechua, and Aymara language groups and cultures. The original Peru Distrito Sur was renamed the Peru Distrito Central. The Peru Central Distrito had done church planting work in the Central Andes east of Lima, yielding several new churches. A new

district called the Peru Sur Central District was created in 1999 and included a large area on the coastal plain south of Lima and several mountain areas in the central Andes. The culture and language of the central Andes area is Quechua.

The Peru Distrito Norte continued the rapid formation of new churches. In 1994, the Peru Pacifico Norte Distrito was organized with the district center in Piura, with Rev. Segundo Rimarachin as superintendent. This district reached along the north coast to the frontier with Ecuador and included a large section of the northern Andean mountain range, where several Nazarene churches had already been established. Still another division of the Peru Distrito Norte created the La Libertad-Chavin Distrito in 1998, with the district center in Trujillo and with Rev. Oscar Medina as district superintendent. This district included a large section of the coastal plain and a large area of the central Andes mountain range, where several churches had already been formed but constituted as an area for national missionary church planting. The predominant language and culture in the central Andes are Quechua.

The Alto Marañón Distrito with Jaén as its center, had explosive growth in new churches after its creation in 1985. By 2000, it was ready to divide in two and create the Utcubamba [oot-koo-BAHM-bah] Distrito, with the district center in Bagua, Amazonas. While we may celebrate that all the territory of Peru has now been assigned to the 16 districts described above, it is true that

much of the Central and South Andean regions of Peru have few churches and constitute a major challenge for the Church of the Nazarene in Peru. There has been a strong missionary vision in many of the churches, and in the last ten years, many young pastors and laypersons have accepted the challenge to do missionary work in the Quechua and Aymara areas of southern Peru. Several new churches have been established under the direction of Rev. Edilberto [e-deel-BER-toh] Solano [soh-LAH-noh], superintendent of the Peru South District. These Peruvian missionaries serve for at least two years and receive support from their home churches. Those who are pastors have often also become pastors of the new churches formed. Peru no longer requires foreign missionaries to do church planting or administrative or leadership work. All districts have Peruvian leadership, and almost all of them are self-supporting districts. They faithfully contribute their offerings to the World Evangelism Fund of the Global Church as well as participate in Alabaster offerings. Many Peruvians have also served as missionaries in other countries such as Bolivia, Argentina, Chile, Costa Rica, and as pastors and professors in North American churches and institutions.



## Chapter 26

### The Development of Theological Education in Peru

Throughout this book, we have made many references to the preparation of pastors and leaders for the churches in Peru. In this chapter, we will follow the development of Theological Education in Peru as it has been described by Rev. Alberto Zamora in his History of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru. He divided the history into four periods, from 1921 to 2010. We will extend that period to 2018. Details on the developments have been provided by Mrs. Imelda [ee-MEL-dah] Tafur [TAH-foor] de Martino [mahr-TEE-noh], dean of the Peru Nazarene Theological Seminary.

**First Period 1921-1950:** From the very beginning of his missionary work in Peru, Roger Winans looked for men and women who sensed God's call to the ministry. The first Christian workers had little formal education. When the mission moved from Pacasmayo to Monsefú in 1920, Roger and Esther Carson Winans began the first formal training with five students in the Bible School. At the beginning of 1921, it became the Nazarene Bible

Institute. The work of the church was expanding rapidly. The need for trained national workers was urgent. During this period, it was the missionaries who provided the training. The training was accompanied by periods of evangelism. Small teams of students were sent out to assist in the ministry of the many local churches. As these students completed their studies, they became the pastors of the principal churches. During the decades of the 1930s and 1940s, there were many changes in the missionary staff, due to the Great Depression and World War II. Yet, the Bible Institute continued its valuable ministry of training pastors for the ever-expanding churches. In 1940, when the few missionaries still in Peru could not provide the direction for the Bible Institute, the missionary superintendent called on Mrs. Raquel [rah-KEL] Julca, who was serving with her husband, Rev. Espiridion Julca in Chota, to be the interim director.

