

Brazil News



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Editorial

The Window

Back in the days when aviation was in its infancy, for a pilot to strap himself into an open cockpit and take to the skies was an act of courage. Aided by only a handful of rudimentary instruments and often imprecise maps, the life expectancy of these brave airmen was up for auction each time they flew into the unknown.

Without modern navigational helps, one of the most dreaded situations was to become trapped above a heavy cloud formation with fuel running low. To attempt to sink through such turbulence and make a safe landing was like playing reverse Russian roulette with one empty chamber.

In this situation, the pilot looked around and saw billowing clouds in every direction. His only chance of making a relatively safe landing was to find a window—an opening in the clouds through which he could corkscrew his way down to safety.

It is unthinkable that a pilot in such dire straits would become distracted and miss a window. Or see one and fly over, hoping to encounter a more favorable situation up ahead.

Life is compared to a journey. The Pilgrims Progress compares it to a journey on foot. We talk about driving down the highway of life, about dangerous curves, road signs and detours. These are apt allegories. Or at least they used to be.

Alas, modern life is more like flying than walking or driving. Sometimes we would like to just pull over and park on the shoulder of the road, but there are no shoulders above the clouds. How many times don't we feel like slamming on the brakes and shouting "Enough!?" But airborne planes have no brakes. We become sleepy and begin looking for the next rest stop. Planes don't pull over in the air. Our fuel gauge has quit wiggling; if we don't make it to the next station, we'll just pull over and wait for help to arrive. Not so in a plane.

Yes, all too often we are frustrated because life is no longer a walk. It's a flight.

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(We may have to exchange the term “walk of life” for “flight of life,” or even, “life of flight.”)

And yet as we fly through time, not all is negative. Not by any means. Not always, as we fly above the clouds, has our fuel gauge quit wiggling. Sometimes as we intently scan the clouds, we are not looking for an emergency window to save our own life, but for an opportunity to drop down and help someone in need on the ground. These we call “windows of opportunity,” and that is what this article is all about.

It is important to understand that there is no difference between an emergency window and a window of opportunity. The only difference is in the amount of fuel we have in our tank. If the needle on our fuel gauge is pegged out on E, we won't be looking for an opportunity to help someone else. We've got our hands full with ourselves.

Yet there is a lesson we can learn from the one whose engine is beginning to sputter. He is very, very diligent in his search for a window. When he finds it, he does everything but go into a tailspin to find his way down.

If this diligence is a virtue for the one with an empty tank, wouldn't it also be a virtue for the flyer with a full tank? It's a disquieting question. Why is it that when our own life isn't at stake we lose our diligence? We begin choosing our windows. Some we simply miss. Some we pass over because they are too small. Others because we are making such good time where we are. And others because we fear someone will think we are running out of fuel if we descend through the clouds to men of low estate.

Any pilot can tell us that there is no point in going back to look for a window that was passed over. Besides being like looking for a needle in a haystack, there is a good chance the window no longer exists. A window is a hole in a cloud, “that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.”

There are several reasons why windows are transitory like a vapor.

An open window means now. All too often it means now or never. If windows were large, permanent holes in the clouds, we would be tempted to work them into our schedule, that is, return to them after we got some more urgent business (or pleasure) out of the way.

An open window means you. The Ruler of the clouds doesn't open a window just to say “Boo! I tricked you!” He doesn't play games with windows. Life is too serious for that. When He opens a window it is because there is a need beneath the cloud and help on top. If you aren't willing to do your part, He doesn't want just anyone to take a notion to dive through the clouds and blotch up the job, so He closes the window.

A window isn't usually a precise hole in the clouds. Many times it has jagged edges. More often than not it's impossible to see all the way to the bottom. There is a reason for that. The task awaiting us down below may be greater than our capacity. So the Ruler of the clouds uses the jagged window to prepare us for the job ahead. It isn't unusual for the window to close above us and continue to open beneath us as we circle down. When this happens we have the option of pulling back on the yoke and fighting our way up into the sunshine, or of plunging down in faith. If we choose the plunge, by

the time we reach the landing strip below, we are up to the job . . . and down to the job.

