

# Brazil News

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Editorial

## **Apartheid – Lessons to be Learned**

Surely the word most often associated with South Africa is apartheid.

Etymologically, apartheid is still a youngster. Coined by Afrikaners in 1947, it can be transliterated as apart (apart) heid (ness), that is apartness. It is this internal policy that has transformed the Afrikaner into an international villain.

South Africa, so named because of its location on the southern tip of the African continent, has an agitated history, one that evokes strong emotions.

South Africa was settled by strong, determined men and women. Strong, because only the most hearty managed to survive the long, perilous voyage, cramped below decks in scurvy-ridden ships. Determined, because that is a predominant characteristic found in most immigrants.

Because of its strategic position, all caravels engaged in trade with the Far East were forced to hug the South African coast as they rounded the Cape. Why not exploit this factor and make of it a convenient halfway station? A place where a fresh supply of fresh water, vegetables, etc. could be taken aboard?

The Dutch, fierce competitors in the fledgling maritime international trade routes, were the first to take this possibility seriously. Their efficient state owned development and trading company, the Compagnie, was given the responsibility of colonizing the southern tip of the African continent.

From the onset, this colonization project had a strong religious connotation. The Protestant Reformation in Europe didn't only change hearts, but also governments (possibly more than hearts). The Compagnie was operated under severe Calvinistic principals, which unfortunately didn't include the new birth, non-resistance or true morality. The key word was predestination. This meant that works had no influence on salvation. Salvation, however, had a certain influence on works. Conveniently it was believed that God blessed His elect with prosperity. Covetousness thus became

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a virtue, for as goods increased, so did the certainty of having been predestinated to salvation.

With missionary zeal, Calvinistic Compagnie management recruited stalwart spiritual brethren in Holland, France and Java (where they already had a thriving colony) to set in motion the Cape project.

The religious fervor of these colonists in many cases bordered on fanaticism. True Calvinists, they believed from the depth of their hearts that they had been predestinated to a special mission in life. Their predikants (ministers), thundered fiery sermons to their flocks, based usually on the books of Exodus and Leviticus. Metaphorically they became the Israelites (Calvinists) who were now in the Promised Land (South Africa), with most everyone else, especially the dark natives, being the Canaanites (those predestined to eternal perdition). This special relationship they enjoyed with God, together with their sacred mission in South Africa, they referred to as a covenant.

In 1652 the first Dutch colonists arrived in South Africa. The idea of transforming the Cape into a maintenance stop proved successful, especially when it was learned that fresh vegetables prevented and cured scurvy. There followed a constant influx of colonists, many of them Huguenots (extremists of the Calvinist faith) who were fleeing persecution.

The Compagnie was more than a trading company in South Africa. It was the government. It was the law. It brought in predikants to thunder hellfire to men and women who couldn't go lost, even if they wanted to – or to outcasts who couldn't be saved, no matter how much they wished to be. Graciously, they permitted everyone who submitted to baptism to believe that they had a chance of being saved.

Soon these Huguenot farmers – Boers – were moving inland, North and East, under the watchful, sometimes disapproving eye, of the Compagnie.

Much farther inland, other events were unfolding that would have profound consequences. Among the native tribes, there arose a great leader by the name of Shaka. A ruthless warrior, he systematically began attacking neighboring tribes. They had but two options: annihilation or annexation. Most chose the latter. The result was the Zulu nation. Farther out, a similar action resulted in the Xhosa nation. These tribes were slowly migrating north and east.

From the beginning, the Boers were in contact with neighboring tribes, which included the small brown Hottentots. Up to a point, relations were fairly cordial.

The Boers soon became known as Trekboers (Trek, an arduous migration – especially by ox wagon). As they moved inland, they left off farming and became nomadic graziers. Coincidentally the neighboring tribes were also nomadic graziers. Trouble arose when these brown and dark skinned neighbors failed to realize that the Boers were a Covenant people with a divine mandate to subdue the Canaanites. As their grazing lands were slowly taken up by the Israelitas, the Canaanites reacted by pilfering their herds. Sure that God couldn't be pleased to see His servant's herds decimated by the heathen, they reacted by slaughtering the thieves, and sometimes even

their wives, children and old folks. Many bloody battles were fought. Ironically, faithful slaves defended their masters against their own race.

In the beginning close ties were maintained with Holland. All predikants had to have studied and been ordained in the old country. The Dutch language was tenaciously held on to. When in 1806, South Africa was occupied by the British, English was to be taught in school. Milder English predikants began preaching a different language and a different message. They spoke of Jesus and the apostles. They spoke of loving enemies. This to the Boers was anathema. They said, “When you are forced to speak someone’s language, you become their slave.”

