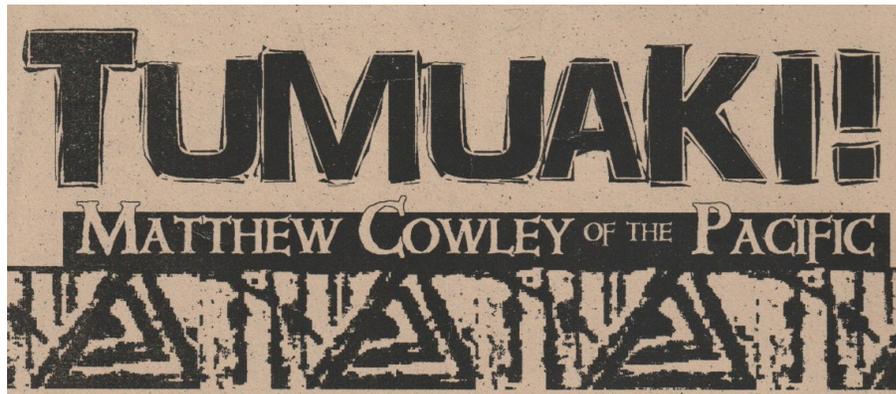


PERUSAL SCRIPT



A One-Man Show

Written by

JAMES ARRINGTON



Newport, Maine

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TUMUAKI! MATTHEW COWLEY OF THE PACIFIC

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ORDER # 2086

CAST

1 Male, 50ish

The play could be divided up into a reader's theatre for others to speak the lines that Matthew does not originate.

TIME: Early 1950s

PLACE: A Church "Fireside"

TUMUAKI! Matthew Cowley of the Pacific a One-man show by *James Arrington* 1m (could be done as a reader's theatre) Simple set and costumes. About 75 minutes. This play is largely a first-hand gathered account of the experiences and life observations of the works, trials, and triumphs of Matthew Cowley. Brother Cowley spent much of his life serving in the South Pacific as a missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of latter-day Saints. These experiences cross the borders of humor, sorrow, illness and observed miracles. Elder Cowley was one of the Church's greatest missionaries. After having served the people of the Pacific Islands for 25 years, he was called to The Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. **ORDER #2086**

James Arrington — Retired former Associate Professor, Former Department Chair at Utah Valley University. Professor James Arrington was schooled professionally at The American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco and has earned a master's degree in Theatre from Brigham Young University. He has worked professionally for 30 years and became a local sensation on the Utah theatre scene when returned to create and star in his well-known groundbreaking one-man show *Here's Brother Brigham*. He followed this by displaying a quirky writing talent with *The Farley Family Reunion* and *J. Golden*. He starred in the former and wrote, directed and produced the latter. He went on to write and produce numerous works including *Farley Two: The Next Gyration*, *Wilford Woodruff: God's Fisherman*, *Farley Family Xmas*, *Tumuaki! Matthew Cowley of the Pacific*, and the pioneer musical *The Trail of Dreams*. He has written and produced numerous smaller works and was granted a commission by the Sesquicentennial Utah War Committee to write a new touring work entitled *March of the Salt Soldiers: The Utah War*. He has written for stage, screen, outdoor pageant, radio drama, and puppet shows. Professor Arrington was the first Chairman of the Department of Theatrical Arts for Stage and Screen for UVU. He received both the local Star award from the SCERA and a highly sought-after regional award, The Kennedy Center American Theatre College Faculty Excellence Award. Along with his teaching at UVU, Professor Arrington oversaw the playwriting programs where he originated the annual *Short Attention-Span Theatre*, an engaging ten-minute play festival devoted to new student works.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Matthew Cowley is certainly one of the greatest men and nicest guys I have ever met on paper. After studying video of him speaking, watching, spontaneous film shot in New Zealand (at Hui Tau,) and listening over and over again to his tapes -- tapes, mind you, that I just couldn't turn off, my one regret is that I didn't know the gentleman personally. What a lovely man! He was devoid of pretension, guile, superiority despite his degrees in law and reaching a high degree of excellence in his field. He was friendly, kind, comfortable as an old sofa, and as full of love as a man could be; and not just for people with learning, money, good looks, or position. It is said his best friends were the common people whose stories he often mentions in his talks: taxi drivers, chefs, hairdressers, street maintenance people, etc. He was just the kind of man of the LDS Faith that we Mormons like to point to and claim as our own. In fact, the world can also claim him as a great Christian, brother, and teacher. What he taught was the gospel of love, repentance, and forgiveness. Ah, to be in a company of a man with complete mercy, now that is a pleasure devoutly to be wished.

I am very grateful to all those who have lent-a-hand, thrown-a-rope, dealt-a-blow, delivered inspiration and/or sweat profusely on behalf of this little play. The good parts of most things belong to someone else and that is also true in this case: Above all, I am most grateful for Matthew Cowley himself, for leaving such beautiful and wonderfully expressed ideas and a life worthy of emulation.

