

# Brazil News

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Editorial

## **Living on the Border**

For the occasional international traveler, which would include many of us, border crossings bring on just a bit of apprehension. Or maybe more than just a bit. Who of us goes through customs without first sighing a prayer?

Not everyone shares our anxiety. For the seasoned traveler, a border crossing is nothing more than inconvenience, an unavoidable delay.

For those living on one side of the border and working on the other, the bureaucracy of a crossing may be reduced to flashing an I.D. card to the official on duty, or even a simple nod of the head.

Finally there are those who live on the border. Literally. The street in front of their house is the dividing line between one country and another. Children playing on the street may cross the border dozens of times in one day. If you would interrupt their soccer game and ask in which country they were playing, the answer would be a blank look.

In a sense all of us are accomplished travelers. Every day we cross the border between two countries: The country of Reality (facts) and the country of Imagination. The difference between these two countries is enormous, far greater than that of any two neighboring countries on this planet. Let's notice:

The country of Facts isn't exactly what you would call scenic. The terms "hard facts" and "cold facts" aptly describe the profile of the land. Facts, *in their natural state*, aren't manipulable. A rock is a rock and a tree is a tree. No amount of wishing or hard work will ever turn a rock into a tree. Or a tree into a rock.

The country of Imagination is scenic. Everything is manipulable. A rock isn't necessarily a rock, nor is a tree necessarily a tree. In this country everything is possible. The poor become rich, the homely become beautiful, the unhappy become happy—until they return to the country of Imagination.

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Small children spend most of their time in the land of Imagination. As they grow, they are increasingly exposed to the land of Facts. Not all of the facts are pleasant. “If you don’t get your chores done, you can’t ride your bike.” “If you don’t eat your spinach, you can’t have dessert.” Parents teach their children: First we work and then we play. They also need to learn: First we face facts and then we imagine.

By the time a normal child has become a normal adult, important lessons have been learned about the relationship between facts and fantasy. Possibly the most important is that imagination doesn’t change facts, but that facts *do* change imagination.

Facts are of little value without imagination. Facts are not self-propelled, they don’t have a motor. Imagination puts wheels under facts; imagination puts propellers on facts.

A large tomato processing plant was recently built on the highway between the Colony and Rio Verde. There were a lot of people employed in the construction of this factory, and once it opened, in its operation. It was yet while construction was in its initial stages that someone observed that both construction and operation of the factory would require manpower. His imagination went to work. Where would these workers get their meals? Oh yes, they could pack lunches, but wouldn’t they rather have a good hot lunch, provided it was at a reasonable price?

It’s a fact that people need to eat. But of the thousands of people who drove by the front of the factory, how many thought of this fact? At least one did, and he began imagining. He saw opportunity hidden in the facts. So on the other side of the road, near the entrance to the plant, he quickly set up a plywood building and began serving meals. By all appearances he continues to do a roaring business. I expect that one of these days he will be putting up more permanent facilities.

He wasn’t the only one to see opportunity. Someone else (or maybe even the same person) saw that a lot of trucks would be bringing in tomatoes and supplies and hauling out the finished product. Trucks have flat tires that need to be fixed. So why not set up a shop for fixing tires and light repair work? That’s what happened. Today, along side the restaurant, there is a repair shop. It seems to be doing a good business.

Life isn’t all facts, nor is it all imagination. It’s a journey in which we must constantly cross the border between these two countries. There are travelers who are paranoid about border crossings. Some are terrified by the facts of life and consequently spend most of their time in the country of Imagination. Others go through life hanging onto facts for dear life, always afraid to dream or to put them to work in their own life. The most precarious situation, however, is that of the person who lives on the border and so thoroughly mixes facts with imagination as to not even know where he is.

This malady, which we will call “factination” (facts+imagination), can be partial or total. When partial, there is the possibility of the victim diagnosing his own problem and taking the necessary steps to reach a solution. When it is total, this is virtually impossible. Recovery depends on outside help.

Let’s notice how partial factination can work:

*Spiritual factination.* As the name suggests, this is a spiritual problem, and must be solved spiritually, or to be more specific, it requires a solid work of repentance.

