

# Brazil News



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Editorial

## **Partial Success**

Roberto Campos, an eminent octogenarian Brazilian statesman, wrote an essay entitled, *Os Perigos do Meio Sucesso*—The Dangers of Partial Success (Literally: The Dangers of Half Success), in which he did a masterful analysis of the country's political and economical situation.

Here are a few of his comments:

"I have always believed that countries are saved by great 'victories' or great 'defeats.' The danger is in 'partial success.' Great victories inspire confidence and are the germ of future accomplishments. Great defeats soften society to where they become willing to accept necessary changes. Dissatisfaction is the seed of transformation."

Campos goes on to point out areas in which partial successes have placed Brazil in a vulnerable situation on the world stage of globalization. He says, "Today we are paying the penalty of 'partial success.'"

It isn't only Brazil that is paying, or has paid, the penalty of partial success.

If Jehoshaphat would have gotten a report card for his reign as king, his average grade would probably have been a D. By no means was he a good king, nor was he the worst. The respect that he shows for the dying Elisha raises his grade from an F to a D, which is worth something.

It's interesting to notice what happened in his visit to the prophet. In yet another demonstration of how God is able to use despicable men to execute His plans, the prophet transformed this visit into a historical event.

During this time, Israel was being harassed by Aram, a neighboring king. It was because of disobedience that this was happening, and it was because of disobedience that there was no strength to rout the enemy.

In spite of Jehoshaphat's idolatrous ways, it's very possible that in the back of his mind he saw the prophet Elisha as a convenient spare tire. In case of emergency, he could always

fall back on him. His salutation upon walking into the dying prophet's chamber—"O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof"—make one believe that he realized that shortly he would be on his own with his idols, unless he could extract some last-minute favor from this man of God.

Elisha saw fit to bestow a final blessing upon this disobedient king. In a setting charged with symbolism, the enfeebled prophet responded to the king's greeting by commanding, "Take bow and arrows."

Jehoash must have immediately sensed that something dramatic was about to occur. He strung an arrow in his bow and waited. Placing his trembling hands on the king's hands, the prophet gave a second order, "Open the window eastward." Reaching out with one hand he opened the window, and then the prophet ordered, "Shoot!" With the prophet's hands on his, the king shot the arrow eastward through the open window.

Jehoash must have quivered with joy as the prophet interpreted the significance of the arrow shot through the east window. "The arrow of the LORD'S deliverance, and the arrow of deliverance from Syria: for thou shalt smite the Syrians in Aphek, till thou have consumed them." Not only did he prophesy deliverance, but specified the spot where this would take place.

Euphoric, the king was probably ready to dash out and tell his generals the good news. Victory, which for so long had eluded them, was now guaranteed.

But the prophet wasn't done with him.

"Take the arrows!" the prophet commanded. The king took them. "Smite the ground!" was the enigmatic order.

We don't know what the king thought upon hearing these strange words. Possibly in his anxiety to be on his way and prepare for battle, he was a bit miffed by this delay. Maybe he thought, "The old man's becoming delirious."

Not wanting to offend the prophet who had just served him so well, he struck the floor once with his sheaf of arrows. He may have thought, "How ridiculous!"

Raising the arrows again, he brought them down on the floor, with less force than the time before. "I wonder what this is proving?"

The arrows are raised again and pause in midair. "Isn't he going to say that is enough?" Weakly the arrows strike the floor a third time. "I'm not going to make a fool of myself anymore." The king replaces the arrows in his quiver and looks at the prophet as if to ask, "Now may I go? I have important work to do."

One translation says, "The man of God was furious with him and said, 'You should have struck five or six times.'"

By nature we would like to sort of defend the king. After all, the order was ambiguous, to say the least. How was he to know he should strike the ground five or six times? Why wasn't the prophet more specific? If he would have said, "Strike the ground six times," he would have done so, wouldn't he have?

Who erred? The prophet or the king?

It's very likely it wasn't only the number of times the king struck the ground with the arrows that disturbed the prophet. His ire may well have been provoked by the lack of

enthusiasm in his action. If the king's eyes would have gleamed with enthusiasm, and if he would have grabbed the arrows with both hands and brought them down with a resounding crash, sending splinters flying across the room and out the eastern window, one time would have very likely been enough. The prophet's decree then would have been, "Well done. In one battle you will utterly defeat Aram!"

