

Brazil News



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Editorial

Just a Sample

Yesterday while I had my car in the shop, getting the motor tuned up, I heard a loudspeaker blaring in the distance. The noise slowly kept coming closer and I was able to distinguish the words. It was something like: “Pineapple! Pineapple! Good perola pineapple from Monte Alegre. Three for five reals. Seven for ten reals...”

The pickup parked in front of the shop and I could see it was piled high with delicious looking pineapple. Even so, I was more interested in watching the mechanic work on my car than in buying pineapple, even if they were cheap.

But I wasn’t aware of the ingenuity of the seller and his helper, a young man. With long strides, the cheerful young helper came into the shop gripping the crown of a peeled pineapple in one hand and a kitchen knife in the other. He walked right up to where I was standing and asked, “Would you like to taste this pineapple?”

Without waiting for an answer he cut a generous slice of fresh pineapple and offered it to me. Even if I wouldn’t have been interested in tasting the pineapple this cheerful young man was offering, I would have had a hard time saying no.

So I tasted the pineapple.

And told the young man I would take seven for ten reals, like he was offering.

The young man returned to the pickup with long strides and in a minute returned with *eight* delicious pineapples, which he put in the back of my car. I handed him the money and thought our transaction was complete. But it wasn’t. He held out his hand—which I clasped—and gravely said, “Thank you. May God bless you.”

When the young man left the shop, I walked with him for a short distance, curious to know more about his modus operandi. With the loudspeakers blaring in the background, he would walk up to the iron front gate of a house, tap on it with the back side of his knife, and then when the housewife would appear, courteously offer her a taste of his pineapple. If she refused, he would gallantly go on to the next house. No insisting.

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Some five years ago, when we had the delightful experience of spending a short time in Livingston, California, we went on an outing to Monterey Bay with our children. Lunch time came around and there was talk about finding something to eat. Someone mentioned clam chowder. The name didn't sound especially delicious, so I was game to find something with a bit more of a conventional sound to it.

But the eating places specializing in clam chowder were prepared for people like me. A waiter in front of the establishment had little disposable cups with just a sample of clam chowder.

We tasted their clam chowder.

We ate their clam chowder.

Now I'm looking forward to the day when I can visit California again. We'll be spending at least one day at the Bay. And for lunch we'll be having...that's right, clam chowder.

Forty-some years ago I didn't know what strawberry shortcake was. Then one day I went to our grocery store in McPherson and there—in person, real as could be—was Aunt Jemima, with a bandana tied on her head, frying tiny pancakes and serving them with strawberries and whipped cream. She handed me a sample of her cooking and I was hooked. To this day strawberry shortcake is high on my list of delicacies.

A sample will do wonders.

When you walk into your car dealership and the salesman offers to let you test-drive the car you keep walking around, he is giving you a sample of his product. He knows that when you return, his chances of selling his product are considerably better than when you first walked in.

Publishers like to send several free samples of their magazines to prospective customers in hopes of getting them to subscribe.

Samples work especially well on children. In homes in which parents aren't in firm command, life can become most unbearable after children have received a sample of something that has stimulated their wishbone.

It isn't only restaurants, grocery stores, car dealers and publishers who know the value of a sample.

So does the evil one. For every sin he has a sample. We see the samples everywhere—and all too often don't even realize we're looking at his handiwork. The media—newspapers, magazines, billboards, radio, television, the web—are loaded with samples.

If a sample can induce us to buy pineapple, to eat clam chowder or strawberry shortcake, won't all these other negative samples also have an influence on our choices in life?

That will depend on our spirituality, on our commitment. Of one thing we can be positive: Our usefulness in the kingdom will be directly proportional to the purity of our eyes. If we can set our face like a flint and discern before tasting (instead of tasting and then trying to discern), the victory will be ours.

Our heart goes out to those in the world—and in so many churches—whose

happiness has been swept away by a deluge of samples. We helplessly watch as their lives come apart at the seams. We see husband and wife take separate ways; we see the hurt, the smoldering rebellion, in the eyes of their bewildered children.

We ask ourselves: Is there nothing we can do? That's what this article is all about.

It is true that there are far more negative samples to be seen than positive. It is also true that the negative samples are conspicuous; they thrust themselves upon the multitudes, while the good samples seem to cringe in a corner, indeed are often railed upon as cruel and unreasonable. Yet, in spite of all this, let's face a fact that is absolutely sure: A good sample is powerful, and while many pretend to ignore the good they see, out of the corner of their eye they are watching.

