

Brazil News



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Editorial

The Cough

In 1989, twenty years after man first stepped on the moon, President George Bush predicted that in the year 2018 the planet Mars would receive its first human visitors. Should the universe still exist 20 years from now, his prediction may come true.

If reaching the moon, as Armstrong modestly said, was “one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind,” then traveling at thousands of miles an hour for six months to reach his destination, will qualify as one giant step for the man who first sets foot on Martian soil.

Our unscientific minds go into a tailspin as we mull over the logistics of a mission to Mars. Oxygen, food, water (we’re not real keen on that kind of recycling), fuel, navigation, a thousand and one emergencies. Originally estimated at 500 billion dollars, even at the present figure of 50 billion, it isn’t exactly what you call a bargain for six people to spend two years away from home—six months going, one year there, and six months returning. (If your calculator will handle it, figure out what that comes to per day per person for the time spent “abroad.”)

But you know folks, maybe we know more about space travel than we think. We’re going to use our imagination just a little and then get to what this article is all about. In the meantime, try and use your imagination too.

The year is 2018 and you have been chosen to be one of the six-man/woman crew that will be going to Mars. (Pretend you’re 35 years old.) You and your fellow crew members have gone through exhaustive training and have passed all the tests with flying colors.

The big day finally comes and supine in your craft you listen to the final countdown: three... two... one... blastoff. Minutes later you are experiencing weightlessness.

The first days are hectic as systems are checked out and the thrusters are periodically fired until the desired trajectory is reached. Then life on board assumes a routine.

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When you first became interested in being an astronaut, you were interviewed by Nasa officials. One of the first questions asked was if you understood that spacecraft aren't five star hotels. Somewhat facetiously you replied that they probably wouldn't even qualify as a one star hotel. You remember now that the interviewer pointedly ignored your attempt at humor.

If on earth you would have had to live in an apartment the size of your craft, you would have had a seizure. But now you are six. And you don't go out and take a stroll around the block when things get sticky. It's no consolation that as planet Earth blends in with the other stars, it takes increasingly longer for your voice to reach earth, and for their reply to return. Even though you continually bump elbows with five fellow crew members, you feel lonely. In a way you never felt lonely on earth.

And then it happens. Only occasionally at first, but it becomes more frequent. A cough.

On earth a cough isn't anything to get all excited about. It's annoying. It can turn into, or portend, something more serious, but most coughs drift away after a week or two. But in space it's different. The last thing you need in a spacecraft are little viruses hopping around and raising havoc.

Mission control orders antibiotics. But the cough doesn't get better. In fact, it slowly gets worse.

It's a strange cough. No one coughs when sleeping. No one coughs when reading or immersed in his own thoughts.

So when do people cough?

That's the interesting thing. It's when crew members talk together that they begin to cough. Talking with some it is worse than with others. When it really gets bad is when something needs to be decided. Everyone coughs so bad that no sensible conclusions can be reached. As can be imagined, there is very little communication between crew members. Each one lives in his own little world, which, to say the least, is a mighty small place in a spacecraft.

Not only is it uncomfortable for six people to be traveling together in cramped quarters and not being able to talk together without coughing, it's dangerous.

There was the day when the emergency alarm began blaring insistently and red lights began flashing on the console. The cabin was depressurizing and the onboard computers didn't know how to handle the situation. They were calling on the astronauts to make a decision. Because of the time lapse in communication with earth, by the time the problem was described to mission control and the answer was received it would be too late. Clearly there wasn't a moment to lose.

"Activate the... (cough, cough)."

Believing he knew what his fellow crew member meant to say, another shouted, "No! It'll... cough, cough)."

The crew member at the console pointed to the switch he proposed throwing. It was the proper switch, if activated with several others. The flight engineer, who had been sleeping, but was now wide awake, took command, "Yes, that (cough) one, and... (cough, cough)."

Reaching past his fellow crew member seated at the console, he himself activated the proper switches.

After the situation was back under control, mission control carefully analyzed the computer data received, as well as the cabin voice recordings. An emergency session was held. The mission director summed up the sentiment of all present. “Ladies and gentlemen, unless that cough can be brought under control, we’ve lost it.”

All eyes turned to the medical team responsible for the astronaut’s health. A full report was expected.

“When this cough first began, we believed it was a virus. Not only did we administer heavy doses of antibiotics to the entire crew, but we did a maximum sterilization of the entire cabin. All the filters were changed and disposed of. It did no good. Then we administered heavy doses of steroids believing it might be some type of allergic reaction. We tried to discover some substance that might be bringing this on. No results. Frankly, we are at our wits’ end . . .”

The room was in silence for several long minutes while everyone sat absorbed in deep thought. The medical team was good. Very good. If they were at their wits’ end, the problem was indeed very serious.

Suddenly one of the scientists sitting toward the back of the room had an inspiration. “Have you ever asked the crew what they think the problem is?”

The question was so simple that the medical director was taken aback. “Well no, that is, I guess we just figured they wouldn’t know. If they did, why wouldn’t they tell us? After all, it’s their lives that are endangered.”