At the turn of this century, things came to a head. In the Boer War, the English, with enormous numerical and tactical superiority, finally subdued the Boers. But inside they remained standing up. To acquire their goals, they entered a different battlefield. Politics. By influencing legislation, they came up with the perfect solution. Apartheid.

Exactly what did – and do – the Afrikaners want? What have they accomplished?

They want a separate society – a pure society, free of all but the whitest blood. They aren’t opposed to other races, so long as they maintain their place, so long as they don’t get any bright ideas about trying to reach white status. To accomplish this, laws were enacted that set aside parts of the country for blacks and Coloreds and reserved others for the whites. Obviously the best. Over a million of these outcasts work in Johannesburg during the day, but at sunset are shuttled out to the satellite town of Soweto (and others). The next day they are shuttled back and the process repeats itself.

They want their own language (to not be a slave to anyone). This they have accomplished in a unique way. Using Dutch as the base language, they have included French, English, Zulu and tribal dialects to create their own exclusive language – Afrikaans. To put it mildly, this language is precious to them.

They want a high standard of living. This they have accomplished. Beautiful homes in well kept neighborhoods run by servants, are one of their trademarks. They treat their servants well, but do not allow them to become part of their society.

They want to run the country with a white vote. A vote any other shade than snow white is seen as a threat to their way of life. This they have accomplished by refusing to let blacks and Coloreds vote.

They want all this and at the same time be well accepted by the international community. This they have not accomplished. Nor will they. Trade embargoes and international ostracism have caused them to reconsider and repeal some of the more stringent laws. More is in the works. But centuries of supremacy have left deep scars, not only in the outcasts, but possibly more so in the white minority. How long will it take for them to realize that God has no special covenant with them? When will they realize that their soul has no premium attached to it?

Obviously we won’t solve these problems. We must solve our own.

Now for the lessons.

Let’s take the items one by one.

A separate society. I hear, “But aren’t we supposed to be a separate people?”

Absolutely. We're not talking about separation from the world. We are talking about separation from brethren who possibly don't have quite the same hue of skin as ours, who don't speak the same language, who have a different culture. It's entirely too easy to invite our "white" brother over because it's a pleasure, but our "other" brother because it's an obligation. The apostles asked, "Is it I?"

A superior language. English is the universal language. It is the business language. It is the tourist language. It is the computer language. It is the scientific language. But it is not the most beautiful language in the world. It is not the most expressive. God forbid that we make men our slaves by forcing them to know English.

A high standard of living. This needs no explanations. Read Conference and Annual Meeting reports.

They want to run their country. In our case, it would be the church. Just a question: What would you do if enough foreigners got converted in your community to where they would have the majority vote in your congregation? Roll this around in your head (and heart) several days before answering.

All this and be well accepted by the international community. In our case we would say, enjoy all of our superior benefits and yet be able to condescend to those whom we wish to evangelize. That's a big package.

Apartheid. Apartness from non-covenant members. Is it I? ▲

## Politics

### **Itamar Franco**

Is Itamar Franco a good president? I really don't know. I don't think anybody really knows. He is very different from Collor.

Itamar, as he is called by the press, seems to be making no effort to make a splash. The same is true of the cabinet he has chosen. Rather than come up with a basketful of presidential decrees and ask Congress to approve, Itamar has told Congress what the problem is and requested they come up with the solution. So novel was this approach that they asked him to have his ministry come up with a solution and send it back to them for consideration and approval.

Collor never did feel at ease with Congress. If Itamar can maintain a working relationship, it certainly will help.

In Portuguese, abacaxi means pineapple. To say that someone has a pineapple to peel, means that he has been handed a sticky problem. It can safely be said that Itamar has one gigantic pineapple to peel. There simply isn't money to operate the government during the next fiscal year. It appears that the solution that Itamar and Congress will come up with is a 0.3% transaction tax on all money deposited in the bank. They call this a non-declaratory tax. In other words, it's a compulsory tax that people will pay whether they like it or not. Income tax, which must of course, be declared, is a failure.

They get in only about half the amount they should. Itamar and Congress are hoping to revamp our entire tax system, which simply doesn't work the way it is now.