We all have friends in the world and in other churches. We know the letdown feeling that envelops us like a fog when one of these friends tells us in a matter-of-fact voice, "My husband (wife) and I are separating. Our natures just aren't compatible. We've had a lot of counseling and there is just no way..."

We know there is a way, and yet we feel so helpless. They have had professional counseling; their minds are (apparently) totally made up. So what can we do? Maybe nothing. But on the other hand, maybe there is something we can try. Why not give them a sample of our life? It's true, they know us fairly well and have an idea of what we believe. But have we really given them a sample? Have we cut them a piece of pineapple? Have we given them a little plastic cup of clam chowder? Or a little serving of strawberry shortcake? Why not simply and humbly share with them a bit of our married life? Why not tell them what our partner means to us?

If we are prayerful, the Lord can show us exactly what to say.

A schoolteacher had an excellent student, just a small child, who made good grades and was always well behaved. But then something began to change. The student became rebellious and seldom finished his work. Finally the teacher found out what had gone wrong; the child's parents had separated.

This teacher was deeply moved and wished to at least try and help. Prayerfully she analyzed the problem, and then called both parents in for an interview, without telling them that their partner would be present.

As the couple encountered each other in the teacher's classroom, the air grew thick with hostility. The teacher almost lost courage. In a faltering voice she explained to the parents, who pointedly ignored each other, what was happening with their child, that he was very rebellious and that he refused to do his work.

No reaction.

The teacher now pulled a wadded up tablet sheet out of her desk drawer, spread it out, and handed it to the mother. She carefully read the contents of the page and then handed it to her husband. With a scowl he began reading... Then his face slowly began to soften...

Their little son had written, "Dear Daddy... Dear Mommy... I love you, I love you, I love you..." until he had filled the entire page.

The husband turned and looked into his wife's tear-filled eyes...and reached for her extended hand. Hand-in-hand they left the classroom.

The teacher takes no credit to herself for what happened. She feels it was God who did a beautiful work of restoration. Yet we must give the teacher some credit. She permitted God to use her and hand that couple just a little sample of what family life really is.

Our life is an example, but it isn't a sample until we actually put a little bit in a cup and personally hand it to someone. The young man selling pineapple could have cut samples of pineapple and put them on the tailgate of the truck. On the loudspeaker he could have announced: "Free pineapple samples! Come try our pineapple!"

It wouldn't have worked, at least not in my case. I wouldn't have crossed the street to get a sample. So the young man came right into the shop, walked up to me and graciously offered me a sample. That's what made the difference.

Maybe we're too timid. No... I don't believe so. At least not most of us. All too often the problem is—and this may hurt just a bit—that we just don't care enough. After all that counseling, we tell ourselves, what can we possibly say that will make a difference?

Why not breathe a quick prayer and then pull out that crumpled piece of paper, smooth it, and say, "Please read this"?

When you see a frustrated mother in the mall with several screaming children, why not stop and ask, "May I help you?" When that mother gets home, things may be even worse than in the mall. Give her a little sample of love.

I am convinced people no longer know how to handle death. It isn't uncommon to read about couples who broke up after they lost a child in death. How terrible! How cold! How savage! The exact experience that draws Christian couples even closer together separates those who don't know the meaning of love.

Right now I am thinking about three friends, possibly in their late fifties, each of whom lost a son a number of years ago (one died when his parachute didn't open, one was shot, and the other died, I believe, in a traffic accident). Even now as they speak about the tragedies, one senses there has been no healing; no balm. Their sons remain unburied.

Can we offer no help to the bereaved? Do we merely let them tell their stories and embarrassedly shake our heads, not knowing what to say? Is there no crumpled piece of paper we can offer them? Can we give them no sample of life?

The writer of the popular song, "Darling You Are Growing Old," lost the love that inspired him to write the rousing words, and spent the last years of his life all alone, separated from his wife. He was found dead in his room, together with a note written shortly before his death. It said, "It's hard to grow old alone."

There are millions in this world that would agree with every syllable of that note. They are old. And alone. Can we give these old folks a sample of a better way to grow old? Can we show them that old age is really beautiful?

Old folks usually have time to listen. Why not sing them a song of Zion? If you see a sad looking senior citizen sitting on a bench in the grocery store, sit down and share a few moments. Offer a sample of your love. If the door opens, tell them, "My family enjoys singing. Would you like it if we would sing for you some evening?" You can do this to a complete stranger. You have nothing to lose by offering.

Possibly the loneliest people on this earth are today's youth. Just watching them laughing and carrying on, one would never guess it. They have sold out, body and soul, and are flat broke. They must keep themselves on an emotional high to be able to cope with the black hole in their soul that hungrily consumes their happiness faster than they can find it. Is there no balm in Gilead for such? Not even a little cupful we could prayerfully hand to them?

