

Brazil News



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Editorial

Dead-end Streets

Recently when leaving the American Embassy in Brasília, we decided to take a shortcut to reach a main avenue. Everything seemed to be working just fine and we were close to our objective, when suddenly we saw grass growing where there should have been asphalt. We were on a dead-end street.

One need not go to Brasília to run into dead-end streets. Life has its share of them.

In our case it was a simple matter to make a U-turn and get on another street that took us where we wanted to go. But on life's dead-end streets, it often isn't this simple. On some of them it can be almost impossible to make a U-turn. Others, because of sheer distance, discourage return.

Someone out on a pleasure ride may not mind so much losing time on a dead-end street. But for a businessman, for someone in a hurry to get something done, the time spent on a dead-end street can be the breaking point between success and failure. In other words, for someone who has no particular goal in life, time wasted on a dead-end street may not seem serious. But for someone who realizes that not one moment can be wasted if deadlines are to be met, dead-end streets are avoided like the plague.

Too many Christians shuffle through life. Since there is no definite goal, there is no urgency. What they don't get done today, they will try and do tomorrow, or the next day, or the next And yes, you have guessed it, if they get off on a dead-end street, it's no big deal. It doesn't leave them overly frustrated. The fact that they lost several months, or even years, by getting off the main road doesn't noticeably affect their good humor.

This malady which we have just described is far more destructive than what we imagine. Let's discuss just a few of these dead-end streets:

Over-spending. We're not talking about enormous debts and bankruptcy

proceedings, but about over-spending just enough to always be in the red, to constantly be juggling bills to know which must be paid and which can be shoved off until the next pay check. Each new item purchased, almost always on time, brings a spurt of temporary happiness. Because of always being up tight, very little money is left over for the Lord. The outstanding characteristic of this person is lack of self-discipline.

Idle pursuits. For most people, making a living is not a full-time activity. Most jobs, including breaks, lunch, and driving to work, take a maximum of nine to ten hours. Sleeping, eating and bathing take another nine to ten hours a day. That leaves four or five hours of time for personal projects or pursuits. It's exactly this time that can turn into a dead-end street.

Graduation speakers stress the importance of a continued learning process. Everything we learn, they say, will at sometime in life be useful. Wrong. Life is too short for that. There's not time to use everything that can be learned. The important thing isn't how much we learn, but how we apply what we have learned. Even while shying away from "higher education," we can go overboard in trying to learn skills—legitimate skills—that we'll probably never have time to use.

Hobbies can be a real dead-end street. Now understand, hobbies are not wrong. In fact, everyone should have a little hobby of some kind. We're talking about the kind of hobby that becomes a dominating force, that like a voracious dragon, swallows up every spare moment of time, and often, every spare dollar.

Another idle pursuit is simply doing nothing, admittedly an aberration in Holdeman society, but by no means non-existent.

A life of luxury. This is a deadly-end street. People who get on this street seldom manage a U-turn, for they become perpetual slaves to their own selfish desires.

Lukewarmness. No explanation is needed on this dead-end street. We are acutely aware of what happens when someone decides to take his own way "for a while."

Et cetera. This list of dead-end streets could go on and on, but you have the picture. As can be seen, they range from totally legitimate to definitely carnal. Seen from this perspective, we could conclude that some are much more dangerous than others. But seen from another angle, they all have something in common: they waste the person's time.

Since over-spending comes from a lack of self-discipline, it is doubtful if an overspender can be truly spiritual. Idle pursuits would indicate that God isn't in first place in the person's life. Can such a one be truly spiritual? But how many times don't we live in such a condition for years before we finally realize we're on a dead-end street? This possibly happens during revivals. We have a good experience, turn around, and get onto the main avenue again. We say we have had a real victory. That's true . . .

But what about all the time we lost?

We're not debating whether God can forgive someone who has spent years on a dead-end street. Obviously He can and does. Let's think in more general terms.

In the automobile manufacturing industry, competition is keen. No one, blue collar or white, feels totally secure on the job. Non-producers are systematically eliminated.

Let's just suppose that a major car manufacturer would decide to use only Holdeman help. This would mean that every single member of the church would be employed. Our individual production could be determined by our spirituality, and not by our age, intelligence or experience. The competitiveness of this company on the world market would be determined exclusively by our spirituality.

We Holdeman's have a lot going for us. There's no doubt about that. But on the negative side, we have the deplorable habit of getting off on dead-end streets. While on these streets, we aren't producing at full capacity. Or maybe not at all.

One day the president of the company calls a big meeting. Everyone is to be present. He begins by telling us that the company is losing ground to the competition. Then he gets to the root of the problem. Too many employees are producing very little, or nothing. He asks us why that is.

