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Editorial

A Perfect Hatred

Our parents taught us to love everyone. The principle of returning good for evil was applied in all circumstances. No injury suffered was considered unworthy of pardon. In a word, we were taught that we should never, never hate anyone.

Anyone raised in such a setting will have difficulty understanding what life was like under the Law. The words of David, a man after God's own heart, sound strange: "Do not I hate them, o Lord, that hate thee...? *I hate them with perfect hatred.* I count them mine enemies." He goes on to say, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Apparently his conscience didn't trouble him.

Later Jesus said, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies." Was this the end of the *perfect hatred* that David felt for his enemies?

Let's notice what David said: "Do not I hate them, o Lord, that *hate thee*?" The hate which this man of God felt for his enemies should not be compared with the hate men today feel for the burglar who has carried away their prize possessions, or for the felon who has injured or killed a family member.

That is a personal hate, exactly the hate that Jesus categorically condemns. That is the hate that the early Christians and the martyr brethren could not harbor in their hearts. Nor can we.

The hate which the true Israelite felt under the law was not a personal hate. The hate which David felt was—may we say?—a righteous hatred. Or as he himself says, with a clear conscience, a perfect hatred.

A perfect hatred is to hate that which God hates. Run that through again. *A perfect hatred is to hate that which God hates.*

Seen from this perspective, what will happen if our hate grows weak?

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World War II historians agree that in the European theater, the invasion of Normandy was of singular significance. Had the allies failed to pierce the Atlantic wall which Hitler erected, the war would certainly have been delayed for many months, at the cost of hundreds of thousands of lives—and possibly have been lost.

The opposing armies were commanded by resourceful, talented generals. There were many more similarities than differences between them. Had Rommel, the German field marshal, survived the war (and the Nuremberg trials), he, like Eisenhower, would probably have shown brightly in civilian life.

Yet there was especially one very marked difference between these military men. In *D-DAY June 6, 1944: The Climatic Battle of World War II*, historian Stephen E. Ambrose writes:

“Here was a profound difference between Rommel and Eisenhower. Eisenhower believed with all his heart in the cause he was fighting for. To him, the invasion was a crusade designed to end Nazi occupation of Europe and destroy the scourge of Nazism forever. *He hated the Nazis and all they represented**. Although a patriot, Rommel was no Nazi—even though at times he had been a toady to Hitler. To Rommel, the coming battle would be fought *against an enemy he never hated and indeed respected**. He approached that battle with professional competence rather than the zeal of a crusader.”

Rommel lost the battle, the war, and later his life. Eisenhower won the battle, the war, and went on to become the President of the United States.

As Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces, Eisenhower tried to instill a deep hatred in his field commanders and troops for the enemy. On one occasion he took some of his generals on a tour of a German concentration camp. There he showed them the emaciated bodies of men more dead than alive, the horrendous piles of corpses, the cremation ovens. After spending some time in the putrefying stench, Eisenhower said to his stunned generals, “If you didn’t know what you were fighting for, now you know what you’re fighting *against*.”

Rommel, a veteran of WW I, was a superb general. His undoing wasn’t lack of ambition or intelligence, but the simple fact that he couldn’t manage to hate his enemy. Rather, in the bottom of his heart there was a secret respect for the men he was to kill.

The apostle Paul said that “though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh: (For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds; Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ; And having in a readiness to revenge all disobedience.” We can safely conclude that Paul felt the same hatred for “imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God” that David felt for his natural enemies, the heathen. Thus we can further conclude that in the gospel dispensation Paul also hated his enemies with a perfect hatred.

Where does that leave us today, in the year 2005? Are we, like Rommel, developing a secret admiration for our enemies? (Maybe not even so secret?)

In order to have a perfect hatred for our enemies, we must see them through God’s eyes.

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On D-Day, Pvt. R. J. Nieblas of the 508th was crouched beside a hedgerow, when he heard footsteps approaching. From where he was hidden he was able to watch as German soldiers, teenagers, marched past. “There were young fellows, kids—well, we were too—and their sharp uniforms impressed me. We didn’t fire and I thought at the time, I don’t know if I could fire point blank at an unsuspecting man.”

But he could. Later that day Nieblas saw an Allied paratrooper hanging from a tree by his parachute. The Germans had shot him. Nieblas became furious. That “settled my problem about shooting an unsuspecting enemy. If he wore a German uniform, I’d shoot.” He now hated the enemy. He was able to see him as his Commander-in-Chief did. That made all the difference.