Folks, we have mixed up being an example with giving a sample. Yes, we must be a good example. But are we consoling ourselves with too little? Jesus was the perfect example, but wherever He went, He handed out samples of Himself. Then as people gave Him all, He would give them all.

Put wheels on your example. Give a sample. ▲

Agricultural News

PIONEER Talks to Farmers in Brazil

Dear Farmer!

As you probably have heard, there is a strong trend to cut down on the amount of corn planted for the next harvest. The main reason for this is the much talked about **increase in the price of soybeans**.

Even though farmers have heard this kind of talk before, they nonetheless are being influenced by **market whims** and feel an urge to speculate on future prices. Because of this they plan to upset their crop rotation.

It's interesting to notice that even though they have been through this a number of times in the past—which means it's not anything new—most of the farmers still make the **mistake** of planting the crop that the majority have decided to plant. As we all know perfectly well, **today's soybean price has no relation with the prices that will be paid next harvest**, in 2002. We also know that when farmers go overboard planting a certain crop, there is overproduction, which results in **lower prices**.

Pioneer has been present on the Brazilian soybean market for 30 years and by a **serious, consistent** work, always helping you, the farmer, to produce more, has **gained your confidence**. It is with this confidence in mind that Pioneer comes to you, at this very important moment when you must make decisions about the next harvest, to help you **make plans with good sense and a clear vision of how the market will act**.

Pioneer would never dream of pressuring any of its customers to plant a certain crop. Only you can decide this. But Pioneer, as your **partner in success**, wants to help you make a solid decision and reduce the risk factor, just like it has done in the past.

As you get ready to plant, remember the confusion and speculation you see on the grain market come about because **Brazil doesn't have reliable statistics** that accurately reflect crop yields and how much grain is actually needed for internal consumption, or how much grain there is in stock.

But this much we know:

- **When there is a reduction in the acreage planted**, less grain will be harvested, which means the demand will be greater than the supply at harvest time; **that means better prices.**
- There was a **30%** reduction in second crop corn this year, and yields per acre were down.
- **Corn consumption** in chicken and hog feed is increasing, not only because of a **greater demand** on the internal market, but also because of increased grain exports.
- In 2001 Brazil **will export, as it also did last year, more than three million metric tons of corn**, which means that there will be a shortage of grain during the last semester.
- **The possibility of importing corn in 2002 may bring prices up to US\$2.89 a bushel.**
- You raise better crops when **corn and soybeans are rotated.**

Now you know, the decision is yours!

Daniel Glat
Executive Director
Pioneer Seeds



My Life in Japan

By Marilsa Akemi Nakayama

How it is different from My Life in Brazil

Before writing about life in Japan, I want to tell you about my childhood in Brazil; then you will be able to understand why I have such a deep admiration for the Japanese in Japan.

To begin with, I am of humble origin. I come from a family of eight brothers and sisters (I'm the fourth one). My parent's marriage didn't work out and they were legally separated when I was 17 (I'm 35 now), but the actual separation took place long before that. Life for us was a constant struggle. My parents being separated had a definite influence on this, but today, as I look back, I can see that God had a plan for my family.

As a child, I felt firsthand what it's like to live in a broken home. I got terribly lonesome for my dad, and I'm sure my siblings did too. I'm not going to dwell on this part of my life very much, as it hurts too much. Even as I write these words, tears keep rolling down my face and I realize that the childhood wounds still haven't healed completely.

We were born in a town in the interior of the state of São Paulo and came to Rio Verde as little children. As I write, you will notice that our life circled around my mom—and I mention here that we were very privileged to have a mother like her, a

woman of strong fiber who didn't let the separation get her down. Illiterate, with eight children to raise by herself, she rolled up her sleeves and helped us make something of ourselves. As children, we don't hesitate to honor her for what she did for us. She was strong, courageous and a true heroine.

I must have been five or six years old when we moved to Rio Verde. My mother acutely felt her illiteracy and vowed that we would have a better chance than she had. It wasn't easy. How do you provide a living for eight children if you can't get out and work? (My dad still helped some, but he only showed up once a month.)

Thanks to the suggestion of an aunt, now passed away, my mother decided to make *rosquinhas*—a type of roll—that we children could peddle on the streets. That way she would be able to take care of the house, and of us, while making a living.

In a way, this is where the story of our life begins. Only Yuki, my oldest brother didn't peddle *rosquinhas* on the streets of Rio Verde. He felt he was old enough to get a job. So my brother Minoru (the second oldest) and I were the first peddlers. At that time Rio Verde was just a small place (some 30 thousand inhabitants) and was a much safer place than it is today.