“Maybe they know,” another scientist suggested, “but for some reason are scared or ashamed to tell us what the problem is.”

Several heads nodded.

Leaning into the microphone on his desk, mission control director pressed the speak button. “Mission control to Planet Trekker, may we have the attention of all hands. Our mission to Mars is being jeopardized by your cough. You have passed the point of no return in this voyage. Unless we can find a solution to this problem, the mission is doomed. And for each one of you personally, I think you know what that means.

“We have exhausted our alternatives trying to solve the problem, so as a last resort we come to you. Do any of you have an idea what the problem is? Please discuss this amongst yourselves and inform us if you come up with anything.”

The men in the room knew exactly how many minutes and seconds it would take for their message to reach Planet Trekker.

The silence in mission control was absolute as the minutes ticked by. And then came the voice of the commander:

“(cough) They want (cough) to know (cough) on earth (cough) what our problem is (cough). Any (cough) ideas?”

“(cough, cough) Sure I (cough) don’t know.”

“(cough) Me neither (cough).”

More coughing.

Commander: “So (cough) no one (cough) has an (cough) idea?”

More coughing. Then finally:

“(cough) Shucks yes (cough, cough) we all know (cough) what (cough) the problem is. (cough) We’re (cough) allergic (cough) to each other. . . (cough)”

In a quieter voice he added, apparently hoping mission control wouldn’t hear, “But (cough) don’t tell’em. (cough, cough) . . .”

Curtains.

Now, good reader, tell me: Do you still feel that you know nothing about the problems of space travel? (cough, cough).

Life is full of tight places.

There are families in which people spend most of their time coughing.

There are jobs in which the workers are chronic coughers.

There are boards and committees not carrying out their mandates because of all the coughing.

There are missions in which the work is being jeopardized because of all the coughing amongst the missionaries.

There are congregations that seem to have whooping cough.

There are leaders that spend more time coughing than leading.

There are people who make a point of never being near certain individuals because all they do when together is cough.

There are neighbors who cough every time they see each other.

The cough we have just described is a terrible sickness. But contrary to our little story in which mission control on earth was baffled, Mission Control in heaven has—and offers—the cure.

But you’ll have to admit you’re sick and that it’s serious. Otherwise you will just cough and cough and cough



The Church in Brazil

May I Introduce...

The church in Brazil has a fine bunch of brethren—and sisters too, for that matter. We want to introduce the brethren to you readers. To save space we will abbreviate just a bit. Notice the first entry. Adejenes Lima is 35 years old, was baptized on 20-1-91 (day, month, year), is married (M=married, S=single, W=widower, D=divorced), the 3c-0m means he has 3 children, none of whom are members, is from the Monte Alegre cong, is a farmer and stockman, and then come a few comments.

It may appear the ratio of children who aren’t members is high, but it must be remembered that many of the children are still small. It’s encouraging how many of the children get converted when they become old enough.

So that you readers can have a bird’s-eye view of the Brazilian brethren, we have

included them all, instead of dividing them into two issues. This makes for a lengthy article, but we believe it is worth it.

Adejenes Lima, 35, 20-1-91, M, 3c-0m, Monte Alegre cong, farmer and stockman. He is the grandson of Aristotes Mesquita Lima (who passed away on April 19), the man from whom the second tract of land on the Colony was purchased by Reno Hibner and Pete Loewen. Adejenes owns a nice sized farm and uses modern farming techniques, just like the rest of the Colony. He is an active school board member.

Altitude Gomes, 55, 1-2-98, D, 2c-2m, Rio Verde cong, psychologist. He, together with a doctor he has working under him, operates a clinic which gives people wanting to get or renew a driver's license a physical and psychological evaluation, as the law requires. He is hoping to phase out this part of his work and become involved in raising chickens for Perdigão in the near future.

Antônio Carlos Silva, 30, 27-4-97, M, 3c-0m, Boa Esperança cong, farm hand. He works for Glenn Hibner in the Mato Grosso settlement. His wife is a niece to Moacir Rosa.

Antônio Oliveira, 35, 11-8-91, M, 3c-0m, Pirenópolis cong, garden farmer. He owns his own small plot of ground which he irrigates. He does his work by hand. Since Pirenópolis is about half way between Goiânia and Brasília, he sells his products in both cities. During strawberry season he sells strawberries on the Colony. Antônio is one of the church leaders in the Pirenópolis congregation.

Carlos Ambrósio, 42, 25-11-84, M, 4c-3m, Rio Verde cong, mason. He is a skilled mason and very careful in all he does. When we recently remodeled our house, Carlos did the work.

Célio Teles, 29, 15-10-95, S, Rio Verdinho cong, farm hand. He works for Walt Redger.

Cláudio Silva, 39, 3-4-77, M, 7c-3m, Rio Verde cong, operates a restaurant in Rio Verde, called Country Kitchen, which specializes in grilled hamburgers and fries. During peak hours, they are swamped with business. As his baptism date indicates, Cláudio has been in the church for more than 20 years. He is married to Susan, Daniel Kramer's daughter.