What a miserable life to secretly respect the enemy that we know we should destroy.

On D-Day, Lt. Lynn Tomlinson of the 508th was moving down a hedgerow. He saw four German soldiers moving in the opposite direction. He says, “They were kids. I was within five feet of them. One of the kids saw me and smiled ...”

They lost the war.

Today we face an added complication. All too often we meet up with soldiers and we can’t figure out if they are friend or foe. This is the case of modern technology. We can no longer get along without it, and yet as we march side by side, we get the very definite sensation that we are in step with our enemy. But how to hate this enemy?

The world no longer threatens us with confiscation of our possessions, with prison and death. Indeed, when we as a church are faced with a civil suit, it comes to our aid. It praises us for our ethics and pacific way of life. How does one hate such an enemy?

In the time of the apostle, Holy Writ was laboriously copied by hand. Today even our small children who can’t read take a little Bible to church. Each member of the family has at least one. Scholars have four or five different translations, in addition to a shelf full of commentaries and reference books. The miracle of the press place at our disposal daily papers, magazines and literally hundreds of thousands of different book titles. The good and bad are so thoroughly mixed that we don’t know at what point we should begin hating.

No one can live without an income. In fact, a pretty good income. Modern living doesn’t come cheap. Does having food and raiment include a car? Means to travel a thousand miles to a wedding? A house that is always comfortably warm or cool, depending on the season? How do we hate that which the Bible calls covetousness?

There cannot be a perfect hatred for that which is evil without a perfect love for that which is good.

We ask ourselves, personally and collectively, why it is so easy to fear “them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul,” but feel more and more at home with “him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.”

“God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world.” Where there is perfect love, there will also be a perfect hatred. ▲

[Based on editorial in BN 64]

Sudan

By Natalie Jeffery

The Perils of Flying

[Natalie is a young lady—sister—daughter of Paul & Rose Jeffery. They are from England and have spent time in Brazil as missionaries (In fact, Paul was born in Brazil). If you have watched the news items in The Messenger, you will have noticed that Paul & Rose and four of their children were recently baptized (not all at the same time). More of their story in another issue. Natalie is a nurse.]

My flying adventure started on Thursday morning. I had been working in Payuer, South Sudan, doing some health worker refresher training and some clinic work, when we received a radio message that a measles outbreak had been reported in another area and I needed to join the team which was to investigate and do an intervention as needed. I was disappointed to leave Payuer as I had been enjoying the training and working in the clinic, but I knew I had to go. The plan was for me to leave Payuer on Thursday, fly to Loki in Kenya to meet the rest of the team and then on Friday morning leave early for South Sudan.

The MAF plane landed in Payuer and unloaded items the Medair team needed there and then I got in the plane and we were off. With me were some people who were being sent for health worker training (nine-month training) and for a couple of them this was their first time in a plane! The plane was to go for refueling in a place called Rumbek and then fly on and drop the students off in their location for training and then finally take me to Loki. I was expecting a long day of flying.

We arrived at Rumbek for refueling and while waiting, the MAF pilot noticed another MAF plane and went over to speak to them. When he came back he said to me, “The other MAF plane is going straight from here to Loki; it’s only a two-hour flight, so you will arrive in Loki much quicker.”

To me this sounded great, as I knew that in the morning I had an early flight and I still had some work to do in Loki. So I transferred my camping equipment and personal bags and soon we were heading down the runway. In this new plane there were two MAF pilots, one from the UK and one from Sweden. There was also another lady, a journalist for World Relief from South Africa. She was leaving Sudan because she wasn’t felling well.

As the plane soared into the air, the pilots told us the flight would last two hours and we should relax and enjoy the flight. I settled to reading my book and was soon in the world of my story.

I at first began to notice that the plane was really going up and down and from side to side and it fast began to worry me. I looked up and could see the pilots talking and going through their maps. The other lady and I looked at each other, wondering what was happening.

Eventually one of the pilots turned around and said, “I’m sorry, but we have a bit of

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a storm and can't make it to Loki, so we need to turn back to Rumbek before we run out of fuel." The plane banked sharply and we headed back. I began to feel worried. "Oh no, I have an early flight in the morning and I have to join the team; it will be awful if they have to postpone the trip because I made the wrong decision to swap planes!"