We acknowledge that this is true and explain that sometimes we get off on a dead-end street and that stifles our productivity. The president asks how much time each employee spends on these dead-end streets. We tell him that sometimes it is only a matter of months, but that it also happens that some stay there for years, some all their lives. The president looks shocked, so we hasten to console him. We tell him of how, through an experience of repentance, they pull out of these molts and become productive workers.

"Do you mean," he asks, "that some of your workers will be non-productive on the job for months on end, some for years, and others for the rest of their lives?" We tell him that lamentably that is the way it is.

Use your imagination, good reader, and decide what the president will do next. Decide if that company will be competitive.

If wasting time on the job is reason to be fired, would it be less serious to waste time in God's kingdom? Once the time has been wasted, we can repent, but that doesn't restore the lost time. Returning to the example of a factory, if we knew that our livelihood depended on our collective efficiency, we would be concerned not only with ourselves, but with our co-workers performance also.

That needs to be our attitude in God's kingdom. We should see wasted time—anybody's—as our own problem. Especially with our youth, how many problems couldn't be avoided if we were on our toes and gave a word of warning when seeing them getting off on a dead-end street? It would be a worthy project to sit down with such a person and show them what is happening, tell them of our own experiences. At other times it might be enough to simply ask, "Brother, don't you think you're on a dead-end street?"

You probably think this article has been directed to those who are on a dead-end street. While they are welcome to it, that isn't the case. This article is directed to you who aren't on a dead-end street. Help the one who is. ▲

Zigzagging Around

Traveling in the US

Going on a trip to another country is sort of like getting married. You make plans and make plans. The only reason you don't have a nervous breakdown is that there isn't time for such a luxury. Then when you feel everything is about ready, something unexpected turns up and sends your blood pressure soaring. But finally the big day comes, when you walk through the gills of the jetliner and into its cavernous innards, find your place and fasten your seat belt. At the end of the runway the turbines accelerate and as you sink back into your seat, it hits you: This is for real. You're glad you didn't go crazy when you had the chance.

Preparations. Passports and visas are an important part of preparations for foreign travel. In our case here, anyone born here must acquire a Brazilian passport at the Federal Police in Goiânia and a visa at the American or Canadian Consulate in Brasília, depending on the countries to be visited. All American or Canadian citizens (which includes children with dual citizenship) must have a valid passport from their respective country.

Since Faith and I needed to get new passports and our son Otávio needed a visa, we went to the American Consulate in Brasília to get this taken care of.

The priest. While at the Consulate, we noticed a man, possibly in his early thirties, dressed in faded blue jeans and an overly decorated tee-shirt. His hair were just long enough to where they all stuck up, reminding one of a porcupine with it's quills raised.

He was in deep discussion with one of the consular workers, telling her about a conference he wanted to attend in Puerto Rico. He explained that all the necessary footwork for his visa had been done there and should by now be ready for him to pick up in Brasília. She informed him that nothing of the sort existed. He wanted to know just how she knew that they had nothing for him if she didn't so much as go and look. The girl told him that if he wanted a visa, he could apply for one there, in Brasília, and his application would be just like anyone else's. Visibly exasperated, the man turned his back on her and stalked out. The girl didn't seem to mind.

When we left the Consulate, the brakes on our car were making an unusual noise, so we decided to stop at the VW agency to see what the problem was. It would take more or less half an hour to make the necessary repairs, so we went to the lounge to wait.

Imagine our surprise when the same fellow who had been in the Consulate came into the lounge. He acted like he didn't recognize us. After a bit I said to him, "Things didn't go very well in the Consulate, did they?"

"Oh yes," he said, suddenly recovering from his amnesia and becoming talkative, "you were there too, weren't you?" He went on to tell how that after leaving the Consulate he was involved in a wreck and that his car was being towed in. He also mentioned, that being a priest, his car was totally insured. Then came the interesting part.

Brazil 5 News

I have mentioned before how that several decades back the Catholic church in Brazil got off on the *teologia da libertação*, which was, in plain English, the adherence to Marxism. The explanation of the priest went something like this:

“For man to be liberated, to be truly free, he must be freed from misery and poverty. That is my job.”

As he spoke, his eyes shone with zeal.

“I work in the CNBB (Conselho Nacional dos Bispos do Brasil, which is headquarters for the Catholic church in Brazil). My job is to organize *comunidades de base* (base communities) and teach the poor how to make something of themselves.”

Curiously, the problem they face we also face. But notice their solution.

“The people we work with have no self-esteem. They’re nobodies. When they need something, the first thing they do is run to the priest or to the mayor and ask for what they want. So our big job is to teach them that they are somebody.