Divino Ismael, 47, 13-9-92, M, 3c0m, Goiânia mission, public accountant. Beside his accounting business in Goiânia, Divino owns a farm on the Boa Esperança settlement in Mato Grosso and on the Colony in Rio Verde (the Harold Dirks home place). If you ever want to experience some legitimate Brazilian hospitality, stop in at Divino's place.

Edinei Alves, 24, 29-4-90, M, 1c0m, Mirassol mission, missionary. When just a boy he came to the Colony and lived with his uncle Moacir Rosa. He studied in the Monte Alegre School, speaks good English, and worked for Earl & Johanna Schmidt for a number of years. They are stationed in the Mirassol, São Paulo mission. Janete is a niece to Luiz Duarte.

Eduardo Vieira da Silva, 21, 28-3-93, S, Patos mission, office worker. Some of you will remember seeing Eduardo's name in the Christian Mission Voice and in the

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Financial and Activities booklet, in relation to the mission in Mozambique, where he spent a number of months giving Portuguese classes to the missionaries and helping along in the work. It is evident that part of his heart remains in Mozambique. Eduardo picked up not only the rudiments, but also the fine points of music from Sam & Erma Coblentz, the former missionaries in Patos.

Elfraim Dias, 20, 5-10-97, S, Monte Alegre cong, farm hand. He works for Carman Loewen. He is a nephew to Moacir Rosa

Eudes Reinor, 24, 27-04-97, S, Boa Esperança cong, farm hand. Just today someone told me how he found the church while working for a Russian. It's a story that needs to be printed.

Euglenis Rosa, 26, 10-5-81, M, 1c0m, Rio Verde cong, farm hand. He works for Jon Coblentz. His dad is Moacir Rosa.

Fábio Silva, 21, 18-6-96, S, Patos mission, post office employee in João Pessoa, the capitol of the state of Paraíba.

Flávio Oliveira, 23, 18-6-96, S, Patos mission, office worker. His parents have had a very negative attitude about his Christian life. They didn't permit him to come to the boy's preparatory classes two years ago.

Gilson David, 32, 19-10-97, M, 1c0m, Pirenópolis cong, architect and teacher. He and his wife Viviane, a biology teacher, live and work in the city of Anápolis, some 50 kilometers from Pirenópolis. Some of you will remember that Anápolis was home base to the first American families while they were looking for a place to settle. Gilson is a brother to Paulo David. They're look-alikes, but not act-alikes.

Halles Silva, 19, 5-10-97, S, Monte Alegre cong, farm hand. He works for Will Miller.

Ivo Santos, 38, 1-7-90, M, 3c0m, Rio Verde cong, trucker. He does only local trucking. During harvest he hauls a lot of grain here on the Colony. Ivo learned to know the church while working for Errol Redger.

Jair da Costa, 37, 18-9-77, M, 2c0m, Rio Verdinho cong, farmer. He was nine years old when his parents moved to the Colony, where his dad worked for Reno Hibner for a number of years. So Jair got his education in the Colony school, and as can be imagined, speaks perfect English. He and his wife Connie live on the place they purchased from Paul Schultz, when he and his family returned to the US.

Jerônimo Barros, 48, 18-2-88, M, 3c1m, Rio Verde cong, trucker. As a young man, when the Colony was in its infancy, he got a job with Enos Miller, where he worked for a number of years. His wife, Maria, was converted and became a member of the church. (See BN 42 and 47 for articles written by Maria.) They lived in Goiânia for a number of years, where he was a city bus driver and worked at different jobs. Some years ago they returned to Rio Verde and at present he has a small truck for local hauling and an old bus he uses to haul workers out to the farms. He is thinking about selling his truck and getting another bus, which his son Fernando, also a member, will drive.

João Batista Silva, 26, 8-7-96, M, Rio Verde cong, dairyman, businessman, teacher—all small scale. He lives in town and gets up early in the morning and goes out to his mother's farm and milks the cows, sells part of it to his customers and

takes the rest to the family business, where it is made into ice-cream. He also teaches in a special school for adults who didn't have the privilege of getting an education during their younger years. In fact, some of his students are childhood friends who missed going to school. João got married several weeks ago to Carlos Ambrósio's daughter. (See The Wedding, p. 15)

João Bernardes, 57, 14-6-87, M, 2c1m, Monte Alegre cong, farmer. He went to work for Mark Loewen a number of years ago. Because of his frequent travels in his ministry, Mark needed a dependable hired man, and João was the man. He and his boys worked hard. They began buying their own machinery and renting ground from neighbors. Mark sold them their building site with several acres. Today they are farming on their own—and Mark has a different hired man. Some of you learned to know his son Bira, who spent some time in voluntary service in Oregon building fences that had been destroyed by fire.

João Carlos Guimaraes, 28, 25-3-84, M, 2c0m, Rio Verdinho cong, trucker. When he was in his early teens, his parents moved to the Colony and his dad began working for Will Miller. After working there for a number of years, they worked for Walt Redger for some time. His mother and brother are both members. João does local trucking, hauling a lot of lime and grain on the Colony.