We flew for about one hour and then we hit another storm. The small plane was thrown about in the air like a ball—up, down, side to side. It was quite scary. I looked at the pilots and noticed they had their maps out again and were talking urgently, but with the sound of the plane I couldn't hear what they were saying. Then they turned around and one of the pilots explained, "We have a problem; the storm is stopping us from being able to reach Rumbek. In fact, we have also tried several other airstrips, but this storm is stopping us from being able to reach a landing strip where we can land safely. We are beginning to run out of options, but we will keep trying. Our main worry is fuel, not just having enough fuel to get to an airstrip, but also enough fuel to get to another airstrip for fuel when the storm is over."

Let me explain about airstrips in South Sudan. They are usually just mud or earth, flattened and cleared by the local community. A small amount of rain and some of the airstrips become a mud bath. Also, as South Sudan is so large, the planes often have to refuel in the middle of their flights; not every airstrip has fuel so certain areas have been chosen and these store fuel. The pilots have to make sure they plan well to be able to land to refuel in an airstrip which has fuel.

So we were in trouble; the sky was dark and lighting flashed around. In our small plane we were thrown around by the storm as the pilots desperately tried to figure out where to land. I began to pray that God would help us to land safely.

South Sudan is an insecure place; you can't just land wherever you want. What if we land in an unfriendly community? What if we land in an area where fighting is going on? All of these questions ranged in my mind as I prayed.

Suddenly there below us appeared a small, short cleared area. It seemed the pilots were going to land there. As we swooped down all I could see were local huts and bush. We landed on the bumpy strip and the plane slowly came to a stop.

There was a moment of silence as both pilots and passengers breathed a deep breath and inwardly thanked God for a safe landing. I looked around and there out of the bush began appearing people. They slowly approached the plane and stood staring at us. The pilots turned around and we all began to assess the situation. They informed us that we had landed in a place called Tonj. They had tried to head for several places they knew, but had been unable to because of the storm. They had seen this strip and decided they had to land, as we were becoming short of fuel. They had tried to communicate with the MAF office in Loki, but it seemed that they couldn't hear. So we had very little information about this area and we weren't one hundred percent sure that the MAF office knew where we were. I also was worried as Medair thought I was on the other MAF plane and would be wondering where I was.

The pilot said the storm looked bad and we would probably have to spend the night in this area. I looked around at the people staring into the plane and prayed for safety.

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The pilot continued that we might have to sleep in the plane, but that two of us should go and see if there was anyone who could speak English in the area and also find out more about where we had landed. Also, we should try to find the chiefs and authorities of this area to inform them why a strange, unexpected plane had landed in their village.

As the other lady was ill and one pilot had to stay with the plane, it was decided that the other pilot and myself would walk for help. I picked up my quick-run pack which we have to carry at all times which contains equipment that I would need to survive in the bush if we had to run or evacuate because of any reason. All humanitarian workers in Sudan carry such a bag. I made sure I had water and my raincoat, as the sky was becoming very dark.

The pilot got out of the plane first, gingerly trying to talk to the people around who looked back at him with blank faces. He came around and opened the door and I stepped out, my heart pounding and my heart praying. We tried to point in several directions, hoping someone would understand that we needed help or someone who could speak English.

Eventually, a young man stepped forward, pointed in a certain direction and motioned that we should follow him. The pilot and I looked at each other and decided that this seemed the only option.

The young man started off at the typical Sudanese pace, a kind of half-walk, half-run. We headed off on a small track and entered what seemed to be the main village. About ten minutes into our walk the heavens opened and with a loud crack of thunder and flashes of lighting, the rain poured down—not a polite English rain, but a heavy tropical downpour. I was soaked in seconds, but this didn't stop our guide. It made him go faster, so I ran, wet cloths flopping and I tried to keep up.

This continued for another 20 minutes and we began to get worried. Where were we being taken? My glasses were all steamed over, so I took them off and the world became a hazy blur, my shoes squelched with each step, my wet clothes became heavy and uncomfortable, my run-bag and water, weighing together around 10 kilos, began to feel heavy.

The rain continued. We had landed in an unknown area and were being taken to a place we didn't know by a man we couldn't communicate with. And still the rain continued.

I must admit I began to feel upset. Just when the tears were nearby, we came to a large gate. The young man shouted in his local language and someone appeared and opened the gates. We were taken to a rough, run-down building and shown into a covered area. A small Indian man suddenly appeared and said in English, "Hello, I am Father Peter. Can I help you?"

As I stood dripping and trying to wipe my glasses clear, the pilot explained our situation. "Come inside and have a cup of tea while we talk," said Father Peter.

