

Brazil News



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Editorializing

Junk

No need for a dictionary definition of junk. We all know what junk is. In fact, the best definition of junk is junk. At least that is what we think.

Kind of disregard that opening paragraph and read on.

Scene 1:

Mom goes into 7 year old daughter's room and exclaims, "Your room is one awful mess! Look at all the junk! Let's get rid of this stuff. Go get the waste basket from the pantry."

Now, with a large waste basket in the middle of the room, mom goes into clean-up mode. And that is when things begin coming apart.

When daughter sees mom tossing a cracked plastic cup from her doll set into the trash, there is heard a terrible cry, "Hey mom, you can't throw that cup away!"

"And just why can't I? It is cracked, it is stained, the handle is missing. I'll buy you a new cup."

"Mom, you don't understand. That is my most favorite cup. I play with it all the time. You can't throw it away."

And so it goes, what mom sees as junk, daughter sees as a special treasure.

Scene 2.

Before the advent of cell phones, our communication here on the Colony was via radio phones. They required considerable maintenance, so we frequently had to contact our technicians to do repair work.

The technician I have used for years is a good friend. His shop in town is a study in disorder. Wherever you look there are piles of junk. The space underneath his workbench is piled high with discarded parts.

It was against this background that I took him my radio phone a number of years ago. He checked it out, found the problem, and said, "Hummm, I think I may have a used part that will work."

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He went directly to the place he figured the part ought to be and started digging. “Here we go!” In a few minutes he had my phone working.

And that is not the end of the story.

On another occasion when I wasn’t sure if the problem was the external antenna mounted on a tower, or the radio, I had him come out. It was in the radio and he didn’t have the part with him. He asked, “Do you have used parts around here?”

Over the years I had thrown used parts into a large box. “Just a moment.”

When I came back with that box overflowing with used parts the man got a perfectly angelic look on his face. “Now I feel at home!”

That which to others was a total disorder of junk, to him was his parts department.

Scene 3.

This is similar to what we have just described. We had a cobbler in town who was also a good friend. His hair was long and straggly, his hands stained with the different dyes and polishes he used. The space underneath his workbench was piled high with shoes he had repaired, but hadn’t been picked up by the owners.

One day I left a pair of my mother-in-law’s shoes for him to repair. And I too, as so many others, forgot to pick them up. Months later asked about the shoes, I beat it to his shop. I had no recollection what they looked like. When I dubiously told him what I wanted he turned archaeologist in that pile of shoes. Soon he stood up with them in his hand. “Here they are!”

Basically there were two miracles, the first being how he remembered which were her shoes (they had no identification), and secondly how he managed to dig them out of the pile of what to me looked like utter junk.

Scene 4.

Some 40 years ago when land was being bought by those moving to Brazil I assisted in the legal aspect of these purchases. An American signed a contract with a neighbor for a small adjoining tract of land. As so often happened back those days, money transfers were hung up in the international transferring institutions (which, it is believed, deliberately “lost” the money for as long as possible to apply it to the high interest overnight investment funds).

Since I was power-of-attorney for the buyer and responsible for paying for the land purchased, the seller, who went by the nickname of Lico, would look me up. This good man was always courteous, understanding and never became impatient. I have the very best memories of Lico.

Now, for a brief description of our man:

He was slovenly, homely (which I say very generously), unkempt, two-weeks stubble on his face, shabbily dressed...

Which brings us to his car. Lico’s car almost made him look good. It was old, battered, absolutely unfit to be on the road. Since at that time we lived near the bottom of a hill, this was fortunate. If his car battery, or starter, was on the blink (usually), he would park up the hill far enough to have a gravity starter at his disposal.

When coming down the hill and managing to bring his car to a stop, I still see this, as though it were yesterday. He didn’t just get out. The door latch didn’t work, or probably was non-existent and so he had to have both windows on his side rolled down (or who knows, they were broken out). He would now turn in his seat and untie the rope looped around the door post and the window frame so that he could exit his

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vehicle. He would smile, thrust out a large, meaty hand for a shake, and we would then be ready for business.

I insert here that his money finally did come through and I believe he probably gave me all the credit, as a true miracle worker. All I can say is that I have a very high regard for the man.

This isn't the end of the story.

A number of years later when in Rio Verde, our local town, I just happened to see a wreck of a car rumbling down the street. And then I saw it. The driver's door was tied shut with a rope. And there, at the wheel, was dear old Lico, as homely as ever.

