

## **BRAZIL LOG – 2006**

### **A Record of the Travel of Laurence & Lyndy Justice To Presidente Prudente and Fortaleza, Brazil June 26 – July 14, 2006**

#### **MONDAY JUNE 26TH**

We left the house at 6:20 AM. Ben Gardner who spent the night with us last night drove us in our car to McDonald's for breakfast and then to Kansas City International Airport. Passing through the front desk we had our passports checked and our tickets reviewed one final time. I spent the time while we waited for the plane familiarizing myself with the digital voice recorder I planned to use to make my log. This was the first time I had used this type of device. For all our other trips I used a pen and a small pocket-sized notebook.

This was our fifth trip to Brazil. We now moved into the departure area. It was 8:36 AM. This was far too early but it was required by law that we arrive at the airport two hours before flight time. We were scheduled to depart at 9:41 AM on American Airlines.

Today was a beautiful sunny day. It was a little bit cool last night with temperatures dipping down into the fifties. In the background the airport announcer began giving information about our departure time stating at this point that we would leave in about fifteen minutes.

At 10:33 we began our approach to the Chicago airport. We ascended through the clouds and could see thunderheads forming here and there. This plane was one of the quietest we had ever flown on but people were packed in like sardines in a can. It was really tight and every seat was taken.

We ate lunch at McDonald's in O'Hare Airport in Chicago. There was a huge crowd throughout the airport food court. In other restaurants the prices were sky high but McDonald's still had their regular prices.

Leaving Chicago at 1:30 PM we headed for Miami. The roar of this plane was a little louder than some of the others we have taken. It was raining so we were not able to see the buildings of the city as we departed. From time to time there were

breaks in the clouds and we were able to see the buildings. Off to the left and behind the wing we could see the Sears Tower and Lake Michigan but it was just a glance now and then because of the clouds. The Sears Tower is a huge black obelisk looking structure that is shiny like obsidian. It is quite impressive.

Just a few minutes out of Chicago we experienced some turbulence. We got a little bored being in the plane. It was cloudy outside so we could not see the ground. Other people were getting a little restless. Several were getting out into the aisle and walking around. I spent quite a bit of time looking at maps of Brazil and familiarizing myself with the places we hoped to visit. I looked at the places around Sao Paulo that we have visited and will visit. Osasco is a suburb on the far Western side of Sao Paulo. Brother Eduardo Cadete lives and pastors in Osasco. He will meet us at the Guaruhlos Airport and take us on the long trip across this city of 23 million people to the Congonhas Airport where we will catch our next plane. I looked at the locations of both airports. Guarulhos is on the far Northeast side of the city and Congonhas is located on the far South side of the city. It is a long way across this city and the traffic here is unbelievable. Hopefully brother Eduardo would get us to Congonhas on time for our next flight.

Descending into the Miami area it looked like it did two years ago when we were here. It was partly cloudy with small thundershowers here and there. It looked very humid out there with the typical bright Floridian sunshine. We still have 27 minutes to go before touchdown. Passing over the Everglades and looking out the North side of the plane the water and brush of the Everglades stretch almost as far as the eye could see. We came into Miami from the West.

Through the puffs of clouds that were forming into thunderheads we just got a glimpse of the gleaming hotels of Miami Beach. The colors here are beautiful blues and grays and whites in the sky and clouds and ocean. Rapidly descending I looked back over the wing at the city of Miami itself. Everything here seemed to be built on the water or connected to it in some way. Canals ran throughout the city. Now we could see Miami Beach. We now swung out over the Atlantic and circling back to approach Miami from the East. Soon we were descending toward Miami International Airport.

Some several miles out over the Atlantic we flew over a huge cruise ship. The ocean here was dark, very dark. As we neared the beach the water was a beautiful light green color. The Miami skyline was beautiful and had grown since the last time we were here it seems. It's very interesting how everything in this area seems to be built on or connected to the water. Miami has elevated highways everywhere.

We passed just North of the Miami Dolphins professional football team's home stadium. At 5:25 we were about to touch down eight minutes ahead of schedule. This is very unusual for American Airlines.

Upon landing we had to walk what seemed to be three miles inside Miami Airport to our concourse but since there was no place to eat we had to walk all the way back to where we entered. As we hurried through the corridor we heard several languages spoken over the public address system and were reminded of what had been happening to our country over the past several years. We are no longer an English speaking country. A literal Babel of languages is now heard everywhere.

After being seated we waited to board our plane at 8:30 PM. I purchased a copy of the Miami Herald. I found that what was once a fine old newspaper is now concerned almost exclusively with Latino events and causes and is emphatically leftist in its political views. This will be the last time I will purchase this paper. Here was another reminder of how things have changed in our country in recent years. Our flight to Sao Paulo is scheduled to leave at 9:30 PM.

While boarding for Sao Paulo we struck up a conversation with an American couple who happened to be from Arkansas. Their last name was Lee and they were Southern Baptists who were going to Brazil for some kind of church planting project. He said that he had helped preach the funeral of the pastor of the Trinity Baptist Church in Searcy, Arkansas who had recently passed away with a heart attack. This is Lyndy's home church and the church where her parents, Preston and Orene Eddy, are still members.

We finally got underway 23 minutes late at 9:53 PM. At about 10:20 Miami time we passed to the East of a huge thunderstorm that might have been 50 or 60 thousand feet to the tops of the clouds and the fire of the lightning flashes in those clouds, seen every few seconds, was simply amazing.

