Brazil News

No. 187
14 July 12

Special Edition

Introduction

It has been over 45 years since the idea of a move to South America was given serious consideration in North America. Impromptu groups of brethren made several investigatory trips to both Brazil and Paraguay. It soon became apparent that Brazil had greater potential. In November of 1968 the two first two families moved to Brazil and set up a temporary base in Anápolis, in the state of Goiás. A VW Kombi was purchased and then, together with other interested parties who flew in on tourist visas, the country was reconnoitered in search of an area suited to agriculture. The city of Rio Verde, also in the state of Goiás, with a population of approximately 30 thousand inhabitants (today over 180 thousand, a 600 percent increase) was chosen as the best area for a colonization project.

Now, over 40 years later, it hardly seems proper to say that the Rio Verde area was "chosen" as the best spot. I believe that all of those of us who have lived here during this period—as well as possibly others who have moved away—will agree that it was the cloud, or pillar of fire, that stopped over Rio Verde, and so did the search for land. This was the place!

Some 35 years ago I wrote a little article about the move and first years on the Colony. Somehow I lost it. I looked and looked, but finally decided it was forever lost. Then, several months ago, my sister-in-law handed me a copy that someone in the US gave to her. So here it is, edited—extensively—with explanations in italics. This is a composite memory of those first years.

Do You Remember?

Do you remember
when back in the States
you first heard of Brazil?
and imagined what it might be like?
How evenings we discussed it,
got out our encyclopedias
and studied up on it?
How anxiously we awaited those
sent to spy out the land
to hear their reports
and question them on how it was?
How finally, when the first ones moved,
we drank in their letters
to glean more bits of information?
Then as our convictions grew
and plans began to materialize we went to see the Consul.
We made our packing lists,
took our medical exams,
got birth certificates out,
applied for passports,
sent everything in.
And then began to watch the mail
to see if our visas had come through.
The elation we felt the day
we held our passports in hand
stamped with a permanent visa to Brazil!
Decisions had to be made,
big decisions:
What to sell at auction,
Find out shipping rates
for a cubic meter of freight—
and what would we have to pay at customs…
(Could we afford it?)
And then, with everything sold or shipped,
camped out with relatives
while giving our last-minute instructions
(always wondering what we had missed)…
Suddenly the day was upon us
and we headed for the airport
dragging overweight suitcases,

to the airline counter,
and onto the scale,
praying the lady watching the dial,
would love mercy
more than justice
and overlook the extra kilos.
Then came the good-byes
some for the last time.
And the question asked
from trembling lips of loved ones,
"Are you sure?"
"Is this really what you want?"
"It's not too late…"
Gently, but firmly we said,
"Yes, we feel this is what we should do."
Off to the boarding area
where we checked that satchel of precious documents,
again,
and again.
Amid all this our children,
some wild with expectation,
some sulking,
the little one crying in mom's arms;
and the curious stares of strangers…
No, they didn't understand.
(But then, did we?)
FLIGHT #__ NOW BOARDING AT GATE __.
We walked out of the terminal
and out on the tarmac
(no jetways back then).
When we reached the stairs of the sleek PanAm 707
(still in business)
we looked back at loved ones on the deck
and exchanged final waves.
The door shut,
turbines began to whir,
buildings began to move outside our windows.
We felt ourselves being pushed
back in our seats by an unseen force.
At the same time we breathed a prayer
to an even greater unseen Force
inviting Him to fly with us.
Then we were in the air,

OFF TO BRAZIL!

Faith and I and our two children had a somewhat different procedure. We had made friends with our local doctor who was also a pilot (and some said, a bit crazy). He offered to take us to Miami to catch our international flight on his little single-engine plane for the price of a bus fare. We accepted (also a bit crazy). When he saw our bulging suitcases I think he had second thoughts, but was willing to give it a try (being a bit crazy isn't all bad).

All this took place at the little Newton, Kansas airstrip, on August 8, 1969, where what seemed like hundreds of well-wishers were waiting to see us off. Min. Paul Wenger had a special prayer imploring God's protection and His blessing on our trip and endeavor.

It turned out we needed the prayer. When we got to Miami, PanAm had just gone on strike. With two small children and less then two hundred dollars cash (no credit cards) we were in a tight situation.

Finally the now defunct Braniff Airlines agreed to take us to Brazil. (As it turned out, the prayer even collected usury. Since coach was full, we were given first-class seats.)