**Second Period 1950-1975:** In 1950, the Nazarene Bible Institute moved to Chiclayo, where it functioned for 12 years in the basement rooms of the Chiclayo Central Church. Rev. Espiridion Julca was the pastor, and his wife, Raquel, became one of the professors. In 1962, the Bible Institute moved into its new buildings in Chiclayo, where it continues to the present. The strength of the church is a product of its leaders. The great contribution of the missionaries who continued during this period as professors and as directors was to provide strong, biblical, and theological training to the students, who, when they

became pastors, raised up strong and loyal Churches of the Nazarene. One of those professors was Miss. Mary Miller. She arrived in Peru in 1954, and served her entire ministry of 43 years in the Bible Institute, and later in the Nazarene Seminary. She was an excellent teacher, librarian, and counselor to the many women students who would also become well-prepared pastors. From 1967 to 1975, Rev. Espiridion Julca was the district superintendent, and his wife, Raquel, was one of the professors. The graduates were assigned to churches where they not only provided good ministry but, because of their training, evangelized many neighboring towns and communities. Many new churches were formed in the Chiclayo area, and a steady stream of new students arrived at the Bible Institute for their preparation.

**Third Period 1975-1983:** At the 55th District Assembly, celebrated in Chiclayo in 1975, Rev. Julca resigned due to health problems (his wife Raquel had passed away in 1973 from cancer). Rev. Alberto Zamora became the new district superintendent. Dr. Orville Jenkins, the general superintendent who presided the assembly, announced that Rev. Espiridion Julca would become the first Peruvian director of the Nazarene Bible Institute. Missionaries had served as directors since the founding of the Bible Institute 52 years before. While some missionaries continued to serve as professors, most of the professors were now Peruvians who had graduated from the Bible Institute and served as pastors and also

had advanced studies. Under the leadership of Dr. Julca, the Nazarene Bible Institute became the Nazarene Bible Seminary in 1979.

Dr. Julca served as seminary director for eight years. He announced his retirement in March 1983, and Rev. Ernesto Lozano Padilla was named the new seminary director. That same year, Rev. Louie Bustle, who had been serving as mission director for Peru, was appointed as regional director for all the Church of the Nazarene work in South America.

**Fourth Period 1983-2018:** The year 1983 was to become a year of great changes in theological education in Peru. At a conference convened in Lima, Peru of the directors of the seminaries and Bible Institutes of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, and Brazil, with representatives from the Costa Rica Seminary, a new program for pastoral training was adopted. The concept of decentralized pastoral preparation was being launched in all Central and South America Nazarene institutions. The name was CENETA [se-NE-tah], the abbreviation in Spanish for Affiliated Nazarene Centers for Theological Education. It was a program already functioning at the Nazarene Seminary of the Americas in San Jose, Costa Rica. This decentralization would create centers in all districts in Peru, where students would prepare for ministry who could not move to the Seminary in Chiclayo. It also would provide for a level of preparation not offered at the seminary. Many local preachers and pastors had not completed secondary education. The approved Course of

Study for Nazarene Ministers would be the curriculum both in these centers and in the seminaries. Study guides for all the courses would be provided to ensure standardized training. A roster of professors with advanced degrees would travel to the district centers to offer more advanced courses. At the same time pastors, who had graduated from the seminary, could teach the other courses. Within a year of the launching of these programs, the number of students in preparation for ministry substantially increased in both the seminary and the district centers. The CENETA program operated in coordination with the Nazarene Seminary in Costa Rica (SENDAS [SEN-dahs]) through 1989. In 1990, the national director of CENETA in Peru, Rev. Daniel Brewer, transferred all the documents on the students to the Seminary in Chiclayo that, from this point on, administered the program.

In 1984, the Nazarene Theological Seminary in Chiclayo was authorized to grant the Bachelor of Theology degree, and only students with complete secondary studies would be accepted. In 1985, the seminary entered a formal affiliation with the Nazarene Seminary in San Jose, Costa Rica, (SENDAS), to offer courses at the Licenciatura [lee-sen-see-ah-TOO-rah] level.<sup>31</sup> This affiliation with SENDAS lasted through 1989 when the seminary in Chiclayo was transferred to the South American Regional Seminary in Quito, Ecuador, also known as CRECE [KRE-se]. This affiliation with

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<sup>31</sup> The Licenciatura degree is considered to be at the level of a university degree; the Seminary of the Americas in Costa Rica had become a university under the laws of Costa Rica.

CRECE for granting degrees continued until 2000 when the Nazarene Theological Seminary of Peru was granted the authority to grant the Licenciatura degree. In 2003, the CENETA program had a name change. It became ETED [E–ted], Decentralized Theological Studies. With the change of the South American Regional Office from Quito to Argentina in 1994, the regional direction for all theological training in South America was moved to Pilar, Argentina. The regional director of theological education is Dr. Jorge [HOHR–he] Julca, one of the well-educated leaders from Peru.