Over tea our situation was explained and a plan made. As there were two women, we would be unable to stay in the same house as the priests, but he knew of a Christian mission who would take us in. So the missionary was sent for and soon out of the rain the tall figure of a Sudanese appeared. He introduced himself as Sabbit. He had married

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an English lady who came out for mission work and together they ran the Christian mission in Tonj. His wife was away at the moment, but we would be welcome to stay with him. I felt such a relief!

Sabbit organized for guards for the plane, two young men with big guns to stay at the plane overnight. Then we went to pick up the other two we had left in the plane, who by now were extremely worried that we had been kidnapped or become lost or injured. Their relieved faces smiled at us from the window of the plane as we approached and smiles widened as we told them we could stay with Sabbit overnight.

We made our way back to the main town and Sabbit's house. By now I was tired, but still overwhelming worried that Medair didn't know I had switched planes in Rumbek, that they didn't know where I was. Also, I didn't know what would happen to the team waiting for me to go to the measles outbreak.

Once inside Sabbit's house, I asked if he had a radio I could use. Thankfully he did and after struggling to work out how to change frequency to Medair frequency, I heard the voices of my team mates in Loki as they did their twice daily radio checks with the field sites. As I had been taught to do in an emergency, I said "breaker, breaker, breaker" to let them know I needed emergency contact with them. To my dismay, for nearly an hour I tried and although I could hear them clearly as they talked with each of the Medair sites, it seemed no one could hear me.

I sat in the dark room, as by now it was night, all on my own, in my soaking clothes and just felt awful. Sabbit came and asked me if I had managed to contact Medair and I said I hadn't. To my amazement he said, "If you make it a quick call, you can use my satellite phone!" He must have seen the anxiety on my face. He took me to the phone and after two attempts, I heard the voice of Corina, our flight coordinator in Loki. She was relieved when she heard my voice. "Natalie, where are you? What is happening? We are so worried! We have just been all praying for you!"

I told her quickly where I was and which plane I was with. I asked about the measles outbreak and she said it was now postponed until Monday. I apologized for this mess and she said it wasn't my fault; it had seemed the right thing to do to switch planes and no one can predict bad weather. We said goodbye and feeling better I joined the other three.

To my amazement, Sabbit was just telling the pilots that he happened to have some jet fuel we could have to get us back to Rumbek in the morning. God was really working a miracle!

While the men went back to the plane to put the fuel in, the other lady and I cooked some food. The missionary couple live in extremely basic conditions, even with their two-year old daughter and another one the way. In the bush, with no other missionaries around, they live in a run-down building which they have fixed up with mosquito netting. For clean water they use a locally made sand filter; for cooking a camping stove and a solar cooker; for a toilet a small building outside, for a shower a bucket in another small room outside.

Yet I have rarely experienced hospitality such as Sabbit gave us. He gave us his beds and he slept outside; he served us and allowed us to eat his food which is bought at a

town a four-hour drive away. He allowed us to use his phone and radio. I really pray that God will bless Sabbit and his family.

I gradually dried out and managed to sleep a little. In the morning Sabbit gave us an early breakfast and took us back to the plane. There it safely stood, the two young guards smiling proudly at us for having done so well.

We climbed into the plane and waved at Sabbit and the local people around. As we flew into the air, I looked down at this place and knew I would remember this experience forever and the hospitality shown by a young missionary living in the most basic conditions.

We flew into Rumbek, refueled and around midday Friday landed in Loki, more than 24 hours after taking off from Payuer. I was tired, filthy dirty and worried to meet the disappointed team who because of my delay would now have to wait a whole weekend.

I was met at the airport in Loki by Corina with a huge hug and was driven to the office where they bought me a mango ice drink and I drank while being hugged and greeted by my worried teammates as I told my story. I should not have worried about the team waiting to go to the measles outbreak. Although disappointed, no one was cross; these things happened.

So I must end my story here. It's Sunday and tomorrow I fly into Sudan again. So I must get packing, because as I have learnt, ANYTHING can happen! ▲

Music

by Eduardo Vieira da Silva

Music Notation and Computer Programs

[Eduardo works as a translator at the Publicadora Menonita (Brazil literature center). He has taught himself both English and music, among other things. (He has written this article in English.) Those of you who know nothing about music will probably want to skip to the next article.]

