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Editorial

A Country, a Duty, a Man

Dwight D. Eisenhower was born on October 14, 1890, twenty-five years after General Robert E. Lee capitulated to General Ulysses S. Grant at the Appomattox Courthouse on April 9, 1865. Thus as he grew up in Abilene, Kansas, he became acquainted with Civil War veterans, as well as with those who had distinct memories of the Lincoln presidency—and yes, of Wild Bill Hickock and other famous early cattle-town marshals.

Ike—as he was called by friends and admiring masses—grew up on the threshold of modern life. The car had not yet appeared, nor had the “airship.” Instead of radio, television or Internet, the local telegraph operator furnished homeopathic doses of the latest news. During big league baseball games, he was, without a doubt, the most important person in town.

The term “elementary education” makes more sense hearing Eisenhower’s view of education in his early years...

“Abilene folk believed in education and its value. But for many, I’m afraid, it became, beyond a certain point, fancies and frills. Remember that most of them were born around the time of the Civil War when few thought it extraordinary that the President of the United States had less than a year’s formal schooling. George Washington, after all, had not enjoyed any more; neither had Andrew Jackson, or Lincoln. Then, at least west of the Alleghenies, the well-educated man was more likely to be a well-read man than a much schooled man. Thirty years after Lincoln, to write a good, clear hand, to spell fairly well, to be able to read fine print and long words, to “cipher” accurately was still enough to go with native intelligence and a willingness to work hard. Given those qualities, Abilene thought that most everyone could succeed in the American environment.”

He goes on to reveal the role of the home in his own education...

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“Memory is a blur of grades entered and grades passed. At one point a suggestion was made that I should ‘skip’ a grade. This is not a tribute to my academic mastery. I suspect that was simply recognition that I lived in a home where learning was put into practice. The ability to read in a good clear voice and correctly, for example, was necessary if each of us was to maintain his self-respect in a daily family rite. The reading of the Bible, although principally done by our parents, was shared with the boys. A simple rule applied when one of us took over: The honor ended if a mistake was made. This put each of us on his mettle. Undoubtedly, too, it simplified our classroom task of reading aloud. The words in our school readers were in far larger print than the family Bible and were not so polysyllabic. So, I may well have had some advantage over my classmates. The suggestion that I skip a grade was never put into effect. My conduct was not the equal of my reading ability.”

He also relates the influence the home had on the five children, all boys: Arthur, an authority on grain marketing, finance and banking; Edgar, a successful lawyer and director of industrial companies; Earl, a radio station owner and publications relations directory of the community newspaper; Milton, president of John Hopkins University; and Ike, Supreme Commander of the Allied invasion forces of Fortress Europe during the Second World War and two-term president of the United States. Asked why there were no black sheep in his family, he answers...

“I have often thought about this. The answer lies, I think, in the fact that our family life was free from parental quarreling and filled with genuine, if not demonstrated love. I never knew anyone from a divorced family until I went to West Point. Responsibility was a part of maturing. Concern for others was natural in our small community. And ambition without arrogance was quietly instilled in us by both parents. Part of that ambition was self-dependence. My mother could recite from memory long passages from the Bible (family tradition has it that she once won first prize in her church, as a child in Virginia, by memorizing 1365 verses in a six-month period). But these were not her only admonitions. Whenever any of us expressed a wish for something that seemed far beyond our reach, my mother often said, “Sink or swim,” or “Survive or perish.”

Eisenhower’s dad, a strict disciplinarian, saw a hickory switch as an indispensable instrument for building character. He tells of the time he couldn’t go out “trick or treating” with his older brothers because, they said, he was too young. In an effort to compensate for this terrible injustice, he went out to the orchard and began pounding the old apple tree until his knuckles were raw and bleeding. When dad found young son hysterically venting his anger, bloody, hurting knuckles did not touch his tender mercies. After a thorough thrashing with the hickory switch, young Eisenhower was sent to bed.