I don't remember the details of the first day we went out to sell *rosquinhas*. I just know that thereafter our job was to leave in the morning with a large washbasin full of *rosquinhas*, and then come back with it empty. My mom demanded that we do whatever it took to sell everything.

During that time everything my mom said was an order. A strong-willed woman, she was the final authority in everything. Either through respect or fear, we children tried to always tow the line with her. When I say that at times we obeyed through fear, I add that not only was she strong-willed, but very rigid as well. If we misbehaved, she would come after us with the rod of correction.

My brother and I always did our best to sell everything so that when we got home, mom would be happy. Today I can understand how much it meant to her when we did our part. It was like a blessing on her work, for with the money we brought in, we guaranteed our survival for another day.

Obviously, these were difficult times which I wouldn't want to go through again. But there are some details that stick in my mind. Every morning we left home with the washbasin full of *rosquinhas*. Being only six years old at the time, I soon got tired, so Minoru and I hit on a plan. I would carry the basin until I managed to sell a *rosquinha*. Then he would carry it until he made a sale.

Today I am amused at how two small children were able to come up with such an ingenious plan, but it made so that neither of us got too tired. It seemed like my brother had better luck than I; at least he seemed to always sell his *rosquinha* faster than I did.

By keeping us busy, my mother managed to get us all an education, which for her was a priority in life. During this time we would work part of the day and study the rest. Because of all this we had a lot of responsibility early in life, and a short childhood.

Dona Carmem

Marilsa's mother is known as Dona (Doña) Carmen. She's a short little lady, just a bit over five feet, tremendously outgoing, with the ability to talk non-stop. If someone in the neighborhood gets sick, Dona Carmen is right there. If someone needs help, you can be sure Dona Carmen will be there. If someone dies, she is one of those people who comes bustling in and takes over. If relatives show up in town, they move in with Dona Carmen. To her nephews and nieces, she is more of a mother than an aunt.

Because of having to assume the role of the man of the house, sophistication isn't her strong point. To her the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, and that is exactly how she communicates with others: straight and strong. And people love her for it.

Dona Carmen's children possess many of her good traits, including her industriousness. Possibly because of their education and not having to assume a dual role in life, like their mother, the children's Japanese heritage shows up in their extreme courteousness.

Minoru, the one who peddled *rosquinhas* with Marilsa, joined the Marines. This was more than 15 years ago. Faith and I had to go to Brasília on business. Since he was stationed there, we asked Marilsa where to find him. She said we would find him in the Ministry of War, working for the Minister of the Marines.

For those of you who have been in Brasília, or seen it in photos, it was in one of the long buildings right in front of Congress (the two saucers, one right side up and the other upside down). After the proper clearance, we took the elevator to his floor. We spoke to the receptionist, who told him he had visitors. He came out, ramrod straight, neat as a pin, and as courteous as a Japanese can get. It was no wonder he was working for the Minister himself.

It took a real effort for the children to overcome the trauma of their parent's separation. When Marilsa began working for us in our store, she was in high school. It wasn't unusual for her to come to work all down in the dumps. I would ask her what the problem was and with a shake of the head she would answer, "Briguei na escola."—"I had a fight in school."

Many of her fights were with the teachers. To this day I believe all of her teachers shudder when someone mentions the *Japonesinha*—the Little Japanese. She finished high school and went on to college to get a degree in business administration.

During the time that Marilsa writes about, Dona Carmen lived in shoddy rented houses. Today she has a nice house of her own and the children see to it that she has her every need supplied. They have offered to pay her ticket to Japan to visit her family, but she isn't ready to ride in a plane just yet. ▲

The Tobias A. Unruh Diary

The Immigration (V)

December 29 – Nice and warm in the morning, towards evening it grew colder. The sea itself is a miracle. The water rises and falls every 24 hours. It is much like the circulation of blood in a person. Our ship makes a complete turn every 24 hours and then back again. It is not noticeable from the inside of the ship, but by objects on the outside we can see that it revolves.

December 30 – Nice weather all day.

December 31 – Last day of the year, very cold and foggy. Cannot see any distance. Nearly dark.

January 1, 1875 – Nice and clear all day. Towards evening it became cloudy, rained all night.

January 2 – Nice and warm, clear skies in the morning, towards evening stormy and foggy, rain and snow all night.

January 3 – Nice and warm. Here in England It is not as cold as in Russia. Today we had a very good dinner; boiled beef and other dainty food. We also have a very good table waiter.

January 4 – Nice all day. I went along to London today and bought two pairs of stockings, one pair for my grandson Peter and one pair for John Becker.