João Souto, 59, 3-8-75, M, 4c2m, Monte Alegre cong, farmer. He lived in the state of Minas Gerais and came to Rio Verde approximately the same time the American Colony came into existence. He worked for Manoel Norberto Vilela, the land owner from whom the first tract of land was purchased, so he was one of the first Brazilians we learned to know here. His boss sent him out to clear and plow up a small tract of land where Emma Burns now lives. Occasionally he would come to church with his boss. João got converted and was the second Brazilian member to be baptized here. For those of you who have been here, João's place is the first one after turning off the highway to the Colony. When we learned to know João the only thing he had to his name was a cheap suitcase and the few clothes that fit into it. Today he has a place that looks identical to any other place on the Colony. How he rose from nothing to a successful farmer is an interesting story. He is married to Charlene, the late Pete & Edna Loewen's daughter.

Jonas Marques, 23, 14-12-94, S, Acaraú mission, vendor. Jonas was able to attend the boy's preparatory classes on the Colony. It was the first time he got out of his little world and he enjoyed it tremendously.

Jorge Silva, 40, 19-3-89, M, 3c0m, Boa Esperança cong, small land owner. Beside farming his own plot, he also rents ground from Luiz Duarte and is beginning a hog operation. He tells part of the story of his life in BN numbes 22-24 and wrote the article entitled, The Danger of Debts, published in BN no. 82. Jorge is a brother all of you need to learn to know. It takes about 30 seconds to cook up a warm friendship with him.

José Luiz Oliveira, 38, 25-1-98, M, Pirenópolis cong, garden farmer. Among other things, he sells green corn and strawberries. He is a brother to Antônio.

José Cardoso, 40, 3-11-91, M, 2c1m, Rio Verde cong, printer. A number of years

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ago, Clifford Warkentin was printing the tracts for the tract work here in Brazil. He was needing a printer and found José in Goiânia. In the beginning he would work in the print shop during the week and return to Goiânia for weekends. Finally he and his family moved to the Colony. He and his wife both were converted. Later he worked in Stanley & Mary Schultz's print shop. At present he is working in Rio Verde. He is an expert printer and contrary to some who specialize in one particular part of the work, José has a good grasp of the entire process.

José Carvalho, 30, 18-8-96, M, 1c0m, Monte Alegre cong, farm hand. He works for Jake Loewen and tells his story in BN no. 71. Even though he hasn't been converted for so long a time, he is an active member in the church.

José Filipe, 69, 17-5-87, W, 6c3m, Rio Verde cong, retired. When we moved to Brazil, José was a custodian in the old bus station in the middle of town, and then in the new one, until several years ago, when he retired. He augments his meager pension by selling popsicles in town. He was an usher in the town church for years. He had the habit of greeting the brethren before taking them to their seat. Every congregation should have at least one brother like José. He is Luiz Duarte's and Jorge Silva's dad-in-law.

Leonardo Neves, 38, 27-4-86, M, 3c0m, Monte Alegre cong, farmer. As a little boy he moved to the Colony with his folks, who worked for Ura & Rosella Yoder. Even though they moved back to town several years later, he didn't lose contact with the Colony. Today he owns a small plot of ground purchased from Daniel Kramer, and rents some ground which he farms. His wife, Cláudia, has taught in the Monte Alegre School for a number of years.

Luís Fernandes, 43, 13-9-92, M, 2c0m, Pirenópolis cong, dentist. In his youth, Luís was a sailor in the Brazilian Navy. This took him to many countries, including the United States. He studied dentistry in Anápolis and after he had earned his diploma, he began working in Goiânia. That is where he and his wife Aparecida learned to know the church. They were baptized and some time later moved to Pirenópolis, where he has opened an office, although he still works in Goiânia several days of the week. Luís has bought a tract of land in the colony in Mato Grosso and plans on moving sometime in the future and opening an office in the local town which at present has no dentist. He and another brother were chosen as the leaders of the Pirenópolis congregation. Incidentally, those of our brethren who have had their teeth worked on by Luís say he is an excellent dentist.

Luiz Batista, 40, 14-12-93, M, 3c0m, Mirassol, São Paulo mission, works in a filling station. He is a positive influence in the mission in Mirassol. I think at least one of your tour groups that went to Iguazu Falls met him when your bus stopped there.

Luiz de Paula, 32, 8-7-95, M, 2c0m, Monte Alegre cong, farm hand. He is originally from the Pirenópolis Cong. When João Bernardes quit working for Mark Loewen, Luiz took his place.