“Perhaps an hour later, my mother came into the room. I was still sobbing into the pillow, my feelings—among other things—hurt, completely abused and at odds with the entire world. Mother sat in the rocking chair by the bed and said nothing for a long time. Then she began to talk about temper and controlling it. Eventually, as she often did, she drew on the Bible, paraphrasing it, I suppose. This time she said: ‘He that conquereth his own soul is greater than he who taketh a city.’

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“Hatred was a futile sort of thing, she said, because hating anyone or anything meant that there was little to be gained. The person who had incurred my displeasure probably didn’t care, possibly didn’t even know, and the only person injured was myself. This was soothing, although she added that among all her boys, I was the one who had most to learn.

“In the meantime, she had set about putting salve on my injured hands and bandaging the worst places, not failing to make the point that I had expressed resentment and only damaged myself.

“I have always looked back on that conversation as one of the most valuable moments of my life. To my youthful mind, it seemed to me that she talked for hours but I suppose the affair was ended in fifteen or twenty minutes. At least she got me to acknowledge that I was wrong and I felt enough ease in my mind to fall off to sleep. This incident was never mentioned again. But to this day I make it a practice to avoid hating anyone. If someone’s been guilty of despicable actions, especially toward me, I try to forget him. I used to follow a practice—somewhat contrived, I admit—to write the man’s name on a piece of scrap paper, drop into the lowest drawer of my desk, and say to myself: “That finished the incident...”

Even though Eisenhower’s religiosity didn’t match that of his mother, he believed that religion, moral principles and prayer were essential for a strong nation. He liked to tell of the boy who came home from school and handed his dad a note written by a fellow-student: “In the event of atomic attack, the law prohibiting prayer in this school will be temporarily suspended.”

(In one of the ironies of history, it was Eisenhower who appointed Earl Warren to the Supreme Court, believing he would uphold conservative principles, and it was exactly during Warren’s time as Chief Justice that prayer was banned from public schools and a number of other unfortunate decisions handed down that continue to plague the nation.)

Eisenhower grew up during a time in which work was something you looked for—not ran away from. Decades later, reflecting on his early life, he wrote:

“Attitudes have gone also—or at least changed. There is a fundamental change, I think, in the attitude toward the temporal role of man.

“That role was once expressed in a single word: Work.”

He continues:

“Physical work was done by almost every male. The capitalists of town were no less immune than the poorest... Because everyone had to put his shoulder to it, there was little social stratification because of a man’s job. Bank clerks and others who dealt with paper and pen, professional men, perhaps, may have enjoyed a certain distinction. If so, there were not many of them in a town like mine in the early part of the century...”

He tells of his work as a lad:

“I spent the month of September picking apples, at one point, and on Saturdays after the harvest, gathered apples from the ground and carried them to a cider mill. I was too small to grind the apples, but I did earn twenty-five cents a day.

“The next July I got a wheat-harvesting job. The binders were horse-drawn and the

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wheat, once bound into bundles, was picked up by the men and shocked. These men were the highest paid in the whole harvesting operation. I, the lowest paid, rode the lead horse. There were four horses on the binders, three pulling abreast while the lead horse helped guide the binder to cut a full swath. For two years I earned fifty cents a day. The harvest season was short and I was still too small to take part in the later threshing of the grain for market. After two years, my employer told me he could not use me because I was getting too big. He said he needed a lighter boy on the lead horse. (I suspect he probably feared that because I was getting older, I'd soon demand more than fifty cents a day.)”

Eisenhower found employment on a farm, where he worked from dawn to dusk during the summer.

Then the manager of a small company making steel bins offered Eisenhower more than he could make on the farm, so he changed jobs.

His next job was in a creamery, where he worked as an iceman. (Remember that there was no electricity back those days, so ice had to be made to chill the milk.)

From iceman he was promoted to fireman, where he helped fire three large furnaces. As he puts it, “In this small inferno, life lost its charm but the job led to another promotion.

“I became, for my last year in Abilene, the second engineer in the creamery’s ice plant. The work week was eighty-four hours, from six p.m, until six a.m. and my agreement called for fifty-two weeks a year... But the salary was impressive—\$90 per month.”