January 5 – Sunshine and warm all day, like spring weather.

January 6 – Another spring day in January.

January 7 – A little foggy and colder.

January 8 – Foggy and cloudy in the morning. Towards evening the sky cleared.

January 9 – Foggy and cloudy.

January 10 – Foggy and cloudy and a great calmness. It was very windy during the night. It is now three weeks that the rest of our party left for America. We thought they would be in Kansas by now, and they could have been there by now had everything went smoothly, but to our disappointment we received word today that the machinery in the ship broke due to the stress against the dashing waves caused by the heavy storms which continued during their journey, and they had to return to get the ship repaired.

January 11 – A very nice day. At 3 o'clock the inspector came and took us to the depot in London. Here we met with the patients from the hospital whom we had not seen for six weeks. We rejoiced with them that they were now well and we altogether could follow the rest of our loved ones to America. At 9:15 o'clock p.m. we all boarded the train and arrived at Liverpool at 3 o'clock the next morning, a distance of 250 English miles or 52 German miles. We made the trip in about 6 hours.

January 12 – We were in Liverpool making arrangements to continue our journey.

January 13 – We were called to the harbor at 7 o'clock and by 11 o'clock everything

was set in order and the ship began to sail. Once more we were on our way to America. Our destination is Philadelphia. It was very stormy and the waves swayed the ship back and forth all through the night.

January 14 – We arrived in Queenstown. Here we met with our loved ones who had set sail for America on December 20, 1874. They had a heart-rending story to tell. After sailing the stormy seas for 7 days, the machinery on their ship was damaged to the extent that they could not continue their trip. Word was sent with another ship to Liverpool, London, and also Antwerpe that their ship was damaged with several hundred passengers stranded. In the meantime the damaged ship turned and started limping back to Liverpool. After struggling in the water for 9 days, the Pennsylvania, also an American liner, came to their rescue. In making an attempt to receive the passengers from the damaged ship, the two ships collided on account of the waves which dashed violently against the ships caused by the terrific storms. The Abbotsford was severely damaged by the impact. Its keel was rent open and water gushed into the ship with a mighty force. All indications were that the ship would sink within a short time. The ship crew put on their life belts and made provisions to lower the lifeboats. The boats were filled to capacity but did not hold all the passengers on board. Thirty-five passengers had to remain on the ship without any provisions to be rescued. Among these 35 were Peter Nikkel, Peter Unruh, Ben Becker, my wife, two granddaughters and others. They had to remain on the ship like orphans and await their fate. Their inward cry to God was that He might have mercy upon them and receive their souls; It was a most pitiful condition for those who had no provisions to be rescued, but right when they were in their greatest distress, one of the sailors went down into the ship to see how near the ship was being filled with water in order that they might lower the life boats before it became too dangerous. When the sailor returned he reported that he had found the water could not cover the entire ship on account of another wall, which was not damaged. Only the fore part of the ship was filled with water and the ship would not sink. When these glad tidings were brought, the whole atmosphere changed. New hope and courage was taken that their lives would be saved after all. This disaster occurred January 8, 1875. The damaged ship was then towed to Queenstown where they arrived on January 9. They remained there till January 14, when we met them. They then entered the same ship upon which we were sailing to America.

We encountered terrific stormy weather from the 13th of January when we boarded the ship in Liverpool till the 21st. Often the waves would splash together on top of the ship. Many a sigh and groan was heard. Many prayers went to the Throne of Grace, that God, with whom nothing is impossible, might look down in mercy upon us and guide us safely across the ocean. Many thought the sea would be our grave.

January 22 – The storm abated somewhat.

January 23 – Snow and cold, the storm is moderate.

January 24 – The night was very stormy. By noon the storm abated somewhat. By evening it had ceased and there was great calmness. The ship now sailed along smoothly and everyone enjoyed it. A daughter was born to John Deckers.

January 25 – In the morning it became very stormy, it kept increasing until midnight, then it abated somewhat.

January 26 – By sunup it was nice and calm, later in the day a cold wind arose, but sailing went very good all through the next night and all enjoyed a good night's rest.

January 27 – Very nice weather for sailing, but the wind was very icy.

January 28, 1875 – We finally reached our destination in Philadelphia. We were met by many American brethren ministers, teachers. People had come from a long distance of 20 miles, to welcome our arrival; it was indeed a warm, friendly, charitable reception that we received. Soon upon our arrival preparations were made for a meal at the station which was free of charge for the poor and only a very small charge for those who were able to pay. Everything was arranged well for the arrival of immigrants. We all had nice warm rooms and enjoyed the rest after a rough stormy voyage. We remained here till the next day, then the whole party was taken to the station by a young teacher named Funk.

