

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

FRANCISCO DAVILA'S SERMON TO
THE INDIANS OF PERU (1646)

à Mauritz Friis
en souvenir des soirées
de Görvåln et de Pampachica

Francisco was born in 1573 in the old capital of the Incas, a pretty town stretching along a high valley of the Andes 11,000 feet above sea level but close enough to the earth's breast to enjoy a gentle springtime throughout the year, even in winter. 1573: forty-two years since the first Spaniards, three of them, reached the city as emissaries of the conqueror, who was then especially occupied with the last Inca whom he held prisoner in a northern village and of whom he demanded an enormous ransom. Guided and protected by officers of the empire, they came to hasten the despoiling of temples and palaces and to collect vases and plaques of gold ordered by Atahualpa, who vainly hoped to gain his freedom. Three years later, on March 23, 1534, before an astonished crowd of Indians, opening a new era in the name of the king and the pope, the founding of the new Spanish and Christian order in Cuzco solemnly took place. Then, one after another, material catastrophes occurred: in 1536 the conqueror's brother, the first governor, endured the siege of an army of twenty thousand Indians com-

Translated by James H. Labadie.

manded by a phantom Inca, the second Manco, and the city, its thatched roofs ravaged by fire, was blown up by mines and countermines; in 1538 the newly rebuilt houses were destroyed by the rivalry of Pizarro and Almagro; in 1541, after the assassination of the former, new troubles caused new ruins. In short, Cuzco had been rebuilt and enjoyed peace for barely twenty years. But the work was quickly accomplished: Spanish villas rose on the foundations, sometimes on a lower story of former palaces severe as fortresses; a magnificent cathedral was built near what would thenceforth be known as the "Plaza de Armas"; the monastery of St. Dominic crowned the formidable site of the Temple of the Sun. In the equally calm provinces of the immense country a new life was organized: the intensive exploitation of the vanquished.

The whole aristocratic and intelligent *hamautta* class disappeared: slaughtered, burned, or deported. There was no longer a free Indian in the towns. There remained only the people of the villages, without protection, disorganized, discouraged, already free from care and ready to attach themselves to new masters provided they be humane ones. But the white men had not come for humane considerations. Entire provinces, all those of the coast and several in the mountains, were depopulated. Slavery, everywhere the same despite various more acceptable names, was instituted. From the beginning of the seventeenth century, between a quarter and a third of the population worked, in rotation, at forced labor in the mines.

But no one revolted. The undertaking was successful in all its aims: the king of Spain held the empire assigned to him by the Holy See; the conquerors had gold, lands, and titles; the church began its evangelizing work. The conversion was made without great resistance and was as sincere as such massive changes can be in the first generation. On the margin of the new faith, only too anxious to blend into it, many remains of the old religion persisted; not the old state religion of temples and learned men but popular religion: practices of medical magic, prayers and sacrifices to mountain genies and to the Earth-Mother, a swarm of individual and collective talismans, feasts in honor of ancient personages, and especially, as are encountered on all continents, beliefs relative to the life beyond, funeral practices, reverence for the mummies preserved, crouched in their canvas wrappings, in the sands or in openings in the rocks. Aside from the mummies, which no longer provide anything but superabundant material for museums, all of this, more or less Christianized, survives today; the church wisely accepts it. Half-caste priests feel no guilt when they include in the

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prayers they say, passing through their parishes as large as dioceses, the Earth-Mother alongside St. Isidore, patron saint of tillers of the soil: is the earth not a part of God? But the year 1573 was far removed from the indulgent compromises of our time.

In that year was born in Cuzco a white boy¹ of pure Spanish blood, who was immediately left exposed at the door of a high official, the *ensayador* Cristóbal Rodríguez. The latter neither adopted nor endowed him but did have him baptized Francisco, gave him the name of his wife, the Señora Beatriz de Avila, and had him brought up by the Jesuits of the city. Francisco led the life of a poor but gifted scholar. He worked very hard, shining particularly in literary exercises. At Cuzco, then at Lima, he passed through all the grades of instruction in a few years, finished the preparatory orders in a few weeks, and, at the age of twenty-three, was ordained a priest at the Church of San Francisco in Cuzco. In 1597 he won by competition the parish of San Damian, at Huarochiri in the archdiocese of Lima.

