

# Brazil News

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No. 37  
June 1994

## Editorial

### **The Landlord**

To refer to the owner of rental property as the landlord is quite a high sounding title. Almost too high. By what merits can a mere earthling consider himself to be the lord of the land or property he rents to others?

Not everyone takes his landlord seriously, but a landlord almost always takes himself seriously, sometimes in quite a lordly way. (Maybe that explains the name.)

Dissected, a landlord is a human being who has through inheritance, hard work, shrewd dealing, or even fraud, acquired a piece of property, which he in turn permits another to use in exchange for a predetermined sum of money, goods or services.

Basically, there is nothing wrong with being a landlord. In fact, for someone who is unable to own his own property, a good landlord can be a Godsend.

Most landlords keenly feel their responsibility of collecting rent when due. Beside showing poor stewardship of their own property, to permit delinquency is seen as a disfavor to the renter himself, almost like being an accomplice to dishonesty. A good renter will feel the same way (which is why a good landlord and a good renter will sometimes do business for decades).

No self-respecting renter would even consider the possibility of renting a place and then not paying rent. He wouldn't consider paying only half the stipulated rent. Nor would he pay only ninety percent of the amount agreed on. A good renter, as a matter of principle, pays one hundred percent of the rent due.

A good renter doesn't analyze how badly his landlord needs the rent money and decide if he should or shouldn't pay, or how much he should pay. Rent is rent and period.

We all agree that the earth and the fullness thereof is the Lord's. That, in a most literal sense, makes Him our Land-Lord, doesn't it? And if He is our Land-Lord, on what basis does He let us live on His land? Rent free? Do we set the terms? Or does He have a stipulated rate?

There are several scriptures in the New Testament that could be understood to mean that the Lord has relinquished His right to set the rent terms and that each one may now pay what he pleases. To believe this way, however, we must ignore many centuries of spiritual jurisprudence.

Before the law was ever given, Abraham set a precedent. Apparently not out of any obligation, but because of a deep gratitude he felt to the Lord for help received, Abraham paid tithes to Melchizedec, the king of Salem, which, according to the book of Hebrews, was ten percent.

Under the law the ten percent rent policy became official, together with elaborate safeguards against fraud or delinquency.

When Jesus began His ministry, He soon had to face, head-on, self-righteous Pharisees who zealously tithed, as well as prayed on street corners and made a show of fasting, basing their religion on these works.

Very possibly because of this, Jesus and the apostles downplayed the importance of open tithing. Rather than the Land-Lord coming and collecting rent, under the liberty of the gospel it was assumed that the true Christian, out of gratitude – like Abraham – would willingly tithe. This would be done without any ostentation or desire for recognition (not even the left hand would know what the right hand gave).

The idea that after Christ came to the earth, God ceased to charge rent, meets several problems. First of all, tithing is not a product of the law, but a law in itself, which existed before Mount Sinai. To say that we are no longer living “under the law,” doesn’t change the principle of paying rent to our Land-Lord. Secondly, possibly more than ever in the history of God’s people, the Land-Lord today needs the money that is due Him. And thirdly, there is no record of anyone ever going broke because of tithing. But on the other hand, we would probably be positively amazed if the statistics (which only God knows) were made known on how many have gone broke or are in serious financial straits because of not tithing.

A good renter pays rent and spends what is left over. A poor renter spends, and then pays rent if there is something left over. The same is true when it comes to tithing. God wants our first fruits. Not our last fruits, not the molded grain from the bottom of the bin.

A renter who is in arrears with his landlord runs the risk of being evicted. What happens if someone is in arrears with the almighty Land-Lord? What kind of action does He take?

Admittedly we are discussing a delicate subject. All too often our discussions degenerate into what would almost pass for an interview with the IRS, in which we desperately look for loopholes and exemptions: “What do we pay on? Gross or net?” “Are school taxes deductible?” “Do we pay before or after investments?”

Invoking the liberty of the gospel, we somewhat uncomfortably set a standard for ourselves. As time goes on and we aren’t evicted, we become comfortable, and finally defensive.

Tithing is not an investment. It is payment for blessings already received.

When the Lord said, “Try me,” He didn’t mean, “Try my patience,” but rather, “Try my goodness.” With doors opening faster than pocketbooks, do we have anything to lose by trying Him? Instead of asking “Must I?” shouldn’t we ask “May I?”

The Land-Lord loves a cheerful renter. ▲

## This Month on the Colony

### **Wings on the Horizon?**

When we moved to Brazil 25 years ago, the word SADIA was frequently seen in airports. It was the small sister to Varig and Vasp in the family of Brazilian airlines.