There is another reason why a window that doesn't meet our particular specifications, or mood, shouldn't be discarded. The smaller the window, the darker it is down below where someone is needing help. The gloom of darkness genders despair. Behold such a one, curved by the weight of his burden as he struggles through the valley of the shadow of death. Each step is torture and his feverish mind has come to the conclusion it doesn't pay, no one cares, no one knows . . . When lo! he hears the sound of a motor, of a rapidly approaching airplane. Circling briefly it touches down in a pasture. Someone comes running to him. "Are you needing help?"

"Yes," he replies, "I am needing help."

Human beings are strange creatures. Often they won't accept help until they have come to their wits' end. Try and help them before they have reached this point and they will say, "Thanks, I'll make out." Wait just a little too long and they say, "Thanks, but you're too late. My mind is made up." Again we say, an open window means now.

The Allied invasion of France at Normandy to free Europe of the scourge of Nazism was the largest military campaign in the history of mankind (very likely never to be surpassed, as wars are now fought technologically). This mammoth operation, involving thousands of ships, nearly a half million vehicles, almost two million men, incalculable numbers of weapons of every type and caliber, hundreds of millions of rounds of ammunition and endless amounts of bombs was assembled in relative secrecy. The enemy knew something was in the making, but didn't know the exact place nor date that the invasion would take place. He did know, however, that every two weeks there were especially high tides that were favorable to a landing.

June 5 was the date chosen by the Allied Command for the invasion. For the ships, and especially the aircraft involved in the assault, relatively clear skies were imperative. The weather was beautiful and meteorological reports were favorable for that date. Final preparations were made and troops began boarding the ships.

There was a strong sense of urgency in the air at Allied headquarters. They knew their secret could not be kept indefinitely. Then came the blow. Stagg, the head meteorologist, reported that a high-pressure system was moving out and a low coming in. The weather on the 5th would be stormy with a cloud base of only 500 feet.

Knowing that the assault would be a failure without overwhelming aerial coverage, Eisenhower decided to postpone for 24 hours.

Not only were the Allies watching the clouds. So were the Germans. Knowing that the invasion would come at high tide, they concluded they were safe for another two weeks. General Rommel (known as the Desert Fox in the African campaign), responsible for the defense of the Atlantic Wall, began the tedious trip by car to his home town near Berlin to see his wife and the führer. (Travel by plane was out of the question because of Allied air superiority over Germany.) Before leaving he remarked, "There's not going to be an invasion. And if there is, then they won't even get off the beaches."

Rommel's chief of staff, General Hans Speidel prepared a party for his close friends,

under the pretext that “The Old Man’s gone away.” Another general went hunting and yet another to Paris to spend some time with his girlfriend. All believed the invasion couldn’t possibly take place.

It poured rain on the 5th and the weather was stormy. At 9:30 that evening the weather was unchanged. What changed was Stagg’s report. He announced to the assembled generals that there would be a short break of possibly 36 hours—a window—in the storm on the 6th.

Eisenhower began pacing back and forth. Suddenly he stopped and asked one of his generals what he thought. The answer was positive. He began pacing again. The next general he questioned believed it to be too “chancy.” More pacing. Then turning to General Montgomery, he asked, “Do you see any reason for not going Tuesday?” Looking the Supreme Commander in the eye he replied, “I would say—Go!”

When Eisenhower finished polling his generals, he found his staff was split. The total weight of the decision rested on his shoulders. He paced some more. At 9:45, with the rain thundering on the roof and the doors rattling in the wind, he gave the historical order: “I am quite positive that the order must be given.” The invasion was on.

At 3:30 that morning Eisenhower awoke and the rain was traveling horizontally in sheets. The trailer in which he slept was shaking in the wind. There was still time to call off the assault. At 5:00 the normally dour Stagg came in with a grin on his face. He was more certain than ever that by daybreak the storm would subside. There would be a window.

He was right. One cannot help but believe that it was the God Almighty who opened this window. There was no top brass in the enemy camp. Because of the peculiar hierarchy of German command, no decisions could be made spontaneously by the lower echelons. Indeed, all important decisions had to come from Hitler himself. Once again fate smiled upon the Allies. The führer was going to bed about the time the attack began. No one, not even his closest associates, had the courage to arouse him. Thus while the Allies were busily establishing their beachheads, the German Supreme Commander slept.

True to Stagg’s prediction, the weather held for only a short time. But it was all it took. The invasion was a success and so long as time lasts, June 6, 1944 will be remembered as the day in which the countdown on the scourge of Nazism began.