We had planned on staying awake
the entire trip
(It seems like such a waste
to sleep while spending so much money).
But after a delicious meal
we began to realize we were tired…
Very tired, indeed!
We reclined our seats…
And soon the breakfast carts
were coming down the aisle.
And the whir of the turbines grew quieter.
The signs flashed on:
Please fasten your seatbelts.
No Smoking!
(Back then people still smoked during flight.)
BRASÍLIA!
Walking down the stairs of our Boeing 707
we looked around,
hoping to see the folks from the Colony
who had agreed to meet us
and take us to Rio Verde
in their VW Kombi.
There they were!
Waving.
Smiling.
Excited.
We waved back,
also smiling
and excited.

Here, in a different hemisphere,
a different nation
an unknown city,
were known faces,
friendly faces.
Next was customs,
Again a prayer was breathed—
or rather, prayers,
requesting divine intervention
so that the officials would understand
why we brought what we did,
and that our documents would be in order.
Prayers heard.
The thud of stamps heard
as they placed their benediction on passports,
permanent visas,
baggage brought in.

The city of Brasília was still in its infancy, still being built, in the 60s and 70s. The beautiful airport which some of you know was being constructed. The "terminal" was actually a temporary plyboard structure that housed customs and the different government and airline offices. During this period, in accordance with the master plan, there wasn't a single stop light in Brasília. Everywhere buildings were being constructed. Today, well that is a subject for another time…

After handshakes and hugs,
the luggage was transported
to the waiting VW Kombi
and the trip "home" begun.
The road between Brasília and Goiânia was paved
and that is about the only good thing
that could be said about it.
It was two-lane,
narrow,
steep drop-offs with no guard-rails,
a lot of traffic,
with too many would-be Formula 1 drivers
behind the wheels.

Really, really scary was travelling the 180 km. of this road at night in a bus. Careening down steep hills and around blind curves at suborbital speeds, the good Lord must have had a pretty good detachment of angels on duty to make sure most travellers reached their earthly destination. Today there is a modern four-lane highway between Brasília and Goiânia, which incidentally is the capital of the state of Goiás.

It was after leaving Goiânia
that the hard reality of Brazil hit us
as we began to
bump,

and sway,
and dodge,
and slide off the seat,
and hit the roof of the Kombi
and see our pale North American skin
and blond hair,
turn a dull red.

The 220 km between Goiânia and Rio Verde on an unpaved road could easily take five to six hours—if everything went well. Since most busses traveling this route were dilapidated by the punishing they took on each trip, they frequently broke down and passengers spent the night on the road. The road was paved and now is being turned into a four-lane highway. Within a year we should have a four-lane highway all the way to Brasília.

As the hours wore on we began to wonder
if the road had an end,
if maybe we were headed
for the Land of Nowhere.
When most of our hope had bounced out of us,
we heard the cheerful voice of the driver,
"There's the lights of Rio Verde!"
Sure enough,
there they were!
Way out in the distance.
We were about there!
But then they disappeared again.
And we drove
and drove
and drove…
And then,
"There are the lights again!"
Closer this time,
but again we drove
and drove.
RIO VERDE!
"Now it is just a little ways and we'll be "home".
Home?
How far is it?
Not far.
Less than 40 km.
That shouldn't take too long, we think.
The road out of town is even worse
than the road from Goiânia.
We drive maybe three or four kilometers and then turn off
on an even narrower road.

Then comes the first gate
with another dozen to follow,
and the road gets narrower
and narrower.
Most of the way there are woods
on both sides of the road,
at times forming a perfect canopy over us.
We begin a long descent
and the driver says,
"We're getting to the Rio Verdinho."