Luiz Duarte, 39, 26-6-83, M, 2c1m, Rio Verde cong, not sure what he is. I don't know if he knows. His is a long story. And interesting. I hope to some day get it all down on paper so you folks can read it. Luiz was about nine years old when the first

Americans came to Rio Verde. His parents had a farm that bordered the Rio Verdinho River. Their house was right next to the approach to the rickety old bridge we had to cross to get to the Colony. So some of the first Brazilians many of us learned to know were Luiz and his family. His mother wanted him to get an education. John & Alma Penner agreed to board him so he could study in our school. I don't know how many weeks or months he studied until he decided a sabbatical would be in order so that he could return to the banks of the river. He grew up and worked for different ones on the Colony. He got married. Then he was way off somewhere helping build a large hydroelectric dam. But in all his wanderings, he never forgot the basic truths he learned from the brethren. The Lord began to call him and he got converted. He became a member of the church and some time later his wife also was converted. He has farmed here. He owns a small farm in Mato Grosso and has lived and farmed there. He sells farm supplies and equipment. He used to be a trucker. He has been a cowboy (of sorts). But through the years he has been Walt Redger's "Aaron." He has spent days and weeks on end running around with Walt being his interpreter and negotiator. He has at different times been his foreman. Right now he's working for Walt again. Luiz has been in the US and some of you readers may have learned to know him there. If you haven't learned to know him there, you ought to do so here. There is only Luiz Duarte. Oh yes, and he speaks good Engleesh (and is one good buddy of mine).

Manoel Marques, 49, 6-6-91, M, 6c1m, Acaraú mission, vendor. Never having had the privilege of going to school, he lives in a different world than we live in. And in the poverty stricken Northeast, it's not an easy world.

Marcelo Passos, 21, 24-7-94, S, Monte Alegre cong, farm hand. Marcelo came to the Colony as a little boy with his folks, who worked for Stanley & Mary Schultz. He got his education in the Colony school, so he speaks English. At present he is working for Milton Loewen.

Márcio Ambrósio, 20, 8-5-94, S, Rio Verdinho cong, farmer. His dad is Carlos Ambrósio. Some of you learned to know Márcio when he was in the US putting in some time in the unit in Oregon rebuilding fences. I think he spent a month traveling through different states. He has rented some ground and will be putting out crops this year. His sister got married several Sundays back.

Márcio Lima, 26, 5-4-97, S, Mirassol, São Paulo mission, steel worker. I'm sorry I have no additional information on Márcio.

Miguel Rosa, 49, 22-6-80, S, Rio Verde cong, manual laborer. He also has several houses that he rents out. He is a brother to Jorge Silva

Moacir Rosa, 54, 10-5-81, M, 6c4m, Rio Verde cong, manual laborer. He has worked on the colony for different ones. You need to learn to know Moacir. He is the grassroots type missionary who begins within his own circle. He raised or helped raise three of his nephews and a niece. Three of them are in the church today: Edinei Alves, whom we have already mentioned; Sérgio Alves, whom we will mention shortly; and Marta Alves, who is married to Dave Kramer and is living in Mato Grosso. Two of his daughters are school teachers. One, who is now married, used to teach on the Colony. His other

daughter, Luciene, teaches at the Rio Verdinho School and hopes to soon make a trip to the US. If she makes it into your area, make an effort to learn to know her. Moacir is living in town now. I can't help but believe he is doing a good job of being a witness to his neighbors.

Natanael Rocha, 25, 10-6-96, S, Acaraú mission, mechanic. He was in the boy's preparatory class that Greg Dyck gave here a couple of years ago. His situation in the Northeast is difficult. For years politicians have "helped" these people just enough to make them dependent upon them, and thus get their votes. Hence it is very difficult to get ahead in a situation like that. The people are very poor and most don't own a vehicle. So what do you fix if you open a mechanic shop? Hopefully something will open up for him.

Nilton Miranda, 43, 13-12-91, M, 2c2m, Pirenópolis cong, builder. Contrary to the Northeast, Pirenópolis is a place of opportunity. The brethren there are all making a good living (don't confuse "good" with "luxurious"). BN no. 13 has an article which he and his wife wrote on spiritism. She has articles in numbers 46 and 81. His daughter is presently an aide in the Monte Alegre School. I believe the brethren in Pirenópolis hope to hire her as their first church school teacher next year.

Paulo David, 36, 7-7-91, M, 3c0m, Rio Verde cong, teacher. Now I'm up the crick. You don't describe Paulo David in just a few words. It's impossible. But we'll try. As you have been reading through this list of brethren, the town of Pirenópolis has continually popped up. The history of that congregation begins with Paulo, who at that time was the pastor of a reformed church that was trying to adhere to Bible principles, including the new birth. But like the rich young ruler, he knew something was lacking. One indicator was the rapid drift toward worldliness of his church. Then he ran across one of our tracts, got in contact with our tract office, which was during the time Calvin Hibner was in charge. Visits were made and he began devouring our church literature. It didn't take him long to see that we were living what they had hoped to live in their movement. He gave up his pastorship and moved to Rio Verde. He was baptized and some time later his wife (very common here in the church in Brazil). Paulo overflows with exuberance and lives for what he can do in that exact moment. If you want something done a month from now, it's better to ask a tree to do it than to ask him. (You can kick the tree and don't have to go back and confess.) Paulo teaches in special schools that prepare students for college exams. Daily he sees hundreds of students. He doesn't hesitate to speak up for the truth when there is an opportunity. I'll ask Paulo to write up the story of how he found the church for the next issue of BN, a month from now . . . No, wait, maybe I'll just ask the pine tree by my bedroom window instead.