In this condition the victim meticulously catalogs “facts”—usually supposed or real wrongs suffered during the last years or decades. These “facts,” mixed with ample doses of imagination and the leaven of unforgiveness, multiply like the loaves and fishes, and become the daily bread of the starving soul.

Such a person not only catalogs “facts”, but people too—as “positives” and “negatives.” He tends to interpret both the words and actions of the negatives. These interpretations, no matter how far out or erroneous, instantly become facts and are duly cataloged for future use.

If it were possible to take a spiritual photograph of such a person’s mind (and heart), the caption would read: The Junkyard. There would be junk everywhere. Each piece of junk would have a small identification tag on it. It is difficult to help such a person, because the contents of this junk pile are much more real than the actual facts of life.

Such a person should never be encouraged to sort through this junk pile and pick out what can be used. This is what he does all day, every day, and he is positive that there is no junk—only evidence, evidence that someday will be used to vindicate him.

We repeat that this is a spiritual condition and nothing short of repentance will bring relief. The person must be shown that the “evidence” which he treasures so dearly, is nothing more and nothing less than a pile of unforgiveness. A junkpile.

*Financial factination.* Another title for this malady would be “Too much, too long.” When a person owes too much money for too long a time, facts and imagination blur together. We’re not talking about a controlled debt load, a short or long term loan in which the payments are kept up to date. We’re talking about a situation in which there is constantly something about to come due, is due, or is overdue. These debts may range from a major loan in the bank down to small accounts owed for groceries or gasoline, not to mention credit cards. With something constantly overdue, income must be juggled to grease the wheel that is squeaking the loudest.

In this situation a calculator may have a short life. There is a constant attempt to figure out if what “may” come in will cover that which “will” come due. To make these figures come out, there is a tendency to inflate potential income and overlook fixed or certain bills. Alas, in such a situation, income usually falls far short of what was hoped for.

Some living under these circumstances lose their integrity. Others don’t. Rather they seem to develop a virtuous patience, a willingness to struggle in silence. This is praiseworthy, but it doesn’t pay bills. The solution to such a chronic case is seldom a handout or a loan. Rather it is taking such a person by the hand and saying, “Let’s go for a walk,” and then leading him to the country of Facts. Not very far into the discussion such a one will begin edging back to the country of Imagination. Stop him. Analyze his performance during the past five years, ten years, or whatever, and show him that at the rate he is going, there is no possible way for him to pull out of his slump. These are not impossible cases. It may take just a bit of shock treatment to wake the person up to reality. Once this is done, the solution really isn’t too far off. It may not be an easy solution, but such a one who has been doing his best, in spite of all that has

gone wrong, will probably put his heart into the solution, once he realizes there isn't any other practical option.

*Health factination.* This is a very difficult situation because it corrupts (“To alter from the original or correct form or version.” —AHD) the conscience.

We live in a body that is subject to sickness, aches, and finally death. It's only natural that we would want to go through life without sickness, with a minimum of aches, and live as long as possible.

Health and physical fitness have become a national obsession. Magazines and newspapers are loaded with articles on the subject, not to mention the deluge of periodicals being published on every imaginable aspect of health and physical fitness. The one who devours this type of literature soon becomes a modern day Ponce de León, constantly in search of the fountain of youth—and new home remedies to be taken.

This is where facts and imagination get dumped into the blender. Fervent testimonies are given of the miraculous powers of the remedies being taken. Even so the person's health constantly declines. So more new remedies are sought out. A doctor is consulted only as a last resort—and then isn't believed. Curiously, and tragically, as the physical condition of the person decreases, faith in the home remedies increases, which by now are taken religiously—in the strictest sense of the word.

This malady, in which the victim believes no one understands his or her physical problems, not even doctors, has set up an idol that is difficult to destroy.

*Total factination.* The name says it all. It's a general breakdown, a fusion of fact and imagination. The person is no longer capable of making intelligent decisions or discerning priorities. Expert counseling is needed and the combined, united support of family, friends and congregation.

Cross the border, cross it often, but make sure you go through customs. Open your baggage for inspection. The official on duty—your conscience—will make sure you don't become a border dweller. ▲

## Lessons From the Past

### **War, Non-resistance and You**

World War I, and especially World War II, took place during the lifetime of some of you readers. For the majority of the Holdemans, however, the World Wars are names, vague events, happenings that would seem to be of little or no importance to the non-resistant. Indeed, some may even frown upon references made to these terrible times when, in WW II alone, some 70 million souls lost their lives as a direct or indirect consequence of the war.