First, I am thankful for the opportunity that came my way from Lance Chase of BYU Hawaii who first suggested this one man show, and who has championed it through to opening night. And the task hasn't been easy. Without his vision and willingness to roll with the punches this couldn't have happened.

I am truly grateful for and would be totally lost without the work of Glen Rudd, an associate of Matthew Cowley's who, after brother Cowley's death, took it upon himself to gather the talks, letters, and materials and see that they were published. His work resulted in a collected book of sermons, *Matthew Cowley Speaks*, and about a year later his accumulated material was turned into a true biography by Henry A. Smith entitled *Matthew Cowley Man of Faith*.

I would like to acknowledge the help of many who encouraged me and played Aaron to my drooping Moses. I am very happy with the research done by my two assistants David Hansen and Alisha Christiansen who read, scoured, noted, and brainstormed their way through all the material when I was greatly oppressed for time. Thanks also Dannielle Gelter, Michelle Harward, and my own sweet wife for assistance in typing.

Thanks to Aaron Campbell, a tall handsome Māori law student from New Zealand, who set me straight on the paths of the Haka. I am grateful for the memories and inspiration of Sister Eva Newton, who knew Tumuaki personally and has blessed me with much encouragement. Lastly, I wish to thank my family for their sacrifice in my behalf. When Dad is always on the computer he isn't much fun, Matthew Cowley or no.

— James Arrington

Tumuaki! Matthew Cowley of the Pacific

ACT ONE

(The play could be held in a chapel, meeting Hall or on a stage. The pulpit will not require a microphone. As the audience enters, a "regular" LDS church meeting or fireside appears to be underway, complete with prelude music on a piano or organ and several official looking men and/ or women sitting behind the pulpit. A "generic" welcome is given along with thanks to the organist and any organizations that need thanking. A well-known LDS Hymn is introduced and sung, and a sincere prayer is offered. This all happens in typical LDS fashion. After the prayer the person in charge approaches the microphone.)

PRESIDING PERSONA: By the request of our guest today we would like to invite all the brethren and sisters on the stand with us to relocate to the seats that have been reserved for you here in front.

(They begin the move.)

It's not that we don't like to be close, but our guest speaker states that his front side is a frankly a little more interesting than his...uh... other side, and so he says you'll enjoy yourselves more looking at him from that direction... Now then, brethren and sisters, it is my great pleasure to present Bro. Ernest L. Wilkinson, former President of Brigham Young University, who will introduce our speaker.

(He moves down and away from the pulpit to the reserved section as the lights dim slowly to black and the sound comes up in the auditorium.)

PRESIDENT WILKINSON: *(SFX over Black)* We note with satisfaction that the students from the Pacific Islands and the missionaries that have returned from there occupy the front seats here, out of respect and affection for the speaker. We're happy to have all of them. Brother Cowley's grandfather on his mother's side, who is a member of the Mormon Battalion, filled seven missions, one to Australia/Asia, being one of the first to carry the gospel to that land. Brother Cowley's father, like himself, was a very gifted speaker, a member of the Quorum of the Twelve at a very early age. Although he was released from the Quorum of the Twelve, one of the great testimonials of our age is in the manner in which he encouraged all of his family members to remain steadfast in the church, and he himself was always loyal to the leaders of the church.

(A small single spotlight comes up out of the black to reveal MATTHEW COWLEY sitting in a comfortable fashion with his legs crossed. He gazes offhandedly at the pulpit as if someone were actually there. He occasionally gazes into the audience and smiles congenially.)

Our speaker served his first mission in New Zealand at the age of 17, being on that mission for 5 years, in which time he translated into the Māori language the Doctrine and Covenants, the Pearl of Great Price, and re-edited the Book of Mormon. His second mission in that land as mission president was in nineteen hundred and thirty-eight, remaining there all during World War II. In 1945 he was made a

member of the Quorum of the Twelve. He is one of the great ambassadors of our generation for the Lord Jesus Christ and we're honored to have him with us. I give you our brother, Matthew Cowley.

I — Intro

MATTHEW COWLEY: I feel very humble, and sometimes when introduced, I get the idea that others feel that I'm untouchable, but I want you to know that I'm neither untouchable nor unteachable. And since I've been in this position in the church, I have learned some very fine things from some of the members of the Church, generally in anonymous letters. I don't know why they don't sign those letters because almost invariably what they say is true, especially when I look it up in the books.

When I was invited to come here, President Wilkinson suggested that I might talk a little bit about miracles. Well, it will be a miracle if I do. God does a lot of worrying about me, you see. When I was called to the apostleship, I had a particular assignment or instruction from President George Albert Smith, our prophet. He called me into his office and took hold of my hand and while he was holding my hand and looking at me, he said, "I've got some advice for you."