Rio Verdinho means Little Green River. *Back then it was crossed on an old rickety wooden bridge some 15 meters long. During the rainy season, after a downpour, it would be covered with water and often we had to wait for the water to recede to cross. Of special significance was the "fazenda" (hacienda in Spanish) where João & Otávia lived in a house right alongside the road. Right from the beginning a friendship developed with the family. A trip to town wasn't complete without a short visit. (Who doesn't remember Dona Otávia out in the corral early in the morning milking the cows?) Services were held in their home and Dona Otávia, as she was known, got converted. She is buried in our church cemetery. Her granddaughter, Janete, got converted while living with us (and whom we consider one of the family) and is married to Min. Edinei Alves. When the new highway came through a new bridge was built downstream and I suspect the old bridge has been swept away by the river.*

It is only a short distance
from the Rio Verdinho bridge—
to what should be a bridge—
over the Pirapatinga…
They told us,
"The bridge over the Pirapitinga isn't the best."
(That understatement deserves a slot in Mr. Guiness's book.)
The Pirapitinga is really an oversizeded creek
that becomes a small river after a big rain,
but it still has to be crossed.
The Kombi headlights showed us two logs
flattened on top with an ax,
spaced for where the wheels were supposed to go,
that the Kombi was supposed to cross.
We all bailed out!
Scared?
You better believe it!
But not the driver,
nor his daughter
for whom this was all in a day's work…
(night's work, that is).
Crossing one of the logs in the headlight's glare,
she knelt on the ground

facing the Kombi
to better see the wheels
and the logs,
then began to motion…
Left…left…
Right…left…
OK, come on…
(both hands in the air!)
STOP!
Right…
That's better…

Once across,
we had a new appreciation
for the Jordan River crossing,
which now seemed less foreboding.

We climbed aboard our Kombi
for the final leg of our journey home.

No more road,
just flattened grass
hardly visible
(at least to us palefaces—
Hiawatha would have laughed).

We dodged around trees,
and over some sapplings,

And then…
Behold!
A light!
A faint light…
But a light!

WE'RE HOME!

Was this the reason we had sale
and moved to a new hemisphere?

No time to wonder.

The door of the "crackerbox" opened
(That's what the first "house,"
a masonite shack, was called)
and we saw welcome smiles,
heard welcome words
and received welcome hugs.

Maybe we were out in the middle of nowhere,
but at this exact spot we knew
we were "somewhere"
and it felt good…

good enough to call it
HOME!
We soon found the most precious commodity
in this new land was
TIME.
It takes time to set up tents for temporary living quarters,
to spend a whole day in town
(two and a half hours to go,
two and a half hours to return)
to buy pots and pans
(remember, the boxes shipped
haven't come in yet)
kerosene or gas lamps,
mattresses (stuffed with grass),
bedding,
groceries,
and on,
and on…
All this in stores that didn't have
the slighest resemblence to stores
we were used to.
Everything has to be stuffed
into the Kombi and still leave room for the passengers
(or victims, maybe).
By now it was getting dark…
which meant another "Jordan" crossing
in the light of a flashlight.
A vehicle had to be purchased

Probably no congregation of the church has ever assembled a more heterogeneous assortment of modes of transportation than that which could be seen in the Monte Alegre Congregation parking lot each Sunday. There were…

Jeeps (some with a canvus top, some without),

VW Kombis (so many that someone facetiously remarked that we ought to be called the Kombi Brethren.

Trucks (Until Ely Bessa died
(see BN186)
—he usually came to church in his truck. Truckers still occasionally come to church in their trucks),

Pickups (in the beginning, most with gasoline engines. To have a diesel motor was a sign of status and prosperity),

VW bugs (off the subject just a bit, back then there were a lot of "bug" taxis in the large cities, with the front seat removed to make ingress and egress easier, that could carry from one to five passengers, depending on the amount of luggage),

An assortment of old, nondescript cars (all with stick shift, two doors only, no heater or air conditioner),

Tractors (some with a trailer, some without),

Horse and cart (There are very few scenes that transmit more vividly the gladness of "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord" than the smile on Dan Coblentz's face when he reined his cart horse, Compreto, to a stop near a tree—where he could tie him up—with his wife and numerous descendents all "sardined"—not a word, but ought to be—into, or hanging onto, the three by four foot box of his cart),

Saddle horse (self-explanatory),

Bicycle (My wife and I, with our four children, used to come to church on two bikes. A tropical rain and muddy roads weren't great enhancements for the gladness of coming to the house of the Lord),

On foot (yes, that is a mode of transportation that requires no parking space),

A combine (singular, I think it happened only once. One of the Schmidt boys apparently couldn't get the car or tractor, or whatever, started, so loaded his family on the combine to not miss church. I suspect his gladness must have been great).

Land had to be purchased,
a building site decided on…
and a *shed* built.