For those who prefer to bury their heads in the sand, for those who prefer to hear

of peace and safety, we remind them that for their grandparents, and possibly parents, those were trying times; for the people and Church of God, they were trying times.

Dare we bury our heads in the sand? What guarantee do we have that there won't be a rerun of those tragic days? And should there be, will we be prepared?

For those who lived through the war—even though many miles from where the actual fighting was going on, what we're talking about isn't an abstract idea. In the following article, written by Wilmer Unruh, rural Galva, KS, we get an insight into what it was like to be a draftable youth at the time of WW II. Next month he will tell us some of his actual experiences in C.P.S. camp.

On a personal note, Wilmer & Evadean and my folks were neighbors for about as long as I can remember. They lived only a quarter of a mile east of my folks' farm. Ironically, it wasn't until this last visit to the US that I really *learned to know* Wilmer. I am looking forward to spending more time with him and hearing more of his experiences and observations on the time he describes in the following article. ▲

## **A Non-resistant Youth Faces World War II**

*by Wilmer Unruh*

My mother told me this story when she was in her early eighties and living alone in Moundridge. My wife, Evadean, and I would stop in quite often to see how she was getting along and to visit a little. Quite often we would talk about how things used to be. One evening she asked me about a certain farmer that during World War II, went to the draft board and got me deferred and I lived with them. She was very curious about him. What kind of a man was he, how did he treat me? Was there something different about him?

Yes, I told her, he treated me very well. He never showed any prejudice because I was a conscientious objector. In fact, he kind of treated me like a son. He and his wife were already in their fifties and I think I filled a place in their lives. Although this couple didn't make any profession of religion or Christianity, they were kind to me. About him being different, I asked, "Do you mean his voice?"

"Yes," she said. "He had sort of a high pitched, resonant voice that would stand out any place you heard it. (This will fall in place later.) Then Mother told me that she had had three encounters with this man, the first one in the early nineteen hundreds and the last one in 1944, when I worked for him. As my mother's mind went back to those days, she said that she'd often wondered if this man had a change of heart or whether he was so good to me because he was trying to ease his guilty conscience.

Then she told the story and things began to fall into place.

"When I was in grade school, this man was my teacher. My younger sister and I would often walk to the east corner from where we lived and he would come along in a one seat spring wagon, pick us up and give us a ride to the South Union School, which

was a half mile north of the Lone Tree Church.” She said he was a good singer and that we would all clap our hands when singing. We thought he was the best teacher.

Well, the years rolled by and then World War I came along in 1914. This teacher was now a married man and had his parent’s farm in the community. During this time he became very patriotic and became a leader in a movement to get people to buy liberty bonds, which were used directly to finance the war effort. They became very insistent that everyone, including Mennonites, buy these bonds. Many of the Mennonites did break down and buy, but to us this always looked questionable.

There were those who felt that for the sake of peace and public relations, maybe we should buy liberty bonds.. This became such a hot issue that the local patriots began to form gangs and terrorize the Mennonite neighborhoods.

One evening in the summer of 1917, these “night riders,” as they were called, drove into my Grandpa’s farm. My mom was a 16 year old girl and had already become a Christian. Her folks were building a new house at the time. She and her dad were cleaning up the mess the plasterers had left during the day, when she noticed the night riders. Quickly she warned her dad and he escaped through the back door.

My mom said she panicked and quickly hooked the screen door. Then she ran upstairs to hide in a closet, which didn’t help much because there weren’t any inside doors yet. Pretty soon she heard splinters fly as the screen door was kicked in. Instants later their footsteps were heard as they began searching the house.

Mother tells the story: “Those gangs would conceal their identity by wearing black hoods over their heads and shoulders with holes cut out for their eyes. After a little bit I heard them come tramping up the stairs and into my room, five big men with black hoods over their heads. I knew they would see me and I was terrified. All I could do was breath a prayer, ‘O Lord help me’. Immediately I felt the presence of the Lord right there in the room. The men saw me and the leader of this gang dragged me out of the closet, took me by the shoulders and shook me unmercifully. He demanded that I tell him where dad was hiding, because they were going to get him tonight. I believe the Lord clamped my mouth shut so I couldn’t talk.”

