

# Brazil News

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Editorial

## **I Was In Prison**

Most of us have never visited a prison, and much less served time in one. To us a jail, a prison, a penitentiary, is for bad people, for criminals. That is true. Since we have absolutely no intention of ever committing a crime, we feel a total detachment from such institutions.

Maybe we shouldn't.

In the Portuguese Sunday School class which I attend, a brother told the following experience:

"As some of you know, before I was converted, I spent 18 months in jail. This was a terrible experience. You can't imagine what goes through a person's mind during a time like that. If one isn't careful, he loses control of himself.

"One of the worst things is not getting any visits. Since my relatives lived quite a distance from where I was in jail, I know what that is like. I remember one Sunday when during visiting hours quite a few of the prisoners were being visited by family members or friends. But no one came to see me.

"That wasn't the worst of it. I had a terrible toothache. It was torture and I sat huddled up in a corner.

"Suddenly a man, a total stranger, began talking to me. He wanted to know why I was off to myself. I explained to him what my problem was. After talking with me a little more, he left.

"That night the pain became almost unbearable. I prayed to God and told Him I knew I deserved what I was getting. Even so, I begged Him, if possible, to please take this terrible pain away."

Here I insert that jails in this country aren't pleasant places. Prisoners are expected to take care of their own medical and dental needs. The food is bad enough that whenever possible relatives or friends take them their meals.

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“The next morning one of the guards came and unlocked my cell and said that I was going to the dentist. He said that the man who had spoken to me the day before was paying for all my dental expenses. The dentist didn’t take care only of the tooth that was hurting, but of all my teeth. It must have been quite expensive.

“The interesting thing is that I don’t know the man’s name. I never saw him again and so I was never able to thank him.

“I don’t think people have any idea of the tremendous effect that a visit has on someone who is in jail. You would be surprised at how many prisoners would get converted with just a little help.”

In a conversation several days later, the brother went into more detail on some of his experiences in jail. One of the things he mentioned is the value of good literature. He says the prisoners devour any literature they can get their hands on. (Needless to say, the same would be true of unsound literature.) He traces the beginning of his conversion experience to the time he spent in jail.

In all fairness we must differentiate between two different types of prisoners. There are the hard-core criminals, the career criminals. These are not easily touched. Then there are those who are in jail because of a wrong committed in a moment of weakness. Doubtlessly the brother is referring to this type of prisoner.

When Jesus said, “I was in prison, and ye came unto me,” we visualize a Christian jailed for his faith. We think of a martyr. And there is no doubt, if a brother from our congregation was imprisoned for conscience sake, he would get visits all day long and half of the night. We might even have to make an appointment to see him. Each visit made would set us aglow with satisfaction. Reading Matthew 25:36 would be a special blessing.

Folks, is that what Jesus had in mind? Those who are jailed “for righteousness’ sake” need visits, but what about those who are there for unrighteousness sake? The criminals, in other words. If there is even a little bit of truth to what our brother said in Sunday school, that there are prisoners open to the gospel, could it just be that Jesus would like for us to visit them? And if we don’t could it just happen that some day He will tell us, “I was . . . in prison, and ye visited me not”?

We realize that some prisons are being visited in N America on a regular basis by groups of brethren. This is good and fits into what has been said. We want to, however, suggest something even simpler. For those who would like to be involved in this kind of work, but can’t make prison visits fit into their schedule, how about “learning to know” your local jail?

This thought is not original, but based on something that is happening here in Brazil. It is very common for individuals to sort of adopt a jail. It’s done on a very informal basis, sometimes as a church project, but many times without any organizational backing.

It’s really quite simple. The person makes frequent visits to the jail. The idea is to chat with the prisoners and find out if someone is needing something. Obviously most of them aren’t in a position to pay for a complete dental job, as happened with our

brother. Sometimes it's just a matter of helping someone write a letter and mailing it. Maybe it's bringing in a home remedy for someone who is sick. It may be a hundred and one things, but above all it is showing that someone cares.

Why can't we do that? Why not make ourselves available? It may be that behind the locked doors and barred windows there is a field that is white, ready to be harvested. ▲

## Majesty of the Martyrs Mirror

**Jan Wouters**

[Truly good literature, poetry or prose, is that which flows from the soul. This often happens in times of great happiness, of grief, of adversity. An example of this are the letters written by martyr brethren while in prison. Their motive for writing was not to produce some literary jewel, and yet, as they poured out their soul to their loved ones, these diamonds of pristine beauty speak directly to our soul.

