

Pikinini Bilong Man Bai I Kam

(Redio tok long foapela nek)

Long Skelim Olgeta Man

By T. Dadok

MAN BILONG STORI (MBS)

Pikinini bilong Man bai i kam wantaim glori bilong em. Bai olgeta lain ensel kam wantaim em, na em i sindaun long sia bilong em i gat glori. Bai i kam long skelim na tilim ol manmeri, olsem wasman bilong abus i save tilim sipsip na meme.

KING

Olgeta manmeri mas kam long pes bilong mi. Mi laik tilim yupela, na putim yupela sampela long han sut bilong mi na sampela long han kais bilong mi.

SIPSIP

King, bilong wanem yu putim mipela long hia long han sut bilong yu? Bilong wanem yu brukim mipela tupela lain? Mipela i save bung na wokabaut.

MEME

King, em i tru. Mipela i save bung na wokabaut wantaim. Bilong wanem yu tilim mipela na sampela sanap long han kais bilong yu? Mipela i no save pait. Mipela i save long singaut bilong wasman bilong mipela na mipela save kam long em.

KING

(I TOKIM OL MAN LONG HAN SUT) Yupela long han sut bilong mi, mi redim ples bilong yupela i stap. Bai yupela i stap wantaim mi long kingdom bilong mi. Bipo yupela i mekim mi gut. Taim mi hangre na yupela givim mi long kaikai. Mi sik na yupela i was long mi. Na mi i stap long kalabus na yupela kam na lukim mi.

SIPSIP

King, mipela i longlong, long tok bilong yu. Wanem taim yu i stap hangre na mipela i givim kaikai? Na long wanem taim yu bin stap long kalabus na mipela i go lukim yu? Na long wanem de yu kisim sik na mipela helpim yu? Mipela i no klia long tok bilong yu.

KING

Mi no tok long mi yet, nogat. Taim yupela i bin helpim wanpela em i no gat nem na hangre na yupela i bin givim kaikai long em, na yupela i bin helpim husat i kisim sik, na tu yupela i helpim ol sampela ol i stap long kalabus: disipela i olsem yupela i helpim mi. Mi tok long husat yupela i bin mekim gut long em.

(Pikinini Bilong Man...)

MEME King, na mipela bai i stap wantaim long kingdom bilong yu? Mipela i save bung wantaim ol brata na ol susa bilong mipela na wokabaut wantaim long ples. Na sampela ol brata bilong mipela ol i stap pinis long hap wantaim yu.

KING (EM BAI I TOKIM OL) Em i tru, tasol taim mi hangre, na yupela i no givim kaikai long mi. Mi i stap sik na yupela i no helpim mi. Na mi i stap long kalabus na yupela i no go lukim mi.

MEME King, dišpela toktok yu tok long en mipela i no save. Bipo mipela i no harim olsem. Sapos yu hangre, sik bai mipela i ken save. Na yu i king, sapos yu i stap long kalabus mipela olgeta i mas save. Tasol nau yu toktok long en mipela i no gat save tru.

KING (EM I BEKIM TOK BILONG OL) Mi no tok long mi yet. Mi tok long sampela i no gat nem na rabis, yupela i no mekim gut ol. Ol i rabis na hangre na sik na ol i stap long kalabus na yupela i no helpim ol. Em i olsem yupela i no mekim gut mi.

MEME Sori tumas, King. Mipela i no save dispela tok bipo. Nau mipela bai i no inap long i stap wantaim ol brata na susa bilong mipela long ples bilong yu. Bel bilong mipela i krai tumas.

KING (BAI EM I TOKIM OL) Yupela bai kisim pe nogut tru. Bai yupela i stap pen oltaim oltaim. Na ol brata na ol susa bilong yupela bai ol i stap amamas oltaim long kingdom bilong mi.

MBS Long han sut bilong king ol i amamas tasol long kingdom bilong God. Na long han kais bai ol i stap pen oltaim na bel nogut na i stap long ples nogut tru.

(Stori i kam long Matyu 25: 31-46)

DRING I KEN BAGARAPIM

LAIP BILONG YUMI

By Gerson Igua

Tude long Papua New Guinea strongpela dring i bikpela moa. Tude ol pipel wan wan ol i dring pinis 7-pela galon.

