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Four Flats Correspondence

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Oregon Friends Bolivian Mission

MISSIONARIES

Ralph and Marie Chapman
Roscoe and Tina Knight
Jack and Geraldine Willcuts
Paul and Phyllis Cammack
Marshall and Catherine Cavit
Leland and Iverna Hibbs
Mark and Wilma Roberts



"The seed is the word of God."—Luke 8:11

Field address:

Casilla 544
LA PAZ, BOLIVIA, S.A.

Jan. 10, 1956.

Dr. Rowndald Sinclear Crecelius

y

Dr. Richard van Cadde

Gentlemen:

One never knows what a day will bring forth. I am sure you never dreamed that today the mail man would bring me forth. But then I understand that in Australia even the Jack Rabbits are a nuisance.

Thing I can't figure out is how you guys both landed office jobs in..what is it?... "World Vision Inc.", in Portland? I can see you now, Cris with his feet high on the desk and Dick emptying the waste baskets or vice-versa. ;Que cosa! ;Tiene Ud. una oficina blanca?

I suppose you have settled down again to the rush of American living and family affairs. I asked a friend of mine in Japan if he had had the Four Flats. He replied, "Yes, but the malaria is a lot worse."

Congratulations Cris on little Denise, we love the name and probably would the gal if we could see her. Divonna and Jerry keep up a lively correspondence which I always audit for mistakes and stuff. And then the Cadd's Christmas cards are always a day's joy and stuff.

We celebrated Christmas at home entertaining the 28 odd missionaries. You see, altogether \$35 had come in for a "missionary Christmas dinner", so I dashed down to the Sucre Palace Hotel and had/set them up a banquet in a private, ~~glass~~ ^{class} fronted room overlooking the prado drive, lighted candles, floral centerpiece, chicken main menu and stuff. After this affair, all gathered about the tree in our house for the gift exchange - and Mission Council meeting until mid-night. But the day after Christmas, ah my boys, 'twas the day after Christmas the Willcuts family got on an aeroplano and flew to the interior for a weeks vacationing at a low altitude - just 8,000 ft. Hot? We sat around in summerwear and shirt sleeves, lolling, sleeping, reading, resting, eating and stuff. Our days were spent in a lovely little 3 room apartment kindly extended by some good missionary friends (Assemblies of God). Every room opened out into a small patio as per custom in S. A. Green trees covered with bougainvilla filled the patio with an 18 in. turtle wandering about. Jerry enjoyed the bougainvilla and the children enjoyed the turtle...and I enjoyed the apartment bed. The lowlands are lovely here. We listned to the parakeets, monkeys...and each other.

But that is all in the past now. Today (the reason I am writing this letter with time heavy on hands and stuff), I am nursing a frost-bitten, snowburned face the like of which I never heard of. I look worse than usual. On Sat. I took the jeep pickup to the end of the auto road then struck on on the mule trail with one of our Bible Sc-

hool grad to the tin mine "Fabulosa" where the boy is to be pastor. Got there ok, spent Sunday in services then on Monday morning I peeked from my sleeping bag and adobe hut to see more than a foot of snow on the ground and it still snowing like blixen. Sighing, I returned to my sleeping bag trying to dream it off but the snow continued. My host, Rosendo, said there was no chance of getting over the pass today - maybe for a week. But went out to check anyway reporting eventually that the mine officials were very eager to get a message in to La Paz and they would try to get me out if I would take some officials on to town in the jeep. This I quickly agreed to. So they put their best trail men on the trail along with 16 mules and me. Only 4 mules carried cargo, the rest were used for breaking trail. What a day. We slogged along for an hour, finally crawled on a mule apiece for awhile until we began getting near the pass and the snow got belly deep on the mules and they couldn't make it. It was snowing so hard I couldn't see the lead mule - and I don't think he could see me, at least he didn't say anything at all. The trail men after some cogitation decided to make a try for the top on foot if I would go with them and send the mules back. ~~That~~ ~~were~~ the worst few hours of my recent life. Every step one would go in the snow clear to his hips, pull out and do it again. About 10 steps then stop to rest and puff (16,500 ft. alt.) and the wind so strong it took your breath. But finally we found the top and started down this side. Only the trail was worse, impossible to walk. I learned to roll like they did; one can go faster and in much deeper snow, but its kind of hard on your face. After 5 hrs. we reached the jeep, still in snow. I got home last night and found the little wife had prepared a cherry pie and baked beans which compensated for a great deal. But today my face is a mess, one eye swollen, lips utterly ruined, one ear swollen and nose too.

Bible School started this week with around 60 students which is the largest we have ever had. The work is growing all over the field and since Marshal has arrived with the new 24 ft. cabin cruiser boat we will be able to get into the Lake work in a bigger way.

We would surely like to hear of your trip and wish we could attend some of your meetings. Just how soon do you plan to visit Bolivia?

I guess this all for now. I'm a gonna go, yep, I'm a goin' fast, but before I go I got one thing I wanta say.... Goodbye and KEEP YOUR FEET OFF THOSE DESKS.

Hasta luego,

Jack L. Willcuts

*This is Jerry!
I really shouldn't laugh at my poor husband,
face is all, but I just can't help it. He is right,
he does look worse than usual. I can only talk
to him a little bit, then I grin, then I laugh, loud!
He reminds me of someone, but I haven't figured out
just yet, "Papa pelican - big lips", maybe. We hope he
is better tomorrow. Even Stuart & Susan prayed
for "Daddy's poor face", last night, then he only
looked red-brown as an Indian. But today he has
something for the birds or the zoo.
See what missionaries go through, snow, slush,
and what missionaries go through, snow, slush,*

Hasta luego,

Jack L. Willcuts

This is Jerry!

I really shouldn't laugh at my poor husband, face is all, but I just can't help it. He is right, he does look worse than usual & I can only talk to him a little bit, then I grin, then I laugh, loud! He reminds me of someone, but I haven't figured out just yet, "Papa pelican - big lips", maybe. We hope he is better tomorrow. Even Stuart & Susan prayed for "Daddy's poor face", last night, then he only look red-brown as an Indian. But today he has something for the birds — or the zoo. See what missionaries go through, snow, sleet, wind & rain, I reckon he would do it again if he had too.

This place is just like Oregon, rain, rain, rain, had one piece of blue sky, only one, though, so I didn't wash clothes. Maybe tomorrow.

Thanks so much for the books, Diona, we will all enjoy them.

Must close paper all. Jerry