A window. If General Eisenhower would have waited for a better window, the results of that war might have been different. After all, one of the reasons Rommel wanted to see Hitler was to request more tanks, and autonomy to make his own decision in just this type of situation.

Eisenhower knew that if the invasion miscarried, the entire weight of the failure would rest on his shoulders. He was prepared for this. In fact, he even drafted a short statement assuming all responsibility that would be read to the press in this eventuality.

Prudence is a virtue. It is the ability to make wise decisions. Was Eisenhower imprudent when he said, “I am quite positive that the order must be given!”? Would we, who today live in a world free of Nazism, say that he took unjustified chances?

No. Never. We were the ones who were beneath the clouds. He was on top. When he saw a window, he said, “I am quite positive that the order must be given.” Because of his courage, millions were set free.

What happens when prudence is placed on such a high pedestal that courage must cringe in the dust? Unfortunately, this is entirely too common today. When a window appears, we scratch our head and sagaciously mutter, “It looks quite risky to me.” Then we feel virtuous because we have had the courage to say no.

Do you know why we do that? Because we think only about the man above the clouds and not about those who are needing our help below. By saying no, we save our own hide, but we leave to their own fate those who should be saved.

There are situations in which it takes real courage to say no. But there are others in which we say no, not because of prudence, but for lack of courage to say, “I am quite positive that the order must be given.”

If the work of the Kingdom is to prosper, we will have to be alert to windows. That doesn't mean we will nosedive through them kamikaze style. Not at all. But it does mean that we will think less about the man on top and more about the one underneath.

Small men make great speeches about closed windows. Great men make small speeches about open windows. ▲

Zigzagging Around

The Sermon I Saw

The minister arose and announced he was going to preach on the love of Christ. It was a powerful sermon and while listening to his words, I saw another sermon.

As he arose to speak, in one hand he had a Bible and in the other a pair of dark rimmed glasses. They were, I found out, a pair of over-the-counter reading glasses picked up at Wal-Mart.

He placed the glasses on the ledge surrounding the elevated part of the pulpit and proceeded with his sermon. Obviously not enthralled by this change which time was pressing upon him, he made a short explanation of his less than perfect eyesight and the nuisance of having to use glasses. For someone in this transition, his feelings are quite understandable.

As he talked about Christ, I kept seeing his glasses on the ledge of the pulpit. We all reach a point of transition, really quite early in life, in which we realize that our eyesight is bad and that without spiritual glasses to restore our vision, we will lose the way.

We know we need the glasses—a Savior—but we push it off as long as we can. Finally, instead of going to the Specialist, we stop at Wal-Mart. As we try out their different models, we hit on a pair that makes the letters on the chart jump out at us. Ah, we say, this is what I was looking for. We are thrilled with our new reading glasses. No

longer do we have to do squint-and-guess reading. That evening as we sit down to read the paper, we wonder why we didn't do this sooner.

Interestingly, when someone shows up while we are reading the paper, we quickly slip them off and slide them into our pocket. We hope no one has noticed. For some reason we don't want to have people asking, "Hey! Are you wearing glasses?"

This is the situation of many modern Christians who go through life with Wal-Mart over-the-counter glasses. They know they need a Savior, because they don't want to go to hell. But when they're out in public, they prefer to leave them at home, or at least stuck deep in their shirt pocket.

The preacher called his glasses a nuisance. Isn't that exactly what Jesus is to a lot of people? Oh no, they would never admit it. Do you know why He is a nuisance? Because Wal-Mart over-the-counter glasses aren't the same as prescription glasses. Anyone who has had reading glasses knows they are a nuisance. When you're wearing them, you can read fairly well, but look up and everything is blurred. So if you get over being embarrassed by them, you end up repeatedly putting them on and taking them off, decidedly a nuisance.

After using his glasses a time or two, the minister precariously placed them up on the top part of the pulpit, sort of hanging over the edge. I don't think it bothered him, but it did me. What if they fell off? The children would surely titter.

I got to thinking. How many times don't halfhearted Christians have a similar effect on the world? They don't fit into the world, nor do they give the impression of being real Christians. They just balance on the edge, making others uneasy.

What's the solution? It's realizing that over-the-counter glasses aren't the real thing. It's going to see a specialist and getting a prescription for glasses that can be comfortably worn during waking hours. People who put their glasses on when they get up and take them off before going to bed don't see them as a nuisance. They don't forget or lose them since the glasses are either on their face or on the dresser. They aren't embarrassed about wearing glasses and don't cause others to be ill at ease. The thought of having to part with them sends shivers up and down their spine. Their glasses are part of them.