Beginning on page 897 of the Martyrs Mirror, we read about Jan Wouters, who was burned at stake for his faith. Following are some excerpts from his first letter, written to his brother-in-law and sister.

Out of a pure heart,  
I unworthy one,  
And least member in Christ,  
Cannot forbear to write you briefly,  
For a remembrance to you all,  
And for your comfort and encouragement;  
For I cannot keep this unspeakable joy of the Holy Ghost to myself alone,  
But must impart something to your love.  
But how can joy be a remarkable thing,  
If one has not experienced anxiety;  
But I unworthy one have tasted this,  
The Lord be glorified therein.  
Amen.

First, when I was apprehended for the obedience of Christ,  
I was interrogated concerning my faith,  
Which I plainly confessed;  
But afterwards they asked for certain names.  
Thereupon I replied that I had resolved in my heart not to name anyone.  
So I was brought the Saturday after St. Peter's day,  
Up to the torture loft,  
Where the instruments stood in readiness.  
When they could obtain nothing from me,  
The upper part of my body was stripped,

In the bitter cold.  
My hands were tied behind my back and made fast to the loft,  
And also my feet were bound,  
And I was thus,  
With my eyes blindfolded,  
Drawn up by my hands.  
As I kept silent,  
I was scourged with rods.  
Having thus been treated,  
I was let down and again asked;  
But the Lord be praised,  
They obtained nothing from me,  
Though I had drank that bitter cup.  
The executioner imagined he would make me tell;  
He had had [he said] so many of our people under his hands,  
Who eventually had to tell everything;  
But the faithful Helper in distress kept my lips.  
Then they released me,  
And themselves gave me a respite that I should advise with myself until Monday;  
But if I should then not do it,  
I should be dealt with in an extraordinary manner;  
And they threatened me much,  
So that it was dreadful to hear.  
They said this was yet of the least,  
That it was only child's play compared to other future tortures.  
But when I looked at myself,  
And beheld my body which was bloody from the scourging;  
For that was certainly of the severest pains,  
I thought to myself:  
Is this only child's play?  
The jailer went away,  
And said to his wife:  
"They will torture this man to death."  
In short, I was so tortured that they had to dress and undress me.  
All this the vile flesh had to bear,  
Which has so often grieved me,  
And would constantly walk in the crooked path,  
To gratify its lusts;  
It had deserved yet more.  
This having taken place in the afternoon,  
I was not well able to sleep in the night,  
But counted the striking of the clock all night,

And during the night I moaned most lamentably.  
But afterwards I received a great, peaceful joy and gladness of the Holy Ghost,  
So great that I cannot adequately describe it;  
Because the Lord had so faithfully kept my lips,  
And not suffered me to be confounded in my confidence,  
Which I,  
Poor simple servant  
Had already before I was apprehended;  
But herein the Lord proved me,  
Unworthy servant.  
Praised be His name for evermore.  
Now when my sufferings became noised through the city,  
There were worldly people who rejoiced that I had kept my lips sealed,  
And if such people can rejoice,  
How much more shall the God-fearing rejoice,  
And praise God!  
Further, the appointed day drawing nigh,  
I earnestly prepared myself for it,  
And made supplication to my God,  
That He would not chasten me,  
Unworthy servant  
According to my sins,  
According to His justice,  
But according to His fatherly mercy,  
That He would keep my lips,  
And alleviate the pain,  
As He had done the first time.  
When the hour approached, my flesh feared,  
And my soul was afraid,  
For it had tried it;  
But I comforted myself as much as I could, thinking:  
“You will not suffer hereafter,  
Where it will last forever;  
And this is but a little time.”  
The following day I was brought forth again,  
And asked as before.  
I said that I could not tell;  
My conscience did not allow it;  
If I did it I think my heart would never be at rest;  
Hence I would rather die with a peaceful heart,  
Than live with a troubled conscience.  
I was then stripped,