I said, "What is it?"

He said, "Well, one thing I don't want you to wear those short bobby socks. "I never did wear them. He wanted me to pass the word along to some of the others, I guess.

"Another thing," he said.

I said, "Well, I'm willing to listen."

"I never want you to write down a sermon." I said, "Hey, wait a minute!"

"Oh, I know some of the brethren write their sermons and they are beautiful, and their writings are inspired, but I am telling you, just you, I wouldn't tell the others, but I am telling you, Brother Cowley, I never want you to write a sermon."

I said, "What on earth will I do?"

He said, "You tell the people what the Lord wants you to tell them while you are standing on your feet."

I said, "That certainly is putting some responsibility on the Lord!"

But I've tried to live up to that instruction. And I've had some great experiences. There have been times when the Lord has forsaken me. when he hasn't, I've had some miraculous—well, I shouldn't say—it is the normal experience of the priesthood, of having the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. I can bear witness to you, my friends here this morning that God can work through his priesthood and that he does work through it. I know that without any question of doubt. I've had too many experiences. I'm an expert witness about these things.

I remember I was called upon to give a talk, an important one, when I was made chairman of the "no liquor-tobacco" committee, I had thought about it for weeks. I had a wonderful talk in my mind. When I stood up there to give my talk, which I thought was- a good- talk, I couldn't give it; if I had it written, I would have had to read it; but I didn't write it so I stood up there—I know there is power in the Holy Ghost, I know it because I could feel it with all of my heart.

Well, I've tried to remember President Smith's advice. I've tried to live up to it. And I've had some great experiences. But I'm never sure what will happen and of course, neither are you.

Now President Wilkinson, members of the faculty, and fellow students: I'm pleased to be back here and visit with you for a few minutes. I appreciate President Wilkinson's reference to my father. You know, I was reared in a very unusual home. Because of **certain** conditions which arose, as he stated, my father was released from the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. He was not disfellowshipped; he was not excommunicated; but he had to hold his priesthood in abeyance for a number of years, until the First Presidency gave him the green light to go ahead. I suppose he was officially inactive for some twenty-seven or twenty-eight years.

At the beginning of that period his children were mostly young. I was just seven or eight years of age. He couldn't officiate in the priesthood in any way. But he still served as the patriarch in his own family, presiding in his own home. And I wouldn't be here today if it had not been for the integrity and devotion and the loyalty of my father to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

During those years of his inactivity, he kept his sons on missions for twenty-five years, three of twenty-five years, three of us in the islands of the seas, one in Australia, and two in Europe, in Germany. When I think of my father—pardon me for being personal, but it's President Wilkinson's fault—when I think of him, I think of the last words of King George's Christmas Broadcast in 1939. I listened to the broadcast in New Zealand. Britain was then in the war. And at the end of his broadcast, he quoted (if I can remember) these words:

"I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year,
Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.
And he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God.
That is better than a light and safer than a known way.'"

During these years in our home when there was considerable darkness of disappointment, my father never hesitated to place his hand in the hand of God.

And that, indeed, was to him better than a light and better than a known way.

He taught us to pray. And that was his way, his medium of bearing his testimony to us and of instructing us while he was upon his knees in praying. Each of us took his or her turn, but it seemed that his turn came around oftener, and he was one of the longest prayers I have ever heard. I think more than once when he said "Amen" I wasn't even in the room. I was pretty fast at crawling on my knees. But in his prayers, he always poured out his heart to God and always pleaded with him, not necessarily for himself, but for his children, his family. And I think he never offered up a prayer, but what in that prayer there was this petition, "Holy Father, if there ever comes a time when my children have to choose between following me, their father, or being loyal and devoted to thy Holy Priesthood, please give them the courage and the fortitude to forsake their own father and be loyal to the priesthood which thou has restored to the earth." No sermon has ever impressed me more than those words in his prayer.

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READING PURPOSES by the following group only:

There came a time in my life when I decided I would get married. I was then attending law school in Washington D.C. I made plans with my sweetheart—she is the one I married—and I rushed her so fast she couldn't even send me a "Dear John" letter. But I was struggling to earn my way, to get an education, and I didn't have enough money to come and get married in the temple. So, we made plans to be married in New York, and then when I finished school, we were to come home and be sealed in the temple. We even had the announcements printed, and then all of a sudden, my father heard about it. Now, I know what he did. He wasn't a man of means. He was never successful in a business way, and I guess things looked pretty dark to him as far as I was concerned. So, he went out and put his hand into the hand of God." I know he did it down on his knees, and in response to that prayer, I received money from him, and he said, "You have to come home and get married right in the first instance." I came home, and we went to the temple.