Eisenhower worked hard as a boy and young man. Not because his dad thought he needed to learn how to work and concocted some jobs to keep him busy (although even that is laudable, better than having someone growing up without knowing how to work). He worked because his earnings were important both to his family and his future. Work was taken for granted.

Eisenhower’s dream was to attend the Annapolis Naval Academy. He went through the normal channels and asked his congressman for an appointment as a cadet or midshipman. First, he would have to take an examination to see if he would be eligible for an appointment. If he passed, next would come the exam for Annapolis itself. If he passed, he would have the option of either Annapolis or West Point.

After passing the exam, Eisenhower discovered he wasn’t eligible for Annapolis because of an age restriction. Disappointed, he turned to West Point, took the entrance exam and passed. On June 14, 1911, Dwight D. Eisenhower reported for what would be the beginning of a long military career.

Upon graduation, with a commission of second lieutenant signed by the president of the United States, all officers were given the privilege of giving their personal preference as to where they would like to serve. Eisenhower put down the Philippines and went so far as to order a complete set of uniforms appropriate for that climate. When the appointment came through, it was to San Antonio, Texas, one of the least desirable places to serve.

Eisenhower’s story is not one of first choices. Repeatedly, over his long career, he

had to settle for second or third choices, beginning with his appointment to West Point and then duty in Texas.

While serving in Texas, Eisenhower decided to get into aviation. It appears the Army would have gone along with this and he was set to begin training. It was during his tenure in Texas that Eisenhower met Mamie Geneva Doud. As their friendship blossomed, so did his desire to have her as his wife. So it was that he spoke with her parents, who approved of the engagement. Shortly after, however, the parents found out about Eisenhower's plans to become a flyer. He was called for a very serious conversation. Either he give up flying or their approval of the engagement would be withdrawn.

Eisenhower married Mamie.

And gave up being a flyer.

Soldiers are trained to fight wars. Officers are trained to lead, to take command of soldiers and to help win wars. Eisenhower was no exception to this rule. A West Point graduate, he was imminently prepared to assume command of troops.

When World War I broke out and it became evident that the United States would be drawn in, Eisenhower believed he would be sent overseas. In the meantime, he was asked to administer an intensive course to candidates for commissions as second lieutenants. In his own words, "We went to the field and lived in trenches, constructed dugouts, and prepared for warfare on the Western Front..."

The United States entered the war and troops were sent to Europe—and once again Eisenhower was frustrated. Having noticed his dedication, his enthusiasm and talent in whatever he did, his superiors decided he would be more valuable to the war effort at home, training men who would go to war.

Ruefully he sums up his problem: "For one thing, all the West Point traditions that nourished élan and esprit centered on battlefield performance. The leadership of the men who had gone before us, faced with headlong attack, stubbornly defending and then causing their troops to follow them was in our minds the hallmark of the true soldier. My mastery of military paper work, even of rudimentary training methods, hardly seemed a shining achievement for one who had spent seven years preparing himself to lead fighting men.

"Some of my class were already in France. Others were ready to depart. I seemed embedded in the monotony and unsought safety of the Zone of the Interior. I could see myself, years later, silent at class reunions while others reminisced of battle. For a man who likes to talk as much as I, that would have been intolerable punishment. It looked to me as if anyone who was denied the opportunity to fight might as well get out of the Army at the end of the war."

And then the tide seemed to change. He was given the job of organizing and equipping the 301st Tank Battalion, Heavy. Morale was high. Both officers and soldiers were raring to board the ship that would take them to Europe. "I was to go along in *command!*"

Then it happened again. "The plan had been changed. My chief said he was impressed by my 'organizational ability.' I was directed to take the remnants of the

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troops who would not be going overseas, and proceed to an old abandoned campsite in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, of all places.”

To Eisenhower, disappointment and discouragement did not go hand in hand. He threw himself into his new duties with his characteristic dedication and enthusiasm. It wasn't easy. “In early April, a storm came upon us and it was so sudden and so furious that we were snowbound for days. The tents were not heated... Had the men been at home in civilian life, many would have taken one look out the front or back window at the mountains of snow and gone back to bed. If they had gone to work, some would have sniffles and others pneumonia. Nothing of the sort happened at Camp Colt. And certainly the air should have been thick with complaints that Army negligence had exposed volunteers to premature death. Not so. They seemed to take the storm as a splendid way to demonstrate their robust health. To me, the spirit of the men proved the best disease preventive.”