And my hands tied behind my back;  
And I was much entreated,  
That I should tell.  
When I had been drawn up,  
And would not answer according to their will  
(For the seed of God remained in me),  
He scourged me upon my lacerated skin,  
Which caused me great pain.  
And he said:  
“How does this suit you?  
Thus I will tear open your old wounds.”  
He then let me down again,  
And placed me before the lords,  
Upon the rack,  
Sitting with my eyes blindfolded,  
As an Ecce Homo.  
And he asked whether I would not yet tell it to my lords.  
I replied that I could not do it;  
Hence he drew me up again,  
Which caused me great pain;  
And when he shook me,  
And jerked the rope,  
The pain was increased.  
When they could obtain nothing from me,  
They let me down and gave me time for consideration till the next day.  
While I was yet suspended,  
The bailiff said:  
“Your face is as sweet as that of an angel,  
But your heart is harder than Pharaoh’s heart.”  
I said: “This is not so and the Lord will make it manifest hereafter;  
I have in simplicity sought my salvation.”  
And when the executioner began to dress me,  
I said to him:  
“O friend,  
How you have treated me;  
You have not for a long time thus treated a rogue,  
Who felt it so long afterwards as I.”  
Then he answered saying:  
“They confess,  
But you will not confess.”  
When I again expected the hour of my temptation,  
I, unworthy servant,

Besought the Lord my refuge,  
That He would also keep me the third time,  
As He through His grace had done twice,  
So that I should not be confounded,  
So that I might keep the faith in a pure conscience.  
Then I hope to praise,  
Glorify and magnify His holy name,  
To the joy of the pious saints,  
And to the babes,  
As a comfort and a sweet savor of life,  
That smelling it,  
They may be thereby refreshed and strengthened,  
To become the bolder in the truth,  
Which is the strongest of all,  
And will always conquer.  
For dear Lord, if I did not continue valiant,  
What a great sorrow would it be for the young babes,  
And to what great blasphemy it would give rise.  
I beseech Thee,  
O heavenly Father,  
Have compassion on me,  
Poor sinful man,  
And remove from me the rest of the cup,  
If it is possible;  
And if it is not possible,  
Thy will alone be done.  
Lord, help me to triumph,  
For Thou knowest how the stripes of men taste.  
I commit myself into Thy hands;  
Though they exceedingly threaten me,  
They have not power to harm one hair of our head,  
Thou must first permit them;  
But Thy holy will be done to my salvation.  
O Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.  
Now when I had thus prepared myself,  
I heard that they were torturing our beloved sister,  
My fellow prisoner.  
When I had thus with Abraham delivered up my only son,  
That is, my flesh,  
The Lord suddenly interposed and turned my tribulation into great joy.  
In the first place by this,  
That the Lord had also kept the lips of that weak lamb;

And in the second place,  
That it seems that they are satisfied with the suffering which I have undergone  
before my sacrifice.

Oh, what a joy is the victory through Christ;  
Now my faith in Christ is tried,  
My fear of God and my confidence which I had already before I came into bonds,  
My love to God and to His holy church,  
As the gold in the furnace and upon the touchstone;  
For other trials can be borne tolerably well,  
When one has enough and can go where he pleases;  
But when one,  
With Job,  
is touched in his skin,  
When the skin is lacerated,  
So that the blood flows,  
And this is repeated after four days,  
That touches the quick!  
O thou daughter of Zion,  
Thou bride of the Lamb,  
Be not dismayed,  
The Lamb shall gain the victory;  
Be of good courage in the short conflict that is set before you,  
For all things are promised to him that overcometh;  
He that continueth faithful unto death  
Shall receive the crown of life,  
And shall not taste eternal death,  
Or the everlasting torment. ▲

## Missions

### **Brazilian Missionaries**

The church has five congregations and four missions in Brazil. Just as a refresher, the congregations are (by size): Monte Alegre, Rio Verdinho, Rio Verde, Boa Esperança, Pirenópolis. The missions are Patos (Paraíba), Acaraú (Ceará), Goiânia (Goiás), Mirassol (São Paulo).

The missionaries from Patos and Mirassol (Samuel & Erma Coblentz and William & Miriam Coblentz, respectively) are in the US on furlough. The missionaries from Acaraú (Daniel & Anna Kramer from the Monte Alegre Congregation) have served their time and are returning home. It doesn't take a lot of math to figure out that three of our missions have no missionaries.