My mother said that the moment she heard this man talk, she knew exactly who it was; his voice was unmistakable. It was that man who had been her teacher in grade school, the one whom they had liked so well. The men soon saw they wouldn’t get anything out of my mother, so they tramped back down the stairs and looked around some more. Soon she heard them leaving. During this time Grandpa had run out to the fields west of the house, where he hid inside a large corn shock. This night they never found him. But another evening, later on, they captured him and left him tarred and feathered.

This went on into the fall and didn’t let up. The Church became very alarmed at the situation here in Central Kansas and it was decided it warranted a General Conference, which was called in November of that year. If you look in the Conference Reports booklet, under November 3, 1917, article five reads, “Resolved that we take no part in the Liberty Loans because it is for war purposes”. Once again the Church of God upheld the doctrine of non-resistance.

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The war ended in 1918 and things soon got better. Mom and Dad got acquainted and in 1919 they got married. The years came and went through the twenties and the difficult thirties. The children came one after another. By 1939 war was again breaking out in Europe and America began to prepare. There was a feeling in the air that this was going to be the real one. Mom was very concerned as to what would happen to her sons. World War I was still very vivid in her mind. Then in 1940 the U.S. passed the military conscription law. This caused a lot of concern among Mennonites everywhere for this had never happened in this nation before in the time of peace.

In 1941 the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and America was at war. In 1942 the first boys left for the C.P.S. camps. I turned 18 that year and had to register. I would have been drafted, but one day this farmer who had been Mom's teacher and then her persecutor in World War I showed up at our farm. He asked Mom if any of her sons were in the draft age and whether he could go to the board and get one deferred. Mom gave him my name and he got me deferred. So I left home and moved in with them. They lived about 10 miles away. In those times of poor roads, poor cars, and scarce fuel, I felt isolated. Mom had already told me that this man was one of the leaders of the night riders of World War 1, but he treated me well; he never showed any prejudice and wasn't a hard master. As I look back, the amazing thing to me is that he never talked about the war or brought up politics to me in World War II when I worked for him and he seemed to be content to be a farmer. His wife was kind to me also.

Is it any wonder Mom wondered if he'd had a change of heart or if he just wanted to make it up to me because his conscience bothered him so badly. Really, I think it was both. He wanted to do something for Mom and also ease his conscience. But in the process, I was the biggest beneficiary. In that year many things began to fall into place in my life. When we're young, we're so concerned about the future, which it seems never comes. I wondered how things were going to work out and fall into place for me. For one thing, I began to be more at ease with the fact that I was a conscientious objector. This man had been a hater of the Mennonites and now he didn't seem to show any prejudice toward me. Another thing was I became settled as to who my life's companion would be. This man's wife would sometimes talk about that Mrs. Wiggers who lived down the road a ways and talk about the bad things that had befallen her: her husband had passed away, her only son was drafted; her youngest daughter had come down with polio and then she would say how sorry she felt for the other one that had to work so hard to keep the farm going. I thought more and more about this young lady.

Another thing was I was now in the draft system and it was only a matter of time before I would be assigned to a camp. Probably the most important thing was my heart began to change. From my grade school years on up, I had been an avid reader of American history. I was convinced America was the greatest nation on the whole earth and that the Constitution and its preamble were the greatest secular documents ever written. America was a home for the downtrodden who came as immigrants from Europe, which included our forefathers.

Then the war started coming on and lots of people felt America would be drawn into

it. It was felt that this time there would be a real showdown in Europe. The people of this land were solidly behind our government because all those evil dictators that had arisen in Europe between World War I and World War II were persecuting, hunting, imprisoning, executing and incinerating both Jews and Christians alike by the millions. These evil men must be put down.

During the early part of the war, I was so infatuated with the progress of the conflict that I followed it with a single minded zeal. I read all the war reports in the papers. I had access to the radio many times and heard of the battles that were going on. There were many war and patriotic slogans to be seen in public places. There was much advertising over public address systems. In those days it was permitted to have speakers on the outside of store fronts. People used them to advertise and to sing and play patriotic songs and hymns. Back then all traveling was by trains and buses. Many trains were coming and going at all hours of the day and night. They were loaded with people and military service personnel. This being much more visible than travel is now, it made one aware that the country was on the move; the patriotic fervor that gripped the land could be seen and felt.