I will never forget that morning. It was the 13th of July. But that morning we met at the temple, my father, and my mother, some of our family. We came around from West Temple where we lived, just across the street from Temple Square. My wife and her family came, and we met at the little gate at the east wall of the temple. There we met and went in, all but my father. He couldn't go beyond that little gate. And yet I was going there because of him, because of his faith, his devotion, his integrity, because he had as the greatest obsession in his life, the salvation of his children. I'll never forget that picture.

Then, I remember when I was called on a mission to New Zealand -- Oh, my father always saw to it that all the boys were called on missions. They didn't screen them in those days as they do now. In those days the Authorities didn't interview you. Your bishop didn't interview you. Your stake president didn't interview you. One of the Church Authorities didn't interview you. You didn't go into any mission home for a couple weeks where they could watch you. That's the reason I got to go on a mission. In my time the bishop would just look around the ward and see what was going on and say, "Oh, oh, better get Matt Cowley out in the mission field." Then they would call you. It didn't matter what your age was. I was just turning seventeen when I went on my mission.

I will never forget the prayers of my father the day that I left. I have never heard a more beautiful blessing in all my life. Then his last words to me at the railroad station, "My boy, you will go out on that mission; you will study; you will try to prepare your sermons; and sometimes when you are called upon, you will think you are wonderfully prepared, but when you stand up, your mind will go completely blank."

I said, "What do you do when your mind goes blank?"

He said, "You stand up and with all the fervor of your soul, you bear witness that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of the living God, and thoughts will flood into your mind and words to your mouth."

It wasn't long before this wisdom was put into practice, for in Sydney, Australia, where my ship docked in mid-November 1914, while on my way to New Zealand, I accompanied some Australian missionaries to a street meeting. At first, I resisted fearing that I would have to speak. But you know missionaries, they assured me they would not call on me and only wanted me to help them with the singing. That should have been my first clue. As we sang, "High **On The** Mountain Top" I allowed myself just a few precious moments of homesickness—first I had felt really—which carried through the first two or three speakers, but I was startled suddenly to hear my name called as one of the speakers. Now brothers and

sisters, many a green-faced, innocent, and naive young Latter-day Saint missionary has thus been introduced the hard way to his mission labors with this same type of "double cross," haven't they brethren? Maybe that's happened to you. But my mind was blank. It had to be because I had never put anything in there in the first place.

Like a flash the instructions of my father as I left home came to me. "Ladies and Gentlemen, I know with all my heart that Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, was a Prophet of God. I didn't know it. I am young, and my parents would never teach me anything but the truth. My father is a great scriptionist off by heart. I don't know any, but I know the ones he knows are true. When I was eight years old, I was taken into a river in Cardston, Canada, and I went down into the water and come up out of the water. That was the way Christ was baptized. I went to an uncle's home, and he and my father put their hands on my head, and I was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I testify it is the true Church of Christ on the earth today." that's what inspiration will do for you."

In fact, I'd like to say if there weren't any inspiration in the Church, have gone to New Zealand. I would have gone to the Hawaiian Islands. I wanted to go there. My brother had just come home from there, and he had me converted to the idea that there was no place in the world like the Hawaiian Islands. I wanted to go there, and I was called to go there. One evening, President Anthon Lund, Counselor to President Smith, who was our next-door neighbor, came in to see me.

He said, "Matt, I want to have a talk with you." So, we went in a room and sat down. He looked at me and smiled and he said to me, "You know, that Hawaiian Mission isn't too far away. The farther we can get you away from this neighborhood the better it is going to be for all of us, and that isn't far enough. I think we had better get you way down there in New Zealand. That's right down there at the uttermost bounds of the earth, the jumping off place for the South Pole. If we had a mission at that South Pole, that's where you ought to go. Seriously, I was having dinner tonight, and the Spirit told me you should go to New Zealand instead of the Hawaiian Islands." Well, I went down to New Zealand.

And it is beautiful! Mountains, glaciers, fjords, lakes, rivers, volcanos, geysers, mineral springs, gorges, falls, harbors, beaches, flora, fauna. Landscapes, and seascapes. It is also a sportsman's paradise. The finest deep sea and trout fishing in the world, and the season is open all the year round for deer hunting. If you want to see the Alps of Switzerland, the glaciers of the Canadian Rockies, and fjords of Norway, the thermal wonders of Yellowstone, the beaches of California, the volcanic peaks of Italy, and the limestone caves of Kentucky and New Mexico, all rolled up in one package, right there in New Zealand. It's the greatest mission in the world. I sound like an old mission president. That's the way we are, we old mission presidents. There is no mission like the mission we have presided over, and this is the greatest mission in the world, in Hawaii! While I am here, it is! When I was back in the Eastern States with the missionaries, that was the greatest mission in the world. But New Zealand is the greatest mission in the world. But on that first mission I got down there and it took me five years to fill a two- and half-year mission.