When the Fontana family founded Sadia Airlines over 30 years ago, they weren’t thinking nearly so much about passengers, as they were about freight – freight that they themselves produced.

In 1940, the Fontanas set up a poultry business in southern Brazil. It boomed and soon they were needing new markets. Without refrigerated trucks, it was almost impossible to commercialize their highly perishable product very far from home base. Airfreight was the only solution to reach more distant markets. Then as cheaper, more efficient means were found to transport fryers, SADIA became a passenger airline.

Some 20 years ago the Fontana brothers split up. Atílio took over the poultry business and Osmar became the owner of Sadia Airlines – which he renamed Transbrasil. A very efficient airline, it has regular flights into Orlando, Miami, Washington and New York.

What does all that have to do with the Colony?

Just this. On May 23 the people from Sadia were out on the Colony and had a meeting in the Monte Alegre social hall. They explained that at the present they are buying corn in Goiás, trucking it approximately 750 miles to southern Brazil. There it is processed, fed to fryers, which are slaughtered and brought back to Goiás and other central and northeastern states.

Their idea is to set up a complete unit – hatchery, feed mill, packing house – in Goiás. Rio Verde is one the areas being investigated.

Sadia’s initial goal would be to slaughter 150 thousand birds a day. That would require six hundred 12x100 meter barns. So far as the area here, they were highly impressed. To move into an area, they obviously make certain demands of the local government. One of them is that they come up with some kind of low interest financing on the barns. We should know right directly if the Rio Verde area has been chosen for their next poultry project.

Some time ago I mentioned that there is basically only one way to make a living on the Colony – farming. And frankly, for anyone who is a farmer, there probably isn’t a better place in the world to farm.

But not everyone is cut out to be a farmer. Not everyone has the means to get set up.

While quite a few of the colonists are renting ground, it is on quite a precarious basis. Seldom will anyone give more than a three-year rent contract. Not everyone wants to move to Mato Grosso.

If Sadia chooses the Rio Verde area, we can expect some real changes on the Colony. Anyone with several acres of land will be able to put up several barns and have a good living. It is estimated that if all the profit is applied toward the loan, in four to five years the barns, with an estimated life of 20 – 25 years, should be paid for. So, anyone who can manage to survive until the barns are paid off will have a constant source of income.

If Rio Verde is chosen, there will be many wings on the Colony's horizon. ▲

## A Brazilian Story

by Mário de Moraes

### **What God Hath Joined, Let Not Man . . .**

No matter how unbelievable this story may sound, it is absolutely true. The leading character is the priest from Rio Piracicaba, a town in the state of Minas Gerais. I won't mention his name, although everyone who lives in that community knows him. He is still alive and is witness to what is said here.

It happens that this priest isn't what you would call a patient fellow. When things don't go his way, he has a tremendous capacity to fly off the handle. Because of this, even though his parishioners show respect, they also fear him enough to stay out of his way on days that he is in bad humor.

It was on one of his bad days that this priest was to perform a double marriage.

It was two brothers, both from poor backgrounds, who were marrying two sisters, also quite poor. Even though they lived out in the country, they knew what kind of reputation the priest from Rio Piracicaba had, having been to several of his masses.

But for them it was a big day. Uncomfortably stuffed into their rented denim suits, almost choked by the ties, their callused feet ached in the tight shoes they wore. Bravely they suffered all this, thinking about the wonderful life they would have once the formalities were out of the way.

The two sisters, wearing long rented wedding gowns, could hardly wait until the final sim was said and they would be full-fledged senhoras.

Except for the parents and a few close relatives, no one else was present at the wedding. Rather than travel the many léguas [a league is six kilometers] to the wedding, they stayed home to prepare a royal reception.

The fact that the two couples got there a bit late didn't put the priest into a better mood. The instant he saw them coming in the church door, he ordered:

"Come on, let's get a move on! I don't have all day to wait around for you."

When they got near where he stood, the priest grabbed one couple by the arms and

shoved them to one side of the altar. The other couple he placed on the other side. He was in too big of a hurry to notice that the eyes of the foursome had become big as saucers, that they wanted to say something, but that their words seemed to be frozen in their throats.

To understand the rest of this story better, we'll call one couple João & Maria, and the other, Laura & Ernesto.

In half a shake both couples were husband and wife. The priest made it a point to get them out of the church just as fast as they had come in. His last words were, "My children, you may go forward in the grace of the Almighty. May no one on this earth separate that which God hath joined."