There this priest performed a prodigious task. He had one precious advantage: a native of Cuzco, he spoke from childhood the language of the natives, and today it seems to us who read his work that he must have learned it through contact with men who knew it better than the peasants, possibly the last surviving members of the old city population. This weapon gave him incomparable prestige and effectiveness. And he was not without ambition. So, with some outer show, he undertook to stamp out idolatry. In a few years he offered at high places in Lima an important collection of what he called "idols"; he captured and had publicly whipped what he called *sacerdotes mayores*, that is, charms, family talismans, mummies, and even poor healers. The Indian people trembled, sometimes sulked; some peasants even let themselves be persuaded by white men jealous of such success to sign a complaint, which was judged calumnious and severely punished by the authorities. In 1610, after thirteen years of active ministry, he left parish duties, but only to become *Primer Visitador de Idolatrías*. Thus he was able to spread further the activity which had become his specialty: he was to boast one day of having destroyed or confiscated during his lifetime thirty thousand idols—lance tips, little blue-colored or odd-shaped stones carried by the peasants against bad luck. From then on, promotions of honor and power were not spared him, and,

1. I am summarizing the biography established by José Toribio Poro, "Un quichuista," *Collección de libros y documentos referentes a la historia del Perú*, XI (1918), xv–xxxii (Paul Rivet and G. de Créqui-Monfort, *Bibliographie des langues aymará et kiçua* ["Travaux et Mémoires de l'Institut d'Éthnologie," Vol. LI (Paris: Institut d'Éthnologie, 1951), No. 1615]).

in 1632, he was made canon of the chapter of Lima, where he was to remain, attentively listened to in the struggle against idolatry. He died September 17, 1647, the day of the Stigmata of St. Francis. He had always shown great devotion to this miracle and this feast day: fourteen years earlier, using a capital sum of 2,400 pesos, he had founded for the future repose of his soul an annual Mass, celebrated at the monastery of his patron saint, on the day of the Stigmata, in the presence of the archbishop and the chapter of Lima. Now he gave up the ghost at the first stroke of the bell announcing that office: a coincidence in which his contemporaries did not fail to recognize a discreet sign of the benevolence of God, a sort of countersignature given to the work of the apostle. The funeral was magnificent; the viceroy attended.

Francisco de Avila, or Davila, left numerous works, some in manuscript, others printed. The manuscripts are now being published and translated: Professor Herrmann Trimborn of Bonn and, in Spain, the Italian scholar Hipolito Galante, former professor of Quechua at the San Marcos University in Lima, have devoted themselves to this work.² These are descriptions of the popular mythology of Huarochiri and other provinces, written in Quechua beginning in 1608. The printed work, consisting of a large collection of sermons, dates from the year before his death: a first volume, with a testament-preface, appeared in 1646; this was followed two years later, after the death of the author, by a second volume prepared with the pious but too rapid care of one of his most faithful companions, who lacked entirely the genius of the author.³ The long title is very precise: *Tratado de los Evangelios que Nuestra Madre la Iglesia propone en todo el año, desde la primera dominica de Adviento hasta la ultima Missa de Difuntos, Santos de España, y anadidos en el nuevo rezado. Esplicase el Evangelio, y se pone un sermon en cada uno en las lenguas Castellana, y General de los Indios deste Reyno del Perú, y en ellos donde dà lugar la materia, se refutan los errores de la Gentilidad de dichos Indios.* The work is dedicated to St. Paul, apostle of the Gentiles; to the most illustrious doctor Don Pedro de Villagomez, archbishop of Lima; and to all the bishops of the realm. It is obvious that the sermons were thought out and originally written in Quechua. On each of the 564 pages the native text occupies the right-hand column, the left being given over to an approximative Spanish version made by the author himself in which the relief and color of the original are lacking.

2. Rivet, *Bibliographie*, Nos. 38 (the manuscript), 437 (English trans. Clements R. Markham), 2647-49, 2975, and 3101-2 (H. Trimborn), 3129 (H. Galante).

3. Rivet, *Bibliographie*, No. 69.

The book is very rare. Dr. Rivet and M. de Créqui-Monfort's bibliography cites two copies in Lima, two in Quito, one in the United States. I had a sixth copy in hand at Cuzco. It bore the seal of the parish of Zurrute, near the city, but belonged to the canon José Espinosa, dean of the choir of the cathedral, a distinguished octogenarian, formerly president of the local academy, today inactive, the Quechua Athenaeum. It was on August 30, 1952. I was passing through Cuzco, on my way to the province of Canas, when Canon Espinosa, knowing that I was interested in Quechua, came to see me and offered to lend me for ten days, after I gave a proper receipt, the sermons of his compatriot. I was about to refuse, since I was ready to leave the city, but the canon, with Sibylline insistence, persuaded me to remain. Within an hour, in my room at the Hotel Cuadro, I had forgotten space and time, Indians and landscape—when the ten days had elapsed, my lender graciously granted me a few hours more. The sermons of Francisco Davila are a great book.

