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Field White to Harvest—South America

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Abstract: The author states that the South American people are descendants of Israelites who built great civilizations and walked and talked with the risen Lord. The Book of Mormon is a record of their departure from their homeland, their wars, and their destruction. Their legends still contain fragments of their Book of Mormon heritage.

ask God whether it is true.

Joseph Smith said: "I told the brethren that the Book of Mormon was the most correct of any book on earth, and the keystone of our religion, and a man would get nearer to God by abiding by its precepts, than by any other book." (DHC, 4, 461.)

Well, as the keystone of our religion, it is the thing upon which we stand or fall. If it is true, this whole system of religion is true because God's hand is in it; if it is not true, then our system of religion is false. But thanks be to God, this book is true! And thanks be to him also, he is willing, desirous, anxious, by the power of his Spirit, to bear record of that fact to all honest truth seekers in the world, in which event they then know of the divinity of the work; and if they are willing to abide and walk in the light, having the courage of their convictions, they come and join with the Saints of God and get on the path leading to eternal life.

May I quote the words that God himself said in bearing record of the divinity of the Book of Mormon, and make them my testimony also? He said of Joseph Smith, "... he has translated the book, even that part which I have commanded him, and as your Lord and your God liveth it is true." (D&C 17:6.)

In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Field White to Harvest— South America

President A. Theodore Tuttle
Of the First Council
of the Seventy

My dear brothers and sisters:

Within the month Sister Tuttle and I stood in the mountain fastness of the Andean highlands. We were visiting among the Indian people, where recently we have established the Church.

They live today much as they lived in centuries past—in the age of the hand scythe and the crooked stick for a plow. Acres of ground are still cultivated by a farmer using his foot plow with two handles, designed in the days of the Incas.

High in the Andes the Indians cultivate small farms which, like a patchwork quilt, cover the mountains from the crest to the river. Adobe mud huts, with their thatched roofs showing shaggy-like, dot the landscape. Judged by our luxurious standards, their huts are pitiful indeed. For hundreds of thousands existence is bare.

In many places in the Cordillera

[Andean mountain range] they thresh as in the days of the Savior. Oxen tread the grain, and it is winnowed in the wind. Burdens are carried on colorful llamas or burros or, more likely, the human back.

The women's blouses of bright hues are softened by the earth tones of their homespun skirts. Long black braids, often interwoven with bright strips of cloth, are topped by a white straw hat or a colored felt derby, denoting their clan or city. In addition to their *manta*, or shawl, they always carry a baby wrapped in a blanket deftly tied across their shoulders, with often another child or two trotting at their side.

Men and boys wear knee-length trousers and plain short jackets of homespun, with undershirts of once bright colors. Knit caps with ear flaps and the necessary poncho complete their attire. If sandals are worn, they are cut from old tire treads. More often than not the men go barefoot.

Their hillside plots produce crops of corn, small potatoes, grains, and vegetables. Everybody works. Old women tend the babies, spin and knit, cook the meager meals. Small children scantily dressed in oft mended clothing carry water and help gather herbs for food. Always there is the tending of flocks of llamas which graze with the sheep on the rocky hillsides or eat tethered in the fields. An occasional team of oxen and the ever present burro completes the landscape scene in the high Sierras. There is evidence of poverty everywhere.

But it was not always so.

The Book of Mormon is the word of God and is a record of his ministry among the ancestors of these Indians. Columbus named them Indians. He thought he had discovered the Indies. In reality they are Lamanites. They are descendants of Joseph who was sold into Egypt. The account of their religious experiences was written in hieroglyphics upon plates and handed down from one generation to another, overspreading a 2,600 year period.

The Book of Mormon recounts the departure of these Israelites from their homeland. It says they built ships; crossed the ocean; erected cities; constructed highways; engaged in merchandising, industry, and shipping. It tells of their growth from a few families to hundreds of thousands of people.