Roberto Campos says that Brazil is paying the penalty for partial successes. Is it possible that God's people are also paying a high penalty for the same reason?

According to my dictionary, success is "the achievement of something desired, planned, or attempted." Viewed from this perspective, we are quite a successful people. But that isn't the whole story. The apostle Paul says "we are members one of another." If we really believe that, then we must admit that true success is collective. Conversely, individual success would be...partial success?

We are members one of another.

It's a summer day and you are cleaning out your grain bin, preparing for the coming harvest. It's hot in the bin. Really hot. You are sweating and the sweat is running down your face. It's dusty too. Pretty soon you're itching all over.

Good reader, what do you do when the sweat is running down your face and you feel itchy all over? You wipe the sweat off your face and scratch wherever you happen to be itching. When you feel sweat trickling into your eye, your hand wants to reach up to wipe it away... but nothing happens. You happen to be sweeping at that exact moment, and so your hands send a message to your eyes: "Sorry, but we're busy."

The same thing happens when the itching on your back becomes unbearable. Almost frantically, you decide to back up against an angle iron and thus scratch your back. But your legs send a message to your back, "Sorry, this place won't get swept if I take off work." So you keep on working with sweat in your eyes and itching all over.

When we become engrossed with ourselves and forget we are members one of another, then we may be highly successful in whatever we are doing, but we lose much of our usefulness in the body. The penalty for this kind of partial success—successful as an individual, unsuccessful in the body—is very high.

Success is "the achievement of something desired, planned, or attempted." It's easy to apply this definition to our personal situation. But more and more people seem to forget that the body also desires, also plans, also attempts to carry out many programs. But how many times, when sweat is running into the eyes, the hand says, "Sorry, I'm busy." When the legs are needed, they excuse themselves, "Sorry, we're busy."

After so many, "Sorry, I'm busy," responses, people learn it won't do any good to ask that particular hand or leg, so they are left alone.

The penalty? Work that will remain eternally undone.

Maybe that doesn't worry us too much, but what if we, as we stand before the Judge, discover that because of our selfishness, we too are eternally undone?

That is the highest penalty that can be paid for partial success

There is a saying that "Confession is good for the soul." Maybe it is. But when confession is seen as an end, and not as a means to an end, the results can be disastrous.

When President Fernando Henrique took office nearly four years ago, he openly confessed that to get the economy straightened out it would take more than merely taming inflation. A number of urgent measures would have to be pushed through Congress to balance the budget.

It took courage to stand up and tell the nation what the problem was. If confession is a solution, then Brazil should be in good shape. But the truth is that right now it is coming through one of its worst crises in many decades. Why? Because the President had the courage to confess, but not to exert enough pressure on Congress to get action.

I don't know if confession is good for the soul, but let's face it, "Confession feels good to the soul." The real test is to follow in obedience. It's exactly this lack of obedience that all too often condemns us to partial success.

We get up in confession meeting and say, "Brethren, I have been too this or too that." Then we go home surfing on the wave of that good feeling, until we hit the beach. Instead of heading up the mountainside where the changes need to be made, we stumble around and a year later we confess again, catch a new wave and surf along with a contented smile on our face, until we are dumped on the beach.

Confession feels good to the soul, but it is only a partial victory. Confession without obedience is like an egg without a yoke.

Roberto Campos says "that countries are saved by great 'victories' or great 'defeats.'" He believes "the danger is in 'partial success.'" Really, that isn't a new thought. The Revelator, nearly two thousand years earlier, by divine inspiration, said something similar. "I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

When we are only half successful in our Christian life, when our report card as an individual looks quite good, but as a member of the body looks like Jehoshaphat's report card, then our problem is serious. If we would have the Prophet smile on us and promise us victory, then we should take the sheaf of arrows in both hands and vigorously strike the ground five or six times. ▲

## *Brazilian Members Write*

by Maria de Fátima Tavares Barros

### **How God Called Dona Isabel**

I would like to relate something that I witnessed. It has to do with dona [doña in Spanish] Isabel, an 82 year old lady. She was a Catholic all her life, as well as a much sought after benzedeira [shaman].