First because of the language. They show what a generously endowed mind was able to draw from the Quechua left to its destroyers by the Incan empire. Unlike so many missionaries sent to so-called savage peoples, Davila did not need to forge the instrument of his work. He found an excellent tool, made supple by several generations of priests and scholars, a language not only poetic but intellectual, capable of sustaining without ambiguity or awkwardness a discussion of ideas. In the now beginning renaissance of Quechua, his book will certainly become a classic.

The man's talent is no less striking. Capable of renewing the common themes of pulpit eloquence, whether in making clear to the Indians in the setting of their familiar Andes the trumpet of the Last Judgment, showing them angels, or daring them to measure the infinity of God, he draws from their experience and from his experience of them colorful figures of comparison, of evocation, of reasoning.

Besides this constant pleasure, the historian of religion and the folklorist also find their booty. Davila misses no occasion to attack superstitions and traces of paganism; first of all and at great length, as an informed man whom it is useless to attempt to deceive, he uncovers them. Particularly for beliefs and practices relating to the dead, one of the most frequent objects of his polemic, he produces a mass of information from his experience gathered in his long career as *visitador*.

But the principal interest of his harangues is beyond erudition, beyond literature. At the beginning of this seventeenth century, Davila, by birth and by position, is deeply involved in two dramas. Of one he is entirely

conscious: the scandal, which we touched on rapidly above, of the Indian misfortune; of the Indian exploited, when he is not exterminated, without right or recourse despite the laws formulated in distant Spain and despite the courageous efforts of some priests in the New World. The other, still more pathetic, does not appear to him in its full light, or rather the certainty he feels of possessing the truth weakens it in his eyes and makes it bearable. But he knows his flock too well not to feel it, not to reconstruct it for tactical and rhetorical reasons, since rhetoric is the art of touching the listener on points he will feel. This drama is the moral and intellectual confusion of dislocated Indian society, the nostalgic memory of a whole people for the values and the virtues which sustained the vanished civilization and which are contradicted, scoffed at, but not replaced by the practice of the Christian Spaniards.

The old native greeting was a prayer: *Ama suhua ama llula ama qquella*,⁴ “Be not a thief, be not a liar, be not lazy!” An ideal, perhaps, but one whose excellence was confirmed by the smooth functioning of collective life at the time of the Incas, and whose satisfactory realization was assured by law, custom, and teaching. The sins of stealing, lying, and laziness were attacks not only against the public order but against the cosmic order, like the sabotage of a machine built by the gods and obviously serving well. Incan civilization was not based on property and trade. Gold and silver, ornamental metals, were not struck as coins, and the language had no word to designate a “rich man.” Private relations were all on a basis of mutual help, exchange, gifts, and appeals “for service in return”; between both groups and individuals, regular payments were made on heavy loans. If a large part of each man’s work was done directly for the state, the service provided by the state was too visible for complaint: public granaries forestalled famine; reserves of all kinds assured the life of the old, the weak, the infirm, the unfortunate; a traditional code of solidarity, from house to house, if need be from village to village and province to province, counteracted the effects of cataclysms, wars, natural or social misfortunes. Economic life was regulated like an immense ballet, each of whose acts was a festival, where the working of the earth was played, chanted, almost danced. In these conditions, stealing was not only a crime: it spoiled the feast and served no purpose.

4. For Quechua words, I follow here Davila’s spelling. Today we would write: *ama suwa*, *ama llula*, *ama qilla*. The other words quoted in the rest of this article would be written (*q* being a back-velar guttural, *c* equivalent to *tch* and *’* denoting a glottal contraction): *llawi* “key,” *Qarapurku* (= Carabuco), *queqi* “silver,” *chapaq* “powerful” (whence: rich), *Putuqci* (= Potosi), *Rimaq* (= Lima), *Titiqaga*, *T’unapa*, *umu*, *waka*, *Wankawillka* (= Huancavelica).

