The Will of My Father

By

William and Yvonne Hunter

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Preface

It is with hearts grateful to our Heavenly Father that we present this book to you in remembrance of numerous times He has led us miraculously to help us fulfill His will for our lives. Over the years, many friends have asked us to write a book. Our answer was always, "We are writing a book, but we don't know when it will be printed." That time has now come, and you hold in your hands our privilege to share with you in brief form how our Father God has bestowed Himself in big and small ways to accomplish His purpose.

We regret it is not possible in a book of this size to tell you all of our experiences. We also, apologize that it is not possible to recognize by name all of our many friends who have been a part of our lives. All of you are important to us, and all of the experiences are important in the Plan of our Father.

Please join with us in giving thanks to our Heavenly Father for His marvelous work of creating this intricate planet earth and all the creatures who dwell on it. Thank Him for honoring His human creation by giving us a part in fulfilling His ongoing Plan for the dwellers of this planet. He is a true hands-on Administrator who helps and guides us to fulfill His will for our lives and for all mankind.

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The Will of My Father

Preface iii

Father's Angel Visitors 1

Father Guides the Growing Years 8

Father's Will in the Training Years 14

Father's Will in the Preparation Years 18

A Living Sacrifice for Father 28

Father Gives a Glimpse of Things to Come 38

Father Places Visas in Our Hands 45

Father's Prophet or False Prophet 49

Father Makes Peru a Reality 52

Land of Our Father's Calling 59

Father's New Missionary 67

Stewards of Our Father's Goods 74

Father Works in Mysterious Ways 78

Father Builds a Laundry..... 85

Father Rents the Mules 99

Hold Back the Rain, Father 105

Show Your Power in the Jungle, Father 109

Let's Make Hay While the Sun Shines, Father.....119

Father's Sunday Clinic.....130

Father's Reward for Climbing a Mountain 137

The Aguarunas Also, Father 143

Father Delivers From Poison 167

Another Visit to Father's Heaven.....176

Father's Miracles in the Homeland.....180

Father Delivers From Poison

The following year we made a second trip into the depths of the jungle. The Lord helped me to win nine Aguaruna families to Christ. During the service at the first settlement, we announced we would pray for anyone who was sick. A woman came forward whose right eye was blind. Her right ear was deaf and her face was paralyzed on that side. I prayed for her a total of ten times to no avail. During the second day, I went out to the dark rain forest that surrounded the settlement. I found a place that had been cleaned of foliage and the green ferns and plants hadn't had time to grow back. I looked at my watch and wondered how much prayer it would take. I figured that now this woman who couldn't receive healing considered me a witch doctor. If no one was healed, this was the end of reaching the Aguarunas for Christ. I explained all this in prayer then I switched over and prayed in other tongues. Every few minutes I would look at my watch. With eyes open I walked back and forth in that open spot about fifty steps long. After a half an hour of struggle, the anointing came. Then it became a pleasure. It took a total of three hours and a half. I walked back to the settlement. I found my two brethren. They had spent the afternoon playing soccer ball with the Aguarunas.

There was no service that night, but after the service the next morning, we would begin our journey to the second settlement. Knowing we were to leave after service, I packed for travel. School was to start at nine o'clock. Our service was to start at seven in the morning.

We had used this building twice on this trip but I didn't know until that morning it was the schoolhouse. Everything was crude. The seats were individual seats made with sticks tied together with thongs made of a vine that is strong as nails after it cures. The desks had legs of sticks tied with thongs. Cane poles had been beaten flat with a sledge hammer to make the writing surface. The chief, who spoke both Aguaruna and Spanish, was the teacher.

We arrived at the schoolhouse at 6:45 A.M. The woman who had cost me three and a half hours of prayer was standing in the door. She stopped everyone who came in telling them that now she could see with her blind eye and hear with her formerly deaf ear. Her face didn't hurt her anymore. She didn't need the pole to give her confidence when she walked.