Beginning in 2000, the Nazarene Theological Seminary in Peru entered a formal agreement with SENDAS of Costa Rica to offer Master’s level courses. Courses were taught by professors in Peru who had Master’s degrees. Some professors from SENDAS came to Peru to teach courses at this level. A total of 32 pastors in Peru completed the Master’s level courses by 2017. Several leaders and teachers from Peru enrolled in an extension program from Nazarene Theological Seminary in Kansas City, Missouri, USA and, after several years of studies, were granted the Doctor of Ministry Degree.

In 2012, at the annual board meeting of the seminary in Chiclayo, it was decided that the entire program of the Peru Nazarene Theological Seminary would be decentralized. Regular courses would be taught throughout Peru in the district centers of ETED, with courses also offered at the Chiclayo campus as needed, especially those courses requiring nonresident professors

with advanced degrees. Students also have the option of taking online courses through the Nazarene Seminary in Argentina. So, the residence program was no longer required. The dormitories of the Chiclayo campus are used for special programs, with some being rented out to students as needed. The administrative staff for the entire program continues to serve at the Chiclayo campus.

The Bible Institute (IBN) in New Horizons provided training for the pastors of the indigenous churches in the jungle area. The formation of the CENETA program provided a better framework for the studies at IBN, and additional district centers were organized under the CENETA plan, now ETED, to provide training for those who could not come to the Bible Institute. Some of the graduates of IBN who also had completed their secondary education enrolled in the seminary in Chiclayo and received the Bachelor of Theology degree. In 2008, the IBN was validated by the Nazarene International Board of Education (IBOE) and entered into an agreement with the Nazarene Theological Seminary in Peru to grant the Bachelor of Theology degree to its graduates who had completed their secondary education. In 2012, IBN became an affiliate of the Nazarene Theological Seminary in Chiclayo and became a secondary campus of the Nazarene Theological Seminary of Peru.

Much of the growth and extension of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru is a direct result of the strong biblical and doctrinal teaching provided to pastors and teachers by the Bible Institutes and Seminaries in Peru. For most of the years, 1921-1975, that leadership was provided by the

missionaries who served as teachers and directors. From 1975 to 1983, Dr. Espiridion Julca was the Bible School director. From 1983 to 2010, Rev. Ernesto Lozano was the seminary director. In his long and dedicated years of service, he guided the seminary through the many changes that have produced a great seminary in Peru. From 2010 to the present, Dr. Evelio [e-BVEL-yoh] Vasquez [BVAS-kes] has been the dynamic director.



**(Dr. Espiridion Julca. Bible School  
Director 1975-1983.)**



**(Rev. Ernesto Lozano Padilla.  
Perú Seminary Director 1983-2010.)**



**(Dr. Evelio Vasquez. Peru Seminary  
Director 2010-2019.)**



## Chapter 27

### The Centennial Celebration

While this book has given a detailed description of the years of service given by Roger Winans and the ministries of Elvin and Jane Douglass and of Dr. and Mrs. Larry Garman, time and space did not permit a similar recounting of the ministry of dozens of other Nazarene missionaries who have served with love and sacrifice throughout the history of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru. Twenty-three missionaries served more than 20 years, 11 of them for more than 30 years. Another 14 missionaries served between 10 and 20 years. When Peruvian leadership was recognized in 1967 with the installation of the first Peruvian district superintendent, the roles of the missionaries changed. They worked to establish churches in the Lima area and in unreached areas of Peru. As additional Peruvian-led districts were established, the missionaries assumed a more supportive role. After 1982, the remaining missionaries served as professors for the seminary and the decentralized educational programs. The Garmans continued to serve at New Horizons at the Nazarene Clinic and Bible Institute.

Others, with specialized assignments, continued to coordinate programs coming from the regional and global organizations.



(Miss Mary Miller. Missionary teacher at the Bible Institute and Seminary from 1954 to 1995.)

The Church of the Nazarene in Peru, officially recognized as the Association Iglesia del Nazareno de Peru, with Rev. Oscar [OH-skahr] Medina [me-DEE-nah] Guzman [GOOS-mahn] as president, is a very active and loyal part of the Global Church of the Nazarene. It is the glorious product of the ministry of the hundreds of Peruvian leaders and pastors, and the loyal support and enthusiastic witnessing of the thousands of lay members of the local churches.