Dona Isabel became ill and was hospitalized. Doctors declared her case hopeless, so several days later she came home.

Since she didn't live far from my house, I decided to pay her a visit. I stayed with her

for half an hour and left again. About an hour later one of her relatives came to ask me to watch her for a while so that her children could rest a bit.

I went over there, but as I sat next to her, I felt that I needed to do something for her soul. Being at a loss as to what to say, I prayed to God and asked Him to direct me.

I asked her, “Dona Isabel, what do you desire from the Lord?”

She answered, “I desire salvation! I want Him to pardon my sins!” She uttered these words with so much emphasis that she hardly appeared to be sick at that moment.

I asked, “Do you want to repent of all your sins and serve God the rest of your life?”

“Yes.”

I then asked her, “Do you realize that you are a sinner?”

“Yes, I do.”

At this point she called three of her children and began to confess. I left for a little while. When I returned, I read some scriptures and had a special prayer together with her, asking God to forgive all her sins and show her what to do in these last few hours of her life. She was now breathing with difficulty, but even so she repeated everything I said, and when I finished the prayer, she also concluded with a strong “Amen.”

I then asked her if she realized that the religion she practiced all of her life would not open the gates of Heaven for her. She acknowledged this and said she wanted to have nothing to do with this religion anymore.

Once again I asked her if she wanted to accept Christ as her only Savior. She answered that this is what she wanted.

It became apparent, not only to me, but also to the family and loved ones, what a great peace she received. When she died I felt certain that God had forgiven her sins.

Our life is the best sermon that we can preach. If we’re faithful, when the time comes, God will ask us to do that which is within our abilities. For me it was a real blessing to help dona Isabel.

I want to encourage each one of you to be faithful. It is so wonderful if we can be useful in God’s hands, so that souls can be saved.

[Note: Maria is a member of the Rio Verde Congregation. BN issue 42 has another article written by her. This experience took place in Goiânia nearly 15 years ago.]

## Linguistics

### **I Laugh Green-GO**

People sometimes ask me if I am aware that there are computer programs on the market that translate texts from one language to another. I try to explain that those programs translate words and a few phrases (no matter what the ads say), but not the nuances of thoughts or ideas.

I’m not a mind reader, but sometimes I suspicion the person is maybe thinking,

“You make your living translating so you’re scared of programs that might put you out of a job.” Maybe they’re right.

The accountant who does our book work at Publicadora Menonita, where I work, is a very congenial fellow, an incorrigible Web addict. Since his surfing can take him to different countries and languages, he has a translation program for chat sessions with non-Portuguese speakers.

One day when I took him some work, he gleefully handed me a paper written in English, which said:

**I Laugh Green-GO., 18/11/98**  
**Friends of the American Colony.**

*Possibly I will be there together with my grandson, to end we give a pescadinha in some he/she Fishes and Pay of the area, I will also give esclarecimento in some doubt that for ventura somebody possesses some professional or personal problem with its work,*

*Hugs,*

*Pimba - Herluyde Seabra Guimarães*

This little note he typed out in Portuguese and had his translator program convert it into English.

Let’s begin on top: I Laugh Green-GO., 18/11/98. What he wrote was: Rio Verde - GO (the abbreviation for Goiás, our state), and then the date (day month year). “Rio,” as most of you will know, means river. But “rio” is also the first person singular in the present indicative of the verb “rir”—to laugh. So instead of translating rio as river, it accepted it as a conjugated verb. “Verde” means green. His magical translator came up with “I Laugh Green.”

The salutation is quite good. But to understand the message you must know Portuguese and have some knowledge of the area. Words that aren’t in the program’s vocabulary come through unchanged.

On the second line, “to end we give” is a literal translation of para o fim de dar, an idiom which means “in order to do.” Pescadinha means, roughly, a little fishing. So he is saying that possibly he and his grandson will come out to do a little fishing.

Now comes the good one: “in some he/she Fishes and Pay of the area.” Dual gender nouns, like fish, are preceded with he/she because the program doesn’t know if they are male or female. The Fishes and Pay is a literal translation of Pesque Pague—Fish [and] Pay, which is what ponds are called in which the public can fish and pay for what they catch. So our good man and his grandson are wanting to go fishing in one of these ponds.