Paulo Rufino, 27, 9-12-94, M, 1c0m, Patos mission, pediatrician. He became acquainted with the church while still in medical school. He got his diploma, began practicing in his home town of Patos, and soon after was baptized. A couple of years ago he married Valéria Gold. Valéria has been to the States twice and some of you have learned to know her. Presently he has a busy schedule in the local hospital. Both he and Valéria speak good English.

Pedro Maia, 36, 13-11-83, 3c0m, Monte Alegre cong, sells firewood. It's a story

in itself how he comes by the firewood he sells to grain dryers in town. We'll leave that for another time. Pedro learned to know the church through the influence of his brother-in-law, Luiz Duarte. Pedro's wife, Wanderlúcia is from the Acaraú mission in the Northeast. She was the first member there.

Robson Gold, 26, 29-4-90, M, 3c0m, Rio Verde cong, baker. He is a brother to Valéria, Mrs. Paulo Rufino, and Cláudia, Mrs. Leonardo Neves, and a son-in-law to Moacir Rosa. Robson's dad is a baker, so he also is a skilled baker. You would enjoy knowing Robson.

Rogério Moraes, 37, 22-12-96, M, 2c0m, Goiânia, architect. He worked in a large bank with many branch agencies and his job was to draw up plans on how the furnishings should be arranged. His wife also worked in a federal bank. They quit their bank jobs, moved to Rio Verde and set up a small restaurant specializing in empadões. During this period they were baptized. The restaurant didn't work out well, so they have returned to Goiânia where he is looking for other work.

Sebastião de Sá, 33, 11-8-91, M, 1c0m, Pirenópolis cong, oversees a restaurant. Read about his wedding in BN no. 50. Everyone should have the opportunity of visiting the home of this couple.

Sebastião Neves, 41, 5-5-85, 3c0m, Monte Alegre cong, farmer. He too owns a small plot of ground purchased from Daniel Kramer and farms together with his brother Leonardo Neves. His wife is the janitor in the Monte Alegre church.

Sebastião Passos, 45, 7-11-82, M, 7c4m, Monte Alegre cong, farmer. He owns a plot of land purchased from Daniel Kramer. I believe he and his boys plan on raising chickens for Perdigão.

Sérgio Alves, 27, 30-5-93, M, 1c0m, Rio Verdinho cong, painter. He is a very good painter, although at this time I think he is helping his dad-in-law Stanley Schultz with his farm work and helping in the print shop where most of the tracts are printed. As mentioned, he is Moacir Rosa's nephew. Sérgio and Katrina spent some time in the Patos mission.

Tony Lima, 50, 17-9-78, M, 4c0m, Rio Verdinho cong, farmer. Read BN no. 7 for his life's history. Here's a quick review. Harold Dirks hired him while the Colony was in its infancy. He worked here for a number of years and then left the Colony. But he had many good memories. He came back, got converted and became a member. He purchased a small farm and is married to Juanita Loewen.

Tony Soares, 48, 19-2-84, M, 3c2m, Rio Verdinho cong, farmer. When we learned to know Tony and his wife Maria in Goiânia, they were neighbors to Jerônimo & Maria Barros. A caterpillar operator, he would spend a month at a time away from home clearing land for a contractor. With two small children, life was very difficult for them. If I have the sequence right, he was converted in Goiânia and some time later moved to the Colony, where he was baptized. She got converted later and became a member. They worked for Stuart Mininger for several years and then for Walt Redger. He has bought a plot of ground near Clifford Warkentin and plans to begin farming on his own now on some ground he has rented. Tony may be scared of the dark, but he for

sure isn't scared of work. I heard Walt say one day that if he isn't at work at 7:00 in the morning, it's because he's there sooner.

Wagner Machado, 27, 25-3-84, 1c0m, Rio Verdinho cong, farmer. He is a brother to João Carlos Guimaraes, so the first part of their stories are alike. Wagner married Aletha Mininger and makes his living farming. They plan on traveling to N America shortly. If they happen to be in your vicinity, learn to know them.

I found it somewhat frustrating to write about these dear brethren. There is so much more that could be said on each one of them. Would you be interested in reading about our Brazilian sisters? Speak up. ▲

Paraguay

by Edwin Schmidt, chapter II

Voluntary Service in Paraguay

Perhaps I am relating too much about my service under the MCC before ever getting to Paraguay, but during my traveling to South America and on my trip back home, I felt the more open door for visiting and leaving a witness for my Lord. During my time in Paraguay working together with other MCC workers, though our working relationships were good, there were points of faith and doctrine in which we differed. How could a really united witness be left?

Though the trip to South America was longer than planned, I did not feel frustrated or bored. It had all been trusted into the Lord's hands to begin with. His grace was sufficient and there was enough to be occupied with. It did not seem as time lost.