“When I get up to say mass, I tell the people, ‘Look, I’m the priest and I’m important. But so are you! If it wasn’t for you, I couldn’t be up here saying mass. So that means you’re important too.

“ ‘When you need a couple of sacks of cement to build your house, don’t go to the mayor and ask for a handout. Go and tell him what you need. Demand he give it to you. After all you are important, so why should beg the mayor for what you want?

“ ‘When you work for someone, demand your rights. Remember, you’re important.’ ”

He went on to explain how they teach the people how to plant gardens and to have their own projects. What he didn’t say is how they are taught to invade other people’s farms, set up a crude hut and call the place their own.

Priests like this one are not popular with Pope John Paul II and obviously they are not a majority here in Brazil. But they do exist, and to say the least, they are not popular with authorities nor with the people in general. It does show, however, to what depths the Catholic church has stooped, mixing religion with Marxism.

But it has backfired. The Pentecostals are plundering the Catholic folds, carrying off their lambs (lambs?) by the millions.

Airlines. A decision to travel to another country normally involves a decision on which airline to fly. Brazil has three international carriers: Varig, Vasp and Transbrasil. In terms of excellent service, Varig is the undisputed leader of the pack. It charges for this distinction. This does not suggest that Vasp and Transbrasil are slouchy. They aren’t. I believe that at least 75% of the people from the Colony fly these two lines.

We left Goiânia on May 25, at 9:10 A.M., and flew directly to São Paulo, a flight of approximately an hour and 15 minutes. An hour later we left for Miami aboard a Vasp MD-11. The plane appeared to be almost brand new. It was eight hours to Miami.

One of the interesting items on this flight was a display of flight information on the TV monitors. This included altitude, speed, outside temperature, distance to destination and current position, which was indicated on a map by the figure of a little jet. It definitely took some of the boredom out of a long flight.

ValueJet. Approximately a week before we left for the US, we read about the crash of

the ValueJet plane in the Everglades. It happened we were scheduled to fly on that exact airline from Miami to Nashville. When we got to their counter, no company officials were around and our flight wasn't posted on the board. Another passenger finally called them up and soon a girl showed up. She helped us get seats on a USAir flight. So in the end it worked out OK. We got to fly a top notch line for cut rate prices.

Kentucky. The congregation at Murray, Kentucky is in its infancy—that is, when compared with the age of some of the congregations in Central Kansas and other places. And yet, in spite of having been founded during this decade, with members from approximately 25 different congregations, they are a homogenous group.

I found I was constantly comparing this “colony” (the term fits so well) with ours in Brazil when it had been in existence the same amount of time—approximately five years. Let's notice some of the differences.

Economic stability. When we moved to Rio Verde, it was not a farming community. Soybeans had never been planted and there was no local market. Most of the corn was planted by hand in small half acre or acre plots. Lime had to be hauled over a hundred miles of dirt roads that were either covered with a thick blanket of dust or full of mud holes. All grain produced had to be bagged up to be sold. There were no jobs available. Actually, we only had three options to make a living: farm, farm or farm.

Kentucky also has three options: raise chickens, do something else or something else. I began jotting down some of their activities. Raising chickens, of course, is their most visible activity. There are five carpenter crews, a cabinet maker, a radiator and air conditioner repairman, a restaurant owner who also employs a number of people from the colony, a bulk food store, a material store, several dairies, some shinglers, a “cruster,” a rice hull (used for bedding in poultry barns) hauling business, fish ponds, a dry waller, a tin sheeting salesman, a food catering service, employment in a trailer factory, lawn care service, a kennel, cattle, a sign maker, and who knows what else.

In just a few words, this means that people can fit themselves into a slot in which they feel comfortable. It makes for a strong community. ▲

Paulo David's Column

God in History

This article could have had different titles, such as: “Sermons on History” or “How History Can Be Used to Teach About God.”

I want to tell you about my daily routine in a classroom where, between all my classes, I have over 500 students who range from 14 to 21 years of age. I want to show how history can be used to substantiate the truth of God's Word.

Throughout all of human history we find fertile soil for talking about the things of God. In this article I want to tell about some of the things that we talk about in my

classroom, and about the notes I get from my students on which I find every question imaginable.

But before I begin I'd like to mention one little detail. I have encouraged my students, especially the more timid ones, to give me their questions in writing if they don't feel up to asking them openly. Then, whenever there is an opportunity, I answer their questions in class. Often these notes have nothing to do with the subject they are studying. I'll mention something about these at the end of this article.

When we study about ancient Oriental history and get into Egyptian customs and religion, especially their concept of death and afterlife, is when the questions really pour in.