Now the white man broke the harmonious mechanism of production and distribution. He introduced money, commerce, speculation, and exploitation. He abolished to his profit the law of solidarity among neighbors, making the Indian sweat and leaving him to die. Laziness, lies, and stealing became tempting, sometimes necessary. The church itself, and Davila, who encouraged informing, constituted a sort of semivoluntary police force: the new Christians vied with each other to see who could spy best, who would denounce first.⁵ Now imagine the preacher before his audience. He cannot let any reference to the misdeeds of the whites cross his conscience or his lips; the absolute order which he represents must not be held responsible for the moral abasement of the natives and for the abundance of what he must indeed call sins: otherwise he would have to address his eloquence to the men of Lima, to the viceroy, to his Spanish brothers. No—he preaches to the Indians. By his obvious discomfort, however, by his tactical ability, by certain sudden turns of thought, we realize that, if he does not meet the problem, it is because he is avoiding it.

This is particularly noticeable when the evangelical matter of a given Sunday invites reflection on the perils of money: is not money the foundation of the Jewish and Greco-Latin civilization of the New Testament and the Fathers of the church? The effigy and "that which is Caesar's," the drachma lost and looked for at length, the payment of workers of the eleventh hour and the jealousy of their companions, the wicked overseer and the model publican, Judas, Mammon—all this is hard to explain to the Indians. But it is still more difficult to draw a lesson for their instruction: are they not convinced in advance? Has not their bronzed skin known through cruel experience the wickedness of gold and silver? The sins of avarice, avidity, usury, do not the white people commit them at their expense, while the social and economic system of past centuries left no place for these wicked tendencies? I shall cite but one example, drawn from the sermon for Sexagesima Sunday, which develops the parable of the Sower: "Quod autem in spinas cecidit, hi sunt qui audierunt et sollicitudinibus et divitiis et voluptatibus vitae euntes, suffocantur et non referunt fructum." Banal at first, the orator develops an indignation and a compassion which could not fail to touch an audience from which the rich were totally absent. Besides, the characteristic words employed, "fortune," "key," etc., are and could only be Spanish words in Quechua dress: *hazienda*, *llahui*; the native adjective *ccapacc*, "powerful," begins a new

5. In the Preface to the *Tratado*, Davila innocently mentions several painful examples of his police success.

career in the sense of “rich,” and the substantive *collaque*, which had never meant anything but the metal silver, is promoted to designate fiduciary values of the European seventeenth century. But soon, as though in spite of himself, Davila utters a terrible sentence, astonishing in its lucidity, of which only the consequence, total condemnation of the conquerors, is not made explicit:⁶

If I say to you that silver, gold, riches prick like thorns, you will not believe me because, on the contrary, you will say, silver and gold procure us joy, it is through them that we buy, that we obtain whatever we want. . . . But, when you have said that, consider, my sons. Even so, they pierce the heart like thorns. And if, at this moment, a thorn pierced you, would you not draw it out at once, so that it might not pierce you more deeply, and would you not care for the wound? But of course!

Well then, now think of the man who has a great fortune, who has silver. How does he live, how? As though pierced with thorns: on the one hand watchful, turning the key, hiding his wealth for fear that it be stolen from him; on the other hand, through a will to acquire, buying and selling. And the white men, from here across two great seas to the place called Spain, they send their silver on ships, to buy there all sorts of things which they will sell here, multiplying their capital. . . . What worries do not plague them until the shipment arrives! As though pierced with a thousand thorns, their hearts are never at peace. Awake, they think of it. Sleeping, they dream of it. If only, they say, if only the vessel which carries my silver is not lost on the open sea, swallowed up in the deep! If only the enemy does not seize it! And then, when letters arrive saying that it has reached Castile, other thorns pierce their hearts: if only the King doesn't seize my silver! If only my agent, when he returns with the purchased objects, doesn't resell them for himself! If only the cargo is not soaked, does not rot in the salt water of the sea!

Do you now see how this fortune, this money pierces the heart of man more deeply than thorns, leaving him no rest? And, in such hearts, how could the word of God take root and ripen? It is for this reason that Jesus Christ our Father has said that, in hearts strangled by thorns, his word does not grow.

And it is from this too that spring the torments which you Indians? have to suffer to the point where the word of God will not take root in your hearts. Does the King not order you to go into the silver mines to extract, pile up, and transport the silver material which the white men call ore? Yes, he orders, and the men ordered to go there, with what thorns are their hearts not pierced by this work! So that it may be said: ask the men who work there: your life, here, is a lordly life compared to the terrible

6. *Tratado*, pp. 152–54.