## **TUESDAY JUNE 27TH**

At 1:19 AM on June 27<sup>th</sup> we passed over Maricaibo, Venezuela. I could see the lights of it and two or three other large cities and far to the East I could see another huge thunderstorm. About this time I read my Bible readings for June 27<sup>th</sup>. They were found in the books of Job and Acts. At about 1:50 AM some kind of medical emergency developed on the plane and a flight attendant asked over the public address system if there was a doctor on board. There was a lot of excitement about it but no one volunteered himself as a doctor. At 3:15 we were notified that we

would make an emergency landing at Manaus, Brazil because of the medical emergency. The passengers were awakened by the announcement as the lights of the plane were suddenly turned on.

At 3:37 we landed at Manaus. There were so many lights in this vast city that it looked like the early evening hours rather than the dead of night. It was a much larger city than I had thought. A man that looked to be in his mid forties was taken off the plane but he left under his own power with a woman helper on each arm. The women seemed to be his wife and mother or perhaps his mother in law. A female flight attendant later told us that they thought the man had had a stroke. When we had sat on the ground for an hour there was no sign of any movement. We were pretty sleepy but decided to clean up and freshen up a little. We wondered if we would be caused to miss Pastor Eduardo Cadete who had promised to meet us at Guarulhos Airport and drive us across town to the Congonhas Airport for our connecting flight to Bauru, Brazil. We became increasingly concerned that we might miss our connecting flight. Coming into this airport at night like this made me think about the story of the famous Israeli raid on Entebbe in Africa.

At 5:35 AM things finally came to life again and we prepared to continue our flight to Sao Paulo. At 6:36 AM breakfast was served. It consisted of Guarana, French bread and butter, scrambled eggs and orange juice. Our estimated time of arrival in Sao Paulo was now 9:01 AM instead of the scheduled 6:30AM.

At 8:53 AM we came into Sao Paulo. Everyone tried to go back to sleep after breakfast and the flight attendants asked that all the window shades be closed so people could sleep. We were told that we would be landing in about 10 minutes. The sunshine was extremely bright as we passed over any number of large cities as is always the case when we come into Sao Paulo. These cities just seem to go on and on. Prominent in the city was the Tiete River, a dirty, smelly sewer running through Sao Paulo.

We touched down at 9:14 AM in Sao Paulo, Brazil on a beautiful sunny day. We passed the Varig terminal, then the American Airlines terminal and now we came to the TAM terminal where we would deplane.

Here we were met at Guarulhos airport by our friend Pastor Eduardo Cadete and two of the men of his church. One of these men was another dear friend of ours, Moacyr Menha. The other man who ended up graciously carrying our bags was named Claudio but it is pronounced *Clow-joe*. These men drove us across Sao

Paulo to the Congonhas airport so we could make our plane connections for the trip to Bauru.

We flew from Sao Paulo to Bauru. Even on this flight the Pilot came on the public address system and announced the score of the World Cup game in which Brazil's soccer team was playing. Obviously Brazil was ahead because the passengers all cheered at the announcement. The flight attendants now came down the aisle of the plane serving Guarana. This was very pleasing to us because we love this wonderful soft drink which is native to Brazil. Looking out the window we could see the red soil of Sao Paulo State. It is not quite as dark a red as that of my native Oklahoma. This State may well have once been forested but now is mostly cleared and farmed. There were also a number of tree farms in this State, mostly growing eucalyptus trees.

In Bauru we were met by Missionary Calvin Gardner and his son David who took us to the local churrascaria for a meal. The name of this churrascaria means in English, Doorway To The Rio Grand. The food served included any number of meats cooked to perfection. Some of the foods served at this particular establishment included lamb, wild boar, pork, different kinds of beef, chicken, garlic on everything and various kinds of cheese. There were ten different kinds of meat served. Desert included Pudim and white chocolate cake with almonds that tasted more like pie. It was delicious. We had Guarana to drink as well.

About 3:53 PM we checked into our Quality Inn Hotel. It was the best one we had ever stayed in in Brazil. The windows were sealed and it had air conditioning. We were on the seventh floor and we had a balcony that overlooked the city of Bauru. We got ready to go shopping at the mall before coming back to the hotel for some much needed rest. At this time we were very tired and sleepy since it had been about 40 hours since we had had any real sleep.

As we traveled about the city people kept honking their horns and shooting off fire crackers and high fiving each other in connection with the soccer game that was still going on. Brazil won over Ghana three to nothing. We now moved to the balcony of our hotel room to enjoy the view for just a few moments before getting some sleep.

On the balcony we observed some interesting sights around the city. One was two men visiting over a board fence. Palm trees grew on the roofs and balconies of apartments here. Motor cycles were rolling through the streets everywhere. There

is never a moment that motorcycles cannot be heard in the streets. The apartment buildings were painted in light pastel colors such as cream and gold.

We could hear fireworks going off everywhere in celebration of the Brazilian victory in the World Cup. We could also hear birds singing a song very similar to the Bem Tivi bird though we were not certain these are actually those birds. Seven stories below us there were people strolling in the beautiful resort like weather under the royal palm trees that lined the sidewalk in the small park. We could see a food stand that has a sign reading Oba! Oba! which means Wow! Wow! Here a vendor of some kind of food sells his products. It says something about churrasco on the side of it.