As is costume in this part of the country, after the religious ceremony the couples went to the courthouse for the civil marriage ceremony, so that their unions would be totally legal.

It was quite some time later that the priest from Rio Piracicaba found out about the terrible mistake he had made. Maria was supposed to have married Ernesto, and Laura was to have married João.

"Why didn't anyone say anything?" the severe priest wanted to know.

"Because they thought you would fly off the handle," an acquaintance of the couples told him.

"Well anyway, how did things turn out?" the priest asked, by now curious to hear more about the strange story.

"It's like you said, what God hath joined, let no man separate. To not let this happen, they felt they should leave things as they were, so that is how they got married in the civil wedding too . . ."

And he finished his report:

"They went home and kept right on living according to their marriage vows, that is, João & Maria and Laura & Ernesto. And father, do you want to know something? They're as happy as can be..." ▲

## Colonization

### **The Colony in Mato Grosso Coming to Life**

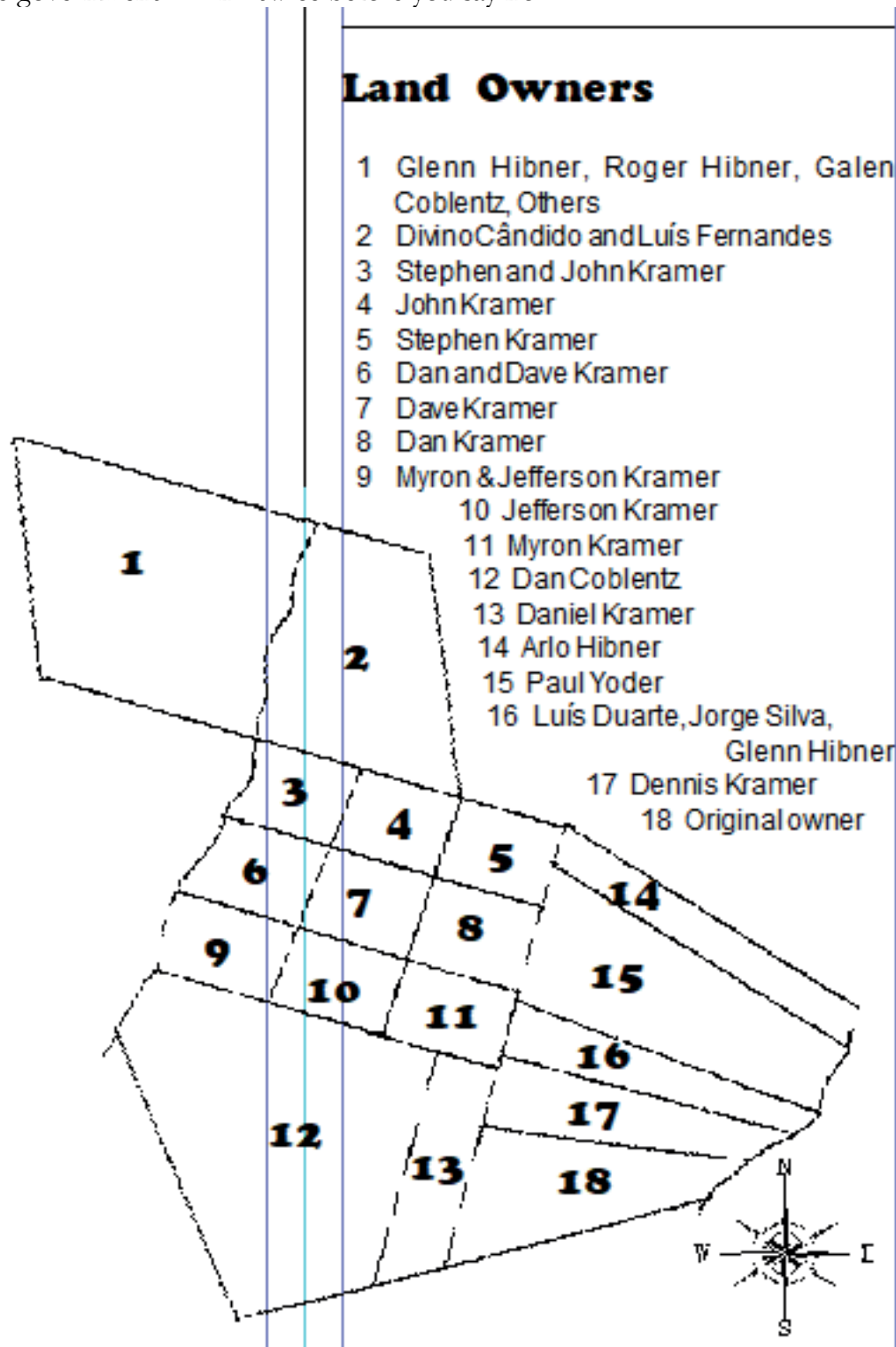
To establish a colony isn't an easy task. The new colony in Mato Grosso is not an exception to the rule. And there's no getting around it, a lot has been accomplished in a very short time.