Planti man ol i save tok strongpela dring i no bagarapim ol. Olsem na ol i save go long hotel na kisim moa dring.

Tude tu yumi save planti man ol i save dring long haus bilong wantok bilong ol. Taim polis i painim ol, ol i save go long kot. As bilong en bikos ol i brukim lo, long dring nambaut na nogat laisens.

Tude planti man ol i save hait long polis, olsem na ol i save go dring long bus. Na sampela ol i save go dring long nambis.

BILONG WANEM OL PIPEL OL I DRING?

Ating ol pipel ol i save long dring ol i ken tok, "mi dring bai skin bilong mi bai i pat." Sampela ol i dring bikos ol i gat bikpela mani. Sampela ol i laik dring bikos ol i laik bagarapim brata bilong ol.

(turn to page 3)

(STRONGPELA DRING...)

Mi yet mi lukim planti man ol i save wokim dispela pasin. Sapos ol i bin kros long wanpela man, ol i no inap lusim. Taim ol i dring ol i tok em i taim bai ol i go lukim dispela man i bin krosim em bipo. Olsem na pait i save kamap na i save bagarapim sindaun bilong ol.

Yumi lukim tude planti man ol i save stilim samting bilong narapela man bikos long dring. Taim i dring pinis, i lukim poket bilong em i nogat mani moa, olsem na i tingting bai i go stil. Taim i stil ol i painim em, ol i kisim em i go long kot. Na as bilong husat? Mi ken tok: Rong bilong dispela man yet bikos em yet i laik kisim bagarap na i go stil.

Tude tu planti man ol i brukim sindaun bilong marit, bikos long dring tasol.

Planti man tude ol i kisim bikpela mani, tasol ol i no tingim famili bilong ol. Taim ol i kisim mani ol i save go long hotel bai ol i go dring. Taim i dring pinis i kam bek na i krosim meri bikos i no kukim kaikai wetim em.

Tasol meri bai i askim em, "Bai mi kisim mani we long baim kaikai?" Taim man i harim dispela tok bel bilong em i kros nogut tru, olsem na i krosim meri bilong em na pait i save kamap.

Taim meri i lukim olsem man i no helpim em i kirap na lusim man na singautim ol pikinini na ol i stat go bek long papa bilong meri. Papa bilong dispela meri i gat bikpela sem long lukim pikinini wantaim ol pupu bilong em i kam long haus bilong em.

SAMTING YUMI KEN WOKIM

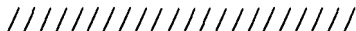
Yumi yet wan wan man, yumi mas luksave olsem dring i ken bagarapim laip bilong yumi.

Sapos man i lukim dring olsem i no gutpela, na i wok long dring moa, mi ting laip bilong em bai i nogut.

Sapos man i wok long dring na i bagarapim samting bilong narapela brata bilong ol, olsem stilim samting bilong ol, orait Baibel i tok, "olgeta dispela kain man bai ol i no kisim kingdom bilong God." (I Korin 6:10)

Yumi mas lusim dring na tingting long wanem samting bai i kamap bihain long laip bilong yumi.

Mi tingting long ol man ol i no save tingim meri bilong ol taim ol i kisim pe long wok bilong ol. Mi ting man em i givim pe i mas katim hap mani i go long meri na hap i go long man. Mi ting dispela bai i helpim meri na tupela bai i amamas wantaim.



YUMI STAP LAIP BIKOS  
YUMI LAIP WANTAIM GOD

By J. Pasingan

Wanpela de mi bin go long Madang taun. Pastaim tru mi bin go long wanpela bikpela stua. Na long baksait bilong dispela bikpela stua i gat bris i stap. Ol sip i save ron, na kam sanap long en. Orait, mi harim tu ol balus i krai antap long skai, olsem tu ol kar i wok long spit long rot.

Mi sanap tingting, na mi askim mi yet: "Wanem samting i stap insait long ol dispela samting, na ol i save ron tumas?" Poroman bilong mi i tokim mi olsem: "Ol i save ron bikos long bensin. Sapos i nogat bensin, ol i no inap long ron."