7. Davila calls the Indians either *Indio-cuna*, “los Indios,” or, as they themselves do, *runa-cuna*; *runa* properly means “man.” To designate the white Spaniard, the Indians and Davila use the word *Uiraccocha*, name of an ancient god, which is today (*wiracucha*) the usual translation of *señor*, “Mr.”

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life of the mine-workers. And why do they do it? Simply to look for and increase the supply of silver. If this is so, it is with full reason that Jesus Christ our Father informs us that, piercing the heart of man like thorns, silver and gold never allow the word of God to grow.

—But, my Father, is money not sought after? You *padres*, don't you look for money?

Look, my son, I shall explain to you; listen carefully. Jesus Christ does not command us not to look for money. What does he say? He says this: as for money, do not neglect my word in order to become rich; first do as I bid you, work to make your soul good and then, so that your body may live, look for money, but do so without too much sweat and do not wish to pile up too much of it—only so that you may live, you, your wife, your children. For, if you try to pile up too much, you will reach the point where, pierced by thorns, you will forget God and be destined for eternal torment. That, my son, is what Jesus Christ our Father wants, and what he teaches us by this parable.

Such is often the doubly tragic aspect of these sermons: the maladaptation of so many counsels, the too-easy response which the man addressed would make if he were not afraid. And also, wrenching that laborious serenity for a brief instant, the admission of anguish, the cry of the priest who knows that a certain amount of suffering and injustice walls up the heart of the exploited as surely as the sign of Mammon padlocks that of the exploiter.

He never stops reflecting on this bottomless misery, on which he must however base his work. He is moved by it, but he also wants to understand it, to discover its meaning in the order of the universe. So we see him sketching in many a sermon attempts at providential justification for the Indian misfortune.

The first justification, beyond which he ordinarily does not go, Davila finds in his experience as *visitador*: for the sixty or eighty years that they have been converted, the Indians have remained poor Christians, keeping idols and consulting magicians. God is punishing them. "Hypocrites," proposes, for example, the Gospel of St. Matthew for the Wednesday of the third week of Lent, "hypocrites, Isaiah prophesied concerning you when he said: 'this people honors me with its lips, but its heart is far from me. . . .'"⁸

. . . It is for that that God has given you abominable *corregidores*, and even some *padres* of the same sort. Truly, shall we ask why the *pueblos* and provinces of the Indians are disappearing so quickly, why so many men die, exterminated? Listen; in

8. *Tratado*, pp. 223–24.

the country of Rimacc (Lima) alone, the first white men knew a hundred and twenty thousand tributary Indians. Today, there is not a single one, the *pueblos* are deserted. Do you not know why this is so? Simply because to this day they have not turned to God.

It is the same in the high regions of the Sierra, in the wild country. In Callao, where men used to swarm like ants, in the regions of Ccanas, Aymaras, Sotas, Ruccanas, everywhere, today all is deserted, the houses are empty. In the silver mines of Potococchi, men are dying in countless numbers, and with what suffering; the same is true at Huancauilla. Why? It is solely because of their sins that God destroys them, that in a mere hundred years the *pueblos* have thus disappeared. And those who died without knowing and fearing God, fell into the torments of the devil. . . .

This explanation is obviously insufficient. It is too clear to the Indians themselves that, should they give up their last blue stone and abandon their last sorcerer, the Spaniards will not stop putting them to forced labor in the mines of Potosi or on the haciendas. Did not total dispossession and exploitation begin in 1533, at the beginning of the conquest, when the Indians had surely not yet relapsed? Davila does not hesitate to attribute the wrath of God to the more distant sins of ancestors, to the idolatry of the Incas, but such was the condition of all gentile peoples before conversion. Why this particularly difficult fate for the Indians?

So Davila conceives the idea of an exceptional destiny, a particular curse. Several times he discovers an analogy between the crushing of Peru and the punishment of Israel, between viceroys and proconsuls.⁹ On the ninth Sunday after Pentecost, for example—"videns civitatem flevit super illam"—he applies the word of St. Luke to the capital of the Incas.¹⁰

. . . Then the Spaniards reached the province of Cuzco, where there were vast numbers of Indians. They fought them and killed many. Then came other Spaniards and, at Cuzco, they demolished the house of which I have spoken to you, where the Incas and their people adored the Sun and other idols. Since then, the Spaniards have not ceased to flock here, coming and going between this country and Spain; to make the Indians work in the mines, in the labor battalions, in *tambos* where they are maltreated and whipped although the King forbids this.