From where were the replacements to come? It was a pleasant surprise not only for the Mission Board, but for all of us, when several Brazilian couples volunteered to fill the temporary vacancies in Mirassol and Patos. I understand a third couple has volunteered to fill in in Acaraú for a while. Then there is Eduardo Vieira da Silva, from Patos, who is now serving time in Mozambique. More on him in just a bit.

The first question is: Why did these couples volunteer? Why is Eduardo in Mozambique? Were they out of work and so they decided it might be a good time to spend some time on the mission?

By no means. Every one of them had a good job and was enjoying it. For each one, going to the mission will be a sacrifice, a financial setback.

Interestingly, two brothers, William Coblentz in Mirassol and Samuel Coblentz in Patos are being replaced by brothers: Edinei & Janete Alves and Sérgio & Katrina Alves, respectively.

I received a letter from Eduardo Vieira da Silva, who is now in Mozambique. In a little note he said that I should give a copy to different brethren and that he plans to write an article for BN in the future, so until the future gets here, we'll enjoy his letter.

### **Dear brethren,**

Greetings from Mozambique!

First of all, I had a better trip than expected. I enjoyed going through the different international airports and seeing all kinds of people from different places and who spoke different languages.

In Johannesburg, South Africa everything was totally strange, but even so I found it an interesting and pretty place. Right in the beginning I had a hard time understanding people when asking for information, because they speak English with a different accent than the Americans. Then when I took a taxi, I noticed that the driver sat on the opposite side of what I was used to in Brazil.

I spent the night in a hotel since I had a layover until the next day. I found the scenery beautiful, although, because of the different time zone, the sun was coming up when it should have been setting.

The afternoon of the following day, which was Sunday, I arrived in Lilongue, Malawi. As the plane was preparing for landing, I looked out of the window and saw a bunch of mud huts with thatch rooves—nothing that looked like it might be the capital of Malawi. I thought to myself, if this is the capital, then what will the rest of the towns look like? I didn't realize the capital was up ahead a little ways.

Kelly Isaac and his family met me in the airport and took me to their house in Blantyre.

On Tuesday evening the missionaries from Mozambique arrived and finally I was able to learn to know the people with whom I would be working: Jesse & Carolyn

Goucher, with whom I am living here in Songo, and Dennis Toews and his wife, who are stationed in Tete.

It's being a real pleasure to live with the Goucher family. They have two children: Jessica, who is 8, and Derrick, who is almost 5. They are "um amor." Within just a short time they were hugging me and telling me: "You are our big brother."

Songo is in a rocky, mountainous region. The vegetation is so similar to that in the Brazilian northeast that it makes me feel at home. Yet, it's not an easy place to live. We can't buy gasoline here, nor many of the kinds of food we eat. This town exists only because of the H.C.B. (Hidroelétrica Cabrora Bassa). Most of the houses belong to this company. In fact, we had a hard time finding a house. There is a fairly good sized supermarket in town, but it's only for company personnel. The same thing is true of the gas station. So all that is left for us are some little stands that sell their products at outrageous prices. That explains why we frequently have to go to Tete to buy what we need.

So far as the people and mission possibilities, I haven't been here very long, but I'll give some of my first impressions.

In spite of the fact that Portuguese is the official language of this country, everywhere I go it seems people are speaking Myungül, an African language. Not everyone is able to speak or understand Portuguese. So when the missionary speaks in English, I translate to Portuguese, and then yet another translator renders it into Myungül.

The thing that worried me most about coming to this country was whether I would be able to translate, but thanks to God, this has been no problem, although a few times I got confused and spoke English to the Mozambicans and Portuguese to the missionaries. A couple of times I repeated what the missionary said in his language, but those are just goofs.

The church house is six kilometers from town. It has mud walls and a thatch roof. We sit on little stools or chairs and the women usually sit on mats on the floor. As of now, there are no national members, but we are giving doctrine classes to four converts: Fernando and his wife (he is our other interpreter—and what an interpreter!) and two young men, João and Luciano.

What has really impressed me is the dress over here. It is far more decent than in Brazil. Almost never does one see a woman using slacks or a man wearing bermudas. The Mozambicans are a friendly people and like to wave when they see us. They like to shake hands and say "muito obrigado" (thank you very much) a lot more than we Brazilians do.

