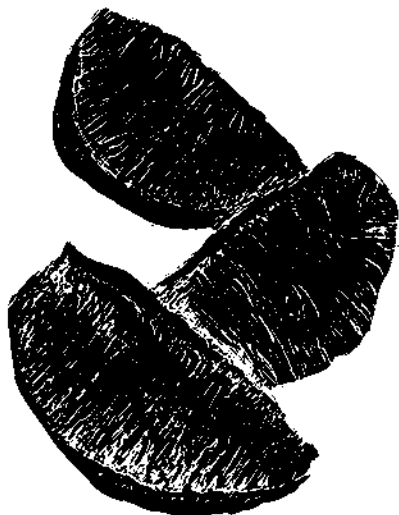


THERE'S NO NUT LIKE A BRAZIL NUT!



*(One man's account of the early years
of a team missionary movement
to the city of
Belo Horizonte, Brazil)*

By
GLOVER SHIPP

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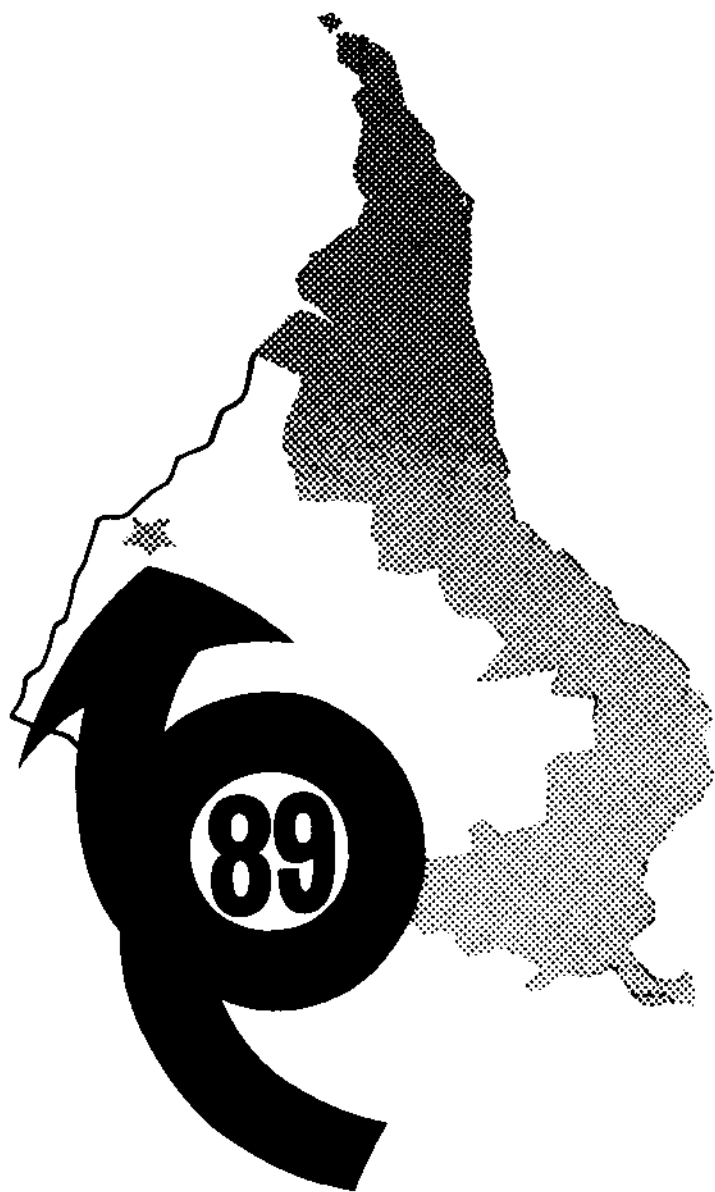
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Dedication

Dedicated to my fellow *Brazil Nuts*,
who have helped give life and
direction to this movement,
and to the many churches and
individuals who have
faithfully supported
it.

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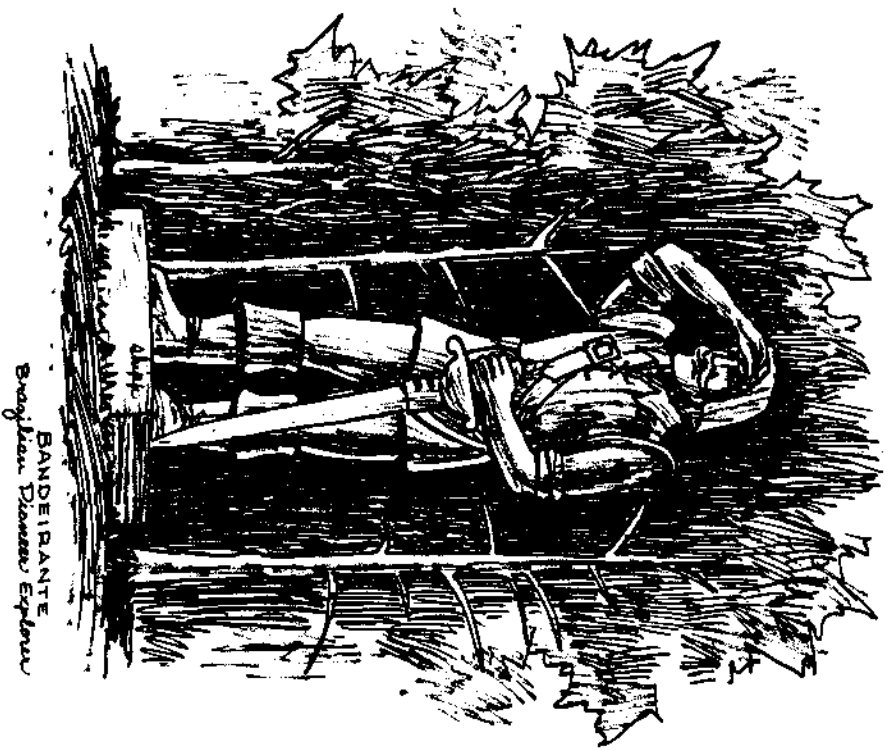


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I AM especially grateful to the following present and former members of the Belo Horizonte, Brazil mission team for reading this manuscript and making valuable suggestions: Les Bennett, Cal and Voni Hall, Carl and Jacqueline Henderson and my faithful wife, Margie.

My thanks also to Jacqueline, Jeanne Clark and Marilyn Sweeton, for their patient typing and retyping of the manuscript as we struggled through several editings. Carl Henderson is due a word of thanks also for contributing photos from his film files on our history in Brazil.

Finally, I continue to be thankful to J. C. Choate for his willingness to publish yet another of my manuscripts, to our faithful sponsoring church, Richland Hills Church of Christ in Fort Worth, Texas, and to my Lord, for making possible the adventures on which this history is based.



ALPES
BANDEIRANTE
Bandeira Diomedeo Espinosa

Introduction

THIS is a partial history of a missionary movement from the United States to Brazil. It is not an "official record" of a mission team's successes and failures on the field, but rather a personalized history; the story of how one Brazil Nut lived and served during his first decade in his adopted country and the story of his colleagues, as seen through his eyes. This, then, is my story

I had been reared in a missionary environment in the State of Oregon, so it is not too surprising that my family and I should find ourselves one day on a foreign field. My maternal grandparents were longtime friends of the George Scotts, the J. H. and Orville Brittells and others who had gone to Africa in the early decades of this century. So when any of these pioneer missionaries was in the States, he visited in our home, a dairy farm near Eugene, Oregon. My father, who, with my mother, later spent four-and-a-half years with us in Brazil, had intended as a youth to enter the Congo region in Africa with the Gospel, but his desire had been frustrated. Instead, he spent a number of years establishing and working with tiny congregations in Oregon and later engaging in the same type of difficult outreach in central California. I well remember those long weekend drives, often in miserable weather, to meet with a handful of brethren the flat tires, the empty gas tanks, the breakdowns, the midnight returns to our home.

In college, at Pepperdine University in Los Angeles, I was influenced by various other men, some of them professors and some, students. Dr. Frank Pack enlarged my view of the church. Dr. W. B. West, Jr. helped both me and my wife, Margie, to greater spiritual maturity in our college years. Eugene White and other teachers gave me the goal of serving the Lord as an artist and illustrator. J. M. McCaleb, Otis Gatewood and others shared with us their missionary vision. Harold Paden, Melvin Pownall, Howard Bybee, Bernard Howell, Carl Mitchell and

other students inspired me with their plans for the Italian field.

After graduation, I married the former Margie Smith, a fellow member of the York Blvd. Church of Christ in Los Angeles and fellow Pepperdiner. Soon afterward, we were called to Dallas, Texas, where I worked for five years with the old Good News Press. While employed there as staff artist and editorial assistant, I came into contact with various missionaries in transit and edited a special issue of *Gospel Broadcast* magazine on missions. I was also led at that time into regular preaching for the Beverly Hills Church of Christ, along with my fulltime art work and editing on the *Gospel Treasure* and *Gospel Gems* Bible school series.

In 1954, Margie and I returned to California with our three little sons, Gerald, David and Mark, all born in Dallas. We settled in the Fresno area (near my parents), where I did commercial art work, taught school, preached for small congregations in Kerman and Pinedale, began to write mission research articles for church papers and dreamed of some greater world to conquer for my Lord. Meanwhile, a fourth son, Terry, came along to liven up our home even more. Later on, in 1965, we adopted a baby girl, Cindy, who has been a real blessing to us.

Moving on to the San Francisco area in 1959, I further engaged in commercial enterprises, as a staff artist for such companies as Dow Chemical, as well as serving as a deacon and educational director for the MacDonald Avenue congregation in Richmond. But I was restless to serve my Lord in a more effective way. This restlessness led us back to Pepperdine in 1962, where I served as coordinator of public relations and publications for four years. These were crucial years in my missionary development, for such dedicated Christians as Carl Spain and Otis Gatewood came to the campus and had a profound influence on me. I still remember a sermon preached by Carl Spain, at the annual Yosemite Family Encampment. Its title, "Thou Has Set My Feet In A Large Place", expanded my own

horizons.

Along with my responsibilities with Pepperdine, I was engaged in writing mission research articles, then as assistant editor to *Christian Chronicle*. And with these two tasks, I had opportunities to travel for the college and to begin lecturing on missions in California, Texas, and as far away as Michigan Christian College, to the east, and Honolulu, Hawaii, to the west. One day, after a mission lecture I had given at Campbell, California, a young lady, whose name I never knew, asked me: "And where are you going to do mission work, Brother Shipp?" That youngster never realized what a jolt she gave me. I had been writing and preaching missions, but had made no plans to go myself!

Then came another spiritual nudge. Reuel Lemmons was on campus for the annual lectureship in 1963 and asked me suddenly if I would not like to participate in a different kind of lectureship — on the mission field. I was overwhelmed! So, a few months later, I found myself in transit to Guatamala City for the first annual Pan-American Lectures, stopping in Mexico City enroute south. Every moment of that trip was a new experience, since it was my first real venture into Latin America. I had studied Spanish both in high school and college, so it was an interesting challenge to try to recall enough of the language and culture to get around on my own.

Mexico City was a revelation, but Guatamala City fascinated me even more, not only because of its beauty, but also because of its cultural heritage. Then there were the "real live missionaries" I met, some of the finest men in the world — Dan Coker, Carl James, Jerry Hill and others with whom I have been fast friends for all of the years since. I saw in the Guatamala City team a mutual love and unity of purpose that I had never seen before.

During that same period, in 1963, I was asked to lead a Pepperdine contingent on a chartered bus trip to the annual

mission workshop at Abilene Christian University and while there, to give a lecture. Oh, how I rehearsed that speech all the way to Abilene! But, as I gave it, I felt more and more compelled to practice what I was preaching, so at its end, as students from all over the country committed themselves to a life of missions, I too pledged myself and my family to a mission field somewhere.

This somewhere, before long, became Brazil, and we entered a new, challenging phase of our family's life. Meanwhile, it had grown, including four sons, Gerald, David, Mark and Terry, along with our adopted daughter, Cindy, and my mother-in-law, Mrs. Emily Hollett. As I look back on it, I can see that all of those years of various spiritual influences, of writing, illustrating, publishing, teaching, preaching, working on special church projects and researching missions were for a purpose — to prepare me for a hard, demanding life on the spiritual frontier that is Brazil.

For fifteen eventful years now, I have been shoulder-to-shoulder with Brazil-bound and Brazil-involved teammates. Back in our final preparatory years for the field, we were all dubbed *Brazil Nuts*. I suppose that described us well. We were a little singleminded, a little impractical, a little crazy, to attempt such a move as this, especially when several of us were already middle-aged. Many looked at us askance, wondering what in the world was wrong with us. And some even blurted out, "What do you mean by taking your sons and your infant daughter off down there into that jungle?"

What did we mean by such a venture? We meant to plant the church in a key city, in the heart of one of the world's largest countries. And, although we had some misgivings, we were not to be swerved from this path, for we felt that the Lord had placed our feet on it.

To be an integral part of a dynamic team; to participate in the planning and execution of a bold dream — this was a

challenge worthy of our noblest efforts. To what greater task could this Oregon farmboy be called?

So finally we entered the field, as one unit in a group of nine families and three single workers. We were committed to this group, to its dream and to its efforts. Now, thirteen years later, we are still committed to this dream, despite all of Satan's efforts to shatter it.

Our *Brazil Nut* story ranges from California to Oregon and Washington and from there to Michigan, Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, Tennessee, Georgia and other states. Then it leaps to Mexico, Guatamala, Panama, Venezuela, and finally Brazil.

Within this country, our story centers in Belo Horizonte (Beautiful Horizon), a state capital which now has three million inhabitants. From Belo Horizonte, our tracks lead out in every direction — to Manaus and Belem, in the Amazon country; to ultramodern Brazilia; to all of the great coastal cities from Fortaleza in the far north to Porto Alegre in the far south; to fabulous Rio; frantic Sao Paulo; lovely Curitiba; European-style Santa Catarina State; on into the western frontier area of Mato Grosso and to breathtaking Iguassu Falls. In fact, they lead to almost every corner of our large State of Minas Gerais and of this great land of Brazil, as well as to Argentina, Peru, Ecuador, Trinidad and other nations.

I had tried in this narrative to help you to live our first decade here as we lived it, reconstructing moments that were joyous, exciting and victorious. I have tried to introduce you to some of the many unique aspects of the culture and features of our "adopted" country. And I have not hidden from you our mistakes and trials, but have attempted to portray these painful experiences, just as honestly and simply as possible.

It is my prayer that this book will contribute something to your understanding of and appreciation for Brazil and for

mission work, especially in a team setting. If it succeeds in these goals, it will have been worth my time to write it and your time to read it.

Glover Shipp
Belo Horizonte, Brazil
April, 1980

The Publisher's Statement

A HISTORY of a mission work is very important. It is an effort to tell the story of what has happened, to list the participants, and to leave a record for those who will follow. This can be a valuable piece of literature containing information that otherwise would be forever lost.

Brethren everywhere have followed with great interest the stories of group evangelism in Brazil. One of those major groups settled in Belo Horizonte. Bro. Glover Shipp and family was a part of that number, and on the completion of ten years of work, Bro. Shipp tells the story in this volume. It is one of tears and happiness, of challenges and successes, of problems and the manifestation of great faith. Surely you will be thrilled again and again as you are introduced to the many brethren who became a part of this story. You will also be delighted to learn how the cause of Christ was planted in Belo Horizonte and then to follow its growth in the years following.

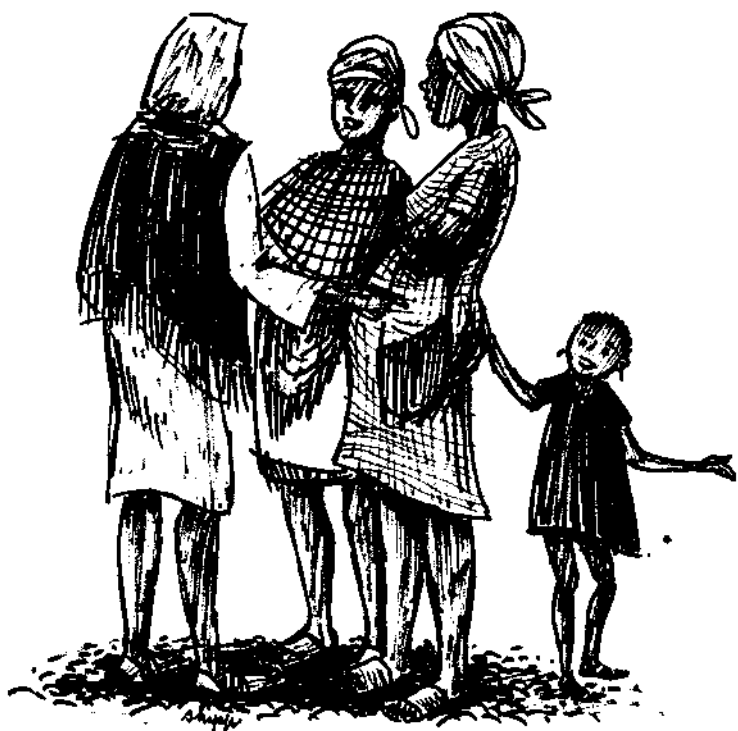
Not only does Bro. Shipp give us the history of a work that he has been a part of from the beginning, but he also gives us a pictorial record accompanied by appropriate art work.

I am grateful to Bro. Shipp for taking time out of a busy schedule to tell this story and I am grateful for the opportunity to publish it. I predict that it will prove to be very popular. At the same time, I would hope that it might encourage other missionaries to follow Bro. Shipp's very fine example.

Ten years has seen a great deal of progress for the cause of Christ in Brazil but this is just the beginning. It would be my prayer that the next ten years will bring far greater growth.

J. C. Choate
Church of Christ
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Singapore 1130

February 4, 1981



GOSSIP
Typical Street Scene

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CAMP YAMHILL
Where it all began



1962-1966: The Beginning Years

IN order to share with you our whole story, it is necessary at this point to return to the year 1962 and to trace the major stream of this mission development, with which our little stream later joined. This particular **Brazil Nut Story** begins before its beginning: In northwestern Oregon, nestled among the rolling hills of the Pacific Coast Range, is a Bible Camp called Yamhill, named after the river and valley it straddles. The time is August, 1962 and the scene is a Senior Teen encampment. Directing this session is Salem, Oregon preacher Cal Hall. The theme being developed is missionary — *Anywhere With Jesus*. The well-known chorus, "The Lord Will Find A Way For Me", becomes the session's spontaneous theme song, being echoed almost constantly day and night.

Anywhere with Jesus Three teenage girls in this session are moved to take the challenge of missions seriously. One noontime they shyly approach the staff table, announcing to Cal that they have decided to go together to a mission field somewhere, somehow, in 1968, when their schooling is over. With the enthusiasm of youth, they and others set a seemingly impossible goal: "68 in '68" (sixty-eight people for the mission field in 1968). Cal and the other staff members warmly congratulate them. This is the proof, for which they have been praying, that some of these young, pioneering minds will seriously accept the challenge of world missions.

Commitment of Halls, Roberts', Hendersons, Huffmans

But now, the three new mission recruits ask a decisive question: "You'll go with us, won't you?" Previous years of church work in this frontier area of the nation have provided Cal

and his wife, Voni, with the spiritual motivation necessary to answer this challenge. Their immediate response is, "Yes, the Lord willing, we'll go with you." This same question is then extended to all of the campers, several of whom, (thirty-five altogether including the Frank Roberts' of Portland, Oregon), cast their lot with the fledgling group, called *Operation '68*.

At the end of this camp session, the teenagers involved asked Cal to be their adult representative in the search for a church to oversee the development of their mission plan. In September, Cal approached the Central congregation in Portland, Oregon, to ask if it would consider this responsibility. After a period of discussion and prayer, the elders agreed, thus formalizing under the guidance of the Central elders the initial stages of preparation of the Operation '68 movement.

As the months passed, others, such as the Carl Hendersons (also of Portland), joined forces with the movement, which was limited at first to the states of Oregon and Washington. Shortly afterward, the Charley Huffmans (of Camas, Washington) and the Karl Loves (formerly of the Northeast, but at the time living in Fort Worth, Texas) also were added to the list of recruits.

Meetings were held and monthly newsletters were distributed from the Hall's home, beginning in September of that first year. Questionnaires were sent out, in an effort to begin the process of researching and selecting a target country. Methods of preparing a large team for the mission field were studied, but the Halls and others involved had little to go on, because few such team efforts had been developed in the modern history of the church. Several exodus movements were migrating to the Northeastern states and these furnished a few guidelines that could be adapted to foreign group evangelism. The Sao Paulo mission team had departed for the field in 1961 and so its preparation experiences were helpful. With these few sources and much prayer, plans began to take shape for an exodus group, to be composed largely of self-supported vocational missionaries, who would leave for some as-yet-

unknown field in 1968.

This target date, however, was six years away and the group was composed largely of teenagers, who had yet to go to college, choose a profession and marry. Over the years, it proved extremely difficult to maintain continuity in this team, because as these students scattered and lost direct contact with the excitement of the "0'68" plan or, as they began to realize the long-range commitment required of them, many of them lost heart and drifted into other fields of activity. Therefore, it appeared essential to expand recruitment, in an effort to pinpoint more mature family units, especially those with skills that might complement the total capability of the team.

Decision About Country and City

But back to the beginning months: It was necessary to decide early on a country and within it, a city. Selection criteria called for a major, growing nation receptive to the Gospel and to the American presence. The city chosen should be reasonably large, vigorous and industrialized, to facilitate self-employment. Many lands were considered, but few showed all of the characteristics desired. The selection process finally narrowed the list to three countries: Australia, Brazil and the Philippines.

In December, just days before a meeting which would determine the target nation, a large scrapbook arrived from the Sao Paulo team, showing Brazil's greatness and opportunities. After examining this impressive volume and making a final analysis of the three countries, the thirty to forty people involved in this meeting devoted a long period of time to prayer, asking for Divine guidance in their selections, by indicating their first, second and third choices. When the vote was tallied, Brazil was indicated as first choice, Australia second, and the Philippines third. This selection was made at a time of political instability in Brazil, two years before the 1964 revolution that overthrew the leftist-leaning government. So, if the door appeared closed to Brazil, the second choice, Australia, would

be pursued.

Another influencing factor for Brazil was the presence in the Northwest of Ivan Rude, former missionary to Brazil, who encouraged the fledgling "0'68" team to seriously begin investigating this major country.

Now the year 1963 came on the scene. The target nation for this movement would be Brazil. But there still remained the matter of a city. Which among Brazil's many large metropolitan centers would become home for these workers? One entire year was to be devoted to choosing the best city for this type of outreach. All of the major centers of Brazil were considered, with reports going out on them in the group's newsletter. In addition, the team conferred personally with Glenn Owen and with other missionaries in Sao Paulo, who suggested that Belo Horizonte might be the most likely city for the next major evangelistic thrust. This city was the capital of the sprawling state of Minas Gerais, and at the time was Brazil's fourth-largest metropolis, with a population of more than a half-million.

In November, a questionnaire was distributed to more than a hundred people committed to the movement, listing the cities that met the group's criteria. When the results of this vote came in, Belo Horizonte had been named the preferred target city, with Rio de Janeiro second and Brasilia in third place.

Our Family's Involvement

Returning briefly to my own stream of mission preparation, up to this point I had not been involved in any of the development of Operation '68, nor in the selection of a country or city. My first indirect contact with this movement had been in 1962, when I read reports in the church papers about this ambitious new exodus movement. I remember marvelling over it, because it proved again to me that, regardless of brotherhood opinion to the contrary, a good thing could come out of my

childhood country, the Pacific Northwest. So then, because of my deepening commitment to missions, coupled with my emotional involvement with this movement that had originated in Oregon, I followed its development with more than normal interest.

Now in 1963, as already mentioned, I became involved with Reuel Lemmons in preparations for and participation in the first annual Pan-American Lectures. As Providence would have it, on the plane from Mexico City to Guatamala City, my seat was adjacent to that of Cal Hall, whose name and plans I recalled immediately. A friendship developed between us, as we associated with each other throughout the rich spiritual and cultural experiences of the week in Guatamala. The inevitable result was an ever more profound interest on my part in the Operation '68 goal; and on his part, an interest in involving me and my family in the movement.

So this crucial year in our pilgrimage ended and, without our yet realizing it, our family's steps were already being guided toward Belo Horizonte, Brazil.

My association with the Halls and "0'68" continued, with both Cal and Voni attending Pepperdine lectureships and other events in which Margie and I participated. In 1964, I was invited to speak at a missions lectureship at the Central church in Portland, the congregation that had taken on the planning stages of the "0'68" project. While in the Halls' home, I ran head-on into "Uncle" Barney Morehead and Otis Gatewood, who proceeded to strongly fortify my missionary interest. This, coupled with my own newly-made commitment to enter some field in the near future, turned me and my family even more firmly in the direction of Brazil.

Commitment Pains

Meanwhile, the Halls and a few others were struggling to further develop the "0'68" dream. The first flush of excitement

had long since passed. Those many youth previously committed to "0'68" were scattered far and wide. Many of them had given up their own part of the dream, while others held on to the idea of missions, but in some other field. Only a few continued to push on toward the "0'68" goal — a strong church one day in Belo Horizonte, Brazil.

So, in the fall of 1964, the Halls took stock of the situation. There were still four families definitely committed to going to Brazil: The Frank Roberts, who were in Seattle, Washington; the Carl Hendersons, who had moved to Los Angeles to complete Carl's work on his degree in missions at Pepperdine; the Karl Loves, in Fort Worth, Texas; and the Halls themselves. Cal and Voni recognized a very real problem: The year 1968 was too far away to hold the interest of many recruits, especially the younger ones. For this reason, and to pave the way for others who would come later, they resolved to form an advance guard of perhaps two or three families, to move to Belo Horizonte in 1967, a year earlier than originally planned. The Hendersons decided to join the Halls as part of this initial thrust, while the Frank Roberts elected to help lead the 1968 group.

Central's Crucial Participation

Meanwhile, the Central church in Portland accepted the personal oversight of the Halls. With Central's support, Cal was able to start travelling extensively on behalf of Operation '68. His efforts in this regard were tiring, but rewarding, as he recruited more families and helped locate support for them. For those difficult, formative years of the movement, God had raised up the Halls, who prepared and led this movement until the departure of the first wave to the field. Without their determination during that period, I am persuaded that the effort would have died.

But "0'68" was not just a human enterprise. It had its source and strength in the Lord, who wants all of His children to fulfill His world-wide mission in their own lives. At the very

time, in late 1964, when the fortunes of "0'68" were at a low ebb, the Lord took a hand and started touching the lives and hearts of more families. Others began to respond to this challenge, for the movement *was* challenging. It was a new concept in our times for the foreign field; a bold dream that caught the interest of pioneering types in the church. So, its influence spread to other states, where both families and congregations from a wide area cast their lot with it. When this movement finally settled onto the field in 1967 and 1968, its stateside roots had grown from Camp Yamhill, Oregon, all the way to Atlanta, Georgia and Pensacola, Florida.

In the Spring of 1965 the Halls were guests in our home during the Pepperdine Lectureship. That week proved to be decisive in our future direction, as we discussed with them some of the details of "0'68". We were impressed with its general frame-work of organization and planning. We were already emotionally involved, both in missions in general and in this exciting exodus from Oregon to Brazil.

To Go Or Not To Go

But we still had not made a decision as to where to go. My extensive research into open fields of the world had presented me with the dilemma of knowing something of the opportunities and needs in a hundred ripe areas. To narrow the choice down to just one was indeed difficult.

After much soul-searching, I had committed myself and my family into the Lord's hands on this matter. Looking back on it now, I can see how He slowly shut door after door, while opening just one wider and wider — the door to Brazil. I felt compelled to begin reading intensively about this country and to somehow understand it and its people. I was becoming, like it or not, an authentic *Brazil Nut*.

The Lord also seemed to place other Brazil Nuts in our pathway. For example, Carl Henderson became my colleague in

the Public Relations Department at Pepperdine, so we and the Hendersons, who lived just three doors from us, became close friends.

Feeling the strong pull that this future Brazil work was beginning to exert on me, my reaction was: "But why Brazil, Lord? Since I already have a moderate acquaintance with Spanish, why couldn't it be some other Latin country? If we go to Brazil, I'll have to learn Portuguese from scratch. And I'm almost forty years old . . ."

The Mind-Boggling Decision

But Brazil it was. We called a family council right after the lectureship, asking our four sons, three of them by now teenagers, what they thought of the idea of pulling up stakes and moving to another country. They immediately decided in favor of the move and looked around at me, wondering why I was being so cautious about this decision. When Margie had a question about whether or not I would be able to adapt my experience with publications to a new language and culture, I hesitantly answered that I felt it could be done, with a generous dose of help from the Lord. (In recent years on the field, this feeble step of faith has been rewarded thousands of times over in our steadily growing and influential publications ministry in the entire Portuguese-speaking world.)

By August of that year, we were almost totally involved in "0'68" planning. One important part of that planning involved Camp Yamhill. It was our privilege to journey there and to teach in the Senior Teen encampment, where "0'68" had been conceived four years earlier. It was there that we first met the Frank Roberts, the Charley Huffmans and the Ray Jordans, all future colleagues in Brazil.

Sails Set For Brazil

So it was that we set our sails for Brazil, not knowing how

this goal would be reached. Again, as so often, the Lord's guiding hand was seen at work. We had not even really begun the trying task of seeking support when, in October of 1965, at the Annual Missions Workshop, that year held at Harding College, we were put into contact with our future sponsoring church. At the end of the workshop, I was approached by Dr. Joe Hacker, who asked me to accompany him to Fort Worth, because "a church there is interested in you and your plans for Brazil".

This visionary church was Richland Hills, which accepted a major role in our Brazil movement from January, 1966 until the present time. With Richland Hills involved with our family, we have never lacked for the help, encouragement and financial support needed throughout these more than fourteen years.

In November, 1965, Cal and I joined Brother Otis Marshall, one of the elders of the Central church in Portland, his wife and the Leon Ramseys, of Abilene, Texas, on a survey trip to Brazil, participating enroute in a mission workshop in Austin, Texas and in the Third Annual Pan-American Lectures in Panama City, Panama.

After the lectures, we flew directly on to Brazil, where we spent several days in sprawling Sao Paulo, with the closely-knit mission team there. This team had been most cooperative with the "0'68" group and with me in particular, having sent me several books about Brazil. Its concerned attitude continued to be seen in the orientation sessions, tours and visits to congregations planned for our benefit. I can still remember thinking "If mission teams in general are as kind and helpful as these men in Brazil, I can think of no other type of mission endeavor in which I would rather be involved".

While in Sao Paulo, I was asked to preach at a service of the Brooklyn congregation (which later merged with two others to form the Nove de Julho church). I was offered the use of an interpreter, but having never preached with a translator, I was

reluctant to attempt it. Rather, I worked all night with my Portuguese-English dictionary, preparing a "mini-sermon" to present the next morning. With only twelve weeks of classes in Portuguese and a rusty knowledge of Spanish, I somehow got through the message. Glenn Owen, a master at both languages, congratulated and then deflated me, observing that I had made only 2,937 mistakes! So much for my first effort at preaching in the language.

We spent a short time in Rio de Janeiro with the Arlie Smiths, whom I had known at Pepperdine some years before. At that time, the Rio work was in its very early stages. In fact, we attended one of its first worship services while in the city. We were amazed at the awesome beauty of Guanabara Bay, Sugar Loaf, Corcovado and other majestic sights of that marvelous city and were equally impressed by the warmth and openness of the Brazilians we met there.

First Look at Belo

Two of the Sao Paulo missionaries, Jerry Campbell and David Mickey, met us in Rio and later in Belo Horizonte, to assist us in every way possible with our research. Our first aerial view of Belo showed us a sprawling city, with a large cluster of skyscrapers downtown. We could see that the whole metropolis nestled in a great bowl-shaped valley, surrounded by mountain ranges. Later we wandered the downtown streets and suburbs of our future home, which then was approaching one million inhabitants. We researched Protestant and Catholic churches, industrial complexes, various types of housing, medical and school services and a host of other areas, slowly shaping a plan of attack for this city, in which all human movement seemed to gravitate toward its central hub. We found it also to be a city open to our investigations and eager to be of help. We found here a striking contrast between the very rich and the very poor, with a small, but growing, middle class. We found its mountains verdant, its skyline impressive, its mineral resources beyond calculation and its potential for

economic and religious growth enormous.

We were hosted in Belo Horizonte by an industrialist, Sr. Antonio Guimaraes, whose daughter had been befriended in Portland, Oregon by the Halls. He couldn't do enough for us, almost to an embarrassing point. In order to absorb and organize what we had seen, we had to escape, at times, his well-meaning help.

Once, while seeking the best angles for photos of the city to take back with us, Cal attempted to climb onto a wall, only to slip and skin his leg. By evening it had swollen impressively and he could hardly walk. So it fell my task to go alone to a pharmacy, to try to buy an ointment to rub into the badly bruised area. Armed with a tourist's phrase book and helped by the entire pharmacy staff, after an hour's trial-and-error, I left with a pain-relieving salve.

We left our future home impressed with its potential, awed by its growth, and sobered by our knowledge of how small we were and how great was the task before us.

Richland Hills Formally Joins the Work

Soon afterward, in January, 1966, Richland Hills began to support us part-time, thus allowing us to devote more of our time to the preparation which stretched out before us. Meanwhile, I faced the painful task of winding up my responsibilities at Pepperdine. The college had always been good to our family and would continue to be even to this writing, as one of our sons is presently receiving a masters degree there. So it was difficult to leave Pepperdine and only a higher calling could have pulled us away.

This period continued until July, 1966, when the church assumed our full support, which has never faltered through all of these years. But, even during our earlier months of attention divided between Pepperdine and our future in Brazil, I was able

to meet with others in our growing corps of workers, to plan and assemble a Master Growth Guide for our projected Mission outreach. One session with Cal Hall was especially productive. We met at a motel near the San Francisco airport, more or less halfway between our two homes, spending an entire day hammering out this Growth Guide. We had little to go by, other than the working plans of some of the Exodus movements to the Northeast. These were certainly helpful, but we soon found that they couldn't be followed in many respects, due to the foreign setting of our movement. So we prayed and planned, at times following the Sao Paulo team's precedents and at times groping ahead into unfamiliar territory, as far as mission methods were concerned. Interestingly, some of the principles proposed on that occasion are still being followed on the field. And some, of course, proved to be impractical and were dropped over the years, in favor of other plans.

In July, we journeyed to Richland Hills, which then sent us on to the annual mission seminar, being conducted at that time at Harding College. We were met by the Halls and the Charley Huffmans. Charley was a graduate of Abilene Christian University and had come into the movement shortly before. He had preached in Maine, Texas and, for the last five years, in the state of Washington. Charley, a dynamic and dedicated worker, was able to do considerable travelling and speaking, along with Cal and me, on behalf of Operation '68.

Back to the seminar for a moment: We found it to be a tremendous boost for our preparation. The courses presented, in capsule form, were practical and served to open great new horizons for us in anthropology and mission methods. Immediately after the seminar, Cal and I were called to Decatur, Georgia, to present our Brazil plans to the elders of the Scott Boulevard church. These men, visionary types, didn't take long to decide to become partners with us, thus joining Central in Portland and Richland Hills in sponsoring workers for our exodus to Brazil.

Enter the Davis's and Decatur, Georgia

In subsequent years, the church in Decatur has remained one of our most faithful colleagues in the work. For about eight of these years, this church fully supported Darrel and Judy Davis, Pepperdine graduates who had joined our team in 1966. Darrel was a capable young school teacher and preacher in the Los Angeles area. Later, Scott Blvd. helped support the Bill Jordans and the Les Bennetts in Belo Horizonte, as well as assisting in the construction of a meeting place for one of the churches here.

Speaking of the Davis's, their roots go back to Maine, where Judy grew up as the daughter of the Marvin Martins, active missionaries on that northeastern frontier. Darrel spent a summer vacation there, assisting in the work, and while there met Judy. He also met there the Charley Huffmans, and later at Pepperdine met the Halls, Hendersons and we Shipps and others in '0'68', so he had many forces at work pulling him to Brazil. Darrel came into the movement principally as an educator, which gave us expertise in the area of curriculum planning, leadership training, Bible school programs and other necessary aspects of the work.

After the Decatur visit, I returned to Fort Worth to join Margie and the family. Our son, Mark, had broken a leg, necessitating Margie's hurried return from the seminar to Fort Worth, to care for him. Since we were scheduled to teach again in August at Camp Yamhill, we headed back west by car, with Mark's plaster-cast leg stretched out into the front seat. It was oppressively hot across New Mexico and Arizona, and the entire family suffered with Mark, who had to be helped out of the car and into restrooms, restaurants and motels. Our stay at Yamhill was even more nostalgic than it had been the year before. This time, we already knew and loved many of the campers and staff members. When it came time to leave, all of us realized that we might never see one another again, for some of us would be enroute to Brazil before the next Senior Teen encampment and others would scatter to all points of the compass. As the camp

was closed that last morning, we lingered there, amidst tearful farewells.

Interlude in Fort Worth

In September, 1966, we moved to Fort Worth, to remain with Richland Hills until our July, 1967 departure for the field. Every move is traumatic and this one was no exception, as we sold out some of our treasured possessions and uprooted ourselves from Los Angeles, which had been Margie's birthplace and our home at various times over the years.

During that extremely busy year, we attempted to continue some study of Portuguese, which we had been introduced to the year before at Pepperdine. At first, studying under Brazil missionary Arlie Smith's daughter, Arla Sue, and then under a Brazilian studying at Pepperdine, I was pleasantly surprised at the close relationship of Portuguese to Spanish. Recalling some of my high school and college Spanish, I was able to read simple Portuguese almost immediately.

However, the further I explored the language, the more I found that its relationship to Spanish was more apparent than real, being considerably different in its vowel structure, pronunciation, rhythm and intonation, as well as having many vocabulary differences. Although I never realized it at the time, thankfully, I would spend the next decade or more striving to perfect my knowledge of the functioning of the twelve open and closed vowel sounds in Portuguese, its battery of nasalized sounds and its almost unlimited nuances of meaning.

During that final year of preparation, then, the language loomed before us as a formidable barrier. Other barriers also stood before us. We had to become accustomed to a new city, Fort Worth, a new congregation, Richland Hills, and new schools for our children. Then, a few months later, we were again faced with the need to sell out our goods, even more of them this time, and to decide on and create that minimum of

possessions which we were to take to Brazil.