We Mennonites enjoy singing and writing songs, and in our day computer programs have provided an invaluable help in typesetting songs. Yet we often see limitations in these programs and wonder which program would be the one that would really meet our needs.

For us, basically, a program would need to support shaped notes. That right there would limit very much our number of choices. Featuring shaped notes, I believe Finale would be the best for typesetting. It is a very capable program, and in fact it was the program used to make our *Hinário Cristão* (Brazilian Christian Hymnal). I imagine it is also the most used program among our composers and publishers of songs.

One problem with Finale (and many other programs) is the cost—more than \$500. And that's where some of us stop considering buying a music program. We reason this way: "I would sure like to have a program, but I'm not a composer—at least not a prolific one—and I would mostly use it to retype some of my old handwritten, or worn-out copies of songs. So, why spend that much? It's not economical," or, "These

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programs full of menus and buttons just seem too complicated to me, besides, I don't even have a computer!" The aim of this article is to address these objections. First let's talk about the cost of programs.

I have purchased a music program called Harmony Assistant (from Myriad Software). I am fairly pleased with it. Its interface is intuitive, and you can drag the notes onto the staff using your mouse. It has many powerful features like Finale. You can use shaped notes automatically, write lyrics right on the score or through a text box interface. Another positive point of the program is the almost instant e-mail support of the developers. These French men are very prompt in solving our problems and doubts. Another: they keep improving the program constantly, and once you buy a license, you are entitled to have all the upgrades for free. I started last year around June, if I'm not mistaken, with version 7, now we have version 9.0.5. Of course you'd have to find a way to download the latest versions. Cost \$70. The negative points are: I find it slow, and there isn't a very functional way of entering notes using the computer keys; a nice page setup with a good spacing between notes, staves, and so on, takes lots of work and many times the results are not that great.

Harmony Assistant imports/exports a great variety of format files, more than any other I know of, but unfortunately, not Finale files. This feature of exporting and importing files is a difficult issue among music programs. There's not much compatibility between them. In order to cope with compatibility, a recent trend among programs is to support a format called MusicXML. This xml file can carry all kinds of information of a score: title, composer, notes, voices, the right clef, right measures, right key, dynamics, the lyrics, tuplets, and much more. Harmony Assistant supports this format, and Finale 2004. For Finale 2000 there is a plug-in that you can buy for it. It is called Dolet. In other words, through MusicXML, programs can read each other's files.

Now some news for those who wish there would be music programs for free, those who don't like or know how to handle programs with a graphic interface, and those that only have a word processor: a music notation called ABC. The idea is this: you write a text and a computer program generates a graphic file — pages of music ready to print.

Please understand: ABC is a music notation based on text, but not a program. Being it is a very simple notation to learn and use, many programs have been developed that can transform that text file into a music score.

Say, you don't have a computer, only a word processor that uses floppy disks. You type your song, and I believe you'd find someone who would accept installing a freeware that would read your file and print it. There are also freewares for Palm and Pocket PCs that read ABC files and display a simple score, too.

But let's have a quick look on the abc notation language:

X:1

T: Pray

C: J. A. Brown

M:4/4

L:1/4

V:1 clef=treble

V:2 clef=bass

K:F

V:1

A2 A/G/ (F/ F/)|A A F A| GGGA|G4|

w:1.~Pray, pray* in the old time way, Come christ-ians, ga-ther round.

V:2

c'2 c'/ b/ (a/ a/)|c' c' a a| c'c' c'c'| c'4|

Here is the output:

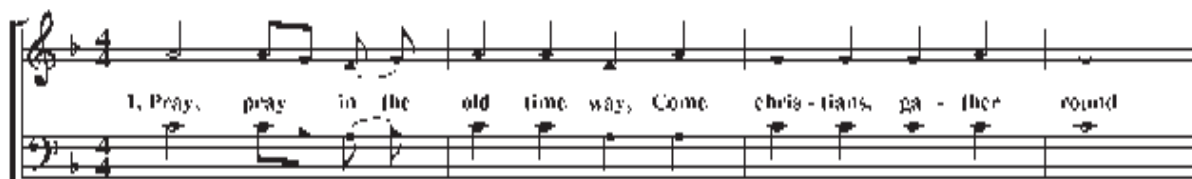
Now explaining what is what:

X: is an indexer. If you have 10 songs in a file, then the first song can be X:1, the second, X:2... You have to write a number, no matter what.

C: the composer of a song.

M: the measure.