When I arrived, they sent me into the worst place they had. That's what they thought. Good old Judea, where I became a man—if ever I did become one. At the age of seventeen, I was young indeed to have had the experience I had.

There was only one good Latter-day Saint in the whole branch they had there, and the others were all like many of our people, only they didn't do it in secret. They came right out in front of you and got drunk and smoked. My, I wish they would have had chlorophyl tablets in those days. But they didn't hide out. You saw everything that was going on.

So, I went up to that little old village, a little place called Judea, a wonderful place to go, for a young missionary and I learned to rub noses with them. Well, we don't really rub... We... Maybe it's best for me to just show you.

(Soliciting from the audience)

Could you *come up* and help me show this greeting? Thank you... You don't know what you're in for, do you? That's fine. Now, the visitors stand a few yards away from the people until all have said a few words to greet them and make them welcome. Then the visitors go around and *hongi*, it's called *hongi*, with everyone...

(Indicating for volunteer to do the same)

...you just press your forehead and your nose against the nose and forehead of the other person.

That's what makes my nose turned down on the end there. It used to be straight. It represents God giving the breath of life to man... It's a wonderful custom.

(Indicating for the brother to step down.)

Thank you very much. Now there's some brave priesthood service!...

So, when you *hongi*, you can always tell when they're keeping the Word of Wisdom down there. All you have to do is walk up and greet them and sniff a little bit, and you've got 'em! It would be a good practice to have anywhere.... so if I ever come up to one of you someday and say I'd like to rub noses with you, you'll know I'm suspecting something.

(He looks down at volunteer)

Oh no! Now, don't think I'm suspicious of you, no, this was just an example.

(He laughs)

You don't have anything to hide... Do you?

Oh, I enjoyed associating with these Māori people in New Zealand. I had wonderful experiences there. But I had a lot of troubles. I had never had a companion until I had been out there three months. The mission president was violating the instructions of the First Presidency. He left me alone. I didn't know any better. I was too young.

(beat)

I told you how the Elders in Australia treated me, well, here is what was done in that little town in New Zealand. At the first meeting I attended, I could not understand the words that were being said, and after the meeting a sister who could speak English said to me: "Do you know what they said in there, and what they did?" I said: "I could not understand a word." She said: "Well, you were called and sustained as the secretary of the Relief Society of the Judea Branch."

I made up my mind right there and then that the Relief Society was not going to take any liberty with my time as a missionary, without my knowing something about it; and so, I determined to get the gift of the Māori language, even if I had to work for it, and I did have to work for it.

Well, as a young missionary, as I said, I had no companion, I would go into the grove every morning at six o'clock and study for eleven hours and fast and pray. Finally, within eleven or twelve weeks and all by myself with no missionary to encourage me, I had the audacity to stand up before a group of natives and preach the gospel in their own tongue. I will never forget the Sunday. I did not know whether I should attempt to speak in Māori or not. I was sure that everyone would laugh at me if I did, and I knew that they would not laugh if I spoke in English, so it was very difficult for me to attempt such an act. However, I gave my little sermon *I "roto I te reo Māori."* Suddenly I was using words I had never read or heard, and there was a burning in my bosom the like of which I have never felt before nor since in my life. My mind was not like I was a child. The power of God was speaking through me as youngster, seventeen years of age. And from that day throughout the remainder of my mission I always preached to the natives in their own tongue.

One by one I attempted to observe the Māori customs or vice versa. For instance, there was one native custom that seemed to accustom itself to me, you see, after several months in the mission field I arose early one morning after having a miserable night's rest. The New Zealand fleas bothered me so much I was unable to sleep. I have forgotten to mention before, that the fleas are my best companions. I call them best companions " because they stick to me so close.... well, that evening, I went to my room, and before going to bed I fortified myself against the fleas. I rubbed flea powder all over my body and put a layer of it in the bed. I trusted that will stupefy them. On arising the next morning and looking in the bed I found the carcasses of a multitude of fleas, and it make me feel like Napoleon to be the victor of such a battle."

Then I started to have boils. Now that was NOT a local custom! I had boils for seven months all over me from head to foot. I was doctoring my blood, and I had a skin infection, so the medicine wasn't doing me a bit of good. All the time I was thinking about that Hawaiian Mission that I was supposed to be on. I started treating my skin, and I got rid of the boils, and I thought that my mission would get a good start now.

I started out on a trip. It was a beautiful sunshiny day, and the sun beat down, and I walked for twelve miles up a hill pushing this bike and then I got on it and rode down the other side. I rode to a little village and collapsed on the lawn in front of a house. I had sunstroke and was laid up for eight months.