9. *Tratado*, p. 390. A sermon of Holy Week explains to the Indians that Pilate was a *virrey*.

10. *Tratado*, II, 98-99. The sermons of this second, posthumous volume lack the brilliance of those of the first, are not so finished, and it is possible that the *licenciado* Florian Sarmiento Rendon, who "*sacado a luz*" the volume, completed and retouched it here and there. But there is no reason to doubt that, by and large, these sermons (from the feast of Trinity to the end of the liturgical year) are Davila's.

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And today there are fewer *runas* than before, the pueblos are depopulated, the houses are crumbling. . . .

And you, do you not see that you are exactly in the state of the Jews? Do you understand how much similarity there is between what is happening to you and what happened to the Jews? And why all these torments? What makes such things happen? Only sin, only the fact that you have called down the wrath of God. It is nothing but that which has called forth both the condition of the Jews and your condition. . . .

So Davila enters a difficult path. The unusual destiny of the Jews is understood; it expiates an exceptional fault: a people chosen by God among all peoples, they suited that vocation so poorly that they killed the son of God, God-made-Man. But the Indians of Peru? . . . The inquiry of Davila arrived at a reason, at a "fact," which today seems puerile, but which we should respectfully situate in their time. In the seventeenth century, in Europe itself and in the work of the most serious scholars, historical criticism was not always lucid; legend and document were readily confused and, as in antiquity, as in the Middle Ages—as, alas, among certain historians today—puns and other turns of phrase provided an inexhaustible supply of philological proofs.

In the south of Peru, on the shores of Lake Titicaca, the Indians before Pizarro and no doubt before the Incas used to honor a god of whom we know very little, Ttunapa (or, less correctly, Ttunapu). A hymn which may be authentic has survived from his cult, but it is so badly preserved that several varying translations have been given.¹¹ Ttunapa was perhaps one of those gods which are periodically put to death and come back to life and which the *Golden Bough* has made familiar to men of our time. On the other hand, the Christian tradition about the dispersion and the "provinces" of the apostles made St. Thomas the missionary of the Indies: of the Asiatic Indies, so far as they were known; then, when it became certain that the lands discovered by Christopher Columbus and his successors were not part of the old world, of the West Indies. Finally, in its sounds, *Ttunapa* slightly resembles *Tomas*. In this way, for Saturday of the third week of Lent, after a new attack on the Jews—*Chica millay runa*, "such an abomi-

11. Ricardo Rojas, *Himnos Quechuas* (Buenos Aires, 1935) (Rivet, *Bibliographie*, No. 2778), pp. 404, 407, 412–13, 420–21, second hymn of Salcamayhua, a text daringly "emendado," with translations by Mossi, Markham, and Beltroy. On Ttunapa (T'unapa), see the equally daring *Ensayo mitológico* of S. A. Lafone Quevedo (1892) (Rivet, *Bibliographie*, No. 822), republished in the appendix (pp. 283–353) of *Tres relaciones de antigüedades peruanas* (1950) (Rivet, *Bibliographie*, No. 3731).

nable people!"—Davila is ready to lead the Indians to the source of their bitterness:¹²

O my sons! From Lima to Potococchi, I myself have heard a tale of the old men of yesterday. It is said that, a very long time ago, God sent into this country one of his apostles named Thomas, who warned the *runas* that they were to adore their idols no longer. This apostle, it is said, was called Ttunapu, that is, "Thomas" was "Ttunapu" in their language.

This Ttunapu taught the ten commandments, picturing them with signs, in a colored material, on a rod of gold, and this rod was called Tupayauri. And of this Ttunapu it is also said that the Ccollas Indians, in the country of Ccarupurcu, tied four stones to his hands and to his feet, intending to put him to death the next day. As he lay thus tied among a large number of guards, an unknown person entered and they were paralyzed with fear. And the person said, in the language of the Ccollas: "My friend Ttunapu, who did this to you? What kind of torture is this?" Ttunapu answered: "There are the ones who did this to me, so that I would die." The person said: "Arise." As soon as he had spoken, the ropes broke and Ttunapu arose. "Get dressed," said the other. And he dressed. "Follow me," the person then said, "and let these men with hearts of stone stay here!" And, in full view of all, he led him to the shore of Lake Titicaca, ordered him to spread his cape on the waters, and both of them went their way as on a boat, until they disappeared in the distance.