This map represents a total of 15,135 acres that have been purchased in the Sorriso area by approximately 20 different individuals.

Rule number one when starting a new settlement is: Buy enough land for a functional colony before land prices skyrocket, something that inevitably happens. Obviously this rule has been followed in the Sorriso Colony.

As a matter of interest, Dan Kramer told me there are another 80 thousand acres for sale for 12 US dollars an acre, with 10 years to pay. That's right at a million bucks, but you know what? If 50 families got together, that would be 20 thousand dollars per family – for over two sections of land apiece.

How about it, North Americans? You'll probably never find another opportunity like this. So far as getting a permanent visa, I believe that something could be worked out with the government. Think twice before you say no.



John & Sheila Kramer have set up temporary headquarters on their land. The Glenn Hibner and the Dave Kramer families plan on getting moved in on a temporary basis toward the end of June. The Dan Kramer family plans on moving permanently toward the end of July.

A big plus for the Sorriso Colony is the fact that most of those who bought there pioneered on the Monte Alegre Colony. This will help tremendously.

Another interesting little plus is that Luís Fernandes is a dentist. Even though he plans on continuing his practice in Goiânia, I understand he would like to set up an office and spend certain days of the month there. Once people knew what days he was there, I believe he would get considerable business since it's quite a distance to the nearest dentist.

The first houses built will be temporary structures. According to Dan Kramer, a 20x35 house with an 8 foot porch on two sides, cement floors and one bath, will run approximately four thousand dollars.

At present there is no electricity, but when civilization moves in, so does electricity. So, folks, if they never get electricity, you know what the problem is. ▲

## Traveling in Brazil

by Robinson Gold

### **A Fishing Trip to the Araguaia River**

On May 12 we got up at three o'clock in the morning to go fishing. By 5:30 we were on the road. There were five of us: Roberto (my dad), Edinei Alves, Bill Miller, Nelson Barros and myself.

It took us approximately four hours to drive the 380 km. to a little town near the river. Once we got to the river, we began to unload the pickup. After we had everything in place, we decided to do a little fishing. But we had a few things to learn yet.

We had just gotten our boat into the water, when a man walked up on the other bank of the river. We were on the Mato Grosso side and the stranger was on the Goiás side. He pointed at Bill and said he wanted to talk to him. My dad and I got into the boat and crossed the river. As soon as we got to the other bank, he asked, "Where are you from?"

Bill answered, "We're from Rio Verde. We came here to do some fishing."

Somewhat relieved, the man said, "I thought you were the owners of this land." When he began to explain what was going on, another 40 men showed up, armed with scythes, machetes, shotguns, rifles, and you name it. He told of conflict that existed between them and the owner of the fazenda. The problem was that the owner claimed 24 thousand acres of land, but had a title to only about 17 thousand acres. They planned on getting squatter's rights on the seven thousand acres without a title.

They told us that if we wanted to fish, we should stay on our half of the river. If we crossed over onto their side, something might happen to us. Also, if anyone showed up

to try and get them off of the land, there would be shooting and we might get hit in the cross fire.

Naturally, we didn't like all this. But we decided to spend the night there. My dad and Nelson made us a delicious supper while Edinei and I set up the tent.

Edinei, Bill and I slept in hammocks. One end we tied in three different places on the pickup, but the other end had to be tied to a single tree, which made things pretty crowded.

The next morning we got up, loaded the pickup and headed for a new camping spot. We stopped at the nearest town to see if anyone might be able to give us some suggestions as to where to go. While we were getting a flat tire fixed, my dad and Nelson went for a little walk. About 15 minutes later they came back with a young fellow who had the nickname of Negrinho. He offered to go fishing with us at a place he was acquainted with. We accepted his offer.

We drove around 28 km. and we got to the Araguaia again. This time there were no posseiros [squatters] with firearms, just we fishermen.

We made dinner, got things organized, and then went fishing. We caught four fish, two caranhas and two filhotes.