We could see a number of different types of trees including royal palms and also the strange Dreadlocks Palms as we had nicknamed them on a previous trip. This tree has very different leaves and the seeds grow on strands that look like dreadlocks on American Black people. They have large places on the bark where previous limbs have broken off and then the next limbs have grown successively above those. There was an Ipe tree in the distance. There was also a tree with purple blooms but it was not an Ipe because it has leaves and the Ipe does not. On the far distant horizon there was a huge power relay station with transformers. On the Western horizon we could see two cell phone towers. The sunshine at this 4:30 PM hour is just beautiful.

We sat across the aisle on the plane today from a man who was a native Brazilian but who now lives in Austin, Texas. This man explained to us that the city of Campinas, Brazil North of Sao Paulo is called the Silicon Valley of Brazil because all kinds of technology companies are headquartered there. There are two major universities there that are connected with the technical industries.

At about 4:35 PM we went down to the lobby of the Hotel and visited the computer room called the business center where we checked our e-mail. Lyndy noted that on this particular evening the smell of fireworks now overshadowed the smell of garlic that nearly always hangs over Brazil.

We could hear the loud speaker trucks cruising through the city advertising various things. These trucks are always present in every Brazilian city. They are noted for coming around on Sunday afternoons just about the time you read your Bible or try to sleep. They are always LOUD. We visited the mall where we purchased a porcelain doll for our grand daughter Caroline Tucker. Calvin bought some pieces

of jewelry. We also ate Brazilian ice cream at a filling station. I had banana a leite, Calvin had Carmel, David had lemon fructare and Lyndy had magnum classico.

### **WEDNESDAY JUNE 28**

We woke up to the alarm at 6AM to the alarm after a good night's sleep. After reading the daily Bible readings in Job 13-16 and Acts 8 we looked outside to find that it was still dark at almost 7 o'clock. The wind was blowing hard after a cold front had come through during the night. The temperature was in the upper fifties which to Brazilians is very cold. I still have on my golf shirt. Virtually all lights are turned off at night in Brazil except for streetlights.

I stepped out onto the balcony of our hotel to look at the beautiful sun shiny day. It was windy and chilly but perfectly clear. The motor cycles and trucks were already beginning to make themselves heard even though it was 8:53 in the morning. The city was beginning to come to life though as always in Brazil it was a lot later than happens in American cities.

We went to Wal-mart and walked through the produce department. There were many squashes not available in the States, two or three kinds of papaya, large and small, mantioc, mantiocina which is a small mantioc, and very large carrots. They had a large fish market and it really smelled pungent. The pao (bread) had just been baked and smelled wonderful. They had coconut milk for sale and it looked like cow's milk instead of being clear as it is in the States. There was a section in the store that had olive oil. There must have been fifteen different kinds. There were not only this many kinds of olive oil but this many brands as well. We looked for some guarana juice and some maracuja juice. We found some organic, non carbonated guarana juice so we could find out what the straight stuff tastes like. We avoided the guarana concentrates. We found some soymilk with guarana in it. We had a lot of fun reading or trying to read the labels on the bottles and boxes and comparing the prices of various kinds of guarana. Calvin helped us read all the Portuguese labels. We found some organic guarana juice which cost quite a bit more than the regular guarana juice. Calvin said he learned all kinds of things just shopping with us. We sought other brands of guarana besides Antartica because we could get that brand in the States and it does not taste as good as many of the local brands in Brazil. We were in paradise standing in the midst of so many brands of guarana. They even had lite or diet guarana. There was guarana com lorange and guarana com limao.

The cashiers were all seated at their registers and they did not have carousels. Instead they bag your groceries for you and hand them to you. We purchased some guarana, some guarana juice without carbonation, a notebook and some triple AAA batteries that are extremely expensive in Brazil (\$3.00 for 2 batteries). Sackers in the store are on roller skates and carry your groceries to your car for you.

Back at the hotel we noted that the ashtrays were small boxes on the floor that looked very much like kitty litter boxes. This seemed very strange to us. We found an English online newspaper from Rio called Americas Reporter.Net. We had a wonderful breakfast with all the special cheese breads, fruits, fresh cheese, some kind of Brazilian bacon, coffee with chocolate in it, papaya, eggs and mango juice. We had great fellowship as we ate breakfast together. The web sites of some Brazilian newspapers that are printed in English include Riodejaneironews.com, Americasreporter.net (click on the American flag), radiorio.com and Brazilpost.com.

Today we planned to visit Pastor Antonia Diaz who pastors in Bauru. We hoped to visit him before setting out for Presidente. Calvin called him on the telephone before we went to his house. We enjoyed checking our e-mail at the hotel before setting out for Pastor Antonia's house.

Yesterday brother Calvin got our money changed from US to Brazilian in something similar to an ATM station in the mall here in Bauru. I got \$200 US exchanged for a little over R\$400 which was the going rate at the time.

At 11:20 AM Pastor Antonio met us at the hotel and took us back to his house for a visit with him and his wife. He told us that his church was still planning to build a building after five long years of dealing with the government bureaucracy. They were to begin construction in August a few weeks after our visit.

On the way to his house we passed through a very old Bairro and over the many traffic bumps that characterize all Brazilian neighborhoods. The streets were lined with trees planted between the streets and the side walks. The spaces between the streets and sidewalks had been covered over with concrete and the trees were thus surrounded by pavement.