Crieve Hall Church and the Dale Browns

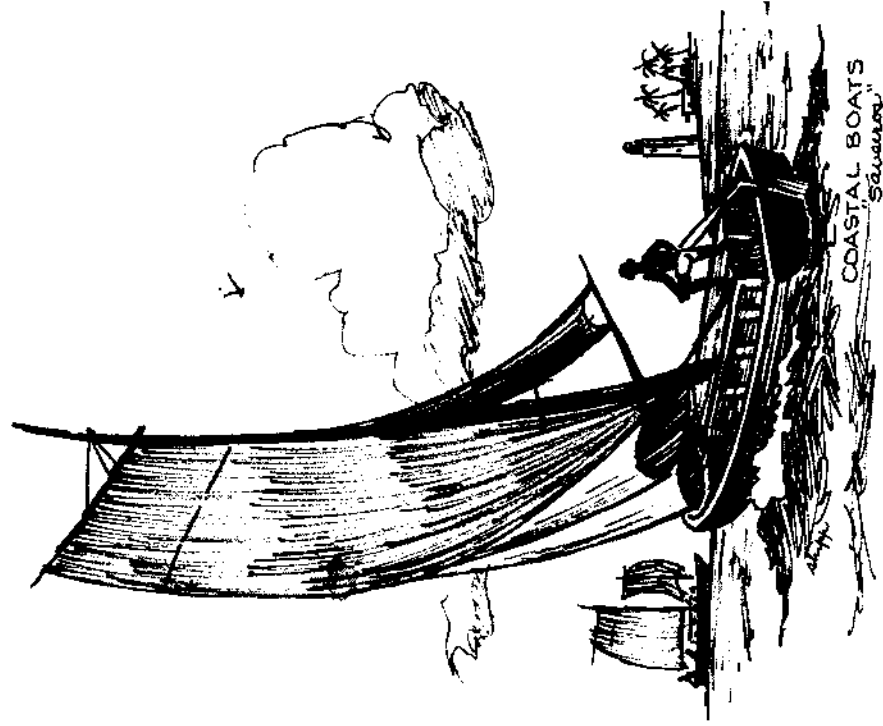
Another difficult task before us was that of travelling extensively and seeking support for others of our team members who still lacked it. So Charley, Cal and I hit the lectureship and workshop trail, as well as visiting a number of congregations. In many cases, unfortunately, we were met with reluctance and/or outright indifference. But there were others, both churches and individuals, who opened their hearts to us. For example, while on a trip to Nashville, we were given a royal welcome by "Uncle" Barney Morehead and Jim Bill McInteer. We were also blessed by the personal interest shown by the Crieve Hall church, which promptly assumed sponsorship of the Dale Browns, also Pepperdine products, who had joined our team the year before. Dale was a CPA and the son of a minister. During his years in Brazil he became an effective team member, group office manager and evangelist. We also participated in a lectureship conducted by the White's Ferry Road church in West Monroe, Louisiana, which assumed the oversight of the Carl Hendersons.

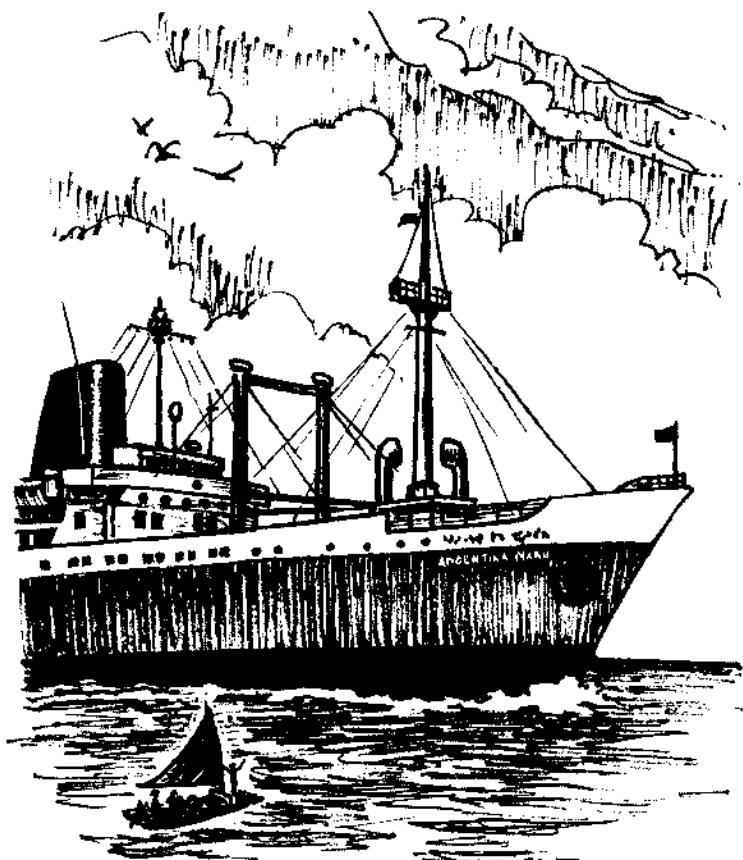
The 1967 Team Shapes Up

Our 1967 advance guard was slowly shaping up, with the addition of my parents, the C. H. Shipps, the Ray Meisenhalder, John Paul Simon, Linda Cook and the Jorge Mikhins. My parents had considerable difficulty finding support, but finally were taken on by the Blossom Hill church in San Jose, California. Ray Meisenhalder, a retired Air Force sergeant, planned to use his retirement income for part of his sustenance on the field, with much of the balance to be furnished by his home congregation and sponsor, Western Hills in Fort Worth. Linda Cook, a Pepperdine graduate, was to serve with us during our first year on the field. Gena Kincaid, another Pepperdiner, was to join us later in the year, to act as a teacher and secretary. Jorge Mikhin, a Brazilian Christian active in the work in Sao

Paulo and a professional language professor, equally at home in Portuguese, Spanish, English, Russian and other tongues, was to move to Belo Horizonte and be supported by the missionary families, in exchange for language instruction. John Paul Simon, a single worker sponsored by the Westside church in Pensacola, Florida, was to teach mathematics to our children, as well as to serve as a full-fledged missionary

So, at the end of 1966, we had our advance team in formation, but scattered from Oregon to Texas. Our planning sessions became more difficult, because of the distances involved, but we were able to call several important meetings, both in Texas and California, especially in conjunction with lectureships. There was much to be accomplished before departure, some of which we were aware and some of which took us by surprise. With this background, then, let us move on into 1967, the critical countdown year for the Advance Guard.





THE ARGENTINA MARU
Our home in transit



1967: The Year Of Departure

OUR first wave of workers to Belo Horizonte, then, was a cross-section of ages and experience. Some of us had known each other for several years, but others hardly knew their fellow team members before departure. This proved later to have been a serious mistake, one that we dimly saw in advance and tried to correct by means of several area retreats in Oregon, California and Texas. However, there is no substitute for long-term acquaintance. After arrival on the field, it became essential to weld this conglomerate of rugged individualists into a working team, a task which only succeeded in part. To those forming teams for service in other fields, I strongly suggest that you do everything that may be necessary to know each other well before departure. On the field, with its vastly increased pressures, the essential task of becoming real friends with your co-workers may be difficult to fully achieve.

Second Wave in Preparation

One other essential factor in this movement was that of helping to prepare a strong second wave, actually what we expected to be the main "0'68" force, to follow us to Brazil one year later. To this end, we encouraged the development of a nation-wide communications chain, led in the west by Frank Roberts and in the south by Karl Love, in Fort Worth. Many, in fact close to 300 people, had expressed an interest in possibly going to Brazil, so out of this large number we expected perhaps twenty-five families to make up the 1968 contingency.

Before the end of our final preparatory year, co-worker Ray Meisenhalder advised us that it would be necessary for him and his family to go on ahead to Belo Horizonte in May, three

months ahead of the Advance Guard, in order to take advantage of a free move granted to him as a retired military man. Although his earlier departure was necessary for legal and financial reasons, it helped create a communication barrier between Ray and the other members of the team. These were together for two weeks in Los Angeles and for a month aboard ship, while he and his family were largely on their own in Brazil.

Those Last Frantic Months in Fort Worth

Our last few months in Fort Worth were a furious running to and fro. It was necessary to make three trips to the Brazilian Consulate in Houston, in order to work out all of the necessary documents for our visas. I well remember having struggled to collect all of the required documents (at least, all of which I was aware). I then made a second trip to Houston, taking the family along, based on the statement by the official in charge that the presence of my family would be necessary. Upon entering the consular offices, the first thing this official asked was why I had brought my entire family to clutter up her office! But despite all, we finally obtained our permanent visas.

I had been gone frequently on behalf of this mission program, but also attempted to do what I could to serve at Richland Hills, teaching, preaching on occasion, giving a hand to the preparation of various church publications and attempting to become better acquainted with the members. I also had the task of editing *Brazil, Oba!* our movement's monthly newsletter, and caring for exhibits, news releases and special events on behalf of the Brazil work.

But as the final weeks arrived, before our return to Los Angeles early in July, it was necessary to stick close to home, a house at the back of the church property. This was a time of sheer agony for us, as we struggled to settle all of our accounts, make provision for banking and other business matters, sell our car and furniture, sort our goods, pack up what was to be shipped, go through all of the trauma of farewell events in our

honor

Somehow, by the Lord's grace, we survived and arranged with an automobile transfer company to drive one of its vehicles to California. All was as ready as we could make it from the Texas end of our missionary rope. Loose ends still hung out in California, but these would have to be tied up in their turn.

Final Countdown

Finally, July, 1967 arrived and we converged on Los Angeles. Pepperdine very kindly offered us the use of empty apartments in its Normandie Village housing complex, so we set up temporary housekeeping there and conducted various pieces of last-minute business, all the while paring down our goods to be shipped and packing them in sea crates, a tedious task for all of us.

The night before our scheduled departure, we arranged with the Vermont Avenue church, adjacent to the campus, for a night-long program of inspirational talks, songs and prayers. In this, we were greatly strengthened by the moral support of such friends and brothers as Uncle Barney, Gordon Teel, Wendell Broom and Carl Mitchell, to name a few.

Then, on the 16th, we were all escorted to the docks at San Pedro, where we saw our ocean-going home, the *Argentina Maru*, out of Osaka, Japan, Built to serve as both a freighter and passenger ship for Japanese immigrants to South America, it had berths for about 400 passengers.

Arriving late at Los Angeles, the ship was delayed in its departure another 36 hours, finally lifting its anchors at about 3:00 AM on the 17th. Many relatives and brethren were on hand to see us off and, as streamers tying us to our loved ones finally parted and the strains of "God Be With You" died away, we realized that we were finally enroute on our life's greatest and most difficult venture. What would it hold for each of us?

This was our thought as we passed beneath the great bridge spanning the harbor and put out to sea.

That Unforgettable Voyage

The voyage itself was long and tedious, requiring twenty-nine days to arrive at Santos, Brazil, our target port. Cabins were small and crowded, but we managed, all thirty-six of us, to adapt, even to the Japanese cultural environment aboard ship. Four very active two-year-olds made life especially interesting for us. They had to be watched constantly, not only because of various inherent shipboard dangers, but also because of their mischievous ways. By the end of our journey, these four energetic little tykes had rearranged all of the artistically-displayed plants in large pots in the lobby and corridor areas of the ship.

There were a number of activities on the ship's daily calendar. We enjoyed the equator-crossing initiation ceremonies, by which we were inducted into King Neptune's Court and were given certificates to commemorate the event. We watched intricate Japanese folkdancing, listened to oriental music and learned several new games. Our teenage boys soon knew the entire ship and many of its passengers.

But we adults took relatively little time for such cultural experiences. As newly dedicated and highly motivated missionaries, we thought (wrongly) that we should spend almost every moment of shipboard life in constructive study and discussion. Motivated by this ideal, we filled our days with language and cultural studies, devotionals, business meetings and group dynamics sessions. By the time we arrived in Brazil, we were thoroughly exhausted, having lost a golden opportunity to relax and enjoy a month of reprieve before the intense pressures of settling into life in Brazil.

Several crises occurred aboard ship, adding to the strain for us. Among these were high seas, a dock strike, an earthquake in

Caracas, Venezuela, the death of an elderly passenger, and the suicide of a young Japanese widow, who left three small children behind as she jumped overboard.

But, despite these upsetting situations, the voyage was a rich educational experience for us. We rubbed shoulders with different cultures enroute, enjoyed the sights and sounds of the Canal Zone, Caracas and especially the Dutch island of Curacao. Also, the slow progress of our ship enabled us to adapt to climatic and time zone changes. We even had to become accustomed to a new diet. In fact, we renamed our ship the *Onion Maru*, because of the continuous presence of this item in our menu. We also ate fish of every type and even were introduced to boiled octopus, which introduction I promptly rejected.

Our first contact with Brazilian waters came one evening as we approached the mighty Amazon, seeing its coffee-colored waters hundreds of miles offshore. After taking on a pilot and requiring the entire night to cross the unimaginably wide mouth of the Amazon, we anchored early the next morning offshore at Belem, spending the day roasting in the tropical sun, and we watched all varieties of river boats pass us and all varieties of goods, including tons of animal hides, being loaded off wide, shallow barges into the hold of our ship.

Brazil At Last

After an emergency stop at Recife, to permit the ship's officers to care for the legal steps involved in the two deaths enroute, we arrived at Rio de Janeiro harbor on August 15th. We eagerly lined the rail for our first glimpse of Sugar Loaf and the statue of Christ high above the city. After interminable delays for health checks, documentation, customs and docking, we were ready to step onto Brazilian soil. We were met on the dock by the Arlie Smiths, Ray Meisenhalder and Jorge Mikhin.

What an exciting moment this was, after so many days at sea! We all scurried off to see the famous city of Rio, located

around one of the world's most beautiful bays. One experience of that unforgettable day especially stands out. We were so hungry for "normal" food, especially sweets, that when we saw cream puffs at a bakery, we bought the whole lot, after the most trying attempts to communicate and pay for them in *cruzeiros*, Brazil's currency. But when we went to eat them, we found to our dismay that the cream in our goodies was "spoiled". So fearing stomach upsets, we gave them all away to our taxi drivers. Only later did we discover that whipped cream here normally has a slightly curdled taste!

Then, that evening, we wandered back to the ship to repack our goods, which somehow had expanded all over the ship. This task took much of the night, as our vessel bucked high seas enroute to Santos.

Orientation In Sao Paulo

The next morning, August 16, 1967, we docked at Santos, Sao Paulo's port, to be met by almost the entire Sao Paulo mission team, eleven families strong at that time. It was both a joyous meeting and a time of utter confusion for all of us. We bid goodbye to our "Onion Maru" and, by means of almost countless trips up and down the gangplank, we transferred all of our cabin goods to the dock, and from there into the dingy, depressing customs house. Even with the assistance of our Sao Paulo colleagues, customs required an entire day of documentation, before we were released into the late afternoon shadows of Santos's waterfront. We rode up a steep mountain grade, making our way through lush rain forests and onto a great plateau, where Sao Paulo, one of the world's largest cities, exploded in every direction. Now, finally, we were all lodged in missionary homes. Our own family headquarters was at the Jerry Campbells', where we were treated with the same warmth and care as I had been given on my earlier visit there in 1965. The other missionary families serving in Sao Paulo at the time were: the Lynn Huffs, David Mickeys, Walter Kreidels, Ted Stewarts, Leon Testers, Howard Nortons, Johnny Pennisi's,

Don Vinzants, Gaither Vandevveers, Jerry Campbells, Glenn Owens, Ellis Longs, and Lowell Perrys. All showed us the greatest attention and care, which meant more to us than words could express.

We were scheduled to spend a week in Sao Paulo, to absorb all we could from the then six years of experience of that team. A well-organized orientation schedule was followed, both for the men and the women of our group. Such topics as mission methods, office organization, structure of the work in general, interpersonal relations, reporting, working with Brazilian brethren, culture, language and health measures were presented and discussed. We found this period to be exceptionally helpful to us on entering the field and recommend it to individual workers and especially to teams entering other cities. If old missionary hands are already on any field, newcomers to that area should take full advantage of their experience, listening to their suggestions and learning from their successes and failures.

Belo Horizonte Bound

On Thursday, August 23, 1967, we left Sao Paulo by chartered bus for Belo Horizonte, led by Jorge Mikhin, our new Brazilian language teacher and partner in the work. We had been treated to a farewell party the night before in the basement of the partially constructed Nove de Julho meeting place and then, as we left the next morning, the team there saw us off.

The day was long, as we travelled nearly four hundred miles on a narrow highway, through river valleys and over mountain ranges to our new home. It was the end of the dry winter season, and the weather was hot and the landscape dusty.

I remember well our lunch stop, which was something of a trauma for the restaurant, as well as for Jorge Mikhin and all of us. Imagine a bus-full of gringo greenhorns, with almost no

capacity in the language, trying to determine what and how to order! But we all survived the experience.

As we approached Belo, Cal and I told the others about coming out of the mountains suddenly, to see the entire city spread out before us. We planned to stop the bus and have a brief devotional, as we viewed for the first time our new home. But it didn't work out that way at all. We came into the city by a different route than we had expected. Having left a mountain range almost an hour before, we approached our new home city through the smoky industrial district and by slow stages into the city itself, so our grand entry turned out to be quite unglamorous.

Our Hotel Home

Jorge had arranged accommodations for us, so we slowly made our way through evening traffic, parking finally in front of the Hotel Cecilia, a very modest (by U.S. standards) facility, two blocks off the central praca (plaza) of the city. Then came the trying task of carrying in our mountain of luggage and getting it sorted out and into the appropriate rooms. These were uniformly small and crowded, but had to do as our home for the next two or three weeks, as we began the arduous task of locating housing, arranging rental contracts, and buying furniture and furnishings for our new homes. That first night, especially, was a nightmare, with our two-year-olds crying and everyone hungry and worn out.

But humans can survive more than they imagine, and we survived that night, as well as another twenty or more in the hotel, even with the heat, discomfort, strangeness and night-long street noises. Our wives had to wash and dry clothes, including diapers, by hand in our tiny bathrooms. We had little privacy and no place to go for peace and quiet. Our days were given to the frustrating task of searching for housing. Each evening we would compare notes on what we had found during the day, commenting: "Oh, that place! It's a mess, not fit for

human habitation.” “Did you ever see such tiny kitchens and horrible paint jobs?” Or, “They must think we’re rich, asking such prices for little boxes that they call houses”.

One of my biggest personal ordeals during our hotel period was having to order meals twice a day for ten of us (my share of the entire group, as one of the four of us who had a nodding acquaintance with Portuguese). I got to the point where just the thought of another meal made me lose my appetite. No one in my flock knew how to read Portuguese, so could not even understand what was available. And I could only make out a few items on the menu. For self-survival, I began to write down each person’s order in English, laboriously attempting to explain it to the waiter. Of course, they didn’t have fried potatoes or T-bone steaks. And they had never heard of Dr. Pepper! But we managed to get by with our simple vocabulary and soon learned to appreciate new Brazilian foods such as palmito (palm heart), guarana (the national soft drink), maionese (a delicious macaroni or potato salad) and arroz a greco (rice with chopped vegetables and meats).

Another Challenge

We had hardly arrived in the city than we were brought face-to-face with another challenge. A Brazilian Christian couple had recently moved back from Sao Paulo to Belo Horizonte and also, just days before our arrival, three members of another family (both parents and a single daughter) had been baptized by missionaries from Sao Paulo. So we had five initial brethren here, plus one young man baptized on the day of our arrival, in the nearby town of Sete Lagoas. What were we to do with them? We had planned to begin Portuguese worship only after our first year on the field, but our new brethren were planning on our having services in Portuguese on the 26th, just three days after our arrival! So we scheduled a service in English for that morning and one in Portuguese for that night, both to be held in the hotel’s tiny TV lounge. Several Brazilians appeared for the evening worship and we went through the

motions of a service. Only the Lord knows what we said in Portuguese.

One of these initial visitors to services was Niceias, a personable young maid at the hotel. She returned to subsequent services, bringing her mother with her. Just two months later, these two became the first people baptized after our arrival in the city.

The Trials of House Hunting

Meanwhile, we were still trying desperately to find housing, because hotel and restaurant expenses were rapidly consuming our settling funds. Along with this task, we had to place our children in the American School, which met then not far from the center of the city. And we men felt obliged to meet daily, to discuss how to proceed on organizing our work.

But, finally, we all found places, after several difficult experiences. I, for example, agreed to rent a house, but when the contract was presented for my signature, I found, with Jorge's help, that its terms read differently than the oral agreement I had accepted with the owner. So I wanted out of the agreement, but found that I couldn't get out without paying a penalty for refusing the contract. Of course, this was a form of extortion, but was part of what I was coming dimly to see as "the system". So I paid the penalty and continued my search.

The first to settle on housing were the Cal Halls, who rented a place out on the fringe of the city. We were all excited and even envious, when we found out that it had a swimming pool. But our envy soon disappeared, when the Halls discovered that the chronic water shortage in that area didn't allow for filling the pool.

One by one, we all found houses or apartments and, thankfully, checked out of the hotel. The Davis's and Hendersons had rented apartments in the same newly constructed building.

These were promised for "next week", but next week turned into six weeks! So they lived temporarily with others of us, who had been more blessed than they. The Hendersons moved with us Shipps into the house that was to be our family's home for the next eight-and-a-half years. There were thirteen of us in the two families, but we couldn't take any more of the hotel bill, so we decided to move in, furniture or no. We ordered twelve mattresses at one fell swoop, planning to sleep on the floor until beds could be arranged for. Much to our surprise, when the mattresses arrived, we were also given a premium — a case of champagne! This was an embarrassment which we finally got rid of by using it in cooking and by giving it away to Brazilian acquaintances.

Speaking of mattresses, we had a choice of two sizes for single beds, so we ordered the wider sizes, only to discover shortly that single beds here come only in the narrower size. It took months to build a bunkbed of the required width. Everyone said that it couldn't be done, but it finally was, and we used the result, a rather high, spindly affair, for years, finally selling it to another family and recently buying it back, on that family's departure.

Next came stoves, so that we could start preparing our own meals. An interesting outcome of our stove deal was the conversion, two months later, of the store manager and his wife, who subsequently were transferred to Sao Paulo and are still faithful in the church there. In those early months, our trail could be followed by the conversion of some of those with whom we dealt in business. This should be the natural result of every Christian's pilgrimage through life, and was true of us, more so earlier in our stay here than now. I attribute this unexpected initial success to the newness of our arrival and our overwhelming zeal, as well, of course, to the Lord's hand at work. Brazilians are especially attracted to anything new and different. And both we and our message were decidedly new and different to most Brazilians. Once the newness had worn off, however, interest dropped rapidly. Now, more than a

decade later, it is often more difficult, despite language fluency and cultural understanding, to convert others than it was during our first year on the field.

First Home-Cooked Meal

Our first home-cooked meal in Belo was an occasion to celebrate. Never mind that the spaghetti had been boiled in what would later be a tea kettle. Never mind the fact that we had but one paper plate and one piece of silverware each. That simple meal represented the real beginning of our new life in Brazil and we ate it in profound gratitude, all thirteen of us around a small table. Margie and Jacqueline Henderson had slaved diligently to make this dinner a reality. Going to the local butcher shop for the first time to order hamburger for the spaghetti, they converted pounds to kilos backwards and watched in mounting horror as the butcher ground a mountain of burger, nine pounds or more, and they couldn't remember how to say, "That's enough!" We had to eat it all at that meal, as we had not yet bought our refrigerator!

Let us leave our perplexed wives for a bit and return to "nobler" matters. Putting into practice our lofty plans for the work in Belo proved to be time-consuming, trial-and-error process, requiring frequent meetings of the men, some of whom rebelled at the amount of time spent in this. However, in these sessions our methods, many of which are still being used, were developed. We organized a basic group structure, bookkeeping systems, and a set of articles and by laws, in order to meet legal requirements in Brazil.

Search for Facilities

Of course, in order for all of this to function, we needed facilities, which were not at all easy to locate. After investigating several locations, we settled on a dilapidated suite of offices on Rua dos Carijos, near our hotel. For several months we had to share these facilities with a language school, until its rental

contract ran out. This was a beginning, giving us a place for the functioning of our future Escola da Biblia (School of the Bible), as well as a tiny meeting room for the church. Finally, after some five months of negotiating, we were able to rent also an apartment adjacent to the facilities we were using and thus, to double both our auditorium space (to seat about 100) and areas for classrooms and offices. While this was going on, we met in the various missionary homes, for both English and Portuguese services. This more or less kept the tiny Brazilian church meeting together once a week during this formative period, but was not convenient for the members involved.

Language Study in Earnest

Meanwhile, with facilities available, we entered language study in a formal way, with half of each day devoted to it. Jorge Mikhin was an exceptionally capable teacher of Portuguese grammar. We divided our forces into levels, according to prior knowledge of the language, with four of us in the "advanced" group, and others in intermediate and beginning levels. We also added a section of conversational courses, taught initially by Ana Maria Araujo, a capable Brazilian language teacher, who later became a Christian, although not now faithful. She still serves as an official proofreader of our varied publications in Portuguese, before they are printed.

We soon found it advisable to separate the men's and women's language classes. It doesn't seem to be a good policy to have husbands and wives in the same class, for various reasons. If the husband has a facility for language, he will be impatient to move ahead and be critical of his wife for "holding the class back". If she is more adept than he, sparks will fly for certain, because most men cannot tolerate their wives' showing them up, especially in the face of all of the cultural and emotional pressures involved in language study on the field.

We also soon discovered that the advanced students wanted more study and moved ahead even more rapidly, creating some

complexes for their slower-learning colleagues. Some, who found it difficult to achieve well in the language, began to fill their time with other activities and frequently missed class, or came to class without their homework assignments. We intended for language study to take precedence over almost everything else for at least the first year, but we found our time constantly eaten up by the "little foxes" of other details that assumed first place in our lives. As a result, some never did master the language well, and we finally lost several potentially good workers because of this.

A Lesson in Cross-Cultural Communication

At the center of this study was our brother Jorge, a Brazilian of Russian ancestry, whose English was excellent, whose Portuguese was professional and whose abilities in other areas were exceptional. But misunderstandings arose from the very beginning in our dealings with him. He was being supported by the missionaries, in exchange for language study. But he considered himself primarily a missionary, "with all of the rights and privileges thereunto pertaining", but without the missionaries' obligations, financial and otherwise. We found ourselves in constant difficulties with Jorge over our mutual relationship. He was to be a regular voting member of the mission team, but also an employee of the team, who were easily irritated by him. Missionary Wendell Broom had once told us that in Nigeria he had dreaded more the monthly payday for national workers than any other aspect of the work. This we found to be true in Jorge's case. Then, to make matters even more complicated, he moved his family to Belo, in the hope of long-term support. But those arriving in 1968 rebelled against prior commitments that we had made to him in their name. So his support rapidly crumbled, as older hands wound up their language courses and newer ones chose other avenues of study.

This and other related situations brought an eventual break in our relations with Jorge and, after trying to initiate his own language school in Belo he finally gave up, left the Belo and Sao

Paulo teams responsible for paying his sizeable debts, returned to Sao Paulo and made what would be a long-term departure from the church. At this writing, however, he has been restored and is once again a member of the Nove de Julho church in Sao Paulo.

We had accepted his offer to work with us, made some months before our coming to Brazil, on its surface value, without adequate investigation of Jorge's background. So, much of the mistake was ours, although made innocently. "Lay hands suddenly on no man" is especially good advice when it comes to recruiting missionary personnel and national church leaders. Our advice to all missionary personnel is to proceed carefully and prayerfully in this matter of selecting co-workers, both American and national. Relations on the field are generally close and nerves are strained by the almost daily crises that come our way. Considering the other pressures involved in mission work, serious interpersonal clashes are just too much of a burden to bear.

In Language Limbo

Speaking of language, it is absolutely essential to master it. No one should expect to function well in another tongue, if he forever depends on his own language, on interpreters, or on colleagues to sustain him. The process of mastering another language is tedious and often traumatic. The student must return, in a sense, to a childhood level, learning by trial and often by error, to master even simple conversation.

Errors in usage are common to all who must learn another language. And we have certainly made our share of such mistakes. I remember one colleague's ordering "cockroach" ice cream, when he meant cheap ice cream. Another gave a whole lesson on the topic, "Widow's Juice", instead of grape juice, for the Lord's Supper. My father made out a check in Portuguese for 400 bedrooms, and I, not to be outdone, explained about the delightful night temperature in Belo, which required

no more covers on the bed than a handkerchief! Or, the time when I told someone about storks (in place of gypsies), who wander all over the world, living in tents or wagons, and often stealing others blind.

How to Educate Our Children

Another priority task we faced was the education of our children. Those already in elementary school levels, were placed, without any great difficulty, into their proper level in the local American School, which increased, with their presence, to about 35 students. But educating our teenagers was another matter entirely, since the American School went only through the eighth grade. Our solution that first year was to use correspondence course materials, but with live teachers. Several of us devoted an hour a day each to teaching specialized areas of study — English, literature, Portuguese, science, math and Bible. We soon found that our handful of students didn't take such an arrangement very seriously, and that frequent interruptions took teachers away from their classes. So we approached the American School about adding a high school section, which it did the following year, with our promise to plan the curriculum and teach some of the required subjects, until other qualified personnel could be arranged. This we did, furnishing the large share initially of both students and teachers. Now, more than a decade later, the high school section of the American School is a busy enterprise, with its own well-equipped science and language labs, audio-visual department, library, gymnasium and other facilities.

Except for recently, we have provided each year some of the teachers, for both elementary and high school levels. This has given us a small voice in its direction and has provided us with opportunities to bring down Christian teachers on a vocational basis. On many fields the education of missionary children is an almost insurmountable barrier. However, we have been blessed here with a school of high academic standards, which has helped prepare our children for most successful college careers

in the States. The only real problem we have faced is financial. The school has grown steadily, which has required three building programs. To cover these and other expenses, tuition has risen sharply over the years, making it increasingly difficult for us to handle this expense, especially when a family has had several children in the school.

American School — A Mixed Blessing

This school has been a mixed blessing from the very beginning of our relationship to it. Being owned by all of the parents whose children attend there, the school's development is directed by an elected board and monitored by the parents, in regular meetings. Our mission team, including wives, has always participated in the school's activities, teaching special topics, assisting in classrooms and in the library, coaching and serving in other capacities. In almost all of these years we have been represented on the school board by one or more missionaries.

At first, religious personnel had a sizeable influence on the school, accounting for about half of its students. But, as time passed, more and more business and government people moved to our city from all over the world. As a result, the industrial/technical personnel increased greatly, to finally gain a position of nearly absolute control over the school. Areas of emphasis were shifted and the general moral tone of the school dropped somewhat.

Meanwhile, third-country (other than the U.S. and Brazil) representation continued to increase, as many other nations entered the city with new industries. These families are currently attempting to gain a position of power in the school, in order to "internationalize" it.

As a result of these pressures at work, along with the decreased number of *Missionary Kids* in the school, for the first time since we arrived in Belo, missionary families are in the

slim minority at the school.

We can expect this situation to continue and, eventually, the institution will be quite international in structure and subject matter. The Brazilian government is also getting into the act, "suggesting" that the school be Brazilianized, with all instruction in Portuguese and all required Brazilian studies included in the curriculum.

So education for our children is becoming critical for us. We're not sure just how we will resolve it — by organizing a separate tiny Christian school, by using correspondence courses, or by some other means, none of which will be particularly suitable.

Problems With Customs Officials

One of the most uncertain areas of all in operating here in Brazil is that of customs officials. Theoretically, when one arrives for the first time on a permanent visa, he has the legal right to bring all of his personal goods and the tools of his trade. But, in practice, there are many pitfalls for the unsuspecting newcomer. For example, Ray Meisenhalder found that he was entitled to ship his Ford to Brazil. So he documented it, according to Brazilian law, and had it shipped by freighter. But, by the time he completed all of the paper work required here, fines and storage fees on the car had risen to \$10,000! Needless to say, he didn't even bother to have the car released from customs.

I was given a very used offset press, just before departure. But it took eighteen months to get it out of customs, and when we finally received it, all moveable parts had been ripped off, leaving only the skeleton.

When Gena Kincaid came in, customs officials took most of the salad dressing mixes she had brought for us. Once, when Carl Henderson returned from the States, the nylon hose he was

bringing to his wife were kept.

Almost all of us brought CB radio units, having been told that telephones were very expensive and that we could use a CB systems instead. Wrong! Citizen Band radio was the sole property of the government, so our sets were confiscated.

On other occasions, however, families have come into the country without even having their goods examined. It seems to depend primarily on the official involved and his mood at the moment.

Our First Reluctant Outreach in Belo

Returning now to our early months in Belo, the first two Brazilian members here were capable, but were from a poor socio-economic background. They had a number of relatives in an underprivileged fringe area of the city, and it was natural that they should soon start pressuring us to go out there to share Christ's message. We were not too excited about this opportunity, due to our newness in the language and our reluctance to be spread out so soon; but finally we went to that area, called Vila Betania, and before long had baptized several of their relatives. Then it became necessary to conduct classes and services there, because some were unable, healthwise and moneywise, to ride buses to our downtown meeting place. By November of 1967, then, we were working with the tiny downtown group and with this second humble congregation. Thus, we had already deviated partially from our original plan to concentrate at first only on building a strong downtown nucleus.

Some of these new converts and many of their children from the Vila Betania area came downtown Sunday evenings, especially if we furnished them transportation in our Volkswagen vans. I can still recall the twenty or thirty people, unwashed and smelling of garlic, whom we stuffed into each of two vans, to fill the postage-stamp-size downtown meeting place. These were goodhearted people, but semi-literate, with

almost all of them related to each other. We began to realize that if there were any misunderstandings at all with them, we would lose most of the congregation in a moment's time. Moreover, they were not able, at that point in our history, to furnish leadership of any kind, financial, social and spiritual.

All of this tiresome transporting of brethren from the fringes of the city to downtown services made for good numbers there, but not for a stable future. When we finally decided to terminate our free bus service, downtown attendance dropped like a rock.

The School of The Bible

In keeping with our *Master Growth Guide*, and a plan then use by the Sao Paulo team, we organized a School of the Bible (Escola da Biblia) at the very beginning of our work, locating it in the already mentioned downtown facilities. With the assistance of a Brazilian attorney, Paulo Zanini, who had recently become a Christian, we were eventually able to incorporate the Escola as a non-profit service organization. This enabled the missionary team to legally exist and conduct business, purchase property, publish Christian literature and engage in other necessary activities.

By the end of 1967, our basic office structure was functioning fairly well, with Dale Brown acting as our efficient office manager and bookkeeper. Dale developed a record-keeping procedure that is still largely followed.

As we planned it, the Escola was to be responsible for all projects too large and expensive for the infant church in Belo to handle. These projects would include city-side campaigns, publications, development of a Bible camp, correspondence courses, leadership training, live courses for the general public and other such activities, some of which would later become international in scope.

We have been criticized (even at times among our own number) for operating this school. To some, it smacks of being a missionary society, separate and apart from the church. It is separate from any one congregation, but was established to meet Brazilian legal requirements and to furnish a "neutral" base for these special projects, especially publications and correspondence courses. We have been aware all along of the possibility of the Escola's becoming a dominating force over the churches, but have guarded against this by refraining from making decisions in activities directly involving congregations. For example, no campaign is conducted for a local church except by its invitation. We envision the Escola as a service to the churches and to the general public, rather than a central headquarters. In this sense, it is like a Christian School or foundation in the States.

At first, the board of the Escola was composed of all of the missionaries, including Jorge Mikhin. But, as Brazilian church leaders emerged, it was felt best, for both spiritual and legal reasons, to reorganize the Escola to include a number of Brazilians on the board. These now total about sixty percent of its leadership.

However, we found earlier that the Brazilian directors, who didn't contribute much in time and nothing in funds to the Escola, were largely disinterested in its work. This appears to be changing, as these men mature in the faith and gain experience in the many-faceted functions of the Escola and the church. At this writing, we have "Brazilianized" even further the Escola, by naming a Brazilian brother, Ayres Guimaraes, as office manager on a fulltime base.

The Educational Materials Vacuum

Another area, that involved Darrel Davis, several other men and all of our wives, was that of educational materials and curriculum. Almost nothing was available for Bible classes, especially at a children's level, and we had an abundance of

children to teach, from the very beginning. Our wives have done a heroic job of preparing materials, often from scratch or, at best, by adapting lessons from workbooks in English. It has always been inspirational to me to observe the countless hours they have put in, to spiritually feed dozens of little moppets each week.

Carl Henderson and I backed into one special educational project during our first months in Brazil. The Sao Paulo team was preparing an extensive personal evangelism course, complete with filmstrips and manuals. But the course lacked some of its necessary artwork and essentially all of its negatives for processing into filmstrips. Carl hurriedly set up a slide reproduction system and I gathered what few art materials I could find here in the city, to work on designs. For the first year, Carl, especially, drowned in a sea of films and slide masters. But the course was finally released and has served a good purpose throughout Brazil since that time.

Beginnings of Our Publications Ministry

In the area of publications there was little we could do at first, until language was thoroughly mastered. We did, however, develop a monthly printed bulletin, called *Belo Horizons*, which continued under my editorship until this year.

We also initiated a mimeographed bulletin, called *Belo Bate-Papo (Belo Chit Chat)*, which was designed for our colleagues in Brazil and close Stateside friends of the work. This has proved to be a popular little publication and is still being sent out, presently in conjunction with *Belo Horizons*.

Pioneering In Ponte Firme

We hadn't been in Belo long when our first calls came from the Interior of our State of Minas Gerais, which is larger than Texas, and in 1967, had few paved highways. With one new convert in nearby Sete Lagoas, we took turns going there in the

early months. Then we received an urgent request to come to the "great city" of Ponte Firme (Firm Bridge), deep in the Interior of our state's semi-arid northern region. We were all excited by the letter from a district Justice of the Peace, telling us of his attempts to restore the New Testament church in Ponte Firme.

We drew straws, so to speak, to see who the first lucky pioneers to the Interior would be. I lost, along with most of the others! Those who went returned home bubbling over with tales of western-type countryside, ox-carts, cowboys, mud-and-wattle huts, monkeys, emus (ostrich-like birds) and other wonders. They reported on the zealous little group of members in the village of Ponte Firme, but also on the primitive hotel facilities and strange foods there. Incidentally, they mentioned in passing that the Justice of the Peace, Jose Landim, had asked for financial help to finish constructing a meeting place, which already had foundations and the beginnings of adobe walls. Some funds had been tentatively promised by our representatives on that first trip, in violation of our earlier position against direct outside aid for Brazilian congregations. So some help was sent to Ponte Firme, for a building that never did get any further off the ground. That should have taught us a lesson, but it didn't, for we, as many another mission team, were rather slow in learning our lessons.

Finally, it came my turn to go on the monthly run over horrible dirt (or mud) roads to Ponte Firme. This trip was marked by a broken gas line on our van, about fifty kilometres from the nearest garage. Covered with dirt and grease, we finally arrived at our destination.

The village was first seen from a nearby hilltop. A cluster of houses and one tiny, dilapidated cathedral were scattered over the hillside, with a stream running past it. Over the stream there was a wooden bridge, apparently the source of the town's name. The whole place had the appearance of a sleepy village along the Mexican border.

We went directly to the house of Justice Jose Landim, where we were warmly received. His combined home and office, humble in size and appointments, was still among the more prominent places in town. After a short visit with him, his Indian wife and apparently adopted oriental baby daughter, we checked into the hotel.

“Hotel” is using the word quite loosely, because it was only an adobe shack, with no glass in the windows and open ceilings. Walls separating the postage-stamp-size rooms were only about six feet tall. One dim little electric lamp, generator-powered, served each group of four rooms. The beds were tiny cots and, as has occurred so many times since on trips to the interior, “the beds were too short and the sheets too narrow” for Americans. Sheets? The quality of flour sacks and only one to a bed! We discovered that restroom facilities were the end-of-the-path variety and the shower was a tiny cubicle just off the kitchen. It was complete with an old-fashioned saloon-type door, which barely provided for decency. We also discovered that neither soap nor towels are furnished in such places, the guest being expected to bring his own.