In the last sentence he is saying that while he is out, if someone has some questions that he as an accountant can answer, he will be available.

Don’t get the wrong impression of the man because he ends his note with “Hugs.” Many conversations, telephone calls and letters end with Abraços—Hugs. It is an innocuous term, very much in tune with Latin affability.

Then comes his nickname, Pimba, and his name Herluyde Seabra Guimarães.

For the benefit of those who have read this little note and believe I am soon going to be walking the streets, looking for a job, I copied the Portuguese version of The Little Red Hen story onto a diskette and asked Pimba to have his translator program convert it into English. Here are the results, exactly as produced by his program. Don't feel badly if you laugh green before you get to the end of the translation. (The brackets [ ] are mine.)

### **THE RED-HAIRED CHICKEN**

In a white and well arranged house, in the field, the Red-haired Chicken lived with its sons. They were three pintainhos amarelinhos [little yellow chicks] and pretty. There close they also lived a cat, a goose and a pig. Everybody was friends.

In a day of summer, the Red-haired Chicken went go for a walk in the field. He/she found a wheat grain in the ground and he/she said:

I will plant it, it will be a pretty wheat “ foot.

The Red-haired Chicken asked the cat, that went passing:

Does he/she “ want to help me to plant the wheat “ grain?

“ Me not ”, the cat answered.

The Red-haired Chicken asked the goose:

Does he/she want to help me to plant the wheat “ grain?

“ Me not ”, the goose answered.

The Red-haired Chicken went ask the pig then:

Does he/she “ want to help me to plant the wheat ” grain?

“ Me not ”, he/she also answered the pig.

“ Because I will plant it alone ”, he/she said the Red-haired Chicken.

She made a hole in the earth and it planted the wheat grain.

Few days later the seed germinated and the wheat foot went growing, until that gave a beautiful spike.

The chicken asked the cat, to the goose and the pig:

“ Who does want to help me pick the wheat ” spike?

“ Me not ”, they said the three.

“ Then I will pick alone ”, he/she said her.

The Red-haired Chicken picked the spike and she asked:

“ Who does want to help me take the wheat to the mill ”?

“ Me not ”, they answered the cat, the goose and the pig.

“ Then I am going alone ”, he/she said the Red-haired Chicken.

She put the wheat in a basket, he/she called its three pintainhos and he/she left in direction to the mill.

The miller milled the wheat grains and he/she made flour. It placed it in a package and he/she gave to the Red-haired Chicken.

The Red-haired Chicken and the three pintainhos went back home. She went carrying the flour package in the basket.

In the middle of the road the chicken was already tired. That he/she sat down under a tree to rest.

The cat, the goose and the pig, that they were there close, they came to do mockery and to make fun of of the chicken.

The Red-haired Chicken asked the three: “ Who does want to help me to do the bread ”?

“ Me not ”, they said the three at the same time.

“ Then I will make the alone ” bread, he/she said her.

The Red-haired Chicken went home and she made a sweet bread. It mixed some milk with sugar, salt, butter and ferment. Then it joined the flour and he/she left in a fôrma [pan] to grow.

“ Now who does want to help me to roast the bread ” he/she? Did he/she ask the Red-haired Chicken, when was the mass already very grown.

“ Me not ”, the cat answered.

“ Me also not ”, he/she said the goose.

“ Nor I ”, said the pig.

Because I will roast it alone ”, he/she said the Red-haired Chicken.

She lit the oven and, when it was very hot, it put the fôrma there inside with the bread to roast.

The three pintainhos was there close, looking at curious.

As soon as the bread was very roasted, the Red-haired Chicken removed it of the oven and you/he/she put in the beira [sill] of the window to cool. The bread-sweet was red-faced and beautiful. He/she gave water in the mouth! The pintainhos waited the hour of proving a mouthful. The cat, the goose and the pig were there for close. They felt the delicious smell of the roasted bread and they came running. The Red-haired Chicken appeared in the window and she asked: “ Who does want to help me to eat the bread ”?

“ I want ”!, the cat answered.

“ I also want ”! he/she said the goose.

“ And me also ”!, he/she screamed the pig.

The three will already enter in the house, but the Red-haired Chicken closed the door and she said:

“ You didn't help me to plant the wheat grain. You didn't water it, they picked, nor they took to the mill. You didn't also want to help me to do the bread and to roast it. Now you won't eat it. I made everything alone, now I will eat the bread with my pintainhos ”.