District leaders had frequent meetings. As the time arrived to plan the Centennial Celebration, many possible plans were considered. It would be a time to look back on the progress of the church over the decades. It would also

be a time to consider the present state of the church and a time to look to the future and cast a vision for continued growth. The year 1967 had been the Golden Anniversary of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru. That was the year when Rev. Espiridion Julca was installed as the first Peruvian district superintendent. It also marked a change in the relationship between the district and the mission council. From that time onward, missionaries would concentrate their ministries in Lima, the Bible Institute in Chiclayo, and the ministry to the Aguarunas in the Selva.

The second national celebration was the 75th Anniversary of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru. This event included two great celebrations. The South American Evangelism Conference was held in Chiclayo 4-7 August 1992, followed by the 75th Anniversary of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru, 8-9 August 1992, in the District Center in Chiclayo. During that entire week, Tuesday through Sunday, there was a full schedule of teaching conferences with evening services held in a local coliseum. Dr. Louie Bustle, regional director for South America Region; Dr. Robert Scott, World Mission director; Rev. Bruno Radi, evangelism director for the region, as well as pastors and professors, provided the teaching and preaching. The evening evangelistic services reached out to the city of Chiclayo.

The 100th Anniversary, marking of the beginning of the work of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru, offered two options for celebration. Roger Winans, with his wife Mary, arrived in Pacasmayo on 1 November 1914.

However, they were not officially authorized by the General Board as missionaries to Peru until 1917. So, while the official date was 1917, they decided to celebrate the arrival of the Winanses in 1914. Roger had already made many contacts and made converts by the time he was appointed. The leaders named a commission to plan the Centennial Celebration that would take place the weekend of 1-2 November 2014 in Chiclayo. A National Pastors Retreat would also be held on 30-31 October. The invitation would not only go out to all local churches and pastors in Peru, but to the regional leaders in Argentina, and to Nazarenes in other countries of South America.



(Chiclayo Los Parques church evening service of the Centennial celebration.)

The National Pastors Conference and the Centennial Celebration were wonderful occasions. Pastors and spouses came from all over Peru. Large groups of

laypersons came for the festivities. All 16 districts were represented, with many of the districts setting up booths to provide information about their district. Some offered souvenirs, and even some regional food items. Leaders and pastors also came from Bolivia, Chile, Ecuador, Brazil, and Venezuela. This was not just a local or national celebration; it was a celebration for the entire Church of the Nazarene across South America. Peru had been one of the first countries in Latin America to have Nazarene missionaries and Nazarene churches.

Music groups from many districts and local churches provided worship music for the services. Dr. Christian Sarmiento, regional director for the South American Region, gave inspiring teachings and messages. Dr. Jerry Porter, general superintendent, representing the Board of General Superintendents, was the dynamic preacher for the evening services.

On Saturday afternoon, was a huge parade from the district center along the principal avenue of Chiclayo. Large delegations, representing both local churches and districts, accompanied by many decorated vehicles, with lots of singing and joyous music, filled the avenue. More than 10,000 Nazarenes celebrated the presence and ministry of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru. The Saturday night service continued the celebration. Dr. Porter gave a powerful message and a bold challenge for the Church of the Nazarene in Peru to continue to evangelize the vast areas of Peru where there were still few Nazarene churches. He challenged the district leaders and

pastors to continue to plant more churches, train more pastors, and especially to grow in membership to reach that goal of 100,000 members.



**(Dr. Christian Sarmiento, South America Regional Director;  
Dr. Jerry Porter, General Superintendent; Rev. Segundo  
Rimarachin, Central Andean Strategy Coordinator.)**

For the Sunday morning service, all local Nazarene churches and many, even from a distance from Chiclayo, suspended their morning service and came to the stadium. It was a huge Sunday school celebration followed by a challenging message for all Nazarenes to return to their churches, cities, and communities, to preach and teach the holiness message of the church. The great Centennial Celebration concluded with a celebration of Holy Communion and a farewell prayer of blessing.



**(Stadium crowd at closing service of  
Centennial Celebration.)**

Church planting has continued throughout Peru. By 2018 there were 806 organized churches and 184 missions, for a total of 990 churches. The 16 districts reported a total of 56,058 full members, plus 15,553 “fellowship members.” The fellowship members are receiving discipleship and membership training before being received into full membership. These are the fruits of evangelism. The mountainous Central and Southern Andes areas present the most difficult areas for evangelism and church planting. There are cultural and language challenges, as well as strong religious and animistic traditions in these areas. The districts reporting the greatest growth in the 2018 year are the Central District with 871 conversions, the North District with 1,485 conversions,

the North Pacific District with 1,500 conversions, and the La Libertad-Chavin District with 2,416 conversions. These districts also have most of the largest Churches of the Nazarene in Peru.