The Adventure of Meals in the Interior

Food there, as always in the Interior, is ample, but plain, with accent on starches and fried meats. There are usually beef, pork, chicken and other odd assortments of meat, rice, perhaps potatoes and manioc, a root used throughout Brazil as a staple. The latter is pounded into flour and used in the most diverse ways. Meals usually include tomatoes and fried okra, but seldom other vegetables. Ever-present purple or black beans are heaped onto a plateful of delicious Brazilian rice. Palm heart, which we have come to love, is sometimes served. Dessert may be candied sweet potato (which is white-meated here), pineapple, goiaba (guava) or other fruit, or perhaps *doce de leite*, a sweet made from extract of milk.

There may be no drinks of any kind, not even water,

provided during the meal, but it is inevitably followed by *cafezinho* — strong black Brazilian coffee. It is so potent that we often claim we can hear it hit bottom when we drink it. Brazilians prefer their coffee with about three-fourths sugar and one-fourth coffee, which gives it an almost syrupy quality.

Especially in the Interior, the guest is expected to eat everything, two or three helpings of it! I remember on our first visit to the desert country of northeastern Brazil that the normally friendly little matron who owned the local hotel accused us loudly of not liking her food, because we had stopped with only two helpings of every one of the ten or twelve dishes on the table!

Meals are prepared, as we discovered in Ponte Firme, on simple wood-fueled brick stoves. One end of the tunnel-like oven is open, with long tree branches placed into it. As the burning end is consumed, each branch is poked farther into the oven. The system appears to be fairly efficient and economical, at least where ample wood is available.

Bugs in the Walls

We were preparing for bed that first night in Ponte Firme when we heard rustling sounds outside. Looking up, we found our open window full of little heads, each tot curious to see the strange foreigners in partial states of undress.

That did it, so we asked about turning the solitary lamp off, to better protect our privacy. But we were informed that the light was essential to keep a certain nasty little bug, called *barbeiro* (barbarian), from coming out of the walls to feast on us. A carrier of *chagas*, an incurable disease, it only ventures out in near-total darkness. After that revelation, I remained awake much of the night, to make certain that the light didn't fail! And I meditated on the spiritual implications of this: We are really keepers of the Light, to make sure that it remains burning. For if it ever goes out, Satan strikes with his dread

diseases of sin and spiritual ignorance.

The next evening, a Saturday, I participated in my first of what would become many evangelistic services conducted under dim kerosene lamps in tiny living rooms deep in the Interior. The room was overflowing with both the interested and the merely curious. As usual, many came and went during the service, disrupting it each time. Unwashed bodies and lack of air circulation made for drowsiness on our part. But Brazilians' eagerness to hear the Word made the occasion worth every discomfort. Some were actually hearing the name of our Lord Jesus for the first time. This fact hit home to us with considerable impact, as we asked a citizen of that area if he had ever heard of the man named Jesus and he answered, "no, Senhor, does he live around here someplace?" Sunday worship was conducted on the banks of a creek, as we explained to visitors in our still halting Portuguese what the Gospel could mean for them.

Rain and Boiled Chicken on Christmas Eve

This was along in November, and early in December we received an urgent letter from this official asking us to meet him on Christmas Eve in the town of Joao Pinheiro, near Ponte Firme, to participate in a great "restoration rally". No one wanted to be away from home for our first holiday season in Brazil, but we felt that someone should go, and so Carl Henderson, John Paul Simon and I were the "lucky" ones chosen. It had been raining constantly for a month, when we set out by bus to Joao Pinheiro, about eight hours away.

We were to meet Landim at the bus stop there, a service station on the highway. When we arrived, however, he wasn't to be found anywhere. Huddling under our umbrellas, we were a forlorn sight, not knowing what to do next.

But after a long wait on our part, he showed up, drunk from too many festivities. He shakily escorted us to his brother's

home, where the family received us with some embarrassment. While my other two colleagues went out with Jose to meet relatives and friends, I stayed behind to converse with his brother's family. Darkness came and still there was not word of a rally . . . Finally, a leader in the local Presbyterian church came by and explained to me that Jose had insisted on participating in a Christmas party at their meeting house. Jose was obviously unable to function properly and this leader told me that there was really no place on the program for a religious speech, but that since we had come so far, he would see that we were given ten minutes. Somewhat abashed, I agreed to his offer.

Brazilian families celebrate Christmas with a feast at midnight on Christmas Eve. If they are well-off financially, they have roast suckling pig. If not, they substitute roast chicken. Well, at about seven-thirty that night, before the program, our hosts most generously decided to share their chicken with us. The graciousness and courtesy of Brazilians was demonstrated very graphically, as our hosts moved up the dinner celebration for hours to accommodate us. But the hen, or rooster, or whatever it was, hadn't been in the oven nearly long enough! Poor thing, it appeared to be about ten years old, with the head still intact and one glassy eyeball staring at us. We bravely tackled it, finally downing some of the leathery, half-cooked meat and, fearing to offend our new acquaintances, even more bravely accepted seconds.

Then we went to the program at eight o'clock, the hour marked for it, only to wait until eight-thirty for it to start. (This was one of our earlier lessons in Brazilians' disregard for time.) Finally, the program got underway, with the usual clutches of little moppets bashfully singing carols and reciting poems. We were desperately hoping to catch the last bus of the night (ten o'clock), so as to be back home for Christmas Day. But the program wore on . . . and on . . . One of the church leaders, a policeman, offered to go out and hold the bus for us, so that we would be sure to catch it.

The formal program came to a close just before ten. The chairman then arose to introduce me, spending nine minutes in a mini-sermon of his own. When I got up to speak I glanced at my watch and saw that it was 9:59. I had just one minute in which to present our plea for the restoration of the New Testament church! Then we rushed out through the rain to our bus, apologizing to the driver for the delay, and spent much of the night returning home on flooded highways.

Subsequently, we discovered that Jose Landim really had a drinking problem. So it wasn't long until we clashed with him and were forced to terminate our first abortive effort to open the Interior to the Gospel. Charley Huffman and Howard Norton (of Sao Paulo) made the last of our runs there, to be confronted by a pistol-waving Jose, who accused them of being American secret agents. Nine years later, we suddenly received a letter from him, asking why we had abandoned Ponte Firme! Apparently, something is still going on there, but we hesitate to find out just what.

1967 In A Brazil Nut Shell

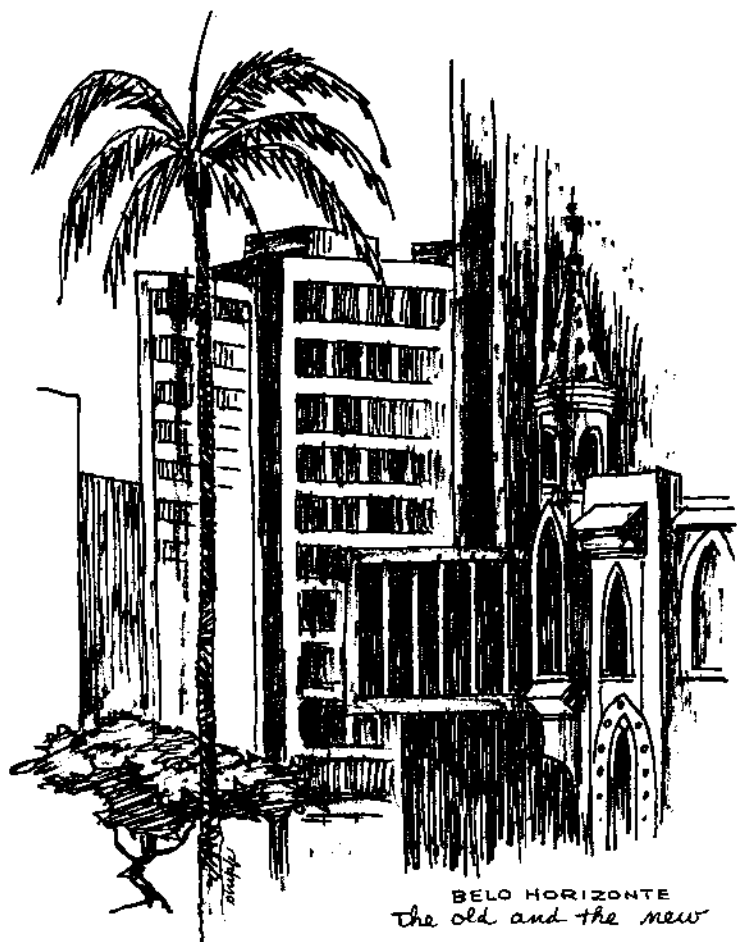
During our first year in Belo, we were blessed with a number of baptisms, when we had really expected none. Most of the baptismal services were held at the time in a local Christian Church building, since we as yet had no baptistry. A tile painting on the back wall there showed John the Baptist immersing Jesus, but the artist had erroneously illustrated John holding a pitcher of water over Jesus' head. The pitcher subsequently had been painted out, but John's hand was still aloft at an odd angle. Jose Ferreira, the first male member of the church in Belo, was learning how to baptize. So, at each immersion, before lowering someone into the water, he would look around furtively and cock his hand at precisely the same angle as in the scene behind him!

Memories of 1967 include the shock we received while still in our hotel. A group of Brazilian youth came bursting in on us,

requesting that we go with them on a treasure hunt, called a *gynkana*. It seems that one of the items on the city-wide hunt was to find a real live American.

Then, our sons met the goal-keeper of Cruzeiro, a local soccer team, and became his buddies. Right after moving into our home, a representative of that club showed up at our house, to recruit all of our "giant" sons for its basketball team. He struck pay dirt, signing up Merrill Hall, Lyle and Leonard Henderson and our two older sons, who played for Cruzeiro's youth basketball squad all of that season.

Two last memories of the year: One is the serenade local Brazilian girls gave our sons the first night in our house. The other is of our chronic water shortage. Street water then only ran at night, so Margie had to wash the family's clothes between midnight and 2:00 A.M.!



BELO HORIZONTE
The old and the new



1968: The Year Of Adjustment

NOW 1968 was here and we began to research various areas for future Bible camp facility and a permanent site for the School of the Bible, as well as to prepare for the arrival of the main "0'68" body, in August of that year. The first arrivee of the year was Gena Kincaid, a friend of ours from Pepperdine. Gena taught our children and helped with office details, until her departure eighteen months later.

We Build a Camp

From the very beginning we had a keen interest in Bible camps, since we were highly oriented toward camping as a means of bringing about church growth on the field. Our movement had begun at Camp Yamhill and Cal Hall had directed several highly successful sessions in that mountain paradise. I had taught there and in various camps in California and had served as one of the first trustees of Yosemite Bible Camp, in central California. Charley Huffman had taught in camps in Maine and Oregon. Frank Roberts, my father and others in our group had taught in camps. Therefore, with a firsthand knowledge of the value of youth encampments to the growth of the church, we had built into our Master Growth Guide a schedule for the development of a camp near Belo.

During March and April of 1968, we looked around for possible campsites. Then in May we were led to a tract, twenty-five kilometers from Belo and just off the main highway to Rio. Our first view of the location, with its already existing alpine lodge and growth of young pine trees, nestled among rolling hills, convinced us that this was the place. We knew that it was quite early in our work to invest in a camp, but this location had

too many possibilities to pass by. The price was reasonable — \$12,500.00 — so we decided to purchase it “as is”, which included its beautiful grounds, rustic furnishings and dedicated caretaker, Helio, who still serves in that capacity.

Well, then the fun began! The “owner”, of Portuguese-Arabian descent, attempted to sell us more land than he owned, and he didn’t even have clear title to the portion of the area that was his own property. He was hoping to receive some cash from us, hurry out and buy the balance of the land under negotiation (on which he had built part of his lodge and all of a small caretaker’s home) and then sell that part to us at a good profit. When we discovered what was going on, we dealt directly with the other owners for their part of the purchase, rather than with the “wheeler-dealer”. When we finally received full title to the locale, we discovered that it had taken twenty-seven tedious legal steps to clear up the matter!

But then the money became a difficulty, since interested churches in the States felt that we had taken on this obligation unwisely. Everything was eventually resolved, however, and the camp soon grew into one of our most valuable tools and came to be known as *Retiro dos Pinheiros* (Retreat of the Pines).

We began using the site immediately for missionary retreats and “relaxing” days on Saturdays. Even this very limited use of these facilities would have been worth the purchase price.

In 1969 we decided to develop the camp sufficiently for modest youth sessions. After filling the lodge with bunk beds and constructing a combination dormitory and shower house, under the direction of 1968 arrivee Ray Jordan, we scheduled our first encampments.

I well remember our doubts about Brazilian acceptance of encampments, since such programs appeared, in those years, to be foreign to Brazilians’ experience. So, when we entered our first camp session, we didn’t know just what to expect. We soon

discovered that the idea of clean-up and KP duty was quite revolting to the boys present. The first day, I had to literally run down two young men and forcibly head them to the kitchen. But, all in all, the session went well and we concluded that encampments could succeed here.

However, our sleeping and eating facilities were too limited yet for the level of activity we had in mind for the camp. For this reason, we enlarged the kitchen, built a combination dining hall-chapel and began the tedious process of purchasing more land. Much of that phase of development was under the guidance of my father, an experienced builder, who worked day after day in tropical sun or pouring rain, to complete these necessary additions.

We considered a strategic tract, immediately in front of the camp, essential to its development. However, the owner of that piece wished to retain a plot of land in that semi-resort area. For this reason, we had to purchase another site, equally pleasing to him, and then trade with him for the one we required. Finally, we were able to complete this game of musical camp tracts and developed plans for facilities that could handle some 140 to 150 campers. John McDonald, who joined us later, was placed in charge of the construction of four cabins, two shower houses, a new caretaker's home and sports facilities, all on the new piece of property. This work he largely completed during 1972 and immediately thereafter we scheduled expanded camp sessions.

In the years since that time, the only additional construction has been that of a thatch-roofed shed and an alpine-style chapel. We are still lacking two cabins, a covered games area and other improvements, to bring the camp up to the standards we had set for it. We also have a swimming pool dug, but have never felt that funds permitted us to complete construction of it. Even without these refinements, however, the camp has been used fairly steadily, since in this semi-tropical climate we are able to schedule encampments the year around. Normally, we have two or more youth sessions during Brazilian January and

July school periods. Then at Carnaval (Mardi-Gras) we always have an encampment, to draw young people away from the city's "fleshpot" Carnaval environment. This is both the best attended session of the year and also the most problematic, discipline-wise. We may attract youth away from Carnaval, but we are not overly successful at ridding them of the boisterous Carnaval spirit! We have camp sessions also at Easter and during several other Brazilian holidays. In addition, single days and sometimes overnight periods are scheduled by missionaries and by local congregations. Finally, every other year we host our fellow missionary families in Brazil at a retreat here at our camp.

We have never had just one regular director of the camp. Up until recently, the missionaries took turns directing sessions and all of us have helped with repairs and maintenance. But now, we are beginning to use experienced Brazilian campers as directors and staff members.

At the end of a jungle trail leading from the main part of the campground is a sparkling mountain stream. At a bend in the stream is a "holy place", where between a hundred-and-fifty and two hundred campers have been baptized into Christ. A normal teen camp period will produce from five to ten baptisms and several restorations. This, of course, is one of the major reasons for the camp, to reach the youth of our city. Partially as a result of encampments, there are about two hundred youth in the churches here. And lately a few Christian youth have come to be with us during encampments from other cities, such as Rio de Janeiro.

We hope to add more facilities from time to time and to use the camp also for concentrated leadership training courses, in addition to its general uses.

Challenges Facing the 1968 Group

After the departure of our Advance Guard in 1967, the next

wave of workers suffered a serious letdown in morale. Both Frank Roberts, leader of the group in the west, and Karl Love, leading in the south, expressed severe difficulties over this problem of emotional fatigue. It was almost as if the entire program were already in operation on the field and churches in the States therefore wished to sit back and see what would happen.

After a year of struggle, in which many committed or partially committed goers cancelled out, the 1968 group boiled down to just four families: the Frank Roberts' of Portland, Oregon; the Ray Jordans of Albany, Oregon; the Karl Loves and Gene Upshaws of Forth Worth, Texas. To these four families was added one more, at the last minute: the Fred McGuires of Porterville, California. Two of these men, Frank Roberts and Karl Love, were to serve as fulltime missionaries, while the other three men were coming in a vocational capacity.

Ray Jordan was a building contractor by profession, Gene Upshaw a chiropractor, and the McGuires school teachers. Fred was contracted to direct the American School and his wife, Jan, was to teach in it. Among these families, the Roberts' and Jordans were well acquainted with each other and with the Halls, Huffmans and Hendersons, also knowing our family slightly. The Loves and Upshaws were close friends of the Meisenhalders, but also acquainted with me and my family. Before departure, the first four families really didn't know each other well and the Mc Guires were a totally unknown element, having been hired separately by the American School.

To add even more difficulty to the situation, many of those already on the field had no real acquaintance with some of the couples arriving in 1968. So we had before us the demanding task of welding these diverse elements into a team, when even the first group was still not totally united. Friction had developed over methods and organization, over internal relations and even over converts. One person would make a contact and another might end up baptizing this contact. There

were actually cases of hurt feelings, because one felt that another had moved in on his or her convert. Surely this was due primarily to the strain and uncertainties we faced in those early months, for as the years passed, such infantile reactions subsided. We can laugh now about such petty behaviour, but then it wasn't funny.

Internal Relations

One of the greatest challenges faced in a team effort on a foreign field is that of internal relationships among team members. Witness the infamous "Clothespin Controversy" of the post-World-War-II team in Frascati, Italy. This group effort was almost destroyed by hard feelings over the use of the one small clothesline and the few pins at its temporary home. The clothespins were nothing in themselves, but were symbols of the tensions experienced by teammates in their adjustment period on the field.

Our group experiences during our first years took different forms than this, of course, but were no less difficult. We had in our team a wide range of ages, from the early twenties to the sixties, and a wide range of cultural and educational backgrounds. Some personalities in the group were so diverse in nature and background that it proved almost impossible to make them compatible with each other.

We discovered, also, that the arrival of newcomers to a mission team can be traumatic for all concerned. We all journeyed to Rio in August, 1968 to meet the four new families — the Jordans, Loves, Roberts and Upshaws — arriving on the *Argentina Maru*. But even moments after boarding ship to greet them, we sensed that something was not as it should be. They demonstrated a reserve toward us that we couldn't fathom.

As time passed, however, the problems creating this reserve came to light. The newcomers were critical of our having gone ahead on too many decisions without their input and were

insecure about their position on the field, perhaps due to their feeling intimidated by the rest of us, who were ten men strong.

The two men closely connected with Ray Meisenhalder, Karl Love and Gene Upshaw, were immediately drawn to him on the field. In turn these three then tended to influence their other 1968 colleagues to side with them on various questions. As a result, we saw developing a "team within a team", a direction which would have been disastrous for all concerned.

As a matter of fact, we never were able to draw everyone together into a successfully functioning organism. Some operated smoothly as team members, cooperating with the others and sublimating their own personal wishes, for the good of the whole. But others seemed incapable, or at least unwilling, to do this.

After the 1968 workers arrived, we diligently set out to orient them, as we had been oriented by the Sao Paulo team, only to find that the new arrivees didn't consider us authorities about the field, since we had arrived only a year before them. So, orientation was halted in a formal way and our assistance remained only at the level of househunting, documentation and purchasing of furniture and supplies.

No one person or event can be blamed for such a situation. Some were not well incorporated into the spirit and philosophy of the work before arrival. Some were not well enough informed and prepared before coming. Some were more concerned, naturally, about developing their vocational income base than about other aspects of the work. And some were like Paul and Barnabas — destined eventually to disagree and separate over the work. Perhaps the 1967 group's most severe strategic blunder lay in the fact of having gone ahead on certain decisions that had seemed to us to be essential and unavoidable at the time.

Pan-American Lectures Come to Brazil

The annual Pan-American Lectures series was scheduled for November, 1968, in Sao Paulo, and the team there invited us to participate in planning it. Carl Henderson, John Paul Simon, Cal Hall and I made several trips to Sao Paulo during the year to aid the committee in settling the almost countless details connected with such an international event.

Reuel Lemmons, as usual, planned the charter flight to Sao Paulo for Stateside participants. Without his leadership in this respect, as well as his having been involved in the creation of the lectures, they would never have gotten off the ground or become the resounding success they have been over the years.

So, in November, 1968, the Lectureship charter group arrived aboard an ancient Constellation, dubbed *Lemmon's Lemon*. The travellers on board had experienced the trip of a lifetime — including being impounded overnight, plane and all, in Asuncion, Paraguay.

The Lectures went well, despite the late start, due to the delay in Asuncion. The theme was *Give God Some Men*, based on a spiritual song popular with the Sao Paulo team. Guest speakers included Alton Howard, Carl Mitchell, Juan Monroy, Dan Coker, Don Starks and many others. We felt that the lectures had exposed many brethren for the first time to South America, and to Brazil in particular, thus giving an incalculable boost to the future of the work here.

1968 In A Brazil Nut Shell

Despite our culture shock and internal adjustment difficulties, we were blessed in so many ways by our all-wise and patient Lord. In addition to the fledgling work in Vila Betania, another house church (a small group meeting in a private home) was launched in bairro Sao Joao Batista, with almost all of the missionaries and some of the Brazilian converts also meeting downtown on Sunday nights at the Escola da Biblia. The

missionary families met separately on Sunday mornings for English worship, a practice which continued for several years, until the mounting pressure of new congregations caused us to cancel them.

Baptisms continued fairly steadily through 1968, bringing the total for 1967 and 1968 to about seventy-five. We found Brazilians on the whole to be receptive to hearing our message. This doesn't mean that they were necessarily willing to obey the Lord, but their normal curiosity and kindness moved them to accept a Bible study. In fact, even door-to-door campaigning proved to be successful here. I can recall but one door slammed in my own face in more than a decade of work in Belo.

Brazilians are innately friendly and warm-hearted, a fact that makes for quick and easy acquaintance with them. They are careful generally not to hurt the feelings of others. In fact, for this reason, they will often avoid any kind of personal confrontation over a problem, either letting it go unresolved far too long or spreading their complaint via the grapevine, hoping that the other person or persons involved will eventually hear of the problem and resolve it.

The year 1968 came to an end, and with it arrived the Christmas holiday season, which falls here in the summer. As our annual turkey (annual because they are so expensive) was cooking, we decided to get away from our oppressively hot house and go for a drive. We made a loop around Belo, sometimes on dirt trails, passing through quaint little colonial towns — Raposos, Caete and Sabara — loudly singing "Sleighbells Ring" and "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas", in an effort to forget the heat and conquer a surge of homesickness.

The end of 1968 brought us the departure of the Carl Hendersons, who were transferred by their sponsoring church, White's Ferry Road in West Monroe, Louisiana, to Sao Paulo. Carl a commercial pilot, was to operate a missionary plane out of that city, following up on radio program and correspondence

course contacts. Our oldest son, Gerald, was the first of our MK's (missionary kids) to return to the States for college, leaving us in June of that year and spending the summer losing money in an unsuccessful Bible selling venture.



1. Camp Yamhill, Oregon, where it all began. "Uncle Barney" Morehead leading a discussion.

2. Cal and Voni Hall, initial leaders of O '68.

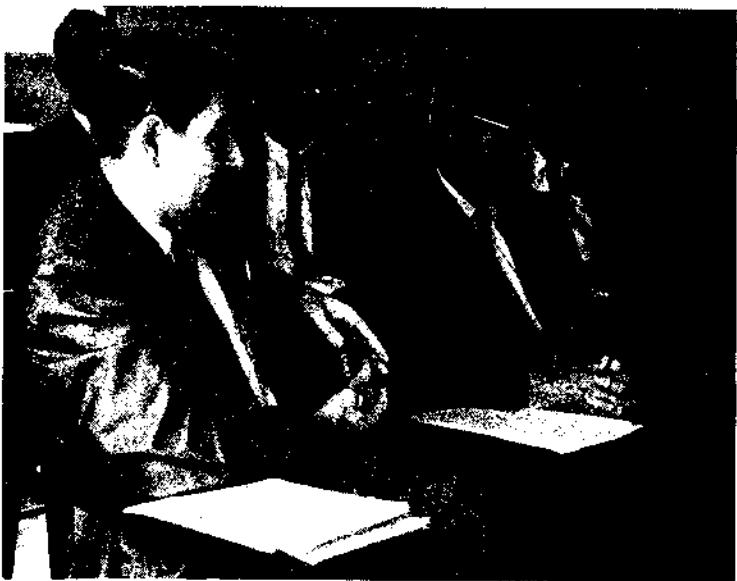
3. A Brazil planning session in Los Angeles.





1. A happy bunch of nuts collating Master Growth Guide for 0 '68.

2. Cal with elders Marshall and Ramsey, and Sao Paulo missionaries during our visit to Brazil.

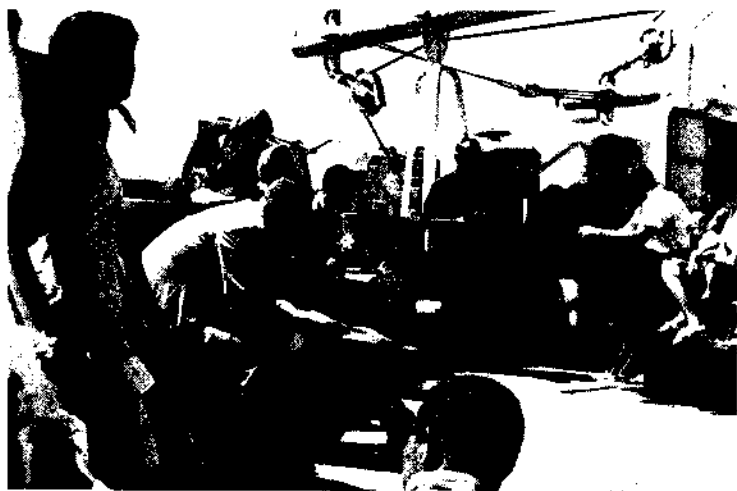




1. One of the many O '68 rallies before our departure. This one held in our home in Los Angeles.

2. We three travelers on behalf of O '68, Cal, Charley Huffman and I, on the eve of departure.





1. Our seven families who came by ship in 1967.
2. A devotional on the deck of the Argentina Maru.

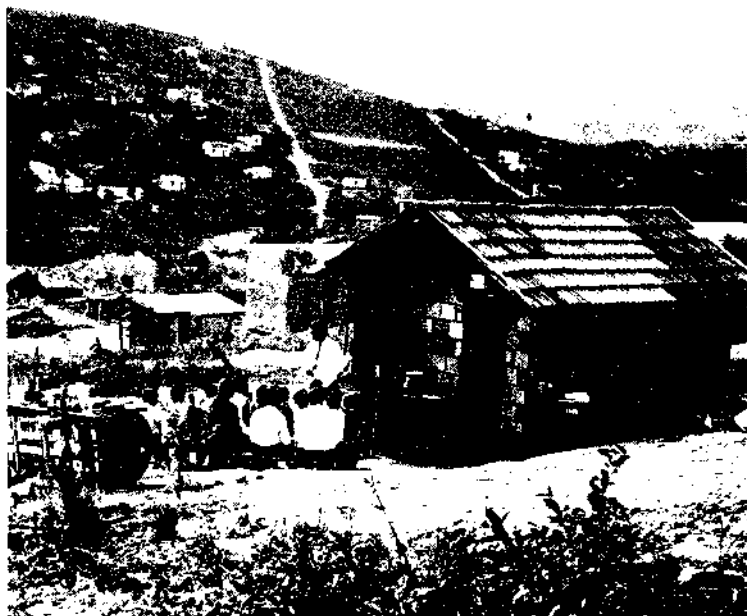


1. In Sao Paulo, we gather our bunch and bags, to board the bus for Belo.
2. Scene of our new hometown, Belo Horizonte.



1. Our first Portuguese worship in Belo, in the Hotel Cecilia. Jose Ferreira leading the service.

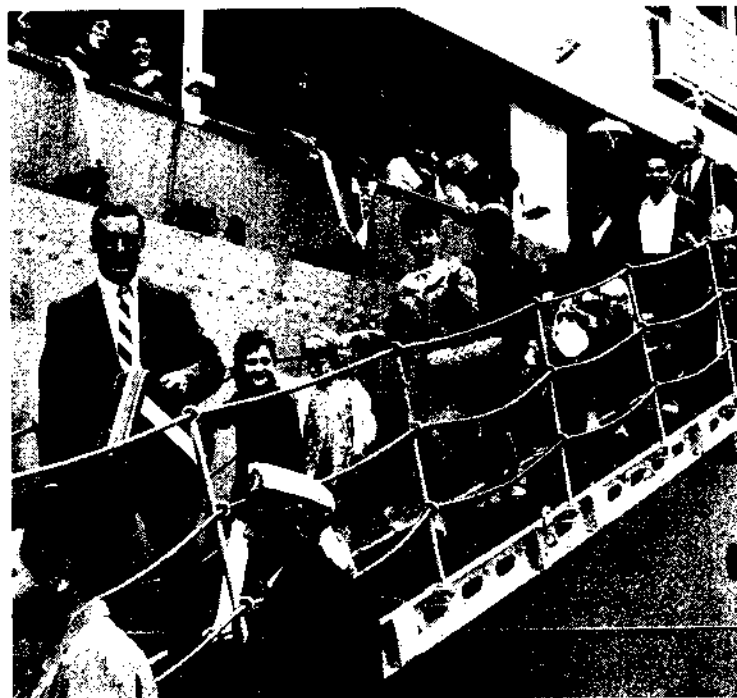
2. One of our first areas of outreach, Vila Betania, Palmeiras. The author conducting a class for an humble family.





1. The two leaders of the 1968 Contingent: Karl Love and Frank Roberts.

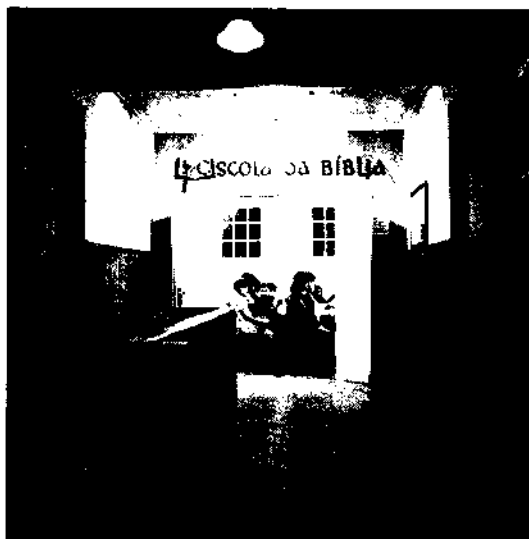
2. The 1968 group descends the gangplank in Rio. Karl and Dawn Love, Karla Love, Christie Meisenhalder and Gene Upshaw are in the shot.

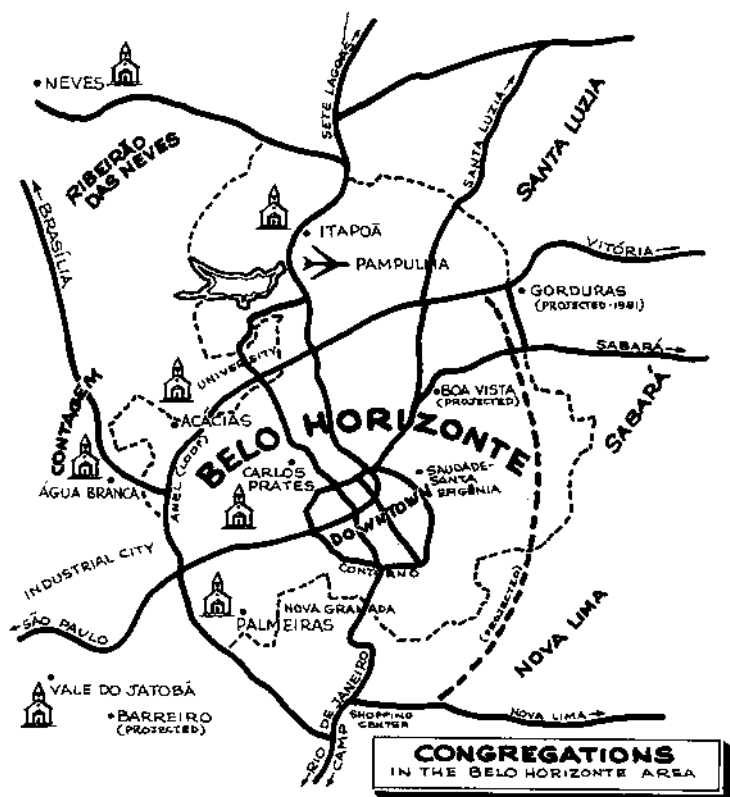




1. The Brazil Nut Bunch at full force: Row 1: Linda Cook, Judy and Darrell Davis, Joyce and Charley Huffman. Row 2: Carl and Jacqueline Henderson, Gena Kincaid, Dale and Rita Brown, Ray and Barbara Meisenhalder, Mary and Frank Roberts, Margie Shipp. Row 3: Emily Hollett, Voni Hall, C.H. Nola Shipp, Dawn Love, Eddie Upshaw, Jan McGuire, Beth Jordan, Glover Shipp. Row 4: Joye Mikhin, Cal Hall, John Paul Simon, Karl Love, Gene Upshaw, Fred McQuire, Ray Jordan.

2. Downtown church services in the facilities of the School of the Bible.







RETIRO DOS PINHEIROS
Ouro Preto, Minas Gerais



1969: The Year Of Division

WE were confronted in 1969 with perhaps the most trying circumstances ever faced in our history, most of them due to philosophical and personality conflicts within the team.

Problems of Vocational Mission Work

The vocational missionaries in the group were finding it difficult to support themselves and their families. Thus, they had little time in which to meet with the fulltime missionaries or to engage in extensive evangelism. Fred McGuire was thoroughly occupied with his position as director of the American School. Gene Upshaw was finding it impossible to obtain certification to open his chiropractic practice. Ray Jordan, accustomed to building largely with wood, was struggling to adapt to masonry construction. Ray later moved to Curitiba, in southern Brazil, where the church was also beginning and where wood was much more plentiful. But all three men eventually gave up the struggle with language, culture and legal red tape, returning to the States in 1970.

Preparation of Vocational Missionaries

The experiences of these colleagues indicated to us that the vocational-type missionary must also be prepared in language, cultural anthropology and mission methods, if he is to adapt and serve the Lord successfully on the field. He must also come to the field with a firm work contract and/or sufficient financial means to carry him through perhaps five years of adjustment to business methods in another country. The two years given by these men to Brazil and their financial resources were not adequate. Just as they were beginning to understand a bit about

life and language here, their resources ran out and they were forced to leave.

Even among fulltime missionaries, some were having a struggle to adapt to team life and to the language and culture. My parents, already in their late sixties, remained here for four-and-a-half years, but were only able to partially conquer the language. Karl Love, an experienced, highly successful evangelist in the States, never quite found himself in Portuguese and returned home in 1970. John Paul Simon suffered magnificently with the language, but finally became a successful evangelist in Brazil.

On the other hand, some showed a remarkable ability in the language. Among these were Dale and Rita Brown, Darrel and Judy Davis and the Charley Huffmans. Dale was caring for our financial dealings, legal papers and general office routine, but also found himself teaching and preaching more and more often in Portuguese, as were Darrel and Charley.

Correspondence Course Work Begins

Darrel Davis was active in curriculum planning as well as evangelism. He also spearheaded the organization of a nationwide correspondence course program, which continues to the present time. We have had up to three courses in distribution, and are preparing another three courses, more advanced in level of difficulty. We estimate that over the years an average of 2,500 to 4,000 people are on the active daily list of students. A number have been converted and churches have been started, especially through the "one-two punch" of the courses and our other publications.

Of course, not all have been a bed of roses. Hundreds of students take these courses just to collect diplomas or to augment their study, with little or no desire to correct their doctrinal errors. But the Seed is being sown in every state in Brazil and even at times in other countries. Some day, the Lord will bring an abundant harvest.

The Unpredictable History of Vila Betania-Palmeiras

Upon the arrival of the Loves and Upshaws, they immediately joined John Paul Simon, the Meisenholders, the Huffmans and us Shipps in the Vila Betania work, overloading it with missionaries. Due to the special relationship between these two new families and the Meisenholders and to the need for opening the work in other areas of the city, Charley and I decided to move on to other efforts, as of January, 1969.

Vila Betania was crowding out of a tiny fly-infested home, with a record high of just over a hundred people present, most of them unbathed and barefooted children. In fact, there were literally thousands of flies in the homes of that area. We had to maintain the communion covered until it was being served and even then it was necessary to keep shooing the pests away long enough to get the bread and cup to our mouths.

The church continued to meet there for some time, stretching an awning over a flat area behind that house. Even in the rain and mud, with all streets in that area as yet unpaved, the church grew in numbers, one year reaching a hundred baptisms. After the 1970 departure of the Loves and Upshaws, Ray Meisenhalder carried on there alone for several years.

During that time, he emphasized benevolence, distributing literally tons of USAID food, clothing and medicine to the poor of that and other districts of the city. He also managed, with the help of wealthy Brazilian acquaintances, to construct tiny homes for poverty-stricken families in that area and finally to build a large permanent church meeting place in adjacent bairro Palmeiras.

Pitfalls in Benevolence

Ray had a genius for benevolence and believed it to be the key to church growth. He even convinced others of us to attempt such a program. So we became engulfed in flour, rice, beans and other goods, supplementing their distribution with that of

clothing and medicine. John Paul Simon became especially active in this effort. I still shudder when I recall the daily long lines of indigent mothers and their hordes of children, awaiting an interview with John Paul. They created considerable noise and confusion, as well as absconding with various items of clothing and equipment from the School of the Bible. Even worse, few were truly interested in spiritual aid; only in material assistance.

As of our benevolence program, sewing classes were conducted in various locations, including at the School of the Bible and in Bairro Saudade, another poor district. The idea was to give women of humble backgrounds a skill that they could employ, to help support their large families. We had discovered early in our stay in Belo that in lower-class areas, few couples were legally married. In most cases, a common-law arrangement had served for awhile, but then the man had disappeared, leaving the woman with a houseful of children and no visible means of support. This very precarious and sinful situation was a continual cause for grief in several small church groups meeting in poorer areas of the city. It is still a problem for us and there is no easy solution. Until just recently, Brazil prohibited divorce for any reason. Along with this restriction, which didn't even recognize the one New Testament sanction for the dissolution of a marriage, the considerable cost and difficulty of obtaining the necessary documents for a civil marriage ceremony almost guaranteed that the poor would not be blessed with a legally recorded marriage.

We also attempted classes in literacy and hygiene, but soon found that the very poor were so apathetic that they would not even attend these classes, for which there was no charge.

For several years, then, we attempted to give aid to the many very poor, uneducated members of the church and their relatives and friends. The program succeeded moderately well in the Vila Betania area, where Ray gave it enormous amounts of time and effort. But in all areas where such a program was

attempted, it was undermined by jealousies among recipients of this aid, as well as conflicts among Brazilian teachers in the program. In relatively few cases, even in the Vila Betania-Palmeiras district, did our benevolence programs produce strong, permanent Christians.