There was at that time, it is said, a very, very large wooden cross which had been made and erected by the apostle. The *runas* tore it down to destroy it with blows or with fire. Unsuccessful, they buried it on the edge of the lake, in a place where many reeds grew.

This cross had remained there many, many years when, seventy years after the arrival of the white men, a lord bishop of Choquesaca named Don Alonzo Ramírez de Vergara, having got wind of the thing, came to this place and questioned the old men. The latter were unable to tell him any more than he had heard, namely that the cross was supposed to be in the vicinity. He ordered digging in the indicated spot and, to his joy and that of all, found the cross. This cross, which had remained so many years in the water and the mud, had not rotted, nor broken, and it held three large brass nails. Half the cross, artistically completed, is now in the principal church of Choquesaca. When I was canon there, then *maestrescuola*, I saw it. On the feast of the Cross, every year, the chapter carries it in a procession. . . .

The Jews had misunderstood their privilege and crucified the Master; in crucifying the apostle, the Indians misunderstood the unusual vocation to which God called them. And so is explained their sad state in this year 1646, which Davila does not so designate at the end of this sermon but

12. *Tratado*, pp. 234–36.

rather as the "1574th year after the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem."¹³

The reader is now prepared to enjoy the great text announced in the title of this article, the sermon for the second Sunday after Easter: "Ego sum pastor bonus . . . et fiet unum ovile et unus pastor."¹⁴

Y soy buen Pastor. . . I am the good shepherd of the llamas, the shepherd with the big heart. For his llamas, he is not afraid of death. The shepherd who receives a salary, whose animals, whose llamas, are not his, when he sees a puma coming, he runs away as fast as he can. The puma seizes one llama, chases away the others. And this because the shepherd receives a salary, because his animals do not belong to him. I am the good shepherd, who knows the animals, and the animals know me too.

The theme is developed in this vein for several minutes and leads to an orthodox and predictable statement:

But then if he is the shepherd, who and what are his llamas, his flock? They are we ourselves, and only ourselves. All human beings, men and women, those are the llamas of Jesus Christ.

We are inclined to slumber through to the end of the discourse, flattered by these pleasant images, when, suddenly, daringly, the preacher arouses us. He questions the Indian in one corner of the church, whom he feels to be hostile and rebellious.

Perhaps you, one of you, will now say in your heart: "Father, we Indians are not like the white men, we come from another origin, we have a different face, and so we are not the llamas of God, and the God of the white men is not the God of the Indians. Since the time of our ancestors, we have our *huacca*, our idols, and our *umu*, our priests.

"And, besides, before the white men arrived here, the *runas* multiplied prodigiously in the wild sierra, in the barren wastes of the mountains, in temperate valleys, in sweltering valleys and on the shores of the great sea. Maize, sweet potatoes, *quinua*, *occa*, llamas, wool-providing beasts, all foods were plentiful. The granaries of the Inca burgeoned, as well as the houses, granaries, and mills of simple men.

"And at that time there were no thieves. The houses of the *runas* were not locked. A rod or a stone placed against the door, and no one disturbed it. But since the arrival of the white men, all *runas* have become thieves, they break the locks of the doors to steal.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 237.

14. *Ibid.*, pp. 474–81.

“If this is so, it is that we Indians, with the white men, are not the same as we were. Therefore, it is not understandable that we are ‘the llamas, the animals of Jesus Christ.’

“And another thing. Because of this, we Indians are Christians only in appearance, only on the surface; at the Mass, the sermon, the confession, we pretend, simply because we are afraid of the *padre* and the *corregidor*. Our *alcaldes* who are *runas* like us, in the villages, urge us to the catechism only as a pretense, and that only when the *padre* is watching. Our heart thinks only of our *huacca* because, with them, things went well. But now all is suffering, and today our villages, once become Christian, have disappeared, and we no longer even know their names. And our fields, the white men have taken them all from us. Spinning, weaving, rug-making—all for the *corregidor* alone. There is all the suffering, Father, in which the *runas* live, since the white men came. Look, Father, I beg of you: tell me, all that I have said, is it not pure truth? To this you cannot answer No!”

Ah, my son, how glad I am that you have said all that, how glad I am to have heard it! Glad in one part of my thoughts for, on the other hand, it hurts and saddens me.

Why am I glad? I shall tell you. Because I know your heart and what you think, and because I can cure you as if from an illness. And why did it make me sad? Because, so far, the Indians do not believe and accept the word of God, after so many sermons and so much teaching.