But there was one more thing that was more real to me. That was the American service men and the different uniforms. When they were on furlough or leave, they were required to wear their dress uniforms. This had a real impact on the American public. America was proud of its servicemen. They were pictured as the ones that would save us from those evil minded dictators of Europe and preserve the freedom and democracy of the world. This glory and glamour was very real and affected everyone. It affected the youth of the land. It affected me too. I'm not ashamed to admit that I was convinced that God had raised up the United States with its great industrial capacity, its abundant natural resources and the innovative genius, that was the result of the melting together of all the European immigrants. I believe God had given it the sword of justice. I remembered the question Jesus asked His disciples: "Do you think I bring peace?" He answered His own question by saying that he came with a sword. I believe it was this sword of justice that He gave to the United States and Great Britain that these evil men were brought low. I had no doubt what the outcome would be.

The year of 1944 was about the height of the war. There were a lot of men in service, fighting for the country. Although not nearly as many, there were a lot of Mennonite boys in C.P.S. Sad to say, there were a lot of Mennonite boys that went into the army. One time after we had been married several years and things were still fresh in our minds, Mom and I sat down one evening and made a list of all the boys raised in Holdeman homes who had been in the service. We came up with slightly more that had been in the armed forces than those who had been in the C.P.S. camps. This is not as strange and unlikely as you might think. It was no easy thing to openly and sincerely declare oneself a conscientious objector. It was necessary to go to the draft board and apply for C.O. status. A form had to be filled out that gave them quite an extensive history of the applicant. It was necessary to prove that one was a member of a historic peace church, and that by reason of religious training and belief one could not



conscientiously be part of the war machine. That was in short what the questionnaire was about. But the hardest part of all this was that any young man who knew that his life and conduct had not been that of a sincere Christian would probably be in trouble when his questionnaire came before the draft board. This happened in quite a few cases. If he still wanted to have a conscientious objector classification, he would have to appeal and appear in court. They would give him a hearing; then if they were convinced of his sincerity they would grant him C.O. status. If not, then he might end up in prison. This happened to a number of boys. They ended up in prison where they had to sit out the war. But some of them would enlist in or just elect to be drafted into the armed forces. But one of the biggest factors was simply that a lot of young men just couldn't bear to take up this despised way of life which was held in very low esteem at that time. There might have been some who felt their lives had been such they just weren't worthy to claim this, but there were also those (and I could have easily been in that number) who went for the glory of it.

There was another thing that had a strong effect upon me. Along in 1944, there were quite a few of our young men in the armed forces and quite often some would be home on weekend leave or furlough. Since they were required to wear their dress uniform, they would come to church that way on Sunday mornings. Say, I was captivated by their appearance, their immaculate grooming, their neat uniforms, and they walked tall and straight and proud. This was the embodiment of the American glory. These were the men who would save the world for democracy and freedom. But you know, I didn't realize then, that some of these men possibly were home on their last furlough before being shipped across the ocean to the battle fronts. Nobody realized what kind of hell they were facing.

To illustrate how the glory of the American service man captivated the youth then, I will always remember what one of them said later when telling his conversion experience. "I was proud. I wasn't going to be just any old private first class. I wanted to be a Marine, the very elite. I wanted to march with the Marine band with those blue uniforms and those white kid gloves and so I enlisted. Those were the kind of things that entranced the youth at that time. Another thing that diverted my attention were my cousins on my dad's side, who were not of our Church. A lot of them enlisted or went to the army and I hated to face them.

Now the summer was about over and my deferment was running out. I soon got my notice that I was in the next quota of the draft. Before long I got my assignment and departure date. There was one last big temptation that I met. Consumer goods were getting very scarce and I couldn't find the things I needed, especially luggage, so I went to Hutchinson on Thanksgiving weekend, where I found some. Then I sat in the car while Mom and Dad were out shopping for other items. We happened to be parked right in front of the U.S.O. building. This was an organization that entertained service men who were away from home or on leave. The streets were just full of people, and especially a lot of service men of all kinds and colors of uniforms, because there were at least three air force bases here in central Kansas then. The men looked sharp and there

was music playing on both sides of the street. Behind me there were Christmas songs such as “Joy To the World” and “Silent Night.” In front of me were many patriotic songs like “The Star Spangled Banner”, “God Bless America”, “Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition”, “Only Five Minutes More.” All this music mingling together and the sight of these service men stirred me to the depths of my soul. There I sat and I realized I had committed myself to the way of life of our forefathers.