For right now this is all I have to say. All letters will be welcome. I want to thank you for your prayers and I can say that God has done much more than I had expected. Atenciosamente,

Eduardo Vieira da Silva

## Trip Report

# To Brazil By Van

[Approximately a year ago the Rufus Schrock family from Mississippi drove to Brazil in a van. Here is the first installment of the trip report.]

About a year ago we returned from a fairly long journey through South America. Somehow this struck Charlie Becker as interesting. He asked me to write an account or report of our trip. I willingly obliged, but... well, it's a long story.

As life goes on and I haven't sent my report in, I am confronted every once in a while with the question: Where is the story? Or when will we get the report? All I can give for a report is a red face.

So here we go.

To have an adequate comprehension of our traveling attire, I would first like to describe our luggage box, which was about 2' wide, 2' tall and 4' long. We bolted this under the frame of the van with angle iron. Then on top of the van was a plastic luggage carrier. Even though we traveled with a  $\frac{3}{4}$  ton van, it still was fairly loaded. The box we had on the back was too small to hold everything, so we strapped three of the suitcases on the top of the box. As you can visualize, we were somewhat conspicuous.

My wife and children wanted to take this and take that and I constantly drug my feet. I can assure anyone that there was nothing unnecessary on our van, and yet it was way overloaded. There were twelve of us, the youngest being just two years old. Each one had to have more than one of everything. And since one of the older girls was planning to stay and teach school in Brazil, she took more than the rest.

When we started, we planned on traveling in ease. I mean, we did not want to rush through this trip.

Saturday, May 25, 96, 6:00 a.m. — We left our house for Deridder. We arrived at Tim Holdeman's house at about 5:00 p.m. and had supper together. Needless to say, we had a very enjoyable weekend.

We left for Mexico Monday morning. This was a normal day of traveling. We drove, stopped for fuel, stopped to eat and watched the landscape change. Now as evening turned to night and Mexico came closer to sight, we thought we just might get there before we stopped for night.

O.K., so we got to Mexico—Brownsville. This being my first trip over this border, and it being midnight, left me in a confused state of mind.

We checked through customs and were ready to go, but didn't know where we wanted to go. It was so unexpected to me for us really to be in Mexico already. I was totally unprepared. Didn't even know which city I wanted to head for, so I drove out in the dark. Got lost of course.

Now what? I stopped and asked someone for directions. He asked me if I wanted the international bridge. Assuming that I should cross it if it is international, I said yes. So he gave me directions that led me back into the U.S. Beings that I wanted to be in Mexico, I had to cross the border again, which meant going through customs again.

After going through customs twice that night, we finally headed toward Ciudad de Victoria. After some time we stopped at a place and asked about a hotel. No, they were not for families. We drove on a little ways, where we found this nice hotel. We stayed for night. Got up a little late. Found a McDonald to eat breakfast. Then we found a money changer. Soon we were happily on our way.

As we found out, all South American countries have this thing about checking you again and again. We were soon stopped at a police check station and we had no papers for our vehicle, so here we had to go back where we came from. I think even today I would be able to travel that road night or day with no difficulty.

Anyway, we had the experience of going through customs now for the third time. But in all we felt better, because now we had something for “show and tell” when we met these police.

It was after 1:00 p.m. when we headed out again.

The people are all over. They want to sell you something or wash your window. It think it drives better at night, only you should know what you’re doing and where you want to go.

Traveling through Mexico there were no major incidents.

We set out toward Tampico, a costal city and fairly large. There are signs that tell us how far this and that city are.

The country is fairly dry. One of the children write about a donkey beside the road tied to a stick. Then she says, “Now skin and bones.”

We stopped and ate a bite at a country store restaurant around four o’clock.

By evening the landscape was becoming more hilly. Then it turned flat again. The road is wider and smoother now. The first day in Mexico and everyone is still in good humor.

After supper we traveled some more and got lost in Tampico. We finally crossed the Tampico bridge at 10:00 p.m. A little farther on we stopped for gas and laid the bed down in the van so some could sleep till we could find a hotel.

Getting lost is easy in these countries where the roads aren’t marked. You come to a fork and say, “Meeny, miney, mo, where shall I go?” And off we go. If the road characteristics stay the same, keep going. If it turns to dirt or something else, you need to turn around. To find the road you are supposed to follow is usually not easy.