I preached with the anointing on one of the "I Am's" of the Gospel of John. When I made the altar call, nine families, some of them of three and four generations all came forward to receive pardon for sins and to turn their lives over to Jesus. The chief asked for a water baptismal service before we left for the next settlement. He wanted his people to be baptized in the afternoon.

A javalina came with one of the families. The hog weighed about fifty pounds. After noon meal when we were on our way to the river one mile and a half distant, I asked the chief why the foliage had been cut down to the ground. His answer was that all the new Christians voted to cut it down so Jesus could walk with them to the baptismal service! The chief said there were piranhas in the river. I tied up my pant

legs with string and left on my socks in case a piranha fish came along to take a bite. The chief was first to be baptized. He stepped out of his gum boots like we used to wear when we lived on the farm. After that, each new believer put on the boots to be baptized.

My biggest problem was caused by the hog. The hog was loyal to his mistress who owned him. When I was ready to baptize her, he wanted to gore me. Four of the men each took a leg and held onto the hog while he squealed and we hurried up to baptize her. A year later when my wife Yvonne and I visited the tribe for the last time, we found that the family had built a pen with a roof for the hog, which was now full grown.

After the baptismal service, I prayed another public prayer that the Holy Spirit would accompany every one who had made a decision to serve the Lord.

The chief sent three Aguarunas with us to help us get to the other settlement. Pablo cranked the outboard motor and we were on our way. We arrived at the second settlement just before dark.

Things were changed in appearance from the previous year. The large wigwam had been dismantled and moved about three blocks away. This chief now had two wives. The first wife cooked the meal. Every time she wanted to clean her hands after one operation to start on another, she would put her three fingers in her mouth for a second then go on with her duties.

There was lots of room in the chief's quarters. The table was along the front wall. The end was butted against a division wall made of cane poles. A

nice bench had been hewn out of a large log and was permanently placed between the table and the outside front wall. The chief directed me to go in first. This placed me next to the division. To my left were Pablo, Pedro, and Tony, a hired hand Pablo brought along to help us climb the rapids without taking the things out of the dugout.

The table was about twenty-eight or thirty inches wide and about eight feet long. The chief of this second settlement was seated right across the table from me. There was an empty seat in front of Pablo. The chief's wife served me first. It was a plastic bowl that would hold a little more than a pint. It was soup of palm-heart leaves.

After every one was served, I prayed aloud for the food and the chief interpreted it into the Aguaruna language. The soup tasted awful. I began to dig down below the leaves to see what might be there to make such an awful taste. I found them! They were grub worms the diameter of a broom handle and about five inches long. Now I was glad the pastor's wife in Soritor had made me jump this hurdle two years before. I was partially ready for this test of a lifetime.

The first worm was too large to stay on the soupspoon. I looked around to see how the others were faring and to see how to manage a large dead worm. The three Aguaruna men who came with us from the other settlement reached into their bowls with their fingers and put the worms into their mouth. I decided to do likewise. The three Indians had to hold on to their bowls with one hand because their bowls were large gourds cut in the middle. The seeds

had been taken out and from the looks of them had been used for many a meal.

I soon found out that it was impossible to eat the head of the first worm. I bit off the head and gave it to the pet mongoose. Before the meal was served, the mongoose had gotten into my duffel bag and eaten some of my heartburn pills before I could pull him out and securely lock the bag with the padlock. I dare not swallow these large creatures whole because now I didn't have any digestive pills left. The mongoose had taken them all. Now I was chewing the worms up into fine pieces. The worms tasted just like a rotten orange. I could handle the taste for a while. Their appearance was trying to turn my stomach inside out. Finally, with much effort I had eaten six of these large oversized worms. I had devoured the soup as well.

Before I could boast, my stomach began to go through the act of vomiting them up. I dare not let them out. I was warned before the first trip that if I vomited them up, the penalty was death. I clamped my mouth shut while my stomach convulsed repeatedly. It seemed to me it was never going to stop shaking my whole body. With my mouth clamped shut and my eyes wide open, I prayed the most urgent prayer of a lifetime. The Lord answered immediately. The chief had been enjoying my predicament from the very start. He was laughing from ear to ear. Now he reached over to a little shelf near the table. He passed around another plate of worms, explaining that everyone must take just one. I reached out with my thumb and two fingers to get one and with care rammed it into my mouth between the convulsions.