Here are some questions and answers.

Q. Professor, do you believe in reincarnation?

A. No, I don't believe in it, the Bible doesn't teach it, and neither did the Egyptians accept this belief. The Bible teaches us that man dies but once and after that the judgment. I believe in the Bible. The Egyptian belief comes closer to what the Bible teaches about the resurrection than what people who believe in reincarnation teach. The Egyptians believed that one day the soul would return to the body it left. That is why they began mummifying their dead.

Those who believe in reincarnation, on the other hand, teach that after death the spirit returns to this world to begin a new life with a new body and a new mind. If it were true, as they believe, that through this man continually ascends to greater heights of purity, then this world should be getting better and better, which we know isn't the case.

No! Humanity is not getting better and better. How can it when the Bible teaches that man is morally and spiritually depraved because of sin? The Bible teaches us that there will be a final judgment and that the only way to be freed of this condemnation is through faith in Jesus Christ.”

Another thing that brings a lot of notes is when I talk about sin. They ask what sin is. They want to know exactly what the sin of Adam and Eve was. And then when we talk about them, immediately the theory of evolution comes up.

Following are some of the answers I give my students:

“Sin is the state of someone who is separated from God. This separation occurred when our parents, Adam and Eve, fell into sin. It's as if everyone became contaminated with AIDS. After that every child born was a carrier of the virus brought into the world by Adam and Eve. Upon reaching the age of accountability, through voluntary disobedience the first symptoms of the disease begin to show up. From that time on the soul is stained with sin and there is a strong attraction to that which is evil.

“How many of you students haven't felt this condemnation in your own lives after doing something which you knew was wrong? (Many at this point nod their heads or even raise their hands.) This is sin!”

“How many of you can say you never offended anyone, someone whom you loved

very much, carried away by an uncontrollable force within you?” (Again the students nod their heads in agreement.) This is sin!

“In its proper place, sex isn’t sinful, for it is part of God’s plan. In the beginning He said, ‘Be fruitful, and multiply,’ and this was before the fall.

“Sex becomes sin when practiced outside of God’s plan. In other words, it can only find fulfillment in a man and a woman who are married and desirous to carry out God’s plan.

“Man cannot behave himself as an animal, that is, let himself be carried away by his base instincts and ignore the voice of conscience.

“There is no such thing as free love. True love, after all, is the desire to always stay together, and not for only a short period of carnality. The ‘new morality’ in which we are living has done much to destroy the home and society in general.

“I want to encourage you young girls here in my classroom to totally reject this so called liberty. The world hasn’t improved a bit. It’s gotten a lot worse. It used to be that if a young man wanted to have a fling, he had to pay a prostitute. Now his girlfriend does the same thing for him—for free. The young men no longer respect the girls, and it’s no wonder, because most girls don’t do anything to deserve respect. So when/if they finally get married, there is neither respect nor love between the two.”

The interesting thing in these classes is that the girls usually support me in what I say. Some of the boys accuse me of messing things up for them.

When we study about the Hebrews and the fact that they were the only ancient people who believed in one God, in the authenticity of God’s Word, in the coming of the Messiah, who was later rejected by the majority of the Jews, then I get another avalanche of notes.

Q. Who wrote the Bible?

A. God chose and inspired men to write as He dictated.

Q. How can you be sure that the Bible is the Word of God?

A. The person who reads and studies the Bible soon notices that it wasn’t mere human intelligence that produced this book, because in it we find accurate predictions concerning the future. Of the Biblical prophecies, Jesus Himself fulfilled 333 of them. The standards set forth in this book are infinitely higher than anything that man can produce. From where could man get such understanding? This also reveals man for what he is—a sinner. Man tries to exalt himself by the things that he does and writes. This is one of the greatest proofs that the Bible is of divine origin, because in it God is exalted and not man.

Q. How can we know if our present day Bible hasn’t changed?

A. If God saw fit to inspire men to write the Bible, it would be ridiculous to believe that later on he would let it go to pot. We should never say that the Bible was the Word of God. It is the Word of God. But I don’t want you to merely take my word on this. Read the Bible and find out for yourselves that this is true.

Concerning Jesus Christ, His virgin birth, His crucifixion and resurrection, and the motive of His death, we get into this when we study about the Roman Empire. I take

advantage of these classes to talk about the birth of the Church of God, of the witness and martyrdom of the early Christians, and of the appearance of the Roman church during Constantine's reign. This is a hot subject. In my next article I'll talk about this.