Not far from Tampico, yet quite a ways in the country.

To be continued

## A Brazilian Story

By Mário de Moraes

### **The Motor That Wouldn't Start**

This story was sent to me by a reader by the name of Joaquim de Campos, and took place in 1957. At that time Joaquim was the station master of the depot in Sorocabana. He says that it was a rural depot where the farmers from that area sent out their produce, which was mainly coffee. Also, it was where they picked up the merchandise which they ordered.

According to Joaquim, both the farmers and their hired men were a decent, orderly bunch of people.

One day a foreman from one of the coffee farms told Joaquim a strange story. It involves one of his workers, whom we'll call Salvador. In his sixties, he was a well liked man who for more than 30 years had made his living hoeing around coffee trees. Not only did his co-workers think a lot of Salvador, but his boss too.

One day Salvador got sick. They called in the doctor, who diagnosed his case as pneumonia.

It was a bad case and by the next day Salvador was dead. It shook everyone up. All the workers hurried to Salvador's house, not only to give their sympathy to his wife, but to see if they could help in something.

The owner of the farm decided that Salvador's body would be taken to a nearby cemetery in the back of one of his trucks [something that used to be common].

But the owner also decided that "only Bastião and three of the workers will go along to the cemetery. Everyone else would go back to work."

There was a rumble of discontentment among the men. After all, they had been close friends with the deceased and now they wanted to be present to pay their last respects. But orders are orders. And no one wanted to lose his job.

When it came time for the truck to leave, with the casket and the few mourners situated on the back, the motor wouldn't start. The driver did everything he knew how to do, and still it simply wouldn't start. The owner came to see if he could find the problem, but still nothing happened. They raised the hood, checked the spark plugs and everything else. It appeared everything was in order. The truck wouldn't start and that was it.

Finally someone came up with the idea of pulling the truck with a tractor. Who knows, he said, maybe the motor will start like that. But strangely the truck acted like it was loaded with lead. The tractor could hardly budge it. It was evident that pulling the truck would do no good.

While this was going on, the owner heard one of his workers telling another that Salvador had said before dying that he hoped that all his co-workers could be present when he was buried.

A little bell began ringing in the owner's head. He decided to try something.

“Anybody who wants to go to the cemetery, crawl up in the truck. Today no one will work on this farm!”

In just a shake there was hardly standing room on the back of the truck. Everyone was going to the funeral.

The driver, hardly knowing what to make of it all, crawled into the cab and turned the key . . .

And the motor started, just like that! ▲

## Zigzagging Around

### **Wheelchair Basketball**

Recently there was a “Feira de Informática” (Computer Fair) in Goiânia. Hoping to learn something that might be helpful in our work, Faith and I went to Goiânia and got ourselves a hotel approximately a half mile from the convention center.

We left our car in the hotel parking lot and walked to the center. This took us in front of a large gymnasium. Near the front door was a large banner advertising wheelchairs. Actually, it was a basketball tournament for people with their lower limbs paralyzed or missing. A practice session was just beginning and the front doors were open, so we stepped in to see how basketball is played from a wheelchair.

The first thing one notices is the design of the wheelchairs, which are heavy-duty affairs. The wheels are tilted in on top at approximately a 30 degree angle. This, of course, makes it almost impossible to upset them.

As can be expected, a few rules had to be changed for the wheelchair version. The most noticeable is on the dribble. Since it is very difficult to propel a wheelchair, which requires both hands, and dribble at the same time (unless one enjoys going in circles), the ball can be carried in the lap.

The advantage is counteracted by the fact that someone in a wheelchair has much less maneuverability than someone on foot. To block a player, all the opponent has to do is pull up in front of him with his wheelchair. Rapid lateral movement is very difficult.

The most fascinating part of the game was watching the players taking a shot at the basket. Most shots and passes were almost totally devoid of any body movement (other than for the arms, of course). The law of physics that says that each forward movement will produce a similar backward movement, is especially noticeable here. A ball shot using body movement, as is done in a normal game, will expend approximately half its force propelling the wheelchair backward (or at least reducing the forward speed). The ball will perform a weak trajectory, going only half as far as intended, probably falling into enemy hands.

Wheelchair players have several options to attenuate the effects of this law of nature.

The sideways shot or pass. Since a wheelchair cannot travel sideways, this is a valuable option.