Arriving at the Diaz home we were given a tour by Mrs. Diaz. This was a spacious house in comparison to the tiny place the Diazes had lived when we visited them in 2004. It was a beautiful home with a huge courtyard containing a large bougainvillea tree and having a view of the city skyline. It was located on the very

top of a high hill. Pastor Antonio told us that the population of Bauru was now over 200,000. Pastor Antonio traveled with us back to the hotel since brother Calvin did not know the city well enough to try it by ourselves. Antonio would then take the bus back to his home.

We left Bauru at 12:07 PM headed West for Presidente Prudente. We quickly passed a coffee plantation as we traveled on a stretch of highway that had obviously been improved since last we made this drive in 2004. All the way from Bauru to Marila was coffee country though there was some sugar cane and a few other crops.

Along the way we stopped to eat in a place called Post Panorama Restaurant which was part of a filling station. The meal was similar to a churrascaria in that the meats were brought to the tables separately and continuously throughout the meal. We were served guarana. This was an outstanding eating place. One particular dish that called for more was composed of chicken and cheese wrapped in bacon like small fillet mignon steaks and served on a spit. We were served as many as we could eat. This was one of if not the best eating place we visited on our entire trip and we hope to be able to come here again in 2008 should the Lord allow us to make one more visit to Brazil. The view from the restaurant was a vast vista seen through huge picture windows all along one particular side of the building. Sao Paulo State's rolling hills and lush green valleys dotted with the gray colored Brahma cattle could be seen for miles. Rubber trees in their winter cycles, bamboo stands and coffee orchards were everywhere. All the help in this restaurant were young men college age or a little above that. Everywhere we had been in Brazil thus far the modernization process has been excellerated. Restrooms are much more modern and clean and all the stores are really upgrading fast.

It seems that most Brazilian Baptist pastors now have cell phones. They heavily utilize text messaging. Messages consist of 129 words for twenty three cents. The pastors are able to freely communicate with each other because of this.

We now approached the city of Vera Cruz. This was the hometown of Pastor Luis who was pastor in Catanduva, Brazil until recently. Luis is the pastor who followed brother Calvin as pastor in Catanduva. We passed the Igreja Bautista Vera Cruz which was right on the highway. This was a small town. At least it had no tall buildings, only the steeple of the Catholic cathedral. I sat with Calvin in the second row seat of his VW Kombi. We reviewed the sermon I planned to preach that night, checking for any idioms to be omitted and for any English words that might be difficult for Calvin to translated into Portuguese. My sermon title would be

“Why People Do Not Come To Christ” and my text would be John 5:40. The service would be held at the newly organized Baptist church in Presidente.

Next we could see the high rise buildings of Marila on the horizon. The bus station here looks like a cross between a Cathedral and a soccer stadium. The locals call it the witch’s hat because that is what it looks like.

Leaving the Marila area we came to a crossroads from which one road led to the town of Ubirajara. I had preached here eight years ago. The highway from Marila to Presidente was extremely rough due to the very heavy truck traffic. It had not been improved for many years and it made the Kombi ride a very rough one. I saw several Ipe trees and a bush with orange flowers on it that reminds me of the trumpet vines back home. It seems there were more of these this time than on past visits.

We stopped beside the road to take pictures of some plants with bright orange flowers. Calvin described these flowers as being the color of live coals. On close examination they were similar to honeysuckle flowers. It was near the town of Letetia. We passed a bird with bright orange legs about 3 feet long, a crested head, a long neck, and gray to brown in color. He looked sort of like a water bird. He is a snake hunter so the farmers like to have him around. We now moved into sugar cane country and could see a few places where the farmers were burning their crops. This was an old method that is being used less and less in the harvesting process due to new methods of farming. We passed a man who was pulling four large trailers of sugar cane behind his truck. We could smell the rotten smell of sugar being refined. It is called vinhas vinheiros. We saw another truck pulling two trailers of cane and as we looked toward the horizon we could see other fires burning in the fields. We passed an overturned semi trailer truck that was in the middle of the road. It looked like it had been hauling scrap metal. We had to drive around the wreck. The police were there but we could not tell whether anyone had been hurt. The location was about halfway between Rancheria and Martinopolis on hwy 284.

Modern civilization had not yet come to Martinopolis. The restroom we entered here had no seat on the toilet, not because it was broken but because in the older places they just don’t use toilet seats. The filling station where we stopped was in a little place right outside Martinopolis called Guarabara. We were about 25 minutes from Presidente.

Arriving at the city limits of Presidente at 4:55 PM we headed for the Gardner house where we hoped to have supper and then go to church for prayer meeting. David Gardner drove about half the time this afternoon. We arrived at the Gardner home at about 5:15. The Gardners had us stay in Joy's room in the main house this time. Last time we were here we stayed upstairs in the other building in a guest bedroom.

We left for church at about 7:36 PM. The service was scheduled to begin at 8 o'clock. We looked forward to seeing the three men we had met here two years ago: Emerson, Marcelo and Fabio. I hoped to get a picture of all of us together.

On the way to the services we kidded around with Daniel Gardner in the form of a radio interview which went something like this: **LAURENCE:** *Tell me your name sir.* **DANIEL:** *Daniel Gardner.* **LAURENCE:** *This is a man on the street interview. Who is the Vice President of the United States?* **DANIEL:** *Dick Cheney.* **LAURENCE:** *Amazing! You obviously do not attend a public school in the States! Can you spell your name correctly?* **DANIEL:** *Since I'm home schooled I can spell it backward.* **LAURENCE:** *Very good. Your name again?* **DANIEL:** *Daniel Gardner.* **Laurence:** *How do you say that in Portuguese?* **DANIEL:** *Daniel Gardner.* **LAURENCE:** *Thank you.*

Tonight we had an unusually large crowd in the Berean Baptist Church of Presidente. There were a number of visitors and all the members were present except Fabio and his wife Salva. We were sorry they were not there because this would be our last opportunity to see them this trip. We would leave Presidente tomorrow to go to Bataguassu where a new church has been organized under brother Gardner's leadership.