As to the trip, the first two days were fine. Then the ship's big engine developed a problem. At half speed we headed for Norfolk, Virginia, which was around 200 miles. This was a big wartime naval base and there were many navy ships there. We anchored off shore and a boat came out with the repairs needed to fix the ship. In all, we lost about 5 days.

An interesting incident while we were there was the day President Truman came to visit, and we heard and saw the 21-cannon salute they gave him. I suppose it was more than one big battleship that took part. We were close enough to hear the noise of the cannons and to see the smoke coming out of their big barrels.

I heard it said early on the trip that seasickness was a state of mind. Babies didn't get seasick; it was only adults. I said to myself, if that is so I'm not going to get seasick. I didn't. Whether that was really true, I don't know. Some did get very seasick.

Our first stop was at Port of Spain, Trinidad, an island off the northeast coast of Brazil. Here the ship was to fill up its big fuel tanks which was to be a three months' supply. It was to last until they got back to the U.S. after also crossing the Atlantic

Ocean after leaving Buenos Aires. We were on a liberty freight ship heavily loaded with coal. These were among the slower traveling freight ships. Because of this two of the crew members made fish lines that looked like the old type window sash cords. They were strong lines. They put on a big hook and baited it with meat. On the ship deck it was tied to a round cylinder of iron of about 100 pounds that was not fastened down. Whenever we heard the iron scooting across the deck we knew a fish had been caught. Some of them were big enough that they used a winch to bring them up on the deck. This was always an interesting sideline during the trip.

Friday was always fish day, and we always had fresh ocean fish, which was good! We were 11 days getting to Port of Spain. We arrived on May the 2nd, five days behind schedule. This was a British owned island and had a lot of oil. For World War II the U.S. got a 99-year lease here and made Port of Spain into a big naval base, so there were still many war ships here.

We spent a little over a day refueling and left a little after midnight on May 3rd.

The next morning I was on the back part of the deck visiting with one of the crew members. Sometime after 8:00 a.m. he began swearing and said, "What's the matter? We're hitting bottom!" After a while I could feel it too. The water was shallow so that we could see the bottom. We didn't know what to think that the ship just kept going and didn't stop. After a while it got so bad the ship could hardly keep going. When it finally did stop we were stuck on the reefs. They could work the back part back and forth sideways, but there was no way to back it off the reef. The front of the ship was hung up on the reef. I don't know just what went wrong.

On the seas the captain's word is law. The navigator, who is supposed to know the seas, plans the course to take. Once on course, the helmsman does not change course or stop without the captain's orders. That is the way I understood. The captain had been in his place on the bridge from the time the ship left the port until the morning when the ship was to have been on safe open seas, and then he had gone to bed. Somewhere there must have been some miscalculation. By the time the captain was awakened to give orders, it was too late; the ship was stuck on the reef.

Being unable to get the ship to move, in the afternoon a life boat with four men was let down to the water. They made ever larger circles around the ship sounding the water depth to see where they might find deeper water. After some time, about a quarter of a mile away to one side, deeper water was found. But there was no getting there. At 4:00 p.m. they radioed the Naval base at Port of Spain for help. When the Naval base answered, they said the first thing to do was pump out the fuel into the ocean to lighten the ship to see if it would raise enough to get off the reef.

This continued the rest of the afternoon and during the night. The Navy said they wanted to try an experiment they hadn't done before. Toward evening the wind increased. The bigger waves would somewhat lift up the ship with a grinding noise coming from the bottom of the ship and when the wave passed by, the ship was dropped back down on the reef with a shuddering jolt. We all felt uneasy, wondering if the ship would break apart.

Our quarters were on the deck to the back of the ship. From this there was a hatch

door with a ladder to the bottom of the ship leading to the big engine room. The crew members working there came with a strong rope to tie that open securely. We could see they wanted that hatch door open for a sudden escape if it became necessary. This let a loud, noisy, grinding sound come up into our cabin from the hull of the ship grinding on the reef. But surely it must have been much louder down where the men were working.

In the evening awhile before sundown, three destroyer escorts—middle sized battleships—came to try their experiment. These were the most speedy ships in the navy and did not need as deep water as the heavily loaded freight ship. While one of these stood by, the other two took turns coming by the side of the freightship at full speed to make as big waves as possible and also trying to make a current to move the freighter toward the deeper water. After awhile they changed to coning at the ship at a right angle at a high speed, coming as close as they considered safe. Then they made as short a turn as they could, still trying to make a big enough wave to move the ship off the reef. Of course, the bigger the waves the harder the ship dropped back on the reef after the waves passed by.

After some time they had not succeeded, so they stopped. They left to come back again the next morning. The wind continued during the night, and with it the loud grinding noise coming from the bottom of the ship into our cabin. All of us, except one older man took our mattresses out and laid them on the deck. I don't think there was much sleep during the night. Some tried doing things to bolster their spirits and courage during the night and to take their minds off what might happen. It was at this time that the Jew whose philosophy had been that when you have problems and things don't go right, just take a drink and forget your troubles, found out his philosophy did not hold out in this situation. He came to me and said, "Edwin, if you are a Christian, PRAY so that we don't perish." I assured him that I had been praying.