Modestly, Eisenhower attributes the high morale to the quality of his troops. But for those of us looking on, many years later, it isn't hard to understand that they reflected his high quality of leadership. The men who left Camp Colt and were sent overseas, without a doubt, were some of the best trained in the U.S. Army.

The Camp Colt tenure was to be temporary for Eisenhower, after which he would ship to Europe. “Colonel Welborn called me in to say that if I would agree to give up my plans for overseas service, he was prepared to recommend me for full colonel. I declined.” This time it was fate itself that disrupted his plans. The war ended before he could go abroad.

After World War I ended, Eisenhower didn't fall into depression because of his frustrated dreams. He was assigned to the staff of some leading generals, including Generals Pershing and MacArthur. He saw each of them as a graduate school, eagerly assimilating the knowledge that these men emanated.

Eisenhower finally made it to the Philippines where he worked under Gen. Douglas MacArthur. When the War Department requested that Eisenhower return to the United States to resume his activities as an instructor as World War II loomed in the horizon, Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippines, strenuously objected. A very close friendship had developed between these two men and he almost demanded that Eisenhower begin working as his personal advisor. He was handed a contract, which he had already signed, with everything filled in “except what you want as your [salary] for remaining. You will write that in.”

Eisenhower's answer to President Quezon reflects his basic policy of life: “Mr. President, your offer is flattering. But no amount of money can make me change my mind. My entire life has been given to this one thing, my country and my profession. I want to be there if what I fear is going to come about actually happens.”

Back in the United States, Eisenhower nourished the hope of working under Gen. George Patton in an armored division, which would take him into active duty in Europe. Once again his plans were mercilessly shot down in a telegram from Brigadier General Leonard Gerow: “I NEED YOU IN WAR PLANS DEVISION DO YOU SERIOUSLY OBJECT TO BEING DETAILED ON THE

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WAR DEPT GENERAL STAFF AND ASSIGNED HERE PLEASE REPLY IMMEDIATELY.”

Eisenhower’s reply began: “Your telegram, arriving this morning, sent me into a tailspin...” Yet after some reflection, he continued, “In the first place, I want to make it clear that I am, and have always been, very serious in my belief that the individual’s preferences and desires should have little, if any weight in determining his assignment, when superior authority is making a decision in the matter...”

On March 1941, Eisenhower became Chief of Staff to the IX Army Corps. In early August he became Chief of Staff of the Third Army, with 240,000 men under him, training for war in the swamps of Louisiana. It was a challenge. “The stamina of officers and men and their ability to take care of themselves in the field increased. Their ability to live through the ardors of a campaign in Louisiana’s sticky heat sharpened their willingness to endure. Toward the end of the maneuvers, just as we were starting out on a final problem, the tail end of a hurricane swept the Third Army area. But the troops took it in stride.

“During maneuvers, my tent turned into something of a crackerbarrel corner where everyone in our army seemed to come for a serious discussion, a laugh, or a gripe. These visitors prolonged my hours and considerably reduced sleeping time. But I never discouraged those who came to complain for I was often astonished to see how much better they worked after they had unloaded their woes; and, of course, the harder they worked the smoother things went for us at Army headquarters. In these sessions I was kept up-to-date with the latest in Army humor. This revolved largely about the simulations of reality in peacetime maneuvers. The granddaddy of these stories, I think, was this one:

“An umpire decided that a bridge had been destroyed by an enemy attack and flagged it accordingly. From then on, it was not to be used by men or vehicles. Shortly, a corporal brought his squad up to the bridge, looked at the flag, and hesitated for a moment; then resolutely marched his men across it. The umpire yelled at him:

“ ‘Hey, don’t you see that that bridge is destroyed?’