L: the standard length of each note. In this example the standard note length is a fourth note (1/4), since the "mi" is a half note, you have to write: A2. If you decided to use an eighth note as the standard length, you'd have to write the first notes like this: A4 AG, etc. Half of the standard length would be a note with a "/"



V: voices.

K: key signature.

Now how to represent notes:

In a treble clef, from low C to high F:

C D E F G A B c d e f

In a bass clef, from low C to high F:

c d e f g a b c' d' e' f'.

It doesn't matter if you write the notes without space, except for notes that have hooks (e.g. eighth and sixteenth notes), for when the notes are not separate, they are beamed, otherwise they aren't. The slurs are represented by parenthesis (). The bars can be | or repeat bars :| or at the end ||

The ABC notation has symbols for just about everything of music.

I got very enthused about this notation, because I could gain speed in typesetting songs, however, I thought it was too bad that it didn't feature shaped notes. Then later I decided to contact Jean-François Moine, the person who created a program to convert ABC into a PostScript file (Graphic). He pointed me to a man in Minas Gerais named Hudson Lacerda. This musician implemented shaped notes to that program, and now I think we have it made.

The program above mentioned is called *abcm2ps*. You have to use the DOS command line to use it. For example to change the file *pray.abc* that is in your floppy disk into a PostScript file named *prayer* you should type this:

`abcm2ps a:\pray.abc -O a:\prayer.ps`

This PostScript file you can insert into a word processor like Microsoft Word, or else view and print with the freeware GhostScript.

In order to format a score, i.e., determine right and left margins, spacings, the fonts used, so that the program *abcm2ps* can make a graphic the way you like it, you have to write in the *abc* file commentaries that would carry such commands. Here are two examples.

```
%%left margin 2 in
%%titlefont Times-Roman 32
```

This would setup the left margin and the font used in the title of your songs. Yet, without specifying much of the formatting, the program can still generate a very neat score. In the example I used, I didn't specify anything about margins, fonts, distances, spaces, and you can see the output isn't bad at all.

There are other programs that can read ABC and display the score on the screen as you type it. For example: *ABCedit*, which already includes the GhostScript viewer. There are transposers (to transpose from one key to another). There are even others with a more graphical interface, in which you can click on buttons, instead of typing. Not all these programs would be freeware.

One practical use for ABC notation could be in music classes in our schools. The students, using all the codes of this notation could compose, retype songs and learn more about music theory.

The possibilities are many, the capabilities of programs like *abcm2ps* are impressive, and the quality of the sheet music, excellent. And cost... free! Therefore, it is worth trying and promoting them.

If you are interested in learning more about ABC notation, music softwares, contact me at the Publicadora Menonita. ▲

A Brazilian Story

by Mário de Moraes

Too Late...

He left São Paulo towards evening on his way home. About two o'clock in the morning, as he approached Barra do Piraí, in the state of Rio de Janeiro, he decided to find a place to spend the night. Two kilometers from the outskirts of town, as he came around a curve, he saw a car that had hit a tree. It may have been the drizzle, the fog or simply too much speed that brought on the accident.

In the driver's seat, slumped over the wheel, was a young man, his face badly cut and bleeding. A faint moan would occasionally escape his lips. Dr. Antônio Ciani, a judge in a Rio de Janeiro court [judges and county attorneys in Brazil are often called doctor], didn't see anyone around who could help, so he carried the injured youth to his car and after carefully placing him on the back seat, drove the remaining distance to town.

Seeing someone on the street he asked directions to the nearest *posto de saúde* [a public health clinic].

There was no doctor at the *posto de saúde*, only an inexperienced nurse and a night watchman. Leaving the patient in their care, the judge drove to the end of the block, where he was told the doctor lived.

Rapping loudly on the door, he waited for what seemed like hours for the doctor to get up. He knew that unless help arrived soon, the young man wouldn't make it.

Finally the door opened just a crack and with a certain irritation someone asked who he was and what he wanted. The judge quickly explained that he had brought in a badly injured patient and that he needed immediate medical assistance.

The doctor told the judge that he wasn't feeling well and therefore was not on call. He gave the address of another doctor. Once again the doctor rapped urgently on the door. Once again, after an interminable wait, the door opened. A woman, the doctor's wife, explained that her husband was in São Paulo. She gave him the address of yet another doctor who lived on the same street. This doctor wasn't at home either.

By now it was pouring rain. The judge decided that there was but one solution: return to the first doctor and demand that he see the patient, even if he wasn't feeling well.

