

Brazil News



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Editorial

A Nation Trodden Down

Those of us with a few more yesterdays behind us, who studied in public schools and daily pledged allegiance to the Flag, will never forget, not only the words, but their cadence, as we recited:

*I pledge allegiance
to the Flag
of the United States of America
and to the Republic
for which it stands,
one nation
under God,
indivisible,
with liberty and justice for all.*

It's true that though these awe-inspiring words were usually recited without any thought to their meaning, they nevertheless epitomized the grandeur of that Nation. Even today, with patriotism in a free fall, they are at least an eloquent reminder of how America became the greatest of all nations.

Imagine now what it would be like to live in a country in which children would grow up daily repeating a salute which would end as:

*...one nation
trodden down,
divided between rich and poor
with liberty and justice for only a few.*

Needless to say, no nation in the world would dream of requiring its citizens to repeat such a pledge. Yet, for all practical purposes, this is what the citizens of many third world nations do throughout their lives. They know it has always been this way

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and are convinced it will thus continue—barring some drastic action that would upset the status quo.

In a more restricted sense this is also true of some minority groups in modern societies. They would end their salute to the flag by saying:

*...with liberty and justice for all—
but us.*

As I think back to my childhood and youth, I can't recall having overheard a single adult conversation in which indignation was expressed because of government harassment or discrimination toward the Mennonites. Much to the contrary, I got the impression that we were a privileged people. I believe that if it were possible to do an aleatory survey on several dozen of you readers just now, most, if not all, would admit to having grown up with similar feelings.

While this is most fortunate, a blessing to have been raised in such a country under such feelings, it does place us at a certain disadvantage when dealing with “cornered,” trodden down people. We have trouble understanding why they at times act as they do.

In the world of nature, a normally docile animal can become extremely dangerous when cornered. Children are both bewildered and distressed when they are bitten or scratched by their pet dog or cat that became frantic because of some unusual situation. Indeed, we adults sometimes react in a less than graceful manner when exposed to a sudden danger or pain.

As we deal with other peoples whose behavior mystify or annoy us, we should take the time to study their history, to find out if there's something in their past that would explain their behavior. It is too easy to adopt the “bozo bit” system used by Steve Jobs, creator of Apple computers, to classify his workers as either 0 or 1 (0=negative, 1=positive). Actually, we probably do this a lot more than we suspect in our dealings with those from other cultures or minority groups.

If someone tells us he admires Martin Luther King, we give him a 0, don't we? We do this because we have read about King's leftist philosophies. We label him as a communist and figure that anyone who would admire a communist must be one too.

I would like to share an observation that I have made here in Brazil over the years. In 1964, five years before we moved here, the military staged a revolution and assumed governmental powers, ostensibly to keep the country from going communist. Many of those who opposed this new rightist regime, supposedly communists, fled to other S American countries, especially Uruguay and Argentina, where they lived in exile.

My tendency was to be deeply suspicious of these exiles and fearful of what would happen if they would ever return to Brazil and get into politics. Under the bozo bit grading system, they would have all gotten an obligatory 0.

That which I feared most is exactly what happened. The military gradually returned the government to civilian power. Amnesty was granted to the exiles and they returned to Brazil. Our president, Fernando Henrique Cardoso, is one of those who spent a number of years in Uruguay as an exile. Today, under the bozo bit, I would give him a

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strong 1. He has shown absolutely no communistic tendencies. Much to the contrary, he has conducted the nation in a democratic and capitalistic manner.

How do we reconcile the fact that this erudite president, the author of a number of books, in his younger years sported long hair and purported a belief in socialism?

Like Martin Luther King and many others, Fernando Henrique Cardoso desired to help his people. But there was a serious problem. The political scene was dominated by the right. This right rejected the very fundamental changes that these men felt should be made. In the case of King, this was equality for colored folks. He knew that the men and women in his nation who from little on up had placed their right hand on their heart and pledged *liberty and justice for all*, were in reality saying, *liberty and justice for all—but blacks*. So he looked for help elsewhere.

