



Dipuntung Martinez

Martinez's father was the last of 40 cholera victims to die on Tara island in six weeks, victims of the Grim Reaper. He was buried November 1, 1973. His funeral procession filed by Johnny's house (the carpenter), where we spent our first night sleeping on boxes on the front porch.

Martinez had one brother living. Anastasia was his mother. She bore twelve children, but only these two men were left. (See the story of Encounter with Flora and Anastasia, www.gracestoration.org.)

My mother was visiting us in 1974. As the plane landed on the airstrip, we were met with bedlam because Martinez's brother was MAD (crazy)!. The men were trying to catch him and then hold him down. He had contracted something on Lagas Island as the Tagbanwas were there scouring for puca shells (sun stroke? cerebral malaria? demons?). We weren't sure. His madness continued for about a week, then they called for us again. It was dark. I sent Phenobarbital with my husband Jack and I stayed with my mother (she was fearful). After some conversation with Jack, the man opened his eyes very wide, took his last breath and died, leaving his wife and two kids (a new baby). Jack was there at his death as well as Baldo. Baldo later confirmed it was demons (short version). The next day we went to his funeral and left my kids Johnny and Patti with my mother at the house. When we returned from the funeral, we found our front porch full of kids and my mom trading with them, money for puca shells. My mom paid them well.

On another occasion, Martinez came to visit. He had a hugely swollen side of his face by his ear. He had been diving for shells on Apo Reef for three weeks and had developed an infection. I gave him a penicillin shot, turned to put the syringe back in the house and then heard a thud. He fell off the bench, flat on the bamboo floor, with his eyes rolling back into his head. Anastasia starting wailing. I quickly and shakingly got the syringe, changed needles, and gave him an adrenaline shot. He very quickly revived. Whew! Praise the Lord.

Anastasia came a month later asking for something for headaches. I told her I could give her medicine, but what she really needed was Jesus. She hung around (near supper time), so I told her I would read to her from God's Word, which I did. Later she returned with Flora (See the story of Encounter with Flora and Anastasia, www.gracestoration.org).

While visiting Marta in Virginia in 2007, we heard the news that Martinez, who for many years had been a terrible drunkard, was now a believer. Marta had just heard the news from her father and shared it with us. This after so many years! Nonoy has his own story (long version) to tell of Martinez and how the Lord brought him to Himself.

When we went to Tara in April 2009 for the presentation of the New Testament to the Tagbanwa people, Martinez came in to the meeting one evening. I went over to greet him and talk with him. We reviewed the above story about his ear infection and I told him how excited we were that he now knew Jesus as his Savior and was being transformed. The people witnessed his transformation. My son John took the above photo of us.

Martinez died of cancer of the mouth recently (January 2010). Now he is with his Savior whom he came to know and love – Who first loved him.

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