That's the secret. Our Savior needs to be part of us. When He is, we'll wear our glasses in the rain. ▲

A Brazilian Tom Sawyer

(As reported in O Popular)

[Surely no one believes that only Tom Sawyer had the right to be around for his own funeral. Near the city of Sorocaba, in the state of São Paulo, a similar incident took place. Though less dramatic, it is doubtlessly more authentic than Mark Twain's account.]

The relatives of Francisco de Moura, age 67, were gathered around his casket when the phone rang. It was the deceased who was on the other end of the line, anxious to tell his family that he was back in the hospital in Sorocaba, where he had been a patient for several days before he mysteriously disappeared.

Needless to say, the wake came to an abrupt halt and the body was taken back to the morgue to be examined by the coroner.

Here is what happened: Francisco was in the hospital to be treated for a tumor in his throat. But one day he simply walked out and disappeared without a trace. His family and the police looked for him everywhere, without success.

Several days later a man was found dead along the Castelo Branco highway, victim of a hit-and-run accident. The body was taken to the morgue in Sorocaba. Suspecting that it might be Francisco, the coroner asked that the family come and identify the body, which was badly mutilated. The family was convinced their beloved had met his death and signed a statement to this effect. The coroner issued the death certificate.

In the hospital Francisco told his family that as he thought about his medical problem he became frantic and decided to skip out. The time he was missing he was hiding out in a cheap boarding house in Sorocaba. ▲

The Colony

Where We Live

People from Kansas, used to sections and miles and East and West and North and South almost go batty when they come to Brazil. If they happen to be turned around when they get here, it almost spoils their trip. But if they are straight on their directions, I can't see that it does them a lick of good. Nobody here ever says, "From the 4-way stop in the middle of town, you go four miles East, two and a quarter North, and they live on the West side of the road."

That's about as picturesque as a doctor's prescription. You can say the whole thing in one breath without even looking up to see to whom you're talking.

It's all wrong.

When someone asks for directions, your explanation should be long and complicated enough to where you and the stranger are friends before you part.

It isn't unusual for truckers to stop at the Literature Center (no. 25 on the map on the next page) and ask for directions to someplace.

He: Bom dia.

Me: Bom dia.

(You've never seen bom dia on a doctor's prescription.)

He: I've got a load of fertilizer for Chris Stoltzfus, could you tell me how to get there?

Me: Man, that's a complicated one.

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He: You mean it's hard to get to his place?

Me: It depends. If you know the way it isn't. Actually, there are two ways to get there. One's about as bad as the other.

He: Well, I've got to deliver this stuff, so try and explain it.

Me: OK. So far you're on the right road. Do you see that curve (see your map) about a half a kilometer down the road? Don't go straight there, or you'll be on the wrong road. Take the curve. Now you're going to go over six or eight big humps in the road and then you'll come right up against a field and you're going to have to turn one way or the other, so turn left.

He: Let me see, up at that curve I'll curve on around, go over a bunch of humps and then turn left, right?

Me: Right on. Now you're going to cross a dam and you keep right on going until you get to a crossroad (see your map). Here's where things get complicated. If you go straight across, it's the closest, but there's a steep hill and if you get lost, there probably won't be anyone around to help you out, so I suggest you turn right. You drive six or eight kilometers. You'll see a number of farms, but you keep going until you get within a kilometer of a big grain elevator (no. 59 on the map, belongs to Doug Ferrell). You'll see a road that turns off to the left, over a high cattle guard and into a pasture. That's the road you want to take. It's beyond that quite a ways. If you happen to see someone, ask them how to get to Chris' place . . .

He: Yes, if I do a little asking, I think I can get there.

Me: I'm sure you can.

We shake hands and the man is on his way. That beats four East, two and a quarter North all to pieces. By now that fellow and I are friends, but that's really not what this article is about.

Just a few explanations on some of the italicized names. The first one, Bill Miller, has rented Earl Schmidt's place, so his place is empty. The next one, Emma Burns, has an empty house because Edinei & Janete Alves, who were living there, are in the mission in Mirassol, São Paulo. The Koepls. There are no Koepls living here right now, but we hope that before too long there will be. Mervin & Norma Jean Loewen are in the mission in Goiânia, so their house is empty. Staven & Adeline Schmidt are spending some time in the US, so Leon & Ruby Koehn have been living there during their six-month stay in Brazil. Walt Redger. So far as I know, Walt & Alberta are in the US right now. Tomorrow they may be here.