I want to make it very clear that all this is brought in as part of human history. Obviously a professor who doesn't believe in God will give this part of history an entirely different interpretation. It isn't unusual to dedicate five to ten minutes of a class to the religious aspect of history. As can be guessed, sometimes we take even more time for this. But God always opens the door for this kind of discussion, giving me wisdom and grace to witness to the truth and to give a gentle answer to those who want to know more about my belief.

[Just a little footnote to what Paulo has written. It's truly amazing how he is able to weave religion into his history lessons, and nothing short of a miracle how these students, who pay to attend his classes, will listen to what he has to say. Remember him in your prayers so that this door can remain open. I feel he is fulfilling an important mission in the work he is doing.]

Updating the Past

The Long Road to California

By Lloyd Koehn
Moundridge, KS

*On the road to California,
It was a long and tedious journey.*

So went the words of a song sung many years ago.

In the afternoon of July 25, 1931, a Model T Ford sedan (made in 1924 or 1925) with five young men and their luggage left Moundridge, Kansas. Approximately ten days later, after sunset, this same Model T, with its occupants and luggage, drove into Winton, California. We were: Ed Koehn, the owner of the car, and his brother Gus, Ben Koehn, a cousin to the Koehn brothers, Ted Becker and myself.

Very few preparations were made for this trip. The occupants filled the car almost to capacity, and so only the barest necessities were taken for the journey. Each man took a few clothes and a blanket to roll up in for the night and personal items. A small amount of cooking utensils were taken to prepare meals on the trip, plus tools to work on the car. Before the trip was over, we discovered this was a wise thing to do.

When we left in the afternoon of July 25, we made good time in the old Model T, considering the heavy load it was carrying. Just before dark found us parked by a windmill and stock watering tank near Syracuse, Kansas. We washed up with cold water from the well and ate a little lunch. I cut my finger when crawling through a barb wire fence.

We continued on. It was well after dark when we crossed the state line into Colorado. We spent our first night out somewhere between Lamar and Las Animas. We rolled up in our blankets and slept on the ground.

When we awoke the next morning, we found that we had parked right next to some huge ant hills. Large ants were scurrying all over the place, but for some reason they didn't bother us.

We loaded our gear and were on our way. We stopped briefly in Las Animas. From there we headed out of town in a southeasterly direction. Our destination was Walsh, where at that time a small congregation of our people resided.

It was after dark when we arrived in the Walsh, Colorado area. Ed and Ben had worked for a number of farmers the previous fall, harvesting broom corn. They had not received their full pay from a number of individuals, so now they were going to make an attempt to collect the balance of their wages.

We drove into the Ben S. Koehn yard late in the evening. We parked the old Model T near a shed, with the intention of bedding down for the night. Soon a young man came out of the darkness of the shed, where he had been sleeping. Our prowling around had awakened him and he came to investigate what was going on. The young man was Ben's son John. After visiting a while, we rolled up in our blankets for the night. I remember, before turning in, I asked John if there were any centipedes in the area. He said he had seen some. I questioned him about the size of the centipedes. According to what he said, they were big ones. It disturbed me a little, but there was no other alternative but to sleep on the ground and forget the centipedes.

The next morning we were invited into the Koehn home for breakfast. The house was small and simple and unfinished on the inside. The studs and rafters were in the open. John's mother and two or three of his sisters were the only ones at home. The father was working for a farmer in the area. We enjoyed a simple breakfast. It was the first good meal we had since we left home—and it was the last we would eat for many days to come.

We looked up the man who owed Ed and Ben some money. When they asked for their pay, he claimed he didn't have any. Finally he asked, "Will five dollars help you out?" It was evident that was all they would get from the man, so they accepted the five dollars.

We then went to the other man. He too claimed he didn't have any money. However, the wheat he harvested that summer yielded well. He had not sold much, if any, of his wheat crop. The reason for not selling was that grain prices were disappointingly low. That summer wheat was selling for a little over 25 cents a bushel.

The two men finally convinced the man to let them haul a load of his wheat to the elevator and collect the money for themselves. They borrowed a truck, loaded it with wheat and hauled it to the elevator. The grain buyer paid them for the wheat and we were on our way to California!

The Model T motor developed trouble as we were driving back to Las Animas. It happened about midway between Walsh and Las Animas, in that hot, dry, forsaken

land. I don't remember what the problem was, but after it was taken care of, the motor needed retiming. Then the two brothers, Ed and Gus, got into a heated argument. It seemed each one had his own idea how to time the motor. Ed started working at it. He tried to get the timing right, but to no avail. Finally Gus, in exasperation, said to his brother, "I am going to take out a spark plug and stick a piece of baling wire into the hold. Turn the motor until the piston is on top and then time it.

He did it the way Gus said, and soon had the motor running. Once again we were on our way to Las Animas—and California!