I recall that the end of wholesale benevolence came for me when, in one of the very poor congregations, we had just completed a sermon of Christian love. Ten minutes later, when the service was over, two of the church families got into a physical brawl over which had received more or better clothing. After that, I started noting that church participation among the very poor depended on the "patron system". As long as the "rich" American missionaries were handing out food, clothing and even cash, the members were generally present. But just as soon as such regular aid was removed, most of them disappeared. What we were producing was a classic case of "rice Christians".

One of my own spiritual frustrations here in Brazil centers on how to "give to him who asks"; to share my goods with the poor, without making them dependent upon and eventually even resentful of the source of their aid. There are millions of indigents and, in our city alone, perhaps three hundred thousand homeless or semi-homeless children. What is to be done for this multitude? How may we turn them to Christ, rather than just to us?

The Vila Betania-Palmeiras church continues to the present time, but still suffers many of the consequences of extensive benevolence in past years. Even though this type of aid has been somewhat reduced, many members there are still at least partially dependent on the missionary.

Another difficulty faced constantly in Palmeiras is internal strife. Families nurse long-standing jealousies of each other, even to the point of feuds. Hard feelings develop constantly over leadership (or, rather, the lack of firm male leadership) and

over the immoral behaviour of men and youth in the church. Related to all of this is the pronounced tendency, on the part of the women, to constantly gossip.

Add to all of this the very low educational level of the adult members and the inevitable result is division. No congregation in the city has had more attention, a better meeting place, or more baptisms than Palmeiras. But none has lost so many members. As a result, the congregation is still small and struggling, even though the area has upgraded and there are a few more capable members than in past years. I say all of this, having been one of the originators of this church and having preached there one Sunday a month for the last five years. Ray Meisenhalder is to be commended for his determination at Palmeiras. I could not have taken the constant bickering and daily crises that have gone on there for all of these years. (I should add, as an afternote here, that in 1979 and early 1980 Palmeiras has shown signs of maturing in its attitudes and work. Brazilian evangelist Roman Parreiras is serving there and helping to weld the church together.)

Publications Program Expanded

With Dale Brown's encouragement, especially, I was able in 1969 to really begin developing my long-hoped-for publishing program.

The major publication launched at that time was the evangelistic magazine, *Volta A Biblia* (Back To The Bible). Initiated in 1961 by Brazilian evangelist Jose Marcelino dos Santos and missionary Leon Tester in Sao Paulo, its publication had ceased before our arrival. We received the gracious permission of the Sao Paulo team to relaunch it in Belo Horizonte. Our hope was to have something to place regularly in the hands of our increasing number of contacts, since in that same year we had initiated outreach through correspondence courses.

We resurrected this magazine, then, with zero publication and no funds directly earmarked for it. I was to serve as editor, Brazilian language teacher Ana Maria Araujo, as manuscript corrector, Dale Brown as business manager and Jose Marcelino dos Santos continuing as legal director. *Volta* caught on immediately, and much to our surprise, began to reach out to other states and countries. We printed 1,000 copies of our first issue, not knowing if we could distribute that many or not. Oh, we of little faith! Now circulation is running around 17,000, in all parts of Brazil and in various other countries.

Over these years, a loyal readership has developed, absorbing its many articles on evangelistic and restoration themes. We estimate that more than ninety percent of its readers are not members of the church, but rather are of the most diverse denominational and philosophical backgrounds, including Spiritualism and Catholicism. A steadily increasing number of readers is taking the restoration idea seriously.

Currently, the magazine has sixteen pages, with special sections on Catholicism, occultism, doctrinal and moral issues, restoration, letters and questions from readers and outlines of Bible study. Director is Belo Horizonte church leader, Antonio Roberto Andrade. I remain editor, with Helgir Girodo, my office colleague, acting as assistant and Ana Maria Araujo still serving as manuscript reader.

A note of appreciation goes to the Clairemont church in San Diego, California, for having collaborated with us ever since 1969 in financing *Volta*. Other churches contributing to this project include Lucerne, California, Los Altos Church in Long Beach, California, Pipeline Road, in Hurst, Texas and Westover Hills, in Austin, Texas, as well as Richland Hills, our sponsoring church. The Frazier Foundation has aided us tremendously. We have also been blessed with financial assistance from our colleagues in Brazil and Portugal, as well as from many readers.

One special example of spontaneous support for Volta: We received one day a letter from a Portuguese seaman, aboard a Swedish freighter, with the letter postmarked in South Africa. He mentioned that he was sending us a contribution of three hundred Swedish crowns. We expected a modest offering, but when it came, its value was about \$150! What's more, he repeated his gift twice later on, each letter coming from some unexpected corner of the globe.

Other publications developed in ensuing years, including twelve tract titles, new Bible correspondence courses, our first fullscale hymnal in Portuguese, leadership training materials and other courses. In addition, due to my elders' and my concern for keeping in touch with church leaders widely scattered throughout Brazil, we developed a monthly bulletin, called *Restauracao* (Restoration), which includes inspirational messages, news of the churches, Bible studies and sermon outlines for the use of these leaders.

Pet Publications Project

One of my pet projects in the area of publications is *Jornada Pela Biblia* (*Journey Through The Bible*), a graded Bible school course of 176 lessons, for children nine to twelve years of age. Having helped create Bible school materials at various times in the past, and having seen the urgent need here for sound, practical material of this type, I longed to produce something lasting for children in Brazil. *Jornada Pela Biblia* is difficult and expensive to publish, but is practical for the situation of Bible school teachers here, who have little formal preparation and no visual aids for their classes.

Other publications in preparation and projected for the future are advanced correspondence courses, more leadership training materials, additional tracts and selected books and commentaries, to complement the fine work being done in publications by our colleagues in Sao Paulo, Allen Dutton, Alaoir Leite, Teston Gilpatrick and others.

Our publications program has a slow but discernible impact upon Brazil as a whole and upon other countries. Some of these materials have been translated into Spanish and distributed throughout the rest of Latin America, and, in at least one case, into French. In Brazil, herself, we can now count upwards of thirty-five congregations that owe their start at least partially to the printed page. The entire restoration movement in Portuguese-speaking Mocambique (Africa) was triggered by some of these publications. It is a sobering thought to know that what we publish here in Belo Horizonte is influencing the life and future of thousands of people throughout the world.

The Attempt That Failed

Yet another publications effort, doomed finally to failure, was relaunched in 1969. This was the magazine, *Communion Quester*, which had been initiated earlier by Leon Tester, in Sao Paulo, but had gone into financial limbo.

Communion Quester had come about as a means of arriving at unity with diverse fragments of the restoration movement throughout the world. In 1966, two of our missionary colleagues in Sao Paulo had been invited to attend the annual conference of missionaries of the conservative Christian Churches in Brazil. Being well received and encouraged to return, they in turn extended an invitation to others to attend the following year.

At the end of December, 1968, a number of us journeyed to Anapolis, near the new capital, Brazilia, to attend this annual meeting. Our brother Carl Spain had been invited to serve as principal speaker, so we felt an obligation to support him and to help explore means of arriving at unity with this other group of our common Restoration heritage. Carl did his usual excellent job, pointing our areas of difference and appealing for their resolution.

This visit to the conference proved to be fruitful in various respects, for we found at least some of our conservative Chris-

tian Church counterparts quite approachable on the idea of unity; not only approachable, but sincerely interested. We frankly discussed instrumental music and other causes for the barriers existing between us.

At the end of this meeting, we were invited to participate, annually, in other such events. A number of us, especially from Belo Horizonte and Sao Paulo, did participate, even to the point of arranging for such speakers as Reuel Lemmons and Wendell Broom. Out of these sessions arose the need for more in-depth communication, so *Communion Quester* was revived. I accepted its editorship with a great deal of trepidation. My fears later proved to be well-founded, for this quarterly magazine proved to be a heavy burden, both spiritually and financially. So, after two volumes (eight issues), I resolved to give it a decent burial. This effort, as well as our best-intentioned participation in the annual conferences, had been misunderstood by many, some of whom attacked almost all of our workers in Brazil because of this small and short-lived publication. It had accomplished a little good, but was not worth the strain I felt, nor the criticisms being leveled against even innocent bystanders. In addition, I felt that my major task in Brazil was not to maintain a published dialogue in English, but rather to evangelize in Portuguese, by means of the printed page.

In subsequent years, even our participation in these annual conferences had ceased, for all practical purposes. New missionary personnel, with different ideas about unity vs. separation, plus greatly expanded workloads and decreasing number of workers, has changed our situation entirely.

Another factor entering the picture was the initiation, in 1969, of our own series of annual missionary meetings. Ron Willingham was guest speaker for the first retreat, held at our camp. This series has continued over the years and has featured such outstanding guest lecturers as Paul Southern, E. W. McMillan, Otis Gatewood, Phillip Slate and Dan Coker.

Personnel Changes

During 1969 we experienced several shifts in personnel. Mel and Dee Dennis, a young couple from Pepperdine, joined us. Mel was to work with the mission team and Dee to teach in the American School. Also coming in the same years were Lillian Steward (now McDonald), followed by Susan Hughes (now Barbosa), both of whom served as secretaries and children's Bible teachers. As already mentioned, the Carl Hendersons had been transferred by their sponsoring church to Sao Paulo. They were followed by the Dale Browns, who were moved to Sao Paulo to handle business matters connected with extensive radio work there. Both families had played an important role in the planning and development of the work in Belo and would be sorely missed here. The Browns were forced by Dale's ill health to return to the States later on, but the Hendersons are still very active in the work throughout Brazil. They will be mentioned from time to time in other contexts. (As this story is being edited, they have returned to Belo, to base their work again here in the city where they first began.)

Two other losses suffered by the team during 1969 include the Jorge Mikhins and Ray Meisenhalder. Jorge and the team found no solution to the problems which constantly arose over his support for language teaching and over differing concepts of mission work. So, finally, he decided to purchase a language school, thus separating himself permanently from the team.

The team and Ray Meisenhalder separated at the same time, due largely to personality conflicts and differences over methodology. After several years of his working independently in Belo and of the team's changing personnel situation, in recent years we have returned to a good working relationship with Ray. He is quite capable in certain areas, such as benevolence and procurement of specialized items or services needed for the work in general, and is always ready to be of help. The rest of us, in turn, give him a hand in areas such as preaching, where he is relatively weak.

So, by the end of 1969, the team was down from a peak of fifteen men to eleven: Darrel Davis, Mel Dennis, Cal Hall, Charley Huffman, Karl Love, Fred McGuire, Frank Roberts, John Paul Simon, C. H. Shipp, Gene Upshaw and I. Secretary/teachers Linda Cook and Gena Kincaid had returned home, with Susan Hughes and Lil Stewart carrying on in their place.

New House Churches Started

Other developments in 1969 included the beginning of tiny churches in bairros Nova Granada, Saudade-Santa Efigenia and Vera Cruz. The first of these, Nova Granada, began in a private home. After adding several members and filling the little living room to capacity, our hostess turned against the church and, because of this; denied us the use of her home, the only halfway adequate place available among the contacts there. So the work halted for a period of time, to be renewed later. Dale Brown and I initiated this congregation, but when it was reorganized, later on, Charley Huffman began to work with it, a responsibility he later passed on to Jose Ferreira, of Nova Granada, and Hermes Dias, of the Acacias congregation. Since then, due to a total lack of leadership within the congregation itself, this work has again been closed.

The Saudade-Santa Efigenia work began as a result of the baptism of several people in that area. It too was launched in a private home, suffering various difficulties with that family and others, who, it turned out, had been involved for years in running family feuds. As a result, the church moved out of homes and rented three different meeting places, over a period of three years. This small group was extremely poor economically, as were Nova Granada and Vera Cruz. For this reason, we fell into a pattern of benevolence-based outreach. The USAID surplus food program was introduced among members and contacts, with supplementary programs of instruction in sewing, health and literacy. A number of people were baptized, but rather than the church's developing in a sound, orderly way, it digressed into constant disagreements among the members.

After several such interpersonal disputes, plus the loss of its key family (the only one capable of leadership), we reluctantly terminated the work there.

The third new work attempted was in Bairro Vera Cruz, an outreach of the Saudade congregation. It, too, met in a private home, reaching an immediate high of about 90 children in Bible classes. Antonio dos Santos, a former spiritualist and denominational leader, assumed responsibility for this effort, being assisted by Niceias Cordeiro, one of our first two converts in Belo. However, the host family moved away, precipitating a move to a much smaller house, in a less strategic area. Attendance dwindled rapidly and so it was decided to terminate this effort also.

Many idealistic brethren believe that the best means of realizing rapid church growth in foreign fields is a multiplicity of small groups meeting in homes. It has been our experience that congregations can be initiated in private homes, but this is no guarantee of either growth or eventual spiritual strength. Much depends on the dependability of the host family, as well as on the ability of the tiny group's leadership. We have also observed that, generally, a church meeting in a home builds up to fifteen or twenty members, with twenty-five or thirty present, leveling off at that approximate number and not growing more, or even slowly dropping off in membership and participation, after this initial surge of interest.

The fact that these groups experienced difficulties, with all of them later ceasing, is not meant to indicate a pattern. The Downtown and Palmeiras churches, especially the latter, showed growth in numbers during the same period.

Outreach to Other Cities

Meanwhile, our efforts slowly increased elsewhere in our large state. Visits were made to such towns as Governador Valadares, Jampruca, Santa Margarida, Conselheiro Pena,

Ipatinga, Coronel Fabriciano, Joao Monlevade, Pompeu and Patos de Minas. Most of our contacts in these locations were correspondence course graduates. Follow-up on these contacts resulted in tiny congregations in several towns. The Valadares area and Patos de Minas are especially worthy of note. Jose Geronimo, a rancher at Jampruca, near Governador Valadares, had graduated from correspondence courses in Sao Paulo, travelling about six hundred miles each way to that city to be baptized. After his conversion, he became an energetic worker for the Lord, developing nuclei of Christians in Jampruca, Valadares, Baguari and Conselheiro Pena, circuit riding on busses among them. All of these, except Conselheiro Pena, flourished for awhile, until his move to the Brasilia area. Since that time, all of these works have largely collapsed, for lack of local leadership. A few members still live in Valadares, a city of about 250,000 people, and some four or five worship in Baguari. The Conselheiro Pena work collapsed completely, due to an unworthy local leader, who had a tendency toward alcoholism.

Santa Margarida, located to the South of Valadares, is a modest little country seat. A highway construction and maintenance man, Ipaminondas Reis, was converted along with his wife and three older children, through Radio broadcasts from Sao Paulo. Evangelists from both Sao Paulo and Belo have visited this family on occasion, finding it always faithful to the Lord. While we were on a later visit there to perform a marriage ceremony for their oldest son, the two youngest children of the family were converted.

During our early years in Brazil, a young man, Gaspar Gunha da Silva; was brought to Christ. With the fervor of the newly baptized, he returned to his interior hometown, Patos de Minas, specifically to enroll his friends in Bible correspondence courses. Out of the many enrolled, three families and several individuals were later converted, forming a church. Even with internal misunderstandings, especially over leadership, the work has continued and even grown a bit in recent years.

A number of contacts came to light in Ipatinga, an industrial city about four hours from Belo. We made several visits during 1969 to Ipatinga and other neighboring cities, but without visible results.

Visits were also made to Pompeu, the hometown of our first converts, Dona Ercilia, and her daughter, Niceias. These journeys, too, had no direct results that we could see. On one such trip, I was driving my Volkswagen van back home at night, in the mud and rain, and almost collided with a herd of cattle sleeping on the road. Then back on the main highway, John Paul Simon, Dona Ercilia and I stopped at a gas station-restaurant for coffee, before the three-hour last lap for home. As we went to leave the station, the gear shift lever came out of the floor of the van, causing the gears to jam. After spending a miserable several hours sleeping in the car, at about 7:00 A.M. I headed out on foot to find a garage. When I discovered one open, the owner kindly returned with me to the van, bringing a portable welding rig. Right there on the highway he rebuilt the gear shift assembly, aligned the gears and sent us on our way.

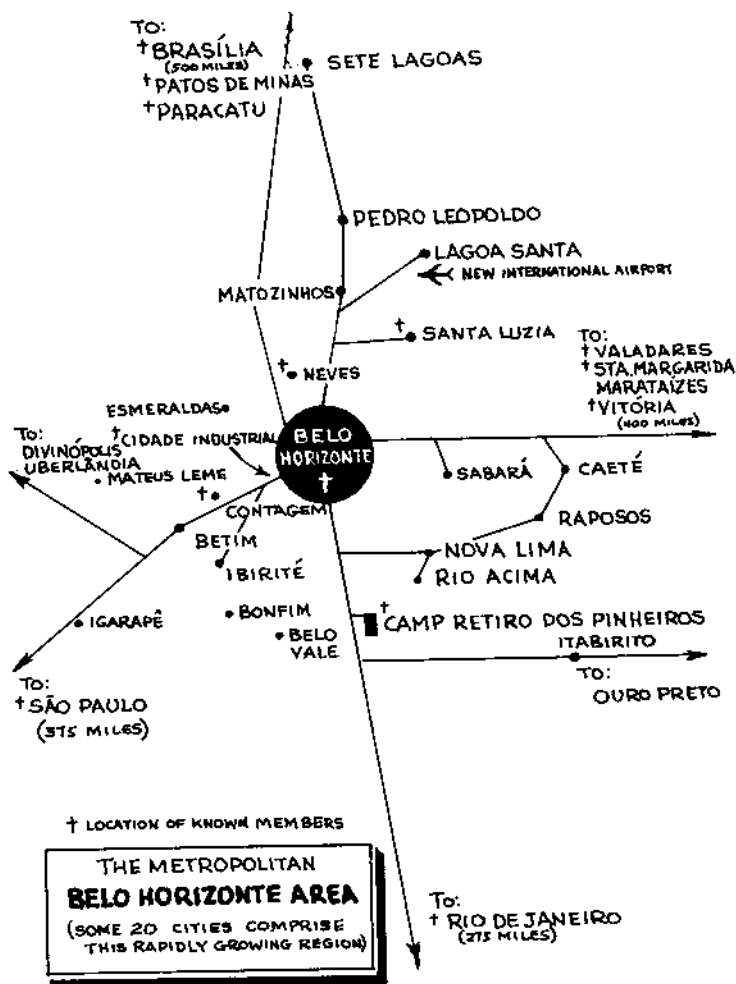
1969 In a Brazil Nut Shell

Looking back on 1969, we could count about seventy-five baptisms, the beginning of both our publications and correspondence course programs, our first modest youth encampments and outreach to several other cities in our area. Our own Downtown church contributed to the beginning of the work in Lisbon, Portugal, by sending a generous contribution toward purchase of benches and supplies. Brazilian church leaders held their first lectureship and missionaries in Brazil scheduled their first formal retreat.

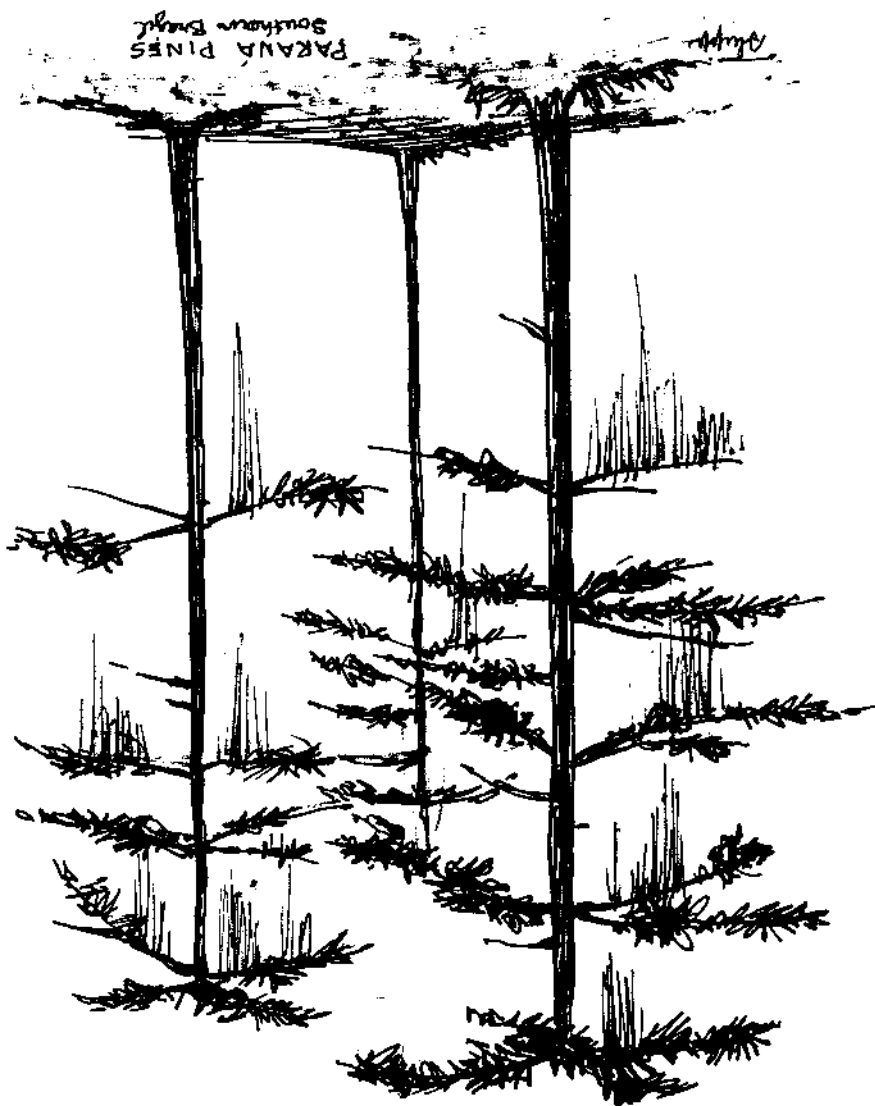
Among key Brazilians converted was Antonio dos Santos, who later became a fulltime evangelist. The Carlos Prates church was initiated later in his home and he assisted in the beginning of several other congregations. Three members of his family were also converted, with his daughter, Vania, serving

for about eight years as our secretary in charge of correspondence courses. Also converted was Helgir Girodo, a youth who now acts as my assistant in publications, as well as preaching, teaching, hymn writing and song leading, principally with the Carlos Prates church.

Three more of our teenagers graduated from high school here in 1969 and returned to the States for further study: our son, David; Merrill Hall and Sharon Roberts. In Sao Paulo the Hendersons bid goodbye to their oldest son, Lyle.



PARANA PINES
Southern Brazil





1970: The Year Of Blessings And Curses

THE year 1970 opened with a series of short missionary journeys. Several American boys had been converted, largely through the efforts of our son, Mark. This team of young men helped in a campaign among correspondence course students in the city of Ipatinga. One interesting fact about this trip is that these teenagers raised most of their own expense money.

The Frank Roberts had spent several months in Porto Alegre, in the far south of Brazil, filling in during the absence of the Allen Duttons, missionaries there. They returned early in the year, so that Frank could teach music at the American School here and re-enter his missionary work with us.

The Frustration of Furloughs

Since all of the 1967 arrivees were completing their third year on the field, our first round of missionary leaves began, with the Dale Browns and Charley Huffmans the first to head home. Furloughs are absolutely essential to the foreign missionary effort, as far as the missionary family, its relatives and its supporters are concerned. But there is no doubt that they are disruptive to the work on the field, especially if, for some reason, several must schedule their leaves during the same period.

Lack of Leadership Material

We continued during 1970 to attempt various new meetings on a regular basis in private homes. Some of these, such as in bairro Salgado Filho, started well, but for various reasons,

collapsed later. Failure in almost every case was due to lack of leadership in the bairro itself.

In these first three years, there were more than two hundred baptisms, but the great majority occurred among the very poor. These heard the Word gladly, but many just as gladly left the church in a short time. More and more, we saw the need for reaching a more stable level of society, teaching more thoroughly before baptizing and then attempting to prepare those converted for a life of faithfulness and usefulness in the church.

Leadership Training Program Developed

To this end we organized, under Frank Robert's direction, a leadership training program. It was to include thirty-four formal courses, twenty-eight of which were to be successfully completed, in order to graduate from the program. Almost all of the courses were taught at night or on Saturday afternoons, so that the men and boys of the various congregations could attend them without interrupting their work and/or study. They did well in early courses in the series, but began to falter, as their studies became more difficult. Their failure at more advanced levels was caused largely by their lack of formal education. Here in Brazil, only four years of elementary school are required, with even less formal education required in past decades. Today, from the fifth year of study on, matriculation is by competitive examinations, which eliminate all but a select few. For example, it is not uncommon for 30,000 applicants to take extremely difficult university entrance exams each year, for only 3,000 openings!

We missionaries undoubtedly contributed to the problem by presenting impractical material, obviously simple enough for us, but too difficult for these local workers who had received but few years of formal education. In recent years we have attempted to offer more practical material, geared better to their ability and experience level.

At any rate, only a few continued through many of the classes. Brazilian evangelist, Antonio dos Santos, eventually could have completed all of the required courses, despite his humble educational background, had not death claimed him. Ronan Parreiras, a bright young man of upper-middle class background, completed several courses here and then was sent on to Sao Paulo's preacher training school, from which he later graduated. After a year of evangelism back in Belo, supported by the Downtown church, Ronan was frustrated over his limited salary, his lack of advanced formal education and other factors involved in fulltime church work, so he resigned, to eventually enroll in law school.

We also attempted during this period a regular schedule of live Bible classes at the Escola. These were fundamental courses, open to the general public. Only a handful enrolled, but out of these few, one man was converted. This was Pedro Etrusco da Silva, a government office worker who has become a capable Bible teacher.

More Personnel Turnover

One difficulty in writing this kind of history is the tendency to move on ahead, to complete a thought, and then having to back up, to find an earlier matter left stranded. This has happened again, so let us return to our personnel situation in 1970.

In addition to the departure that year of the Karl Loves, Gene Upshaws and Fred McGuires, the Mel Dennis's also returned to the States, due to problems with their sponsoring church. This left the team in Belo numbering six families — the Darrel Davises, Cal Halls, Charley Huffmans, Frank Roberts, C. H. Shippo and our family. John Paul Simon continued as a single missionary, along with secretaries Lil Stewart and Karen Williams, the latter transferred to us from Sao Paulo. The Ray Meisenholders continued working independently in the Vila Betania area. Lil Stewart went home late in 1970, to return to

Belo in 1971 as Mrs. John McDonald. Arriving to teach in the American School were Mrs. Gladys Kay, as retired teacher from Fort Worth, Texas, and Mark Himes, son of an elder at the Central Church in Portland, Oregon. Janet Green, Cal Hall's niece, also came to Belo for a period of time.

On Finding and Keeping Workers

One of the most trying aspects of mission work is the constant turnover of personnel. It is upsetting for the work, in various ways, when new workers arrive. They must be incorporated into the total effort, which is difficult both for them and for their more experienced co-laborers. The newcomer has his own ideas and a multitude of doubts, made more acute by the culture shock through which he is going. Older hands on the field both long for and dread his arrival. They need him, but they also know that he will be a burden, rather than a help, for his first year or two. He will also likely rock the boat, with his questioning of their methods.

But even more difficult for a mission team is the departure of colleagues, especially those who have adapted to the language, culture and work. For months before his departure, the terminating missionary enters a glassy-eyed phase, which we call the "short-termer's syndrome". His spirit has already returned home and he stays on in body, long enough to sell out and wind up at least some of his obligations. In many cases, he leaves a hole in the mission effort that can never be filled. Oh yes, someone may be found to "replace" him, but the newcomer must then pass through the years of adjustment necessary to effective service on the field. However, the replacement will never function as he, because each person has his own talents and ways of doing things.

A team approach to missions was responsible in part for bringing some of us to Brazil and has kept us here for years. There is little to be said for a "one-family, one-nation or one-city" approach. Most of these fail for lack of mutual

encouragement on the field. We saw one bitterly true case of this, where a young, inexperienced family was sent alone from the States, with little preparation, to one of Brazil's largest cities. This family stuck it out for just a few months, returning home thoroughly defeated.

But, even within the framework of a team, there is too much personnel turnover, with a resultant loss of heart on both the part of American and Brazilian brethren. In one congregation in Belo, her first five years saw five missionary families come and go — leaving her discouraged, even to the present time. Imagine the negative results, if a church in the States had a turnover of five pulpit ministers in five years!

We calculate from hard experience that not one in ten interested prospects actually arrives on the field. Even after arrival, few stay many years. Of the about twenty-five male missionaries who have served here in Belo, fewer than half of these have stayed more than five years, with only six passing the ten-year mark. The average length of service has been four-and-a-half years, with ten having remained two years or less. Many factors could be cited for a shortened term of duty, among them temporary commitment from the beginning, ill health in their family, cultural and language difficulties, loss of support and, in one case, problems over visa documentation. Whatever the cause, however, the results are more negative than positive, as far as the field is concerned.

Almost all mission fields need more Stateside personnel, true, but they need qualified, dedicated families who will devote a lifetime to that field. Only after the first four or five years, especially if another language is involved, does a person begin to produce well and after ten years, he begins to blend into the culture, just a little. I am convinced that planting the church on foreign soil is the work of at least a generation and certainly not of two or three years. As colleague Charley Huffman recently observed, in many fields it may be necessary for the first generation in the church here to die off in the "wilderness", with

only the children of the pioneering generation really conquering the land for Christ. This again underscores the need for longterm commitment to the field on the part of both the missionary and his sponsors. This is one reason why I can hardly praise enough our own sponsoring church, Richland Hills, for its vision and loyalty to Brazil all of these years.

Our Missionary Kids

Several families in our number had come to Brazil with teenage children. As they terminated high school here, we were faced with the pain of bidding them goodbye and sending them in the Lord's keeping, to Christian Colleges in the States. Some of these have been mentioned, but here is a more complete list: Over the years our own four sons, Gerald, David, Mark and Terry, all returned to the States for college, as did Merrill and Sheryl Hall, Monty, Melody and Wendy Huffman, Sharon Roberts, Mike Upshaw and Lyle, Leonard and Carlusue Henderson (with Sheryl Hall and Carlusue Henderson eventually returning to marry and settle down here, and Mark Shipp returning on a two-year missionary apprentice program).

Almost without exception, these MKs have done well in college, receiving top honors. Their stay here, rather than weakening their high school experience, actually seemed to enrich it, making them more cognizant of other people, languages and cultures, more adaptable to new situations and more self-reliant.

1970 in a Brazil Nut Shell

During 1970 we scheduled our first two evangelistic meetings, one Downtown with Walter Lapa, a Brazilian evangelist from Sao Paulo, and the other in Bairro Saudade, with Charley Huffman and me conducting it.

Among new developments on the nation-side scene was the first annual youth rally, held in Curitiba, with about fifty participants (eighteen from Belo). Another new feature of the work

was a Brazilian church leaders' lectureship, also held in Curitiba. Several American and Brazilian workers from Belo participated. Both events now draw large numbers of participants.

Guest speaker for the annual missionary retreat was Otis Gatewood. This was held at Sao Paulo's camp in the middle of our winter, during a cold, misty, foggy week in July.

The year ended with about 150 baptisms, the largest number yet recorded here in a single year. The Palmeiras congregation was slowly making progress on construction of its permanent meeting place. That effort had grown rapidly in attendance, occasionally reaching two hundred or more participants meeting under an awning. Downtown also reached a high one time of 165 present and was actively helping the other, newer congregations, as well as having participated financially in the beginning of the work, not only in Lisbon, Portugal, but also in Montevideo, Uruguay.

Our own family situation was complicated during the year by Margie's contracting a stubborn blood disease, toxoplasmosis, with which she suffered for several years, as well as an operation she had while we were on leave in the States. These factors might have sent us packing, but we were determined, by God's grace, to stick it out. Later on, her disease went into a dormant phase and has remained there.

A Hex On Us

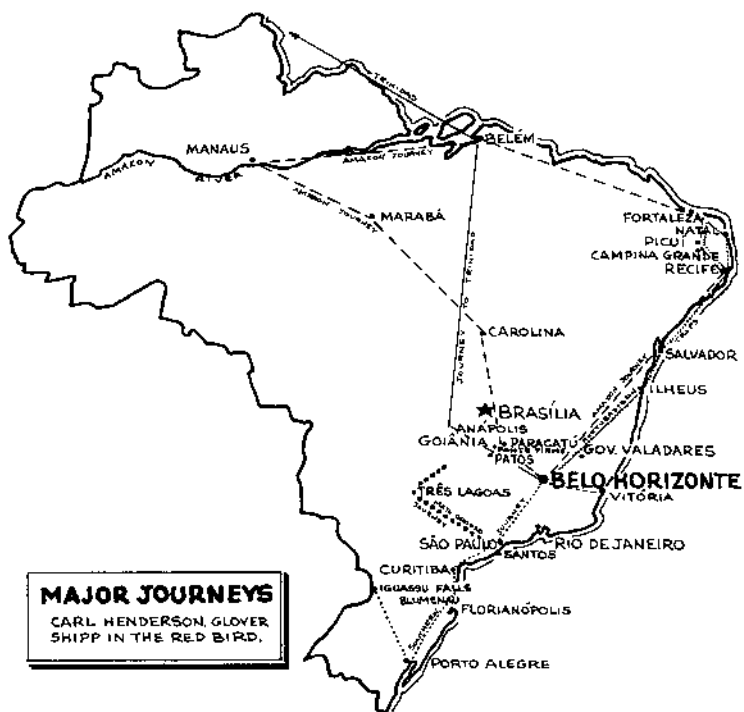
Speaking of family, a strange series of events happened one time at our suburban house. One morning we discovered that a Voodoo hex had been placed on us. In our tiny front yard was a partially burnt candle perched on a saucer, and beside it a glass of *pinga*, Brazilian "white Lightning". I felt that this was a good opportunity to teach the community a lesson, so I placed a rose in the glass and near it a sign saying, "A rose with love, in the name of Jesus". My little sign was read by everyone who

passed, with some grinning and some reacting with fear. Interestingly, not a single Brazilian would touch, or even approach, these pieces of tablewear, which remained there until we finally removed them.

A few days later, we found a second hex, this time a cigar, part of a dead chicken and other selected items, buried in the flower bed. Finally, we came home late one night to find a paper sack lying on the grass. Opening it, we encountered a plate broken in two, with each jagged edge smeared with red paint. Mystified, we inquired from friends the meaning of this strange thing. Only reluctantly someone told us that it was the death hex. Our lives were to be broken and our blood shed!

Of course, I didn't believe in such foolishness, but still was a bit shaken by it, for fear that the perpetrator might try to help his hex along a bit, with personal intervention. You see, Brazilian people take occultism very seriously. An estimated seventy percent, or more, of the population participates in some level of spiritualism, from European-style Kardecism (communication with the dead, reincarnation, etc.) all the way down to the basest African Voodoo (called *Quimbanda* here in Brazil). Needless to say, great emphasis is given here to witchcraft, hexes, mediums, fortune telling and the like. A good example is what occurred one time between two major soccer teams. The first team heard that the other had contracted a medium to place a hex on it, just before a championship game. So this team hired a medium to search the goal areas of the field for buried frogs or other strong "hex" medicine. Sure enough, something was unearthed, so this team countered the hex with an even stronger one of its own!

I have the distinct impression that spiritualism is the greatest, most insidious enemy the Gospel faces in Brazil. And, of course, it's originator is Satan himself. His influence here is extremely strong, especially among the tens of millions of only slightly educated, superstitious and always morbidly curious lower class people in this country.



MAJOR JOURNEYS
 CARL HENDERSON, GLOVER
 SHIPP IN THE RED BIRD.





1971: The Year Of Our First Long Missionary Journey

AS we opened the year 1971 in Belo Horizonte, there were four small congregations meeting. These were Downtown, the oldest in the city, followed by Vila Betania (later known as Palmeiras), Saudade and Vera Cruz. The Nova Granada church had began early in 1969, but in 1970 had collapsed. In the beginning of the year, however, the Nova Granada work was reopened by Charley Huffman and Antonio dos Santos. Services were being held also in other districts of the city, but none of these developed into permanent congregations.

Outside the city, tiny groups met in Governador Valadares, Jampruca, Santa Margarida, Patos de Minas, Passos and Tres Pontas, all in our state, with brethren living in other scattered cities. We were also visiting Divinopolis and other nearby cities, in an attempt to initiate the work in those areas.

Difficulties with Weeknight Services

At a planning session early in the year, it was decided by the mission team to conduct midweek services each week in at least eleven selected Brazilian homes. This was done for awhile, but in most cases these midweek classes collapsed. It has been difficult to maintain really dynamic church activities during the week because of several factors that have always seemed to work against us. One factor is that most Brazilian members do not own cars, so they travel by public bus, not arriving home from work until perhaps eight o'clock at night, tired and hungry. And, of course, they must leave home the next morning at six, to get to work on time. Another factor is that in their Catholic background, no one goes to church, except in emergen-

cy, during the week.

The Church in Gehenna

By February, the Nova Granada congregation had purchased a small house and was renovating it for services and classes. This group finally collapsed again, after several years of nearly fruitless effort. This was the church that met in Gehenna, where the fires never went out. At that time, there was a large city garbage dump only a few yards from where the church met. Several of the very poor members of the church gained their living picking through the mountains of garbage and selling anything of even marginal value. Some even ran pipes into this seething mass of constantly smoldering refuse, to obtain methane gas from the decomposing garbage for their humble little homes. Hordes of buzzards, flies, rats and ragged children milled about. All of this, with its constant flames, smoke and stench, gave the place its infernal name. It is almost impossible to imagine that human souls, valuable as they are in God's sight, can exist in such an animal-like condition, without any hope whatsoever. Even worse, years of working with those people changed almost none of them. Evidently, most of the Lord's seed fell on soil choked by the terrible cares of just surviving.

Moving to another very similar situation, you may recall that the Palmeiras congregation was composed at that time primarily of destitute, largely illiterate members. I remember several strange experiences while teaching and preaching there during its first year-and-a-half. Once a goat charged into our host's house during services, bounded onto a bed by where I was speaking and sailed out through an open window. On another occasion, as I was struggling to preach in Portuguese, I sensed that 'something unusual was going on right under my nose. I glanced down from my copious notes to find that five mothers on the front bench were all nursing babies. Needless to say, I was startled and lost my place in the outline. Rarely a week passed by in that district without a death, a serious illness,

a stabbing or other calamity. For example, we discovered two large families living (?) in a one-room shack. So we gathered up the wood from the sea crates we had built for shipping our goods here and constructed a tiny house for the second family.

The Ever-Present Face of Death

Our first experience with funerals here came early in our Betania work. We were dismayed by the apparent casualness of the entire process, which is still conducted in the style of farming country in the States a hundred years ago. There is no embalming, so haste is necessary. The body is washed and dressed, often at home, where an overnight wake is held. It is then picked up within a few hours by a funeral service and often taken directly to the cemetery, where it is buried in a simple wooden coffin, without any kind of ceremony, or even prayer. In fact, we introduced the idea of a brief graveside service, as a means of relieving the harshness of the system. Our first such service was a challenge for us, since we were still so ignorant of social customs in Brazil. Upon arriving at the cemetery, we counted about fifty open graves, fairly shallow and only a few inches apart. As we watched several of them fill within a half-hour, we realized how urgent our task here is. So many were leaving this life each day and few of them, if any, had ever heard the Gospel.