Almost all the roads you see on the map were opened and built up by the Colony. A few may have followed existing trails for a short distance. Most of the main roads have been graveled. Because of the type of soil we have here, roads are almost always passable, even during or right after heavy rains.

The fact that this entire area where the Colony is located was totally undeveloped, without roads, bridges or any buildings or fields, shows what a colossal task it was to bring all this into existence. It's true that our roads aren't as good as yours in N America. But then, if you had to take care of your own roads most of the time, as we

have had to during the almost 30 years we've been here, your's might not be all that great either.

At any rate, enjoy the map. Let us know if you have any questions. We hope to soon give you a rundown on when each family came, how their numbers have increased, etc. ▲

Paraguay

by Edwin Schmidt, Chapter VII

Voluntary Service in Paraguay

One of the men I came together with to the Chaco was Vernon Neuschwander, who had been working on this telephone system. I started working with Vernon on this job. Another MCC worker had been in charge of this work, and Vernon had been his helper. The other man had gone back home and Vernon was put in charge and I was now his helper.

Much work had already been done on this telephone system. The telephone poles were already set. I, together with two of the colony men, each with a team of horses and a wagon, strung the wire. On Monday morning a supply of wire and tools, food, bedrolls, drinking water, etc., were loaded and we left for a week's work, stringing the wire from village to village. It was not a difficult work, but when you (in this case, it was the MCC) have a project that is to be done where you furnish the materials and pay the wages, a certain amount of supervision needs to be there so the time, materials, etc. are properly utilized. Also to see that the work was done to certain specified instructions.

We took food along that was not so difficult to prepare. If I remember right, we had some kind of two burner stove with us. The villages usually had a store to buy something to eat and replenish our food supply if needed. There were also water wells in the villages, I don't remember ever having any difficulty. For nights we'd lay down our bedrolls, put up some kind of a framework over which to put up some kind of netting, get under the netting, and tuck it in under the bedroll to keep out the bugs and insects. Being young and healthy, I never felt this was a hardship, I was only doing as the others did.

I spent two or three months with the telephone work. It was not all stringing the wire; there were also some other kinds of work connected with it. The new Chaco colony where the World War II refugees were settled was not so far south of the Fernheim Colony. It was named Neuland (New Land). Here they were settled on the open grasslands surrounded mostly by bush land with some trees. Since there was not much clearing that needed to be done, it was easier to get started than at the Volendam Colony.

The Fernheim Colony was considerably larger than the Friesland Colony, so much

more help was gotten here. The Fernheim Colony had agreed to build a house for each widow. Different villages were established in different open grassland areas. There was more bush land than open grassland areas. Because of this it made for a long winding road to connect the two colonies. It was decided to cut a straight path through the bush for a road between the two colonies. I also helped Vernon survey the path through the bush for this road. There were many Indians in this area, and a group of them were hired to cut the bush and fell the trees.

In a work like this which took rather a long time, the men brought their whole families along, which was not so much different than their somewhat nomadic lifestyle. Then, too, the women and children who were big enough helped with the work. The women with machetes went ahead to cut out the underbrush and the men followed with axes to cut down the bigger trees.

If I remember correctly, we surveyed just enough ahead so the Indians could keep working. The Indians always had a gun along with them to shoot some wildlife for meat if they could. One day they shot a wild pig. They really feasted. They had a fire going all night. By morning the pig was all eaten. Of course, they had no way of keeping it from spoiling.

The completion of this road made the connection between the two colonies much shorter than it had been. A shipment of Christmas bundles for the refugee children arrived a little late, but was still greatly appreciated. In helping get them ready to give to the children, I came across a few senders' names from our church: Mr. and Mrs. Boese, Mrs. Albert Mastre, and Mrs. Sarah Boeckner. This made it seem more personal.

One day some of us MCC workers hired a truck to take us to the new colony to see how the people were getting along. Quite a few houses were far enough along that people were living in them. Those that the Fernheim Colony constructed for the widows were neat. Some were white washed and looked really nice. Some fields were ready for planting. They were waiting for fence supplies to keep the cattle out before planting.