“The Corporal answered, ‘Of course I can see it’s destroyed. Can’t you see we’re swimming?’ ”

In spite of promotions, Eisenhower’s dream was to see action. He was now working under General Marshall, Chairman of the Joint Chief of Staffs. One day, out of the blue, he bludgeoned all of Eisenhower’s dreams of ever seeing action. With uncharacteristic bluntness, he told Eisenhower:

“Take your case. I know that you were recommended by one general for division command and by another for corps command. That’s all very well. I’m glad they have that opinion of you, but you are to stay right here and fill your position, and that’s that! While this may seem a sacrifice to you, that’s the way it must be.”

Eisenhower relates his personal reaction:

“The frustration I had felt in 1918 because of my failure to get overseas now returned briefly. By General Marshall’s word, I was completely condemned to a desk job in Washington for the duration... I impulsively broke out: ‘General, I’m interested in what

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you say, but I want you to know that I don't give a _____ about promotion plans as far as I'm concerned. I came into this office from the field and I am trying to do my duty. I expect to do so as long as you want me here. If that locks me to a desk for the rest of the war, so be it! ”

The story continues:

“About three days later I was startled to find on my desk a copy of the General's recommendation to the President that I be promoted. I looked at it in bewilderment. He had just told me vehemently that staff officers were not going to get the promotions. As I read the memorandum of explanation, I was even more amazed. He had told the President that, as his operations officer, I was not really a staff officer in the accepted sense of the word. Under his direction, he said, all dispositions of Army forces on a global scale—and this included the Air Corps—were my responsibility. I was his *subordinate commander*. This was the way it had to be, he said, because his operations office had to be able to function without constantly referring problems to him.”

A need was felt for a Commanding General for all the Allied forces in Europe. Gen. Marshall asked Eisenhower for his opinion and he suggested Air Force General McNarney. “Instead, General Marshall sent me to London to command the European Theater of Operations. This brought me closer to the war—and the desk job in Washington was behind.”

But it didn't stop here. “Because we wanted our invasion of French Africa to be more a peaceful occupation than an all-out attack, everyone present at the London meeting of the Joint Chiefs of Staff agreed that it should be under an American commander. Who was to be given the responsibility? I learned later that Admiral Ernest King, the American naval officer at the conference table, who had a reputation for being a tough, blunt man, remarked: ‘Well you've got him right here. Why not put it under Eisenhower?’ ”

Writing to another general, Eisenhower said:

“The men that can do things are going to be sought out just as surely as the sun rises in the morning. Fake reputations, habits of glib and clever speech, and glittering surface performance are going to be discovered and kicked overboard. Solid, sound leadership, with inexhaustible nervous energy to spur on the efforts of lesser men, and ironclad determination to face discouragement, risk and increasing work without flinching, will always characterize the man who has a sure-enough, bang-up fighting unit. Added to this he must have a _____ strong tinge of imagination—I am continuously astounded by the utter lack of imaginative thinking among so many of our people that have reputations for being really good officers. Finally, the man has to be able to forget himself and personal fortunes. I've relieved two seniors here because they got to worrying about ‘injustice,’ ‘unfairness,’ ‘prestige’...”

On December 7, 1943, Eisenhower was appointed Supreme Commander of Operation Overlord, the invasion of continental Europe. Never, in the history of mankind, has one man had more men under his direct command than Eisenhower did as Supreme Commander.

After the war, Eisenhower went on to be the Chairman of the Joint Chief of Staffs, president of the Columbia University and served two terms as President of the United States of America.

For many, this is where Eisenhower's story begins. For us it will end here.

Eisenhower learned early in life that his first duty was to be a useful family member, a philosophy that could be summed up in the words of the ditty, *First we work and then we play*. In his letter to Philippine President Quezon, he sums up his adult philosophy: *My entire life has been given to this one thing, my country and my profession*. As any normal human being, he had personal desires, but unlike so many today, these desires always took the back seat when in conflict with duty.

As time draws to a close, the work of the Kingdom is increasing faster than the workers. This means that if the work is to be done, each worker will receive added responsibilities and duties.