By the next morning the fuel tank must have been about empty. Around 8:30 the three destroyers were back. For half an hour or so they continued to do as they had the evening before. Then the freight ship's motors were started and sure enough, we were afloat! A happy time!

We headed back to Port of Spain, getting there at 3:30 p.m. Here the ship was inspected for damages and to see about repairs. It was found that the ship had a large hole in the forward part of the hull. The ship had two hulls and the second hull was OK. After considering what it would take to fix it, the time it would take, and the price asked to fix it, the captain said. "We will just go on without doing anything. The second hull is OK. The hole in the first hull will slow us down some, is all. We are just going."

So that was it. In all we had lost another ten days. According to my diary, on this last part of the trip I had a routine. About three hours of the morning and four hours of the afternoon were spent reading and studying, including the Bible and the Spanish language. Probably more time was spent studying Spanish because I felt I soon would be needing it. Three hours of late afternoon and evening were spent on the deck visiting with the men and walking the deck for some exercise. There had been some stormy rainy weather with rough seas. At times the waves would break up onto the deck.

We finally arrived at Buenos Aires on June 1st at 5:00 p.m. for the ship's inspection, and we passengers were allowed to go ashore after that. It took till 10:00 p.m. to get through customs. Then we ran into another problem. Argentina had just had a presidential election. We were told there were a million extra people in the city and it would be very difficult to find lodging. But the professor said he knew the city. He got on the telephone to see what he could find. After some time he hung up and said he had found a hotel room with one double bed and a single bed. So Dr. Farre (the professor), Lorenzo Capuz Fernandez (the Cuban), and I had the room together. ▲

To be continued

This Month in Brazil

The Wedding

The Rio Verde Congregation is maturing fast. Increasingly the members are realizing that they must look to themselves, and not to others, for their basic progress. The recent wedding of João Batista and Adalgisa Ambrósio was an indicator of how much they have advanced.

The Rio Verde church has seating for approximately 150 people. At times the building is about full in their normal services. Other times there may be 30 or 40 empty seats. That limits them on how big of a crowd they can handle.

So what happens when there is a wedding in which almost all of the relatives of both the bride and the groom aren't of the church and both congregations on the Colony are invited?

It works. For one thing, not all the relatives came, neither did everyone from the Colony. In addition to the balmy tropical weather, the Rio Verde congregation is building a new social hall right along side the church. Right now it is only a roof, but it held those who didn't fit inside.

The social hall roof may work well as an overflow, but it certainly isn't set up to handle a reception. The solution, which the Brazilian brethren came up with, was to rent the recreation center of the local agronomists, located some three miles out of town.

The facilities were excellent. To begin with, the large octagonal building with a high roof and open sides—remember that this is a tropical country—was large enough to seat three to four hundred people. It had a well equipped kitchen, good restroom facilities and a play area for the children. And being out in the country, it was a very peaceful setting.

They followed the American custom and served sandwiches, ice cream and cake. But, contrary to American custom, there was no tea. They served guaraná (a Brazilian soft drink made of an extract from the Amazon jungle). It makes all the difference. Long live Brazilian weddings!

This & That

Dr. Donald Gordon, the founder of the Evangelical Hospital in Rio Verde, died in the US. He was 102. Dr. Gordon and his wife Helen had a very positive influence on the people of Rio Verde. I believe that our good reception was partially due to the groundwork they laid many years before.

The Rio Verde congregation has had a change of leadership. For the last three years Min. Arlo Hibner and his family have been going to church in town. Now Min. Elias Stoltzfus and Dea. John Unruh and their families will be taking their place. The inclusion of a deacon in their staff will fill an important need in that congregation.

On April 2 Carman & Celma Loewen had a girl, Rochelle.

Perdigão has moved out of its downtown office and is now operating out of its new office on the industrial site. The landscaping of the industrial site has been complete and actual construction of the complex has begun.

On April 8 we had an Annual Meeting report for both congregations at the Monte Alegre church.

The Rio Verdinho school teachers spent the April 12 weekend on the Mirassol, São Paulo mission visiting the missionaries and the brethren from there.

We were saddened by the news that Ervin Nichols, who was part of BN Tour III, passed away. We extend our sympathy to the family. Frances Schultz (sister), Stanley (nephew) & Mary Schultz and Daniel & Linda (niece) Holdeman went to the US for the funeral. They have returned.

Kendra, dau. of Stanley & Mary Schultz has moved to the US, where she will be taking nurses training.

Ileen Koehn and dau. Francine are visiting in the US.

On April 23, Stephen & Dete Kramer had a boy, Jason Isaac.

On April 26 the Rio Verde congregation had a farewell churrasco for the Arlo Hibner family and the Sid & Irene Schmidt family, who have been there as missionaries for the last two years, but have now returned to the Monte Alegre congregation.

I have been asked who the boy was in the story, The Security, in BN 82. I don't know. The author doesn't tell us.

Be thinking about BN tour IV for November. More about this next month.