We have little sympathy for anyone who supports or belongs to labor unions. But why do labor unions exist? Take an evening off sometime and read up on the industrial revolution in N America. Read about child labor. Read about 16 hour days with no overtime. Read about the sweatshops in which men and women labored in inhumane conditions. Labor unions didn't come into existence because of the communists, but because of men who placed their right hand on their chest and pledged *liberty and justice for all—but their workers*.

We return to the third world countries in which for centuries the majority have been exploited by the minority. Here we see men and women who are deeply suspicious of those who have wealth and power. They have learned to mask their distrust and to swallow their anger. Here in Brazil we have a saying, *A corda sempre rebenta do lado mais fraco*—The rope always tears at the weakest spot. The poor know that they are that “weak spot” in the rope and that inevitably they will be the losers.

I once had a neighbor who for quite a few years worked on the farm of a rich businessman. I doubt if he made more than the equivalent of 70 or 80 US dollars a month. When he decided to find work some other place, his boss owed him some money, which he refused to pay. My neighbor did a dumb thing. He took his boss to law. He should have known better. It's true that the judge found for my neighbor and ordered his boss to deed over a lot he had in town in payment for what he owed his hired man.

The businessman went to the courthouse and deeded the title over to his hired man, just as the judge had ordered. My neighbor was ecstatic. For a while. Until he found out what really happened.

Here in Brazil all titles must be signed by both the husband and the wife. When the rich man signed, promising that his wife would come in later to sign, the poor man believed him. So far as I know, she never signed. So what happened? The poor man ended up not getting payment, *plus* he lost his reputation for having taken his boss to law.

I remember the case of a local lawyer who had a maid to do his house work. At the time I believe the minimum wage was around 40 US dollars a month. When the minimum wage was doubled to 80 dollars a month, he told me that he called his maid

in and told her that there was no possible way he could pay such a wage. Either she keep on at 40 dollars a month, or look for other work.

Although we Mennonites no longer salute the flag, we probably believe in *liberty and justice for all* a lot more than many who pledge their allegiance. It has been because of this good will, this desire to be just with everyone, that on countless occasions we Americans here in Brazil have felt a profound frustration. We have felt we were doing our best to give someone a boost in life, only to have him turn his back on us.

Our explanation for this type of behavior usually begins with a generalization: “These people...” We then go on to enumerate their shortcomings.

While this is done because of a deep sense of frustration, it nevertheless is unfair. It fails to take into consideration what brought on this strange behavior.

Here’s how it works:

Sam, a Mennonite, lives in...well, let’s say Brazil. He has more work than he can handle on the farm, so he decides he needs a hired man. He lets out word that he is needing some help and several men apply for the position. He decides to hire José, who seems to be just the kind of man he needs.

They get together on a wage and Sam tells him that if he does his work well and “spends his money wisely,” he can expect a raise after harvest.

José turns out to be an excellent worker. He begins attending church. Both he and his wife get converted. Sam is very pleased with him, except for one little detail. José has the habit of buying furniture on payments. It isn’t that he doesn’t make the payments on time. It’s just that Sam believes that if José is going to progress in life (and be a good Christian), he should only buy cash.

The months go by. Harvest comes along and finally the last acre of grain is harvested. The crops did well and Sam is all smiles. Then he begins to notice that something seems to be bothering José. He asks him about it, but José always says, *Nada não*—It’s nothing.

One morning instead of going to work, José comes to the house and tells Sam he’d like to talk to him. It’s evident he’s quite agitated.

“What about my raise?” he asks.

“What raise?” Sam asks innocently.

“You promised me a raise.”

“No I didn’t!”

José’s reaction tells Sam he just said the wrong thing, even though he still doesn’t make the connection.

Let’s stop and analyze what has happened. Sam has hired José with the best of intentions. The fact that his hired man worked hard and never complained, never asked for money in advance, went to church and had a conversion experience, convinced him things were going well. Never once did it occur to him he was actually on probation with his hired man.

José, on the other hand, was impressed by Sam. He enjoyed working for him. He enjoyed going to church and was impressed by the preaching. He paid special attention

when mention was made of the fact that Mennonites are an honest, just people, who don't take advantage of others. His conversion experience was real. But never did he completely shake the suspicion that in the end Sam would take him for a ride, just like so many of his former bosses had done.