What follows you have the privilege of not believing. Over the following years twice more I spotted that old car in town, with the rope door latch.

Call his car junk, or if you will, a junker, and you will be right on. Just don't do it where Lico can hear you.

It's fortunate that when people die and their children gather to go through their stuff that they are dead.

If you have reached the three-score, or four-score mark in years lived on earth, and are a normal human being, in all probability you will have a special affection for certain items you have accumulated during your sojourn.

The lady has a dish now well over a century old, that once belonged to her grandmother. True, it is chipped and stained. To her it is a treasure. But to her granddaughter, it is junk. And gets tossed.

The farmer with a shop where he has for decades done his own repair work has a tool. It is old, outdated... In fact, the younger generation doesn't even know what it is for. But when the old farmer sees this particular drill, or whatever, he gets a warm feeling. Later on, when all his belongings are being auctioned, no one will bid five cents for this particular tool. So it is tossed into a pile of stuff that sells for a dollar. When the buyer goes home and sorts out what he purchased, without a second thought he tosses this tool in the junk.

The old home place holds a wealth of memories for the couple who has lived there for ages. A gnarled tree, a shed door that opens just fine if you know how to open it, and of course, the house that the children grew up in and now seems to be beyond repair... At the sale, the buyer calculates how much it will cost to hire a bulldozer and bury everything.

I have approximately 40 megabytes of data stored on my computer SSD (solid state drive). About half of that is made up of important literature files, a lifetime of translations. The other half is stuff I have accumulated over the years. Even though I place a high value on these files, I suspect someday someone is going to take a quick look and hit the delete key, relegating everything to the electronic junk pile.

In the end, after the bell has tolled, what will be left?

My grandparents, on my mom's side, and I had a very close relationship. If I were to make a heap of my best memories, I guess the time spent with them, which was considerable, would form a small mountain. I used to read poetry to them. I distinctly reading Edwin Arlington Robinson's *The House on the Hill*. With a far-away look in his eyes, Grandpa listened. He knew that soon his house would be "the house on the hill." The last verse says:

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There is ruin and decay
In the House on the Hill:
They are all gone away,
There is nothing more to say.

In a muted voice, Grandpa repeated, as to himself, “*They are all gone away, there is nothing more to say.*”

We, of course, are not speaking about true spiritual values that will follow us into eternity. We are speaking about fleeting values that will fall into “ruin and decay”—the junk in our lives, if you will, that can so easily jeopardize our inheritance of a home beyond “the hill.” This junk can be our career, our family image, our house, our bank account, our fields, our vehicles, our community status, our achievements...

None of this is intrinsically wrong. The challenge is to remember that one day it will all be junk. ▲

Thinking Out Loud

To Criticize Is Human, To Praise Is Divine

Criticism is the product of the law of gravity. It exerts a downward pull on our tongue. It comes natural, takes no forethought to criticize.

Praise, on the other hand, must be formulated. It defies the law of gravity and causes the tongue to levitate. Let’s call it the helium gas that adorns our speech with grace.

Some months back I developed a severe inflammation in my left shoulder. To say that it was painful is an understatement. In fact, it was the worst pain I have experience in my decades of life. I was able to commiserate with women on the maternity ward. So, I sought out my orthopedist friend. After a careful examination, and tests, he prescribed a series of sessions with physical therapists. Actually, there were three of them.

This was my first experience with physical therapists, but I soon discovered a rather distressing truth. To alleviate pain, pain must be inflicted. Like it or leave it.

Physical therapists in Brazil are addressed as “Doutor” (men) or “Doutora” (women). My three “Doutoras” were absolutely sure they could ease me out of my purgatorial state and restore me to my former pain-free existence. All three deserve laurels, but I want to tell you about the youngest, only 22 years old and still under the tutorage of her superior. Her job, among others, was to monitor my compliance to the prescribed exercises.

Laís, that’s her name, only has two eyes so far as I can tell, but I’m suspicious she has radar. After decades of poor posture, I was unaware of my “stoopedness” (pronounced as “stupidness”), so made no attempt to put on a good front—nor “back”.

It took the main therapist less then a minute to inform me that part of my shoulder problem was the consequence of “desvio” (literally “swerve”) in my spinal column.”