We had so much fun visiting with friends we had made here before as well as making new friends. I enjoyed very much visiting with brother Emerson and Marcello, Marcello's wife and a young woman named Brenda who speaks pretty good English and others whose names I cannot recall. We also met a young man named Daniel whom I believe was Marcello's son. It was a real blessing to visit with these people. The people seem to take for granted that we will return to visit every two years and so when we had to leave they said, We'll see you when you visit us again in two years.

Tomorrow we will visit a man who attended the service at Presidente tonight. He is a Southern Baptist who often attends the services of the Berean Baptist Church of which Calvin is pastor. He believes in the doctrines of grace and is troubled at remaining a Southern Baptist because of their rejection of the doctrines. His name

is **Ciro Dutra**. He invited us to visit him and his wife the next day at 9:30 AM. We looked forward to going.

At about 11:15 PM we prepared for bed. We had an ultra-firm mattress that really felt good but the Gardner house, like all Brazilian houses, was not sealed and it was very cold. The floor was cold and the curtains blew in the wind coming in around the windows. We put our socks on and some extra blankets and dropped off to sleep.

### **THURSDAY JUNE 29**

Last night was a three blanket night. At 4 AM we were awakened by all the dogs in the neighborhood going absolutely berserk over something for about 15 minutes. Right in the middle of that 15 minutes we heard a car idling in the street for some time then moving on but the dogs continued to bark. I believe every Brazilian alive including the Gardners has at least three dogs for some reason.

We arose at 6:30 with no alarm but we were late because our alarm was not working. Not bad after 40 hours or more without sleep during the last couple of days!

We had a wonderful breakfast at 8:AM prepared by Peggy and the Gardner girls. It included such Brazilian delights as sliced mangos, sliced papaya, cheese bread and doce de leite to pour over our regular bread. This is a sugary brown caramel looking sweet of some kind. We had lemon grass tea, guava jelly, peanut butter on our bread, and a lot more things like cheese balls, chocolate brownies and scrambled eggs with cheese in them. All this plus wonderful fellowship around the table.

We hoped we could be of some encouragement to brother **Ciro Dutra** who was struggling with possibly leaving the Convention. I told him our experience in leaving the Convention because of the doctrines of grace and his experience has been very similar. He really warmed up to me because of our common experience. We had a wonderful visit with him and his wife. She served us some delicious Brazilian treats and we drank the good Brazilian coffee.

As we walked through the streets of Presidente **Charity Gardner** pointed out a type of coconut dish called cocada that was made of coconut and brown sugar. The coconut is shaved, candied and then piled into a box and sold on the street. The vendors cut off chunks for customers to eat. This candy like food is called

hospagena according to David Gardner. Charity said she really liked it but we were afraid to eat it because of its being on display out in the open air.

Next we visited a churrascaria in which there were 300 to 400 people in one room. We finished off this meal with some buffalo cheese. This is a round ball a little smaller than a golf ball. It is dropped into grease and it tastes like meat and smoke. It has an outstanding taste. We also sampled some of the pudim and maracuja mousse.

After finishing our meal Calvin and all the girls went home for a nap. Daniel and David drove me around town and then we walked through the Calçada. We visited a couple of farm supply stores as well as a sporting goods store and I tried on a number of straw hats hoping to find one I could wear while mowing the lawn back home but all were too small for me. In all our trips to Brazil I have never found my size since the one I found on the first trip in 1998. We visited a shoe store and tried on some shoes. Then we visited the Oklahoma Leather Shop looking for a small pocketknife to replace the one I was not allowed to bring on the plane with me. I found and purchased one. Then we stopped at a sorveteria and I purchased a maracuja ice cream cone for about 45 cents American. It had one dip but the size equaled about three dips in the USA. I think I like the taste of maracuja ice cream even better than that of the maracuja juice.

While we were walking down the Calçada a young boy about 8 years of age came by and wanted his picture made with us so Daniel took a picture of me standing with him in front of a shoe store. Some of the shoes were fashionable women's boots that looked like a boot with about a six-inch elevation on the sole and heel. They called this style, clodhoppers. Daniel took a picture of me with one of the female store clerks in front of some of the shoes. I then gave the little boy a few centavos. He took it, said God bless you and went on as if he expected it. He probably had just added another American sucker to his growing list.

We were now on our way to Bataguassu having just crossed the Parana River into the State of Matto Grosso do Sul. This added another State to the number we have visited in Brazil. We visited a pottery shop that has objects majoring mostly on birds.

It was now 7:10 PM and we pulled into Bataguassu where we were to have church services at 7:30. We stopped at several ceramic shops where we saw some very interesting art work. We also drove across a bridge over the lake behind the dam on the Parana River.

We were met by young Pastor Jonas and brother Marco when we arrived at the church building. Over the door was the name of the church and then the scripture verse in Jonah 2:9, Salvation is of the Lord in Portuguese.