"You promised me a raise," José shouts at his boss.

"When?"

"When you hired me you said that if I worked hard and spent my money wisely, you would give me a raise."

Sam remembers.

"That's not exactly what I said."

Mistake number two. José comes unglued. This man whom he trusted, to whose religion he adhered, is now lying straight to his face, denying that he promised him a raise.

Technically Sam is right. He told José he could "expect" a raise *if* he worked hard and spent his money wisely. But he didn't spend his money wisely. At least not by Sam's standards. What he doesn't realize is that José never spent his money more wisely in all his days. He is absolutely proud of the fact that he bought a new fridge, a new stove and a new divan set. Just a few more payments and they will all be paid for. So when Sam tells him he hasn't gotten his raise because he doesn't spend his money wisely, that is the last straw. It's the end of his job. It's the end of his conversion experience.

Who was right? Who was wrong?

Our middle class Brazilian members seem to get along with their hired men better than we do. I find this somewhat distressing. They don't treat them nearly as well as we do. So then why do we, who pay better wages and give more benefits, end up catching it?

Simple. These brethren know their people better than we do. They know that someone who has been in an underprivileged situation all his life won't know how to handle sudden progress. So they pay them less, give them less benefits, don't give them a vehicle to drive, make few promises...

We here in Brazil took a real loss on our first harvest of converts. This happens in so many of our missions too. We are left with a feeling of bewilderment and they with a feeling of deep resentment. This is something we can't afford.

What is the solution? There is no simple solution, but there are a few things we can do that may possibly help.

(1) We must realize that the poor in most third world countries are deeply traumatized. No matter how broadly they smile, no matter how helpful they are, no matter how much we seem to hit it off, we probably don't understand each other as well as we think we do. Our relationship often isn't as solid as it appears, simply because beneath the surface there remains a deep suspicion.

(2) We must remember that most breaches of confidence with third world citizens involve money, jobs or advantages. So this is an area in which we must take special care.

(3) We must remember that we Americans very easily develop a guilt complex when we come in contact with the underprivileged; we feel a compulsion to help them. When we help because of a guilt complex, we will usually be misunderstood.

(4) In our dealings with the underprivileged, we should be very, very careful to not get into the habit of talking about *these people* and the strange things they do. It means we're not understanding each other. No matter how right we feel we are, and how wrong they appear to be, this attitude only exacerbates the problem.

On their own turf, N Americans do a miraculous job of integrating other cultures into their society. It's on foreign soil that the formula doesn't always work.

After Julius Caesar defeated Pharnaces II, king of Pontus, in battle, he informed the Roman Senate of his victory with a three-word message: *Veni, vidi, vici* (I came, I saw, I conquered). If this describes Caesar's approach to battle, it also describes the American's approach to life. Both the greatest strength and the greatest weakness of America can be found in these few words.

The prophet Isaiah writes about "a nation...trodden down."* If we would convince the trodden down that we believe in liberty and justice for all, it will have to be said that *we came, we saw, we learned*.

**Isaiah 18:2. Matthew Henry makes an interesting observation about the 18th chapter of Isaiah. "This chapter is one of the most obscure in Scripture, though more of it probably was understood by those for whose use it was first intended, than by us now." Even more interesting is to read this chapter in different versions of the Bible.* ▲

Questions & Answers

Church Schools in Brazil

Do you have your own schools? Is it hard to find teachers?

We have at different times commented on the school situation here, so this will be a refresher of what is going on.

On the Colony we have had our own schools right from the beginning. When the move to Brazil was conceived over 30 years ago, church schools were still nonexistent in N America. The possibility of having our own school here definitely weighed in on the decision to move.

At present there are four schools: The Monte Alegre School, the first to be organized, almost 30 years ago; the Rio Verdinho School, which has been in operation for nearly 20 years; and the school in Mato Grosso, with the Boa Esperança group. These three schools are conducted in both English and Portuguese. The group in Rio Verde opened their own school this last year. Pirenópolis hopes to follow suit before too long.