As a whole, the people seemed to be in good spirits. Two months later we made another trip to the new colony. Now most of the fencing had been completed, and there were some nice looking fields of growing crops. Some even had ripe watermelons. They raised very good sweet ones in the Chaco. Again we found most of the people courageous. We had taken food along for our lunch, but a Dyck family invited us to stay for dinner, which we did. We really appreciated that.

On February 20, 1948, I left the Chaco, as my two year term was coming to an end. I had been in the Chaco a little over four months. The trip out of the Chaco was much better than the one coming in. In two or three days I was back as far as Puerto Rosario, where I got off to visit the Volendam Colony. I spent three days in the colony visiting all twelve villages in the colony. A young couple who had just been married two and a half months took me in and I had a bed for the nights.

This being a wooded area, first a road had to be made through the settlement area and sites cleared to make their houses. The villages were at different locations

throughout the colony, with each village choosing its own way of settling and getting established. Some concentrated on getting the houses far enough along so they could move in. Others concentrated on clearing some land to get crops planted, and in some they worked at both at the same time.

Another important work was to get wells dug for water. It was hard pioneering work, and would be for some years, especially so for the widows without men to do the hardest work. Some of these said they didn't know how they would make it and were wishing they had gone to the Chaco.

In building the houses, for the most part the framework and roof were first. After this some families moved in. The family I stayed with had one end wall up, one side wall half up, and the other side a third of the way up using adobe bricks. They had a little land cleared and planted with kaffir, a tall white seed sorghum, cane, beans, squash, corn, and rosella, of which the flower was used. It was good of this young couple to take me in and share what little they had. I have wished many times afterward that I'd remembered their names and address and kept some contact with them.

Although I couldn't write the high German, my mother could. Instead of leaving for home as was planned, another ship with refugees was coming in and I was asked if I'd delay my leaving to help with getting these settled. I agreed to do this. A number of us MCC workers went by river boat to Buenos Aires to meet incoming refugees, of which there were 860. Soon after docking, the MCC workers were able to board the ship. We found the refugees happy to have arrived. The ship officials told us they had been well pleased with the way this Mennonite refugee group had conducted themselves, saying it had been the best organized and pleasant group of refugees they had hauled so far. They gave much of the credit for all this to Mrs. Peter Dyck, who accompanied the refugees.

It had not been possible to get enough river boats at this time to take the refugees that way as at other times, so some had to go by train. This was the first time any of the refugees had had to be brought in by train. Homer Martin, a former MCC worker at the La Fabrica center, and I were responsible for this group. This was a three day trip. We had been told the train was ready, but when we got there it wasn't. We had to wait several hours. The Argentine people began to crowd around and wonder what it was all about. When they found out they began to say, "Why are these people going to Paraguay? Argentina needs good looking people like these. Why don't they stay here?"

It was true. These people had been well taken care of by the MCC. By this time, as a whole, they were a clean, good looking people. We also soon found out that as a whole the Argentine men were much like the Paraguayan men. They'd soon come and ask and ask for this or that young girl or woman. We were glad when we got the people on the train and on the way. We had some of this trouble at these stops along the way. Arrangements had been made to pick up food at different places, as well as to get the train serviced.

The train ride from Buenos Aires to Asuncion got rather tiresome. As stops were made there were always some who wanted to get off, and Argentine people wanted to

get on and walk through to the passenger coaches. Some may have just been curious, but we knew of some whose intent was not good. When the train started on its way again we wondered if some one might have been left behind. However, the trip was made without any serious thing happening.

We were of the understanding that at the Argentine-Paraguay border, which is a river, the train would cross the border on a ferry and we'd continue on our way. But Paraguay wouldn't accept this and the people needed to be transferred to a train on their side of the border. After two hours we were convinced that was the way it would have to be. (Those of you who were in the group who wanted to make that tour on a Brazilian tour bus to the Paraguayan Chaco, does this sound familiar?) ▲

To be continued

This & That

On October 11 we will be going on daylight-saving time. This means that when it is 9:00 p.m. in Kansas, it will be midnight here. When you folks in N America go off of d.s.t., the difference will be four hours. There is only one good thing I can say about this foolishness: The night we go off of d.s.t., I can stay up one hour later than normal and still get the same amount of sleep.