Eisenhower let his Country choose his duties. As we have shown, often these duties were not aligned with his desires. Yet in every instance, he threw himself into his new responsibilities with determination and zeal. It was exactly his willingness to place duty before desire that prepared him for the awesome responsibility of being the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in World War II, having under his command thousands of officers and millions of soldiers, more than any other general has ever commanded in the history of mankind. It was also this willingness to place duty before desire that prepared him to command the greatest nation of the world for eight years.

The work of the Kingdom today is in desperate need of Eisenhowers. On all levels the work is being hindered by those who run duty through the filter of desire. The price we are paying is unacceptably high. Instead of a Church, a Duty, a Man, all too often we are seeing, A Church, a Man, a Duty. (And maybe even, once in a while, A Man, a Church, a Duty?)

Where are the Eisenhowers? ▲

Readers Contribute

The New Chief Executive

A successful Christian business man was growing old and knew it was time to choose a successor to take over the business.

Instead of choosing one of his directors or his children, he decided to do something different. He called all the young executives in his company together. He said, "It is time for me to step down and choose the next CEO. I have decided to choose one of you."

The young executives were shocked, but the boss continued. "I am going to give each one of you a SEED today, one very special SEED. I want you to plant the seed, water it, and come back here one year from today with what you have grown from the

seed I have given you. I will then judge the plants that you bring, and the one I choose will be the next CEO.”

One man, named Jim, was there that day and he, like the others, received a seed. He went home and excitedly told his wife the story. She helped him get a pot, soil and compost and he planted the seed. Everyday, he would water it and watch to see if it had grown.

After about three weeks, some of the other executives began to talk about their seeds and the plants that were beginning to grow.

Jim kept checking his seed, but nothing ever grew. Three weeks, four weeks, five weeks went by, still nothing. By now, others were talking about their plants, but Jim didn't have a plant and he felt like a failure.

Six months went by—still nothing in Jim's pot. He just knew he had killed his seed. Everyone else had trees and tall plants, but he had nothing. Jim didn't say anything to his colleagues, however. He just kept watering and fertilizing the soil. He so wanted the seed to grow.

A year finally went by and all the young executives of the company brought their plants to the CEO for inspection. Jim told his wife that he wasn't going to take an empty pot. But she asked him to be honest about what happened. Jim felt sick at his stomach, it was going to be the most embarrassing moment of his life, but he knew his wife was right. He took his empty pot to the board room.

When Jim arrived, he was amazed at the variety of plants grown by the other executives. They were beautiful—in all shapes and sizes. Jim put his empty pot on the floor and many of his colleagues laughed, a few felt sorry for him!

When the CEO arrived, he surveyed the room and greeted his young executives. Jim just tried to hide in the back. “My, what great plants, trees, and flowers you have grown,” said the CEO. “Today one of you will be appointed the next CEO!” All of a sudden, the CEO spotted Jim at the back of the room with his empty pot. He ordered the financial director to bring him to the front.

Jim was terrified. He thought, “The CEO knows I'm a failure! Maybe he will have me fired!”

When Jim got to the front, the CEO asked him what had happened to his seed - Jim told him the story. The CEO asked everyone to sit down except Jim. He looked at Jim, and then announced to the young executives, “Behold your next Chief Executive! His name is Jim!”

Jim couldn't believe it. Jim couldn't even grow his seed. How could he be the new CEO the others asked?

Then the CEO said, “One year ago today, I gave everyone in this room a seed. I told you to take the seed, plant it, water it, and bring it back to me today. But I gave you all boiled seeds; they were dead - it was not possible for them to grow. All of you, except Jim, have brought me trees and plants and flowers. When you found that the seed would not grow, you substituted another seed for the one I gave you. Jim was the only one with the courage and honesty to bring me a pot with my seed in it. Therefore, he is the one who will be the new Chief Executive!” ▲

The Duck & the Devil

There was a little boy visiting his grandparents on their farm. He was given a slingshot to play with out in the woods. He practiced in the woods, but he could never hit the target.

Getting a little discouraged, he headed back for dinner. As he was walking back he saw Grandma's pet duck. Just out of impulse, he let the slingshot fly, hit the duck square in the head and killed it.