My, I was a wonderful missionary. I was lying around just like the missionaries like to do, but I had to, for I was sick. I couldn't do anything else. All the time I was worrying. I was thinking – President Lund had made a mistake. I shouldn't be down here in New Zealand. I should be in the Hawaiian Islands.

Well, I started to get my strength back. I thought I was doing fine. I was able to get around with two canes, one in each hand, staggering along the street. I couldn't do any missionary work. Then when everything was just going fine—I had an enormous appetite, but I wasn't putting on any weight. I wish I could do that now. The more I ate the more the weight slipped off me. So I went to the doctors, and two or three of them gave me a good going over and tested me for some time. Then they called me in one day and said, "you have a tapeworm." Don't ever get a tapeworm, my brothers, and sisters. They eat everything you eat and a lot of you besides. So, I had this tapeworm. I guess the Lord was just waiting for me to get old enough to start a mission.

But I finally got rid of this tapeworm, and then I thought everything was going to be all right. I was getting my strength back. I got a letter from the mission president. He said, "we are having a mission conference," they have one out there every year, you know.

President McKay says there are three great religious events in this world. One is the Passion Play in Germany. Another is the general conference in Salt Lake. The third is the annual conference in New Zealand.

Well, we had this conference coming up, and the president wrote me and said for me to stay home and recuperate, get my strength back and not to come to conference. I had just finished reading my letter and I got a telegram from him which said, "Come to conference." People had come from all parts of the mission... What inconveniences those people submit themselves to in order that they may attend conference. Most of the people slept on the hay on a damp ground in the meeting tent and the weather bitter cold.

We had our meetings, of course, and then one day we had the usual missionary meeting. There were sixty-five of us there then. We were in a big native hall and as soon as the opening exercises were over the grand old mission president put his chair down in the center of the hall and motioned for me to come and sit. I walked over and sat in that chair. I could hardly make it I was so weak. I sat down there and sixty-five of my brethren put their hands on me. If they couldn't get them on me, they put them on the shoulders of each other, and the mission president blessed me. His name was William Gardner, a man seventy-three years of age, with a long white beard. He hadn't been to school, but he was full of common sense and the Spirit of God. He got up every morning at four o'clock and went out to a secluded spot and prayed to the Lord. He lived right with him all the time. He put his hands on my head. It is the shortest blessing I believe I ever received. He said, "In the name of Jesus Christ and by virtue and authority of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood, we command you to be made well immediately." That was all. I stood up out of that chair perfectly well. The old strength came right back through me from head to foot just like it was being poured into me, and it was by the gift and power of God.

I knew I was well, and my mission was starting. I was assigned to go to the biggest district, they have in the mission. They placed me in charge of it! I got to this place, and we had our headquarters way out in the bush. We had a little bit of a hut with no floor in it for our elders' quarters. I went in there and was sitting there visiting with a couple of my companions, and I was called outside. There was a fine native on a horse leading another horse with a saddle on it. He called me over and he said, "This is your horse. I am giving you this horse to use while you are in this district." I said, "that's wonderful. What's its name?" He stopped and thought for a minute, the finally said, "Cowley," and so Cowley was riding Cowley all over the place.

You know when I shook hands with him, his horse got the same idea, the one he was on. He lifted both his hind feet and kicked me in the abdomen. I went through the air with the greatest of ease. The missionaries ran for me, and the man got off and ran over to me, and they picked me up and wanted to carry me into the hut. I said, "Let me alone. I'm all right. There is nothing wrong with me." I knew there wasn't. My troubles were over. I knew that from the time the mission president told me to be

made well, but they insisted on taking me in and stripped me down and they looked at me with a magnifying glass, so to speak. They couldn't even find a bruise. I never had a pain from that kick. It might have affected my head, but it certainly didn't affect my body.

Well, I was riding that horse one day. I am a long time in getting around to what I was going to say about inspiration... Well, we have got nothing else to do. We might as well sit here. Things don't start up again until two o'clock... I was riding along on this horse with my companion. We were giving each other the silent treatment. You missionaries down here, have you ever done that? Have you ever just sat and given each other the silent treatment - getting on each other's nerves? That's what my companion and I were doing. He was a wonderful companion. He worked in the mines in Park City. He got up and bore his testimony once before all the people out there. He said, "Brothers and sisters, I was drunk for twenty-five years." The mission president told him not to do that anymore. The reason he told him not to do it anymore was because he said it in all sincerity. But he was a humble man. Something struck him back in the soul when he was in his early forties. He went to his wife and said, "We weren't married right. We've got two children. We have got to go to the temple." He went to the temple with his wife and two children, his wife died within a year, and they called him on a mission.