Waiting for the church service to start we listened to Pastor Jonas and Daniel Gardner tuning up their guitars with which they would accompany the singing. There was a fairly large crowd gathering already. Actually it was past time to start but in typical Brazilian style people are dragged in late. This was a really nice, clean building that had restrooms, ceiling fans and incandescent lights.

While the service proceeded, outside we could hear dogs barking in the streets. Pastor Jonas said this crowd was a little more than double the number he usually had. I felt that there was much conviction as I preached and there was an attentive and enthusiastic response to the message.

Pastor Jonas said the population of Bataguassa was less than 20,000. After the service we were invited to the home of a large family in the church. As we drove toward this home I looked for the Southern Cross in the sky. Scattered clouds prevented our finding it at this time. Suddenly I realized that we had not yet had supper.

We had a wonderful time at this home. Their food was just unbelievably good, especially the dessert which was some kind of a green Jell-O mousse. We also had some kind of a meringue with strawberries on it. We ate till we just about popped. They were so friendly and so sorry to see us leave that the whole family of 12 or 15 followed us out to the car and kept on saying, Chow, Chow, goodbye, goodbye! We really hated to leave but we drove back to Presidente Prudente arriving about 12:30 AM and quickly dropped into bed.

### **FRIDAY JUNE 30, 2006**

We arose at 6:30 today and I read the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> chapters of Job and the latter half of the 19<sup>th</sup> chapter of Acts. It was very cold again this morning. Today we would visit the town of Dracena and also make our e-mail report with pictures to our loved ones, friends and the people in our church back home.

At 10:17 we left Presidente Prudente to visit a Catholic shrine a few miles away. Brother Calvin said the name of the place is Santuario Morada de Deus, Sanctuary where God lives. We got a liberal education concerning Catholicism today.

It was cloudy outside today but not quite as cold as yesterday. There were a few breaks in the clouds and we hoped it would warm up. I walked around in the courtyard of the Gardner's home. The dogs in this neighborhood were absolutely unreal the way they barked all the time non stop and in a frenzy.

We again went to the Calçada. We went shopping and Lyndy was looking for some Tourmaline earrings because that is supposed to be a native stone of Brazil. The prices were sky high and the ones we found were too large, to the point that they looked gaudy. We purchased a beautiful set of earrings as souvenirs of Brazil at a shop on the Calçada called Loja de Joias Jewelry Shop. They have four stones in each; topaz, garnet, citrine and tormalina.

We walked passed a small restaurant with a small glass case out in front in which were displayed all kinds of Brazilian snack foods including pastels. They also had a chicken pie made like an apple pie with crust and all except it was filled with chicken. It was sliced just like an apple pie and did it smell good! Mmm! Mmm!

We returned to the Gardners' home at 1 PM ready for lunch. We looked forward to shopping some more after lunch. For lunch we had a baked chicken, rice, gravy, mashed potatoes, carrots, green beans and four types of Brazilian ice cream that were just delicious. The flavors included green corn, doce de leite, maracuja and banana.

At 2:39 we went on a shopping spree at Carrefour, a large general department store in Presidente Prudente led by David and Charity Gardner. Inside the mall all the TV sets were on and everyone was cheering and screaming over the soccer game being shown even though the Brazilian team was not even playing. These teams would probably play Brazil in later playoff games. Standing in the guarana section in Carrefour and we looked at brands of this wonderful drink. One brand was Funada, one was Schin and another was Carrefour which was 55 US cents for 2 liters. Kuat was another brand. As we walked around in the grocery section of Carrefour the women just stopped and stared at us, especially Lyndy. I think it was mainly because her hair was blond and virtually everyone in Brazil has dark hair. Now we stopped and looked at the bread section.

We returned to the car to drive across town in the warm afternoon sunshine and under the palm trees on one of the main avenues. There was heavy traffic as is always the case in Brazilian cities. Lots of people were out on the streets and many motorcycles as we headed for the Calçada once again. This weather was really

nice after a cold couple of days. The streets were jammed with traffic causing us to wait and wait and wait at intersections. We drove by the padaria so Lyndy could pick up some ingredients to use in a dessert she would serve in the report we would make to our church when we would return home.

Next we left for Dracena for our evening service. We stopped in a city called Presidente Venceslau named after a former President of Brazil. This place is half way between Presidente Prudente and Dracena. Riding with us tonight were sister Adriana da Silva Tavares Souza, Daniel Gardner, Joy Gardner, Laurence Justice, Lyndy Justice, Calvin Gardner and Adriana's daughter, Thauane. After dark we passed some smudge pots burning along the road which are used to mark the places on the highway where the sugar trucks enter and leave and where the buses pick up the sugar workers at night.

We arrived at Dracena at about three minutes before 7:30 PM. We were met by Pastor Alberto when we came in. We drove off the pavement to the section of the town where he lived, parked in front of his house and then walked about a hundred yards to get to the church building. It was really a rural situation.

As in nearly all Brazilian Baptist churches the people sang with a real gusto the very pleasing melodies of the Brazilian hymns. I recorded the singing in several churches and have stored them on my computer at home. It is wonderful to listen to and join in with this singing.

Here we found two or three new brands of guarana. Tonight we found Belco and earlier in Presidente Prudente we found Sao Jose. After church we had a get together at the home of some of the members at Dracena. We had pudim, home made bread, guarana, pastel and some unidentified sweets.

