

April 2005

# “...Soar On Wings Like Eagles”

Isaiah 40:31



It has been four months now that I have been living in the country of Papua New Guinea, and I have honestly enjoyed every day of it! My first two months were spent in an orientation course near the town of Madang (take a look in an atlas and you'll see it is located on the northeastern coast). The lushness of the rolling mountains and overlooks of the ocean makes this area a beautiful place to live. In this “tropical paradise”, I began to learn the language and culture of the people. On the weekends there was time to enjoy snorkeling along the coral reefs of these palm tree beaches.



## Village Living

After the initial phase of orientation I moved to the village of Kauris to experience five weeks of intense language and culture learning. I lived in a small village house with another single guy from the States. Four guys moved out and lived in another house to make room for us. Houses are typically built with wooden posts, wood slatted floors, woven bamboo walls, and leaves that make-up thatched roofs. Windows do not have screens and all kinds of creatures can enter the house. At different times I dealt with mosquitoes, ants, cock roaches, rats, snakes, and chickens in the house.

The family that was responsible to look out for me in the village consisted of an elderly couple and their four sons all of whom are married and have children of their own. Papa Kegu is an energetic and innovative man. In addition to the large vegetable garden that most Papua New Guineans have, he has built a pond to raise fish, owns a vanilla plantation, a coconut plantation, a cocoa plantation, and a buai plantation. So, what is buai? It is a type of nut that grows on trees and is commonly chewed with lime to give people a buzz. It also gives them a red mouth and does a fine job of destroying their teeth. This is why his mouth appears so red in the picture. My family was generous and helpful in making food for me. Common foods include rice, kau-kau (similar to sweet potato), taro (similar to white potato), kumu (green leaves), banana, pineapple, and most things are cooked in the grease of coconuts. Washing my clothes, bathing, as well as getting drinking water were all daily chores done at the river that was a 10 minute walk away.

As a way of saying thank you for all of their help in teaching me their language and culture, I gave them several gifts. An axe, bush knife, kerosene for lighting lanterns, soap, and t-shirts were all practical gifts that they view as very special. I also left them with one more thing, a little pig. Pigs are greatly valued in this culture. As a partnership deal, I agreed to buy it if they would look after it. One of my last projects in Kauris was to help build a pig pen out of bamboo. Because it has some white hair they named it “white-man” so they would remember me.



MY VILLAGE HOUSE



PAPA KEGU AND ME



MY NEW PIG 'WHITE-MAN'

## Another Transition

Now that my training and time in the Madang area is complete, I will be transitioning to Ukarumpa. This is our main center for Papua New Guinea and the base of all of our aviation operations. This will prove to be an interesting time as I begin to fill my role in the aviation department. Please take note of my new address below.

## World War II

As the son of a history teacher, I have seen many different historical sites throughout the United States, Egypt, and parts of Europe. However, some of the most fascinating are all around me here in Papua New Guinea. I have seen four Japanese airplanes including this bomber pictured here as well as one American plane that were used in WWII. I have also seen huge bomb craters



on an old runway used by Japan, two large machine guns, and a bomb. The crazy thing is that these things are not in a museum but all around in the jungle. In fact trees and bush are growing in and on top of these pieces of history.

One of my friends, Henson, told me of a bomb that was in his garden. The next day we took a short walk and sure enough there was a bomb from World War II, just as he had said. The older people here have seen the War with their own eyes and have such incredible stories to tell. They view the Australians and Americans as such heroes for driving out the ruthless Japanese who killed plenty of their relatives.



## Praise God...

- ➔ That I have adjusted well to a new environment in Papua New Guinea and that I have quickly learned the Tok Pisin trade language and the culture of PNG.
- ➔ That I have been able to make some good friendships with many nationals.
- ➔ For my health. He has kept me safe from contaminated food and water, malaria, and even the snakes I have come upon.

## Please Pray...

- ➔ That I would adjust well to my new home of Ukarumpa in the highlands of Papua New Guinea.
- ➔ That I would adjust well to my role in the aviation department.
- ➔ That God would give me wisdom, so that I would make wise and timely decisions while flying.

*Please share with me  
how I can pray for you!*

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