In Las Animas we turned west on Highway 50. The Model T was not built for speed. I think the top speed was about 40 miles per hour. So we cruised along 25 to 35 miles per hour.

We rolled through the cities of Rocky Ford, La Junta and Pueblo. We were driving west of Pueblo when darkness overtook us. However, we kept on driving. Soon we noticed that the motor was beginning to labor. We were in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains and gaining elevation. It was late when we finally stopped for the night. As usual, we parked beside the highway, rolled up in our blankets and slept on the ground. It was dark, so we did not notice too much of the scenery around us.

When we rolled out of our blankets the next morning, we were astonished at what our eyes beheld. We were completely encompassed by mountains, rocks and tall pine trees.

I remember very little as to the food we ate on our journey. We probably lived mainly on balogna sandwiches. One time we stopped and shot several jack rabbits. We skinned and dressed them and fried them over an open fire, but they were so skinny there was very little edible meat.

Traveling through the mountains, the scenery was magnificent. I had always wanted to see the mountains, to drive in the mountains, to roam in the mountains. Now the opportunity that I had longed for was mine. But before we reached California, we all were tired of the mountains. If we had been driving a bigger, more powerful car, the superb scenery surrounding us would no doubt have proved to be more exciting. As it was, the old Model T labored and smoked as we drove up the steep roads. Many times we had to wonder if we would really make it. This car evidently was not designed for mountain driving. It didn't take much for the motor to overheat, which caused the water in the cooling system to boil like a kettle.

The Model T transmission was unique. I have not heard of another automobile that was equipped with one like it. As I remember it, at the driver's feet there were three pedals, close together. The pedal on the left was low gear, the center pedal was reverse, the pedal to the right was the brake. To begin driving, the low pedal was pushed in, the throttle control, a five or six inch lever located under the steering wheel, was pushed down to give it the gas. When the car had gained sufficient momentum, the high gear lever, located to the left of the driver, was pushed forward, the low pedal was released, and chugga, chugga, chugga, we were driving in high. I don't really know how the transmission functioned. The low, reverse and brake were controlled with bands. These

bands required tightening from time to time. We were forced to do this a number of times during our trip. I have been told that the automatic transmission in our modern automobiles, embody some of the basic principles that were used in the long ago Model T Ford transmission.

We were slowly making headway toward the Continental Divide. Our troubles began in earnest soon after we left Salida. I will not forget how we coaxed the Model T upgrade toward the Monarch Pass. I believe I am not exaggerating when I state that we drove the last four or five miles in low gear. The water in the cooling system was boiling almost continually. There was no shortage of water, as there were streams beside the road most of the way fed by springs on the mountain sides.

We finally stopped and let the motor cool down. A number of times we drained the radiator and refilled it with cool spring water. It finally got to the place where the old Model T couldn't make it. Then, with Ed at the wheel, holding in the low pedal, the rest of us pushed. We slowly, very slowly moved toward the summit. It was an embarrassing situation, Model A Fords, Chevrolets and other powerful cars whizzed by in second or high gear. The brake on the old Model T did not hold too well. So when we stopped to let the motor cool, the car started rolling back downhill. Then someone had to jump out of the car and promptly grab a rock and put it in back of a wheel to keep the car from rolling back.

Finally, after exerting ourselves almost to the limit by pushing the car, we reached the summit. We were now on the Continental Divide-Monarch Pass, 11,312 feet above sea level. Everyone got out of the car and we were all in a happy mood. The wind was blowing and it was cold. It was indeed a magnificent sight to behold.

There was no time for dallying around on the mountain top. We were on our way to California and had to keep moving. This proved to be another hectic experience. Now there was no need to push. On the contrary, the Model T almost ran away with us. The car careened downhill at a dangerous speed, in spite of the fact that Ed pushed in all three pedals (low, reverse and brake). Today, some 60 years later, when I recall that fast ride down the western slope of the Continental Divide, with its sharp curves, the rock wall on one side and a yawning chasm on the other, I have no doubt but what it was none other than the presence of the Guardian Angel that kept us from being dashed to pieces.

We continued on, rolling along on Highway 50, talking, singing, laughing, trying to keep our spirits up. Each mile we covered brought us one mile closer to California.

I believe it was the next day, as we were driving through semi-desert country, that we met a situation that needed attention. As I remember it, the weather was very hot that day. We pulled into a farmyard. The house and outbuildings appeared bleak and uninteresting. The only person we saw was an elderly woman. She told us of the hardships the people endured in that area. It was very dry. She told us that they had not had rain for a long time. The only recent moisture they had received was a little snow the past winter. After telling us about her troubles, she said, "I guess the Lord does not want us to live in this Utah country." Soon we were on our way to California again.