It describes their destructive wars and warns of the decline of this once enlightened people. But their prophets foresaw a restoration of their former blessings after the restored gospel is taught to them.

Most important, however, this ancient scripture declares unequivocally that the Risen Christ walked and talked with the people on this the American continent. This religious record relates the calling of the Twelve

Apostles and the establishment of his Church on this hemisphere. The Book of Mormon sets forth in clarity and plainness the teachings of the Resurrected Lord as he sojourned with these people for a brief season. It has rightly been called the Bible of the Western Hemisphere.

Today Indian legends still contain fragmentary accounts of a great Personage who long ago visited among them. Known among different tribes by a variety of names, he is nevertheless always described in similar terms.

Today these people, whose ancestors saw the Risen Christ, number in the millions. They range from Canada to la Tierra del Fuego. In North America many dwell on reservations. Thousands are scattered throughout Mexico and Central America. In South America they live in the jungle and on the tops of the Andes. The blood of this chosen people flows in the veins of many of those who live south of the Rio Grande.

There is a gradual awakening of responsibility to the Lamanites. Their governments have helped. Roads are being opened to their formerly inaccessible retreats. Land reforms are becoming effective. Rudimentary education is filtering down to them.

Private foundations such as the Ford and Rockefeller foundations, the Peace Corps, and some universities are working among them.

Unfortunately their religion, the influence that should have been the greatest, rather than redeeming, has subjugated them.

Our efforts among these Lamanite people in South America are just beginning, but hold great promise. They are ready to accept the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. They are disenchanted with their present subjugated conditions. They are eager and capable of providing their own leadership. They love to learn, to act, to speak, to teach, and to sing. They have an insatiable thirst for knowledge. But they have no books, no equipment, no notebooks, no classrooms, no teachers.

From our past short experience we know that we can provide much that they need. We have the plan and organization to meet their needs.

Through the priesthood quorums the brethren have and can sponsor projects which demonstrate the practical application of theology to daily life—something these people have never seen. Simple projects like making windows in houses to let in not only physical but spiritual light, hanging doors, planting flowers, and erecting centers for education—this is religion in action.

The women's Relief Society organization provides opportunity for girls and mothers to learn home management, baby care, cleanliness. It opens up vistas of service heretofore unknown. The Relief Society motto, "Charity

never faileth," gives ample opportunity for these women to participate in mutually beneficial activities.

The Primary Association imparts to the children the one lifesaving bit of knowledge which lifts their lives and goals from the animal level to a spiritual plane. In these Andean communities, youngsters eagerly attend the classes taught by missionaries where they learn, "I Am a Child of God."

The Mutual Improvement Associations afford opportunities unbounded to the scores of idle youth who roam the streets. These young people want to participate in drama, music, dancing, worthwhile classes, and various sports activities. They thrill to the leadership possibilities which activity in the MIA provides.

The Sunday School gives all a chance to learn and grow. All have opportunity to give talks, practise reverence, and expand the depth and extent of gospel learning.

Others could, if they would, supply the serums, and the seeds, and the tools. They could provide the educational opportunities and other things that our Lamanite brethren so urgently need. But they cannot supply the message of truth that we bear, for we declare with authority from God that the gospel of Jesus Christ has been restored to the earth; we declare that the heavens are again open, that a prophet lives today and directs the Church of Jesus Christ. We declare that the Book of Mormon identifies these millions of people who for so long have been anonymous—making known that they are a chosen people, eligible for the promised blessings of their Father.

Their governments have recently accorded them citizenship in their lands, but our message makes them "no more strangers and foreigners, but fellowcitizens" (Eph. 2:19) in the Church and kingdom of God.