Well, we were giving each other the silent treatment, and all of a sudden, I had a vision. I could see myself as a young child in Colorado. There a man had his hands on my head. My father was sitting at a table writing, and I felt, that is a patriarchal blessing. I had never read it in my life. I didn't know what it was. I wrote home to my mother, and I asked her if I had a patriarchal blessing, and she sent it to me. The first paragraph of that patriarchal blessing said, "In your extreme youth you will go to the uttermost bounds of the earth to preach the Gospel. You will become an interpreter among the people. I can see why President Lund said that Hawaii wasn't far enough away - the farther away they could get me the better. He was right.

Well, after I had been in New Zealand for three years, I felt I should go home. The war was on at home. My brothers were getting into the army. I wanted to be patriotic, but a cablegram came from the First Presidency. It said, "Keep Brother Cowley out there to translate the Doctrine and Covenants and Pearl of Great Price into the Māori language." I am the war missionary of New Zealand. I went in 1914, and they started the war. I went back in 1938, and they started another one. I was there during the whole period of both of those wars.

I think Polynesian may have been the language which was spoken in the Garden of Eden because there is no filth in it. If you translate English filth—and there is a lot of filth in the English language—into one of the Polynesian languages, in the process of translation it is cleaned up, and when it gets into their language, there is no filth in it at all. The worst thing you can say in the Māori language is, "go boil your head!" How God loves people who cannot take his name in vain. He also loves those who can take his name in vain, but who do not.

When I could speak to them, I used to ask the old-timers out there, "Where did you come from?" they would say "We come from the place where the sweet potato grows wild, where it is not planted, does not have to be cultivated."

There is only one place in all the world where the sweet potato grows wild, and that is within the narrow neck of land where Hagoth built his ships. In the 63rd chapter of Alma, in the Book of Mormon there is a little story which tells of Hagoth who was such an exceedingly curious man that he built a boat, and he went out on the seas, and he came back. He built other boats, and then finally the boats when forth and never returned.

Now, the Māori scholars tell you that spoken in Māori means the "place where the spirits are joined." But I have a little different interpretation of that Wairua in the Māori language means "spirits" Wairua also means "two waters," "wai" meaning water, "rua" meaning two. In the Hawaiian language Wailua means two waters, in the Samoan Language Vailua means two waters: the word for spirit in those other languages isn't wairua, the same as in the Māori language. The Māori scholars say that they came from a far distant place, where the spirits are joined, or where the body returns to the spirit. But I say, knowing the story of Hagoth as I do, that they come from the joining of two waters, a narrow neck of land between two bodies of water which joins those two great continents. Now I have never met a Polynesian Islander yet who knew anything about archaeology. I have never met one yet who was concerned about drawing a line across the ocean on a map to show which way Lehi went and where he landed, or I have never met one yet who knows anything about any of the discoveries that man claims prove the divinity of the Book of Mormon, but I have never met a Polynesian islander yet who ever read the Book of Mormon who did not say, "That book came from God," and it has thrilled my soul to hear non-members of the Church stand up and say, "That book came from God. That is our record."

It says right in the beginning that when Lehi and his party set forth, they discovered they did not have the records of their ancestors, and he sent his sons back to get those records. Ah, that is Polynesian! No native ever stands up in any kind of gathering to give any kind of talk, political, religious, or otherwise, but what he immediately starts talking about his ancestors, "being born of goodly parents," and how they all believe they were born of goodly parents. I have met some of them who were terrible, but they claim they were good, and I guess they were. They are wonderful people, and the fastest repenters I have ever seen in all my life.

While I'm talking to you about the customs and language and so forth, the tradition of song and dance is very strong in the Māori. In fact, it was irresistible. It's not like our dancing here. It has a socializing purpose beyond men and women dancing together. I couldn't restrain myself. They taught me several dances. Have you heard of a "Haka?" This the is war dance performed by the warriors before a battle. It has a great deal of meaning.

Now I'll have to show you this. This shouldn't offend anyone here, except perhaps the Māori brothers and sisters who will know what a poor dancer of the Haka I am.

(He takes off his suit coat jacket and puts it on a chair back).

This all has a meaning. I'll get there in just a minute. This is called the "Ka Mate." This may shock you a little and I have to prepare even for this short piece. It's very meaningful, you'll see. It goes like this:

KAMATE! KAMATE!

KA ORA! KA ORA!

TENEI TE TANGATA PUHURUHURU

NANA NEI TE TIKI MAI
I WHAKAWHITI TE RA!
UPANE! UPANE!
UPANE! KAUPANE!
WHITI TE RA!

Now I hope that wasn't inappropriate. It probably would have been more so except that I'm not very terrifying warrior to anyone. It takes some time to get my breath back because you can't do the Haka halfway.

Now here are the words tucked away in this very famous and impressive war dance.

AVAUNT, O DEATH! AVAUNT O DEATH!
AH, 'TIS LIFE! 'TIS LIFE
BEHOLD, THERE *STANDS* THE HAIRY MAN
WHO WILL CAUSE THE SUN TO SHINE!