Laís decided that needed to be corrected. Especially during the first several weeks of therapy I was approached frontally (it’s a word), laterally and behindally (not a word). With a gentle prod of her index finger she would say, “Postuuuuuuura”

A quick lesson in Portuguese, “postura,” as you have doubtlessly figured out, means

“posture” in English. So, between the index finger and the “postuuuuuuura,” she was saying, basically, “Stand up straight!”

You don’t undo decades of poor posture in the blink of an eye, nor the prod of an index finger. And so, in a matter of a few minutes, she would be back.

“Postuuuuuuuura!”

I don’t go around talking about my medical problems, and much less publish them. But to tell this little story, I am obliged to “swerve” from the beaten path. And I do this so I can tell the rest of the story.

Laís always used a soft voice, yet not devoid of authority, seeing my valiant efforts to comply, she would say, “Issssssssssso!”

A second free Portuguese lesson:

“Isso” can mean, “That’s it!” or “Fine!” or “Great!” or dozens of other similar expressions.

In an attempt at a bit of unabashed self-exoneration, I can say that by the end of the six weeks of therapy Laís found little, or no occasion, for her melodious “Postuuuuuuura!” and “Issssssssssso!”

At the closure of my last session, I asked Dra. Gabrielle if I should continue some exercises at home. She immediately agreed and gave me a half-hour routine to be followed. Now, nearly a year later, I continue these domestic exercises—and thoroughly enjoy them.

It would be an injustice to not mention Dra. Angêlica, who prepared me for exercises by attaching electrodes to the affected area, plus ice packs—and it worked! Plus, she was an evangelical, so we had some inspiring conversations.

Dra. Laís is no longer present to prod nor praise. Yet, I still hear her melodious “Postuuuuuuura!” and then “Issssssssssso!”

Then I make sure I am standing up straight—really straight. And I don’t believe my back “swerves” anymore. I feel great. ▲

Can Any Good Thing Come Out of Nazareth?

We homo sapiens are stereotypically inclined. What that means in English is that we, like Nathanael, look at who says it, or where it comes from, and then decide if it is worth listening to, or following.

Exempli gratia:

In a congregational meeting in which a remodeling project is being discussed, if all the voices could be synthesized, both masculine and feminine, and we didn’t know who was saying what, we would be up the “crick”. Some in our congregation consistently have good ideas. And others not so good. We consistently vote with the smart ones. When we don’t understand much about the project, we still vote with the smart ones. But, if we had no idea who was talking, well... that would complicate our ability to know when to raise our hand. With unrecognizable voices there is a good chance we would end up voting for some of the ideas of the not-so-smart ones.

This principle, which we will call the “Nazareth factor,” applies to an endless list of situations. We tend to unconsciously categorize people as positive or negative. We agree with almost everything the “positives” say or write. And, of course, disagree with

the “negatives.” In fact, we disdain contaminating our brains with their ideas, so we perfunctorily toss their articles aside and deny ourselves the opportunity of seeing both sides of the coin.

I have often wondered how prestigious businesses avoid civil war with their cadres of highly intelligent and opinionated employees. And sometimes I get a bit of a sinking feeling as I observe a congregation with members of ordinary intelligence, but highly opinionated natures. No wonder they hear frequent sermons on brotherly love.

I once read of an executive in a business, of the kind just described, who came up with a novel solution for dealing with personality incompatibilities of two workers who constantly circled each other with drawn swords.

He had a special, small room, with a table in the middle and chairs on opposite sides. The two belligerents were moved into the “reconciliation room,” where they had to work facing each other. All day, every day, until...

Unfortunately, the writer didn't tell us about the rate of success of his special room. So, I think we can suggest the following conclusions: Until...

- 1) One, or both, quit their jobs,
- 2) One, or both, developed mental problems,
- 3) They learned to tolerate each other,
- 4) They learned to appreciate each other, and admire their talents, and became close friends.

Before you trash option 4, I personally believe that may have happened more often than we imagine. And here is why.

Almost always, when, like we say in Portuguese, we don't “tie our burros to the same hitching rail,” it is because we have similar natures, or more explicitly, we are both about equally opinionated.

So, again we have options.

- 1) Go through life in an adversarial existence,
- 2) Recognize that our behavior is untenable and declare *détente*, that is, establish a peaceful coexistence,
- 3) Look at both sides of the coin. That means seeing ourselves as we are and our brother as he is. See how that his ideas and talents dovetail with our own. If we manage this, there is a good chance we will have unearthed a hidden treasure, a precious and productive friendship that will last a lifetime.