While these statistics are impressive and demonstrate how the Church of the Nazarene has been multiplying throughout Peru, they are not the only measure of the health and vitality of the church. The local churches and pastors, the district leadership, and the national leaders in Peru are faithful and supportive of the Global Church of the Nazarene. The solid biblical and theological preparation of the pastors and leaders in the Wesleyan Holiness tradition is evident in all areas of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru. Holiness preaching and teaching are the constant themes of district and national conferences. There is excellent communication from the global, regional, national, and district leaders to all pastors and local churches. Even in those areas where there are significant cultural differences, careful and continual teaching is helping these churches and local leaders to understand Nazarene doctrine and practices. Worship practices are also consistent with the Wesleyan Holiness message.

Of special note is the obedience of young men and women to God's call to the Christian ministry. As noted previously, there are many areas in Peru where the Church of the Nazarene has not yet been established. There is a fervent consciousness in local churches and districts of the need for continued missionary ministry. Local churches

are continually reaching out to new communities through the *JESUS* film to establish new churches. The call to missionary service is a frequent emphasis in district and national conferences. Local churches are very active in discipling new converts, and large baptismal services are very common, often bringing together several area churches.

Praise the Lord! The Church of the Nazarene in Peru is alive and well. No longer considered an area needing missionaries from traditional sending countries, the Peruvian Nazarenes have accepted their mission to evangelize their own nation. Christ over the Andes continues to be the call and practice of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru.

## Appendix

### Editor's Note: 2019 Statistical Update

District Name (Year Opened) Previous Names	Total Churches	Organized Churches	Not-Yet- Organized Churches	Membership
<i>Peru Alto Amazonas</i> (1989) Peru Lower Amazon; Peru Bajo Amazonas	28	20	8	550
<i>Peru Alto Marañón</i> (1986)	92	80	12	3,826
<i>Peru Amazonas</i> (1977) Peru Aguaruna; Peru Northeast Peruvian; Peru Northeast; Peru Amazon	110	70	40	4,688
<i>Peru Andino</i> (1986)	109	92	17	6,223
<i>Peru Cajamarca</i> (1986)	61	48	13	2,841
<i>Peru Central</i> (1976) Peru South	43	36	7	4,490
<i>Peru Condorcanqui</i> (1990) Peru Rio Santiago	71	54	17	2,727
<i>Peru La Libertad-Chavín</i> (1999)	33	32	1	11,138
<i>Peru Loreto</i> (1990) Peru Iquitos	48	26	22	1,177
<i>Peru Nororiente</i> (1980) Peru San Martín; Peru Northeast; Peru Nordeste	97	80	17	5,753
<i>Peru Norte</i> (1920) Peru; Peru North	98	75	23	12,062
<i>Peru Oriente Central</i> (1989) Peru East Central	21	19	2	1,084
<i>Peru Pacífico Norte</i> (1995)	69	69	0	10,192
<i>Peru Sur</i> (1987) Peru South	9	9	0	941
<i>Peru Sur Central</i> (2000) Peru Sierra Centro	14	9	5	484
<i>Peru Utcubamba</i> (2000)	89	83	6	3,391

# DISTRICTS IN PERU



## ACT ON IT

- What qualities do you notice about Roger Winans and his pursuit of God's call on his life?
  - Roger Winans is not the only missionary who lost a spouse or a child while on mission. He lost several, but kept true to his calling. In the face of loss, what do you think keeps a person focused on missions, for the sake of others?
    - Consider your own life. What do you need to nurture in your faith and practice to enable you to remain true to your sense of calling?
    - Many missionaries have followed in the footsteps of Roger Winans, Larry Garman, and others. Do you see yourself as a leader or pioneer in whose footsteps others could follow to build upon your work? Do you see yourself as a follower, building upon the work of others? What spiritual gifts and graces do you think are called for in both a leading and following life?
      - Consider your own life. Are there ways to be a "missionary" to your neighbors and community? What are you willing to sacrifice so that others will know Jesus?
        - Can you think of hardships that Nazarene missionaries are faced with today that are similar to those faced by the Winanses and others in this book? When you are faced with hardships, in the midst of missions, how do you respond?