Just a few statistics on these four schools:

Monte Alegre has seven classrooms, 52 students, 7 teachers, grades 1-3, 5-8 in English and 1-5, 8 in Portuguese.

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Rio Verdinho has 3 classrooms, 18 students, 3 teachers, 1 aide, grades 1-8 in English and 1 in Portuguese.

Rio Verde has one classroom, 13 students, 1 teacher, 2 part-time aides, grades 1-7 in Portuguese

Boa Esperança has 2 classrooms, 10 students, 2 teachers, grades 2-3, 6-8, in English and 1-3, 5 in Portuguese.

How is the money raised to operate these schools? I think that probably all three of the rural schools use a production tax. In Rio Verde it's an income tax of some kind.

Now for the second part of the question, is it hard to get teachers?

As any school board member can testify, it's not easy. It isn't unusual to get into a tight and hire a teacher or two from N America. On the other hand, at any given time there is usually a teacher or two from here teaching in N America. Even though it complicates things somewhat, this interchange of teachers is actually quite important if we want to operate our schools in Brazil under the general Conference guidelines.

Is that what we want? What about the Brazilian school system, that is totally different from the Conference system? Since we live in Brazil, won't we try and work into that system?

One of the most important—and overlooked—aspects of N American history is that of the one room, one teacher school. We will never know the exact influences of these little rural schools in making N America what it is today. A few comments are in order.

Throughout the history of the world, the city has represented culture and advancement. Rural life was equivalent to illiteracy and an inferior standard of living. We should remember that until the last several centuries, the great majority of the population lived in the country, or in villages, which differed little from rural life. This gave city dwellers, the minority, a monopoly on knowledge, which is synonymous of power, over country folks, the majority.

It was the one room, one teacher school that set the stage for democracy in N America. For rule by the people, people must be knowledgeable. Until recently, aspiring politicians had to court the rural vote, which more often than not made the difference between victory and defeat. These rural voters weren't easily swayed by rhetoric. Their vote was a conservative vote based on solid values. Had these country dwellers been a bunch of illiterate bumpkins, would they have been interested in the future of their nation?

It was the lack of the country school spirit that doomed many nations, indeed virtually all of Central and South America, to third world status. Unscrupulous politicians with an illiterate electorate could perpetuate themselves in power. Their "campaign" consisted of a visit to their impoverished constituencies shortly before elections to lavishly distribute promises (which would seldom be kept) and a cheap pair of work shoes (which could immediately be worn), or a variety of other baits.

On rural schools, Brazil gets an F. The few and feeble attempts at setting up and operating rural schools failed because: (1) Most of the parents were illiterate and didn't stand behind the schools, (2) The majority of the teachers were woefully unprepared

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and had no concept of how a multi-grade classroom should operate, (3) since most farms were very large—thousands of acres—the distance to school became an insurmountable problem for many potential students, (4) These schools were doomed at conception by a constant shortage of operating funds.

The “solution” that was found for this problem, albeit only for the large land owner’s children, actually created another. Farmers moved to town so their children could go to school. In some cases, the man would live on the farm and the wife and children in town (which created another set of problems). Even today most “farmers” live in town and commute to their farms, some daily, some much less frequently. If rural schools rate an F, then these commuter farmers rate a generous D-.

(Just as a sideline, many of these D- farmers have sold out to A+ corporate administrators who buy up a number of adjacent farms and by using the latest agricultural techniques, consistently produce bumper crops.)

If the American people have reaped golden benefits from the rural schools, an even greater beneficiary has been the church, not only in N America, but in Brazil likewise.

Our parochial schools have their roots in the one room country school, and even though most of our schools no longer bear any similarity, the influence is undeniable.

Qualifications to teach: An elementary education, a desire to continue learning and a conviction to serve.

Curriculum: Only those subjects which will have a practical application in life.

Classroom setup: Adaptability. Two, three, four, or even more grades in a single classroom with a single teacher.

Order in the classroom: The teacher is expected to have an orderly classroom and punish offenders.

Modern educators sniff at these requirements, but shake their heads in amazement at the results.