At exactly midnight we arrived back at the Gardner home in Presidente. We were very tired. I slept part of the way home which is very unusual for me to do while traveling in a car. I remember thinking how glad I would be when this late night business would be over with.

## **SATURDAY JULY 1, 2006**

We arose at 6:30 this morning and I did not know how we could last at the pace we were maintaining but we are beginning a new day and heading to Marila today for a conference. After one of Peggy Gardner's wonderful breakfasts of all kind of fruits of breads and cheese balls we got ready to visit brother Gardner's office,

printing press and book room. Here we would transfer the pictures from our digital camera to a CD in order to empty our camera and start over again with more pictures. We spent most of the morning at the print shop working on our pictures and trying to put our audio voice recorder messages on a CD. We took a number of pictures of this work area to show the folks back home. We then prepared to leave to go to Marila.

At 12:37 PM we approached the city of Rancheria. From a distance it seemed to be a pretty good sized city with several tall buildings and was spread out quite a bit. The countryside here was more wooded than we had seen in other parts of the State. It was cloudy today but we could see a break in the clouds and this, hopefully, promised that sunshine was approaching.

We ate lunch in Rancheria. In very small letters the name of the restaurant was stated as Restaurante Hawaii on a sign and then in very large letters was the word Skol which means beer. The food here looked very good and includes all kinds of puddings and mousses and the meat just looked wonderful. I guess this would be called a churrascaria since they served the meats the same way as in the places that are actually called churrascarias.

We passed a location in the sugar fields where they were spraying vinjaso vinhaco or the sugar mill by-product, back onto the fields for fertilizer. We could smell it a long way off and resembled in odor what Daniel Gardner called a healthy baby diaper. This area seemed to be mostly sugar cane fields with some cattle grazing. The sugar cane harvest was just about here and the sugar would soon be burned and then cut.

This area with its wide vistas was absolutely beautiful. We saw cattle surrounded by cattle egrets. Over there was a huge Brahma bull. The colors were purples and blues and light greens. There were many trees, especially eucalyptus trees. The highway improved as we approached Marila having two lanes on up grades and one lane on the down. We saw one vast valley after another as we crossed one hill after another. We gained quite a bit of altitude as we approached Marila. Marila is where brother Gilberto Stefano is pastor and I had been invited to preach there tonight on "The Straight and Narrow Way" from Matthew 5:13-14.

The Kombi motor droned on as we neared this city. The red tile roofs and the skyline of Marila now burst suddenly into view. We were immediately surrounded by this city of 200,000. Over forty thousand university students live here. There were many eucalyptus and mango or manga trees here. Now we saw some canyons

that came right up to the edge of the city. The sun now tried to break through as we saw many cell phone towers and water towers all around us. I counted nine cell phone towers and any number of water towers in one location.

We had a snack supper with Gilberto and Valeria Stefano this evening. Brother Jonas' brother from Dracena was with us and we were able to visit with him a little bit. We were invited to spend two nights with the Stefano's and Lyndy and I gave their children Laura and Filipe a couple of super American kites that we had brought with us from the States. We looked forward to watching them fly these the next day. Kite flying is the national past time of Brazilian kids so this gift was really a big hit.

The streets of Marila had gone silent. The nation mourned. Brazil had just lost in the world cup soccer competition. France defeated them 1-9 and it was truly a time of mourning. The children were crying. We began to think that maybe we could now have a church service tonight and the people would pay closer attention to the preaching.

We drove across town to the place where our evening service would be held. We did not hold services at the Faith Baptist Church (Igreja Batista da fe) where we had done so two years ago. The place where we would meet tonight was a preaching station then but now was a full fledged church.

The lights of Marila spread out far and wide here. We were looking at them from the West side of town at this time. The place where services would be held were much farther away from Gilberto's house than I had remembered.

### **SUNDAY JULY 2, 2006**

We arose late at 7:12 this morning. We had a light breakfast of pao or bread, cheese, doce, which is a caramel like syrup, guarana and hot milk and coffee mixed together. Morning worship today would be at 10:30 AM at Igreja Batista da Fe with Daniel Gardner translating for me as he had done last night. After church we plan to visit a villa sort of house where a Chinese husband and American wife whom we had met last time we were here live. The husband's name was Tu Sen. They had invited us to lunch. They have had some connection with Child Evangelism in the past. It rained all night and since the Stefano house was not sealed it was very damp and pretty cool. We slept under blankets. I got ready and went out into the yard to observe what is going on.

We sat in the church auditorium with Daniel and Calvin Gardner going over my sermon notes to aid Daniel in translating any words that might be difficult to translate into Portuguese. It is always a very educational time when we do this because we always learn many new words and concepts in both languages as a result.

Since we were here two years ago Pastor Gilberto had made a beautiful addition to his house in order to accommodate visiting preachers. There is a large bedroom about 14 feet square with a window having a view into his backyard with its banana trees. The lovely bathroom is all white tile from floor to ceiling and these are the large 18 inch square tiles. There was a very modern up to date molding around the ceiling of the addition. It has excellent hot water as well as a modern toilet, lavatory and medicine chest. The shower area is about a half inch below the rest of the bathroom and the floor of the shower all slants down to the drain. There is no shower curtain nor shower stall. The shower comprises about one half of the bathroom. Most Brazilian bathrooms are like this and have a squeegee with which to clean the walls and floors after taking a shower. There is a little entry hall from the rest of the house through which one must pass to go to the bedroom or the rest of the house. There is a lot of storage space in this hall where they keep things like their ironing board.