### **Collorgate**

Corruption and deceit apparently go hand in hand. It appears that Collor is convinced he hasn't done anything really bad. The procurador geral da República (Federal Attorney General) came up with a questionnaire with fifteen items to be answered in writing. This Collor has done. He has furthermore stated that he has no plans of presenting an oral defense, since his answers clear everything up. Actually, they don't clear up a solitary thing. There isn't a single political commentator that gives him the slightest chance of being acquitted by the Senate. This trial, incidentally, is to take place between Christmas and New Years.

I mentioned a number of months ago that Rosane, Collor's wife had pulled some fast ones, but that everyone was overlooking her faults so as to not create unnecessary difficulties for Collor.

When Collor went down the drain, so did all the good will for Rosane. She is going to have to respond to criminal charges and stands a fairly good chance of landing in the jug. At least she can console herself that she probably will be able to take her husband with her.

Why did two intelligent people pull stunts like that? Brazil has been known through the years as a terra da impunidade (the land of impunity). Everything indicates that Collor and his wife felt like they had a green light to do what they pleased. When the light turned yellow, Collor ignored it. When it turned red, it was too late.

One new turn in the case is that Collor is beginning to accuse his ex-campaign manager, PC Farias. This could get interesting. ▲

## **A Story for Children**

### **Snake Day**

October 30 was Snake Day on the American Colony. But let's back up a few years.

When Tim Burns was a boy, he did what a lot of boys dream of doing. He had the privilege of exploring rivers, streams, woods, and plains that hadn't been messed up by human beings.

Back in those days cougars and wolves still lived in the woods. Dozens of pairs of colorful macaws would fly overhead, talking with each other in a drawn-out raspy voice. Enormous flocks of smaller parrots would come screeching by.

Tall, dense jungles, impassable without a machete, were loaded with ferns and exotic plants. As you made your way through them, you could hear the patter of small feet scurrying away. You could also hear the crashing of underbrush as tapirs, capybaras and other animals head for the safety of the river, where they would submerge until danger passed.

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On rocks along the riverbanks, snakes could be seen curled up, sunning themselves. Or maybe just their tail as they slithered into the water.

Out on the plains, flocks of ostriches could be seen (fortunately, some of these have survived), as well as deer, armadillos, and many other small animals.

This is the world that Tim learned to know as a boy. He would sometimes camp out for several days at a time, surrounded by creation. He learned a lot about animals, where they live, their habits, their tracks – and how not to get caught by them.

Among the many tracks Tim learned to identify, were those of the anaconda.

For those who haven't ever heard of an anaconda, it's a non-poisonous constricting snake from the boa family.

On October 30, as Tim was crossing the dam on his tractor, he saw the tracks of an anaconda. It had come out of the water, crossed the dam, and gone down the embankment on the lower side.

Tim parked his tractor and began following the tracks. Anyone familiar with the woods along the Pirapitinga Creek knows that at some places it's almost impossible to walk along the bank. The only solution is to cut a path or walk in the creek. Since Tim didn't have his machete, he walked in the water.

As he walked, he saw where the snake came out of the water and crawled along the bank for a while. Then it returned and swam downstream for a while, only to repeat the maneuver. The last time it left the water, Tim followed it up the hill out of the woods into some tall grass.

Here it became impossible to track the snake. It appeared this would be the end of the snake story.

Walking around in the tall grass, Tim kept on looking, hoping to run across the snake. And he did. Behind a clump of rocks he found the anaconda coiled up, sunning itself.

Now what?

Tim knew this was a chance in a lifetime for a lot of people who had never seen an anaconda in the wild – or at all. He was now over a quarter of a mile down stream from the dam. If he left the snake unattended, it could easily terminate its sun bath and return to the stream.

He watched the snake a while to see if it showed any signs of wanting to move on. He threw a little dirt on it to see if it might decide to leave. It didn't. It obviously was enjoying the sun.

So Tim hightailed it to the dam where Earl Schmidt was working. On the tractor they both returned to where the snake was still curled up behind the rocks. Leaving Tim, Earl went home and got on the phone and began spreading the word.

It didn't take long and people began flocking in. With so many "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" and "Oh, my goodnesses!" the snake decided to return to the stream. After all, even a serpent's patience has its limits.

So they grabbed the snake by the tail and drug it up through the grass to the edge of the cornfield. Then Roger Hibner (the Colony snake handler) lassooed the anaconda's

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head and held tight. Other's tried to unkink it so that it could be measured. After several tries it was decided that it measured 15 feet and seven and a half inches, with a diameter of 22 and a half inches.

People kept flocking in. School was dismissed, or something or other, so that all the school children could see the marvelous snake.