Other Cross-Cultural Surprises

February is Carnival (Mardi Gras) time in Brazil; several days of emotional and moral blow-out preceding the austerity of Lent. To take advantage of the four-day vacation and to help keep Christian young people off the streets during this licentious period, annual youth meetings were scheduled during Carnival, the first in 1970 in Curitiba, and the second in 1971 in Sao Paulo. The Belo contingency was the largest at this latter session, with 28 present. On the way there, our vanload and that of the Huffmans were among the first on the scene of a bloody highway accident. We were able to help care for the injured and

to seek official aid for the victims and their vehicles. Driving conditions here are generally dangerous, with one lane each way, countless curves, mountains, trucks and many inexperienced, precipitous drivers. However, highways are constantly being improved and some drivers, at least, are being less reckless.

Yes, reckless is a good word for them. Brazilian drivers, on the whole, are daring and even fatalistic, nervous and easily angered. Absolutely no thought is given, by many of them, to defensive driving. It is all a matter of charge ahead, with horn blasting, and Heaven help the timid.

Red Tape and Renewed Hope

During 1971 John Paul Simon was in the States on leave and suffered the loss of his father, Paul Simon, in a highway accident there. For this reason, John Paul was delayed for a long period returning to Brazil. At the same time, my father made a hurried trip to the States to be at the bedside of his critically ill 93-year-old father. In spite of the Carnival holidays, and with the help of Dale Brown and Darrel Davis, he was able to receive his exit papers in the record time of five hours, rather than five weeks, as was usual.

We often think here that bureaucracy is running rampant, that all officials are tedious and that the entire country is dishonest. But then something like this visa matter happens, to show us that officialdom can at times be understanding. Another occurrence also gave us hope. On a trip to Rio (where we obtained, in record time, the goods Susan Hughes had shipped to Brazil), my wife left her purse, containing all of her essential identification documents, in a restaurant enroute. On our return, we stopped there, but with no hope of recovering anything. Much to our surprise, the purse and all of its contents were intact and being kept for us by the restaurant owners.

First Trip in the Red Bird

Early in 1971, a six-passenger Cessna aircraft was obtained for the work in Brazil. At its controls, as pilot, was our former Belo colleague, Carl Henderson, who added a new dimension to our missionary journeys in vast Brazil. His first real cross-country trip in it was scheduled in March of that year, when he and I were to visit some of the great cities of Brazil's Northeast. He brought his family to Belo for a visit while he, Cal Hall and Brazilian Helgir Girodo made a weekend trip to the Valadares area. At the town of Conselheiro Pena, they were unable to land because a cow had died on the grass landing strip and countless circling buzzards were a navigational hazard. Oh, the wonders encountered while travelling in this country!

Immediately after their return, Carl and I left on our first of many long journeys in the red-and-white bird with the exotic call name, Papa-Tango-Bravo-Golf-Golf (PT-BGG). We headed east over the rugged granite spine of Brazil's major mountain chain, landing two hours later in Vitoria, a busy seaport and state capital of then about 300,000 people, scattered along both sides of a remarkably picturesque bay. As far as we knew, there wasn't a member of the church in that entire state and but a handful of brothers along the route to it. Vitoria appeared to us to be likely site for future evangelism. While there, and later in Recife, we stuffed post office boxes with correspondence course enrollment forms, receiving a satisfying return in the mail of ten percent of the forms distributed! Out of these students, we eventually shook down a nucleus of interested contacts for evangelism and are still studying with and baptizing some of them on our irregular trips to the Northeast.

This journey took us up the coast to Salvador and Recife, both large, beautiful seaports, which now have about two million people each. Salvador is a real mixture of the 1500's and 1900's; the colonial and the modern. It is a city given to traditional Catholicism and to Candomble, one of the several major Brazilian sects of African spiritualism. On our visits to Salvador, I have never ceased to feel a sense both of depression and awe

— depression over its much superstition and sin, in which it reminds me of what Corinth must have been in Paul's day, and awe over its beauty and opportunities for Christ. There are now about twenty members in this great city, but there is still no one there really prepared to teach and lead them. In Vitoria there are about five members, and in Recife, approximately three. At this writing, really capable workers are almost non-existent in any of these centers, nor in other such seacoast cities such as Aracaju, Maceio, Natal, Joao Pessoa, Fortlaeza, Teresina and Sao Luis. Fortaleza, herself, has more than a million inhabitants and no known members of the church. As this is written we are eagerly awaiting the arrival of Stateside teams in Vitoria, Salvador, Recife and Fortaleza.

Of the three key centers visited on this initial journey of exploration, we both felt that Recife had the most possibilities for the church. Called the Venice of Brazil, she is criss-crossed with two winding rivers and several smaller streams, as well as being invaded by ocean inlets and swamps. Despite her age (early 1500's), she is in most respects a modern city. Perhaps before this book goes to print, a well prepared team will have arrived from the States, to settle in this great northeastern city. We are gratified that someone is finally taking Recife seriously, because it is a thousand miles from Belo, too far away for us to really take advantage of her opportunities.

A basic problem we have always faced in Brazil is her size, contrasted with the modest number of American and Brazilian workers. Our situation here is like saying that we now have an evangelist in Chicago, another in New York, ten in all of Texas, five in California, two in Kansas, and occasional others, even more widely scattered.

But let us return now to Belo, after this fascinating trip to the Northeast, where we learned so much and erred so often, not knowing a thing about these cities, the local customs and the prevailing attitudes. We didn't even know where to land the plane, where to park it, how best to get to town, where to spend

the night, or even what and what not to eat, of the many new foods encountered. I recall our landing at the international airport in Recife and being told, when checking in at the civil air office, that it was illegal for us to land there. We should have used the private plane airport.

Our First Encampments

In July we scheduled our first two full-scale encampments, one for junior teens, which it was my privilege to direct, assisted by my wife, the Darrel Davis's, and the Charley Huffmans. Fifteen campers and six adults made a grand total of twenty-one participants! Immediately afterward, Frank Roberts led the first senior teen encampment, which drew twenty-one campers, plus a staff of Mary Roberts, Charley Huffman and Darrel Davis.

What an adventure these first sessions were! We had no camping songs in Portuguese, no camping vocabulary, little equipment and space. Our young campers knew nothing of how camp sessions should be. Most had never before washed a dish or made a bed. But they learned rapidly, as did we, and came to love Bible camp sessions, with some even crying as they returned to the city. In these succeeding years, with several sessions a year, we have done a lot of growing. Choral practice has taught these youth to sing several hundred songs and choruses. Classes and services at camp have turned some boys into preachers and some girls into Bible teachers.

Bennetts and McDonalds Arrive

In the area of missionary personnel, the team gained during the year two new families, the Les Bennetts and the John McDonalds, meanwhile losing John, Paul Simon and Susan Hughes to the States. School teachers Gladys Kay and Mark Himes returned home, where Mark announced his engagement to Janet Green, Cal Hall's niece.

Les Bennett is a Pepperdine graduate, who had been

reared in Oregon. We rejoiced when he and his wife, the former Patsy Berry, came to join us in the work here. Les proved, in his eight years on the field, to be a tireless worker, constantly switching hats of missionary office manager, correspondence course coordinator, circuit rider to the Interior, local evangelist, youth leader, camp director and teacher. For several years he served as evangelist for the Carlos Prates congregation. Patsy was an effective missionary wife, teaching children and women, helping in camp sessions and caring for their four children, Susan, Sherry, Eric and Darla. Les became my own sounding-board for publications and other projects. His practical nature offset well my dreamer's creative instincts.

John McDonald, a graduate of Sunset School of Preaching and Harding University's ministerial program, had been in Brazil earlier for two years, as a member of a follow-up team on radio and correspondence course contacts out of Sao Paulo. Back in the States, he married our former Belo secretary, Lillian Stewart. Soon afterward, they returned to our city for two years, going on then to Porto Alegre, in the far south of Brazil, for two further years of service. John gave our work a boost by directing a construction project at camp, as well as by coordinating the correspondence course program, working with leadership training and engaging in evangelism.

John Paul Simon returned to Brazil in the middle of the year, but decided to develop a new work in the seaport of Santos, near Sao Paulo, so we reluctantly bade him Godspeed in his newly chosen field.

Susan Hughes returned home hurriedly, due to the terminal illness of her father, but her intention was to return later to develop a child care program here.

Karen Williams, from Red Water, Texas, had been loaned to us by the Sao Paulo team, to fill in as a secretary. After a year in Belo, she went home briefly, returning later to remain with us for two more years.

Misadventures on a Rio Trip

With the arrival of the Bennetts and McDonalds, our number of missionary families, which had dropped considerably, was brought back up to a more reasonable figure. The Bennetts' arrival was accompanied by a series of mishaps on the part of the Roberts' and us, who travelled to Rio to meet their ship. The Roberts' left a suitcase behind in Belo, so had to return for it. Then the motor of our VW van blew up, requiring the car to be left in a small town several days for repairs. Finally in Rio we participated in a four-hour baptism. It took that long to locate a baptistry in a denominational church building and fill it by hand, since it was bone-dry. Carl Henderson also met us in Rio and flew me to pick up my car. However, we could find no landing strip there, in the hometown of Brazil's air pioneer, Santos-Dumont, so we had to land at another city, where I caught a bus to my destination. Then, when Carl went to fly on to Sao Paulo, the plane's motor wouldn't start, so he spent the night in the boondocks, awaiting mechanical assistance.

The Year In A Brazil Nut Shell

Just before the year ended, the Downtown church decided to support two of its men, Antonio dos Santos and Ronan Parreiras, for fulltime study and evangelism. These were the first two paid evangelists in the work here.

The Marvin Martins, Judy Davis's parents, came to Belo for a visit of several weeks. Marvin is one of the staunchest supporters of our work here. The Merrill Eldreds, parents of Voni Hall, and the Halls' son, Merrill and his wife spent the Christmas holiday period with us.

The year ended, then, with six congregations meeting, about 100 baptisms, plans developing well for expanding our Bible camp and other preparations being made for an active 1972.



IGUASSU FALLS
God's Calling Card



1972: The Year Of Camp Expansion

ONE of the major highlights of the year 1972 was the purchase of additional property at camp and its development. John McDonald was placed in charge of coordinating this expansion phase, which had been financed largely through fund raising efforts by Cal Hall. Charley Huffman and I developed designs for the layout of the camp and its new facilities.

The Camp Grows Up

Constructed during a six month's period were four permanent cabins, two shower houses, a caretaker's house and recreational facilities. The new grounds, which had been nothing but iron ore, patches of weeds and a few low trees and shrubs, were transformed into a tree-covered paradise. Much of its beauty is due to its dedicated caretaker, Helio dos Santos, whose wife is now a Christian. It could now host well over a hundred overnight campers, enabling us to begin scheduling more ambitious encampments. Brazil-wide missionary retreats and youth rallies were held in the "new" camp, taxing its capacity.

As always occurs here, due to rapid inflation, construction costs ran well beyond the funds raised for camp construction. So we borrowed all we could and suffered the financial miseries for some time, until we could pay off the loan and balance this deficit. This kind of pressure has been true frequently in our work here. Seldom do we have sufficient resources or tools to meet a pressing need before us. But each time, the Lord and understanding brethren have come to our aid. I suppose that nothing comes easily on the mission field. The camp was no exception, being carved out the hard way, much of it by hard physical labor on the part of the missionaries, as well as by their

constant financial participation.

Perhaps this is a good place to mention that most of the men serving in Belo during our years here have participated in a generous way financially in the work. They have not only contributed, as expected, to the churches here, but also regularly to the camp and to the various projects of the team, as well as to a wide variety of benevolence needs and missionary outreach to other areas. Some, especially, have been an "example of the believer" in their stewardship on the field.

My Parents Leave

The first missionary personnel change in 1972 was the departure of my parents. After four-and-a-half years here, they had passed normal retirement age and were having difficulties over support, social security benefits and especially the Portuguese language. They came to Brazil, courageously, at an age when it would have been difficult for anyone to learn a new language and adapt to a new culture. So, even after several years of valiant effort, my father was still unsure of himself in Portuguese and my mother was always at the losing end of conversations in the language. But, despite the handicaps they faced, they were well accepted, even by wealthy and influential Brazilians. Their gray hairs actually bridged many a cultural and communication gap for them. And they left behind a number of close friends, some of whom they had positively influenced in spiritual directions. My father, an experienced builder, also served effectively in the early development of the Bible camp, remodeling of facilities for the School of the Bible and in various other capacities, including planning Bible courses and leading English worship services.

Long-Range Travel

The year 1972 saw my own involvement increasing in long distance missionary journeys in Brazil. Earlier, as already mentioned, Carl and I had visited the seaports of Vitoria,

Salvador and Recife. The first such trip in which Margie and I were both involved took us with Carl, his wife Jacqueline, and two others into the far south of Brazil. We visited the work in Porto Alegre and then followed up on correspondence course contacts in the states of Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catarina. The latter state is largely inhabited by people of German extract, so it is a bit incongruous to run across bustling "alpine" cities, such as Blumenau, in the heart of Brazil, or hear an old mixture of Germanic-Portuguese being spoken.

We had several unusual experiences on that journey into the "deep south". Landing on a grassy strip on a coastal island, we were investigated carefully by the local police official, to see if we were carrying contraband. Finally locating a little German man, Heinz Hasse, who had graduated from one of our courses, we were relieved to find him and he was so overjoyed at receiving his first-ever diploma that he danced a polka in the middle of the dusty road by his farmhouse.

For a part of this trip, Margie was alone with Carl and me, having left the other women in Porto Alegre. It is quite unusual in Brazil, we soon discovered, for men and women to travel together, unless they are up to no good. Even married couples seldom go anywhere together, which is strange to us. After more than thirty years of happy marriage, Margie and I enjoy seeing and doing things together. Brazilian couples, however, either have the entire family with them, or the man travels alone. So, on this adventure and later ones, when our wives were along, we were given frequent visual once-overs, even being asked for proof that we were husband and wife.

One night on that trip, Carl and I were out on a personal work call, leaving Margie alone at our small beachside hotel. We walked about three miles each way and taught for about two hours, so it was nearly midnight when we arrived back at the hotel. To our dismay, we found it thoroughly locked, front and back. Fortunately, Margie and I had a ground floor room, about six or eight feet up off the sand. So Carl, quite a bit heavier

than I, hoisted me up to the window and helped me into the room. Then both of us managed to heave Carl through the window, meanwhile fervently hoping that no one would be out strolling and catch us in our "first storey" act.

Breath-Taking Iguassu

One of our contacts, who was later baptized, lived almost on the Argentinian border and a few air minutes from world-famed Iguassu Falls. So, after business with him, we took a few hours out for sightseeing at the falls. Iguassu is a truly breath-taking experience. A nearly flat plateau, where Argentina, Paraguay and Brazil meet, hosts a wide river, the Iguassu, which wanders slowly and peacefully between jungle-covered banks. Then, suddenly, the peace is shattered by a deafening roar, as the river plunges over a mile-long, horseshoe-shaped escarpment. Iguassu is not really one fall, but many facing each other, each of which could be the featured attraction of a national park in the States. As we wandered along the misty, tree-shrouded trails deep into this awesome gorge, drawing closer and closer to the roaring "Devil's Throat" at its upper end, I paused, awe-struck, to praise God for His majestic creation. Apparently, a dignified-looking Brazilian man had the same thought, for he turned to me and asked, "Who cannot believe in God, when He leaves calling cards like this?"

After this awesome experience, we returned to Porto Alegre, to gather up the rest of our party, and then headed back home, where we picked up again the threads of our day-to-day work.

Future Leaders Converted

Several significant conversions took place during the transition year of 1972. All are significant, of course, but some new converts eventually prove to be capable Christian leaders. One of these was Antonio Roberto Andrade, known throughout the city and country simply as Andrade. He had dropped into the

School of the Bible to enroll in our courses and soon became our brother in Christ. Having had several years of experience in directing Bible school programs and in curriculum planning, as well as having studied in a seminary, preached on occasion and done some religious writing, Andrade was a real blessing for the work. He now serves as a teacher, preacher, one of the directors of the School of the Bible and of *Volta A Biblia* magazine. He is soon to retire from his professional field and hopes to become a fulltime evangelist.

During this same period, Claudio and Lidia Barros were converted. Claudio is a university professor and Brazil's leading aeronautical engineer. His wife was also a teacher and linguist. Not long after her baptism, she was called home to the Lord. Claudio later remarried and his present wife, Lucia, is also a teacher and a Christian.

Pedro Etrusco da Silva, an earlier convert, was beginning to preach and teach Bible classes by early 1972. Ronan Parreiras, a college-age convert, preached his first sermon during that year. He went on later to fulltime church work for four years, two of these in the preacher training school in Sao Paulo.

Too Loyal

Our evangelistic magazine, *Volta*, continued to grow in circulation and influence, building a loyal readership. But loyalty can be carried too far. I received a letter from one woman stating that she was a faithful subscriber who appreciated my efforts and wished to name her soon-to-be-born baby after me. Can you imagine a little boy running around Brazil and answering to the name of Glover Harvey Shipp Silva Ramos?

An Ill-Fated Children's Home Effort

At this time, Susan Hughes returned to Brazil to develop her long-dreamed-of childcare program. It was a noble, difficult undertaking, especially for a woman, but she launched it with

three children. Eventually, her little flock grew to fourteen. But, as time passed, her heavy responsibilities proved to be too much of a burden. She met and later married Brazilian Christian Jaime Barbosa, and not long afterward they reduced considerably their "family". Then in 1976 they made arrangements for the care of all of their remaining tots, except two, and moved to the States, taking only these two with them.

Into The Desert Country

Now in March, Carl and I took to the air again to investigate a budding restoration movement in the northeastern desert region, more than 1,200 miles from Belo. Distances are such here that we would never be able to make the rounds of farflung contacts and young churches, if we relied solely on surface transportation. For example, our nearest congregation to the northeast of Belo is about 600 miles away and the farthest perhaps 1,500 miles distant! Journeys by bus to some of these cities can take several days each way.

Meanwhile, let us return to the desert region. Yes, Brazil has deserts, along with its dense jungles, rugged mountain chains, some of the world's mightiest rivers, plateau lands, swampy regions and an almost never-ending coastline. We had received letters from the modest county seat of Picui, in the State of Paraiba, informing us that a *Volta* reader there was taking his study seriously and had started a congregation. Later, another letter arrived, and in it was a photo of a tiny meeting place and an assembly of forty or fifty people. Further word came that this young man, Arlindo Tavares de Souza, had started the work in neighboring towns, also.

We felt that such a phenomenon deserved a visit, so we flew to Salvador and Recife, visiting contacts, and then traveling on into the heart of the desert, to Picui. A dusty village on a dry, hilly plateau, Picui was difficult at first to even locate. But we finally found our target, or what we hoped was it, and sized up the dirt strip, buzzing it to chase off some stringy cattle. Our

landing was a major event, because ours was only the second aircraft to set down there in a year. Out the two miles or so from town streamed literally hundreds of local citizens by the carload, jeepload and truckload, by bicycle, horseback and afoot. We were engulfed in a sea of curious, eager, and yet fearful faces, timidly touching the plane and hampering our tie-down ritual. Then the mayor showed up with some deputies and we half-expected to be arrested for some reason. But they were there only to welcome us and offer their services. We led the grand procession into town, riding like conquering heroes in the mayor's official jeep.

Beans and Rice, But no Potatoes

Then the letdown came. There were only two "hotels" in town, neither of which had the right to such a distinguished title. Our beds were too short, and the sheets too narrow, again. Mosquitos argued over us, when the fleas did not. We were treated to a night-long concert of braying donkeys, crowing roosters and loud-talking neighbors. The food was abundant — several kinds of meat, heavily salted and fried, along with ground dressings, looking for all the world like sawdust. The tomatoes were good, however, as were the ever-present beans and rice. But, our hostess insisted on our eating at least three heaping platesful, suggesting that if we refused, it would indicate that we didn't like their food. Believe me, missionary journeys into the vast interior of Brazil are an unforgettable experience, in the areas of food and lodging, if in nothing else.

That first evening we had gotten into contact with Arlindo and the next morning he showed up early to start us on an ambitious round of calls, classes and evangelistic efforts. We visited with the local Catholic bishop, the mayor and his family and the president of the city council. We preached each night to at least a hundred people, who crowded into the tiny meeting place and draped themselves in the open windows. Through the courtesy of civic leaders, we also preached in the park, using the city's public address system.

While in the area, we took Arlindo with us in the plane to visit a new work in Campina Grande, the largest city in the region. Talk about a frightened, excited fellow! He had never before been more than a few feet off the ground and couldn't get over how things looked from several thousand feet up. In Campina Grande we also preached to a modest audience. This work never received the follow-up teaching it needed and later fell away. But Picui, despite many difficulties, carries on. We'll relate more later about the churches in the desert and the trials faced by them.

After returning home, we heard that another small congregation had started in the State of Paraiba, under the leadership of Arlindo. Meanwhile, word was received from readers of our magazine in the Azores and Portugal that a new congregation had been organized in Porto, Portugal's second-largest city. So the borders of the Kingdom continued to expand slowly in the Portuguese-speaking world.

Plans For New Works

During 1972 a long look at church growth in Belo convinced us that congregations were needed in other locations in the city. Feeling that new tract home developments, financed by the federal government, would be excellent areas for future evangelism, we proceeded to purchase a modest house in a development called Conjunto Lider and purchased a lot in Bairro das Acacias, where about 6,500 low-cost homes were being constructed.

Over the years, various opportunities such as these arose. Some we were able to follow through on, but others, no. Our problem then (and even more now) was a lack of fulltime Brazilian workers. Our basic mission philosophy precluded hiring evangelists on American salaries, because of the many difficulties involved in that approach. As a result, we expected the young churches in Belo to support their own men. Only two were serving fulltime during this period, Antonio dos Santos

and Ronan Parreiras, both of whom were taking special training courses half-time and engaging in evangelism half-time. We had then, and have even more now, capable Brazilian men, but their long working hours and other hindrances have kept many of them for realizing their full potential in the Lord's work.

Leadership training classes continued on a local level, with participants studying at night and on Saturday afternoons. Out of this modest program, a few men were developing as preachers and teachers on a voluntary basis. For example, Antonio dos Santos and Jose Calazene were serving with the Carlos Prates and Nova Granada churches, Ronan Parreiras with Santa Efigenia, Helgir Girodo and Andrade also with Carlos Prates.

More Statesiders Leaves

Now came June and the Shipps' turn to go on leave, our second since arriving in Brazil. On our first trip home, I had performed the wedding ceremony for our oldest son, Gerald (Jerry), who married fellow Pepperdine classmate Linda Farris. As Gerald headed back to the States to college in 1968, the first of many such tearful departures by our college-bound missionary kids here (including our four sons), former Brazil worker Ken McGee asked his fellow hometown, Linda, to look up a lonely new student from Brazil and try to make him feel at home. She did an exceptionally dedicated job of it — he has felt right at home with her ever since, in ten years of marriage!

Now on our second leave, we hurried to California to participate in the wedding of our second son, David, who married Nancy Dunbar. This kind of carrying-on was not unique to us, however. The Halls had seen their oldest son, Merrill, married to Pepperdine classmate, Mary Luce, and the Roberts' had participated in the marriage ceremony of their daughter, Sharon.

During this trip home, intended for three months, we were "drafted" by Abilene Christian University to devote a school

semester to helping plan and develop its new Mission Center, along with my teaching a Bible course and Margie's taking courses. This was an interesting but tiring experience for us, as we attempted to adjust again to college life and to the seemingly impossible task of helping shape up the Center and its visual displays in such a short period of time. We took a week out, however, to attend the Pan-American Lectures in Quito, Ecuador. I spoke at the Lectures wrapped up like a mummy, having burnt my hands and face in a propane water heater explosion in Abilene, just before departure.

Upon our return to Brazil there were mountains of correspondence to tackle, along with recuperation of our publications schedule. Ronan Parreiras had done a good job of filling in with the church in Santa Efigenia and my missionary colleagues had covered, as best they could, certain other phases of my workload here.

Cal Hall, an excellent song leader, journeyed to Sao Paulo and to Montevideo, Uruguay, to direct the singing for campaigns in those cities. Back in Belo, Charley Huffman held a successful campaign with the Santa Efigenia church.

July brought the first youth encampment in our expanded facilities, with about forty participating. Then later in the month, some ninety people, representing missionary families from all over Brazil, met at our camp for a retreat. E. W. McMillian was guest speaker and, as always, wherever he has lectured throughout the world, he brought valuable, practical lessons to all present.

Our personnel here decreased again in July, when the Huffmans left for nearly a year's stay in the States. This was required by a change in sponsoring churches. Bill Jordon, a future missionary in Belo, spent several weeks here surveying the work. Then the Darrel Davis's returned from furlough to relieve the worker shortage.

Enter the Caves

Later in the year, our forces were increased again, with the arrival of the Richard Cave family. Richard, a Doctor in Psychology, holder of a law degree, professor at Oklahoma Christian College, leader of a campus missionary outreach program, deacon and Bible teacher, would work with us for four years, in the areas of leadership training, curriculum planning and personal evangelism. The entire group was delighted to welcome Richard, Loretta and their two little "Cavemen" into our midst.

Frank Roberts and Antonio dos Santos accompanied Carl Henderson and Severino de Souza of Sao Paulo on a trip to the Northeast, holding a campaign in the city of Cuite, near Picui, and baptizing Dario do Amaral Monteiro, a former denominational preacher in Recife. One interesting news item from the trip was the astounding fact that two men walked forty miles roundtrip to attend the Cuite meeting!

As the year drew to a close, Frank baptized his daughter, Marcia, and Cal baptized his daughter, Mona, along with Brazilian professor, Hermilio Maia, who later would marry Cal's oldest daughter, Sheryl.

December guests in Belo were the members of the new Buenos Aires, Argentina team — the George Roggendorffs, Ted Presleys, Dick Treats, and Yolanda Andrade. Margie and I had worked considerably with this team during two stateside leaves, as we attempted to help it organize and plan its future mission. Now that team was enroute to the field, stopping off in Belo and Sao Paulo to observe the work in these two cities.

Other guests included the John Murdocks, of Brazilia. John, an agricultural consultant with the U. S. Government, had been involved in launching the church in Porto Alegre and was now attempting to begin a congregation in Brasilia, Brazil's famous capital city, an effort which did not really succeed, but which opened the door to future evangelism there.

The Year In A Brazil Nut Shell

The year 1972 was a very special one on my calendar, having taken me all over Southern Brazil, including Iguassu Falls, to the desert region of the Northeast and then to the States.

I believe it was during 1972 that the Meisenholders experienced the "Case of the Cattle drive". They were constructing a home by the new campus of the American School, in an area that was still largely a cattle ranch. Right where the shell of their house stood was a longtime cattle trail. One day, arriving there to agonize over the slowness of construction, Barbara Meisenholder was flabbergasted to see a string of cattle wandering through her future bedrooms and living room, messing the place up in typical bovine fashion. As if this weren't enough, suddenly a lone cowboy came riding through the same rooms, driving his herd out the front door opening. Barbara sputtered, "This is my house! What are you doing running your cows through my house?" The taciturn cowpoke merely grinned, tipped his hat and rode out into the dusty front yard.



1. Rita, you're telling Judy how many more children you are going to have?
2. John Paul Simon speaking downtown.
3. One of our first trips into the Interior. The scene is a creek bank at Ponte Firme. Dale Brown is leading a study, with the infamous Jose Landim at the far left.





1. Construction at our new Bible Camp. Ray Jordan is setting roof tiles.

2. Our camp came to be used early for missionary retreats. As you can see, we are always serious here in Brazil Nut Land.





1. One of our first encampments. Terry Shipp, Helgir Girodo and Monty Huffinan are together in the back row.

2. My father shown here leading a phase of camp construction.

3. The third, and largest, phase of development at camp was led by John McDonald.

1. Frank Roberts baptizes a boy at our beautiful natural baptistry at camp.

2. Charley Huffman teaches an early group at camp. Pat Upshaw and Sharon Roberts are at left, with our son David, behind them and another son, Mark, behind the group.





1. A somewhat typical cottage study in a poor district. Note the gas lamp.
2. The present Palmeiras church building under construction.

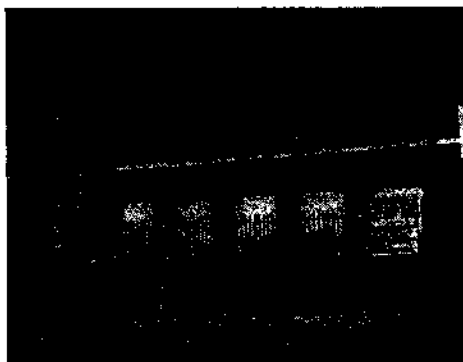




1. Frank Roberts preaches at a service of the old downtown church. I am at the far left and our son, Mark, is at the back.

2. A scene from the early days of the Carlos Prates Church.

3. The present Acacias meeting place.





1. The Bill Sweetons with the Sao Benedito Church, which later closed.

2. A successful VBS at Carlos Prates.

3. The first service at Itapoa, with it's meeting place still unfinished. The Ingrams and Sweetons are at the front.



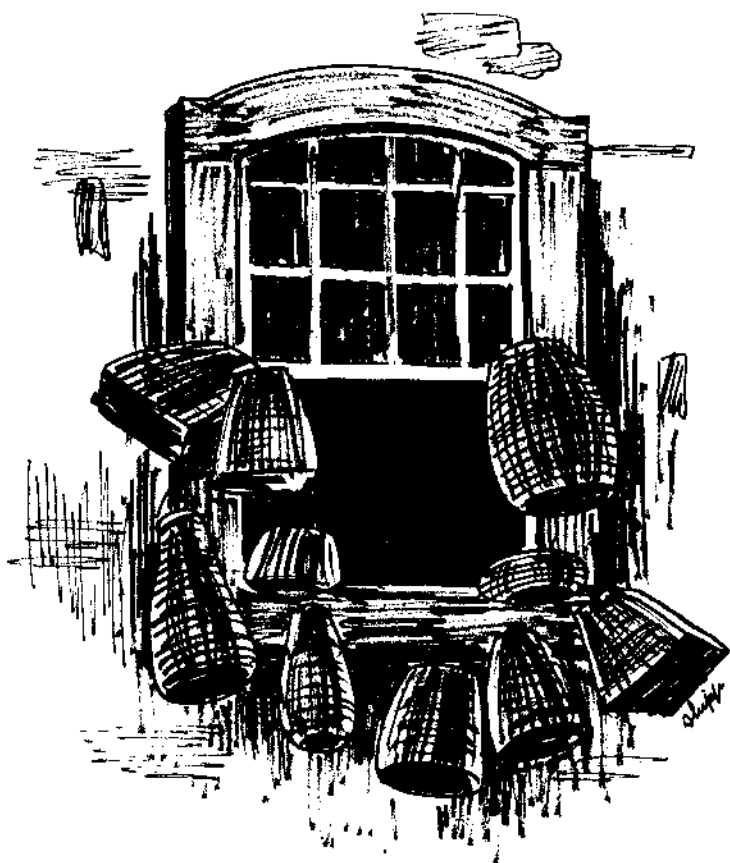
1. Dan Coker, a long-time missionary in Latin America, waxes eloquent at the Sixth annual Pan American Lectures, (1968), in Sao Paulo.



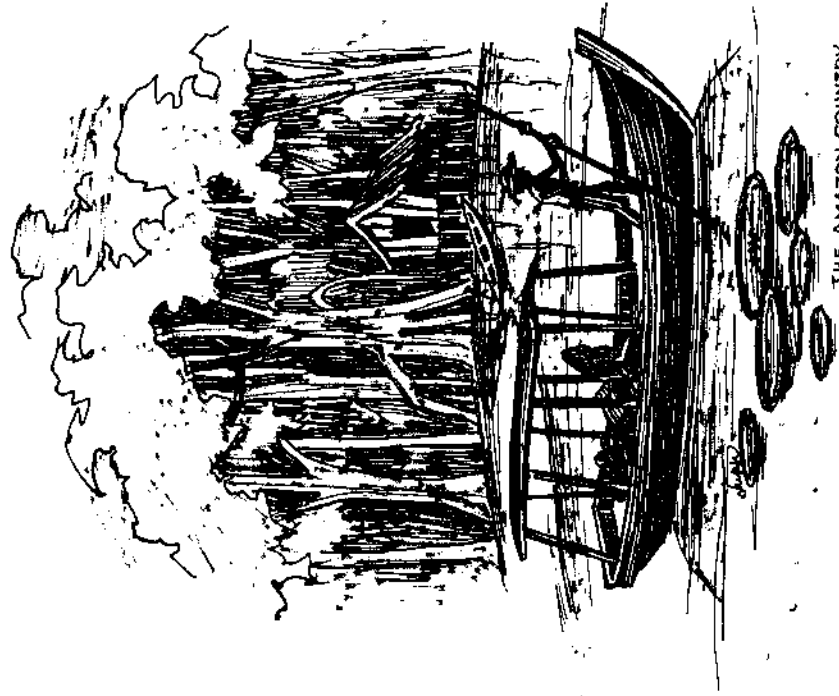
2. My Twelfth Annual Pan-American Lectures (1974) planning committee. L. to R., Carl Henderson Teston Gilpatrick, Cal Hall, Richard Cave and I.

3. Lectureship guests nearly fill the 400 seat Medical Association auditorium, in Belo.





BASKET SHOP
Interior Town



THE AMAZON COUNTRY
last great frontier



1973: The Year Of The Amazon Trip

AS the new year began, we hosted very special visitors, the Rex Berrys, Patsy Bennett's parents and long time personal friends of ours from California.

One of the first new projects in 1973 was opening the work in Conjunto Lider, a government-financed low-cost housing project. The Les Bennetts and we Shippes were to work with it. We purchased a little house at the entrance to the project and soon our three tiny classrooms were bulging with youngsters. But we were never able to draw in their parents, except for occasional visits on the part of a few. Without involvement by adults, and especially men of the neighborhood, our small effort was eventually doomed to failure. Then another church group began running busses through the community and most of our children, attracted by the offer of a free ride, candy and other enticements, left us. After a frustrating year, we closed this work and sold the house, applying the funds to construction of other meeting places.

New House Churches

At this time, regular worship began in a home in Bairro Lindeia, at a remote fringe of the city, with John McDonald and Antonio dos Santos leading it. This effort, too, collapsed, when the host family moved away. "House churches", we have found, can serve well to begin a new congregation, if there is an adequate home available. But the church should not continue long in a private home, for reasons already pointed out.

Leadership training classes got underway again for seventeen men and boys, with Frank Roberts directing the

program. By now, we had Antonio dos Santos well along toward completion of the twenty-eight required courses for graduation and some others were in their second year of study.

In February we hosted the annual all-Brazil youth meeting. The gathering had a number of high points, but was marred by sectional rivalries, which tended to fracture, rather than build, unity.

Expansion of Publications Outreach

At a planning retreat, we had decided to enter a vigorous publishing program which would include twelve tract titles, two new correspondence courses, Bible study workbooks and expansion of *Volta A Biblia* magazine. I had spent a year writing and editing one of these new courses, *A Igreja Biblica (The New Testament Church)*, which was being field-tested in mimeographed form. This course was soon published, with the generous aid of Jimmy Lovell and the many readers of his *Action* magazine. It is used as a second course, following *O Que A Biblia Diz (What The Bible Says)*, and has proved to be a very useful tool for evangelism, not only in Brazil, but also throughout the Portuguese-speaking world. Now it is also being distributed in the Spanish-speaking world.

Our Family Forces Grow

I haven't mentioned earlier the frequent missionary family tendency to increase in number. Several of our wives here had given birth to new little "Brazilians" and others, such as Lil McDonald, Laura Massey and Loretta Cave, would follow their example. But more unique than this perfectly normal way of increasing families is the fact that, in our group, several couples adopted children. The Halls had two adopted daughters, the Roberts' one, Susan Hughes several, and we Shipp's one. Now the Darrel Davis's joined our adoption club, bringing home Kathy, a bright-eyed little Brazilian doll, three months old.

The Preston Masseys Join Us

Our forces were augmented in May by the move of the Preston Masseys from Sao Paulo to Belo. They had already been in Brazil for about three years and had adapted well to the language and culture. Thus they were able to settle into the work here quite easily. Preston, a gifted evangelist, worked especially with the Carlos Prates congregation during his stay here.

The Art of Burying Dead Churches

In March, it fell my difficult task, as has happened now five or six times in my years here, to terminate another congregation. This time, Santa Efigenia was brought to a halt, after four years of effort. This was due to the loss of its local leadership, and also to insufficient contributions by the members, to cover rent and other expenses. These closings come very hard for me, because they always mean the permanent loss of some of the members, who fail to make the shift to another, more distant congregation.

First Campaign in Belo

The month of July ushered in a frantic schedule for all of us. The Robert Scruggs, of our sponsoring church, Richland Hills, brought a seven-member campaign team to Belo for the month. They helped in door-to-door distribution of tracts and participated in two sessions at camp.

Our annual missionary retreat was held again in Belo, this time featuring Dr. Paul Southern, of Abilene Christian University, as guest speaker. Other visitors from the U.S. during the month were Marge Green, of Minnesota, George Moore, of Portland, Oregon, David Stefan, of Santa Barbara, California and Mary Foster, Karl Love and Dr. Charles Maxwell, of Fort Worth. During July, we also conducted a youth encampment and a campaign with the Downtown church. Modesto Pellegrini, evangelist of Sao Paulo, was campaign preacher.

At the same time, the first of a series of campaign groups from Harding College arrived in Sao Paulo for a month of campaigning. The Cal Halls assisted in some of the meetings there and helped pave the way for the group's coming here the following year.

Shirley Arrington Arrives, Unannounced

August, the end of Brazilian winter, is the month for worker shifts and brief holidays before the beginning of a new school year. August, 1973, was no exception. Shirley Arrington, of Lake Jackson, Texas, had just arrived, to replace Karen Williams as group secretary. Karen returned to her home in Texas early in August after four years in Brazil. Speaking of Shirley, she arrived at Belo's air terminal ahead of her telegram and found no welcoming committee. In fact, she found not one soul she recognized! All of us were at camp, but she phoned the School of the Bible. Vania, who answered the phone, went out to meet her, and when we got word that she had already come in, we raced to the city to find her right at home in our house, singing in the shower.

Roberts' Leave the Work

One of our severest personnel losses came in August when, after five years on the field, the Frank Roberts' moved back to Portland, Oregon. Frank had done much to advance the work here, having improved the musical ability of local churches, built a youth choral group, led the leadership training program, served for a time as office manager, directed camp sessions and assisted in the beginning and early development of the Carlos Prates church.

While on a missionary trip, Les Bennett and Richard Cave came into contact with an independent church in Paracatu, in the north of our large state. This small group later officially joined forces with us as a church of Christ, when eighteen members were immersed for remission of sins. We also

received word that a church had begun in Currais Novos, in Rio Grande do Norte State, through the influence of Arlindo, from Picui.

At this time, Les Bennett was chosen to take over as business manager for the team, replacing Darrel Davis, who had served in this capacity for some time. Darrel then went from the frying pan directly into the fire, assuming the task of coordinating construction of the Carlos Prates church building. Here construction is frustratingly slow, so his task took many months of effort.

Acacias Church Launched

In September a new congregation began in Bairro das Acacias, with Charley Huffman leading in this effort. This area was selected because it included a low cost housing development of 6,500 homes, a situation that we wanted to explore. It was felt that homeowners in such an area would be somewhat stable and yet not completely dominated by materialism. The church met for some time in a private home, then rented for a year and, finally, purchased property and constructed a small but beautiful meeting place. This group has grown quite well, from zero in 1973 to about 130 members at this writing. Its percentage of growth in one year was 120%, the highest for any congregation in Brazil.