It has been our experience that someone who hasn’t studied in our schools, or had a fairly good exposure to them, cannot grasp their mechanics. It’s like expecting someone to learn how to swim by reading a manual. No matter how well the manual is written, nothing takes the place of the actual exposure to water.

We have some excellent Brazilian teachers in our school system. Some of them studied in our schools as children and others learned by exposure and actual practice.

Until just recently we have been operating our schools without any official recognition. We were perfectly content to continue like this, but officials weren’t. It was more than evident, however, that there was no way that we could fit our schools into Brazilian legislation. A local lawyer was contacted, who for years was at the head of the Rio Verde educational system. After hearing how our schools operate, she said that the Brazilian Constitution gives us the right to operate our schools within the limits of our conscience. To her it was a simple matter to come up with a charter that would fit our needs. She would petition the Department of Education in our behalf and then fight it out in court if they didn’t grant us our wishes.

Our good lawyer found it wasn't quite that easy. We wanted concessions, but they needed to be peaceful concessions. We would not go to court to obtain our rights. She quickly digested that one and kept right on. Through her efforts our schools have been granted a temporary license to operate, which hopefully will eventually become permanent.

It is noteworthy that the spirit of the traditional one room N American school has been successfully transplanted to Brazil. Interesting proof of this is that Adriana Soares, whose parents came to the church when she was still a baby, is now teaching the missionary children in Goiânia. In English.

How Far Is it to the Nearest McDonalds or Pizza Hut?

Goiânia, 250 km (150 miles) from the Colony, has several McDonalds and a Pizza Hut. Needless to say, no one takes a notion to run out to one of these places for supper.

As the pace of life in the larger Brazilian cities becomes more agitated, fast food establishments are becoming a "necessity." People flock to them. McDonalds is leading the pack. One that didn't go over is Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Brazil is a democratic nation, so if people want to spend their money at McDonalds and other fast food joints, instead of eating cheaper, better, more wholesome food at a kilo restaurant, more power to them.

What Is a Kilo Restaurant?

This question is my own, and it's just a little refresher. As the name suggests, a kilo restaurant sells food by the kilo. The customer fills his plate, weighs it, gets a weight slip, finds a table, eats his food, pays—and seldom throws anything away.

These kilo restaurants can be anything from little no-frills family operated eating places, to luxurious eateries that cater to middle and upper class diners.

It is possible to have a delicious meal in a kilo restaurant that would range about half way between no-frills and luxurious for the equivalent of three US dollars or less. That beats... yep, it sure does.

How Is the Chicken Project Coming?

Perdigão plans to have its processing plant in operation by June, initially slaughtering 140 thousand chickens a day.

Right now it appears there may be some 40 barns, each with a capacity for 28 thousand birds, built on the Colony.

Those of us who visited Perdigão's setup in southern Brazil noticed the importance

they place on family projects. This explains why they are trying so hard here to get the American Colony involved in their project.

For a while it looked like almost no one on the Colony would put up barns. The reason was simple. Those who really wanted to raise chickens, and really needed this kind of activity, couldn't swing it because the bank would finance only 70% of the total cost. When Perdigão found out what the problem was, they immediately began looking for a solution. That solution was to request headquarters to change the company statutes, making it possible for them to finance the remaining 30%, something which they are doing only for the Colony, which includes both Americans and Brazilians. In fact, a number of Brazilian families are hoping to become involved in this project.

So far as the hog project, at this point it's uncertain if anyone will actually build any hog barns. There is some interest, but the investment is quite high. ▲

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor...

Greetings dear brother...Upon reading your April issue, especially the little notice on the back page, I decided to send you a few matters for thought. Also the article under "Linguistics" helped me along...

First, check your dictionary—they may not all have the same meaning for word usage—can something be "drug" by pulling or must we "drag" it?

Second, again I'm open for help, but "does he speak good English," or "does he speak English well?"

Third, years ago a certain speaker used the term, "a bunch of people." Following this the late Min. John M. Penner went up to this party and said:

"A bunch of grapes,"

"A flock of sheep,"

"A group of people."