That did it. My stomach was calmed. There were no more convulsions. These last worms had been fried. They were more palatable. My test was over.

On this second trip to the Aguaruna Indians, we didn't need to mention the healing of the old lady in the other camp. There was a different spirit in this second settlement. The three Indians who came with us from the first settlement had already told them the good news. There was hushed reverence in the church service and all the adults wanted to be baptized in water. We took all morning the next day and walked to a creek to baptize them. I found out that day that the caterpillar soup was their way of celebrating the healing of the woman blind and deaf in the other settlement. The Lord helped me to celebrate with them. After the noon meal of a freshly killed monkey, we started home. Breakfast had been some more of the caterpillar soup only this time the worms had been cut up into pieces. I estimated that my part was approximately three of the caterpillars this time.

The three Aguarunas carried our sleeping rolls. Pablo paid them a shotgun shell apiece each time they carried our stuff. I was exhausted. We still had a couple hours of walking to go. One of Pablo's brothers was behind me on the path. I told him I was very tired. He told me to turn on the tape recorder and play what I had recorded. Those behind would focus their attention on the message I had preached and recorded and everyone would slow down and listen. I obeyed.

While the batteries lasted, the tape recorder took my mind off my tired body. A few minutes later, the path made a sharp turn to my right. My left foot

stepped off the path about eight inches. I went all the way down to the hip joint of that leg into quicksand. Nearby was a tree about seven inches in diameter. With some struggle I was able to put one arm around its base and pull myself out.

With a small dead stick I found on the ground, I began to scrape the wet sand and slush off my pant leg. I looked up to locate the men who were coming behind. I looked ahead in time to see a cream-colored snake with small brown speckles uncoil right on the path I was to take. When the snake stretched out, I could see that his body was about four inches in diameter and five feet long.

It occurred to me right then that my guardian angel had caused me to step off the path to detain me with quicksand until the snake decided to move. I would never have seen it in time otherwise. The snake was the same color as its surroundings. Just around the corner was the big wide lake of quicksand. A very long log had been placed across it. It had been explained on my first trip in here, that if you fell off the log it meant certain death. One would sink before a rope could reach you to be of help. The Aguarunas had hung a vine securely enough overhead to be a great help in crossing on the log at this dangerous point.

Before arriving at the boat, we came to the dwelling of an Aguaruna family. This family was the guard family for both settlements. If danger approached, a person of this family was to slip away to warn the settlements on both sides of the river. Our three Aguaruna men led us to this house. They laid

our packs at the door, and waved goodbye to return to the first settlement.

Something had just happened that made fear strike me again. A jungle tiger had struck their hen house and killed the rooster and four of the laying hens. The fourteen-year-old son heard the chickens cackling and rushed out there with his machete and drove the big cat away before he could eat all the chickens. The cat took one struggling hen in its mouth as it disappeared back into the jungle. The young son gathered up the four dead chickens, and had just entered the door with them, when we entered the front room of the house. Now it appeared to me that the tribal guard family, being superstitious, linked me with the attack of the tiger. I was careful to drink all of the *masato* that this family served me. I do remember my *masato* tasted different this time. I shrugged it off at the time. It might be that mine had poison mixed into it.

The distance that took two days to come to the tribe took only one day to go back to Moyobamba. If it was poison that I drank at the guards' house just after the big cat's attack, the Lord didn't let it kill me. However, I did have a heart attack exactly one week later when I was conducting a wedding ceremony out in Lima. Who knows? I thought at the time of the heart attack it was just my poor cooking. I rather think it may have been poisonous because the devil was mad that a tribal woman who was both blind and deaf had been snatched out of his hands. Father has indeed called Aguarunas to be His children

The river is the highway of the jungle.









Life in the Aguaruna villages is simple and primitive.