When it appeared that most of the folks from the Monte Alegre area had seen it, someone showed up from the Rio Verdinho end of the Colony. He wanted his people to see it too, as well as the Rio Verdinho School children. Tim agreed to stand watch while he beat it back and spread the news. Soon a new set of cars were converging on the cornfield downstream from the dam.

Finally, towards evening, the tired snake was permitted to return to its old stomping grounds.

I asked the teachers in the Monte Alegre School to have some of their students write a paragraph about the anaconda. I am printing a few of them. Just a few translations: Sucuri = anaconda, Chanqui = Elizabeth Hibner.

Here goes:

Today a car load of women came to school. Ant Chanqui came to the door and knocked on the door. Miss Loewen went out. Pretty soon she came in and said to go to her car. Miss Miniger's car just about dragged the ground! When we got there we ran across the field. We had to stand in line to wait our turn... Then we had to come back to school.

Carolyn Dirks

On a certain day when we were at school, all of a sudden the Burn's (some of them) were in the school yard. We couldn't figure out what was going on. Then Chunky (Brenda's Mom) called M. L. and told her what was up and the M. L. (my teacher) told us. The entire (hole) school went to see it. Shall I tell you what it was. It was a big snake called Anaconda. It was terrible big. It was 3 yards long, and fat...Do you know what? J I touched that big snake. Wouldn't you have like to touch it? It is a dangerous snake, because when it gets big, it can kill animals and people if it gets a hold of them. So you be careful. Ok?

Fyanna R. Kramer

Today, Oct. 30, 1992 Tim B. found a snake! A anaconda!! So before dinner we went to see the anaconda!! They stretched the snake to measure it and it was 15 ft. and 7½ in long and 22½ in. around. Its the biggest snake I've ever seen.

Melvyn Souto

We were leisurely doing our school work one day, and some cars were stopped in front of the school. We were watching them when all of a sudden Aunt Chanque came running into the school and asked to talk to Miss Loewen. A little while later she came

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back into the classroom and said that we were going to go down to the pond because Tim was guarding an anaconda down there. We squished into the teachers cars and made our way down there. We ran to where the snake was. It was stopped and we were supposed to walk around it so that we could see it good enough. Horrors! All of a sudden it started going into the brush. Everyone started to run and scream (At least some screamed.). But the men pulled it back into the field. (They just held on to the thing)...(had a devilish look to its eyes.) Well, they let it go, and – Oh! – it might be in the pond and just think what it might do. Well, we soon headed back to school.

Marcia Loewen

A bunch of Burns women came driving up. Here comes Nita they all jump out and pile in Nitas car. Ant Chanque comes running down to the school (by then we were all curious) and talked to the teachers and ran back up. The teacher comes in, and tells us Uncle Tim found a big sucuri at the dam. So we all got into cars and drove to the dam. On the way over the car we were in ran over a little snake. When we got there we had to wait in line to go down by tens to walk around it. Its head was out of the grass on one side and his tail the other. It started moving away, some men grabbed its tail and dragged it out into the field, and everyone touched it. Miss Loewen wouldn't touch it so Roger grabbed her hand and pulled her over and made her touch it....Its stomach was yellow with black rings. They let it loose and we came back.

Rosa Dirks

Today, October 30, 1992, I saw an alive anaconda that was 15 ft and 7½ inches long and 22½ inches around its middle. I touched it when it was loose and when it was caught. It was so much fun!!

Robert Dale Kramer

Are anacondas dangerous to people? They are less dangerous than a spider. If you live in Brazil, your chances of dying of a spider bite are thousands of times greater than that of being swallowed by an anaconda.

What about the stories people tell of cases they know where people were killed by Anacondas?

The last Reader's Digest has a good answer to these questions. In a short article called "Stories You Won't See Here," the editors tell of some fabulous stories they didn't print simply because when they started tracking them down, they ran into a dead-end street. They say that more than a dozen articles a month are killed for failing to meet their exacting standards of accuracy.

I suspect that with a couple of exceptions, the many anaconda stories circulating around here would fail to land a place in the Reader's Digest.

The October 30 anaconda didn't land a place in the Reader's Digest, but it did manage to land a place in our memories. Thanks, Tim. Hope to see your friend again. ▲



## Chapter 2

### Two Little Girls

The two little girls are back with their biological mother. That makes this a sad chapter.

We had good hopes. Very good, in fact. The Children's Counsel were ever so confident that things were going to work out all right.

I mentioned last month that the wall was beginning to crack. Here's what happened.