January 30 – All families were distributed and given temporary homes.

March 19 – I conducted services at the Lancaster Church. I visited and conducted services in 22 different congregations in 23 days. I was taken from one congregation to another by the brethren. They drove from 6 to 21 miles taking me to the different congregations. It was a kind act of love.

April 19. I left for Ohio.

Tobias Unruh.

NOTES OF REFERENCE

Deaths on the Journey

Grandma Buller, November 28, 1874.

A daughter of Henry Dirks, age 8, Nov. 28. 1874.

Henry, son of Tobias Dirks, December 1, 1874.

Tobias, age 3, son of Tobias Jantz, December 4, 1874.

Births on the Journey

A daughter to John Deckers, January 24, 1875

Taken to the Hospital December 1, 1874, on account of Smallpox

Peter, age 9, son of Tobias Unruh

Henry, age 15, son of Peter Becker

Helen, age 16, daughter of Abraham Unruh

Helen, age 21, daughter of Benjamin Unruh

Cornie, age 1, the son of Tobias Jantz

Henry, age 6, son of Peter Nikkel

Tobias, son of Tobias Boese

John, son of David Buller.

IN CONCLUSION

In a letter written December 9, 1873 to the HEROLD DER WAHRHEIT, Tobias A. Unruh states: Here in Wohlynien nearly all Mennonites have decided to immigrate. Wherever possible people are disposing property for a small proportion of what it is ordinarily worth; they take whatever they can get for it.

If only passports will be available, which seems to be a discouraging issue here in Russia! Nearly the entire group is considering immigrating in the latter part of March this coming year. May the good God of heaven and earth bless our undertaking, that everything we do or leave undone, may be according to His Will; may He keep us in pure faith till eternity.

With kindest regards from me and my fellow ministers and the congregation as a whole.

Tobias A. Unruh Karlswalde
Wohlynien, Russia



Observations by Abe J. Unruh

Living on crown lands, our people in Russia did not have the title to the land upon which they lived; they only had the right to live on it. In the meantime the government had sent a Russian general, Herr Tod-Leben. to the Mennonite villages to convince them to remain in Russia. After the government saw that the Mennonites were determined to leave anyway, they transferred this land upon which the Mennonites lived to some Bohemian Catholics who were now coming to take possession of their holdings. This put the Mennonites into a critical condition. They owned the improvements upon the land; the Bohemians knew the Mennonites land; the Bohemians knew the Mennonites were leaving anyway, so they bought the improvements at their own price; in some cases they were given away. Many of the Mennonites had their life's savings invested in their improvements and giving them away reduced them to actual poverty.

Under these conditions, it was only the people with cash money who could see their way clear to get out of Russia. Possibly nearly one-half of the entire group was brought into extreme poverty thru these circumstances and were not able to pay their passage money to America. In their plight they cried to God and appealed to their American brethren for help. The Americans responded, not only for passage money for the most needy ones, but the Mennonite Aid Committee also arranged and made contracts for reduced rates with ship lines and railroad companies, as well as making provisions for immigrants when they arrived by ship.

It was already getting late in the summer of 1874, and although application for passports had been made early in the year, no passports were available yet; the Russian government refused to grant them, putting them off for every little occasion they could find, it became necessary for the Mennonite Board of Guardians of Pennsylvania to

look into this matter with an interview with the Russian Consul in America. Finally, in October, the passports began to arrive.

The first group to leave the Karlsruale area was forty families. Leaving their homes on October 24, 1874, they embarked at Hamburg on the S. S. City of London and arrived in New York on November 18. Proceeding on their way, they arrived in Newton, Kansas on November 24. About one half of this group dug into the west bank of the creek right north of where the Newton water supply tank is located. Here they spent their first winter in America. The rest of the party went to Pawnee Rock where they lived in boxcars the first winter. Early spring most of those staying at Newton left and settled in Turner County, South Dakota. Those staying at Pawnee Rock settled in Pawnee and Barton counties, Kansas.