The next day Bill, my dad and Negrinho got up way early in the morning and went to check the lines. Nelson got up and went fishing too. Edinei and I slept until 7:30.

For dinner we always had rice, beans, meat, a salad and coke. In the evening we would have churrasco.

The following day Nelson and my dad went fishing. Negrinho left us. Edinei and I cleaned up the camp and then slept until 11:30. When my dad got back he was annoyed to find us sleeping. We caught some more fish, which included a jaú that weighed 26 kilos and a 25 kilo filhote.

All of a sudden some men who were panning for diamonds showed up. They said a school of fish was coming up river. But that wasn't all. Some game wardens were coming too. Then Bill and my dad remembered they hadn't bought fishing licenses for us [That sounds like a whopper]. So we decided to clear camp before the game wardens got there. Our 320 liter ice chest was just about full of fish, so we didn't mind so much having to cut our trip short.

We got home around 1:30 a.m. We were dead tired.

I've got to tell one on Edinei. One afternoon we left him in camp to make supper for us. When we got there, he immediately began excusing himself, "Look people, supper isn't ready, but it's not my fault. Just hold off and I'll explain everything. What happened is that an onça [panther] showed up. I opened the pickup door and stayed right close. That way if anything happened, I could jump in. And so long as the onça was there watching me, I didn't feel like making supper."

We almost split laughing when we found out that his onça was nothing more than a small wildcat that wouldn't hurt a soul.

That wasn't the only problem Edinei had. Once the onça was out of the way, he tried hard to make us a really good supper. My dad had eaten just a little, when suddenly he yelled, "Hey buddy! You didn't put any salt on the macaroni."

It was true and we had another good laugh. ▲



## A Trip to Iguaçú Falls

By Valéria Gold

It's a common thing to travel by bus here in Brazil. People of all social classes use this means of transportation. For those who want more comfort – as much as you get on a Varig plane, there are air-conditioned sleeper buses complete with a snack bar. Obviously the majority of the buses aren't in this category.

Saturday morning, at 6:45, Corinne Isaac and I caught a bus in Rio Verde for the city of Itumbiara, where we would change buses and continue on to Iguaçú Falls. But the bus we were to catch, which was coming from Brasília, forgot to stop at the bus station. The only solution was for the bus line in Itumbiara to call ahead and have someone stop the bus, while they sent us ahead on a taxi.

During the next 17 hours we had the opportunity of seeing quite a few different cities in the states of São Paulo and Paraná.

We got to the bus station at the Falls at ten o'clock on Sunday morning. Now what should we do? We knew it wouldn't do to stand around looking forlorn. Corinne suggested that we look for an information counter. Here we were given a city map and information on the different attractions.

It had been our intention to ride city buses to get where we wanted to go. An interesting part of a trip is all the people a person gets to know when riding on a bus, but unfortunately that didn't work out, as the next day all the bus drivers went on strike. So about the only thing left to do was try and get into a guided tour. That Sunday afternoon we had the privilege of seeing one of the most beautiful scenes that nature has to offer.

The falls on the Iguaçú river are actually an agglomeration of 275 falls positioned in the shape of a gigantic U that is 4 km. long and ends in the Garganta do Diabo (Devil's Throat). On the Brazilian side of the falls we followed walkways from right up close. Then we went on another walkway that crossed the river above the falls, from where we could see right into the Devil's Throat. We were awestricken by the tremendous volume of water that went over the falls. The only reason we didn't get a good soaking was that we had rented some raincoats.

The next day we visited the falls from the Argentine side.

We also made a trip into the forest below the falls with a group of tourists. There were five nations represented: Germany, Austria, United States, Canada, and, naturally, Brazil. When we got to the river's edge, we got into an inflatable boat. We all wore life jackets. We went upstream until we were right near the thundering falls. I heard one of the American tourists say, "This looks pretty dangerous to me." But our guide told us that they had never lost anyone on these trips.

We went to Ciudad del Este, the second most important city in Paraguay. There are 2,600 shops in the commercial center of that town, without counting the hundreds

of booths set up all along the sidewalks on the main thoroughfares. You get the impression that everyone is going crazy in this town.

We also visited Itaipu, the biggest hydroelectric plant in the world. I was impressed by what man can do, but much more so by what God has done. To learn to know the Iguazú falls is more than a pleasure; it's a great privilege. ▲

Brasília

## The Birth of a New Currency

Yesterday in town I was driving down the street that goes past the Banco do Brasil. A block before getting there, I came upon a barricade. A number of soldiers armed with high powered rifles and grenade launchers were standing guard. So I turned down a street and then to the right. At the next corner it was the same story. I soon discovered that a four city block area, with the bank in the center, was cordoned off. On top of the bank and neighboring buildings were Army sharpshooters keeping an eye on everything.