One day when I stopped to see the lawyer, he said, "I have something for you." He handed me a slip of paper with a name and address on it. He explained that one of his associates, a young lawyer, is single and visits the red light section of town. Because of this he knew the owner of one of these establishments quite well. It was also at this same place that the biological mother to the two little girls was employed.

This woman, the owner of the place, came and offered to testify in court against the biological mother of the two little girls and the man she was living with. Incidentally, before the girls came to live on the Colony, they all lived there as a "family."

Why did the owner of this place turn against the girl's mother? For one thing, she knew of things that happened in her establishment that involved this "family," for which the mother was now preparing to blame others. In spite of all that can be said against a woman who runs this type of a business, it must be admitted that in some back corner of her heart there was still a bit of human warmth, of justice, remaining.

This information was relayed to the Children's Counsel. The woman was interviewed by one of the counselors. All this was corroborated by another source and sent to the promotor.

This was the crack in the wall that we so anxiously awaited. It was also on this evidence that the Children's Counsel based its hopes of a favorable decision.

What went wrong? It's easy to speculate, to accuse, to shout, "Corruption!" It's easy to forget that God has seen everything that has happened. And that he continues to see.

With so much evidence stacked up against the biological mother and the man with whom she lives, why did they get the two little girls back?

I have very little doubt but what this case could have been won, had we fought it. For some reason the evidence presented by the Children's Counsel wasn't admissible in court. To say the least, the Counsel is very upset about this too.

According to the information I have gotten, for this evidence to have value, it would have had to have been reported to the police. They would have investigated and we would have presented this evidence in court. This, obviously, was off-limits for us.

One time when thinking about all this, the Lord said clearly, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit." This is where I have to rest the case.

## Chapter 3

A number of years ago part of the fuselage of a 737 Boeing passenger liner

disintegrated while in flight. Without any forewarning, passengers suddenly found themselves sitting out in the open with air rushing by at approximately five hundred miles an hour.

A couple are sitting in their living room. Their teenage children have left in the car. The phone rings. A voice asks, "Is this the Jones residence?" The voice continues, "This is the Sheriff's department. I am sorry to notify you that your children have been involved in a fatal accident..."

Literally thousands of examples of this type could be given when in the twinkling of an eye, everything changes, when life suddenly deals a severe blow.

Unofficially we had been alerted of an unfavorable sentence. However, believing it would be a number of days before it would be carried out, we hadn't said anything to the girls yet.

Then one day a car drove up. In it was the biological mother, the man she puts up with, and an official de justiça (roughly equivalent to a sheriff's deputy).

We had been asked to hand the children over in the presence of one of the children's counselors. There was no one along. The official de justiça identified himself and stated his purpose. I asked about the children's counselor. He let on he didn't know what the deal was. So, figuring it would come right at the end of the judge's sentence, which he had with him, I asked him to read it to me. It was right there in black and white. Then they admitted there had been no counselor available and so they came out anyway. Realizing they had been caught, they headed back into town.

I called Tereza. She said to bring the children in. Even though she wasn't on the counsel these days, she would take the children and hand them over.

Now we had the unpleasant task of telling the two little girls what was up. That is where the roof blew off of their little lives. That is where they received the terrible news of how their lives would shortly be drastically changed.

We called them into the study. They sensed something unpleasant was in the air. They stood close together. As I began explaining what was going on, Danila, the younger, kept casting furtive glances at her older sister to see what her reaction was. Dayanne was stone faced. Finally Danila could take it no longer. She cried so hard she almost became hysterical.

As Sylvia began packing their clothes and they saw it was for real, the entire house took a funeral air. We gathered in Sylvia's bedroom to have a prayer. We knelt around the bed. When we finished, Sylvia and the girls didn't get up. They remained in that position sobbing for a long time.

We said our good-bys before we left. When Otávio told Dayanne good-by, they embraced and for a long time cried their hearts out.

Even though we always knew we were being but a bridge in their life, keeping them until the adoption hopefully would go through, I realized how much we, and especially the two children, had grown attached to them.

Will there be a chapter 4 to this story? Yes, I believe so. I don't know when.

Have we wasted our time, effort and money on these two little girls. Absolutely not!

Before Brads took them in, they accepted being kicked around as a normal part of life. Today they know there is a better life.

In the last couple of weeks, when Danila would pray at mealtimes, besides praying for Daddy, Mommy, Lana and Bruce, she would add (and this was without any prompting from anyone), “Help so that we can all be together someday.”

We were hoping that they would be able to be together as a family right directly. For some reason this hasn’t turned out to be the case. But I sincerely believe that if this doesn’t come about in this life, it will in the life to come.