I tru, bensin i olsem laip. God i save pulamapim yumi long en long olgeta de. Sapos yumi lusim God, yumi no inap kisim laip.

## Churches Should Teach About Evolution

by Walter Darius

The knowledge of evolution in Papua New Guinea is too little. Churches, schools and colleges have left a big gap in this field. Great emphasis has been focused on the seven days' creation teaching of the Bible. This has left most older people with either little or no knowledge about "evolution".

Most churches have tried to explain the evolution theory, but they failed to actually dig into the theory and tell what evolution really is. They often get the idea that science might lead people away from the truth. This has not been proved because today Christians still hold on to the Bible even though they have learnt something about evolution. Churches should not paint false pictures about evolution, especially in countries such as Papua New Guinea where people accept first "words" without proving them.

Scientists have discovered proof which shows that man has only been living for very short time compared to many other creatures. They have thus proved, with the Bible, that man was created last, and that the world is much older than the generations of men.

Students today attending primary schools up to universities in Papua New Guinea will soon come up, in future, with great questions about evolution. Many of them have already done research through books and experiments to get answers. But they end up with more questions. This will soon be a problem to the churches and the schools.

Unless evolution is taught freely in schools and colleges, the people of the country will be faced with a great educational gap. Churches should not neglect the teaching of evolution. Science does not preach against the Bible, but it fulfills what the Bible states. We should not be in doubt but thank God for the wisdom he has given to the scientists for their marvellous discoveries.

If the churches ignore the theory of evolution, then they should not blame their youths for neglecting the church. It will be just like parents ignoring the maturity of their 21-year-old daughter, holding her back from marriage. The daughter then will take things into her own hands. Young Christians, if they are always neglected, will preach against the church because of the gap which is left unexplained.

### New Ireland Song

by J. Pasingan

Niu Ailan blak ples!  
Ol i mangalim oltaim.  
Ol manmeri wantaim pikinini,  
Tingting gut long kantri bilong yumi.  
Niu Ailan blak ples  
Ol i mangalim oltaim,\*  
Em i ples bilong pupu, papamama.

\* pupu= ancestors & descendants

A Person I Know Well

by Daniel Bangtor

My father would have claimed the biggest area of land in my mind. But I was not old enough. He made his decision to be covered with dry leaves too early. Therefore he now has a smaller claim than my step-father.

I know my uncle better than anyone else. He has become a tree, planted on a piece of rock, in my mind. Firm is the foundation. The tree cannot be horizontalized.

My springing up at home and in schools, became his social and economical responsibilities, since my father had gone on a single and an endless journey.

My uncle, Bala Aaron, lived an easy life. A thatched brownish house was his. The roof was of sago leaves, but woven smoothly as the hair of a tamed dog. Walls were the usual woven coconut leaves. He valued his ancestors' typical traditional houses. He never cared to live in a so-called Western-style house.

Fonah was the name of our village. It was less than 100 yards away from the sea. Yet, sitting in his house, it was just as if my uncle was on a ship and looking down to the blue sea. He breathed faster as he took the required steps from the beach to his house.

Bala was well thought of in the village. But sometimes he was just a fool. He lent money to those who could not afford to pay back. He was a rich man, as others regarded him, and so did I. He became more and more a real father. His anger was too frightening to be introduced to frequently. But his kindness always stood outside the house. It was hardly hidden.

Although an old man of 56 years, he was just another young man. But he was an exception to other young folks. The proof was that of his hard labour.

As a farmer, copra-making, gardening, and cattling were his jobs. He shut his mind from the knock-off time. Five o'clock in the evening was only the start of another day.

He once stood near a six-foot-tall tree. But the very top of his wild hair was not even a sixteenth of an inch higher. He never intended to hook himself on a scale, though Bala would not have damaged the scale if he had. His outward appearance did not highlight him much. But his behaviour and attitude did.

Having a large coconut plantation, with plenty of workers, Bala was like a father of many children. His sons and daughters were all used to counting from 151,280 hours and upwards as Bala blanketed them with jobs. He was not much different from a pigs' feeder, fencing and sheltering his pigs.