To discover if anything good can come out of Nazareth you may have to spend some time in a small room on opposite sides of a table. Very possibly it will not be easy. But, it may be the only solution.

This is not true only in the case of misaligned individuals, but of groups that circle each other like two dogs meeting for the first time. For them too, something good can come out of Nazareth.

We would have to fight depression if we knew how much potential and productivity our communities and congregations are losing by looking at only one side of the coin—our side. So long as we are unable to flip the coin, nothing good will come out of Nazareth. ▲

Taps

Anna Kramer

Daniel & Anna Kramer were some of the first families to move to Brazil. If we had a Pioneers Hall of Fame, both would hold a prominent position.

To be a pioneer in a foreign country is not easy. To be the wife of a pioneer is even harder. Often, much harder.

The pioneer man faces daily challenges. He must make decisions, make frequent trips to town to purchase building materials and needed supplies. At the end of the day he is tired, but he sees the results of his labors. His mind is percolating with new ideas. He feels that what he is doing is making a difference.

The role of the pioneer woman is different. Her challenge is take care of her family.

Without a house — in a tent.

Without a stove — cooking on an open fire, sometimes out in the rain.

Without a washing machine — stomping cloths in a large basin and rinsing in a stream or river.

Without refrigerators or freezers — indeed, without electricity.

Without the ingredients with which she is used to cooking — with labels in a foreign language and not at all what she thought she was busying.

Without any privacy — quilts don't make real good room dividers in a tiny tent.

Without an indoor bathroom — in the beginning not even an outside one (unless bushes qualify).

Without... — well, you get the picture.

There are pioneer women who do not enjoy pioneering. But they share their husband's vision that this is where they should be and things will get better. I admire these women. I admire them tremendously. They sacrifice their own comfort for a future they believe will be worth the hardships they are now going through.

And then there were pioneer women who enjoyed being pioneers, who instead of seeing themselves surrounded by inconveniencies, saw challenges. They learned how to do without — without sinking into despair. They weren't their husband's servant, but his partner. Even 50 years later they have fond memories of those times.

That was Anna Kramer.

The challenge wasn't only to do without, but to be a wife and mother, to create an atmosphere of hope, instead of stress and frustration. To make each day a new challenge, a challenge to enjoy this phase of life. There are adults in our midst today who would, if possible, like to occasionally turn back the clock and take a vacation in those "good old days."

The Kramers didn't move to Brazil with a cache of greenbacks stashed away in a North American bank. Or to say it the way it is, they didn't have a fire escape in case things went south (a rather painful pun). After paying for their land, building their house and investing in a minimal infrastructure, their die was cast. And it wasn't easy. There was the day that a perceptive neighbor knocked on their door and handed Daniel some money to buy groceries.

The Kramers didn't pull up stakes, fortunately; not because they had no way of buying return tickets. They stayed because they believed this was where they were meant to be.

They persevered, they struggled, they made do, and time proved to be their friend. Slowly but surely things improved. They were able, against all odds, to accomplish and accumulate what others did with frequent injections of reserve funds from North America.

Why do I tell this? Anna had to face the brunt of these deprivations while raising a large family. In the memories session after the funeral it was mentioned that out of a bare cupboard she was able to find what it took to make something out of nothing. The children never had to go to bed hungry. They never developed a complex nor resented those who had it easier.

Anna was a “Mother in Israel.” She instilled deep spiritual values in her children. There was an inner strength to face stressful situations. And as her family brought out in the memories, she was not one who spent a lot of time talking. Her silence was her strength.

There is not a Pioneer Women’s Hall of Fame. And if there were, people like Anna would walk right past, for they have their eyes focused on a Hall whose Builder and Maker is God. ▲

Today’s World

Populism

The populist is a leader who places greater importance on emotions than on facts. Most have a similar modus operandi. Let’s notice...

1) A populist depends heavily on popular unrest. Sensing a vacuum, he steps to the podium and fills that void by commiserating with the “discontents.” He shows that he is perfectly aware of their grievances.

2) Step two is to announce that not only is he on their side, but has the solution to their problems. It should be pointed out that the initially proposed solutions frequently are not only logical, but truly needed.

3) The populist MUST have the gift of persuasion. He must have the ability to “speak the language” of the people. In other words, he must be an orator. Not an orator in the traditional sense of the word, but one who can penetrate the mind of his followers.