Those two little girls have taught us some important lessons in prayer. When they prayed, one could feel they were going straight up. God heard their prayers. Even so the roof blew off of their warm shelter. Even so I am sure that God is near them. They trust Him.

Keep on praying for the two little girls. I have felt that there is a powerful force – a diabolic force – at work. First of all, let us ask the Lord to help so that someday they can be saved. We are positive this is His will. Then, let us pray, that if it is His will, that even now in this life they can be, as Danila prayed, together as a family. ▲

## Horse Sense

Oswaldo, the little boy who stayed at Tims for a number of months, learned a lot about God. The other day as he was mounting his horse, it took off at a dead run before he was in the saddle. He hung on for a while and finally let go. Fortunately he wasn’t injured in the fall.

Sylvia heard him telling Otávio that the horse did that because it didn’t listen to the Lord. But then he justified the horse. It had a sore someplace that bothered it. They put medications on the sore and he is sure that next time it will listen to the Lord. ▲

## Emma Burns’ Diary

### A New Family

#### Fri – Oct 3, 1969

We had fried snake meat for breakfast. It tasted about like fish, but ugh! To think of eating snake. Faith, Miriam, Denton and I went to town. We women folks usually don’t go to town, but we very badly needing to shop for some household things. When we got home, Charlie and the girls were getting plastic curtains, etc. to cover up things in the house. The roof was leaking badly.

#### Sat – Oct 4

Charlies and we went to decide where to build our new house, plant trees, etc. Charlies and the girls screened dirt to make blocks in the afternoon. We saw a big

lizard, around 4 feet long. It stood up so high and ran very fast. João Souto, our plowman, rode Dick Toews' horse home for over Sunday.

### **Sun – Oct 5**

Jona Dyck had the text from Hebrews 11, on faith. I guess he thought we needed a sermon on faith. We had an impressive service. An invitation was given and five of the young folks stood.

### **Tue – Oct 7**

Denton started leveling over where we plan to build our house. I planted some more garden. Denton, Charlie and Carlos took more cement to the falls where we're making blocks. They shot one ostrich and three partridge. Eldon Penner shot a deer, so John and Alma came over in the evening and brought us some venison. A real treat. Alma said their thermometer showed 110°F yesterday. This evening it is too cool for comfort.

### **Wed – Oct 8**

Faith and I stayed home. The rest went to the falls to make blocks. We had been looking for the Harold Dirks family for weeks, it seemed, and at 3:30 this afternoon Denton looked up and said, "Here come Harolds!" They drove all the way from Idaho to Brazil in a pickup and camper. That makes the 6th family here now. Dick brought his son Glen over for Charlie to sew up a gash above his eye. He fell in the stream and got cut on something. With Harolds getting here and everything, there was so much excitement that not much work got done. Harolds set up their tent by the falls and had supper there. On the way home from taking cement to the falls, they shot an armadillo. We go without meat for a long time, and then all of a sudden we have lots.

### **Fri – Oct 10**

Yesterday the men went to town to look for a tractor. They went today again. Only one of our little ducks survived and it likes to be in the house with us. Our pig is growing. It is wearing a harness and we have it chained to a tree. The men got home with a tractor, a Valmet with plow, drill and scraper. I planted strawberries.

### **Sun – Oct 12**

With all the rains the horizon is clear again and everything looks so clean and bright after all the months of smoke from burning off. Went to church. Sure nice to have Harolds here. We now have 20 members. We are now 37 people. John Penner had the text. They came over for dinner. At 3:00 it lightened, thundered, rained and hailed some. Charlies had to be in their tent holding it up. It just about blew down. We sang Portuguese. Denton and John sat on the couch. The little duck, about one fourth grown, still without wing feathers, came and stood up real straight in front of the men and flopped its bare wings. We had to laugh it looked so comical. Harold gave a report of their trip this evening in church. It thundered all the time.

### **Mon – Oct 13**

Denton and Charlie went to town to buy a horse and cart. Harolds moved on the other side of the stream, across from Dicks.

### **Tue – Oct 14**

Dick, Jona and John went to town to get the tractor and implements. We had bought a horse, Russo, from Manoel, but if it gets loose, it goes back to its old home. After dinner some of us walked to see Pedro Pãos. We sang for awhile. Pedro got some mandioca to send along home with us. He said the other week he saw an anaconda there – they live along the river – about 30 feet long [Either the snake or the truth have been stretched, believe me]. The men hadn't gotten home last night. Two men, Pierre (the young man we first met in Rio Verde when we moved here, who speaks English) and Steve Breneman, from the U.S. Peace Corp were here. They said they passed Dick driving the tractor and Charlie and Denton driving a horse and cart.