Nothing else than a serious disease could cause a break in his bravery. But for this, he was just like an empty bottle. It only stands still as one pours water in through its mouth. But it cannot stop the person.

(more)

Day and night I pictured him as a mother of five. With a piece of white, soft, stick--fire on one end and the other end in his mouth--he sat down. He was a man. But he was also an oven which spitted out smoke. Then suddenly he turned into a moving steamer with a chimney on. The dirty smoke coiled out through the chimney as Bala lifted his leg up and down again.

I could hear him coughing nearly all night long. As he coughed, I could not tell the difference between him and the sound made by misplacing the needle on a record. There were times when I hardly believed my eyes. His back was almost as curved as a bow when doing a forceful cough. It was no longer an illness. Coughing had become a habit. Yet he was not aware of it.

When he spoke in front of me, the hair in my nose nearly dropped. The scent of smoking penetrated through my nostrils, and blackened my heart and lungs.

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Let's Shake Hands

by J. Pasingan

Let's shake hands  
For the time has come to depart,  
I don't know, probably I will be in danger,

The plane flies above the sky,  
Great grief is shocking my lonely heart,  
Oh! yes I hope I could die,  
But no--I get there safely.

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Two Parts To Our Lives

by A.K. Waim

Do we realize that our life is like a government with two political parties working against each other?

One says, "No worries, you have a lot of time to live on this earth and enjoy yourselves. You are still young and so each of you is still growing aren't you? Plan now what you will be doing tomorrow or in your future lives, otherwise you might become poor".

The other part of our life says, "Watch out, you are not growing younger but you are growing older each day. As each day passes your life becomes shorter and shorter, even the lives of new-born babies. You never know where the end of your life lies. So do not worry about tomorrow or your future lives".

Who is right? What if we plan for tomorrow and die tonight? Isn't our plan just a waste of time? But, what if we are still alive tomorrow and have no plan for it? What are we going to do? Won't it take time to plan something?

Which do you think is right? Write and give your opinion.

Have Mercy

by Walter Darius

Look what you have done to my home.  
I lost my father, I lost my mother,  
I am a beggar.  
Can't you see my miseries?

My father was once a missionary,  
My mother was his helper.  
I love them both and they love me.  
Now I am alone.

You stole my father with your taste,  
You made my mother wild with anger.  
And now you are robbing my happiness.  
Oh, can't you have mercy?

Why did you enter my home?  
I hate you, I hate you.  
You cheated my parents,  
You burnt down my home,

Have mercy and leave.  
I am one in many more.  
My white brothers made you enter,  
But my father was a fool to have you.  
He did not understand your evil ways.

Now I have no home,  
I have no hope.  
My bed is anything under the moon,  
My plates are the garbage bins,  
My parents are my two hands,  
And the street is my home.

The dogs are my brothers,  
1,2,3 is all I know,  
A beggar I am because of you.  
Have mercy and leave.

Twilight and The Tortoise

(A Book Review)

by Jonathan Sialo

This book is a story about a Tortoise's events after the sunset, after one whole day is finished. The name given to this book "Twilight," is the time when Nigerian children gather around a storyteller, asking him for stories.

The book tells about what Mr. Tortoise does, and it also shows why today the Tortoise cannot show his face to us.

This book also tells why some Tortoises are not friends to the other inland animals, and how they happen to live in the sea.

Stories in "Twilight and the Tortoise" sound very similar to the stories I heard when I was a boy.

"Twilight and the Tortoise" was written by Kunle Akinsemoyin. It was illustrated by Stephen Erhabor.

It was first published by the African Universities Press, Lagos, Nigeria, in 1963. It was reprinted in 1964, 1966, and 1970. It sells for about \$1.

This book is small, only 80 pages. The stories are very funny. For example, there is the part where the Tortoise is so greedy that he puts hot food in his hat to keep it away from Mr. Crocodile. But later when Tortoise is about to leave the door, Mr. Crocodile appears. Mr. Crocodile tries to stop Tortoise from leaving quickly, but the hot food burns the Tortoise's head and he refuses to stop.