This time the judge didn't rap on the door; he banged violently with both fists. The window opened and soon the judge and the doctor were in a hot discussion. The doctor tried to give the address of a fourth doctor, but by now the judge was beside himself. Either he see the patient, he threatened, or he would wake up the whole town so that there would be plenty of witnesses to what was happening, and come morning he would have to answer to the press.

This last threat brought results. By now more than an hour had gone by since he first knocked on the doctor's door. When they got to the *posto de saúde*, the young man was lying in a pool of blood. The doctor took a good look at the patient's face and began to shake. It appeared he was about to faint. The judge couldn't imagine what had brought on this sudden change in the doctor's demeanor. Putting his arms around the lifeless body, the doctor wailed in anguish, "Forgive me, my son, forgive me..."

Education

I Would Like to Be a...

Several months ago I wrote about the occupational dilemma some parents are facing here in Brazil with their children. How will they make a living? What occupation will they fit into? Or is higher education the solution?

I was asked to have devotions at the Monte Alegre School to fill in for someone else. With little time to prepare, I decided to discuss occupations with the students and get an idea of what they were thinking. Or *if* they were thinking. Yes, they were thinking.

Brazil ¹³ News

I made a list of 45 occupations and asked the students to raise their hands each time they thought it would be something they would like to do. A quick look at the list will show that not all the occupations fit into the Holdeman religion, but we do get an idea of how the mind of a child works. The votes were counted separately for boys (the first column) and girls (the second column) Oh yes, the teachers joined in:

Boys	Girls	Occupation
14	2	Farmer
18	2	Rancher
0	14	Nurse
2	16	Teacher
0	0	Raise chickens
0	0	Raise hogs
8	1	Trucker
0	1	Businessperson
ALL	ALL	Pilot
1	1	Writer
1	4	Translator
0	0	Baker
0	0	Carpenter
0	0	Electrician
0	3	Secretary
0	0	Plumber
1	0	Mason
2	1	Builder
13	1	Veterinary
6	0	Fireman
3	0	Mechanic
3	0	Welder
0	0	Print shop
9	0	Policeman
0	2	Dentist
1	1	Doctor
0	0	Manicure
0	1	Waiter/waitress
2	2	Librarian
3	3	Book salesman
12	12	Naturalist
1	6	Work in zoo
16	4	Horse raiser
9	0	Commercial fishing
6	6	Landscaping
1	0	Appliance repairman
1	0	Refrigeration

13	0	Earth moving
0	0	Raise sheep
10	0	Scientist
0	9	Floral shop
2	0	Taxi driver
1	6	Sell popsicles
0	0	Housework
0	0	Politician

This little spur-of-the-moment questionnaire may not have much value, and yet does show some interesting, and maybe troublesome, trends. Let's notice:

Most of the boys want to be farmers or ranchers. This is very positive, except that for most of the Brazilian boys, this will be impossible.

No one wants to work with chickens or hogs, both of which present an opportunity for a decent living.

Quite a few want to raise horses, an occupation with limited opportunities.

Quite a few would like to be vets, commercial fishermen, scientists, policemen, and everyone would like to be a pilot, all occupations which don't fit into our way of life.

On the positive side, our young girls are anxious to teach and the boys would like to work with earth moving. A number of our brethren are working with earth moving; they need operators and the wages are good.

Now for the strange part: Exactly the occupations that we consider suitable and give opportunity for advancement with a small cash outlay are being ignored: construction work, masonry, carpentry, plumbing, repair work, mechanic work, and as mentioned, working with chickens or hogs.

It's true that small children change their minds quite easily, and we hope they do. There is no doubt but what there is opportunity for those who are willing to start at the bottom and work their way up. ▲

Diplomacy

Ambassadors to England

In the world of diplomacy, ambassadors are special emissaries sent abroad to represent their own government. Anyone who has lived in or visited a foreign country knows the sensation of "home" that accompanies walking into the embassy of one's birth country.

The State Department has diplomats who deal with foreign dignitaries and visitors. They are not ambassadors; ambassadors are sent out, not in.

Yet there are exceptions to all rules. The Paul Jeffery family is one.

I have asked different brethren, including history scholars, if they know how many centuries it has been since the true church left England. No one has the answer (maybe some of you N American readers can answer this question). A random estimate would be five to seven centuries—and very likely more.

Those of you who read the news items in the Messenger of Truth (it's probably what you read first) will have noticed some Jefferys listed under the baptisms.