And quite so that made to Red-haired Chicken went.

[I laugh green-GO. You/he/she too laugh?]





## Mozambique

by Eduardo Vieira da Silva

### **A Brazilian in Mozambique**

[What do Brazilians and Mozambicans have in common? They speak the same language, or sort of. Mozambican Portuguese is to Brazilians what African English is to Americans. That's about all they have in common.

What does the church in Brazil have in common with Mozambique? Considerably more. In the seventies when a land leveling project was undertaken in this African country by some brethren in the States, several young men here from Brazil volunteered to spend some time there.

At about the same time Gospel Tract at Moundridge turned the tract work in Mozambique over to the new tract office in Rio Verde. The rain of tracts brought back a shower of letters, some showing interest in salvation.

The first investigation tours made to Mozambique to check out mission possibilities were made by brethren from Brazil, adding a new dimension to our interest in this country.

When the first missionaries from N America were sent to Mozambique, once again Brazil was involved. Eduardo Vieira da Silva, our brother from the coastal state of Paraíba, was asked to spend some time there as interpreter and language teacher for the new missionaries.

I believe that this is the first time in recent church history that a non-North American is sent to another continent as a missionary.

Eduardo tells his story.]

In August of 97 I went to Mozambique to give Portuguese classes to a missionary couple, Jesse & Carolyn Goucher, and to be their interpreter. I'd like to tell you some of my experiences.

When I arrived there on August 14, the missionaries met me in the airport in Malawi. I knew very little about Mozambique, other than that it was a very poor country, that it was ravaged by successive wars and that there were still many mines scattered about.

After we left the airport and were traveling to Mozambique, we stopped along the road to have a picnic lunch. With no restrooms, we found it necessary to head into the bush, but I remembered all the stories about mines and was hesitant. But I decided that God wouldn't have me come all this distance only to get blown up by a mine before I even got started. So I headed into the bush.

We went through Tete, driving along the Zambeze river. We stopped at Dennis Toews' place and then continued on to Songo. The scenery was pretty and at places the vegetation reminded me of some areas of Brazil. There were large rocks all over, but what really impressed me were the squat baobab trees with their enormous trunks.

One thing that I didn't like on the 140 Km. stretch between Tete and Songo was that there were no service stations, mechanic shops or stores. I soon found out that when we traveled we had to be prepared for any eventuality. In the little villages that we drove through, the only thing we saw was grass and mud huts. When night would fall, the darkness was total in these places. The people were so poor that they didn't have enough money to even buy a little bit of kerosene to burn in a crude lamp, and so there was absolutely no light.

Songo is not a typical town. It is right next to the Hidroelétrica de Cahora Bassa (H.C.B.), an enormous hydroelectric plant constructed and operated by the Portuguese. Before we get there, we have to go through a checkpoint on either side of which there is a double fence with mines in between.

I really enjoyed living in Songo. The climate is mild and it is surrounded by beautiful mountains. The town is fairly modern and has a lot of ritzy houses with gorgeous, immaculate yards, which belong to the bigshots who work at the hydroelectric plant. There are average houses, and finally there are the huts where the majority of the population lives.

The missionary house had only two bedrooms. With an abundance of large windows, it was a cheerful, well ventilated house, placed in the middle of an enormous yard.

Jesse & Carolyn, and their two children, Jessica and Derrick, arrived in Mozambique in February and lived in Tete until someone with the language could help them get started in Songo. In Tete, Dennis, who is fluent in Spanish and could make out in Portuguese, was able to help them out.

The Gouchers moved to Songo a week before I got there. One of the first things we had to do was fence in our yard. The way it was, we had no privacy. People continually walked through our yard with their eyes riveted on the house to get a look at their new white neighbors. Chickens, pigs, dogs and drunks found it convenient to walk through our yard.

We had a night watchman who kept an eye on the house and did our washing. This was very common in Africa.

We had to rent another little house to be used as a classroom for the children and a bedroom for me. The main house wasn't big enough for the Goucher family, Marva, their schoolteacher, and myself. Getting all of this arranged kept us quite busy.