On the way home, I was a little depressed. I guess my Mom saw I needed something in my heart, so she began to tell me of their experiences in World War I and of the persecution some of them went through and how we needed to be true to our heritage. It began to dawn on me that in this we were all linked together and if I break the link my descendants may never know about this heritage because the link was broken forever. After this I became fully committed in my heart to carry on this heritage.

I left for C.P.S. and it was high adventure for me. But I want to say this that I have the highest regard for those young men who went into the armed forces and were willing to give their lives for a just cause that our country had espoused.

I think it is plain how many things fell into place the year I worked for this man who had been the persecutor in my Mother’s generation, but in my generation actually helped me to find my rightful place in life. It can also be seen how that my mother was blessed in that things worked out according to her prayers. The reason that I have written this little story is that it might be passed on to our descendants so that they may know how things were in former times and how God helps us pass on the Christian heritage if we put our faith and trust in Him. Looking back now I realize life is made up of choices and I believe I made the right choice, even though the terrible scourge of World War II had to come and the sword of justice had to mete out punishment to evil men. Ultimately, if there will ever be peace in this world among men, it must begin with peace in my heart and in your heart—until it envelopes the world. ▲

## Thirty Years in Brazil

*by Eldon Penner*

## Lift Up Your Eyes

*Two prisoners looked  
from the prison bars,  
One saw mud...  
And the other stars.*

As I contemplate our 30 years in Brazil,  
My thoughts go in this direction:  
If we can open our eyes and notice the creation,

We can look into the soul of the Creator.

Have you ever noticed:

The wing of a butterfly?

The feather of a bird?

The sunset?

The rainbow?

Our God loves intricate beauty  
and infinite variety.

That's the reason why  
you should lift up your eyes.

Behold the beauty!

Weep for joy! ▲

## Behold the Beauty!

Most of the families moving to Brazil came with children, ranging from infants to young adults. Some of these children had the privilege of being able to spend considerable time under Mother Nature's tutoring. They learned to know, yes, the wings of a butterfly, the feathers of a bird, the sunset, the rainbow, not to mention the rivers and streams, the hills and valleys, the trees and plants, the fish and wild animals. They roamed the area on horseback and on foot. They learned how to build *ranchos*—crude shelters with thatch roofs. They not only learned to love Brazilian food, but how to make it. They learned how to talk Portuguese...no, not like the book teaches it, but the way the common people, even the illiterate, speak.

These children and young boys today are middle-aged men. They have a lot of boyhood memories stored away, treasure that money can't buy. These men today have their roots sunk deep in Brazil. When the going gets tough, so do they.

Listen to them when they are seated in a circle with their Brazilian friends and you have the impression they have lived here all their lives. What they say has a Brazilian ring. I lift my hat to these men. ▲

## A Brazilian Story

*[I ran across this story in O Mercado, a weekly periodical published in Rio Verde that dedicates one page to articles written by local writers. This one was written by Dr. Paixão, a retired judge, whom we have known for nearly 20 years. Cris Giesbrecht, from Hillsboro, whom some of you know, lived with the Paixão family for some time when she was just a girl.]*

*Just a word of explanation on the article, you will notice that the trial took only one day. This is common in the Brazilian judicial system, where everyone is entitled—literally—to his day in court, and not, as happens in N America, to his week or month in court.]*

*by Elias Paixão*

## **The Jury Knew the Truth**

João Luiz didn't trust others, not even Elizabete, his young bride of several months. If she happened to leave the house without her husband, he would be waiting when she returned. Where had she been? What had she been doing? With whom had she spoken?

Not only was Elizabete a beautiful woman; she was virtuous too. Never once did she give him the slightest reason to distrust her. Patiently she would give him a detailed rundown of where she had been, what she had done and whom she had seen, hoping that someday he would grow out of his foolish jealousy. Prudently she seldom left the house.