Informal English may permit the use of "a bunch of people," but is it correct for our speaking and publishing?

(Signed)

On item one I plead guilty. It is grammatically incorrect to use drug as the past tense of drag (never mind that many of us have done it for eons). Rest assured that henceforth I will use great caution in the conjugation of the verb drag, because I don't want to get drug over the coals again.

Item two on "speaking good English," or "speaking English well," I agree that it is totally correct to "speak English well." But is it wrong to "speak good English"? We say that someone fought well, and that he put up a good fight. Or that someone ran a good race. I have asked different ones for their opinion and no one can give me a definite

answer, so I think I'll have to do a bit of compromising and try to always speak and write well English.

Item three is another story. What many of us learned in grade school and what today is considered proper speech are wor(l)d)s apart. Modern languages are like the waves of the sea, in constant motion. In a rapidly changing world, speech also changes. An example of this would be the fragmented sentence. We were taught in grade school that all sentences must have a subject and a predicate. Then along came the VW ads of the Beetle, some 40 years ago. They had a product to sell. A good family car. Cheap. For everyone. It may have been poor English, but it was mighty good propaganda. Beetles sold like wildfire. Like hotcakes.

In the name of readability, paragraphs were shortened.

And so, someone concludes that I feel that language has become a free-for-all in which anything and everything goes? Negative. In both the English and Portuguese languages, I have adopted serious, well written magazines as my grammar books. I figure that what is used in Reader's Digest, for example, should be good enough for most writers. Or National Geographic.

A bunch of you readers may disagree with what I have just said, but I believe that a group will agree with me. ▲

Remembering Out Loud

Dário Deitado

To understand this little story, a few explanations are in order.

Dário Deitado means Dário Lying Down. As you will read in just a bit, Dário was an invalid who spent all his time lying down.

Those of you who are acquainted with Brazil know that many of the store fronts are made up of metal rollup doors, possibly six or eight feet wide. A small store may have only one door. The larger the store, the more doors there are, up to 15 or 20 or more doors.

Even stores with air-conditioning and a N American looking front may have a rollup door that can be closed at night for added protection.

In a tropical country this system works very well. The ventilation afforded by these open fronts is good enough to where very few stores have air-conditioning. In a country of 160 million inhabitants, one can only guess how many mega- or gigawatts of electricity this saves per year.

Now back to Dário Deitado. When we moved to Brazil, the street we took into town went right in front of Dário's "store," so we have driven by his place hundreds of times over a period of years.

Dário's business place was a bare room, totally open to the street with rollup doors. In the middle was a simple tubular hospital bed with the head end elevated, a few

chairs and a scale. There was absolutely nothing to suggest that that bare room was an establishment that was doing a thriving business, or that the crippled man lying on the bed was the owner.

We will now listen to what Dário's daughter, Benedita, has to say:

Dário Alves de Paiva was born in the municipality of Bom Jesus de Goiás [We now have a mission in the town of Bom Jesus that is visited weekly by brethren from the Colony] in 1908. Like all young men back those days, he did manual field work, together with his four brothers.

When he was 17, he did a stint in the army and then moved to the municipality of Paraúna. In 1941 he married Maria de Lourdes. They had three children, Nelson, Benedita, and Iron, who died. They adopted a baby and raised four other children.

In Paraúna dad did manual labor and then in 1946 my folks moved to a farm at Rio Verde that belonged to a fellow by the name of Felicio. Later he moved to another farm, where he began teaching the neighborhood children. My dad never went to school. He taught himself how to read and write. They say that ever since he was just a child he showed a strong interest in studying.

One day Dad got sick. His joints began to hurt and swell up. It kept getting worse and that year when he planted his crops, by hand, he had to use crutches to get around. By the time harvest came around, he was bedfast. Dad spent some time in the Evangelical Hospital. That was back when Dr. Gordon [an American] was the doctor. Once he got out of the hospital, he moved to a house in town. Until now no one in Rio Verde knew him.