On Saturday, August 16, for the first time I visited the church in Maroeira, a village in the foothills six miles from Songo. We had doctrinal class for two young men, João and Luciano, and for a couple, Fernando & Anesta. When Fernando saw me, he was so excited that with a shrill cry he came running and hopping to greet me.

Everyone was excited about having missionaries living in their area, and now with someone who spoke their language, it would be possible to have communication. Fernando did the interpreting into the Nyungwe dialect. Often it was amusing to watch him interpret. His ample use of gestures and facial expressions made the sermons quite expressive, especially when we told Bible stories about children. I believe his talent

came from being a grade school teacher. He had a very good understanding of the Portuguese language.

On Sundays this little church with stick walls plastered with mud and a grass roof would fill up. For me it was something new to go to a church in the jungle. To get there we had to go over very bad roads. Usually we stopped to pick up some children who went to our services. How they loved to ride in our pickup! Upon arrival we shook hands with everyone. Those people place a high value on greetings, so we try and do the same.

We would sit on stools or stumps. The women and children spread mats on the floor to sit on. The women used a “wrapper” over their dresses. Even the missionary’s wife tried to adhere to this custom. The ladies wore colorful scarves on their heads. Carolyn used the blue tie-back covering that had been adopted for Africa.

Both the men and the women in Mozambique dress decently. There doesn’t seem to be such a thing as Sunday clothes, although I do believe that many wore their best clothes to church. Because of their poverty, their clothes were worn, torn and patched. I don’t know if they did it because it was all they had, or if they really liked it, but the kinds of clothes worn and the color combinations definitely don’t fit into the Western culture.

The worship service begins. We sing in Portuguese and Chichewa (a language related to Nyungwe, which has its own Bible and songbook). What I found interesting was the African’s rhythmic way of singing. They love to sing and don’t seem to tire of singing the song over and over.

To have a service in three languages (English, Portuguese, Nyungwe) takes more time than a normal service and calls for a great deal of concentration on the part of the worshipers.

On August 28, I made the first of many shopping trips to Tete. In Songo there are only some sidewalk booths that sell a variety of products. There was a supermarket in which only the H.C.B. workers could buy. They even controlled the sale of diesel fuel. There was so much bureaucracy involved in trying to buy from them that we decided it would be better to buy our fuel in Tete.

These trips to Tete were very tiring, and to make matters worse, once we got there, there wasn’t a whole lot we could buy. There were a lot of little shops, each one carrying certain products, so we had to go from shop to shop to find everything we needed. Because of this, and because of all the bureaucracy of making a simple purchase, our shopping trips were drawn out affairs.

Most of the businesses were run by Islamic Asians (Arabs and Indians). It was a common sight to see them wearing their robes and turbans. At midday we could hear the call to prayer coming from the minaret.

Tete is a hot place. It isn’t unusual for the temperature to go above 40°C, 104°F. It’s also a dangerous place. We had to constantly be on the lookout to keep from being robbed on the crowded streets. We would have lunch at the Toewses and would try and return early enough so that we wouldn’t have to travel at night, as that isn’t advisable.

In Songo there was a group of people interested in the church. One who showed a special interest was Mário Paulino. On August 31, we met with this group. Mário took us to a room where there were some people singing. We all crowded into that small, dark room. David, the song leader, began singing again in a strident voice and the group sang along. It was such a strange, wild way to sing that we almost had to laugh. Never had we heard anything like it. We tried to sing along.

This group is being a real challenge to the missionaries. It appears they aren't after leadership positions, nor do they seem to be set in their ways. They simply told us that they want "pray" with the missionary and have him teach them the "Word." Their knowledge of the doctrines of the Bible is actually quite limited. Some have belonged to Protestant churches.

We saw right away that it wouldn't work to have our services in that crowded little room. Also, the place was infested with mosquitos. Both missionary couples had already had some bouts with malaria (and continue to have). I had been there only a month when Jesse was down for a week with malaria. But until we could find another place, we had to continue having services in the little room in Mário's house.

In Maroeira there was a young widow who came to our services. Her name is Emília. She told us that she had a brother who would like to learn to know the church. He lived in Estima, a little village some 18 kilometers from there. So on September 2, we paid him our first visit. We took Luciano, our interpreter, along. Things were just a bit complicated. Jesse would say something in English and I would interpret into Portuguese. Then Luciano would interpret into Nyungwe, and finally José—Emília's brother—would interpret into Shona, so that his wife would be able to understand what was being said.