One weekend João went fishing with his buddies. He drank more than he fished, so he wasn't in the best of humor when he returned home—and especially when a good-looking young man came walking out of his house just as he pulled into the drive. Imagining the worst, he yelled at the youth, demanding an explanation for his visit. Realizing it wouldn't be prudent to stick around, the visitor took out running.

João Luiz set out in hot pursuit, but seeing he wouldn't manage to overtake him, drew his revolver and fired three shots, one of which grazed the young man, who kept on running.

Being a small town, almost everyone heard the shots and soon João was surrounded by people. Once the police arrived, it didn't take them long to sort out the details. The young man who was seen coming out of the house was an errand boy from the grocery store. Raulito, that was his name, had just delivered a liter of milk that Elizabete had ordered so that she could bake a surprise cake for her husband, who came home sooner than she expected.

The police arrested João and took him to jail, where he awaited trial for attempted murder. His family hired the best trial lawyer in the area and a day before the trial, he arrived to prepare his case. He went to the jail and had a long talk with his client, who did his utmost to prove that he was an honest, hard working citizen, a cowboy, to be more exact. Unbuttoning his shirt, he showed his lawyer two large abdominal scars, some distance apart. These scars, he piously explained, were the result of an encounter with an infuriated bull, which he brought under control at a terrible risk and price. Duly impressed with this indisputable evidence of strong character, the lawyer promised to do his very best to acquit his client.

The following day was a scorcher and the courtroom was jammed with spectators, which included João's faithful wife, silently weeping as she listened to the proceedings.

After the district attorney had presented his case, the defense lawyer arose to defend his client, which he did brilliantly. To clinch his case and show the jury once and for all that the man he was defending was an honest, hard working citizen who should be set free, he turned to the accused and said, "João, please stand to your feet and unbutton your shirt and show the gentlemen of the jury the scars inflicted by the wild bull, which you brought low with your strength and will power."

Totally flustered by this unexpected request, João squirmed in his seat without getting up. Interpreting his client's unwillingness to stand and unbutton his shirt as timidity, the lawyer insisted, "Please João, stand up so that these gentlemen can see that you are nothing but a hard working cowboy."

Reluctantly João stood up, unbuttoned his shirt, turned to the jury and showed them the two terrible abdominal scars. Dramatically pointing to the indisputable proof that his client was an honest, brave man, the lawyer demanded that he be acquitted of any and all wrong doing.

Taking his seat, the judge instructed the jury, which retreated to deliberate over the fate of the cowboy. Within minutes they returned with a verdict of guilty on all counts. The judge handed down a sentence of three years in prison.

The moment the judge closed the session, the relatives of the defendant flocked around his lawyer. Where in the world had he come up with that story about the mean bull? Still not understanding what all the ruckus was about, the lawyer told them it was João himself who had told him the story.

Now the truth began to emerge. The scars which the defense lawyer so confidently displayed to the jury as proof of his client's integrity, had not been inflicted by a violent bull, as he had been told. It was in the red light section of town, during a scrap with some other men, that João was stabbed several times.

The only ones in the courtroom who weren't intimately acquainted with this story were the judge, the district attorney and the defense lawyer. Everyone else, including all the jurors, knew the origin of the scars. The impression that this blatant untruth left on the jurors was so pronounced that it took but a few minutes to reach a verdict of guilty. ▲

## Linguistics

### **Hottentottenstottertrottel-mutterattentäter**

*[VEJA Magazine recently printed a bit of information picked up on the Internet, which we here translate into English so you N American readers can know how easy it is to learn German.]*

So you know English, is that it? Then how about learning German? According to some information that is circulating on the Internet, it's just as easy to learn German as to sit down in a bowl of pudding. Pay attention!