He was shocked and grieved! In a panic, he hid the dead duck in the wood pile; only to see his sister watching!

Sally had seen it all, but she said nothing. After lunch the next day Grandma said, "Sally, let's wash the dishes."

But Sally said, "Grandma, Johnny told me he wanted to help in the kitchen."

Then she whispered to him, "Remember the duck?" So Johnny did the dishes.

Later that day, Grandpa asked if the children wanted to go fishing and Grandma said, "I'm sorry but I need Sally to help make supper."

Sally just smiled and said, "Well that's all right because Johnny told me he wanted to help" She whispered again, "Remember the duck?"

So Sally went fishing and Johnny stayed to help. After several days of Johnny doing both his chores and Sally's; he finally couldn't stand it any longer. He came to Grandma and confessed that he had killed the duck. Grandma knelt down, gave him a hug and said, "Sweetheart, I know. You

see, I was standing at the window and I saw the whole thing, but because I love you, I forgave you. I was just wondering how long you would let Sally make a slave of you."

Thought for the day and every day thereafter? Whatever is in your past, whatever you have done, and the devil keeps throwing it up in your face (lying, cheating, debt, fear, bad habits, hatred, anger, bitterness, etc.)—whatever it is—you need to know that God was standing at the window and He saw the whole thing. He has seen your whole life. He wants you to know that He loves you and that you are forgiven. He's just wondering how long you will let the devil make a slave of you. ▲

The Power of Deduction

A man in a hot air balloon realized he was lost. He reduced altitude and spotted a woman below. He descended a bit more and shouted: "Excuse me, can you help me? I promised a friend I would meet him an hour ago, but I don't know where I am."

The woman below replied: "You're in a hot air balloon hovering approximately 30 feet above the ground. You're about 2 degrees west longitude and about 52 degrees north latitude."

“You must be an engineer,” said the balloonist.

“I am,” replied the woman, “How did you know?”

“Well,” answered the balloonist, “everything you told me is technically correct, but I’ve no idea what to make of your information, and the fact is I’m still lost. Frankly, you’ve not been much help at all. If anything, you’ve delayed my trip.”

The woman below responded: “You must be in management.”

“I am,” replied the balloonist, “but how did you know?”

“Well,” said the woman, “you don’t know where you are or where you’re going. You have risen to where you are due to a large quantity of hot air. You made a promise which you’ve no idea how to keep, and you expect people beneath you to solve your problems. The fact is you are in exactly the same position you were in before we met, but now, somehow, it’s my fault.” ▲

The Price of a Brain

In the hospital the relatives gathered in the waiting room, where their family member lay gravely ill. Finally, the doctor came in looking tired and somber.

“I’m afraid I’m the bearer of bad news,” he said as he surveyed the worried faces. “The only hope left for your loved one at this time is a brain transplant. It’s an experimental procedure, very risky but it is the only hope. Insurance will cover the procedure, but you will have to pay for the brain yourselves. The family members sat silent as they absorbed the news.

After a great length of time, someone asked, “Well, how much does a brain cost?” The doctor quickly responded, “\$5,000 for a male brain, and \$200 for a female brain.”

The moment turned awkward. Men in the room tried not to smile, avoiding eye contact with the women, but some actually smirked. A man unable to control his curiosity, blurted out the question everyone wanted to ask, “Why is the male brain so much more?”

The doctor smiled at the childish innocence and explained to the entire group, “It’s just standard pricing procedure. We have to mark down the price of the female brains, because they’ve actually been used.” ▲

Lipstick on the Restroom Mirror

(Translated from Portuguese)

A somewhat bizarre situation developed in a public school. Twelve-year old girls were kissing the mirror in the restroom to remove their excess lipstick. This, of course, created a lot of work for the custodian, who complained to the director. He promised that if things didn’t improve, he would talk to the girls.

Things didn't get better, so the director called all the girls together for a frank talk. He explained that the custodian was overworked without having to clean up the mirror every day. He hoped that from now this wouldn't happen again.

The next day when the custodian went to clean the girl's restroom, not a thing had changed; the mirror was all marked up again.