We will make no attempt to tell their story here (We'll let them do it for us and print it in a future issue of BN). Suffice it to say they are English and have spent years in Brazil as missionaries. The Lord began to show them that the doctrine they were practicing was not in agreement with what Jesus and the apostles taught. They began searching for a church that maintained doctrinal purity. Contact was made with the Church of God and they knew that their search had ended. Their children felt the same way, including Natalie, whose article you have already read. Four of the children were also baptized.

They have now returned to England to take care of Paul's aged mother. They are returning as ambassadors to their own country and it can now be said that the Church once again is in England. It is well represented.

This & That

March 30, Luís & Aparecida Fernandes had a boy, Luís.

April 1, Ryad was born, whom Ely & Vânia Bessa plan to adopt, together with Hayche, his two-year old sister who is also with them.

April 11, Jonas & Gracie Marques had a girl, Raquel Antônia.

Rosemarie Jeffery's three sisters, Zellin Taylor, Ruth Gray and Denise Gray, and her cousin, Fay Zaman, spent several weeks here visiting the Jefferys.

April 26, Eudes & Julie Reinor had a boy, Alison Jay.

April 29, Robert & Angela Warkentin had a boy, Bryson Lee.

May 1, a number of families listened in on Joleen, Mrs. Frank Burns' funeral service.

Since this was on Sunday and the service began at 12:30, our time, those attending had a carry-in dinner afterwards.

May 1, the Rio Verdinho Cong. came to the Monte Alegre church to listen to an Annual Meeting Report.

A couple of men came to work the other day. They are the advance team on a new high-power transmission line that will be put in along the two lines which already cross the Colony.

May 14, Flávio & Flávia Oliveira had a boy, Fabrício.

Doeteke Jager, from the Netherlands, Sipke Hiemstra's (who now lives in Georgia) niece, came to spend a number of weeks on the Colony. She has helped us some here at work.

May 17 was the Rio Verdinho School program and the following day was their play-day.

Their graduates were Weston Mininger, Cheryl Warkentin, Adriele Silva Alves and Idael de Paula.

May 19 was the Monte Alegre School program with the play-day the following day.

The graduates: Marsha Burns, Donovan Hibner, Shane Miller, Stephanie Silva, Júlio Costa and Kathlene Unruh. On the positive side was a delicious *churrasco*; on the negative side, several children in casts.

Brazil 16 News

May 21, Paul Jefferys sold their household goods at auction. They had been living in the Reno & Marilyn home. Eduardo & Susan Vieira also sold some items on the sale. Eduardo is my office assistant. They plan to return to their home town of Patos, in the state of Paraíba. He will continue his translation work; we will send material back and forth e-mail.

The Jesse Loewen family is here preparing for an auction sale on June 4. They returned to the US several years ago, but left the door open here in case they decided to come back. That door has closed.

Now is the time for the yearly migration to N America. Different families have already left, and more will be leaving.

We have mentioned in the past that our president has a leftist background. It was feared, that if elected, he would put Brazil on a leftist course. It was also said that the real/dollar exchange rate would go sky-high. (It is true that it was artificially forced up to nearly 4:1 as a campaign strategy against Lula). Neither has materialized. Brazil has not veered to the left as a nation. To keep up at least his semblance of being a leftist champion, the president does indulge in some rhetoric and public acts that can be labeled as indiscreet, but his economy policy has been a strict carry-over of his predecessor's policy. However, now we are witnessing a totally unexpected development. The exchange rate, which should be kept around 3:1 (three reals to one dollar) has dropped to 2.28:1 (two point 28 reals to one dollar). This is tremendous for imports, but very, very bad for farmers who sell their soybeans on the Chicago market. It should be understood that this unbalance is not due nearly so much to Brazil's monetary policy, as to the fact that the dollar's value is steadily dropping on the international market. (More on this next month, and the influence that China is now exerting on the world monetary system.)

Nowhere was the low price of soybeans more clearly reflected than on sales in the Agrishow in Rio Verde this year. There were projections of R\$400,000,000 (US\$16 million) in machinery sales, but it's doubtful if sales reached one fourth of that amount.

We are now in the dry season. Cool weather is upon us. We don't expect much in rain until September. But we do expect quite a little dust

May 25 was the Palmas School program and playday. Their graduates are: Wilson Costa, Eric Dirks and Veronica Stoltzfus.

May 27, Clinton & Marie Unruh had a boy, Marlon Daniel.