Anyone who knows a language derived from Latin can learn German in just a jiffy. At least that is what the teachers tell us in the first lesson. To understand how simple all this is, we'll take an example out of a book that tells all about the habits and customs of the Australian Indians, the Hottentots (in German, *hottentotten*). This book tells us that the kangaroos (*beutelratten*) are captured and placed in cages (*kotter*), covered with iron bars (*lattengitter*). These cages with the iron bars on top (*lattengitterkotter*), when they have a kangaroo inside, are called *lattengitterkotterbeutelratten* (cage covered with iron

bars with a kangaroo inside). One day some Hottentots caught a murderer (*attentäter*), who was accused of killing a mother (*mutter*), a Hottentot (*bottentottenmutter*), whose child stuttered and was mentally impaired (*stottertrottel*). This woman, in German, is called a *bottentottenstottertrottelmutter*, and the murderer, as can easily be seen, is a *bottentottenstottertrottelmutterattentäter*.

The book tells us that the Indians captured the murderer, and not having any other place to put him, decided to place him in a kangaroo cage (*beutelrattenlattengitterkotter*). But the fellow somehow got out. Immediately everyone joined in the search and soon one of the warriors shouted, “We have captured the murderer!”

“Which one?” the chief asked.

“The *lattengitterkotterbeutelratterattentäter*?”

“The one who was in the kangaroo cage covered with iron bars?”

Yes, the *bottentottenstottertrottelmutterattentäter* (the murderer of the mother with the boy that stutters and is mentally impaired).”

“Well, why didn’t you say right away that it was the *bottentottenstottertrottelmutterlattengitterkotterbeutelrattenattentäter*?”

As we can see in this example, German is extremely easy because of the way it simplifies things. All it takes is a little interest.... ▲

## This & That

On July 11, Kevin, son of Clifford & Naomi Warkentin, of the Rio Verdinho Congregation, was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Ray & Gwendine Schmidt, at the Clarksdale Congregation. The reception at Rio Verdinho was on August 31.

On August 5, the city of Rio Verde turned 151. This date is a municipal holiday. Wendy, daughter of Eldon & Bonnie Penner, left for the US and will be teaching at the Homeland Christian School.

Weldon & Julie Schultz spent several weeks on the Colony and returned to the US, where he will be working at Gospel Tract, in Moundridge. The Rio Verdinho Cong. Had a reception for them on Aug. 11.

Stacy & Corinne Toews spent a few weeks here with her mother, Ileen Koehn, and were present at the wedding of her sister Francine.

Min. Harold Koehn, from Montezuma and Min. Arlo Hibner from the Monte Alegre Congregation held revival meetings at the Rio Verde Cong. A committee of three men was elected to assume the leadership of the congregation (José Luiz Carvalho, Jerônimo Barros and Paulo David). Min Elias Stoltzfus and Dea. John Unruh have returned to the Monte Alegre Cong.

On Aug. 11, Maxine Loewen left for the US, where she will be teaching this year.

On Aug. 13, there was a workday to clean the Monte Alegre School and Sid & Irene Schmidt’s house, where the teachers will be living.

## Brazil <sup>15</sup> News

Eugene Koehn and Duane Miller returned after spending a number of months in V.S. in the US.

On August 15, Bira, son of João & Biluca Bernardes, and Francine, daughter of Ileen Koehn, got married at the Rio Verdinho Cong. It was a beautiful wedding all the way through, but when they got to the reception...man, oh man...they served *arroz com linguiça*. Here in Brazil if you ask someone if a meal was good, it isn't unusual for the person to answer, "Not even the dogs would touch it." The reason they didn't is that the meal was so absolutely good there was none left over for the *Canis Familiaris*.

Folks, that rice and sausage they served was fabulous stuff. Coitados dos cachorros... Mark & Glenda and son Victor spent a week in Curitiba. Some evangelistic meetings were held.

On Aug. 21, the Kramers had a consignment sale at their place. Things really warmed up for a while. Literally. A prairie fire that probably was started along the highway, came sweeping in on the other side of the river. Carried along by a strong wind, it jumped the river below the falls and rushed up toward the sale grounds. The men were able to put the fire out, but not before several busloads of people from town took out. Ministers Arlo Hibner and Dean Mininger, and deacon John Unruh were to the Boa Esperança Cong. in Mato Grosso for meetings.

On Aug. 29 we started our Sunday evening church service early so we could have a farewell for Stephen & Dete Kramer and children. Stephens are moving to the colony in Mato Grosso. We will miss them.

Edinei & Janete Silva and children returned from the mission in Mirassol, SP. They are living on the Walt Redger farm.

Next month we'll tell you about the baby monkeys and other animals we are taking care for the game warden.