The power shot or pass. This means putting enough extra force into the thrust to counteract the backward motion.

The arms-only shot or pass. This seemed to be the most used option. Usually the wheelchair was stationary when this kind of shot or pass was made. The player would hold his body rigid and with a rapid thrush of the hands send the ball toward the basket. I was amazed at their proficiency.

Some of the players had one or both of their legs missing. The rest had their lower members paralyzed. I didn't leave feeling sorry for them, because I didn't see a single one who seemed to be feeling sorry for himself. ▲

## Communications

### **When the Colony was first settled**

in 1968, it was totally isolated from the rest of the world. There was no asphalt coming into Rio Verde. It could easily take five or six hours to cover the 140 miles from Goiânia to Rio Verde. Then to cover the next 25 miles to where the first houses were located on the Colony, near the falls, could easily take another two hours. This included opening and shutting seven gates. For approximately the last five miles, there was no road at all. We just zigzagged in and out among the smaller trees and termite mounds, trying to follow our previous tracks.

There were no rural telephones. In fact, in Rio Verde the service was almost exclusively local. Once in a while several neighboring towns could be reached. There was no way to call to Goiânia by telephone.

We did have telegraph service. As I remember it, telegrams were sent to Rio de Janeiro, where they were retransmitted to N America. Coming this way, the same was true. That meant that it could take 24 hours or more for a garbled message to come or go one way. When a telegram did finally get through to Rio Verde, there was a good chance it would lay in the post office for a week or more until someone happened to go to town, which was seldom.

We didn't have electricity either.

Finally the highway was finished to Itumbiara, a town some 120 miles from Rio Verde, on the way to São Paulo. So for some time to go to Goiânia, we made a triangle by driving the 120 miles to Itumbiara, catching the Brasília/São Paulo highway and angling back for another 120 miles, almost doubling the miles, but reducing the time and wear and tear on the vehicle.

Soon thereafter the pavement from Goiânia reached Rio Verde and then headed on out to Jataí and Cuiabá. This made us feel that we were closer to civilization.

Then it became possible to call to the rest of Brazil by going to the telephone office or by using some friend's phone. And finally the day came we could put calls through to the US (although I did spend eight hours in the telephone office waiting for one to go through). This was almost too good to be true.

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Together with this came rural electrification. Once again it was too good to be true not to have to run out in a dark, rainy night to turn off the generator before going to bed.

Finally the Renac radio phone system came in. At that time I had my store in town and had a telephone. I remember so well the day in December of 85 when the phone rang and Johanna, Mrs. Earl Schmidt was calling from the fazenda! It almost boggled our imagination that now the Schmidts (and soon a number of others) could, with perseverance, call to N America.

Just as a refresher, with the old Renac system (now retired), it was necessary to call operator, both coming and going. Until operators picked up some rudimentary English, this could really be a hassle for someone from N America wanting to call this way. Even so, with all the frustrations and inefficiencies, we got a lot of good out of the old Renac phones.

Now the majority of the people on Colony have rural cellular phones, the base type that I don't know if even exists in N America.

Anyway, most of us out here on the Colony now have telephones. To call us from N America, dial 011 55 62 and the seven digits listed below. The number in the right hand column is the person's post office box number—not to be dialed.

Anthony Koehn	613 9215	119
Arlo Hibner	613 9026	148
Bert Coblentz	613 9197	32
Bill Miller	613 9101	559
Bira Bernardes	613 9066	148
Caleb Holdeman	613 9006	324
Calvin Hibner	613 9016	148
Carman Loewen	621 4898	196
Charles Becker	613 9002	35
Chris Stoltzfus	613 9093	207
Cláudio Silva	622 1318	
Clifford Warkentin	613 9003	175
Daniel Holdeman	613 9210	119
Daniel Martin	613 9045	329
Dean Mininger	613 9039	288
Dennis Kramer	987 2238	
Duane Holdeman	613 9009	234
Duane Miller	613 9029	225
Earl Schmidt	987 1860	224
Edna Loewen	613 9005	198
Eldon Penner	621 4377	150
Elias Stoltzfus	613 9015	283
Frances Schultz	613 9025	80
Harold Holdeman	613 9163	324