Again we interrupt our ramblings to explain that almost everyone first built a shed with living quarters at one end. These were actually very comfortable—especially after having lived in a tent during the rainy season—with plenty of space for the shipping crate that finally arrived, for machinery, seed, fertilizer, etc. After a permanent house was built these living quarter were often used by newly-arrived families. Finally, they turned into shops or were simply used for additional storage.

Mother nature doesn't always understand human nature.
Contrary to Darwin,
people are not related, not even distantly,
to ducks.
Tropical rains
and winds,
are not compatible with
pioneers dwelling in tents
or trying to lay up bricks
for a shed or house;
they wash out mortar joints
and give newly poured floors
a bad case of smallpox.
All this is bearable
but what really tried men's souls,
and women's
(but not children's)
was the big question mark:
CAN WE MAKE A LIVING HERE?

This truly was the BIG question that brought on more indigestion and one-way tickets back to N America than possibly any other factor. Remember, when we moved to Rio Verde, a town in the middle of the state of Goiás, in the middle of Brazil, mechanized agriculture did not exist

here. Enough rice was produced for local consumption and for a bit of export to larger cities. Corn was raised mainly on tiny cut and slash plots, basically a few acres of heavy woods cut down by ax, burned and then planted and harvested by hand. The land which we purchased, that could be cleared easily, or needed no clearing, was so poor in nutrients and organic matter that there were land owners with five or ten thousand acres of this kind of land who were considered poor. It soon became evident that to make a living off of the land that had been purchased good doses of fertilizer and lime would have to be applied—neither of which were available locally. It also became evident that in the long term something other than rice would have to be planted, which meant soybeans and corn. The first experimental crop of soybeans produced by Harold Dirks had to be roasted and fed to his pigs, as there were no soybean buyers in town. The freight to Goiânia would have been more than what buyers there would have paid for the beans. This is a long story that I will save for my book, but suffice it to say, these were truly times that tried men's souls.

Also grating on nerves was the isolation,
the language,
the customs,
the bureaucracy,
the "amanhã" (tomorrow)
that could mean "nunca",
the scarcity of essentials
(never mind that a nation
was living without them),
the remembrance of the
"leeks and garlick" left behind,
the lonesomeness,
the total lack of communication,
the lack of electricity,
and the list goes on.

The retrogression from N American modernity and sociality to the harsh reality of underdevelopment and isolation, cloaked in uncertainty and inner doubts, makes it a miracle that anyone stuck it out. The cards stacked up pretty heavily against success. Those hardest hit were the womenfolks. The children enjoyed the adventure. The men made periodic trips to town. But it was the ladies who had to wash clothes by hand (actually, "by foot," a story in itself), cook on an open fire (for only a short time), find it impossible to keep sand out of beds… All this without being able to sit down with mom or sister or friend and have a heart-to-heart talk. To call the US it was necessary to go to Brasília and spend a small fortune to catch up on the latest news. It wasn't easy.

But every coin has two sides,
and so did this one.
Those with an opened mind
found beauty;
the tropics have their cenchantments.
To live in a natural setting
untouched by man
is an inspiring experience

colorful macaws flying overhead,
flocks of hundreds of chattering parakeets,
the splash of capybaras plunging into the river
as we walked the banks,
anteaters,
ostrich,
deer (lots of them),
the Southern Cross…
But best of all were the people
warm,
hospitable,
anxious to help,
patient to teach,
strong family values,
cheerful,
clean,
friendly…
When visiting their homes,
the smell of café brewing
and then served in small cups
(cafezinho – "little coffee"
served in tiny cups).
And if anywhere near mealtime,
the virtual impossibility of eaving
without being served a delicious meal
(and some more cafezinho).

Worship…

The first worship services
were in the most magnificent of temples
that of Mother Nature,
with the sky as the vaulted ceiling.
But it isn't only sunbeams and stars
with which Mother Nature
enchants her creatures;
she also sends rains—
exactly when services are to be held.
So the first "indoors" meeting place
was under the cattle racks
removed from the Dick Toews truck
setting on the ground,
covered with a tarp
(space enough for two
families).