Since this is so, do this for me: only listen to me quietly and attentively and you will see; all that you have said, I shall vanquish and disperse as the wind does to the clouds. I shall destroy it. But this sermon will seem a bit long to you, for I have a great deal to say. Look: everything you have said seems true, without error, whereas it is incontestably full of errors.

Did you not say first of all: we Indians, we have copper skin, we have different forefathers, a different way of life, a different language. That’s what you said, didn’t you, and that consequently Indians and whites are of a different origin?

Now listen: this remark is undeserving of consideration. Listen, we shall see. When you have sown a grain of white corn and the ear has already formed, have you not often seen that while the seed you have sown was entirely white, certain grains of the new ear, one, two, four, five, are black, or gray, or violet? This is certainly a fact: while the sowing is perfectly white, what grows is variously colored. And likewise a brown llama gives birth to a little one which is white. And the same thing too with guinea-pigs. In the same way, although our first fathers and ancestors were a single couple, and a white couple, their descendants are copper-skinned, black, or white. What you were saying, that our roots are different, is utterly ridiculous. We are all only one and the same thing and this is why we have only one single form, with eyes, ears, and all the rest. That some have little beard, others a heavy beard, is of no importance and besides, you Indians, if some of you didn’t pluck your beard all the time, you’d be heavily bearded too.

Francisco Davila's "The Good Shepherd" (1646)

Then you said that before the arrival of the white men, the men here multiplied enormously every place, while since their coming, food has disappeared. That's what you said.

Listen to me then, and look. Everything that happens, life and death, multiplication and disappearance, health and sickness, everything in this world and in the other, everything simply follows the will of God. Consequently, when he wishes it, men of one nation conquer another nation and dominate it; and another day the conquerors become the conquered. It is God who causes this, with his great wisdom, and it is He who knows the reason. But very often, when He has destroyed a province with many cities and many men, it is clearly seen that He did so because they have sinned.

This is precisely what happened in this country. The *runas* who lived here, multiplying, had become very numerous. But although God had enlightened their hearts, had given them knowledge and reason, they, in their madness, led an abominable life. They adored mountains, snow, the sun, the moon, and the stars; some adored stones, the earth, and springs; some adored llamas, corn, rivers, and cadavers, lacking the slightest memory or knowledge of the true God who had created them. Although He saw them in this state, God permitted them to live, He allowed them to multiply, He provided them with food. And He Himself raised their Incas, their chiefs, to govern them. But those things God did according to His will. And when all that He willed had thus ripened, He brought the white men, from lands so far away, bringers of His word, so that the *runas* might know the true God. For until then the *runas* had not wished to know God, nor to serve Him.

It is for this, because of their previous faults, that God began to chastise the Incas, making them die, as well as the *runas*. And God did not do this simply by chance; He did it with His very great and insurpassable knowledge. The white men have therefore been the *alguazils* of God. It is for this that they came.

As for what you were saying, that there were no thieves at that time, this was true in some regions only. And why? Because the Inca, even for the slightest theft, put to death the thief or whipped him cruelly.

And at that time the Indians were still more greatly tormented: they raised and pastured the llamas of the Inca, they spun for his clothing, they made rugs for him, they cultivated and seeded his lands. For him and his strong men, they carried on their backs, from as far away as Cuzco, his corn, his sweet potatoes, all his food, until their shoulders rotted beneath their burdens, and neither the Inca nor his agents gave them any payment whatever. And when they carried less than the fixed quantity to Cuzco or to the granaries, was the Inca's punishment slight? No: even death. . . . Truly, my son, is that what you call the good life?

And besides this suffering, for failing to adore the true God and also for other faults, the souls of all of them went to hell. This, you prefer not to know; you would rather not admit it: this is why you only pretend to be Christians, delivering your own souls to your enemy the demon.

Ah, my sons, there is a word whose possibility and rightness is not open to contradiction: we are all created by God, we are the flock of Jesus Christ, son of God. He is our true shepherd, who feeds us through His word that we may be saved by it, and that we may be led on high, through the golden gate, to the land where we are destined not to die. While in the life you are leading, the accursed and lying devil is your shepherd, who will lead you through his lies to the torments of hell.

Believe this with all your heart, spit out the devil; as for the sorcerer and the sorceress who lie to you in order to fill their bellies, reject them too and follow God alone, Jesus Christ, for it is He who truly searches for you endlessly. May He grant you His grace in this world, and in heaven, life happy and eternal. *Amen.*