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Ileen Koehn	613 9164	106
Jair da Costa	613 9214	325
Jake Loewen	613 9018	148
Jesse Loewen	621 4604	198
João Souto	621 3185	198
John Unruh	613 9007	235
Jon Coblentz	613 9197	32
Leo Dirks	613 9187	319
Lester Holdeman	613 9290	325
Literature Center	613 9008	105
Lowell Warkentin	613 9212	175
Lynn Schultz	613 9209	157
Marilyn Hibner	613 9211	271
Mark Loewen	613 9229	148
Mervin Loewen	613 9022	119
Milferd Loewen	613 9165	336
Monte Alegre Church	613 9213	105
Myron Kramer	613 9014	272
Paul Yoder	613 9010	225
Philip Martin	613 9166	159
Richard Mininger	613 9019	283
Rio Verdinho Church	613 9216	
Sid Schmidt	612 1526	224
Stacy Schmidt	613 9012	224
Stanley Holdeman	613 9011	324
Stanley Schultz	613 9001	80
Staven Schmidt	987 2406	224
Tim Burns	613 9017	35
William Miller	621 3653	313

## **This & That**

The Carman Loewen family spent Sunday, August 3, in Mirassol, São Paulo, visiting the missionaries.

We now have *The Drummer's Wife* in print. All the stories in this book are based on facts taken out of the *Martyrs Mirror*. It appears it will be one of our better sellers.

The Errol Redger family, who now live in Western Kansas, spent a few days on the Colony.

Orvel Yontz and Abe Giesbrecht, from Calgary, Manitoba, spent several days on the Colony. Orvel came to Brazil in 1949 and spent nearly 30 years here as a missionary. When he and his wife, Hazel, would return to the US on furlough, they would come

## Brazil 18 News

through Kansas to visit relatives. That meant an obligatory stop at my grandparents, Dan & Eva Unruh's place. As I listened to his reports about Brazil, it never once crossed my mind that someday I too would live in that South American country.

The Myron Kramer family spent the August 10 weekend visiting the Pirenópolis Congregation.

The Chris Stoltzfus family visited the Mirassol mission on their way to São Paulo.

Bert & Ada Coblentz are back in Brazil—fortes e firmes. (You better not complain about that one, Bert.)

On August 15 was the reception for Milferd & Sandy Loewen. They were married in Iowa, but will be making their home in Brazil, at the Rio Verdinho Congregation. They have rented Errol Redger's place.

Kay Ann Dirks, who has been a missionary school teacher in Goiânia for several years, has returned to the US. Jessica Dirks, Leo & Mim Dirks' daughter, has taken her place and is now teaching Cameron Goertzen's children.

On August 13, Edinei & Janete Alves left for the mission in Mirassol. They stopped in Cachoeira Dourada and spent several days with her mother.

On August 18 was the Monte Alegre School enrollment. In the evening there was a school meeting.

The Calvin Hibner family spent the week of the 18th in Mato Grosso. Brenda Hibner came back with them to spend a few days here on the Colony.

Jacki, Stewart & Linda Mininger's daughter, came to Brazil for a visit with her grandparents, Richard & Edith Mininger. She will be attending the wedding of her cousin Roxy Schultz.

As already mentioned, the Sam and William Coblentz families have returned to the US on furlough. For Sam & Erma, this furlough is long overdue. It happens they were adopting a little boy (the little fellow with the Pentecostal fervor who yelled "Hallelujah!" in one of their meetings in church), and it kept dragging out. They were determined to not go without him (Hallelujah!), but finally their patience paid off. We hope the little chap enjoys his time in the US.

So far as international adoptions, laws are becoming increasingly stringent. Today it is virtually impossible for someone in N America to adopt a child in Brazil.

Ministers Mark Loewen and Arlo Hibner held meetings at the Pirenópolis Congregation and had communion on August 24.

Ministers Elias Stoltzfus and Mark Loewen held meetings at the Goiânia mission.

On August 25 was the first day of school for the Monte Alegre School. The Portuguese teachers are: Laura Costa and Cláudia Neves. Rosa Dirks is an aide. The English teachers are: Maxine Loewen, Marcia Loewen and Velda Loewen. The school board is: Tim Burns, Adejenes Lima, Stacy Schmidt, Jesse Loewen and Harold Holdeman.

On August 31 Roger & Sherilyn Hibner had a little girl, Traci Nicole.