The next meeting place was under the roof of the
newly erected Toews pole shed
(adobe blocks were being made by the river and laid up,
so that each Sunday the walls were a bit higher).
Even with a floor of packed dirt,
the place was cozy
and visitors felt welcome—
visitors, as James Harriot describes them,
"all creatures great and small"—
beginning with a kitten
regally walking up the aisle
one Sunday morning
it's tail at full mast…
all the way to the front
and onto the rostrum
(if there would have been a rostrum)
and brushed itself against the pastor's leg
(as cats universally do),
until the saintly pastor slowly reached down
and gently placed the little kitten on his lap
(for is it not written:
Let "them come unto me… and forbid them not"),
where he stroked the contented feline guest.
Attendees included
an assortment of canine visitors,
frogs,
crickets,
and last, but hardly least,
the monkey,
self-emancipated one Sunday morning
from her cage,
that made her way to the house of worship
presumably to see Miss Burns,
but possibly stimulated by a greater reverence,
sought out the preacher's wife
(a different preacher)
and without awaiting an invitation
chose her shoulder as the best spot
to take in the service.
Alas!
This preacher's wife was not a believer in animal rights
and thus this *munkus churchus* discovered
that not all animals

are created equal,
that what goes for a kit,
does not necessarily go for a monk
(and that their kind can be hastily expelled
without any prior admonition).
The little group grew
and each new arrival was reason for rejoicing
(there was also the pain when others
decided to return to N America).
And so, as the small group
added and subtracted,
above all it multiplied.
The time came to build a house of worship.
And thus was born the Monte Alegre Congregation.

Min. John Penner offered to donate the land for the new church, so a day was set to select the exact spot and stake out the building. This was an uncleared area of light woods along what was to become a major road through the Colony. The late Jake G. Loewen (the one whose name appears in the front of our Christian Hymnal as a member of the committee responsible for the selection of the hymns) was present. When it was decided that the building would set at a 90 degree angle to the road, he became alarmed. It happens this road was on a property border line and not aligned with the cardinal points of a compass. Impassionately he declared: "This will not be a Biblical church! We read that the saints will come from the north and the south and the east and west… And how can they if the building is not setting straight with the world?" The songs which bro. J.G. Loewen felt would be appropriate for our Christian Hymnal have endured until today—and so has the church building whose setting he deemed inappropriate. Moral of the story: No one can be right all the time.

In the reconstruction of the walls of Jerusalem each inhabitant worked on the wall adjacent to his house. The Monte Alegre church was built by the brethren, many of whom, under the tutorship of Daniel Kramer, became amateur bricklayers and thus built their section of the wall. The building was under roof, but still in construction, when the first service was held.

This first service was the most severe blow the Colony has suffered in its forty plus years in Brazil. It was the funeral of Denton Burns and Pete Loewen who were killed in an auto accident near Goiânia.

In the last BN I published a brief tribute to my mother-in-law, Emma Burns, saying she was a born pioneer. Denton was not only a born pioneer, but a superb public relations person and organizer. He spent most of his time wading through the endless bureaucracy and legal work necessary to getting things running smoothly. Included in this was getting new arrivals from the Brasília airport in his VW Kombi, helping find and purchase land, among an infinity of other things for people who did not speak the language nor have the slightest idea what to do.

The arrival of the Pete Loewen family was a godsend. Although Pete didn't speak the language (but "smiled" the language) he was a tremendous boost to dad-in-law in helping people get settled.

The sudden death of these two brethren was kind of like having both engines going out on a twin-engine plane. We wondered if we would survive. We did. God provided. Samson's death did more for Israel than his life. That metaphor would not be true in these deaths, yet it was through the funeral service that the people of Rio Verde were able to see the heart and soul of the Colony and the church in Brazil.

And then came the fateful day
when we gathered from
the north
and the south
and the east
and the west;
on foot,
on horseback
by horse and cart
on bicycles
in Jeeps,
and cars,
and trucks
and in an airplane
(that landed on the road
near the church),
bringing those wishing to
pay their last respects:
the illiterate
the educated…
doctors,
lawyers,
professors,
engineers,
businessmen
the poor
(living in stick huts)
the rich
(living in mansions,
wealthy land owners)
Evangelicals
(pastors)
Catholics
(priests and nuns),
Spiritualists,
representing today's varied religions,
the mayor of Rio Verde and his councilmen…
Such a crowd as the Monte Alegre church
has not seen before nor after,
hundreds hearing the true Gospel
for the first time.
We witnessed the growth of our
congregation as weddings took place,

as our children got converted and were baptized,
as those who came to Brazil with problems
found grace to overcome their difficulties
and make peace with the Lord.
Soon we will have been here a decade.
[today, a half century[
Many lessons have been earned,
many adjustments have been made,
many phrases have been learned,
hardships have been experienced
and disappointments,
The unexpected has occurred,
and the expected has not always happened.
Above all,
our convictions have been reaffirmed;
Yes, we made the right decision to move to Brazil
The church has been established
in a new area
in a new state,
in a new country,
in a new hemisphere.
We have learned how to make a living
The land is now productive,
the climate near perfect,
for crops, they say, the best in the world.
Most important
are those who have crossed the Equator,
that separates the hemisphere of darkness
to the hemisphere of perfect light.
Has the move been worth it?
Yes, without a doubt!. ▲