Our Brazilian-Style Silver Anniversary

September was an extra special month for Margie and me. We celebrated our Silver Wedding Anniversary, Brazilian style, with Antonio dos Santos conducting a "re-marriage" ceremony for us, with exchange of new wedding rings, renewed marriage vows and the whole Brazilian bit. More than two hundred guests came to our home during that day and evening.

Into the Amazon Country

The Carl Hendersons also celebrated their Silver Anniversary the same week, so we two couples decided to take an anniversary-missionary journey that would last three weeks and take us all over northern Brazil and the Amazon.

We headed northeast, visiting correspondence course contacts in Salvador, then went on north to Maceio and Recife, encouraging the tiny nucleus of saints there and visiting contacts. From Recife, we turned inland, flying into the desert region to visit the churches in Picui and Currais Novos. In Picui, our wives were treated with the greatest of respect and were even given an official tour of the city, its tiny museum, schools and hospital.

Abortive Effort in Fortaleza

From there, we travelled on to Fortaleza, another major seaport, which we surveyed for the first time. We found it to be a bustling center of a million people, a city obviously well-planned and a good potential base for evangelism. While there, we looked up a contact who had written saying that he was quite interested in the Restoration idea. We found him an educated, genial man with a good degree of Bible knowledge, something of a phenomenon in this nation, where only a tiny minority has ever opened a Bible.

He arranged a meeting with some of his friends, so that we could present our plea to an entire group. We were pleasantly surprised to have present a doctor, a manufacturer and other businessmen. A long, seemingly fruitful session left us very hopeful for the future of the work in Fortaleza. However, as time passed after our visit, we discovered that our key man there was an opportunist, who apparently was seeking funds for himself. He ended up destroying what little had been initiated and has since moved to another state. We often grieve over these great cities such as Fortaleza, where there are few, if any, faithful brethren to establish and lead the church.

From Fortaleza we went to Belem, where we were royally hosted by long-time missionary friends. Belem is a famous seaport, located at the mouth of the Amazon. We had anchored for the day in its harbor on the way to Brazil in 1967, but had not been allowed to leave the ship. This time, however, we had an opportunity to see some of the city and the surging tidal waters of the world's greatest river.

The Mighty Amazon

The Amazon is nearly indescribable. Almost 4,000 miles long, it begins about fifty miles from the Pacific Ocean, receives the water of countless other mighty streams and empties an estimated 20% of the world's fresh water into the Atlantic Ocean! Two hundred miles out from its mouth, one can still dip up fresh water rather than salt water, due to its immense volume, which displaces the very water of the ocean. It is so deep that ocean-going freighters regularly ply upriver to Manaus, in the very heart of the Amazon jungle, and even continue all the way to Iquitos, a river port in central Peru.

Along this awesome stream we flew hour after hour. Enroute, we crossed tributaries as large as, or larger than, the Mississippi River. Their tongue-twisting names, the greater part Indian in source, gave us a sense of adventure: Xingu, Aragarina, Tocantins, Tapajos, Purus, Solimoes, Negro . . . Where their clear blue or blackish waters join the brownish main stream, the two currents (of differing densities) refuse to mix, continuing side-by-side for many miles, giving a sharp two-tone effect to the river.

After a while, we crossed over the river port of Santarem and continued west, arriving later that day in Manaus, a major "seaport" and the former rubber capital of the world. A swarm of the most picturesque river boats, no two alike, putt-putted around and between larger ocean-going vessels. The docks in Manaus are all of a floating type, due to the huge seasonal rise and fall of the river, so they easily adjust to the proper level for

freighters.

We spent four days in this jungle frontier center, enjoying every new experience. Our "home" was a Wycliffe Bible Translators' base house, where we were most graciously hosted by a Swiss couple who managed the base. Other guests included two single women, who had just come from one of the many Indian tribes still living their simple, largely isolated existence in the Amazon country. These two women had been working for years to construct a written language for the tribe and to translate the New Testament into that tongue. The adventures they related were at times sad and at times hilarious. The tribesmen, who held a superstitious fear of the jungle, kept all trees out of their large village clearing. But the two ladies wanted shade from the hot tropical sun, so they planted a tree. The next morning, it was gone. They planted another, and it, too, disappeared. Finally, the matter came to a showdown. Either the tree stayed or they went. Since they were still with the tribe, we assumed that the third planting remained, to eventually shade their yard.

We devoted one entire day to a jungle boat cruise, crossing the Amazon and drifting along the meeting of the waters of the Rio Negro and the Solimoes, which is the correct name for the Amazon, west of Manaus. Here too, currents of different densities and color continued downstream side-by-side.

Our tour launch then took us to a restaurant, swimming pool and hotel, all floating in the middle of a lake formed by the joining of the two rivers, Negro and Solimoes. There, at the restaurant's dock, we climbed into dugout canoes. Our guides took us up narrow igarapes (criss-crossing narrow branches of the main rivers), warning us to keep our hands in the boats, because piranhas, ever-hungry, relish dangling fingers. Huge trees formed a canopy over our almost twilight river tunnels. Occasionally, other dugouts would pass us, as Indians searched for fish or headed to market with their harvest of Brazil nuts or other crops. Small boys expertly shot long arrows, attached to cords, into the water, pulling them in to exhibit a

variety of freshwater fish. Our guide explained that even piranhas are delicious, but one must take care in handling them, even after they have been landed for awhile, for their teeth are razor sharp. All about, myriads of birds sang and monkeys chattered. We finally passed through ponds thickly covered with tiny lily pads and then, beyond them, Victoria Regia, the world's largest water lilies, three or four feet across.

While in Manaus, we made our first contact with some of the more promising graduates of our courses, urging them to continue studying and to initiate a New Testament church in their city.

Trans-Amazon Highway

Bidding goodbye to Manaus, we angled south for hours across the "Green Hell" — the solid, almost impenetrable Amazon jungle. Apart from millions of trees, we saw few signs of life, except for one or two Indian villages, until we crossed the Trans-Amazon Highway, then under construction. Along it, whole new settlements had sprung up, almost as quickly as jungle plants. Landing at the river port of Maraba, we took in the flavor of the jungle frontier, even to crossing a river in a quaint little pole-powered ferry.

Enroute from Maraba, we encountered a heavy storm cell and, with no way to escape it, landed on a tiny, manure-strewn strip at a cattle ranch, much to the surprise of ranch hands. We were such an oddity that even the mayor from a nearby small town came chugging across the river in his little boat to inspect us.

Under Arrest

After this long delay and further storms, we finally landed at neither our scheduled airport nor our indicated alternate, but at a town called Carolina, where we were met by the machine-gunning Air Force and made to identify ourselves, empty every-

thing out of the plane for inspection and explain what we had been up to, especially since we were several hours off schedule. Brazil rides tight herd on private aircraft, due in part to ever-active aerial contraband runners.

After all of these once-in-a-lifetime adventures, we were ready for home and more normal activities. But we meditated long on what we had experienced. Especially thought-provoking was the fact that, in more than 5,000 air miles of travel, we hadn't encountered more than perhaps fifty fellow members of the church. And some would suggest that, in our years here, we have surely reached Brazil with the Gospel! Ponder this, reader. Consider what it would be like with only fifty or so evangelists to attempt to reach the entire United States, including Alaska and Hawaii. This is roughly what we face in this vast nation of Brazil.

Work Begins in Mocambique

Back in Belo we received word that Carlos Esteves, a Portuguese evangelist and faithful reader of *Volta A Biblia*, was going as a missionary to Mocambique, a large Portuguese colony in southeast Africa. He was to join D. B. Feliciano, who had been a loyal distributor of our magazine nearly since its beginning in Belo and had initiated or helped initiate about forty congregations in that area. Interestingly, Brother Feliciano had been corresponding with us for three years before word ever reached church papers in the States about this work. Feliciano would later suffer imprisonment for his faith, after the Communist takeover of Mocambique.

Bible, Legal Reading in Brazil

Brazil has an annual children's week, as well as a Bible month, during which special events are scheduled at public schools. Here, there is no prohibition against Bible reading, or even religious messages, presented in schools. Charley Huffman was given the opportunity to speak to 400 children at a

school in Vale do Jatoba, where the church would later begin. This was the first of several such programs in which he, Ray Meisenhalder and I have participated. During Bible Month one time I showed Neil Lightfoot's slide series, *How We Got The Bible*, to both students and adults at a public school.

Bible Month in Brazil is an interesting phenomenon; in fact, almost a contradiction. It is sponsored by the Catholic Church, which traditionally has minimized, or even prohibited, Bible study. Imagine our surprise during the first Bible Month several years ago, when the official slogan of the archdiocese was, "Read the Bible; you will find Jesus in it".

Some Necessary Moves

In November the School of the Bible, no longer able to pay the high rent downtown, moved to the south edge of the city, again in rented facilities. This move isolated us from Downtown, greatly reducing our walk-in contacts.

Meanwhile, the Downtown church, which had met since the beginning in this school's facilities, was faced with the need for its own meeting place. A second floor hall was finally located, over a motorcycle shop and in a rather undesirable area of downtown. To make matters worse, the street it faced was a main artery for countless noisy busses and trucks. And across the street we faced competition from the blasting loudspeakers of a Pentecostal-type church. But it was a place to meet, which is hard to come by in this exploding city, and for this we were grateful, in spite of its handicaps.

To The Lectures in Mexico

I received word at the last minute from Richland Hills church to pack my bag and fly to Mexico City for the Pan-American Lectures. Since they were to be held in Belo the following year, and since I was to chair the planning committee for the next lectures, my elders wanted me there to represent Belo. Because

of Mexico City's proximity to the States, the Lectures there broke all previous records, with about 600 in attendance. An interesting excursion took some of us to visit the ruins of an ancient temple city, Teotihuacan, and to climb to the top of its pyramids, which have, interestingly, the same basic proportions as the great pyramids of Egypt. This was my first extended visit to Mexico City and I found that it had grown amazingly since my brief stop-off there in 1963.

The Year in a Brazil Nut Shell

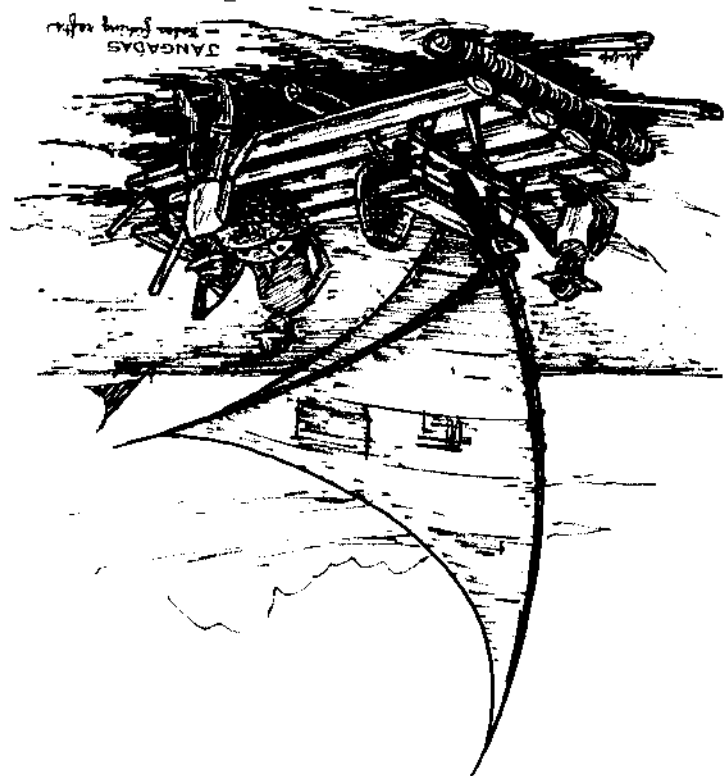
One conversion during 1973 is worthy of special note. Agustavo Mendes, a retired sergeant, came to Christ, after having studied for some time with Les Bennett. Agustavo, a former hard-drinking brute of a man, turned into a gentle, warm-hearted brother in Christ, who has devoted much of his time to cooking at camp sessions, coaching our young fellows in soccer and talking to everyone about Christ.

As we wound up the year, we counted about fifty conversions, six churches meeting, four tracts published and *Volta A Biblia* continuing to grow in circulation. Our leadership training program was going well, with Andrade, our most capable Brazilian teacher, added to its staff.

And, finally, we settled into serious year-long preparation for the Twelfth Annual Pan-American Lectures, scheduled for Belo in November, 1974. My planning committee for the lectures was to consist of Richard Cave and Cal Hall of Belo, and Carl Henderson and Teston Gilpatrick of Sao Paulo.



Glover Shipp and family





1974: The Year Of The Lectures

TIME sped by, as always, and 1974 came onto the scene here in Brazil. To open the year, a new President was elected, taking office in March. He was Ernesto Geisel, the first Protestant ever to hold this office in Catholic Brazil.

The Task Before Us

We opened the year with a certain amount of fear and trembling, knowing that a few months later a horde of Stateside and other visitors would arrive here for the Pan-American Lectures. Planning sessions were scheduled monthly at first, and then weekly, and even daily, as the Lectures drew near. This would prove to be, as we knew in advance, a huge undertaking. Reader, if you don't see why, just think about trying to move two dozen speakers and three hundred other people — young, middle-aged and elderly — several thousand miles, to the heart of another country, manage a five-day lectureship, tours and special dinners, as well as housing, illnesses, complaints, purchases and countless other details, and then get them all safely home again.

Life Here Never Dull

Life on the mission field is full of surprises. One example will serve to illustrate this fact: The scene is a worship service at the Downtown church. Les Bennett is preaching, with every ounce of energy in his newly-acquired Portuguese. Suddenly . . . a crash, screeching tires, and then another and much louder crash! Some go down to the street to see if anyone is injured. What do they find? Richard Cave's parked Volkswagen demolished and thrown onto the sidewalk by a runaway car,

following an intersection collision with a truck. Richard could write a book about his adventures here. Title? *Poor Richard's Accidents*. Incidentally, the driver causing the accident claimed that it was an "act of God". Poor Richard's car just had the bad fortune to be parked along the curb, and therefore, the errant driver could hardly be expected to pay for the damages. Finally, after four years of tedious legal procedures, Richard collected a little on the accident!

At the same time, Preston Massey sold his well-used car; but, as he was on the way to the buyer's home with it, he was in an accident. So that sale was off and he finally sold it, at a considerable loss, to a junk yard.

Car Driving In Brazil

Driving here is an experience to which one never quite adjusts. Brazilians are generally very courteous and friendly, but like all Latin drivers (and Orientals, also, I understand), when behind the wheel of a car, many revert to the code of the jungle. It is a sign of *machismo* to outdrive, outcut and outbluff all other drivers. All drivers seek the best starting position at a signal, if they stop for it at all. Then, with horn blasting, they peel out even before it turns green, jockeying for position as race drivers might do. We call this the "Fittipaldi Syndrome", named after Emerson Fittipaldi, Brazil's world champion race driver.

During January, Mark and Janet (Green) Himes returned to Belo, after having married in the States. Mark resumed his teaching in the American School and Janet served for a while as secretary there.

Our January summer vacation routine included the usual lectureship program, a camp session and preparations for launching a new year of leadership training courses. Three Brazilian men, Antonio dos Santos, Ronan Parreiras and Agostavo Mendes, worked in the camp session, which was

directed by Charley Huffman. Seven young people were baptized at our "Inspiration Point", a bend in the mountain stream below the camp.

Carnaval session is probably the high point of the year for "movimento", or action, which is essential to the Brazilian cultural makeup. These emotional, warm-hearted, gregarious people are most content when surrounded by excitement. Carnaval includes all-night parades, parties, eating, drinking, dancing and letting off steam. It is a colorful, but very sensual, period preceding the solemn forty days of Lent. Because of Carnaval's lustful aspects, we had begun scheduling religious meetings for our young people as a substitute. In 1974, fourteen of our youth journeyed to Curitiba in Southern Brazil for a youth rally. We also scheduled a session at camp, with a record 97 participants.

Shortly later, the Les Bennetts went on their first Stateside leave, with Darrel Davis covering for Les as office manager. Les had inherited the task from Darrel and had grown, as had Darrel before him, into a capable administrator of the countless details connected with our team effort. By the way, the Bennett's trip home was rather out of the ordinary. They and their four small children journeyed to the States with Carl Henderson in his Cessna, hopping from island to island up through the Caribbean.

Work With Local Churches

As the year moved along into April, we watched the agonizingly slow growth of the new Carlos Prates church building. Hillside property, just off a main avenue, had been obtained at a "bargain price". But now we were paying in many ways for the bargain. The lot's steepness, coupled with its unstable soil, required drilling and pouring eighty-eight concrete pilings on which to mount the foundation. This, plus rainy weather, both slowed down construction and added to the cost. Darrel Davis, in charge of this project, was suffering daily with the "labor"

pains of its construction.

Difficult Downtown Work

After having closed both the Santa Efigenia and Conjunto Lider works, Margie and I turned our attention back to the Downtown church, which had been showing a little growth. Despite the difficulty of "carless" members having to come considerable distances by bus, we again attempted Sunday morning Bible classes. This was only partially successful, as were our efforts to conduct midweek services, due to distances and transportation difficulties involved. Since many of the members could not even arrive home by bus from work until 7:30 or 8:00 at night, any weeknight program in the Downtown church seemed doomed to failure. This, of course, hampered the spiritual growth of the church and reinforced the feeling, existent among these former Catholics, that participation in a service once every week or two was more than sufficient.

The Downtown work always had built-in difficulties, not the least of which were expensive, poorly-located facilities. To buy an existing structure downtown or to purchase property and build would have cost a million dollars or more. The law did not permit renting public auditoriums to churches, so we continued to meet in our hidden, second-floor hall.

Not the least of our problems was a body that, with the greatest difficulty, functioned as a body. There was too much turnover; too many losses. Finally, membership was scattered in three counties — this, with only two or three of these families owning cars. Body life among the members was therefore extremely limited. Despite all of these difficulties, however, some strong, highly dedicated Christians could be counted among the brothers meeting Downtown. And, above all, this work furnished essentially all of the newer congregations with their initial members.

Our First International Campaigns

The month of May brought another first to Belo — our first international campaign series. A team of twenty-eight workers, most of them from Harding College, arrived for three weeks of work with us. L. V. Pfeifer, a long-time personal friend and former missionary to Italy, was director. It fell my task to act as coordinator of this and several subsequent campaign sessions. Successful meetings were held with the Downtown and Acacias churches. In addition, evangelistics materials were distributed throughout the area where Carlos Prates was constructing its new meeting place. Twenty-one immediate responses, plus several others in subsequent weeks, were registered.

We can hardly honor enough these college students who go out all over the world each summer, spending their vacations and themselves in these campaigns. To cap it all off, they must function in totally new surroundings: large foreign cities, difficult languages and bewildering cultures. Imagine the courage it takes to go door-to-door in such circumstances, knowing perhaps only a few "survival" phrases in the language!

The "Calm" Winter Vacation

Things settled down again to a dull roar after the hypertension of the campaigns. In July, the Carlos Prates church moved into the first stage of its permanent facilities. For the first time in its development, this congregation was able to go to a full schedule of classes, worship and other activities. Some of our most capable leaders in Belo, Antonio dos Santos, Jose Calazene, Jose Divino, Agustavo Mendes and Helgir Girodo, moved their membership from Downtown, to work more closely with Carlos Prates.

Our first Vacation Bible School was held during July at Acacias. Another first was a ten-day youth encampment, directed by Charley Huffman. This proved to be a lost cause, however. Few stayed the entire ten days, but rather came and went throughout it, threatening its sense of continuity.

The Jordans Roll In

The Bill Jordans finally arrived in Belo, after years of preparation and documentation. Bill, a former Air Force sergeant, elder and preacher, would bring to our group a dimension that it had never realized fully before. He was an outstanding counselor, helping us to resolve some personal differences that had plagued our team for years. For example, with his help, old wounds were healed and Ray Meisenhalder came to share again with us in a number of activities. Bill's stay would turn out to be just two years, but these were a treasure for all of us.

Our family was blessed with the return to Brazil of our son, Mark, who was to spend two years working out of Sao Paulo along with his partner, Dan Hoard, in Pepperdine's *SHARE* Program.

Leadership training classes were back in swing, again under the direction of Richard Cave. About twenty men and youth were enrolled in night courses.

The Davis's Leave

The Bill Jordans were just settling down to life in Belo, when, in August, the Darrel Davis's moved back to the States. Darrel and Judy, members of the 1967 first wave of "Brazil Nuts", were highly regarded teammates, who had contributed much to the work here. Darrel had led in developing educational materials, courses and congregations, along with many other tasks. He was also effective as a preacher and teacher in Portuguese. Judy was a good wife, mother and Bible teacher. They would be sorely missed here, as they began a new work with a preacher training school in northwestern Mexico.

In August, we celebrated seven years on the field. Workers had come and gone. Hundreds had been baptized, with more than half of these, unfortunately, falling away over a period of time. But there remained a slowly growing nucleus of faithful brothers and sisters here.

As the year passed, excitement continued to mount. The Pan-American Lectures were now only weeks away, and with the charter flight filled and another charter group scheduled to come, we were expecting at least two hundred guests from the States alone. With the addition of another seventy-five or more from Brazil and workers from other Latin-American countries, we could foresee more than three hundred participants.

The Diotrophes of Paracatu

Several times during the year Les Bennett, Carl Henderson and others visited the church in Paracatu, on the highway to Brasilia. We had baptized eighteen people there and thought that the work was perhaps on its way to success. But, as so frequently happens in the Interior, the self-appointed leader was overly dictatorial and created more crises than could be resolved during our occasional visits. This man was educated and capable, but insisted on making all of the decisions for the church, even to the absurd point of passing on whom the young people could marry and what names to give to the babies born in the congregation. In his overly-exaggerated zeal, he scheduled services seven nights a week and required that the church families be present at every one of these. Since he owned the tiny meeting place, he had the membership, largely of uneducated lower class people, totally under his thumb. We haven't visited Paracatu in a long time now, having given up on changing the intolerable set of circumstances and attitudes that exist there.

Elders Visit Field

In the midst of frantic preparations for the Lectures, our family enjoyed a brief, but pleasant, interlude with two of our elders, Royce Blevins and Wade Felps, who were enroute back to the States from a lectureship in South Africa. This was the second visit by some of our elders. Two others, Jerry Davis and Clayton McGilvary, had spent a few days with us in Belo in 1968. Jerry was soon to appear again during the Lectures, along

with associate minister Wayne Stell. At this same time, elders from other sponsoring churches arrived to view the work. Among them was Don Himes, elder of the Central church in Portland, Oregon, sponsor of the Cal Halls. I can't begin to express the encouragement given to the worker on the field when his own elders visit him. It is also a plus for the congregation, because the elders, having had a firsthand look at their man in his "native habitat", can more intelligently interpret for the congregation his work, its successes and its needs.

As the Lectures drew even nearer, Frank Roberts, one of our much-appreciated former workers in Belo, came early to help coordinate the musical and devotional aspects of the program.

The Lectures Come to Belo

Now the Pan-American Lectures were upon us, as we braced for the largest gathering of "foreigners" ever held in our city. Lectureship theme was *Va Com Deus (Go With God)*. Major speakers included present and former missionaries Howard Norton, George Gurganus, Lynn Huff, Harlan Overton, Tex Williams, Carl Mitchell, J. W. Treat, Dan Coker, Johnny Pennisi, Ellis Long, Bob Douglas, Don Starks, Harris Goodwin, Lloyd Williams, Cline Paden, Carl James and Jerry Hill, as well as some of our local men in Belo. College presidents James O. Baird and J. P. Sanders also spoke, along with Don Fike, Clarence Dailey, Harvey Starling and Joe Barnett. With a total of 302 registered guests, plus our local American and Brazilian co-workers, we were gratified to see this, the second largest number ever to attend in the twelve years of the Lecture's history, exceeded only the year before in Mexico City.

This lecture series, held in facilities of the local Medical Association, was the result of cooperative efforts by many, especially in Belo and Sao Paulo. I was most grateful to my planning committee — Richard Cave, Teston Gilpatrick, Cal Hall and Carl Henderson, as well as to Les Bennett, who handled the finances, and to Reuel Lemmons, for his

always-monumental efforts on behalf of this annual event. We all felt that this was one of the most difficult tasks we had ever faced, but after our multitude of guests left and things settled back a bit, we could see something of how worthwhile the Lectures had been. Financially, approximately \$22,000 was contributed to our work by interested individuals. New missionary recruits came to light. More awareness was created for Brazil and Latin America in general.

Among charter group arrivees were Steve and Corleën Parmalee, who were scheduled to spend two years with us on the *SHARE* apprentice program out of Malibu, California.

As this eventful year came to a close, we found ourselves in that rat race known as "the holidays". December and January have always proved here to be perhaps the most tiring months of the year. I was scheduled to preach in a year-end local campaign, as well as to make a hurried trip to Sao Paulo to lecture at the preacher training school. Ronan Parreiras was to graduate from the school there and would soon be back with us in Belo.

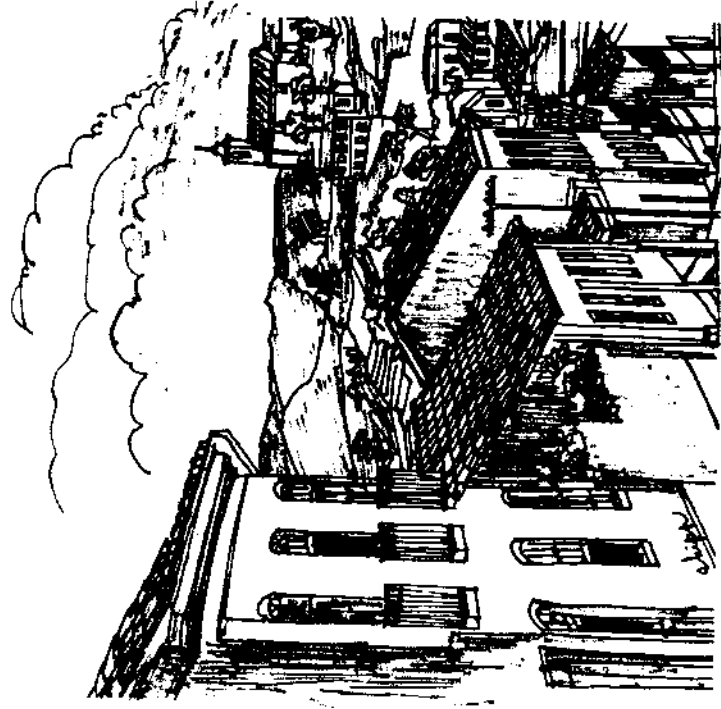
Bill Jordan Stricken

We also scheduled a year-end planning retreat at camp. But this program came to an abrupt halt, when Bill Jordan suffered a heart attack and was rushed to town to be placed in intensive care in a local hospital. For ten nights, we missionary colleagues took turns keeping all-night vigils at the hospital, as we prayed and did what we could to help. Despite differences of opinion at times, there is a deep sense of brotherhood among missionaries on the field, especially in moments of group or personal crisis.

The Year In A Brazil Nut Shell

So ended *Year of the Lectures*. It was undoubtedly one of the most demanding years of my own life. I made various tactical

blunders in planning the Pan-American Lectures, as I confronted the casual cultural attitude among Brazilians toward organized activities. As the Lectureship drew near, it was nip-and-tuck whether the charter flight would get off the ground, due to governmental red tape in the States. Only the Lord and His helper, Reuel Lemmons, were able to overcome these difficulties. We also had the utmost difficulty arranging sufficient space in domestic lines, to shuttle our many guests from Rio to Belo and back to Rio. But, thanks to our loving Father, all fell into place. We breathed a sigh of relief and turned toward the new year.



OURGAPRETO
Colonial, Gold Rush Town



1975: The Year We Lost Antonio

AS bright, shiny 1975, untarnished yet by the wear and tear before it, came on the scene, we had just closed a year-end campaign Downtown. I had preached in it, with Charley Huffman doing his usual dynamic job of songleading. This was my first real evangelistic meeting to preach in Portuguese, something of a milestone in my growth in the language.

Conversions for the year reached almost a hundred, so there were many infants in Christ to nurture. Somehow, we have never discovered yet how to keep many new converts faithful and growing. We teach our contacts better than ever, before baptism, but still only fifty percent or fewer remain faithful. Some of the problem may be our approach, but much of it, I'm convinced, is a characteristic of many Brazilians, who seem to feel little compulsion to live up to their promises, regardless of the nature of these promises.

Big Bird Comes For Bill

Bill Jordan was home from the hospital, recuperating from his heart attack. We anticipated a long, painful period of recovery for him. But then, something happened that reinforced both our faith in our always-loving Father and in our own beloved country. Through the valiant efforts of a U.S. government representative in Belo, Howard Daniels, and the U.S. Air Attache in Brasilia, a giant C-141 Air Force cargo plane, equipped with a medical team and intensive care unit, was sent from the States to Belo, to take Bill directly to Washington, D.C., to be interned in a military hospital.

Of course, we were forlorn to see the Jordons leave, but

there was a lump of pride in our throats as we watched the great bird, bearing the ensign of our country on its lofty tail, come soaring down the runway, taxing it to its limit. Smartly dressed airmen and medical personnel acted with precision to load the Jordans aboard and make Bill comfortable in the special hospital bed clamped to the deck of the bird's enormous belly.

In honor of this quite extraordinary Sunday morning landing, the local Brazilian airbase had an honor guard on parade before the plane. As I was standing by the Brazilian officer-of-the-day, he remarked that with all of the attention given to him, this man must surely be a general, little knowing that he was only a retired sergeant. I turned to the officer and answered, "Well, the truth is that this man has a very rich Father and an Uncle who still cares". As we tearfully watched the great drooped-wing bird taking off, the officer was still standing silently by my side, pondering my answer.

Lanae Hall, another of our missionary kids, left for college in the States, but ill health there soon forced her back to her home in Brazil. She was the sixth or seventh to leave us, and each one to depart made it more and more difficult to say goodbye. For some reason, there are more tearful farewells at the airport than joyful welcomes. Or does it just seem so?

Antonio dos Santos, our local Brazilian evangelist, joined forces with Preston Massey, to lead a camp session during Carnival. This encampment, registering a high of 110 present, some of them entire families, was a resounding success.

Evangelistic Experiment

We constantly try new methods to reach souls in our great city. In a bairro where several members of the Downtown church live, I attempted a short evangelistic series, conducted in the front yard of a Christian family. It drew more than fifty participants and some interest was aroused, but as happens so often, this interest dropped to near zero after the effort ended.

Special Events of the Holidays

December, January and February, being summer here, are favorite travel months. During this period, Shirley Arrington accompanied Marilyn McInteer (daughter of Jim Bill McInteer, well-known publisher and evangelist in the States) and Donna Buchanan, of Sao Paulo, on a tour to Maringa, Iguassu Falls, Asuncion, Paraguay, Montevideo, Uruguay and Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Three weddings came in quick succession in February. One was the second marriage of Claudio Barros, whose former wife had died of a brain tumor. This was followed by the marriage of Susan Hughes to Brazilian Jaime Barbosa. The third ceremony united an older Brazilian couple, Adherbal and Odisseia, who shortly moved to the seaport of Vitoria.

The Les Bennetts and Steve Parmalees took a long journey with Carl Henderson in the missionary plane, all the way to the Mato Grosso frontierland. They experienced many of the hardships that were faced in the Old West a century ago — heat, dust, insects, sudden violent storms, primitive accommodations, upset digestive systems . . . But while there they participated in the baptism of four people.

Church Loan Fund

During March, the Acacias congregation finally began construction on the first stage of its permanent meeting place, using resources from our modest church building loan fund. Because long-term loans are almost impossible to arrange here, and due to extremely high interest rates (10% or more per month), we had set up this fund to enable new congregations to obtain property and begin construction. They then repay this money by the month and, as it reaccumulates, it is loaned out to other young groups.

Another important development at this time was the restoration of the Antonio da Silvas, who had led the work in Saudade-

Santa Efigenia, and, as a result of a misunderstanding, had fallen away from the church. Since that time, Antonio has developed a new congregation in the area known as Vale do Jatoba. This work will be mentioned again shortly.

Church Begins at Camp

During this period, Dona Hilda, wife of our camp caretaker, Helio, and a neighbor woman were baptized, thus necessitating regular services at camp. Services there began in March of 1975 and are still going on. Later, the neighbor's husband and two of their children were converted. This work has proved to be slow, however, primarily because the area is lightly populated and also because no real effort has been made to evangelize the valley where the camp is located. More recently, in January of 1978, a campaign was conducted there and resulted in a high of 49 local people present, but with no immediate result.

Speaking of camp, a *caramanchao* (round thatch-roofed shed) was constructed by caretaker Helio, who is a genius at all kinds of folk craft. This shed was to be used for classes and other types of gatherings.

Time seems to pass especially rapidly here in Brazil. In 1975, Monty Huffman had already been back in the States for some time and, after several years there, was baptized. Meanwhile, Carlusue Henderson, our proxy daughter, graduated with honors from Pepperdine and returned to her home in Sao Paulo. Our son, Mark, and his partner, Dan Hoard, came ripping through Belo, taking Steve Parmalee with them to Patos de Minas, where they conducted a short campaign.

Our Active MK's

Our teenage missionary kids made two quick excursions for the American School, one to Sao Paulo, for a music festival, and the other to a sports complex in the mountains of Sao Paulo State, for a tournament with other American schools in Brazil.

An unusual wedding took place in April. Dona Maria do Amparo, a widow who was one of the oldest and most faithful members of the church in Belo, married an elderly widower. But she refused to even associate seriously with him until he became a Christian, following Paul's instructions about Christian widows. But, once he was converted, Maria willingly married him. Both have since remained faithful to each other and to the Lord, which demonstrates the wisdom of her position before her remarriage. This family and its Christian daughters are a good example of our "joy and "crown" in this work.

The Kingdom Grows

More good news came in the mail. We were informed that the church is being established in Salvador, first city of the great State of Bahia, and the early capital of colonial Brazil. This new effort came out of initial contact with our publications. Another such church was launched in Rivera, Uruguay, across the border from southern Brazil.

Margie and I made a brief visit to Vitoria, to encourage the two known members, a couple converted earlier in Belo. We found them, after some little searching, and met with them in their home for worship and study. Since then, at least three other members have moved to Vitoria, two of them from Belo. However, the church has yet to be firmly established in that city.

International Campaigns Return to Belo

The biggest event of May and June was the arrival of the International Campaign Team, led again by our beloved brother, L. V. Pfeifer. Campaign members represented four colleges (Harding, Freed-Hardeman, Washington University and Mississippi State). Three campaigns were again conducted in a three-week period. The first was held at the Downtown meeting place, with Johnny Pennisi of Sao Paulo preaching. Attendance reached a high of 172, and there were nine

baptisms, some connected with other congregations in the city. The second campaign was an all-out effort at Acacias. We arranged for a sound truck, complete with projector and screen. Each day, the entire community was saturated with printed matter, recorded messages and film showings on Bible themes. As a result, a high of about 400 met in the shell of the new building in that bairro, during a blustery cold spell. Yes, it does get chilly in our country during the winter! That week, especially at night, I felt as if I were out in a Texas norther. But, despite the weather and the unfinished building, there were five baptisms and high interest. The visiting campaigners, showing their love for the young Acacias church, contributed \$100 toward its construction costs.

Another real blessing we experienced at campaign time was the return to Belo of the Bill Jordans. Bill was at least partially recovered from his heart attack and hoped to work for a long period with us.

In July, we went through our usual full schedule of winter camp sessions. Then, in August, we celebrated eight years on the field. August also saw another long trip to the Northeast in Carl's red and white bird. This time Charley Huffman and the Johnny Pennisi's accompanied us. This journey netted several positive results, along with some setbacks. In Salvador we were invited to preach at two Baptist churches, where we have a number of correspondence course students. Our restoration appeal seemed to be well received, with about twenty-five new students enrolled in our courses.

Buried With Christ at Midnight

In Recife it was my delightful experience to visit Angelica, a university student who had completed all three of our courses. After an hour of Bible review with her, I asked, "Why tarry, Angelica? Arise and be baptized." I will always remember her answer: "I'm ready. I was just waiting for you to ask." This was about 10:30 P.M. and we made arrangements right then to

baptize her yet that night. Arriving by taxi at a moonlit bay, protected from the surf by a barrier reef, I walked Angelica out into the warm, quiet water, where she was buried with her Lord in baptism. While in Recife we talked for hours with Dario, who had been baptized three years earlier, arranging with him to begin regular services with his wife and Angelica. The first meeting of the church was held while we were there.

While on this trip we again researched Fortaleza, also taking a look at Natal and Joao Pessoa, two other important state capitals and coastal cities.

Our travels again took us into the desert country, where we preached for the new little church in Currais Novas and participated in the baptism of three people. This beautiful ceremony was conducted in a lake outside of town. It was at sunset and the brilliant hues of the dying sun painted the entire lake and the four people in the water.

Pentecostalism Strikes

Our next stop was in Picui, where we were dismayed to find that the congregation had been taken over by a Pentecostal group. Imagine our chagrin as we climbed the dry, rocky hill to the little meeting house, only to find a different sign on the front, telling one and all that the church was under new management. This is what happens to weak brothers during the long months between our visits with them.

Despite this change, however, I was asked to speak there. Never in my life have I preached with such fire. But never before had I experienced the events like those through which we passed that day. Out of the decision I called on them to make, based on Joshua's and Elijah's challenges to Israel, several reaffirmed their desire to be simply Christians. In addition, I baptized the city barber, Manoel. Since that time he has continued worship in his home and has recently constructed a new meeting place for the faithful members in Picui. He also

assisted two or three others in starting a new work in the nearby village of Santa Luzia.

To say the least, this was one of our more eventful missionary journeys. I can understand what Paul meant when he reminded the Corinthians of his "burden for the churches" For years I have agonized and prayed over these congregations in the Northeast, as well as for the others launched directly or indirectly through my efforts to share the Word in this country.

Meanwhile, back in Belo the work went on, at its usual up-and-down pace. Richard Cave and Andrade were scheduled to direct leadership training classes Downtown and at Carlos Prages. The librarian of a Catholic girl's school enrolled about 50 students in our basic correspondence course. Acacias slowly moved ahead with its construction program. The Palmeiras church, under Ray Meisenhalder's guidance, installed a dental clinic in the back of its building, with the government furnishing a dentist for it. I was called to Sao Paulo to give three lectures on the preparation and use of printed materials for the churches.

Jeanne Clark on the Job

Appearing out of the blue, literally, was Jeanne Clark, our newest missionary secretary. She arrived ahead of her scheduled arrival time and no one was at the airport to meet her. Talk about panic! Not being able to communicate in Portuguese, all she could do was pray and telephone until she reached the School of the Bible and Les Bennett. Jeanne was born in Hawaii and had graduated from Magic Valley Christian College, in Idaho. She would prove to be an excellent worker, both in the office and in the church. At this writing she is back in Belo, completing a second period of two years.