On Sept. 1 was Enos Miller's funeral at the Rio Verdinho Congregation.

As reported last month, Dan & Clara Coblentz and Harvey Becker from Lobelville spent three weeks here. Dan & Clara visited their children, William & Miriam, who are in the Acaraú mission, and their grandchildren. Then both Dans and Harvey spent a few days on the colony in Mato Grosso.

Post offices came into existence after the fall in the Garden, so we shouldn't be too surprised if they are less than perfect. Anyway, the English books for our schools here were sent months ago, but they didn't get here and didn't get here and didn't get here. Then just before school started Dale Koehn faxed from Gospel Publishers and said they were all in the post office in Moundridge. They had made it all the way to Rio de Janeiro and then for some inexplicable reason they were sent back as unclaimed. Dale had to pay to get them out of the post office and then turn around and pay a heap of money to send them airmail this time. Talking about books worth their weight in gold . . . Oh yes, I think most of them have arrived.

Ministers Dean Mininger and Leon Koehn were to the Boa Esperança Congregation in Mato Grosso for meetings. I understand that Leon feels that he has now been to the uttermost parts of the world.

Jair & Connie da Costa spent the Sept. 6 weekend visiting the Mirassol, São Paulo mission.

Angela, Daniel & Betty Martin's daughter, is teaching Mervin & Norma Jean's first grade daughter on the Goiânia mission.

Mark & Glenda Loewen, Arlo Hibner and Jesse Loewen were to the Northeast for

revival meetings at the Patos and Acaraú missions. They returned with inspiring reports from both places.

Barbie, Leo & Mim Dirks' daughter, flew to Patos with the group. She will be teaching Dan Peaster's children.

We can't omit the Goiânia mission—or shall we say, incubator. Different ones have been converted there, but because of being such a large city (a million plus), they tend to move away. At present there are only six members there. It appears that right directly that number will double. Some of you have learned to know bro. Divino Cândido and his wife Corina, who live there. They have three teenage children: Michelle, Isaac and Diogo. Divino says that one day one of them came to him and said, "Dad, I need to talk to you." He was under strong conviction, so they had prayer together and he had a conversion experience. A day or so later his other boy wanted to talk to him and the same thing happened. Next was his daughter's turn. She too had an experience. We should all remember his wife in prayer. She too needs help. I hope to be able to publish the three children's experiences right directly. Ministers Richard Mininger and Leon Koehn held meetings in Goiânia.

The land leveling has come to a temporary halt. At least we hope it is temporary. According to Roberto Amorim, there is a tremendous lot of work in Curitiba. He says companies are moving in from São Paulo to help. Who knows, maybe a "window" will open over there. Pray that if this happens some little planes will be seen circling down through the clouds.

The upper grades from the Monte Alegre School went to Rio Verde to see a cultural exhibit that was part of the town's 150th anniversary celebration.

Nelson & Ruth Unruh made a quick trip to Curitiba Sept. 19-25, making a short stop at the Mirassol mission. They happened to get to Curitiba during a real cold snap.

On the 23rd, Cristiane and Raquel Garcia—the Garcia sisters—returned from the US after spending a year in voluntary service in Bethel Home. I'm not sure what they're going to be doing now.

We have a new supermarket in Rio Verde. It's not so big, but it is well planned and well stocked, and the prices are good.

Finally our literature work is registered. We are officially known as Publicadora Menonita—Mennonite Publisher. This means we can begin selling our books to other bookstores.

We can't forget It and He. Here's what happened. Marion, John & Joan Unruh's daughter, had a Siamese mother cat that had kittens. A whole bunch. They said I could have first pick, so when they were about big enough to leave home, we went over there. They got them all out and asked which one I wanted. Just like the magnet on a compass, my finger pointed to the most beautiful little kitten. I saw Marion and her mother looking at each other with maybe just a bit of a malicious smile. They knew I wanted a boy cat. They said, "What if it's a girl? Do you still want it?" Absolutely I did. Could I have a second cat, a boy? Yes, I could choose. In just a jiffy He was also picked out. We've had them almost a month now. To say

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they are spoiled would be an understatement. They have the run of the place. But what a pair.

Talking about “it,” Galen Koehn, my publisher sent me a fax saying, “I stitched BN no. 88 today and hope to get out of the shop in the next few days.” I knew he had just gotten back from vacation, so that didn’t make sense—until I realized that the problem was it.