Readers Contribute

Let's Hope it Isn't True

[*I have printed the following e-mail exactly as I got it, typos and all. I have no clue to the identities of the senders.*]

The following exchange of text messages occurred the week our BN arrived in the mail in North America.

Person A: A north american who has never been to Brazil, but enjoys reading BN.

Person B: a former Brazilian resident who also enjoys reading BN.

Person A: A quote i found interesting- “a functional Sunday School”(or Bible Study) “produces thots no one had before coming to class”

Person B: Quote- “Our deliberative meetings should b an exercise in brotherly love, not in political swordsmanship.”

Person A: Good old charlie

Person B: Ya, despite his jihad (death to America campaign) he can still come up with inspiring editorials. I always start reading at the back, resolve to cancel my subscription, read the editorial, and then decide to keep getting them. He does embarrass me. It’s almost like it reflects on my brazilian status.

Person A: Ya i really liked his editorial too. then i read that other article and got annoyed. some people obviously dont realize u can be pro brazil and pro US too. i always wonder what his point in bashing is. what he says may even be true but good grief lets at least hope it isnt!

Dear anonymous readers,

Thanks.

I think I can understand your feelings. And I don’t doubt there are others who share your agony.

For starters, there are some messages that aren’t pleasant. Physicians must constantly face this reality. “I’m sorry, but I’m afraid…” Highway patrolmen too: “I’m sorry, but there has been an accident…”

Sometime ago the driver of a Perdigão feed truck inadvertently failed to lower the auger after unloading his feed on a broiler farm. He hit an overhead electric line and was instantly killed.

Sometime later the area superviser told me the story, which went something like this:

“They called me over and I knew I had to call his wife. I told her that her husband had been in a little accident, but everything appeared to be under control. She wanted to know more, so I told her that he had suffered some injuries and had been taken to the local hospital. By now she was really alarmed and I told her he was in rather bad shape. She began to suspect the worst and I was forced to tell her he was dead.”

On the other hand, a friend told me that once in a large hospital, he overheard a doctor break the news of the death of a patient to a waiting relative. In one breath, without so much as a comma, he said, “I’ve got bad news he died.” And that was it.

Bad news is always bad news, no matter how carefully or delicately it is relayed. We don’t like bad news.

I frequently give my opinion on the state of affairs of the United States. And will probably continue to do so. Since I am unable to distribute blood pressure pills, please notice the reason for this:

• I believe that the United States of America is the greatest nation of all human history.

• I believe that God directed the framers of the Constitution and that the document they signed their names to reflected His will for the nation and the world.

• I believe that nations, like mortals, can be instruments in God's hands to execute His will, but also that nations, like men, can be corrupted, as Old Testament history repeatedly shows us.

• I believe that ignoring our friends' faults does not make us a loyal friend. Nor does ignoring the dangers our nation is facing make us loyal or patriotic.

• I believe that if today the United States would collapse there would be absolute chaos in the rest of the world.

• I believe that democracy works only in nations in which at least 51 percent of the citizens are morally and civically sound. When morally sound citizens become a minority and unfit officials are elected at all levels, the brakes have been lost.

• I believe that the United States is at the most critical time in its entire existence. If God's people don't understand the danger of today, how can they prepare themselves for tomorrow?

• I believe that writing about what is taking place is not anti-American, and much less jihad. The objective is not to criticize, but to warn.

Only the ostrich believes that history does not repeat itself. ▲

Notice

Faith and I plan on leaving for the US on July 28 and spending six weeks there. We hope to meet some of you readers.

Also, I have finally finished translating the 10 volume set of the Summer Bible School course published by Gospel Publishers. This will free up my time so that BN can be published on a more regular basis, plus work on a book on our time spent in Brazil.