It is so funny that it even makes the characters in this book laugh too. There are also parts which are very instructive for people under the age of 17 or 18 and even up to 20.

The book is very easy. It can be read by children under the age of 15. It is so interesting that one wants to read it again and again. I liked the way the author wrote. The words were simple, clear, and it has small paragraphs with short sentences.

Independens Em I Wanem Samting?

by J. Pasingan

Mi no save, Ating Independens i olsem:  
Ailan wantaim Ailan O Distrik wantaim Distrik,  
O, liklik grup wantaim narapela grup,  
Ol i stap bung na kros planti?

Ating independens i olsem mama.  
Mama em i save lukautim gut  
Olgeta pikinini bilong em.  
Ol pikinini wantaim mama ol i save amamas wantaim  
Long olgeta dei.

Independens em i taim.  
Wanpela hap graun i laik stap lukautim em yet.  
I ken stap na wokim olgeta samting inap long laip bilong em.  
Em i no ken krai moa long narapela hap graun,  
Bai i lukautim em.

Lukim, Independens i no samting bilong kros.  
Independens i no bilong brukim hap graun,  
Bambai i sepret nambaut.  
Olsem tu Independens em i kam, i no bilong rausim as ples.  
Independens i kamap bilong mekim diwai i grou,  
Long as bilong graun yet.

Klostu Independens bai i kamap,  
Long hap graun bilong yumi P.N.G.  
Independens i no masalai bai yumi pretim em.  
Independens i kam bilong bungim yumi,  
Bai yumi kamap wanpela pipel tasol.  
Wok bung wantaim, lusim wari na amamas oltaim,  
Long hap graun bilong yumi yet P.N.G.

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--by Walter Darius

"Today's Papua New Guinea youth has been struggling to get free. So don't be surprised if they break out and identify themselves to the world. This country is crying out for unity. But how are we going to achieve it if we have no common aim? Unless a common means of communication is created, unity will never be achieved. We should encourage young people by providing them with ways of meeting each other. Then they can find the common means of communication--their way for tomorrow."



The Most Peculiar Man I Ever Met.

by Elizabeth Sakias

On the day I met this peculiar man, I arrived from market about 11 a.m. I left my girlfriend outside the door of our house with the things we'd bought and went in to get our towels. I handed her towel to her and then went into the shower room to take my shower before settling down.

After I had it, she went in to have hers. Very soon she came in and joined me in changing.

I got into my nightie, got a book out and started reading, sitting on my bed. She got into her night-dress too, then went to bed. I tried reading, but the heat was so oppressive that I just fell asleep on my bed with the book covering my face.

Just as we were both starting to snore, a knock sounded at the door. No one moved. It sounded again and again so she got up lazily from her bed and made her way to the door.

"Hello! Is your name Frizzy Lizzy?" I heard the man ask.

"No, she is asleep," I heard Prida say.

"Oh, I see. Will you please tell her that I will be back to see her when she's up?"

"Certainly," she said.

He went away and Prida returned to her bed, glancing at me. Her eyes were wide open and she was smiling away too.

I turned and looked straight into her eyes. She had walked over to my bed and was just about to wake me up when I awoke. She could not say anything for a while. "What's the matter? Why are you watching over me? Was he handsome?" I asked jokingly.

"Elizabeth, er, there was a visitor for you. He's gone away now but he said to tell you that he'll be back again. I haven't seen him before and I don't think you know him either. He's tall," she said.

"Do you know his name?"

"No, he was in a hurry so I didn't introduce myself to him," she said uneasily.

"But why are you so uneasy about that? Are you sure you and I don't know him?"

"As sure as I am standing here," she said.

I felt my internal organs exchanging positions and started to wonder who this person might be. I got up, got changed into my clothes and then walked out into the kitchen for something to eat. I opened the fridge and got an apple out. I was making my way back into the bedroom to fetch my book when I heard a voice coming from the back door, saying,

"Hello there, has Elizabeth awoken yet?"

I turned around swiftly, knowing that this must

(more)

be the man. Still not looking up at him, I said, "Mi kirap pinis long ol bilong matmat." I joked thinking it was one of my work mates. I then looked through the screen door at him. Oh I felt so ashamed. After all, he was a complete stranger. And I seemed like a small ant too, crawling on the floor, compared with the giant who was standing before me.