4) An aspiring populist need not use grammatically correct speech; indeed, he can have a limited vocabulary. Speeches made by populists can in most cases more accurately be described as a harangue.

5) A harangue is usually loud, angry and interspersed with vulgarities. Points are made with a sledge hammer – or an ax.

6) The populist is extremely sensitive to crowd reaction. His “gift” of speech feeds on the cheers, shouts of approval and applause of listeners. When perceiving that he has them in his hands, his inhibitions evaporate and his words become increasingly crass, vulgar and radical.

7) When this occurs, his wild outbursts begin to exhibit a hypnotic effect on the crowd. Even those more restrained and unaccustomed to that kind of rhetoric, now cheer and agree, albeit with a certain discomfort, that is usually quickly set aside.

8) Once the populist sees he has a substantial following, he undergoes a metamorphose.

He begins showing his true colors. Inevitably, he loses some of his followers.

9) What are the true colors of a populist?

a) Almost all, if not all, populists are megalomaniacs. They are “persons obsessed with their own power.” They believe their word is more powerful than the laws of the land and scientific advancements.

b) Because of this, populists have strong dictatorial tendencies. They see themselves above the other branches of government and don’t hesitate to criticize, undermine or countermand their authority. They encourage civil disobedience in their followers.

c) Populists frequently work under a cloak of religiosity. Indeed, they often are staunch supporters of Biblical precepts (even though in their personal lives they are usually disregarded).

10) Populists see themselves as revolutionaries. They feel that the future of the nation depends on the changes they propose. Therefore, if voted out of office (or forcefully removed), do not accept defeat gracefully. They seek to incite popular uprisings.

11) Populists are always extremists, some on the left (socialists) and others on the right (conservatives). Leftists had their heyday. Today, in Europe, South and North America, conservative radicals are being elected to office.

You may not agree with all – or any – of what I have said thus far. And that is your constitutional right. My remarks have been critical of all populists, whether from the left or the right. In view of all this, populism is never a solution. But...

But, this is where things get complicated. Really complicated.

Many of the principles the “radical” populists of the right stand for are the exact ones upon which the nation was founded. They are exactly those Biblical principles that today are labeled radical by liberals. Thus, it should make perfect sense to support those standing firm for the right.

Yet, it isn’t that simple. For the populist the road to victory does not follow the conventional rules of human behavior. Knowing that there will be opposition to their “reforms,” their starting point is **DIVIDE TO CONQUER**.

Not only do they cause division in political ambiances, but in general society, including, unfortunately, in religious circles.

The Biblical injunction of respecting those in authority cannot be cast aside. Populists merit our prayers. But not our endorsement. For the Christian the end should never justify the means.

Throughout history God has used tyrants to achieve His ends. He has used sinful men to punish sinful nations. When He says that “Vengeance is mine,” that is a divine exclusivity. Christians should never rejoice when the Lord goes to this extreme to bring about justice. Such reforms bring about great human suffering. The plight of innocent victims should hold a special place in the prayers of the saints.

Not all populists are tyrants. However, all are divisive. Thus, as a peace-loving people, we should pray – but not take sides. ▲

Back and Forth

The Fire Brigade

I mentioned in a previous edition that we now have a Colony Fire Brigade. It is an unmitigated success. It has become a consortium of approximately a hundred neighbors linked by WhatsApp. When there is report of a fire, even 20 or 30 kilometers from the Colony, everyone goes on high alert.

Last dry season it seemed there were fires spotted almost every day. In addition to ground combat, spray planes were called in to assist.

This dry season we had a killing frost that left everything in tinder. We believed it would be a conflagration nightmare. Interestingly, days go by without a single fire being spotted.

What has made the difference? Organization and preparedness. A case in point.

The man responsible for my chicken barns is unflappable. He doesn't get excited. Yet the other day he ran up to the house and was obviously agitated. He pointed up the road, some 150 meters from the house, and there I saw flames shooting three meters into the air. Underneath a high line, sparks had obviously ignited the fire. I beat it into the house and posted an emergency notice on our WhatsApp chat. Within minutes local fire fighting equipment was on the scene, extinguishing the fire before it could become a major disaster.