ONE LAST UPWARD STEP;
THEN STEP FORTH!
INTO THE SUN
THE SUN THAT SHINES!

In this chant death is overtaken by life by a hairy man who will cause the sun to shine, and with one step forward the chanter goes into that sun. Does it mean anymore to you to know that Māori men are essentially beardless?

Oh, there are other meanings discussed, and, they might even be right, but I feel something for these words in the “Ka Mate.” I think it is the reason why when anyone tries to destroy the faith of Māoris who go to universities, the Māoris laugh and say, "You are talking to Israelites. You can teach us anything you want. We will try to pass in these courses. We will try to get passing grades. But there is something down in here which the wisdom of man can never withdraw, and that is our faith in God, his protecting care over us, as his children scattered over thousands of miles in the Pacific." If all the haoles, pakehas or whites in the world could partake of this Polynesian spirit we would have no war.

It was in those poor poverty-stricken towns New Zealand brothers and sisters, that I learned that there is saintliness in sinners, that sinners sometimes manifest greater love than some so-called Saints. It was there that I descended below all things and rose to the great heights of loving the weakest of the weak. No greater respect have I ever received as a bearer of the priesthood than I did from the people of Judea, both members and non-members alike. When I was there a mere boy, they would come all hours of the night and day for confession, and for counsel and for administration.

I was there but a few days when a woman came rushing to my floorless hut asked me to arise from my bed and hurry to her little hut. And when I arrived there, I found her companion lying on the ground, being consumed by the fire of typhoid fever. All I could do was pray; and I knelt beside that suffering native,

as my father taught me to do, and I prayed to God and opened up my heart to him. And I believe the channel was open. And then I placed my hands upon that good brother; and with the authority of the priesthood which I as a young boy held, I blessed him to be restored to health. The next morning the wife came again to my room and said, "If you have anywhere you desire to go, you are now free to go; my husband is up."

I remember that on another occasion I rode horseback all day long and far into the night to arrive at a native village on the seacoast of New Zealand. And when I arrived at a bay dividing the place where I had to stop at that little village, I made a fire so that the people across in the village would send a rowboat to get me. And when the boat arrived, I was taken across the bay, and I walked through that village, and in every home, there were cases of typhoid fever. But I walked fearlessly, with my head erect, impelled by the priesthood of God which I held. And in each of those homes I left the blessings of heaven. And I laid my hands upon the sick. And then I had to go across the bay again and get on my horse and ride all night long to arrive at another village where there was sickness.

Is it any wonder then that I decided I might just stay there the rest of my life? Oh, missionaries fall in love with their missions all the time, don't they? In fact, if they don't, then they haven't really done what God sent them there to do. All of God's children are immensely easy to love when you serve them. I ran across a letter the other day...

(He fetches it from his inside pocket)

...that I wrote to my family toward the end of my mission. I'm sure it must have concerned them at the time...lots of things missionaries say toward the ends of their missions concern parents... but I brought it with me today because I thought you might...

(A man in the front row stands up and offers a small, folded piece of paper to Matthew Cowley. He accepts it, unfolds it, and reads its brief message. He smiles at the man, nods, refolds the message and places it in his coat pocket.)

Listen to [this](#) young man after five years on a mission in the "greatest mission in the world."

(reading)

"I look forward with dread to the day when I will be released from this work among the Maoris. My love for this people has reached such a degree that I fear that I will be robbed of contentment after my return to Zion. I have also learned to like the country, and I can see many opportunities for a man to make a living here. Nothing would suit me better than to return here after being released from my mission and spend about ten years or so in farming and stock-raising and of course do missionary work on the side. And perhaps I could find a pure native maid for a wife, thereby grafting the real, unadulterated blood of Israel into M. F. Cowley's posterity. If it was not for the tie which binds me to my father, mother, brothers, and sisters I would like to devote my whole life to the interest of the Pacific Islanders, not only the Māori's but the Hawaiians, Tahitians, Samoans, etc."

PERUSAL SCRIPT — **Tumuaki!** by James Arrington

You see, I knew something then, I felt it, I didn't quite get it right, but here I am, aren't I? Well, my brothers and sisters, I don't know why I have been telling you the story of my life, but I haven't told it all to you, and I won't. If there is anybody here that's known me very long, I will pay him hush money.

You just saw a little note that was passed to me, a note from a person I've known who needs my attention for a few minutes. I think this might be a good time. You need a rest from me. I've plenty more to say, so we aren't finished here yet... on the other hand, maybe some of you are! I'd like to finish about miracles, so we will in ten minutes or fifteen minutes... But I'll go to my old friend, and you can all stand and stretch, and hongi one another, then we'll finish this off when I'm back.

(He leaves)

INTERMISSION

11 MORE PAGES IN ACT TWO