He was about six feet, five inches tall and slim, with an oval-shaped, baby-like face in which the big brown eyes were set deep. He had long grey hair that looked as if it had not been cut for three months or so. He also looked really handsome with his side-burns leveled with his nose. He was wearing a long pair of grey flare-bottom pants with a long-sleeved grey, stripy shirt untucked and a grey pair of shoes. He looked real tempting!

"Greg is my name," he said at last.

"Greg who?"

"Gregory Daveson, but you can call me Greg."

"Can I help you in anything?" I asked forcing myself to look away as I couldn't help staring at him.

"No, not really...I only came to see if you are free tonight. I'd like to take you to this picture they are screening at the Skyline Drive," he said scratching his head. "You can take your girlfriend too if you like."

I did not feel like going to pictures as I had a lot of work to be done before Monday. So, to cover my feelings, I said, "Oh, really? What is it called and all about?"

"Ryan's Daughter, it is called. But I don't know what it is all about," he said shyly. "Do you want to come?"

"Perhaps not today, but the next time. I have some work to be done. Where do you work, may I ask?"

"Konedobu, near your office in the Education Department. I am the Officer-in-charge of the salary section."

"Thanks for coming anyway," I said as I accompanied him to the gate where I stood and watched him walk away.

He was so tall and long-legged that when he walked he swayed from side to side like a tree being blown by the wind. I found out some time later that he was only 19 and was in the nine stone rugby team in Moresby. One could not make a mistake in identifying him when he was mingling in any crowd because he was so tall. Whenever he stood, he always put all his weight on his right leg and relaxed his left with either his right or left hand on his hip. He was very friendly, playful and smiled to anyone he knew when he was in a good mood.

However, he was not all that easy. Many of his friends failed to get to know him better. They thought he was friendly and easy as he looked, but when one dug into him, he found that he was a hard, peculiar man inside. Getting to know him was like drawing blood out of a stone. He did not say much. Often when he spoke, he talked of general things, being very careful not to say anything that would reveal what sort of a person he really was. He listened and might do things other people would want him to do. But he would not say what he thought of you or other people. He was very hard to understand because he was a person who liked to be alone, minding his own business.

He is the most peculiar man I have met so far.

Nobody Ever Returned From The Dead

by A.K. Waim

I was awakened by the church bell on a very fine Sunday morning. I wiped out the thick dust and white pus in my eyes and found myself in a strange, filthy place. A really peculiar place I had never known. "Am I dreaming or is it a vision?" No, it was quite true-- a filthy place. All around me I could see bits of blankets, broken bottles, human hair and pieces of old rusty razor blades. A few empty cans lay here and there on the dry, dusty earth.

"What is above me?" I looked up. It was not the ceiling of my room, but it was the same old dirty brown as the floor of our dormitory. Some bits of rubbish were suspended from it and swayed back and forth as the morning breeze passed them.

"What am I doing underneath the house? Did I fall off my bed?" No. Certainly not. There is no hole in the floor.

I couldn't figure out what had happened to me the night before.

I glanced across the main path and saw my workmates were hurrying to the church. They had dressed themselves up as if they were pastors, bishops and deacons ready to preach. That made me look at my own clothes. Oh, they were terribly stinking and covered with blackish mud and smelled awful of vomit. The same with my body too. I thought someone had thrown me into a garbage hole or a toilet. Still I couldn't figure out what was wrong.

Then I heard a guy shout.

"Can anyone help me with a ten cent coin for the offering please? I forgot to bring mine."

"No worries, Jack, aste tasol fortnight ya I can help you," the other guy shouted back.

Jack replied, "Thank you."

At that point my mind brought back all the things that were hidden. I understood why I was in that filthy place. I remembered that I had gone to the hotel with some local boys but I did not know how I returned home.

I heard somebody walking around inside the house above my head. I took off my shirt and staggered toward the door, wondering who would that person be. There he came, my cousin Benjamin. He wore a long-sleeved white shirt and a pair of V-cut shorts and a pair of long blue stockings.