Even though dad was totally bedfast, his courage was good and he went right to work. Even though he had no money, he showed a real knack for doing business. He had a few sacks of rice and beans and some fat pigs. To come up with some cash, he had the pigs butchered and sold the meat in a little butcher shop; the rice and beans he sold right where he was. That was how he got started in business.

Dad had some movement in his arms. He could raise his hands up to his chest, so they fixed him a spoon with a long wooden handle, which made it possible for him to feed himself. Someone always had to help him drink water. Lying in bed, he kept his business going. Part of his profit he reinvested in houses, which he rented out.

If people needed something, they would come and talk to dad. For example, if someone wanted to rent a house, they would ask him if he knew of a house for rent. He would tell them exactly where to go. Even though he couldn't get around, he seemed to know the town better than the rest of us who could. What he really liked was to build houses and resell them. He built quite a few of the houses on what is now called Dário Alves de Paiva Street. The first house he made was a palm hut.

Dad could smell a good deal. He set up a rice house. People from all over would come and sell him rice. At times there would be a line up of trucks waiting to unload. He had a small platform scale by his bed. The bags of rice would be brought in, placed on the scale a few bags at a time, and weighed. No one ever managed to shortchange

my dad. After processing the rice, he would send it to Uberlândia and other large cities.

There were always a lot of people in dad's business. By five in the morning, the doors were open and he was ready for business. He always said that if he ever went broke, it would be his own fault, but that if he succeeded, it would be because of God's help.

Everyone respected my dad. He was a very charitable person. He helped anybody who asked for help. When he died, people said that it was the father of the poor who died. He always said, "What is ours, is ours only until someone else needs it." If he heard about someone who was in need, he would share what he had. He would even take a piece of furniture out of our house and give it to someone else. My grandmother tells the story about the time my dad went to a party when he was still a boy. Soon he was back wrapped only in a towel. She asked him what was going on, and he said that he met someone who wanted to go to the party, but didn't have appropriate clothes, so he gave him his own.

Dad enjoyed politics. Politicians visiting Rio Verde would look him up: Pedro Ludovico [who became the mayor of Goiânia], Mauro Borges and Otávio Lages [both became governors of Goiás], and others. He enjoyed writing poetry and wrote verses about politicians.

Dad loved Rio Verde, but he said that if he ever got better, the first thing he would do would be move back to a farm. He loved to tell stories and in the evenings, by candle light, would entertain others.

When people told dad he should retire, their advice fell on deaf ears. He could easily have become a beggar in life, but instead he went on to become a successful businessman. ▲

Então a aeromoça me perguntou se eu estava sentindo falta de ar. Eu lhe respondi: "Não, minha filha. Estou sentindo é falta de terra!"

—Milton Campos , político mineiro

Learning from the Past

More About Joe

[As I was closing this edition of BN, I received a fax from Lois Kaminski, who lives in Fredricksburg, Ohio. The information she sent was so interesting, that I removed one article (which will be published next month) to make room for this one.]

Dear Charlie,

While reading Brazil News my Grandma, Lois Seiler, recognized the Joe in Wilmer Unruh's CPS piece as our cousin! Small world, huh? Anyway, Grandma called Joe's sister to tell her about it, and as coincidence would have it, she had come across these

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papers a few days prior. So at Christmas we got them. Just thought you might be interested. Lois.

[Following is the letter written and signed by Wilmer and his co-workers.]

September 21, 1945
Paskenta, California

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Kulp & Family:

We have had the privilege of working with Joseph in the Timber Survey Party in the past four and a half months and all have learned to love him and respect him. So in our humble way we want to extend our sympathy to you as a bereaved family from the Timber Survey Party.

We regret very much to have seen Joe leave us as he has. He was a great asset to our Timber Survey Party and we will miss him very much. Joseph was always very much interested in helping others and many times he would go the second mile in helping his fellow campers. We will also miss his friendly personality which always meant so much to us.

It is hard to understand why Joseph had to go but our Heavenly Father knows what is best for His children. Living with Joe every day and knowing him well, we all know that he was ready to meet his Saviour. He was a sincere Christian and always let his testimony be a living witness.