I tip my hat to the fire brigade that places safety above comfort. ▲

Iguaçu Falls

The dry climate is not only local. Recently I saw a photo of Iguaçu Falls. It was almost unrecognizable, with only about 30 percent of the normal flux of water. Since a lot of Brazil's electricity is generated in hydro-power plants, there is a strong possibility that rationing will soon be decreed. The same holds true for tap water. Rains should begin this month of September. It will take several months of rain to bring water levels out of the critical stage. ▲

PIX

In many ways Brazil lives in the shadow of highly developed nations. But there is at least one exception.

Our banking system is possibly one of the most advanced in the world. A new modality of online money transfers has come into existence during the last year. It is called PIX and is so simple and practical that the poorest to the richest use it.

All it takes is to register ones CPF number (the equivalent of a social security number), or cell phone number, with a particular bank account. That done, if someone wants to make a transfer to that account one's local bank is accessed online and a PIX transfer checked. Either the CPF number, or cell phone number must be inserted and the amount of the transfer. Then hit the send key and presto! the money is instantly in the receiver's account. No charges.

By using my credit card for purchases, and now PIX, for transfers, it has been years since I have written a check. I used to get cash to pay my hired men. Now it is done by PIX.

But, all progress has it's headaches. Unscrupulous citizens now stage holdups with the traditional revolver and demand that victims go online with their cell phones to get their balance. Then, still aided by their firearm, they demand that a transfer be made to a certain CPF or cell phone number.

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Since most of the electronic holdups are staged at night, the banks now have set a limit on the value of transfers made at night. Since this value is set at approximately the equivalent of \$200 USD, thieves are supposed to weigh the risk of such a paltry sum in exchange for time behind bars.

The really nice thing is that when abroad we can make transfers from the Ozarks or the Mojave Desert. ▲

Magic of the Magic Marker

A lot of you readers receive *The Messenger of Truth*, as well as other publications. The magic I am about to describe works on any of them.

Often as we read something we feel is especially inspirational. Later on, maybe months later, we remember what we read, but don't feel like going through a stack of periodicals to find memorable truth.

Here is where the magic of the magic highlighter shines. As you read, have a yellow marking pencil on hand. Mark words, sentences or paragraphs that catch your attention. Then keep that particular periodical in an easily-accessed place. Now, if weeks or months later you want to update your memory on what you have marked, all you have to do is leaf through the periodicals and look for highlighted texts. Usually in a jiffy you can find what you are looking for.

Another pleasant pastime is to simply leaf through the periodicals and reread all your marked texts, for a re-inspiration. If two or three in your family develop the same habit, different colors can be used. Try it. ▲

Coke or Pepsi?

I think I heard someplace that Pepsi holds it own with Coke in N America, or maybe is even more popular. Here in Brazil Coke is king. No one with a bit of self-esteem would serve Pepsi at a "churrasco" or any other kind of gathering, even though it is cheaper. It has been said that Brazilian Coke has a special piquancy not found in the Made in USA beverage. You couldn't prove it by me. All I know is that I bought a few bottles of Pepsi that by all appearances will remain in the pantry until they qualify for Social Security benefits. ▲

Chips

A hundred years ago chips were found in the pasture or barnyard. In parts of the world they were used for cooking fires, and still make good fertilizer. For those of us who used to go barefoot in the barnyard, our recollections are somewhat different.

Be that as it may. Today, if all the chips in the world – the electronic ones – suddenly evaporated, everything would come to a screeching halt. Microwave ovens would quit working, airplanes would crash, patients would die left and right in ICUs, banks would shut down, as well as our watches. Assembly lines today are shut down in some major automobile plants for lack of chips to produce certain parts. Oh yes, and there would be no telephone communication, or any kind of communication, for that matter. On the hopeful side, would people with a chip on their shoulder be silenced as well? ▲

Inspirational sayings

As I run across inspirational sayings, I often jot them down. So here goes...

Beautiful things in life don't come easy.

You have to actually do something about [a] problem itself. You can't study it until it finally goes away.

—Gen. Petraeus

It's the love inside that makes the windows shine.

—Theme line in song by group on 13 Sept. 21

When you are to sign a contract with a lot of small print, you need contract lenses. —Translated from an Estadão cartoon.

Something in the Making

We are about to embark on something new. Some of our readers have difficulty reading the print version. We hope to shortly have a site in which these readers can access an audio version of BN. In fact, if things work out, this edition will appear in audio. We will keep you readers informed with instructions how to access the site. Thank you for being a BN reader.

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