"Hai cousin, are you all right or spak yet?" he asked.

"Well cousin, I am all right except for a little bit of headache," I replied.

"Who gave you a lot of drink?" he asked me again and smiled. I named some of the local fellows who accompanied me to the public bar.

He jested, "I orait ol tambu bilong yu tasol ya!" He continued, "Last night two chaps brought you here but left you outside there and went away. I came out and put some fresh water on your body and then went to bed. I thought you would be all right by midnight or so."

I felt disgraced at that moment because I understood that all my workmates had seen me. Also I knew that I had rolled myself into that dusty place.

"I think we took too much, therefore it took me the whole night, but I hope I will be all right." I murmured. (more)

Sindy left me when she learned the news. My Form 4 education became useless.

I missed my chance of hearing what was said in the church on that Sunday I lay on my bed. Besides that I missed my chance of getting the girl I loved. And above that I missed my chance of becoming an officer for the Department of Agriculture Stocks and Fisheries. Sorry, nobody ever returned from the dead.

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Jisas I Rausim Spirit Doti Long Wampela Man

Luk 8: 26-39

(Stori Bilong Redio) By Yanadabing Apo

- MAN BILONG STORI: (MBS) Jisas wantaim ol disaipel i sail long kanu i go long hap sait long wara Gegasa. Ol i kam klostu na lukim matmat i stap long ples ol i laik soa long en. Ol i lukim ol man i go i kam i go i kam. Ol i bin ranim wampela man. Ol i wok hat long holim em tasol ol i no inap. Ol i go soa long nambis na pulim kanu i go antap na rausim ol sail. Man ol i bin ranim em i ran stret i kam long ol. Arapela man i ranim em i kam. Em i kam na pundaun long lek bilong Jisas. Jisas i lukim em na i tok...
- JISAS: Yu spirit doti! Yu mas lusim dispela man.
- SPIRIT DOTI: Jisas, yu pikinini bilong God Antap Tru, yu laik mekim wanem long mi? Mi tokim yu tru antap long nem bilong God; yu no ken givim pen long mi.
- JISAS: Wanem nem bilong yu?
- SPIRIT DOTI: Nem bilong mi "Ami." Long wanem: mipela i planti. Plis, yu no ken rausim mipela long dispela graun:
- JISAS: Yupela raus long dispela man!
- MBS: Long dispela ples i gat wampela banis pik i stap long liklik maunten. Ol bikpela lain olsem 2,000 pik i wok long kaikai i stap. Ol spirit doti askim Jisas...
- SPIRIT DOTI: Plis, salim mipela i go namel long ol pik. Mipela i laik i go insait long ol.
- JISAS: Orait, yupela i go kwik na lusim dispela man.
- MBS: Kwiktaim ol i go insait long ol pik. Na ol pik i pundaun long raunwara, na ol i dring wara na i dai pinis. Ol wasman bilong pik i ran i go long bikples na ol liklik ples na tok...
- WASMAN: Yupela i kam na lukim wampela man wantaim ol lain bilong en. Dispela man, strong bilong en i winim longlong man. Em i mekim strong bilong longlong man i pinis. Em i rausim ol spirit nogut long en na ol i go insait long ol pik mipela i bin bos long en. Ol i mekim bikpela nais moa na mipela i pret long en na ranawe.
- MANMERI: Yumi go lukim. Em i wanem kain man?
- PAPA BILONG PIK: (PBP) Oh! No! No! Ol pik bilong mi i lus. Mi rabis man nau. Oh, sori tumas long ol pik bilong mi! Mi wantaim ol family bai sot long mit. Nogat moni! Nogat mit!