So another meeting was called with the girls, this time in the restroom, together with the custodian. The director explained that the custodian would show them how difficult it was to remove the lipstick from the mirror.

Without batting an eye, the custodian pulled on his rubber gloves, picked up a rag, swished it around in one of the stools to get it good and wet, went to the mirror and began scrubbing the marks...

Never again were there lipstick marks on the mirror.

Moral of the story: Some of the greatest lessons in life are wordless. ▲

This & That

Edinei & Janete Alves and family spent two months on the Colony on furlough after three years on the mission in Mozambique. Not used to sitting around, Edinei painted the Monte Alegre school (while not having dinner or supper at someone's place).

Marco Silva, Cláudia & Susan Silva's son, left for Mozambique for a two-year term, working with C.S.I. Brazilians going to Mozambique have the advantage of knowing the language, although they must familiarize themselves with the Portuguese spoken there.

Steve, son of Harold & Irene Holdeman, has been in the US for the last several months, where he found himself a wife in Missouri, Lanae, daughter of Royce & Rachel Koehn. I believe they are working out her papers so they can return to Brazil.

Janice, daughter of Harold & Irene Holdeman, returned to Brazil after teaching school at Wheatland for a term.

Jennifer, daughter of Carman & Celma Loewen will be teaching in Hardinsburg, Indiana.

The Bill Miller family is spending a year at Hardinsburg, Indiana.

The Dean Mininger family is spending a year at Hiawatha, Kansas.

Kathy Schultz and her two youngest children moved back to the US, where they will be living in Georgia.

Bert & Ada Coblentz have been spending most of their time in the US. They had sale and it appears that will be home to them now.

Milferd & Sandy Loewen and children have been spending most of their time in the US. They had sale here and that will be home for them too from now on. Kathy Schultz divided her belongings and sold them on Milferd's and Bert's sales.

An international marriage. James is the son of Paul & Rose Jeffery. Cláudia is the daughter of Cláudio & Susan Silva. Paul was born in Brazil to English parents. Rose was born in England, but is of Jamaican descent. Cláudio is a Brazilian, born in Rio Verde. Susan is an American, Daniel & Anna Kramer's daughter. James & Cláudia got married at the Monte Alegre Congregation on April 1, 2007. James works for Clinton Unruh.

Brazil ¹⁴ News

Natalie Jeffery, Paul & Rose's daughter, is an RN and spent a number of months in Sudan doing humanitarian work. She is now living at the Monte Alegre Congregation. We hope to have a report on her work for the next issue of BN.

Paul & Rose Jeffery and children (except for James and Natalie) are presently living in England. We are always glad when they are here with us, but we are also glad when they are in England, where they are doing an excellent job of representing the church.

Revivals in Rio Verde, also known as "the town congregation." Ministers Patrick Enike and Elias Stoltzfus were the evangelists. The meetings were well-attended and came to a successful end, not only with communion, but with an election for minister and deacon. The minister chosen was José Luiz Carvalho (who used to work for Jake Loewen) and the deacon Jerônimo Barros (who worked for Enos Miller over 35 years ago). To say the least, this has been a tremendous boost to the Rio Verde Congregation.

Frank & Zelinda Burns are now living in Brazil. They are building a temporary house on the land they bought on the Itumbiara highway. Frank hopes to raise sheep.

Marsha, Tim & Deanna Burns' daughter, is teaching in the little school in the Tocantins Congregation.

André & Jaqueline got married at the Rio Verdinho Congregation on July 29, 2007.

André's folks are Manoel & Rosilei Martins and Jaqueline's are José & Lucimar Cardoso. They are living at the Boa Esperança Congregation in Mato Grosso.

Paulo & Valéria Rufino and daughters have moved from Patos, Paraíba to the Monte Alegre Congregation. Paulo is a pediatrician and works in a local hospital and in outlying clinics.

A new shopping mall in Rio Verde. For those of you who are acquainted with Rio Verde, it takes up the entire block where the João XXIII School used to be, just below the co-op. The supermarket, Bretas, is large, with 34 check-outs. The mall itself should open toward the end of this month. The two bottom floors are parking.