It doesn't take a lot of imagination to see how time consuming this would be. We were encouraged with the desire they showed to serve the Lord. After that we tried to visit them every two weeks, when we would answer their questions and have a little service. ▲

To be continued

## A Story for All

by Darley Dale

### The Midshipman's Funeral

"Tell us a story, grandfather, please, one of your old yarns, now that the children have gone to bed," said Jack Fitzroy one evening.

"Well, let me see, you know most of my stories, I am afraid, but perhaps some of you have never heard how I buried a certain sailor at Gibraltar," said Mr. Fitzroy, an old naval chaplain, to the family party spending Christmas with him.

"I have heard it, of course, father, but tell it again," said Colonel Fitzroy.

“Here goes then. A great many years ago, when I was quite a young man, I was appointed chaplain to H.M.S. Octopus, then on guard at Gibraltar. We had a very nice time of it, for ‘Gib’ is a very gay place, and that winter there was plenty of fun somewhere nearly every night, and we were asked to most of the festivities. Now, on board the Octopus was a young midshipman, whom I will call Munro. He was a handsome young fellow, but rather delicate, and he had been sent to Gibraltar for the sake of the climate, in hopes that the sea air and warm winter might set him up. He was the life of the ship, and wherever he went he was popular, but somehow he did not seem to grow any stronger, and he gave up going to parties when Christmas was over, as they knocked him up. Then he took to coming to my cabin whenever he was off duty, and it was then I learnt to know what he really was, and that he was as good and true a lad as ever breathed, aye, a thorough good Christian too, thanks to his mother, under the blessing of God.

“It is possible he might have outgrown his weakness, for I don’t think there was any organic disease at this time, but he got a low fever, and died in a week. This low fever was very prevalent, and at the same time that poor young Munro died, an admiral, one of the leading members of society at ‘Gib,’ died of the same disease. As it was considered infectious, the two bodies were placed in coffins, and carried to the mortuary till the funeral. Oddly enough, they were both fixed for the same day; Munro’s in the morning, and the admiral’s in the afternoon. The admiral’s was to be a very grand affair; all the troops in the garrison were to follow, as well as the naval officers and sailors on board the guardships; the ceremony was to be performed by the bishop, assisted by some other clergy; while as for poor Munro, his funeral was to be conducted in a very different style. I was to bury him at ten o’clock in the morning, and as all the officers and sailors were to attend the admiral’s funeral in the afternoon, six men were told off to carry the coffin, and it was left to those who liked to as mourners.

“Well, the day of the funerals arrived, all the ships were decked with flags half-mast high in honour of the admiral, minute-guns were fired in honour of the admiral, church bells tolled in honour of the admiral; while as for poor Munro (one or two of us excepted), no one thought of him. Ten o’clock came, and I, with the doctor, and one of Munro’s comrades, another middy, and the six sailors—who, by the way, had all volunteered their services—set out for the mortuary. I had a fancy to follow the poor fellow as far as I could, so I waited while the jack-tars went inside and fetched out the coffin covered with the union-jack, and Munro’s hat and sword on the top, and then the little procession took its way across the neutral ground to the English cemetery. I followed the coffin, and the other two brought up the rear. The sentries did not salute us as we passed them. At last we reached the cemetery gates. Here I was obligated to relegate my post of chief mourner to the doctor, while I went into the chapel, put on my surplice, and went to the door to meet the body. I then proceeded to bury the poor boy, and when the union-jack was taken off and the coffin lowered into the grave, I leant over to take one last look; the doctor did the same, and as our eyes met the same

emotion caused us both to blow our noses violently, and it was in a voice of suppressed emotion that I concluded the service.

“I was so disgusted with the way in which the poor lad had been slighted that I had not intended going to the admiral’s funeral; but after burying Munro I felt more charitably disposed, so I got into my uniform, and duly attended the admiral’s obsequies.