Why this state of emergency?

Suddenly I remembered our new currency, the Real, that is to go into effect on July 1.

VEJA magazine gives some interesting information on what is happening, not only in Rio Verde, but in more than 115 agencies of the Banco do Brasil and 40 other banks throughout the country that have been designated as distribution centers for the new currency. The objective of Operação Real is to recall 3.4 billion cruzeiro bills and substitute them with 1.5 billion real bills, which will have a face value of 27 billion dollars – 90% of which were printed in the Casa da Moeda in Rio de Janeiro, one of the largest mints in the world. The other 10% were printed in Switzerland, France, Germany and England, at a cost of 10 million dollars. Nine billion dollars worth of reais will be put into circulation on July 1. The rest will be kept in reserve in Banco Central vaults in the different capitols.

VEJA continues: For the cruzeiro, which by the end of the year would have an accumulated inflation of 9,000%, to disappear from our monetary scene, 4,000 metric tonnes of old bills will have to be hauled over Brazilian highways – enough to fill a 267 truck convoy.

Most of the reais (plural of real) have been transported by plane. In May there were 45 flights and in June 57, which cost the government 1.1 million dollars. Even aircraft like the Buffalo and C-130 of the Brazilian Air Force were pressed into service to transport the new currency to distant places like the Amazon basin.

To get an idea of the volume of money involved in this operation, if the 1.5 billion real bills, stacked away in boxes, were placed one on top of the other, they would make

a stack twice the height of Mount Everest. Or if all the bills that will be taken out of circulation were placed end on end, they would stretch from the earth to the moon. Just the 900 million coins that will go into circulation weigh 2,000 tonnes, enough to fill 133 trucks or 22 Jumbo 747s.

The new bills will come in 1, 5, 10, 50 and 100 denominations. They will convert at exactly one to one with the dollar. The coins will be worth 1, 5, 10 and 50 cents. At least here in the interior, cruzeiro coins no longer existed.

For the poorer classes, the first week or two of July will be utter confusion. Having absolutely no idea of what a kilo of beans or a dozen eggs should cost, they will frequently be ripped off by unscrupulous merchants.

Middle and upper class Brazilians (ah yes, and Americans too) will have to develop a new mentality on what money is. An example of this would be our cattle auctions (See Brazil News no. 25). The auctioneer asks for a bid. It's too high, but someone in the crowd yells he will pay that much – if he is given 20 days to pay. Why? Because by keeping his money on interest and monetary correction for 20 days it will be worth 30% more. The buyer, of course, will lose that much if the time is given.

One of our missionaries who returned from the field told me the other day that in the little town where they lived, the grocery store would get in a stock of canned peaches. The initial price would be three dollars a can. As frequently happens in small business places, that price would remain in effect until the last can was taken off the shelf. The new stock would take up to a 500% jump. Feeling that three dollars a can made peaches a luxury unbecoming to a missionary, he would leave them on the shelf until inflation would bring them down to a dollar a can. Then he would indulge in eating peaches. Such indulgences will soon be a thing of the past. Or at least we hope so.

For the first time in possibly 25 years, we are going to have a uniform currency to deal with. The periodical monetary surgeries in which two or three zeros were invalidated on our money were never accompanied with a new set of bills and coins, like this time. As a result we have had to live with Cr\$50,000 bills that were worth half as much as a Cr\$100 bill. Sometimes we would have three sets of bills circulating simultaneously.

How will the conversion be made from cruzeiros to reais? By the exchange rate of the day. Let's say someone has a million cruzeiros. He goes to the bank. If on that day the exchange rate is 2,600, the million cruzeiros will be divided by 2,600 and the customer will be given 384 reais and 62 cents. Millions of Brazilians, and some Americans, will cease to be millionaires. And yet we hope that in the long run it will make them richer.

To compound the July confusion, all cash registers, gasoline pumps, etc., etc. will have to be reprogrammed.

It may be confusing, but one thing I can guarantee you: It will be a heap of fun to watch. ▲

## The Price of Indifference

For decades Brazilian politicians have been indifferent to the needs of the poor people. They got by with it because the poor were always at their mercy.

It looks like the underdogs may finally have their revenge. Unless something drastic changes, Lula, the socialist presidential candidate, will probably be Brazil's next president.

The majority of the people who will vote for Lula are voting for change. His promises are music to their ears. They're not the slightest bit interested in how he plans to make everything work.