We were still driving through dry, desolate country. This, combined with the hot weather, lowered our spirits, causing us to feel dejected and blue. Then one day toward evening, as we were driving along, we noticed a change in the atmosphere. We were on a northwesterly course, heading for Salt Lake City. We had not been talking much, but now with the cool air blowing in our faces, we were talking and laughing and enjoying the scenery. We drove through the cities of Price and Provo. Utah Lake, a fairly large lake, is close to Provo. We were nearing the Great Salt Lake, which was the reason for the change of temperature. The moisture rising from the lakes overspread the countryside, making the air cool and comfortable. Darkness overtook us. We did not drive into the City. Instead we turned west on Highway 50 and for a short distance followed the south shore of Great Salt Lake. ▲

Next month: Stranded in the Desert without Water

This Month on the Colony

Making Pamonha

Pamonha, pronounced pa-MO-nya, is the Brazilian equivalent of the Mexican tamale, except that green corn is used instead of corn flour.

Here's the recipe:

When your corn is past the roasting ear stage, but while it is still starchy, head out to the cornfield and pick at least five burlap bags of corn. Take the corn home and remove the husks. Now comes the tedious part. The corn must be grated and strained. Add lard or shortening, milk or water, grated cheese, spiced up meat or sausage, hot peppers and salt. Mix.

Take the husks you removed and rinse them with water. Wrap the bottom half around your hand and fold the top part down. If properly done, this will form a cup. Now make another one. Fill it with the corn stuff you made and slip the second cup over the top. Tie a string around the middle to keep the two halves from coming apart.

About an hour ago you should have put water to heat in a large vat. If the water is now good and hot, throw in a bunch of the corn husk deals you made. To keep the heat in better, place banana leaves over the top. After approximately an hour, the pamonha should be ready to be taken out of the vat.

My readers in Brazil will point out that there is also sweet pamonha and this and that and the next thing. But that's beside the point. The idea is to give you folks in N America an idea of how pamonha is made.

The other Sunday Adejenes Lima announced in church that all three congregations were invited to his place on May 4 for a big pamonha shindig.

Early on the set day, he and a number of others went out to his corn field and filled bags and bags of corn. They hauled it back to his place and then went through the procedure we have just described. Several electrical graters were used to get the corn grated faster.

All this was done under the spreading branches of huge mango trees which provided shade for all present, with lots left over.

I don't know if there were any official figures on how many pamonhas were made, but there was talk of 1,500. Almost a third of them were left over at the end of the day.

Beside the pamonhas, there was spiced up hamburger and tomato sauce, salad and desert. Adejenes and Aparecida furnished the drink, which was dozens of bottles of two liter cokes.

On a smaller scale, there are a lot of pamonha making gatherings on the Colony. It isn't unusual for Brazilians, not even of the church, to invite several families to make pamonha on their farms.

Really, when you get right down to it, it is a nice little custom. ▲

The Consignment Sale

Another cultural event on the Colony is the annual consignment sale. This little brainchild of Glenn Hibner has grown to where it involves hundreds of people from both the Colony and from town.

The normal time for this sale is right at the beginning of school vacation. Sale bills are made up and mailed to regular comers in town. Others are handed out on the Colony.

A tremendous lot of work goes into getting each sale organized. In this year's sale, held on May 18, nearly a thousand items, or groups of items, were sold. Obviously this involves a lot of buyers and sellers. Stephen Kramer has written up a program for his computer and takes care of this part of the sale. Then there is the part of organizing who will sell what on the foodstuff.

But it's worth it. The sales are an enormous success.

The auctioning is done by Richard Mininger and John Unruh. This year we had an interesting little sideline. There were a lot of small items and it was obvious that the auctioneers wouldn't have time to get everything sold, so Paulo David and Laura da Costa got up on a trailer and began auctioning. What they lacked in skill, they more than made up for with their spontaneous personalities. Paulo (who should have been named Peter) was so excited about his several hours of glory that he would like to go to auctioneering school and become a sure enough auctioneer. If there ever is a consignment sale on the South Pole and Paulo is the auctioneer, he'll sell used freezers for more than new price and personally guarantee they will work—so long as they're left outside.

Now that we have almost no inflation, these sales work much better. We know what our money is worth and know the value of what we are bidding on. When inflation was running from 1-2% per day, this was impossible.

Long live the consignment sales. ▲

Privatizations

You probably don't use this word very often in N America. Here in Brazil privatização is a household word.

At the time of the military takeover in 64, virtually all of our vital services were taken over by the state. This included utilities, city bus services, some banks, parts of industry such as steel mills and mining, telecommunications, etc.