### **Wed – Oct 15**

Denton and Charlie got poles from the woods and built a bridge across the stream, so now we can drive to the falls and not have to go way around. Denton and Charlie also got rocks for the foundation for our house.

### **Thu – Oct 16**

Charlie and Faith went with the cart and horse to get a load of sand, then went for a load of blocks. Denton started making the foundation. Elizabeth mixed mortar for him. They also started making another stove east of where we are building. The children found some red berries on bushes. They tasted like cherries and even had pits like a cherry. I made some jam one day. Charlie took Glenn's stitches out. The sky is so beautiful tonight.

### **Fri – Oct 17**

Charlies went with the kombi and hauled blocks to the building site. It's so nice to have a bridge. It makes it so much closer to haul blocks. Dick brought roof tile on is truck for our house. Fred Dirks came to spend the day with Timothy. I planted sweet corn. John Penners have poles up for their shed. We sang Portuguese in the evening.

### **Sat – Oct 18**

I worked in the garden about all day and got a lot more things planted. We had a nice shower. I poisoned ants. We have so much trouble with them eating the leaves off the plants. Denton and Elizabeth got some blocks laid up today and worked on the stove some more. The cart horse is so balky. She refuses to go at times. Had a load of blocks and going up the hill she refused to go. Charlie and I pulled and pushed and got it to the house. The flying termites were terrible thick tonight!

## Remembering Out Loud

### **Dr. Cajango**

Dr. Cajango is a lawyer. Quite a few years ago he was the local manager of the local agency of the Banco do Brasil.

My first encounter with him had the potential of a major disaster. Back in those days, when there were still a lot of newcomers on the Colony, I helped a lot of these folks with their business. That meant I had to spend considerable time in the Banco do Brasil. As can be imagined, I learned to know the bank personnel quite well.

Managers are usually transferred every three or four years. Usually there is an interlude of a month or two when this happens, during which the vice-manager takes over. This is what happened in Rio Verde.

One day when I came into the bank, things were abuzz. The new manager had arrived. I overheard one of the officials tell some others, “He prefers to be referred to as ‘Dr. Cajango.’ ”

Since I did a lot of the Colony business, they wanted to introduce me to the new manager.

The former manager had been a long haired, nervous fellow. Actually he didn’t at all fit into the rigid standards of the Banco do Brasil. At that time it was apparent that soybeans had a real future in this area. But it took a lot of lime and fertilizing. Where 25 tons of lime were needed per alqueire (12 acres), the bank agronomist would recommend four or five. I don’t remember if this agronomist had long hair on the outside of his head, but one would be tempted to believe he did on the inside. The bank manager swallowed his agronomist’s recommendations and refused to give the Colony the kind of financing needed to get the land into proper production.

When I walked into the manager’s office, I saw a middle-aged man with a crew cut. From a distance he radiated dynamism and confidence. We had a nice talk and I left his office and went downstairs to do some business.

As I got near the door, I reached into my pocket to get my car keys. They felt funny. I looked at them and immediately saw they weren’t mine. When I looked up, a guard was watching me.

Back those days I frequently worked under a tight schedule and I got into the bad habit of sometimes walking around with my keys in hand. It happened that when I got up to leave Dr. Cajango’s office, there were some keys on his desk. Thinking they were mine, I simply picked them up and walked out. With typical Latin courtesy, Dr. Cajango didn’t say anything. But he did notify the guards of what had happened. My spontaneous reaction must have convinced the guard it was a mistake. I handed him the keys. His report to Dr. Cajango must have convinced him it was a mistake. Anyway, it never marred our friendship.

Dr. Cajango soon learned that the Americanos weren’t satisfied with the financing

they were getting in the Banco do Brasil. He came up with a plan and asked to have a meeting with the Colony.

The meeting was in the church social hall. It's a meeting I don't believe he has ever forgotten. Instead of people telling him how worthless the Banco do Brasil was and blaming it for everything that went wrong, including the weather, the group came in, quietly sat down, and in absolute silence listened as he proposed what he felt would be a workable plan for the Colony.

Some of the high points of his speech went something like this: "You Americanos need to diversify. You need to plant a few alqueires of soybeans, a few alqueires of corn, a few alqueires of rice. You need to plant some pasture and raise a few cows and sell milk. You need to plant some coffee. You need to plant some oranges. Then you won't have all your eggs in one basket."