FHC – Fernando Henrique Cardoso, the mentor of the Real, still lags far behind Lula. His only chance of being elected is the success of the Real. If inflation drops to near zero and the poor people's buying power comes up, he has a chance. ▲

## Remembering Out Loud

### Women Don't Lie

Veja magazine recently printed an article called Women Don't Lie, which was an interview with Aloysio Cattani, a Brazilian lawyer who specializes in paternity suits. With more than 30 years of experience in his field, he believes that women don't lie when the welfare of the child is at stake.

I found this interview extremely interesting because of an observation I made during the years I had my store and took care of a lot of people's pets. Quite often men would not answer truthfully when asked to describe the symptoms of their sick pet. The milder the symptoms, they seemed to think, the better the diagnosis, and the quicker the recovery.

When scheduling a surgery, I would explain that they must take food away from the animal the night before. The next morning I would ask them, "Has your dog eaten anything in the last 12 hours?"

Unhesitatingly they would answer, "Não, Tupy hasn't had a bite to eat since last evening, just like you told me."

When I would say, "In just a few minutes I'm going to find out if that is true," they figured I was bluffing.

The anesthetic used was actually a very strong sedative. Although quite safe, it had the disadvantage of provoking a short bout of stomach contractions while the animal was going under. One would immediately know if the animal had eaten something in the last 12 hours.

(Frankly I think it's probably the most successful lie detector ever invented. Think of how the judicial system would be revolutionized if this same product could be injected in everyone taking the witness stand. Instead of being represented by a lawyer in court,

people would be obligated to hire a janitor to come along and clean up the mess. But that, of course, is not what this article is about.)

Anyway, about a minute or so after injecting the sedative, the dog would begin to retch and produce solid evidence of the owner's untruthfulness. The only satisfaction derived in these circumstances (which I must admit at times was considerable) was smugly looking at the "evidence" for just a moment and then into the owner's face, without saying a word. Seeing the occasion called for a speech, the man would finally manage to stutter, "Oh yes, now I remember, Tupy did eat just a few rice and beans this morning."

When diagnosing a suspected case of rabies, and especially when members of the family had been in contact with the sick animal, is when a man's word was really worthless. It was necessary to talk to the woman, the mother of the children, to come up with accurate information.

A typical situation would go something like this:

A man would come into my store (without the dog) and in an effort to appear nonchalant, loudly announce, "My dog is sick." Then almost defiantly, "The neighbors say it's rabies . . ." Now real defiance, ". . . but I know it isn't!"

Knowing that from now on his only interest would be to prove that the dog didn't have rabies, I would resort to a bit of subterfuge. We have a canine malady here that at first glance resembles a case of rabies. Certain symptoms however make it fairly easy to differentiate between the two. So instead of asking for rabies symptoms (which I already knew would all be answered with an emphatic, Não), I would begin asking about symptoms from the other sickness which, if answered in the affirmative, would diminish the chances of the animal having rabies. Then I would go on to the rabies symptoms. The answers would be Não! Não! Não! all the way through.

Then I would say, "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid your dog has rabies. Let's go to your place and take a look."

Taken aback, the man would demand to know how his dog could have rabies if it had none of the symptoms. After all, hadn't he answered Não on everything? I would tell him that his Não answer on some of the questions actually increased my suspicions that it was rabies.

Just that quick the man would begin to change his answers. "You know, now that I think about it..." It was amazing how much new input I would suddenly get on the case.

As an unwelcome guest, I would go to his place to see the dog. When we would get to his front door, he would yell at his wife in an irritated voice, giving to understand she was responsible for the whole mess, "Maria, come here! There's a guy here that wants to look at the dog."

One glance at the dog was usually sufficient to confirm a cut and dried case of rabies. Questions were nevertheless in order, so I would begin:

Me: How long has your dog been sick?

He: Oh, for a month or so. (Which would mean it couldn't be rabies.)

She: Não, João, it hasn't been for that long. It's only been three days.

Argument.

Me: Has the dog been eating during these three days?

He: Of course it's been eating.

She: Não, João, the dog hasn't eaten a bite.

Argument.

Me: Has your dog been drinking water?

He: Ya, he drinks water.

She: Não, João, he doesn't drink water. He acts like he's thirsty, but . . .

Me: . . . but he acts like he's scared of the water, is that it?

She: Exactly! He acts like he's scared of the water.

Me: Have any of you been in contact with the dog. Have you been bitten or has he slobbered on you?

He: Of course not! Não! Não! Nothing of the kind!