We are comforted in knowing that he is in heaven with his Lord, and we as his fellow campers in the Timber Survey Party hope and pray that we may all live a life here upon earth so that we will meet Joseph up in Heaven some day. In closing we find in 1 Thess. 4:17 a great comfort where our Heavenly Father says, "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

With our sincere sympathy,
Joseph's Fellow Campers

(Signed by:)

Wally Isaak

Harry Gerig

Victor Diller

Orville Stutzman

Dale Gautsche

Ernest Goertz

Robert Short

Harold Rupp

John Klaassen

Eldon L. Jost

Ora Aeschliman

Wilmer Unruh

[This letter, slightly modified for readability, and abridged, was written to the Kulp family by Paul Moyer, a CPS representative in Washington.]

National Service Board for

Brazil ¹⁵ News

Religious Objectors
September 20, 1945

Mr. And Mrs. Christian Kulp
Route No. 3
Nappanee, Indiana

Dear Friends:

It was with a great deal of sorrow that I heard of the news of Joseph's death when I came to the office this morning. I was in camp at Hagerstown with Joseph, and he and I started our CPS experiences together on the same date if my memory serves me correctly—May 27, 1942. Joseph always stands out in my memory as being one of the most sincere and honest boys that I have ever met in CPS. It was always his desire to do the right thing in the sight of his Lord.

I remember one incident distinctly that you may care to hear. He took a week-end leave and went to Harrisonburg, Virginia to visit some relatives. I remember that after he returned from that trip he was much distressed because he had to travel on Sunday. He said that meant that a man had to work on Sunday to drive the bus, and that he would take no more trips like that when it meant that someone else had to work on the Sabbath in order for him to travel.

Joseph was truly conscientious and lived the best possible Christian life that he could. Even though reading was difficult for him, and I can still picture him in my mind with his Bible on his lap, sitting on his bunk, and studying the Word of God. He always attended church and Sunday School, and never missed a meeting unless it was just impossible for him to be there.

I wish to express to you and your family my heartfelt sympathy at this time of sorrow. It is my hope and prayer that God will give you sufficient strength and faith at this time to understand "That all things work together for the good to them that love God."

Very sincerely yours,
Paul Moyer

This & That

On Dec. 5 a busload of English students from the town of Acreúna spent Sunday with the Rio Verdinho Congregation. For the noon meal they had a carry-in.

A busload of "colonists" (people from the Colony) and visitors from N America chartered a bus and went to Iguaçú Falls, where they spent several days.

Those who spent some time on the Colony during the month of December: Staven & Adeline Schmidt; Stacy & Jeanette Schmidt and children; Dennis & Vera Loewen and children; Maxine Loewen; Kendra Schultz; Regina Miller, Cristiane Garcia,

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Maynard & Juanita Wiggers and children; Erna Schrock; Walt & Alberta Redger; Eduardo Vieira, Dan Peasters and Susan (from the Patos mission).

On Dec 8, the Rio Verde School had its last-day-of-school program. Because of being in town, they follow the Brazilian school year.

DeVern & Lucille Koehn, from Montezuma were here for a short visit. DeVern is the N American Gospel Tract representative for Brazil, so there were tract rallies at the three central Goiás congregations.

Jon & Sheila Coblentz have a new baby girl, Lorena Joy, born Dec. 10, which they hope to adopt.

On Dec. 16, different ones from the Colony went to the town of Bom Jesus, a hundred and some kilometers from here, to clean up the building that has been rented for church services. A mission has developed there, with different ones going there each Sunday for services.

Mark & Glenda Loewen and son Victor returned from Curitiba, after spending a little over a month on the mission there. He is very encouraged with the potential of that modern city of over a million souls.

On Dec. 30 there was a general school meeting for all board members and teachers of our schools in Brazil. Several board members from Mato Grosso were out.

Gisele Sperb, a young sister from Rio Verde who just got her teaching certificate, will be teaching the second semester at the Monte Alegre School.

Bert & Ada Coblentz returned from the US on the night of the 31st of Dec., aboard a Boeing 767. There were exactly eight passengers, all of whom were invited to first class. It just goes to show that people who aren't afraid of millennial bugs come up with certain advantages in life.