Coming together with this group were sixteen families, forty-seven people, from the Michilin and Heinrichsdorf groups who lived approximately sixty to eighty miles east of Karlsruale. These people were from the same background when they immigrated from Germany to Russia seventy-five years earlier. Tobias A. Unruh also represented these congregations on his deputation journey in 1873. The larger part of the Heinrichsdorf group had sailed on the S. S. Colina somewhat earlier and settled in Bon Homme county, South Dakota. The majority of the Michilin group came about a week later. They arrived at Peabody, Kansas, December 5, and settled near Elbing and Whitewater, Kansas the next spring. The second group to leave from the Karlsruale area left their homes November 3, 1874. The twenty-seven families embarked on the S. S. City of Montreal at Liverpool, November 16, and arrived in New York November 27. Eight of these families proceeded to Newton, Kansas where they lived in two boxcars the first winter, then left in early spring and settled in Turner County, South Dakota. About 20 families of this group went to Orrville, Ohio where they spent their first winter in Mennonite homes. Some remained to work in this community for a time, but gradually most of these people found their way to their relatives and friends in Kansas and Dakota.

The third group, and by far the largest group to leave at one time, was one hundred fifteen families from the village, Antanofka. They left their homes late in November and embarked on the S. S. Vaterland on December 4 at Antwerp. After twenty-one days of rough sailing they arrived in Philadelphia on Christmas Day, December 25. Due to the rough seas, this ship lost all of its propeller blades. The first one was lost in the English Channel: the second one about midway and the last one was lost upon nearing the United States coast.

This group was shipped directly to Kansas and unloaded at Hutchinson at 11:00 P.M. one cold winter night when the thermometer registered 12 degrees below zero. After spending the first night in an empty store building the whole group was transferred to Florence, Kansas, where they were housed in poorly constructed buildings this first winter. In spring practically the whole group settled on forty acre farms in Lonetree Township, McPherson County, Kansas.

The fourth and last sizable group to leave Russia from this area was a mixed group coming from Karlsruale and Antanofka. Three hundred twenty-five souls left their

homes November 11, and embarked on the S. S. Abbottsford at Antwerp, November 23. This ship collided with another ship the first night of their voyage, slightly damaging the Abbottsford which was taken to London, for repairs. While the ship stood in dry dock under repair, smallpox broke out among the children and the eight families affected by the epidemic were quarantined.

After the ship was repaired the rest of the party sailed for America December 20, with the exception of Benjamin L. Unruh, John Becker and Tobias A. Unruh, who agreed to remain till those in the hospital were released, then would come together.

The group that started on the Abbottsford November 23 finally reached the shores of America on two other ships, the S. S. Kennelsworth arrived January 9, 1875, with two hundred eighty-four passengers, according to best information available. This whole group remained at Philadelphia with Mennonites in the surrounding community for several months, then early in March, twelve families left and settled in Turner County, South Dakota. Some of the remaining ones found their way to Kansas and some found employment for several years in Pennsylvania, then located with their friends and relatives in South Dakota.

The remnant of the Abbottsford group, ninety-three persons, arrived on the S. S. Illinois in Philadelphia on January 28, 1875, after being on the boisterous Atlantic for sixty-six days. This whole group remained with Mennonite families in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania until spring when the majority found their way to South Dakota and Kansas.

Not all the people were of a mind to leave Russia at the time our forefathers left. For a number of years individuals and smaller groups of up to ten families came trickling in from time to time and joined their relatives and friends in Kansas and South Dakota. A sizeable group from Wohlymien also went to South Russia, about 500 miles south, to live with the Mennonite colonies in that locality. Some of those going to South Russia became contaminated with some extreme millennial ideas by reading the Yung-Stilling writings. According to their leader, Christ was to return on March 8, 1889. Organizing a party of seventy wagons they traveled for fifteen weeks across southern Asia hoping to find the spot where He would descend. Finally most of those from the Wohlymien area had their eyes opened and brought this venture to an end by appealing to their relatives in America for help. At least ten of the twenty-three families who were helped to America were from the Wohlymien area, who had gone to South Russia at the time our forefathers left for America.

When our forefathers left Russia, both places to worship in Karlswalde and Antanofka were practically dissolved. The remnant that was left gathered in private homes for services. As late as 1910 there were some twenty families gathering in a private home in Waldheim (now Lileva, Poland) for worship.

Today, of those who originally came from Wohlymien there are descendants living possibly in every state of the Union and most of the Canadian provinces. A large number are engaged in mission work in many foreign countries. The greatest majority of those who came in the 70's and 80's are still living in Kansas and South Dakota,

with sizeable groups living in the states of Oklahoma, California, Minnesota, Missouri, Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, Montana and Oregon.

(Compiled by)

Abe J. Unruh

Montezuma, Kansas

February 15, 1970

[This finishes the little booklet, Great Grandfather's Diary, compiled by the late Abe J. Unruh. If you haven't been inspired by this little story, reread it. We think we had some real pioneering here in Brazil, but it was nothing compared to what our forefathers who came to N America went through. As we trace our heritage, we find many premature graves, including watery graves. May this booklet inspire us to thankfulness]

This & That

The Rio Verdinho Congregation hosted the girl's *Preparing for Service* class, on July 2-7.