Shortly before her arrival our son Terry journeyed to the States, along with Shirley Arrington. Shirley had terminated her two years of service with us, having been extraordinarily adept at the language, resourceful in her office duties and active in

church work. After arriving in the States Terry went to Pepperdine, stopping by Richland Hills for a few days, enroute to California. With Terry's departure, we had sent off, under God's care, all four of our sons. The house seemed strangely empty without any of our tall, exuberant boys around.

Brazil's Many Surprises

Life in Brazil always brings its surprises and extremes. The great city of Recife was flooded out and at the same time, frosts and a freeze killed millions of coffee trees in Southern Brazil. We have noticed that despite its tropical climate, Brazil suffers often from an excess of rain or drought conditions and at times, freezing weather.

Brazilian church leader Andrade was sent by his engineering company to Mauritania, in Northwestern Africa, where it is constructing the first paved highway in that country. He reported extreme backwardness and total resistance to Christianity, the Moslem faith having completely controlled the nation for many centuries. This would prove to be the first of several extended trips there, to Uruguay and to Iraq, which greatly diminished Andrade's effectiveness here in the church.

One especially interesting conversion occurred in September. A boy named Carlinhos was baptized at Sao Berbarado by Antonio dos Santos. Having attended a spiritualist center, he returned there after his baptism, to talk with the medium in charge. He announced that he was now a Christian and would not be returning to the center, adding that he was praying for the medium, in the hope that she might go to Heaven with him, rather than to the Bad Place. Out of the mouths of babes . . .

Paint In Peace

Another interesting cultural experience: I was spending a rare day at my hobby, painting, in the nearby colonial town of Ouro Preto. I had set up my easel in the middle of an alleyway,

which opened onto a narrow but busy street. I assumed that the alley would not be busy, but soon discovered that every few minutes I had to move my gear, to permit a vehicle or laden donkey to pass. Finally, a truck came along and parked right in front of me, blocking my view. A city official, watching what was going on, muttered something about people's not having any respect for creativity and walked off. But soon he returned with "street closed" signs, placing them at both ends of the alley. He then grinned broadly and announced, "Paint in peace, brother!" The world is still human after all, isn't it?

Distressing News

Two bits of distressing news arrived in September. One was that my father, who had returned from Brazil to California, where he was preaching for the small church at Lucerne, had suffered a severe heart attack and would have to retire from active preaching. This would be extremely difficult for him, because preaching had been his life, at least since the mid-1930's. The other item was that again, support for our correspondence course program was to be largely cancelled. This must be a Satanic conspiracy! Every time we shore up one phase of the work, another forms a serious crack.

School of the Bible Builds

As the year entered its final quarter, the Escola da Biblia took several steps to strengthen its program. A new slate of Brazilian directors was named, to join the missionaries in making major decisions. With their help, plans were developed to construct permanent facilities for the Escola at the back of the Carlos Prates church property.

With the Escola moving to Carlos Prates, our family decided to leave our high rent home, where we had lived for eight and a half years and find something near the new location of the Escola. Before long we were able to purchase, with a loan arranged by Richland Hills, a simple but fairly commodious

tract house from Brazilian Christian Agustavo Mendes. It would take until nearly the end of February, 1976 to do some remodeling and move in. This was the first house we had ever owned, after twenty-eight years of marriage! It was no palace, by any stretch of the imagination, but it was ours.

Forecast of Future Visa Difficulties

Near the end of the year the Steve Parmalees were forced to cut short their projected two year stay in Belo, due to government refusal to grant them visas. We could see, in all of our efforts to resolve this problem, a sign of increasing difficulty in the whole area of visas. This sign proved to be prophetic, because in 1977 all new visa applications for religious workers were frozen. (As this history is being given its final editing, in 1980, the visa situation is still very uncertain, with new restrictive laws being developed in congress, to control the entry and activity of all foreigners in Brazil.)

Meanwhile, Vicki Prior, a graduate of Abilene Christian University and former campaign worker in Brazil, returned here for a two year stay as secretary and general church worker. With Jeanne Clark already here, we enjoyed the luxury of two sets of secretarial hands in our increasingly busy office. Our magazine alone had reached 15,000 or more in circulation, requiring constant attention to its mailing list.

Late in the year the Preston Masseys moved back to the States, leaving us with six men on the team — Les Bennett, Richard Cave, Cal Hall, Charley Huffman, Bill Jordan and me. Preston had developed serious eye trouble and was counseled by doctors and his elders to return home.

Two Congregations Grow

In Preston's absence and Antonio dos Santos' prolonged illness, Les Bennett began serving with the Carlos Prates congregation. Les is a good church worker and we immediately

missed his participation in the work Downtown.

On November 30th the Acacias church moved into its meeting place. First phase of construction provided space for about 150 people and included an office, three tiny classrooms and a baptistry. Charley Huffman and Sr. Geraldo, one of the local members, worked diligently for months to bring the church to this momentous occasion.

Off to Trinidad

Before we leave November behind, however, I want to review briefly our very interesting trip, by missionary plane, to the Pan-American Lectures at Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. Our group included pilot Carl Henderson, our son, Mark, Dan Hoard, Margie and me. Travelling to the lectures by commercial plane were Voni and Mona Hall and Bill Jordan.

Our trip north took us by way of Belem, where we observed an interesting leadership training program by extension. This method calls for bringing local workers together once a week to discuss their church activities and to arrive at Biblical solutions to their difficulties and questions. They then go back out to the work, armed with practical suggestions for their area. Meanwhile, they continue to study, on their own, material designed for their needs.

We then journeyed on toward Trinidad, two more flying days to the north. Each of our stops enroute was an adventure. One of these was at Cayenne, French Guiana, where Mark surprised us all with his ability to recall his high school French. Then we spent the night at Paramaribo, Surinam, where Dutch and Taki-Taki (A "Pidgin" language composed of English, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Dutch and who knows what other roots) prevail. This was a picturesque place and we wished that we had had more time to explore it. By accident we discovered that a customs official there was a member of the Church. He saw a Bible on one of the plane seats and this led us to discover

that we were brothers in the Faith.

Out of Paramaribo, we headed north across open ocean to Trinidad. I had "steered" the plane a few times from the co-pilot's seat, so was not surprised when Carl asked me to take the wheel while he worked on landing documents. After a moment he looked up and told me I was off course. The pedals on my side were inactivated, so I pondered on what I could do to correct our course. When he reminded me again that we were off course, I mentioned that I didn't know what to do. He replied, "Oh", and activated the pedals. Suddenly I found myself with all of the controls of this six passenger bird. We were at ten thousand feet, and the cabin was chilly, but I was perspiring profusely, as I tried to keep the bird level and headed in the right direction. Since then I have controlled the plane several times in flight and found it much easier than it was on that first frightening occasion.

Quaint Tropical Isle

We found Trinidad to be a beautiful and quaint tropical island, greatly influenced by immigrants of Indian and Islamic backgrounds. It was strange to see Hindu prayer flags flapping in yards near a moslem mosque. The Trinidadian language is supposedly English, but most people speak a dialect that is more "pidgin" than British. Expressions are often in the present tense only and filled with a unique vocabulary. For example, "I'll see you between two and three o'clock" becomes, "I come by you 'tween tree 'n two".

We arrived ahead of the main lectureship crowd and were met at the airport by our longtime friends, the Don Starks and Bob Browns. Being there early, we were able to do our little bit to help prepare for the mass invasion of the Stateside charter group, as well as to see some of the island's beautiful shoreline.

Lectureship Impressions

Lectureship guests included many brothers and sisters we

had known over the years. Among these were one of our elders, Jerry Davis, and his wife, Gay, who are among our closest state-side friends. We enjoyed a pleasant few days in their company, as we attended the lectures and toured the island.

The church in Trinidad seemed to be vigorous in its growth. Literally hundreds of local members came out to the evening lectures at the Hotel. Much credit for this growth I feel is due to the caliber of many of the workers there — men such as Bob and Don.

The closing banquet came altogether too soon, but was a memorable event. Feature^d was one of the island's world-famous steel drum bands, which played entire symphonic selections on a series of specially tempered and shaped oil drums, of different sizes and depths.

The Trip Back Home

We got an early morning start from Trinidad, enroute back to Belem. From there we flew south to Sao Luis and Fortaleza, where we spent some time in dialogue with the former denominational preacher, mentioned earlier, who claimed to be quite excited by the idea of restoration.

We also met with and preached for the tiny church in Recife, before we headed home. This work was in a precarious situation, due to a lack of financial resources and well prepared workers. Dario was obviously hurting under the pressure of carrying on without adequate help.

We did have good success with new correspondence course enrollments in these cities, indicating their potential for future evangelism. In fact, 1975 was a very productive year for these courses, with more than 2700 active students and 746 graduates. Conversions and several new congregations sprang out of this program during the year.

Carlasue's Wedding

Late in the year we journeyed to Sao Paulo to be in Carlasue Henderson's wedding ceremony. Carlasue, whom we consider almost our foster daughter, married Ron Prater, a young single worker in Sao Paulo.

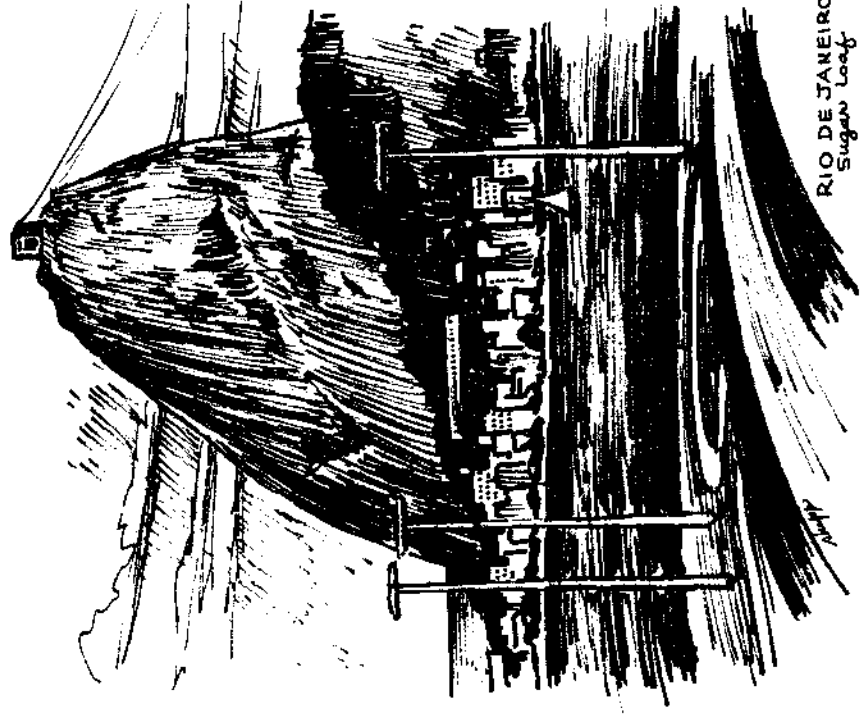
While in Sao Paulo I was privileged to preach for the Santo Andre and Sao Bernardo congregations and also to guest speak on restoration for an independent church in Santo Andre.

Blessed Are Those Who Die In The Lord

As the year ended we experienced one of the most difficult moments in our entire stay in Brazil. Our beloved co-worker, Antonio dos Santos, died of cancer, at only 49 years of age. It fell my task, following Brazilian custom, to help dress his body in some of my own clothes, and to preach his funeral. I could not have imagined a greater setback to the work here. Antonio was one of the finest Christians I had ever known, gentle, patient and understanding. For the moment, Satan had gotten in his blow, and we would have to live with it. I felt especially sorry for his widow, Doracy, who had depended on him for so much, and for his three children: Vania, would continue to work at the Escola and to carry much of the family's burden on her shoulders. Fernando (15 years of age) would attempt to carry on his father's preaching duties with the new Sao Bernardo church. This would prove to be too much responsibility for him and by early 1978 he had closed the congregation down and largely abandoned his relationship with the church in Belo.

The Year In A Brazil Nut Shell

The year ended, then, with new churches meeting in Recife and Currais Novas, in the Northeast and, in Belo, at Sao Bernardo and at camp. Acacias was in its new building and growing more than 100% in membership. After several years of isolation, the Palmeiras church was in the process of returning to warm fellowship with the other churches in the city.



RIO DE JANEIRO
Sugar Loaf



1976: The Year Of The Bicentennial

THE year 1976 was very special for all of us Americans living for so long in another country, for this year marked the Bicentennial of our own country.

I suppose that for all of us who are on foreign fields for a period of years, our homeland takes on greater value for us than ever before. With continual exposure, our nation's blessings and liberties often are taken for granted and even abused, but after a prolonged absence from our native land we become unashamedly patriotic. Even the very infrequent sight of "Old Glory" waving in the breeze over a U. S. embassy gives us a depth of feeling for our country that we never had before.

Men Without A Country

Actually, on the field we become men almost without an earthly country. Unless we were reared in a foreign culture from early childhood on, we know that we shall never feel completely at home in the culture. On the other hand, we spend only a tenth of our missionary life in the States and therefore eventually lose a sense of identification with life there. Families move, cities change. The congregations with which we are connected have a fantastic turnover in membership. At Richland Hills, for example, the membership has grown from about 550 in 1965 (when I first met the congregation) to more than 1,500. Of this present number, perhaps only three hundred were attending there in 1965. All of the preaching staff and much of the elder-ship have changed. When we go on leave, we pass our Stateside months living out of a suitcase and feeling rather "out of it" in so many aspects of life, including clothing styles, car models, football championships and church life. There are so many new

members to meet, so much to catch up on

All of this gives us the distinct impression that we are really just passing through this way-station, Earth, enroute to our Eternal Country. Hebrews 11:13-16 clearly teaches us this fact, but it is brought home forcefully to those of us on the field, as we see ourselves at least partially exiled from both the land of our birth and our adopted country.

“Why, Lord?”

Returning now to 1976, the year dawned with the mission group and church in Belo still attempting to recover from the loss of Antonio dos Santos, whose passing left a very sizeable hole in our work. We found ourselves asking “Why, Lord?”; we realized again that His way are not ours. Our brother Antonio was not, for God had taken him, and the rest of us would have to accept that fact and get on with the task.

January saw three back-to-back camp sessions, one encampment each for children and teenagers and a missionary conference, on Principles of Church Growth. Guest speakers for this meeting, which drew about 130 participants, were church growth specialists Herbert Works and Wendell Broom.

We Shipps and the Huffmans were both struggling with the paperwork and remodeling of the tract homes we had purchased. One of the more tedious periods in my life must have been November, 1975 through March, 1976, as I attempted to supervise remodeling of our home and move our family and settle in to a new neighborhood. All of this came on top of holidays, camp sessions and my regular work. Our new house, even remodelled, was smaller than our rented house. It was located in a fairly humble community, one which was destitute of decent markets and other public services. We even suffered a new round of cultural adaptation, because this neighborhood was definitely a different environment than the more pleasant one in which we had lived since arriving in Belo.

Maintenance Time on the Field

In commenting on the details involved in this move, I am reminded of the fact that here it seems to require much more time and effort than it should to care for the details of living. "Maintenance time", the missions experts call it, and this frustrating, unproductive aspect of life in another country at times requires half or more of our waking hours. Yet it is all essential to our functioning here. A good example is car licensing. Each year, we can expect to spend perhaps two or three days in long lines, just to verify documents, pay the fees and have the car safety-checked.

Trials and Errors in Vocational Missions

The Cal Halls were in the States at this time. When they returned, they opened a language school, CALTEX (Cal's Technical English), in an effort to eventually be fully self-supporting. After two full years in this program, they suffered heavy expenses and finally sold the school. This type of enterprise took the bulk of their time and energy away from direct evangelism and from fellowship with the other missionaries and the local churches. They were able, however, to make friendships at highly placed levels of the society here.

Another Team Arrives

We received word in February that a new mission team had arrived in Campinas, in the State of Sao Paulo. With nearly 1,000,000 inhabitants, Campinas is now one of the major cities of Brazil. The team arriving there was composed of three families, all veterans of work in Brazil: The Tom Douglasses, the Larry Combs' and the Larry Williams'. They were joined in 1977 by the Coy Walters', who had been to Brazil with a campaign team. Also working with them on a temporary basis were Joyce Butler and Vicki Hood.

New Church in Vale do Jatoba

In February, a new congregation was formed in Vale do

Jatoba, a housing development at the far western fringe of the city. I had conducted cottage classes in the area for several months, in collaboration with my long-time partner in the Saudade Santa Efigenia area, Antonio da Silva. So, with my encouragement and initial assistance, this work was launched in a private home, with about eight members. Shortly, I withdrew from the work in Jatoba, leaving it in the hands of Antonio, Ismael (another man converted there through correspondence courses) and Pedro Costa (an active member from the Downtown church, who lived nearby). We held a campaign there later in 1976 and then Charley Huffman and the Acacias young people conducted another campaign in the area in January, 1978. This group appears to be stable, but is only showing slow growth. It has built a modest meeting place, however, and has arrived at a plateau of about sixty members.

Jatoba is one of four works that have been led largely or totally by Brazilians, the other three being Sao Bernardo, Nova Granada and the tiny group at camp. The ideal, of course is for all of the present churches to be totally Brazilian in leadership. This, however, doesn't assure success, because of these groups, only Jatoba has shown any growth. Much depends, of course, on the quality, preparedness and vision of the leaders involved. At this point in our history in Belo, Brazilian brethren are capable of handling the mechanics of church work, but few seem capable yet of inspiring churches to a greater vision and level of service. We pray that this missing ingredient will eventually be supplied, as the men here grow stronger in the faith. And they are growing, slowly. . . .

Enter the Bill Sweetons

Now March came in, and so did the Bill Sweetons. We had met them during the Pan-American Lectures in Belo and again during the lectures at Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. While they were with us for the week in Belo, we had talked with them about working here, since they were searching for a field. Bill is a preacher and a former career Air Force man, the third to come

to Belo. Retired military personnel have certain advantages on the mission field, being already acquainted with foreign cultures and with the work of the church overseas. Also, they have their retirement pay as a guaranteed income base. There is one difficulty, however: They are all older men, who find the language a real challenge to master. Ray Meisenhalder required a long time, but finally arrived at the point where he could communicate fairly well in Portuguese. Bill Jordan was just beginning to handle the language when he suffered his heart problem. After years of frustration, Bill Sweeton is just beginning to communicate in the language. Such men should understand beforehand that it will be quite difficult for them to adapt and become useful in the language.

Technical Progress

On a lighter note, the government here announced the opening of direct-distance dialing to the United States, Europe and other areas, which indicates something of Brazil's technological capacity. Also announced for the Belo area was the beginning of construction on Acominas, one of the world's largest steel mill complexes.

A Very Special Wedding

On April 24th, we celebrated another very special event here in Belo. Terezinha, a beloved young sister in the faith and one of the earliest members in Belo, was united in marriage to young church leader Ayres Guimaraes, with Brazilian evangelist Andrade conducting the ceremony. This was a real first for us: A young person reared in the church here was being married to an active Christian. This is the sort of development that will bring real continuity and strength for the future of the work. They have since become parents of both a daughter and a son and have moved into the home that Ayres had painstakingly built.

Campaign in Recife

Also, during April, Les Bennett and I joined Carl Henderson

and Gary Curro on another journey to the Northeast. This time, Gary and I stayed in Recife, while the other two travelled on to Picui, Currais Novos, Fortaleza and Natal. It was my distinct challenge to preach in a seven-night campaign in Recife, our first ever in that work. Local evangelist Dario did the legwork on a locale. However, he failed to adequately advertise the series, so we had to publicize it in a very makeshift way after we arrived there. We were also hampered by much rain and by a competing "healing" campaign in the city sports arena. But, all in all, our little effort went well, especially with correspondence course graduates and *Volta* readers who already know something of our appeal. Several denominational leaders were present, so our question and answer sessions were warm at times.

I was concerned for the work in Recife, even after the campaign, though university student Angelica was very helpful and Dario was thoroughly involved in this effort. The basic problem was that he had a longtime denominational background and had no financial resources or experienced co-workers in the city. Because of these factors, he had not yet been able to really put anything together there.

Streets With No Names; Houses With No Numbers

On the way back from Recife, we made a brief stop in Salvador, to again contact interested students. While in Salvador, we searched in vain for the new congregation reported to be meeting there. Les and I finally found the street, but the number we had didn't exist. We inquired from door-to-door but without results.

This is another little barrier we face in evangelism throughout Brazil. Many streets have no signs and many residences have no house numbers. Even when houses are numbered, the enumeration does not necessarily follow any set sequence. And maps are not much help. They tend to show the ideal — the city plan as envisioned for the future — rather than the rambling dirt lanes in many present areas of these large cities. Add to this

our lack of real acquaintance with the geographical details of these metropolitan centers and you can begin to see that it can require sometimes days to find just one contact.

A Great Leap Forward

In connection with our efforts along the coast, as already mentioned, we had joined with other workers throughout the country in 1968 to develop *Brazil Break-through*, a plan to place teams in twelve major cities within a decade. Apart from our occasional trips up the coast and into the desert, along with Carl's visits to the Western Frontier and the Far South, little had been accomplished toward this goal. But, in 1975 and 1976, Carl, Les and I met with other interested missionaries in an effort to beef up this plan. We also discussed it at each annual missionary retreat. Now, in 1976, this plan took a "great leap forward". Ellis Long, a veteran missionary in Sao Paulo who was vitally interested in the breakthrough concept, was moving back to the States and offered to devote at least two years to recruiting and preparing teams for several major cities of Brazil. His plan was quickly accepted here and two churches in Texas, Central in Amarillo and Golf Course Road in Midland, underwrote his salary and expenses. By early 1978, he had about forty couples in serious preparation for eight of the major unreached cities in Brazil. Many ask both Ellis and the rest of us if we don't already have enough workers for Brazil. But the fact is that the numerical odds against each worker here are staggering: Millions to one, in a country larger than the continental United States. We pray continually for teams to plant the work in a far more ambitious way throughout this great land.

Another Campaign Series

May brought with it another busy campaign series, with the help of students from Hardling, Lubbock, Harding Graduate School and Abilene Christian. The group was led by Don Shackelford, former missionary to Italy, and included in its number our own Darrel Davis. Local coordinator was Bill

Jordan.

For the first time, we conducted a campaign in Vale do Jatoba, in the central praca of the district, with Charley Huffman and me preaching "back-to-back" each night. Upwards of 250 people came out in windy, chilly weather, to remain standing for about two hours each night. Three baptisms immediately followed this series. Enio "Mel" Latorre, a powerful Brazilian evangelist from Bauru, State of Sao Paulo, preached an exciting series at Acacias. Attendance grew to about 170, with two responses. The final campaign was at Carlos Prates, with Modesto Pelligrini of Sao Paulo again preaching. This effort reached a high of 155 in attendance, with six baptisms.

Both the visiting campaigners and our local young people did their usual excellent job of door-to-door work, distributing tens of thousands of tracts and information kits on the Gospel and the church.

Right in the middle of the campaign rush, several emergencies arose. Joyce Huffman was hospitalized with a throat infection and I with a kidney stone. Bill Sweeton fell off a ladder at our School of the Bible, bruising both his body and his pride.

Two More Families Lost To Us

Immediately after the campaigns, Richard Cave packed his family up and returned to the States, having completed his commitment here. Then, right on top of his departure, the Jordans decided to return home, in order for Bill to receive further treatment for his heart problems.

We would greatly miss both of these families. Richard had reached the point where he was becoming very useful in leadership and personal evangelism, as well as in other phases of the work. As indicated earlier, Bill had been a real asset in the area of personal counseling.

Blessings and Curses of Missionary Support

The campaigns terminated in Belo on about June first and we, the Meisenholders, and Huffmans followed the campaigners out, enroute to the States. This would prove to be a frustrating leave for the Huffmans. When they arrived home, they were informed that their support was being dropped, so they spent seven months trying to locate new sponsorship. Missionary work has its great blessings, but also its curses. Support problems are among the trials encountered on the field. Our family is one of the few in Brazil to have been spared a crisis of this sort, praise the Lord, and a warm "thank you" to Richland Hills, which has loyally remained at our side for more than fourteen years. Most others have received notices, some more than once, that their support was to be terminated shortly. This gave them the choice of returning home permanently or traveling back home to drive the wheels off a car, in a tiring effort to recover the necessary funds to return to the field. Brothers, such a burden ought never to be added to the many already faced by the experienced missionary.

A Memorable Voyage

Our own leave would be "memorable" also. We were to fly Argentina Airlines, which meant a bonus visit to Buenos Aires, where we would catch our plane to the States. Since we were close friends with the George Roggendorffs, Ted Presleys and others there, we looked forward to this side trip. Arriving there on a cold, gusty night, we were met by George Roggendorff and driven "forever" across much of this city of some ten or twelve million people.

But, during our first night there, I had another kidney stone work loose and in severe agony, awakened George, who had to rush me to an emergency hospital. George is a veterinary doctor and recognized my symptoms, but since I wasn't the type of "animal" he had treated in the past, he didn't attempt any medication. Attendants at the hospital were able to kill the intense pain and I spent my two days in Argentina propped up

in bed. Armed with syringes and pain shots, we flew on toward the States. By the time we reached Santiago, Chile, I was climbing the cabin wall. So the captain radioed for a doctor to meet the plane in Santiago. The same scene was repeated at Lima, Peru, where Margie gave me a shot before the doctor arrived. He reviewed my case and assured the worried stewardesses and I was not a "junky". Arriving in Miami, with the pain shots used up and only \$80 to our name, we were forced to spend the night at the airport hotel and ask for medical help. A doctor finally was located and came in the wee hours of the morning. Between him and the hotel, our \$80 were used up, to the last dime. We even had to prevail on a redcap to help carry our luggage without the usual tip, but he was most understanding, believe it or not! In all of this we did find that good medical services are much more easily available and less expensive in Latin America than in the States.

Arriving at Dallas-Fort Worth's sprawling new airport, we were met by a number of our Richland Hills brothers. Later that day, after several hours of paperwork and lab tests in two hospitals, I was given a forced hospital stay for four days.

We Meet The Ingrams

A few days later, I was out and around again. Jerry Davis, one of our elders, loaned us his vacation place in a resort area, so we spent four or five days enjoying the only real rest we had during our leave. From that lovely spot in southeastern Texas, we travelled north to Daingerfield, where we got acquainted with the David Ingrams and spoke on the work in Belo. The church there had assisted in the support of Karen Williams, Shirley Arrington and Vicki Prior (and later Jeanne Clark) here in Brazil, so David, the preacher there, had spent seven or eight years corresponding with us. He finally decided to come and check out for himself the church's investment (in money, prayer and interest) in Belo, planning to remain here for several years. David was an old hand at campaigns, having been more than once to the Far East with campaign teams and also having

worked with like efforts in the States. The Ingrams arrived here in August 1976 and have proved to be dedicated team workers and amiable colleagues. Especially through their sons, David, Jr. and Tim, the Ingrams brought a new dimension to our work — puppetry — which has been used especially in VBS and camp programs.

A Golden Wedding Anniversary

Our entire leave centered on the Fiftieth Anniversary of my parents, which was celebrated on August 15th at Clear Lake, California. We arrived there a few days ahead of time, to help with final preparations for the celebration, which had already been launched by my brother and sister.

On that notable day, my parents were given a small measure of the honor and affection due them. So very often, over nearly five decades, their service to the Lord had gone almost unnoticed, as they struggled to begin and/or develop a number of congregations in Oregon and California and later to serve for three years in Hawaii and four-and-a-half years in Brazil. How little they had received in salary, or even expense money, during many of those years! I can vividly remember the burdens they bore for the churches: the long, tiring weekend trips, to encourage a tiny handful of members in another city. Of course, they erred at times and at times were critical of their lack of support and the many setbacks they faced. But always they have tried to expand the borders of the Kingdom, leaving a trail of what are now, in some cases, flourishing congregations and leaving me a legacy of pioneering spirit for the cause of Christ.

While in California, we also spent a few days with each of our sons, Gerald and his wife, Linda, in Santa Barbara, California; David and his wife, Nancy, and their two children in Fremont, California; Mark, at his colleague Dan Hoard's home in Palos Verdes, California; and Terry, who was spending the summer at David's. We had enjoyable visits with the Preston Masseys in Los Angeles and with the Darrel Davis and Marvin

Martins in San Diego. I also reported to the Clairemont Church in San Diego, which supports generously our publications program in Brazil; at Lucerne, which also supports our publications; and at other churches in California and Texas.

Back Home To Belo

Visits with relatives and a further brief stay at Richland Hills rounded out our very busy summer. In September, we flew back "home" by way of New York City. This was our first time there, but all we saw was Kennedy International Airport, due to bad weather.

After about fifteen years of living with us, Margie's mother, Emily Hollett, had moved back to the States in June, so we returned to a strangely reduced household. Vicki Prior was still living with us, but apart from her, our household included only Margie, Cindy and me. For years, Margie's mother had cared for address lists and mailing of our magazine, *Volta A Biblia*, so another gap in our work force would need to be filled.

We had realized that, with the departure of the Caves and Jordans and the absence of the Huffmans and us, morale would be low in Belo. But we discovered, upon returning, that many matters needed urgent attention. The Downtown church had continued in fair order, with no American help. Acacias would survive the prolonged absence of the Huffmans, but primarily because others helped them out on Sunday nights and the Sweetons although not conversant yet in the language, were present at each service. My own area of publications needed shoring up. I calculated that I had between 250 and 300 letters awaiting answers.

New Personnel

Melody Huffman was to remain in the States, enrolling at Lubbock Christian, where brother Monty was located. Our Mark was enrolled in his senior year at Pepperdine, after his two years out for missionary service in Brazil. Terry was beginning

his second year at Pepperdine.

The Ingrams had arrived just before our return in Brazil, so September saw them settling into their new home and work. Immediately after our return, we hosted Eugene S. Smith, Jr., owner of Gospel Teachers Publishing Company in Dallas and the son of my employer for five years, from 1949 to 1954.

Permanent Quarters

With the Meisenholders delayed in the States by the illness of their daughter, Christy, I was asked to preach each Sunday morning at Palmeiras. This, along with my work Downtown and my backlog in the publications department, brought me back into the work with a vengeance. The School of the Bible had moved into its permanent quarters in our absence and I found all of my "office" stacked in the center of my new quarters, ready to be sorted out. Les Bennett and Agustavo Mendes had given themselves voluntarily to the construction of this greatly-needed facility. It took four tiring months for them to complete the task and move the Escola to the new local.

In October the team hosted the Walter Fraziers of Durango, Colorado. This couple had contributed very generously to our camp, our publications program and to other phases of mission work in Brazil and were guests of honor at our group's Ninth Anniversary Banquet.

Speaking of publications, Helgir Girodo was re-hired by the School of the Bible, to serve as my assistant in publications, after a period of time in commercial work. He helped organize our first-ever hymnal in Portuguese, which was finally published in 1976, and helped prepare a twenty-six lesson course on church history, also released in temporary form during the latter part of the year. Helgir is a capable typist, musician, song writer and church worker, as well as being a budding artist.

Strange Goings On

The Sweetons seemed to be the victims of a series of freak situations. For a while, the only way they had lights in their apartment was to switch on their electrically-heated shower! Thieves lifted three wheels off Bill's brand new car, only a night or two after he bought it. He spent several weeks in mud up to his ankles, in an attempt to cure a foot disease. Then the car horn started honking every time he tapped the brakes.

I remember once taking my new Van (Kombi) to the Volkswagen garage for a grease job. When I returned later that day, I found the motor sitting on the garage floor. Shocked, I asked why. The foreman's answer was that the starter was hanging a bit, so they had pulled the motor to check it. When I challenged them on doing so without advising me, the foreman responded that they were the car specialists, not I, so they had every right to do what they considered was needed!

And then there are telephones. In order to obtain phone service, it is necessary to buy the number, which now runs up to \$1,500. The following incidents are clear proof of what we mean by "fun and games" with the phone company:

The Hall's phone was out of commission, at times for weeks on end, but they still had to pay the monthly bill. The Sweetons had a phone number for months, but no phone. Then one day they received a bill for a long distance call on their non-existent phone. The Ingrams had a disconnected phone in the house they rented. One day, to their immense surprise, their "dead" phone rang and then continued functioning for several months. And also, phone numbers change frequently here. Ours was to change in September of that year, but nothing happened until November, when our phone suddenly went dead. Then we discovered that our new number had been given to a neighbor and our old number was already in use by someone else. So, we had a telephone, but no number. As a result, we could call out, but others couldn't call us. I suppose that the greatest paradox in all of this is the fact that for years, we have been able to

direct-distance-dial, with the greatest of ease, all over the world from Brazil.

The Bennetts, preparing to go on leave, struggled long and fiercely to obtain exemptions from a new exit deposit of \$1,200 per person. Religious workers were to be exempt from this deposit, but obtaining the necessary papers was a bureaucratic battle. They finally got away, however, remaining until the end of January.

My First Book

After a delay of about four years, my first full book was published in the States by J. C. Choate. Entitled *God Answers His Mail*, it deals with a year in my prayer life on the field. I had written this information some time earlier, in the form of a daily prayer journal, not to be published, but to help me see later how the Lord had answered my so-inadequate prayers. However, Robert Fife, a writer of several successful religious books, was visiting in Belo and saw my journal. He urged me to share it with others, in the hope that they would be encouraged by my struggles and growth in prayer. This book was the result and has since precipitated two others, this one and *Fire In My Bones*, a volume on great missionary messages from the Old Testament. Other manuscripts are in various stages of development also, so granted a few more years by the Lord, they, too, may show up in print.

The Highest of all Honors

Our Brazilian brother, Claudio Barros, is an aeronautical engineer and university professor of note. For several years he had worked quietly on preparing a program of study in aeronautics at the University, and had also developed an improved type of glider design that is one of the two most functional in the world. Finally, in November, 1976, his efforts were recognized when the government granted him the coveted *Santos Dumont Award* for his service to the science of flight. The best part of all of this, we thought, was Claudio's public

statement: "These are great honors that have been bestowed on me. However, being God's child is much more important than all of these honors . . . in fact, that is the highest of *all* honors!"

Another Chapter Closed

And another year closed with usual busy holiday schedule. Sao Paulo elder Abramo Lucarelli joined David Ingram and me on a brief trip east to Santa Margarida and Vitoria. Our main purpose in Santa Margarida this time was to participate in the wedding of the oldest son of this family. What a time that was! It rained the entire day, and we had to navigate in the mud to a distant ranch for the ceremony. All day long, at least 150 guests milled around the farmhouse, eating and talking. Abramo conducted the wedding and attempted to convert every person present, especially the county Supervisor and district judge, who also participated in the wedding. At the end of our stay, two more daughters of this family were baptized in a rain-swollen stream.

In Vitoria, we met with Adherbal and Odisseia, two of the members there, and attempted unsuccessfully to find a third Christian, who had been converted in the States.

Upon returning home, all of us trekked to Sao Paulo for the annual missionary retreat, which went well, despite rainy weather.

The Year In A Brazil Nut Shell

And so ended a memorable year, with a record number of correspondence course graduates (1,293), a record number of *Volta* readers (17,000), our School of the Bible facilities constructed, and the Sweetons and Ingrams now working with us. Voni Hall's parents, the Merrill Eldreds, were visiting here for the second time. David Ingram, Jr. was recovering from an accident suffered while horseback riding during the retreat in Sao Paulo. With the rest of our American personnel expected back soon, we looked forward to an even more active 1977.



1. Charley Huffman, with son. Monty, Ronan Parreiras and Antonio Andrade, preparing for a campaign.



2. Lil Steward and John Paul Simon sacking flour in the USAID food program.

3. We frequently host special guests, such as the Paul Southerns, shown here at a retreat at Camp.



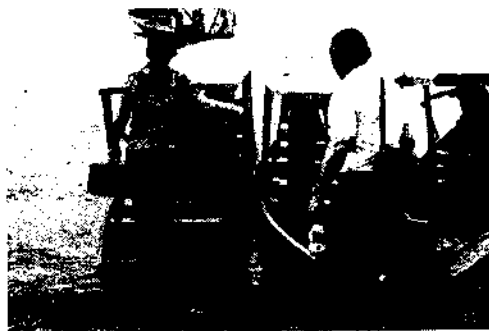


1. One feature of our work is campaigns. Here a U.S. volunteer distributes material in downtown Belo.

2. Preston Massey preaches in a campaign in Acacias unfinished unroofed building. Wow, was it ever cold those nights!

3. A campaign choral group sings at Palmeiras.





1. The red missionary bird, piloted by Carl Henderson.

2. On our Amazon survey trip, Margie enters a "ferry boat", while Carl stands by.

3. I preach in the central plaza at Picui. This event was sponsored by city officials.



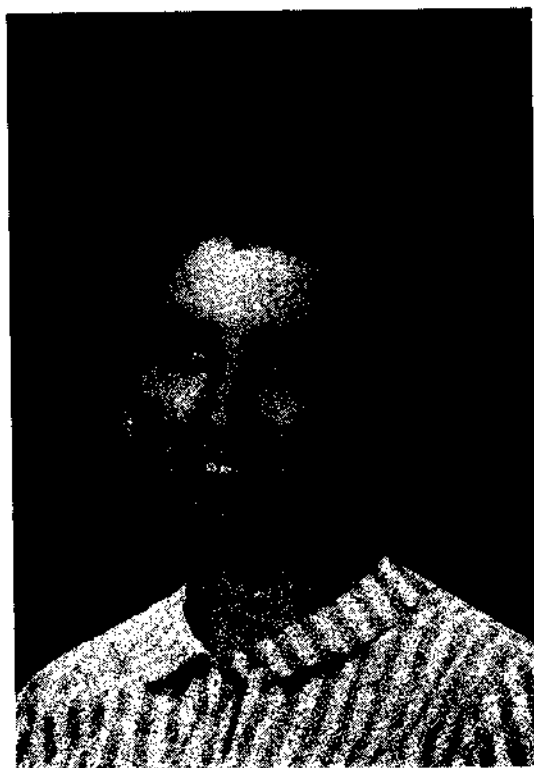


1. Les Bennett expounds on the Word in the meeting place at Paracatu. Richard Cave checks him out at left.

2. Our beloved Antonio dos Santos, who now rests with the Lord.

3. The Huffmans and Caves enjoy one of our anniversary dinners here in Belo.





1. Our tenth Anniversary portrait. Left to right: the Meisenholders, Sweetons, Bennetts, Shipps, Halls, Ingrams and Charley Huffmans.

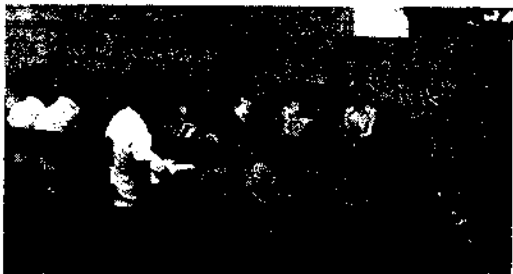
2. Our dedicated fellow worker and missionary wife, Joyce Huffman. She was not, for God took her.



1. Carlos Prates' building auditorium under construction.

2. Agua Branca's first service at her new property, still without a permanent building.

3. Our evangelistic magazine, Volta a Biblia, ready for the post office. I'm shown here with our new office manager, Ayres Guimaraes.



1. Vania, our faithful secretary for many years and daughter of Antonio dos Santos, recently married Brazil campaigner Bib Phipps.