“It was a very grand affair indeed; the streets were thronged with spectators; every window was filled with eager faces as the enormous procession passed by. There were five regiments stationed in Gibraltar at the time, and two men-of-war besides the Octopus lying in the harbour; detachments from every regiment were sent, three military bands followed, a battery of artillery, the marines and all the jack-tars in the place, the governor and his staff were there, and every officer, who was not on the sick list, quartered in Gibraltar was present. A firing party was told off to fire over the grave when all was over, and this brilliant procession was met at the cemetery gates by the bishop, attended by several clergymen and a surpliced choir. I forgot to say that a string of carriages followed the troops, and the entire procession could not have been much less than a mile long.

“As we crossed the neutral ground this time, the sentry, with arms reversed, saluted us, and the strains of Beethoven’s ‘Funeral March of a Hero’ must have been heard all over Gibraltar as the three bands—one in front, one in the rear, and one in the centre—all pealed it forth.

“Of course, not one-third of the funeral cortège could get near the grave; but I managed to get pretty close. The service proceeded, and at length the coffin was uncovered to be lowered into the grave; it was smothered with flowers, but the wreaths were all carefully removed, and the admiral’s cocked-hat and sword, and then the union-jack was taken off, and the bishop, the governor, and all the officers near the grave pressed forward to look at the coffin.

“They looked once, they started; they looked again, they frowned; they rubbed their eyes; they looked again, then they whispered; they sniffed, they snorted, they grumbled; they gave hurried orders to the sextons, who shovelled some earth on to the coffin, and the bishop hurriedly finished the service.

“What do you think they saw when they looked into the grave?”

“Why, poor Munro’s coffin! I buried the admiral myself in the morning, by mistake. The doctor and I found it out at the grave, but we kept our own counsel.” ▲

## **This & That**

I read it somewhere. It’s now possible to drive from Brazil to Venezuela on a new highway. That means that brave souls, like Rufus Schrock, don’t have to be quite as brave anymore to travel from N America to Brazil by van—which reminds me, Rufus

On November 1 we had a farewell for Leon & Ruby Koehn at the Monte Alegre

church. They have returned to their congregation in Arkansas after helping out in the work here for a number of months. We hope to see them return (by plane).

For the past several years Mark Loewen has been the non-resident minister in the Pirenópolis Congregation. On Nov. 8 this responsibility was transferred to Elias Stoltzfus. They were both there for this changing of the guard.

Two more busloads of English students visited the Monte Alegre Congregation, one on the 22nd and the other on the 29th. They are very respectful and surely they must take at least a little something home with them.

Kent & Karla Holdeman and RaDean & Deanne Peters were here for a short visit.

Dean Miner was to Burns, KS for meetings and Elias Stoltzfus to Iroquois, SD.

Jacob went back to Bethel. So did Cristiane and Raquel, the “Garcia sisters,” from the Monte Alegre Congregation, who are now back in Bethel Home, working as aides.

Someone said that truth is the best policy. Abraham Lincoln is to have said it is the “only” policy. This proved to be the case in a recent lawsuit against the Redgers by three former workers, who were demanding a total of more than US\$250,000. To reinforce their case, the workers brought in several witnesses. It was evident from the onset that one of them was a false witness. The angry judge would have sent him directly from the courtroom to a jail cell if the Redgers would have agreed to it. When the Redgers were questioned, they told the truth just the way it was, making sure they gave the workers the benefit of the doubt, admitting they had made several mistakes. In his sentence, the judge asked that the Redgers pay only what would be necessary to correct their mistakes, only a minuscule fraction of the original demand. I believe a good witness was left by the Redgers.

We now have a new 24 hour fax at the Literature Center. The number is: 11 55 62 613 9008. If you call at night a recording will come on informing you that você ligou para meia um trêz nove zero zero oito . . . and then a little speech in English. Hit your start button and you are in business.

Roger Hibners and Brian Yoder have spent some time on the Mato Grosso colony helping with field work.

Bill & Gracie Miller and family are spending a month in N America.

The Rio Verde Congregation has decided to start its own school. It takes vision to decide, but it takes effort to make it work. They face a number of obstacles: They don't have a school house, so they may have to begin in the church or social hall (which isn't done yet). They don't have a teacher and won't be able to pay what most teachers get. The children are scattered out and some will have a hard time getting to school. Being a new thing, as often happens, there may even be a little resistance to the project. Nevertheless, the determination the brethren are showing indicates that sooner or later they will have their own school.