The day of the Lamanite is at hand. I bear witness that this is the work of the Lord, that we are in his Church. I bear solemn witness that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, that President David O. McKay is a prophet and the mouthpiece of the Lord to the Church and in the world, and that the Book of Mormon is true. May the Lord help all of us to aid our brethren, the Lamanites, in their striving to reach their destiny, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

WRITTEN WITH
TOES IN THE SAND

BY CAROL LYNN WRIGHT

*Why I adore the sea
I sort of forget.
Perhaps because it's so huge—
Or so blue—
Or so marvelously wet.*

My Wife's Husband

President Paul H. Dunn
Of the First Council
of the Seventy

My brethren and sisters and friends, to answer a number of questions that have been put to me lately after one year and numerous experiences, this is still the challenge that it ever was. I stand before you most humble and dedicated in an attempt to convey to you the feelings of my heart on this special day. I, too, seek an interest in your faith and prayers.

I am wondering if you good sisters here in this building and listening in would pardon me if I visited with your husbands and the dads for just a few moments.

Every once in a while there comes into the life of each father and husband a tremendous challenge, and some weeks ago it was one of these challenges that brought me to a greater realization of my responsibility as both father and husband. I am sure my experience is not unlike some that many of you here today have had.

It all happened this way. My wife one day, in her interest to go shopping with one of her close friends in the neighborhood, asked if I would be kind enough to attend to the household chores for about four hours during her absence, besides tending our smallest daughter. I assured her I was most anxious to do what I could as a priesthood bearer and as a loving father and husband. And I will have to confess there was a selfish interest at heart, thinking as I did that perhaps here was an opportunity to catch up on some of my own projects.

Well, now, I want to tell you, that was a day I shall never forget. Let me just give you an accounting of my accomplishments on that afternoon:

I answered the telephone 15 times. Thirteen of those calls were for our teenage daughters.

I shouted, "Don't Kellie," (that's our five-year-old) 43 times.

I spread bread with jelly 19 times. Some of my youngest daughter's little friends were visiting with her at the time.

I stopped 9 different quarrels.

I wiped noses 12 times.

I tied shoes 8.

I shut and opened doors 53 times.

I bandaged 6 different fingers.

I answered 117 questions.

And as well as I can figure at this point, I ran approximately 2½ miles without ever going out-of-doors.

Now, brethren, I ask you, how long has it been since you stood in the place of your good wife? For example, two or three days following this little episode, I took this same group of wild Indians to the grocery store and attempted, as all mothers and housewives do, to fill the grocery basket. There was another challenge, to keep one youngster from digging into the cookie box, while another picked up, dropped, and broke a jar of pickles, and the third in the meantime became lost and, in her anxiety to find her father, shouted so that all the neighborhood could hear, "Daddy, where are you?"

Brethren, fathers, priesthood bearers, I tell you that I sincerely believe that my day is as long and nerve-racking as any represented here. But I wouldn't trade my job, and I don't believe most of you would, involved as it might be, for that of a good wife who manages the home, supervises a family of children twelve hours a day and more at times, not to speak of a few other little responsibilities that engage her time from morning until night.

I wish today, brethren, that my wife's husband could remember every evening when he comes home that, no matter how tired he is or how hard he has worked, she has labored just as hard. And no matter how disappointed he may be with the things that have gone on during the day, she has an equal reason to be tired and discouraged with the load of her multitudinous and hectic responsibilities.

If my wife's husband could always realize this, I believe he would try even harder than he does to forget his own troubles and would try to bring into his home a spirit of love, fun, optimism, and assurance that would make every member of his family glad to be alive.

There are a number of other things that I wish my wife's husband would do as he views this lovely creature that he has taken unto himself as a bride for time and all eternity—that he would continue to court her and respect her as he has promised to do because of his genuine love and appreciation for her.

I wish my wife's husband would also remember at all times the responsibility he has to direct the affairs of his family, to be the loving father and the companion for his daughters that he basically wants to be but sometimes forgets to be because of busy schedules.

I have been so impressed today with the thoughts and the feelings of our Prophet, Brother Lee, President Tanner, and others who have spoken to us concerning the home and its importance and the role of mother and father in this connection. As they talked to us about these basic issues which should concern all intelligent thinking Ameri-