She: Yes, João (She would now proceed to tell which members of the family had either been bitten or come in contact with its saliva.)

At this point all I could do was tell them to which government organ they should all go to get their rabies vaccinations and explain what to do with the dog. The man would still be muttering under his breath that there was nothing seriously wrong with the dog, but the look on the mother's face told me she would see to it that her entire family would take the vaccine. No chances would be taken.

Yes, I certainly can agree with Cattani that a woman's word is worth a lot more than a man's when children's welfare is at stake. ▲

## **This & That**

Last month it was mentioned that we had a school meeting to discuss adding on to our school, and that we ran into a do re mi problem. On May 19 we had another meeting and this time the majority choir sang, "Poor boy ain't got no money, Poor boy ain't got no dough . . ."

On May 21 Glenn Hibner staged the annual Colony consignment sale. I understand the machinery went quite cheap, which is either good or bad, depending on whether you are the buyer or the seller. This event is looked forward to, not only by Colony folks, but by a growing number of town folks. To many of them the baked goods and the churrasco are the big attraction. It shows they have good taste.

The Leo Dirks family was out from Mato Grosso for the sale and for the end of the year school activities. Two of their girls were baptized while here, which made it a memorable visit for them.

Cristiane Garcia also returned home after spending five months in Goiânia helping

Luís Fernandes and his wife Aparecida, who was recuperating from a serious illness.

On May 25 the Monte Alegre School had its last day of school program. The graduates

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were: Kevin Hibner, Teresa Hibner, Robert Kramer and Wesley Holdeman. The program was bi-lingual, with some of the parts being done in Portuguese and others in English.

Because of living in the southern hemisphere, where the seasons are just opposite from the northern hemisphere, we have our Colony Thanksgiving day six months later (although Brazil's Thanksgiving day is technically on the same day as in the US).

In the morning we have a service and then, every other year, have a community carry-in meal. This was the year for the carry-in dinner.

May 27 was the Monte Alegre School play day, which was the last day of school. It was an all day affair.

On the evening of May 27, Rio Verdinho School had its program. The graduates were Lawrence Kramer and Angela Martin.

Corinne Isaac and Valéria Gold spent several days at Iguazu Falls, after which Corinne returned to Canada for the summer vacation.

The Stuart Mininger family from Texas, formerly from Brazil, were out for about a week. By coming back every two years, they can keep up their permanent visa.

Colonists who are now in the US: Daniel & Anna Kramer, John & Joan Unruh and Marion, the Stanley Schultz family, the Eldon Penner family, Kay Ann Dirks, Sylvia Becker, Jon Coblentz and two oldest children, Jake & Betty Loewen and Ray, the Wayland Loewen family, and Denise Litwiller, who was teaching the missionary children in Pirenópolis. We hope she doesn't get the idea that there's nothing more for her to do here in Brazil.

Lovina Coblentz returned to the US after spending a little over a month here with her brother Jonathan.

Paul & Shirley Koepl and Ron have gone to the US, where they plan on spending a year. I would like to remind them that a year has 365 days.

Lester & Sharon Holdeman have returned from Fortaleza, where they spent several months on the mission.

Wal-Mart plans to open it's first store in São Paulo next year. Let's see if they spread like whooping cough here like they do in the US

As of June 15, Varig will be having direct flights to Atlanta, Georgia, from which their passengers can transfer to Delta Airlines and continue on to any of their destinations in the US, Canada and Mexico. This is also possible for those flying to Miami, Los Angeles and New York. You folks in the States who plan on coming to Brazil, check this out. It may be a good deal. For one thing you can check your luggage all the way, which can be mighty nice if you have a small child or two with you.

Cristiane and Raquel Garcia moved out of Emma Burns' little weaving house and moved into the house just above her place. At present they are staying with Arlo & Priscilla Hibner's children while Arlos and Elias Stoltzfus are in Pirenópolis for meetings.

Staven & Adeline Schmidt, who will be the missionaries in Pirenópolis as of July 1, are spending the week there too.

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Sylvia called the other evening from hot Kansas. I had the immense satisfaction of telling her we were sitting around our fireplace. I'm positive she was jealous.

Elias & Colleen Stoltzfus and Mark Loewen spent the week of May 30 in the Mirassol mission, in the state of São Paulo, holding meetings.

Stephen & Dete Kramer are taking a short, well-deserved vacation from the tract work. They will be in Mirassol for part of the time.

Brazilians are traveling to the US like crazy to take in the World Cup soccer games, which begin now in June.