He was obviously pleased with his plan. What he said made a lot of sense and actually fit into what some had in mind before ever moving to Brasil.

When he finished no one clapped or booed. Total silence. "Any questions? What do you think of my idea?" he wanted to know.

Finally a timid voice from somewhere said, "But we want to plant soybeans."

That was a dash of cold water in his face, but in a moment he regained his usual positive poise. He said, "So you want to plant soybeans? SOYBEANS YOU SHALL PLANT! What can the Banco do Brasil do for you?"

There followed a cordial discussion in which it was explained that four or five tons of lime weren't enough. We needed 20-25. That's what we got. We needed more fertilizer. That is what we got.

The American Colony owes a lot to Dr. Cajango. The standard he set for the Colony was to a large degree followed by the managers that came after him.

It's a complicated process for foreigners to get a land title here in Brazil. Quite a little paperwork must be done in Brasília. The time needed for the authorization to come through could vary from several months to several years.

In order to finance during this period, the original land owner would sign the mortgage in the bank. Then when the authorization would come through, the bank manager would request that the land office transfer the title to the American, and the responsibility for the mortgage. This was one hundred percent legal and worked well.

Dr. Cajango for some reason didn't like the idea. He wanted the mortgage to be paid off in full to the Banco do Brasil so the title could be transferred. In many cases, this was next to impossible.

When it became apparent that the authorization for the title to Jonas Schultz's place was about to come through, we went to see Dr. Cajango. He was adamant: No way! Period!

There was no point in arguing. We waited a number of days and tried it again. No way!

I don't remember how many times we went back, but finally the authorization came through and we had but a few days left to transfer the title or lose the authorization.

Once again we went in. I said, “Dr. Cajango, do you know the story in the Bible about that widow that kept pestering the judge?”

“Yes, I know the story.”

“Well Dr. Cajango, here we are again with the same problem, just like that widow. If you don’t help us out, Jonas won’t get the title to his land.”

In a split second he made up his mind. “I’ll do it!” And he did.

Dr. Cajango is now retired from the Banco do Brasil. ▲

## **This & That**

The Monte Alegre sewing made mattress pads for the Mirassol, São Paulo mission.

Dona Maria, Aristote’s wife (the couple Reno Hibners and Pete Loewens bought their place from over 20 years ago), died of heart complications.

A bunch of Colony girls, ages 5-7 (mental age) got the hot idea of touring the country on their bikes. They went up past Richards, past Ikes and to the Indaiá Creek, apparently to see what it’s like to have a picnic in the rain. It works. On the way home it rained some more. They made the happy discovery that when you can’t ride your bike anymore, you can always carry it. Talking about a bunch of worthless girls for the next two or three days. Whew!

The dam project has been finished. The gate was closed and it again has water in it.

Safety features have been built in to where it shouldn’t blow again.

October 12 was Children’s Day. The school board staged a little party for them.

Paulo Davids have moved into their new little house in town. Actually it’s only two rooms and a bath. It’s long term financing. The payment this month I believe is less than fifty US dollars. The idea is to give people a cheap place of their own that they can add onto as finances permit. His place is up on a hill that overlooks Rio Verde.

Laura da Costa has one of these places too, but hasn’t moved in yet.

Mervin and Norma Jean Loewen have moved into their own little house, a little ways from Ike’s house.

In the 23 years we have been here, never has a rainy season begun like this one. Normally the first rains are violent, accompanied by a lot of wind and lightning. After several of these rains, it can easily be two or three weeks, or even a month, before the rains come in steady. This year started in easy and steady. After almost a month of rains we began to get the windy, violent ones. Minor damage has been done to shed doors and roofs. Actually, a little less rain would be better for the crops, that are turning yellow from lack of direct sun rays.

Goiânia has its second McDonalds, this one in the Flamboyant shopping center. I can’t for the life of me figure out why people flock to these joints, as expensive as the food is. And to make matters worse, my wife dreamt that someone asked me which congregation we would go to if we spent Christmas in the States. I am to have



## Brazil News

answered, “In the McDonalds Congregation.” In case we make it to the US, I hope to show better taste than that.

People are slowly switching from the present Renac phone system that we use on the colony and going to what they call multi-acesso, which is a direct dialing setup. Those whose phones are now working (at least occasionally) are Jesse Loewen, 062 621 4604; Carman Loewen, 062 621 4898; and João Souto, 062 621 3185. Eldon Penners should soon have their system working too. Especially for international calls, these phones are nicer.