Min. Elias Stoltzfus was the instructor, aided by Min. Dean Mininger.

July 12. A manufacturer from São Paulo was out to Myron Kramer's place to demonstrate a machine for chopping bales so they can be used as bedding in chicken barns. I understand the machine worked well, but didn't have the necessary capacity. The company invited Myron to São Paulo to make his suggestions directly to the engineering department.

July 15. Marcos, son of Luiz & Maria Duarte, and Wanda, daughter of Stanley & Mary Schultz, got married at the Rio Verdinho Congregation.

July 15. Meetings began in the Rio Verde Congregation; the evangelists were Min. Leon Koehn and Min. Dean Mininger. Communion was on the 22nd.

July 23. Leon & Dean left for Curitiba to hold a short series of meetings.

July 25. Divino Ismael got his first batch of 100 thousand chicks, which means that Perdigão has become a reality on the Colony.

August 5. Darryl, son of Charles & Donald Goossen, from Norquay, Saskatchewan, and Lucélia, daughter of Luiz & Maria Duarte, got married. They are in the process of working out papers for Lucélia so they can return to Canada.

August 6. Rosa, daughter of—nope, she didn't get married—Leo & Mim Dirks, left for Curitiba, where she will be teaching the missionary's children.

On the same day, Joetta (ditto), daughter of Tim & Deanna Burns, left for Patos, where she will be teaching the missionary's children.

Four chicken barns have been put up on Myron Kramer's place and the equipment is being installed. They are supposed to be ready for the first batch of chicks on September 26. More barns are being built on the Daniel Kramer, Cláudio Silva, Joedson Bessa and Bill Miller farms.

August 9. The Monte Alegre youth got together to clean the teacher's house.

Brazil ¹⁶ News

August 12. Jonas Marques, who got converted on the Acaraú Mission and is presently working for Walt Redger, and Grace, daughter of Dennis & Freda Kramer, from the Boa Esperança Congregation in Mato Grosso, got married.

William & Meriam Coblentz and family from Ohio, were out to renew their visas and for the wedding in Mato Grosso (Dennis is William's first cousin). They spent a few days on the Colony and then visited the mission in Mirassol and Acaraú, where they were stationed for a time.

Isaac, son of Eldon & Bonnie Penner, is spending several months in Arizona, working for his brother-in-law Craig Redger.

Brian, son of Paul & Rachel Yoder, is living on the Boa Esperança settlement, where he will be farming—or maybe “suitcase” farming (Do people still know what that means?).

August 15. Both the Rio Verdinho and the Monte Alegre schools had enrollment.

August 20. Classes began in the Monte Alegre School. The teachers are: Jessica Dirks, Veleda Loewen, Carolyn Dirks, Luciene Rosa, Gisele Sperb, Arlete Arantes and Fyanna Kramer.

August 20. Jonas & Grace's reception was held at the Rio Verdinho Congregation.

August 27. Classes began in the Rio Verdinho School. The teachers are Wendy Penner, Sara Passos and Barbie Dirks, who is actually filling in for a girl from the US who hopes to come if she can get her papers through.

August 27. Milferd & Sandra Loewen had a boy, Trenton Kale.

August 30. Delton & Amy Holdeman had a girl, Cheris Brooke.

So folks, as you can see, having weddings and babies and baby chicks is definitely a prospering business in South America. And by the looks of things....

As to our energy crisis, people have been so cooperative in cutting down on consumption that things are looking a lot better. During this month of August, which is considered to still be part of the dry season, we have had four times more rain than is normal, which is also helping.... and by the looks of things, there will soon be another 300 thousand little chicks on the Colony.

We just got five new books from the binder in Goiânia: *O Espelho da Verdade* (approximately half of the Mirror of Truth), *Hinário Cristão* (our new hymnal; this edition contains approximately half of the songs that will make up the final hymnal), *Histórias do Mensageirinho* (one hundred and eleven children's stories), *A Voz do Capitão* (The Captain's Voice), and *Um Servo Apenas* (Only a Servant). We hope to have another five or six books ready to go to the bindery by December.

FACTS & FIGURES

Rainfall

26 mm — 1 inch

Exchange Rate

One US dollar buys 2,55 reals

Brazil News

It appears our exchange rate will settle down in the neighborhood of 2.50 reals. That is really good for you folks from N America who visit Brazil, but rough as all getting out for any of us who travel your way. Since all international tickets are based on the dollar, it makes them quite expensive in reals. It sure does make a Varig Smiles free ticket look good.