(more)

- MBS: Olgeta manmeri i ran i go bilong lukim Jisas. Papa bilong pik i ran i go bilong lukim pik bilong en. Ol manmeri i kamap na lukim Jisas na longlong man i stap klostu long en. Ol i kirap nogut na sampela i kaikain pinga. Papa bilong pik i go lukim olgeta pik i bagarap na i pret. Em i lusim na i ran i go bilong lukim Jisas. Em i lukluk i go na lukim longlong man. Em i save long en. Em i namba wan pikinini bilong en i bin lusim em longtaim pinis. Em i singaut...
- PBP: "Ali! Ali! Yu a? Yu orait pinis a?"
- LONG-  
LONG MAN: Papa, mi tasol. Mi orait pinis. Dispela man Jisas i mekim gut mi. Sori papa long ol pik bilong yu. Mi amamas long kamap gutpela tasol mi wari long ol pik bilong yu i lus pinis. Bai mi mekim wanem?
- PBP: Pikinini! Yu noken wari long ol pik. Ol i samting nating. Yumi ken painim gen. Tasol yu! Yu kamap gutpela em i namba wan tru. Yumi mas amamas long dispela i winim. Yumi mas tenkyu long dispela man.
- LONGLONG  
MAN: Papa, tenkyu long yu amamas long mi na lusim tingting long ol pik na bisnis bilong yu. Tenkyu! Tenkyu papa! Mi laik bihainim dispela man Jisas. Mi laik soim tenkyu bilong mi long en.
- PBP: Yes! Yes! Mekim olsem bilip bilong yu i tok.
- LONGLONG: Tenkyu! Tenkyu! Mi amamas.
- MBS: Planti bisnis man i stap long dispela ples ol i save long sampela longlong man i stap long dispela hap. Ol i pret nogut Jisas i stap na mekim gut ol dispela man na bagarapim bisnis bilong ol. Ol i wari tumas long bisnis bilong ol. Ol i no givim bel long Jisas na ol wantok bilong ol. Ol i pret long Jisas bai bagarapim moa bisnis bilong ol. Olsem na ol i tok strong long Jisas i mas lusim graun bilong ol na i go long narapela ples. Ol i tok...
- MANMERI: Jisas, mipela i no laik yu stap hia. Kisim ol lain bilong yu na i go.
- LONGLONG: Bikpela, mi laik i go wantaim yu! Papa em i yesa pinis.
- JISAS: Nogat, yu noken i kam wantaim mi. Yu mas i stap wantaim papa na ol lain wantok bilong yu na autim olgeta samting i bin kamap long yu tude. Tokim ol long olgeta samting Bikpela i bin mekim long yu na ol i ken bilip long en. Soim sori bilong God i bin kamap long yu na ol lain bilong yu. Marimari bilong God i winim olgeta samting long dispela graun bilong yu. Soim tenkyu bilong yu long God long autim ol dispela samting.
- MBS: Strong bilong Jisas i winim strong bilong spirit nogut. Jisas em i daunim pinis. Jisas i gat nem. Em i Bikpela bilong olgeta manmeri. Tingim em i winim! Em i winim ol kago samting. Tingim em i winim ol samting bilong dispela graun.

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"Mi sori long laip bilong bipo, na mi laikim tude. Mi ting yumi mas kamap manmeri bilong save. Yumi mas i stap long laip bilong tude. Tasol yumi no ken lusim yumi olgeta long laip na pasin bilong bipo."

(Hap tok bilong Jonathan Sialo)

A mountain shines from afar, but near it are sharp rocks.

(Zambian proverb)

1076--  
1  
A Nearly Empty Land

by Daniel Bangtor

This land of New Hebrides,  
Forgetful of its residents  
As we smell the riches afar,  
On we move like migrators

This land of New Hebrides,  
Nearly empty  
Full of tears and pain  
As we go adrift in thousands

Our land of life  
Mother of man-kind  
But we ignore it;  
Entrust it to old and young

Attracted by silvery coin  
We move away,  
Away from houses  
                  gardens  
                  animals  
                  families

The plains are green as valleys  
Rotten leaves thicken the soil  
Awaiting life giving plants,  
But sowers are gone

Remainders are left  
To carry home burdens  
And bathe with sweat  
As they sink into labour

New Hebrides is our land,  
Is New Caledonia another?  
We fly away like soldiers  
But who will fill the gap?

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"Our world looks almost like an egg. Egg shells protect eggs, but what protects our world? What will happen if the world becomes rotten? Man should protect the outside of the world, as a shell protects an egg. God will support and protect both the outside and inside."

(--T. Dadok)

Hands Wash Each Other (Swaziland proverb)