It turned out to be a tremendously good move—for the politicians. Right along with all this they made laws granting themselves a virtual monopoly over their areas of interest. As can be imagined, this was a fertile acre for corruption, because the politicians were actually above the board of directors. They would place their close friends or relatives in key positions, which made it extremely easy to siphon off funds whenever needed (which was almost always, and especially at campaign time).

The same politicians who ran these businesses also made laws stifling or eliminating competition. And to make matters worse, they could operate in the red and make up the difference at the end of the year with taxpayer's money. Hundreds of billions of dollars were squandered over the years through all this.

Foreign investors didn't like what they saw and dropped Brazil like a hot potato. It's this kind of stuff that makes third world countries. Definition of a third world country: It's a country with poor people and rich politicians.

All this is rapidly changing—in spite of the intense opposition of politicians who see this as the end of the world. ▲

This & That

“Dear Editor;

OK, you asked for it. I have graciously over looked [sic] some errors in past BN's, knowing we are all human and prove to make mistakes, but your reference to anonymous notes plus a glaring error in this issue caused me to feel obligated to do my small part. (The above is commonly known as a run-on sentence) Why do large municipalities that include a number of cities give Brazilian mayors clots? And a lot of them at that. Perhaps you could explain in a future issue. I'm certain many of your fine American readers would like this phenomenon explained. Perhaps this happens in the good 'ole USA and I am not aware of it. I am awaiting your explanation with anticipation—knowing full well you'll wiggle out of it some way!!! Enjoy your U.S. vacation!

A friend

[Columbus, MS P.O.]

Bert & Ada Coblentz have returned to the US after spending several months here in Brazil. Since they have permanent visas, they'll probably be back for planting.

The Daniel Holdeman family and Marion Unruh spent the May 3 weekend with the Leo Dirks family in Mato Grosso.

Ministers Arlo Hibner and Dean Mininger were to the Goiânia mission for meetings.

Roger & Sherilyn Hibner, Dan & Marlene Kramer and John & Sheila Kramer and families from Mato Grosso came out for the consignment sale and will be spending some time on the Colony.

Do you fine readers from N America remember that anonymous letter I got from Columbus, MS some time ago explaining the difference between isles and aisles, and that was signed “a distant relative?”

Paul & Shirley Koepl and Ronald have returned to Brazil after spending several years in the US.

Leonard & Moselly Koepl, Paul’s folks, were out too. They lived in Brazil for quite a few years and then returned to the US to retire. Now that they sold their belongings here, I guess we won’t be seeing much of them over here anymore. We’ll miss them.

Lee Koepl was out for several days to keep up his permanent visa.

Shortly before leaving Brazil, my uncle Ervy Koehn from Macon, MS called and reminded me that last time we were in US I had promised that next time we would visit Mississippi. The only way to maintain my integrity was to hastily agree that we would do our best to stop in MS on the way back to Brazil. We have a lot of “friends” and relatives living there, including my cousin Bonnie (Unruh) Koehn in the Columbus area, whom we hope to see.

Stuart Mininger spent several days in Brazil to be able to keep up his permanent visa.

On May 23 we celebrated our Thanksgiving Day—exactly six months before yours in N America.

The Rio Verdinho School had its end-of-the-year program on May 17 and play day on May 20. Monte Alegre School had its program on May 20 and play day on May 21.

I read in the Hutch paper the other day about the mud slinging that goes on in politics here in the good ‘ole USA. It’s amazing how mayors have a tendency to fling clots instead of mud.

You readers in Brazil will enjoy this one. The brethren in Kentucky did some disaster relief work not too far from where they live. One of the ladies who served them lunch mentioned that her uncle Donald Gordon had lived in Brazil for years. Imagine her surprise when Leroy Toews, who lived in Brazil some 25 years ago, told her he knew about her uncle, a doctor, how founded the Hospital Evangélico in Rio Verde.

Several months back we mentioned that Perdigão is wanting to set up a chicken project in the Rio Verde area. Shortly before we left for the US, the president of the company and several of the directors stopped at the literature center to learn more about the Colony. It looks very favorable that they will be coming our way. Their part of the investment will be 300 million dollars. If they come to Rio Verde, maybe we can diversify our activities a bit.

Brazil News

The Dennis Loewen family is moving back to N America. They sold all their goods at auction on May 28.

On June 2, Paulo Rufino Faustino & Valéria Gold got married in the Monte Alegre congregation. Paulo, who is from the Patos, Paraíba mission, is a young doctor just out of medical school. Valéria has taught school on the Colony for 11 years and has been to the US a couple of times for visits. They both speak good English and love to sing. This couple will be a real asset to the work in the Northeast.