2. A scene in the offices of our School of the Bible. Secretary Ines Duretti is processing correspondence courses.



3. Office staff includes director Ayres, at left, Ademir, Inez, Jeanne Clark and Helgir Girodo.



1. One of my normal poses, as editor of publications in Brazil.

2. Brazil today: The great contrast between old and new, primitive and super modern. Our cities explode with people, confused by the rapid changes taking place here in this exciting land of the future.







1977: The Year Of Our Tenth Anniversary

THE year 1977 was significant for us in several ways. First, it marked our tenth year on the field. Second, we recorded 110 baptisms, one of the highest numbers reported for any one year since the work began.

As the year began, the Bennetts and Huffmans returned to Belo, the latter having struggled for many months to recover their support. But now, with both families back, our work could move out of low gear again. Even with the older hands back on deck, we were still quite undermanned. Neither Bill Sweeton nor David Ingram could yet do much direct church work in Portuguese. Cal Hall was thoroughly tied up with his language school and no longer worked with us in the program of the mission team. So that left Charley, Les and me, among the missionaries, to carry on the bulk of evangelism. And both Les and I had heavy responsibilities with publications and correspondence courses, along with our service with the local churches.

Brazilian Leadership Situation

As for Brazilian personnel, we have not succeeded very well in preparing fulltime workers. Part of this was due, I am sure, to our philosophy of not supporting national workers with American funds. In ten years, only three or four men had ever been supported by local churches for direct evangelism. Of these, Antonio dos Santos had died and Ronan Parreiras had left the pulpit, after three years of formal preparation. Jose Ferreira had been supported for a short while at Palmeiras, but after some sharp disagreements with the church there, had

drifted out of duty. This left only Hermes Dias, who was supported for awhile by the Acacias church, and Antonio da Silva, who is retired and serves the church in Vale do Jatoba on a voluntary basis. There are other capable men, such as Andrade, Pedro Etrusco, Ayres Guimaraes (who now serves fulltime as director of the Escola da Biblia); Ademir Rosa de Jesus (who works halftime with the Carlos Prates church and halftime with the Escola), Pedro Costa, and Helgir Girodo (who works halftime with me in publications); but at the moment, either they or the churches are not in position for them to give their full time to church work. In some fields of the world, especially those involving work in village and rural areas, personnel seems to be available on very limited support. But this is far from true in a major city, where support for men from the middle-class economic level is comparable to a preacher's salary in a moderate-sized church in the States.

We also had the constant difficulty of adequate facilities. Again, a rural setting requires only very modest investments in meeting places, but in large metropolitan centers, such as ours, we must either meet in small living rooms, which greatly limits growth, pay four or five hundred dollars a month for rent, or spend \$50,000 or more for a small lot and first modest phase of a meeting place. Most mission texts analyze the situation in rural and village environments, with very little attention given to evangelism in major foreign cities, where population and cost of facilities explode ever upward.

Identifying with the Culture

Our life here is not only Christ and His church. It involves the culture and interests of these people as well. For example, Brazil is extremely addicted to soccer, the national sport, and had even won the world championship for the third time in 1970. Now, early in 1977, one of our three professional teams in Belo, Cruzeiro, placed second in the world finals for club teams. It may come as a surprise, but this country has become one of the world's better competitors also in basketball, volleyball and

certain track and swimming events, as well as in Formula I car racing. And, while we are on the subject of national achievement, certain Brazilian architects are among the world's most creative.

According to information released by the government, our own state of Minas Gerais led the entire nation in industrial development during 1976. Fiat Motor Car Company of Italy moved to Belo with a major plant. Fiat was joined by General Motors, Krupp, Collins Electronic, Mitsubishi and other international giants.

Key Congregation Concept

As a periodic planning retreat, we discussed plans for a series of key congregations, to be located on or near main arteries of the city. At that time, we planned almost immediately to begin the first of these in the Industrial City. But we searched in vain for a locale and finally postponed this new thrust. Afterward, we shifted to the North Zone of the city. The first new key congregation, Itapoa, conducted its inaugural service in April, 1978, with about 70 present. Bill Sweeton and David Ingram are working there, along with several Brazilian men. I was involved in the planning and opening of this work. My background in organizing programs, along with my personal acquaintance with most of the members potentially involved, made it almost essential that I help with this effort in its initial stages.

Henderson Moves to Frontier

Early in 1977, the Carl Hendersons moved from Sao Paulo to the Western Frontier State of Mato Grosso. We accepted this news with misgivings, because it would almost certainly mean less contact with Carl and also less likelihood of our travelling together in the missionary plane, as we had done before on our longer trips to the Northeast.

Downtown Church Closed

March and April were trying months for our family and for the Downtown church. After ten years of meeting and, during this period, having furnished the nucleus for nearly all of the other congregations in the city, we decided to terminate the Downtown church and to merge with the Carlos Prates congregation. Rent was prohibitive. We had worked with this church on a part-time basis from its very first service in 1967. Despite a widely scattered membership and constant turnover, many of its sixty members had become close, with a family spirit finally beginning to develop in the congregation. I knew that to close the church would mean the total loss of some members and the scattering of others among various congregations. Nothing would be the same again, and this is exactly how it has turned out. Twenty to twenty-five members settled at Carlos Prates, some effectively and some weakly. Ten or so landed at other congregations and about twenty-five essentially dropped out, partially due to the long bus rides and time involved in their roundtrip to the services of the congregations.

Of the congregations benefited by Downtown's closing, Carlos Prates and Vale do Jatoba were helped the most. The former has increased some in attendance, due in part to the merger. For some time this church has had a building program in progress, primarily with voluntary labor, to increase its auditorium and classroom space. But its future main auditorium has not yet been started. (Early in 1980 this 400-seat auditorium was finally under construction.)

Results of Publications Ministry

Throughout the year, we heard of an increasing number of publications recipients who have attempted to restore the church in their case. One case that came to light early in 1977 was of a former Presbyterian preacher in Recife, who moved back to his northern coast home and opened a congregation.

I spoke at a Brazilian evangelism workshop in Sao Paulo

during March and also participated in a planning session on publications. The entire missionary group present urged that I accept the task of writing a correspondence course on Comparative Doctrines. Progress on it has been slow, however, partially due to a series of health problems that slowed my productivity during the latter part of the year.

Recruitment Plans

We were encouraged during the year when we received visa applications for several recruits for Belo. Almost all of these potential workers had been in Brazil on campaigns, two year apprenticeships or Rotary Cultural Interchange programs, and so were well-prepared to return here.

In addition, many others were seriously preparing to enter the field. These had formed teams for Manaus, Brazilia, Fortaleza, Recife, Salvador, Vitoria, Rio, and Campo Grande.

Brazilian Attitudes Toward Jesus

Here it was Easter already and with it, a family encampment, which considered the theme "The Christian Family". Les Bennett led the series and I taught several classes. We find it interesting that the most sacred day of the year in Brazil is Good Friday. Great emphasis is placed on the death of Christ, more so than on His resurrection. This "morbid" aspect of the Gospel is played up in Catholicism, with Jesus portrayed as bloody, dying or dead, either in a tomb or lying in the arms of His loving mother, Mary. The eternal Lord of Lords, our risen Mediator, is seldom pictured. Since He is thought of as dead and gone, a living, loving intercessor is required, so Mary is given all of the prominence.

We were here for several years before we began to see just how much she has been elevated. Strangely enough, the traditional religion here is a matriarchy, with the mother goddess being at the apex of the divine hierarchy. She has been

stressed so much, in fact, that she long ago became a pantheon of goddesses. Each of her supposed hundreds of manifestations, or appearances, has taken on unique characteristics, so that now there are almost countless *Our Ladies*: Lourdes, Fatima, Aparecida (the patron goddess of Brazil), Navegantes, Penha, Conception, Pains, Piety, Carmo and many, many others.

Special Holidays in Brazil

Another unusual cultural event was played out at Easter-time. We watched open mouthed, as our neighborhood celebrated the "burning of Judas". Effigies of the traitor were placed on stakes and burnt, as a revenge for his having betrayed Jesus. Each home in the area was raided for some article to place before the effigy, apparently as payment, to buy the Lord back from Judas. Our house number disappeared for the night as part of the "payment".

During April, Brazil also celebrated Tiradentes Day. Tiradentes (The Tooth-Puller) was the Nathan Hale of Brazil, who, on April 21st, almost 200 years ago, was hanged and quartered for having led the first real revolt against the Portuguese lords of Brazil. His home at the time, and the site of this abortive revolution, was our nearby colonial town, Ouro Preto.

Death Strikes Close

At about this time, three sudden deaths struck close to us here. Former Sao Paulo missionary Lowell Perry and Brazil booster Hal Frazier were killed in a plane accident. Almost simultaneously, Don McHam, one of our beloved elders and close friends at Richland Hills church, suddenly passed away.

On Family and Friends

We were a bit puffed up to hear that our Mark had graduated *Magna Cum Laude* from Pepperdine. He had also been nominated to *Who's Who Among American Colleges and*

Universities, along with other honors. Of course, as happens so often on the field, we were unable to be there for his graduation ceremony.

Clio Eldred, Voni Hall's brother, whom we had known in 1964 and 1965 at Camp Yamhill, Oregon, spent several weeks in Belo. Clio is a remarkable singer, who gave several guest concerts while here.

Another Long Journey

Early in May, David Ingram, Bill Sweeton, Roger Dickson (of Sao Paulo), Carl Henderson and I headed Northeast again. We split up our forces and worked for several days in Recife and Salvador. In Recife, I preached for a church that our brother there, Dario, was attempting to restore. While there, all of us made a number of calls on interested contacts and I baptized Angelica's mother in the same lagoon where Angelica had been immersed earlier. We also attempted to link up a former member from Sao Paulo with Angelica and her mother, in the hopes of starting another congregation. But we understand that this never did succeed.

Meanwhile, Bill and Roger cut a wide swath through Salvador, baptizing Jose Fernandes Cruz, one of our long-time students, and meeting several times with the new little church meeting in the humble home of our brother, Manoel Durval Gomes. Manoel, another of our students, had added a room onto his house and launched the church without outside help. Since then, about twenty have been baptized, to our knowledge.

Immediately after this trip, the Bennetts, Ingrams and Jeanne Clark made one of our periodic trips to Patos de Minas. The small group in Patos has had a turbulent history, with clashes occurring with dismaying regularity among its adult members. However, things seem to be settling down there and we held a week-long campaign there in July, 1978.

One of the biggest challenges we face is the lack of character and dedication, especially on the part of the men of the congregations here. If I were a Paul and were writing about Brazilian men, instead of Cretans, I would be tempted to observe that they have a congenital weakness — a lack of backbone. This is not true of all, but does describe many of the adult and young adult males whom we have met here.

The 1977 Campaigns

In 1977, we again hosted a campaign team from the States. This team was led for part of its stay in Brazil by Darrel Davis and represented Harding, Lubbock and Oklahoma Christian Colleges, along with George Washington University. Of twenty-five students in the group, three were of special interest to our family: Laurie Norton, daughter of missionary Howard Norton, who had lived in Sao Paulo nearly all her life; Melody Huffman, who returned to work in the campaigns and spent her summer vacation here; and Kim Curtis, a repeater from two years earlier, who lived with us during both of her stays in Belo.

For the first time in this series, we hosted the team second, after it had spent three weeks in Sao Paulo and Campinas. What a difference this schedule change seemed to make! On the positive side, the group arrived in Belo more conversant in Portuguese, more acclimated and more practiced as a choral group. On the negative side, it was tired and suffered a huge emotional letdown, when it moved here from Sao Paulo. We felt that only toward the very end of its stay in Belo did it begin to show much warmth toward our city and work. Another deterring factor was that Darrel had to return home early, leaving the group without an adult leader.

First Campaign at Palmeiras

I preached in the opening campaign in this series, our first ever at Palmeiras. Predictably, crowds grew well, reaching some 350 by the last night. Twenty indicated their desire to

become Christians, but only three were baptized during the series. This was a difficult campaign to conduct, because of the low-class area there, the scattered housing, the coming and going of crowds of people throughout the preaching, the attendant noise and the lack of a speaker system. I was concerned also that so few who responded actually followed through on their indicated desire to become Christians

Elder Abramo Lucarelli, of Sao Paulo, preached in the second campaign, which was held in Carlos Prates. Attendance didn't blossom until the last night, when it reached 173 present, in an auditorium that is very crowded at 125! Three were baptized, but two of these were results of the work in Vale do Jatoba.

Charley Huffman preached in the Acacias campaign, which reached 235 the final night, with one response.

We had wanted to experiment with one continuous fifteen-day campaign in the Industrial City, one of our target areas for new congregations, but no facilities could be arranged for it. We all feel that this same type of campaign, with visiting workers/singers from the States creates great interest the first two years or so in an area, and then the "law of diminishing returns" seems to set in. For this reason, we hoped to realize one intensive effort in 1978 in the area of our new work in the bairro Itapoa. (This was later conducted, with good results.)

At the end of the campaigns in Belo, I accompanied the group to Rio, seeing my "flock" and its mountain of baggage safely off from Rio's new super-modern airport.

Exchange Students Converted

A rather unique phenomenon occurred in Belo in 1977. Contacts with American exchange students here resulted in the baptism of several young American women, who returned to the States during June and July.

During this period, both of our current secretaries, Jeanne Clark and Vicki Pior, returned home. Stepping in to help fill the gap these two left in the office were missionary wives Marilyn Sweeton and Janette Ingram. Vicki was an excellent secretary and financial bookkeeper, but encountered some adjustment difficulties here. Jeanne, on the other hand, came to love Brazil and the Brazilians and returned to work with us again in June of 1978

Our Faithful and Patient Wives

In June, the David Ingrams passed the milestone already reached on the field by the Roberts, Halls, Hendersons, Huffmans and us Shippes — their Silver Wedding Anniversary. This is a good point at which to insert the fact that without faithful and patient wives, none of us could hope to stay long on the field. We in Belo have been blessed with loving and caring wives, who have made a home here in, at times, trying circumstances. My own Margie suffered for years with a blood disease, arrested at the moment. But, despite the weakening effects of this ailment, she carried on with her home, family, classes and countless other responsibilities, where many wives would have considered this health problem a just reason for returning home. But our mission is the Lord's task, not just her husband's job. It is important work to both of us. I believe that this sense of partnership in a great cause, as much as any one factor, keeps a family going on the field, even when the way is sometimes full of hardships.

Notes on Encampments

During July, we conducted two youth encampments. Among the five baptisms at the teen session were Joao Martins Vaz and his daughter, Regina, who had attended at Carlos Prates during the campaign there. He volunteered his services to help faithful Augustavo in the kitchen and before the session was over, he became our fellow Christian.

With encampments increasing in participation, we decided to augment sleeping facilities. With the construction of twenty more bunkbeds, overnight sleeping capacity reached between 135 and 140. Thanks to a local truck bed company, which made the bunks out of spare lumber and during slack periods, we obtained the beds at a token price.

The Shipp's Hilton

Our home in Belo has always been the Shipp's *Hilton*, especially during the January and July vacation periods. I can recall one January when we served some three hundred plates of food, apart from those for our own family. This July was no exception, with Phyllis Shepherd, a two-year worker in Sao Paulo and our "almost adopted" daughter, bringing her parents, visiting from Texas, to spend several days with us.

Vacation Time

August brought a few days of vacation, before the beginning of the new year at the American School. Instead of vacationing, however, the Ingrams studied for a week under guest professor Dr. Neil Lightfoot of Abilene Christian University. This was another in a series of graduate credit courses being offered by extension to workers on the field, a boon for us, who are so far removed from college campuses.

The Sweetons visited in Rio and then went on to Marataizes, a coastal fishing village that has been a quiet, relaxing spot for many of us, as we watch muscular fishermen draw in their nets, or as we stroll along mile after mile of sparkling beach, without seeing another human being.

Our First View of the Mato Grosso Frontier

We Shipp's bussed to Sao Paulo and then to Tres Lagoas, Mato Grosso, where we "rested" with the Hendersons. What we really did was help them improve their new home, clean up

the yard, plant shrubs and paint.

We found the Três Lagoas area to be flat, fairly fertile and ideal for cattle. It is bisected by the formidable Paraná River, one of the world's largest, which is harnessed by two huge dams. While there, Carl took us on a short airplane trip, flying us over the amazing Canal of São Simão. This is the only formation of its kind in the world: A deep river channel runs down the middle of another wide, shallow river. All along this cleft, on both sides, the water from the broad river falls over the brink, dropping into a narrow turbulent trough. The height of the walls of this channel is equal to a several-storey building, so what we have is two gigantic parallel waterfalls facing each other for a stretch of several kilometers. The pity is that this phenomenon will soon disappear under the waters of yet another great hydroelectric reservoir.

While in that area, we landed at the city of Ituiutaba, in the far western reaches of our State of Minas Gerais, where we searched out a Brazilian brother who had recently moved there. We felt that with encouragement, he would be capable of beginning a congregation there, but have since discovered that his unresolved family irregularities will make this impossible.

Research in Fortaleza

Immediately after this trip, I was contacted by Ellis Long in the States, who asked me to fly to Fortaleza, on the Northeast coast, to meet the Duane Jenks and Joe Carrs, who represented a team forming to engage in mission work there.

Enroute, I stopped off in Brasília to check on exemptions from travel deposits for those of us planning to attend the Pan-American Lectures in Lima, Peru. I was met there by Carl Henderson and Johnny Pennisi (of São Paulo). We devoted a day to discussing this and other matters with Brazilian officials and with one of the American Consular chiefs at the U.S. Embassy. As a result

of this visit, exemptions were soon forthcoming.

When I arrived at the airport in Fortaleza the next morning, it wasn't at all difficult to locate these two couples. I merely dismissed all of the arrivees who looked reasonably at home and this left four young people, huddled uncertainly in the middle of the baggage department.

We spent a whirlwind four days attempting to research every possible aspect of life in Fortaleza and also squeezing in visits with a few of our best contacts in the city. It was a tiring experience, but interesting to see the beautiful city of Fortaleza again, this time through the eyes of these young eager future missionaries. After our stay in Fortaleza, I flew back to Brasília with them and came on home. They, in turn visited the work in São Paulo and then in Belo.

While I was out pounding the pavement in Fortaleza, the Bennetts were pounding things into shape in their newly rented home, down the street from the Carlos Prates church building and the School of the Bible. At this time also, Melody Huffman returned to her college studies in the States.

The Memorable Tenth Anniversary

In August, we passed our Tenth Anniversary in Brazil. The anniversary banquet, however, was actually held in September and it fell my task to plan it. This was a *Very Important Event*, especially for those of us who had been in Brazil for the entire ten years. These included not only us Shipps, but also the Halls, Huffmans, Hendersons, Meisenholders, John Paul Simon, Carl-sue Henderson Prater and Sheryl Hall Maia, who were all awarded ten-year plaques. It was a strange experience to order a plaque for my own family, along with the others, but this was part of my director's task. Johnny Pennisi, one of the oldest hands in the Brazil field, acted as master of ceremonies, as we reviewed our pre-Brazil history and ten years of successes and failures on the field. We recalled our beloved co-workers who

had served with us in the past: The Dale Browns, Darrel Davis's, Frank Roberts', Ray Jordans, Karl Loves, Gene Upshaws, my own parents, the Preston Masseys, Richard Caves, John McDonalds, Bill Jordans, Lil Stewart, Susan Hughes, Karen Williams, Shirley Arrington, Jeanne Clark Vicki Prior and others who had come and gone.

We recalled our early struggles in Belo and the first converts here. We remembered the funny-sad things that had constantly happened. We laughed and cried over a slide history of our work. We were fascinated by the Ingrams' puppet account of "Dorothy and The Wizard of Odd Mission Methods" and by our wives' parody on how they would run things here, if they were leading. And we were challenged by Charley Huffman's call to a greater vision for the work. This was a gloriously nostalgic moment for us. But we could only pause an instant, for time didn't stand still and we were already into our eleventh year. What would it and future years hold for each of us?

Immediately following our Tenth Anniversary Banquet, two young women, Melissa King and Mary Ann Indindoli, arrived from Abilene Christian University, to serve with us in office responsibilities, teaching and general missionary tasks. They were the first to enter Belo in the MARK apprentice program and we thought perhaps the last, because the visa situation had turned almost impossible. By early 1978, we had nine visa applications in bureaucratic limbo. These included seven individuals and one couple for Belo Horizonte, as well as a couple for Recife.

A Prophet Not Without Honor

In October, I went with a van well-filled with local Brazilian church leaders to a third encounter of Brazilian workers in Sao Paulo, where both Helgir and I lectured. Much to my surprise, at the end of my lecture, I was given a trophy and standing ovation by my Brazilian brothers, in appreciation for my years of service in publications. This gesture meant much more to me

than simply receiving a golden trophy. It signified that my stumbling efforts at communicating via the printed page in another language and culture had been understood, accepted and appreciated. This made the years of frustrating language study and the unending editing sessions and re-typing of articles more than worth the effort. It had been, and still is, an humbling experience to be constantly corrected by Brazilian editorial assistants. At first, I calculated that it was ten times more difficult to prepare publications in Portuguese than it had been in English. By now, the odds have diminished miraculously; it is no more than perhaps three times as difficult! Careful consideration must be given, as in English, to grammar and literary style. But also we must constantly examine the material under consideration for clarity, doctrinal truthfulness and fulfillment of spiritual need. Then we must present it in such a way that our international readership may identify with it and accept what it teaches. This task is compounded by cultural pitfalls, financial pressures, limited personnel and the tedium encountered in doing business in a foreign country.

But we slowly move ahead, thanks to the grace and patience dealt out so generously to us by our Lord. For example, late in 1977 we learned that largely through our publications, the church had reached into Livramento, on the southern border of Brazil and then into neighboring Rivera, in Uruguay. At one time, the magazine had been distributed in 28 countries, but extremely high postage costs and difficulties over delivery had caused us to terminate distribution in many of these nations. In many of these areas, especially in Portuguese-speaking Mozambique, hundreds have been brought to Christ through the printed page from Belo.

We are always thrilled by cases of genuine conversion. One woman converted at Acacias here in Belo gathered up all of her images, crucifixes, rosaries and pictures of saints (all of which had held magical powers for her earlier) and, with the help of brethren there, celebrated a public burning. This was a graphic echo of what had happened in ancient Ephesus, when idolatrous

men were converted to Christ.

To Lima, Peru for the Lectures

At the end of October, Les Bennett, David Ingram, the Bill Sweetons and I joined John Curtiss, Roger Dickson, Teston Gilpatrick and Ken Lewis, from Sao Paulo, to journey to Lima, Peru, for the Fifteenth Annual Pan-American Lectures. There we were met by Carl Henderson and by former Brazil workers Dan Hoard, Ellis Long, Marilyn McInteer, Howard Norton and our Mark. After having struggled for two full months over exit tax exemptions and other documentation, we found that we could only obtain reservations to Lima on a flight three days too early. So we caught that one, arriving in time to see some of the area and to help with final preparations there for the Lectures.

I had landed in Lima a number of times, but never before had visited this major city. It impressed me with its low skyline (due to earthquake danger), its generally somber tones, its constantly grey skies (real sunshine being almost unknown in that overcast oceanside region), extensive deserts and rich Inca and Spanish heritage. Being there over a Sunday, we arranged to worship with the church meeting in a middle-class area, not too far from our hotel. I had been asked by Bert Perry, long-time worker in Lima, to preach, so I tried a simple sermon in Spanish, only my second such attempt in that language. I can read and communicate in Spanish, but a formal sermon is a much more demanding task. The forty or so people present seemed to follow it, although my Spanish was undoubtedly tainted by Portuguese. The church itself was smaller than I had imagined and met in a very inadequate hall. However, we learned that other congregations also met in the city and that this one, although the most centrally located, was smaller than some of the others.

While in Lima, several of us visited a denominational church about which we had read, to investigate its methods. Without using sensationalism or a charismatic emphasis, it had grown in just a short time from 165 to 800 members and had also

started other congregations. We were impressed by its facilities, its organization, its style of work and its emphasis on the Word.

The Lectureship guests arrived in earnest Monday night, and we all pitched in to help register and settle them into the hotel. As always, it was a thrill to see so many old and true friends, especially Richland Hills preacher Jon Jones. I was occupied throughout the week with preparations for my three hours of workshop on *Publications In The Mission Field*, scheduled for the last day. Even though this was a specialized area and was attended by relatively few participants, it went well and seemed to be appreciated.

I felt that the quality of the major speeches was the best ever. At some lectureships, speakers who have never experienced life in other countries nor the unique difficulties encountered by missionaries, miss the mark with their addresses. But this time, as to a great extent in the case of the earlier lectureship in Belo, the speakers were practical and sensitive to the situation.

One feature of the lectures was a special day-long tour of the Lima area. We headed out through Lima's sprawling suburbs, seeing both upper class areas and bone-dry, treeless slums, perched around sandy hills. Then, reaching the Pan-American Highway, we journeyed on to the ruins of Pachacamac, an ancient sacred city and temple area of the Incas. Although not as well preserved as the ruins around Mexico City and in Guatemala, these were still impressive. We also stopped at the great museum in Lima to quickly view pre-Inca artifacts. Most of the Stateside guests remained afterward to tour Cuzco, the ancient Inca capital, and Machu Picchu, the lost city of the Incas, perched high in the Andean fastness. Our Brazil contingent would have loved to have seen all of this also, but neither time nor money permitted, so we returned to our work.

Year-Ended Activities

In December, we released the first quarter of our new children's Bible school course, written by Catherine Pennisi, of Sao Paulo, and edited and illustrated here in Belo. We also published two more tracts and reprinted three others. A twenty-six lesson church history course was still being polished, prior to publication. Several programmed learning courses were paralyzed, awaiting eventual arrival of a typesetting machine.

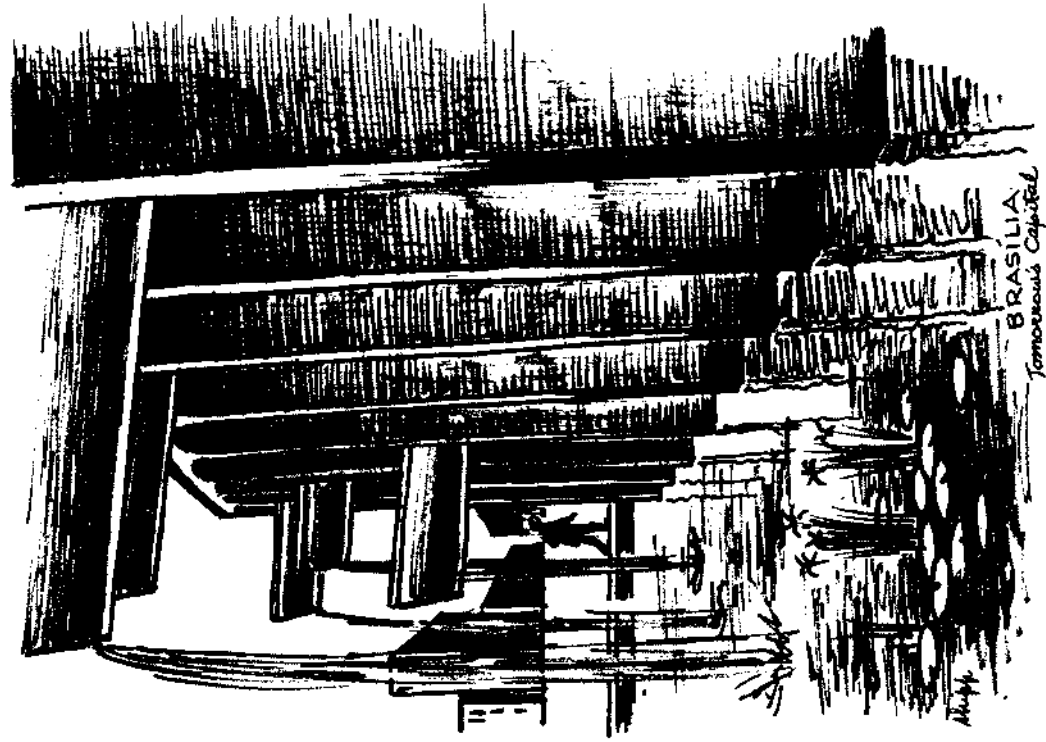
Melissa King, Mary Ann Indindoli and Wendy Huffman escorted three other girls to a teacher training program in Sao Paulo. Upon their return, they conducted a training series at Carlos Prates and presented another such program early in 1978 with the help of Carole Simon of Sao Paulo.

At the end of the year it was our turn to host the annual missionary retreat. As coordinator, I had struggled for months to arrange a main speaker without success. But, finally, with an assist from Richland Hills, former missionary to Africa, Doyle Gilliam, was scheduled to speak on the theme, "Maturity in Christ". Approximately 120 participants came to our camp, to be renewed in spirit during the last five days of the year.

The Year In A Brazil Nut Shell

The year 1977 saw the first "third-generation" face in the church in Belo, when Terezinha dos Reis Guimaraes, herself a second-generation Christian, gave birth to her first child.

The year also saw expansion of the church into eastern Parana state, when long-term missionary Ron Duncan moved to Londrina, to carry on the work initiated by agricultural specialist Glenn Davis. At nearly the same time another longtime worker, Gerald Elliott, launched the church in Maringa, near Londrina. Shortly after this Vina Hall, U.S. government official, began services in her home in Brasilia. She has since been transferred to the Philippines, but the Gary Curros are now serving fulltime in the Federal District, with others expected to join them soon.



Postscript

FOR various reasons, including a lack of time to work on it, this manuscript is being given its final editing in 1980. For this reason, I thought it wise to do a brief update and to take a look at some possible future developments in the work in Belo Horizonte and Brazil.

Since 1977 our mission team has continued to change, and in the process, to diminish in numbers. Immediately after visa approval for Melissa King and Mary Ann Indindoli (in 1977), the door was closed to further fulltime visas. For more than three years, this situation remained at least partially in limbo, awaiting government clarification on new immigration laws.

Of course, no human government or law can withstand the Lord's Will. If our Father provides the way, we should see, by the end of 1981, new teams at work not only in Recife, Rio and Salvador, where the church is now meeting, but also in Fortaleza, Manaus and Campo Grande, with a group to arrive later on in Vitoria. Ellis Long and his supporting churches in *Brazil Breakthrough* hope to move on then into recruitment for a list of secondary cities in Brazil.

This kind of outreach to Brazil's major cities is more urgent than ever. Each is at least doubling in population every decade. Due to lack of personnel to travel regularly with him, thus making it hard to justify the great cost of maintaining and operating the missionary plane, Carl Henderson sold it recently. This has reduced our long-distance runs to these far-flung cities almost to zero. Therefore, until teams settle into them our few scattered brothers in these cities languish, for lack of preparation and on-the-scene moral support.

The Lord Takes Joyce Huffman

In October, 1978, our beloved co-worker, Joyce Huffman,

passed away here in Belo, after a prolonged illness. As a result, Charley and his youngest daughter, Peggy, returned to the States in 1979, planning to stay near son Monty and daughters Melody and Wendy, all of whom were studying in Lubbock, Texas. Charley is to marry a Christian widow, Sandy Oliver, in July, 1980, and hopes to return to the work here in 1982. Charley's temporary loss to us has been felt by all, since he has been the most dynamic public evangelist in our city.

Another severe loss in 1980 was the departure of the Les Bennetts, who had served here for eight years. Les was my closest associate in more recent years and I am especially missing his steadiness and practical business sense, to counter-balance my creative but not always practical nature.

With the loss of these two colleagues, both very capable in the language and work of the church here, a heavy "burden for the churches" has fallen on me, as I attempt to encourage and preach for various congregations, as well as working regularly with the Carlos Prates church and maintaining my other tasks, especially in the area of publications. Lord, give me strength and wisdom!

Continued Turnover

Others who left Belo in 1979 were Melissa King, Mary Ann Indindoli and the Cal Halls. The two girls completed their two-year commitment, with Melissa since then marrying and Mary Ann doing graduate work and hoping to return to us. At about the same time the Halls moved to a small city near Rio de Janeiro.

Cal resigned permanently from the team two years ago, to become fully self-supporting in language teaching and other enterprises. Over the years the Halls had slowly but steadily dissassociated themselves from the program of the mission team and the rest of us over doctrinal philosophy and methods. This has been a sad turn of events for all of us, especially since

we "oldtimers" owe in part our being here to the Halls' leadership and encouragement in the States.

A small group, composed largely of university-level people, was launched in 1970 in the Hall's home and continued afterward to meet in the home of the Claudio Barros'. That congregation, never large, dwindled in numbers and remained, by its own choice, outside the circle of activities among the churches in the city. As a result, we no longer include it in our reports, even though it numbers several baptized believers.

Reinforcements Arrive

But finally, in late 1978, the Carl Hendersons returned "home" to Belo, after ten years in Sao Paulo and Tres Lagoas. Being "old pros" from the original Belo team, they already knew their way around our city, to some extent, and also had been through countless experiences here in Brazil, some of which are mentioned in earlier chapters.

Then, late in 1979, we praised the Lord for the arrival of reinforcements, when the F. H. Gates joined us. F. H. had been an exchange student several years earlier in Belo and later had promised the Lord to return here one day as a missionary. After more than two years of visa delays, F. H. and Becky were permitted to come. They have since grown to three, with the birth of Lucas, and are settling into the work.

Jeanne Clark returned to Belo in June, 1978 for her second two-year commitment and planned to return to the States in 1980, with the possibility of coming back for a third term here. The Ingrams have completed their four-year term of service, but are to stay on for another year, until their son, Tim, completes his high school studies in 1981.

Due to our current American personnel crisis, plus our plans to expand local leadership training and to establish several new congregations, both Brazilian and American workers have

decided to recruit up to ten new families from the States, with Richard Cave coordinating this effort. (At this writing: seven couples and two individuals, including Bob and Vania (dos Santos) Phipps, the Monty Huffmans, Randy Mathenys, Eddison Fowlers, Glenn Robbs and two other couples, plus James Mosely and Melody Huffman, are preparing to work in Belo, as a second generation of American missionaries in our area.

We have more Brazilian leaders than ever, but none at present on a fulltime basis, except for Ronan Parreiras. Few are prepared in depth for future fulltime evangelism and leadership. For this reason we are looking toward construction of a modest Leadership Training School.

Memorial Chapel Constructed

Under Charley Huffman's guidance a beautiful A-frame chapel was built at camp recently, in memory of Joyce. Our normal encampment schedules continue, but with more and more Brazilian brethren leading them. The camp is slowly being hemmed in by other housing, so we are not sure what the future may hold for the formerly peaceful locale.

We are now in that delicate phase of "apron-string cutting", as we attempt to turn more and more responsibility in the work over to Brazilians. Examples: Ayres Guimaraes is office manager of the School of the Bible. Both Ayres and Ademar Rosa de Jesus are making regular evangelistic visits to Patos de Minas and other cities. Older churches, such as Carlos Prates, plan their own schedules, budgets and program in general, without missionary direction.

Current Church Growth

The churches in Belo have grown fairly well in the past two years, with 168 baptized in 1979 and a total of 500 faithful members now meeting in the city, in seven congregations. One

of the latest of these in Agua Branca, launched in a new housing development in 1978. This work was nearly stopped for lack of facilities, but has just purchased a lot and should soon start building on it. Itapoa has purchased property and is building on it, so we can expect that work to pass a hundred members in coming years. Acacias has about 130 members, having nearly doubled in size in 1979. Carlos Prates is still trying to overcome the Bennetts' departure and other difficulties, but is building its permanent auditorium and should soon pass the one hundred mark. Vale do Jatoba is paralyzed at about 60 members. Palmeiras has overcome some of her internal difficulties and, with Ronan Parreiras working fulltime there, is beginning to grow again.

Several of the congregations have ambitious five-year plans, which include growing at twenty percent per year, planning for future elders, expanding present facilities and reaching out to start at least one new congregation each year during this period. The first of these is a new work in the local federal prison, where six inmates have already converted. Led by a Christian military captain and members of the Acacias congregation, this "captive" church has a regular schedule of services.

Publications Dilemma

My publications program has slowed down some, primarily to greatly increasing costs. We have a plan for developing our own print shop, but at this point, no funds have been forthcoming for this project. The children's Bible school course has moved ahead slowly, and is now being published also in Spanish. I have worked for several years on a series of advanced correspondence courses, which I hope to publish soon. More tracts, a hymnal with music, additional leadership training materials, a book on the work of the local church, a commentary on Acts and other materials are in development.

Correspondence course work is booming. We hope to increase course offerings to a sequence of six courses (about

eighty-eight lessons), granting a special diploma from the School of the Bible at the end of the entire series.

Projections of Growth

The metropolitan Belo area (the city herself, plus fourteen satellite towns) now has approximately three million inhabitants, having more than doubled since our arrival here. This fantastic growth has been due to rapid industrialization, much migration from the Interior and an excessively high birth rate. Demographers see no letup in the area's growth, predicting that, by 1990, the present three million figure will reach five or six million. By the year 2000, if the Lord has not returned and all other factors continue as they now are, the greater Belo area will have some ten million inhabitants. This gives us cause for serious thought about how to evangelize this sprawling giant.

To match or, preferably, surpass the city's growth, I would expect the present churches here to double in membership during the next five years, from five hundred to a thousand members. In addition, the number of congregations should increase to ten or twelve, most of which will have their own property.

During this same period, many of the presently existing churches will have nationalized totally; that is, they will be directed entirely by Brazilians, some of whom will have been prepared in our own leadership training school.

Brazilian brethren are becoming more aware of the need for outreach, so in coming years we should see work started in several other areas adjacent to Belo and farther afield. These brethren are increasingly capable of evangelizing and will probably take more initiative in outreach, as time passes.

If our "second generation" of American workers for Belo materializes, and if more Brazilians are thoroughly prepared, the following decade (to 1990) should see the church in Belo

vigorous and reasonably mature, with elders leading at least some of the perhaps fifteen or twenty congregations in the area. Elders will arise here, but slowly. I believe that the churches will find their future bishops primarily among the better prepared second generation of Christians, rather than among the present older men in the church, whose spiritually-divided families and personal preoccupations almost exclude them from ever achieving this level of leadership.

Personal Calendar

As for our own family's plans, we largely cancelled them when we came to Brazil. We do intend, however, to accept Harding University's request that we serve there as missionary-family-in-residence for the 1981-82 school year, returning at the end of that time to the Field. We are here by the Lord's grace and will remain as long as He desires. Perhaps He will grant us ten or fifteen more years in Brazil, although political changes could push all of us out of the country within the next few years. Apparently, a harder line is to be pursued by the government, as far as immigration and stay on the field are concerned. There are also mounting family pressures, with all four of our sons now married and/or studying in the States. (Only our fifteen-year-old daughter, Cindy, is still with us.) My dream from the beginning has been to see during my lifetime the work well launched, not only in Belo, but all over the great country in Brazil. This kind of outreach can be realized only by means of a grassroot restoration, which is already happening slowly in scattered areas. I pray that we may live to see the day when there are strong congregations meeting throughout Brazil, congregations with dedicated elders, sending out workers to other cities and countries.

This, then, is my story, briefly told, as I have lived it in Brazil. And this postscript is my dream for the next decade here. Of course, the future is strictly in the Lord's hands, the only safe place for it to be. I praise the Lord for my colleagues, both American and Brazilian, for the opportunities and

challenges placed before us, for the growth of the church in this land and for the great honor of having been led to this field to serve Him in my small way. Who am I, a simple *Brazil Nut*, that such challenges should have been placed before me? "To God be the glory; great things He hath done"

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