Gilberto said that in their church they usually have about 170 children in Sunday on but their attendance was down today because it was raining. We walked outside the church building after a tour of the new building that they had completed since we were here two years ago.

The countryside near Marila is just beautiful. All around we could see the tall rolling hills. Some new property had been bought across from the church which consists of 500 square meters. Part of it was purchased and donated to the church by Tu Sen and his wife, Ivone. Into my digital voice recorder Pastor Gilberto now said hello to the members of Victory Baptist Church in Kansas City in Portuguese. Translated he said, May God bless the Americans. I played it back for him to hear.

The musicians now warmed up for the Adult Sunday School session for which I would preach this morning. It was absolutely chaotic with all the children present. The music included a cornet solo and singing with great gusto which is always characteristic of Brazilian worship. I loved to sing the words and enjoyed the rich Brazilian melodies even though I understood relatively few of the Portuguese words. I recorded a number of the congregational hymns on my voice recorder and hoped they could be transferred to my computer to enable me to hear them again in

the future. Daniel, Calvin and I enjoyed singing different parts during the song service, all of us switching parts with regularity. One hymn we enjoyed very much was Jesus Lover of My Soul. This was truly singing with utter abandon. The acoustics made the singing even better due to the plaster walls of the church building.

Somehow the fad of having an offering box instead of passing the plate has crept into nearly every church here and as a result many people do not give as part of the worship. I saw very few people put anything into the box. This was a red flag in my thinking as far as the growth of these churches is concerned. People need to have the opportunity to give kept before them as well as hearing it preached.

After Sunday School we drove 20 kilometers outside of town to have lunch with the Tu Sens. It was a dreary, cloudy day but the mountains and valleys through which we drove were gorgeous. We could see the Ipe trees. They were a bright lavender in color. We discussed the church service we had just completed. After I preached a man who was a convention Baptist stood up to give a word of testimony. He talked on and on and I thought he would never stop. His remarks went against what God's word says about evangelistic work and when he was finished Pastor Gilberto stood up and rebuked him for what he had said and told that we do not agree with what the man had to say. I was really proud of Pastor Gilberto for his bold public stand for the truth.

Passing through an electronic gate with a guard beside it we entered what was denominated by a sign as a gated community. It was a large community with many lovely plants including a number of royal palms. Wealthy folks lived in this community. We passed an orchid growing on a tree. After another sumptuous Brazilian meal we went out into the yard to fly the kites we had brought Gilberto's children. Tu Sen's children and a man from the neighborhood joined in and it was great fun watching all this. Tu Sen's wife gave us a recipe for Cappuccino. It called for a can of powdered milk, three heaping tablespoons of powdered chocolate, a teaspoon of cinnamon and 80 grams of instant coffee. It then said, mix the ingredients together and enjoy. For dessert we had passion fruit or maracuja mousse. 400 grams (2 boxes) of cream of de leite, a can of condensed milk, less than a cup of maracuja concentrate, mix in blender, let sit overnight and place seed on top.

We met a man at church this morning who was a State policeman in Sao Paulo State. His name was Dennis Gueges. He was a very serious man. We asked what kind of a gun he had. He had a .380 pistol and when I told him I had a .380 he

wanted to know why I had a gun. He was surprised I would need a gun. At about 4:30 PM we returned to the Stefano home to rest and prepare for the evening sermon with Daniel Gardner.

So far on this trip I had met four men named Flavio. One with this name I met this morning and he was a black African. Years ago in Ourinhos I met a young man whose name was Flavio. One brother's name here at Marila was Amerigo.

We began the evening service singing Santo, Santo, Santo or Holy, Holy, Holy. There seemed to be more Black Brazilians in this church than in other places we had visited in Brazil. They were fine Christian people with no chip on their shoulders and their skin color made little difference to anyone present.

### **MONDAY JULY 3, 2006**

At Pastor Gilberto' house before breakfast we walked through a former favela or slum and into a new government housing project, construction of which had already progressed well when we had been here two years ago. It had now been completed and people were living in it. The people had been moved from the favela into the project and the favela torn down.

We had a wonderful time at breakfast. We had three different kinds of pao, lunchmeat, cheese, Maracuja mousse, Maracuja juice, guarana, sliced apples and other light food. We are packed up and got ready to eat lunch at a churrascaria before leaving to catch a plane for Fortaleza in Northeastern Brazil this afternoon.

Last night after church we stayed nearly an hour visiting with the very friendly Brazilian people, taking pictures and just having a general good time and it was all brother Calvin could do just to get us to leave.

We sat in the Kombi waiting to go to lunch. We were watching some neighborhood boys flying their kites and trying to cut the lines of their competitors' kites. Two kites were at a very high altitude. One cut the other's string and the victim's kite fell to the ground. The rule is that whoever cuts the other guy's kite string gets to keep his kite when it falls to the ground. We got out of the Kombi to watch the very fierce Kite wars. They put glass on their strings and saw on each other's kite strings all up and down the strings and by doing this they try to cut each other's strings. The Brazilian word for kite is pipa (pee-puh). It is amazing the altitude they often reach with their kites. This was a real battle just overhead. They now crossed strings and were sawing on each other. He got him!

He got him! People were saying. People all over the neighborhood were standing outside watching the kite wars. Lyndy said this was like playing marbles for keeps.

We were now ready to leave for the Churrascaria. Reaching an establishment with many open windows and doors called Gaucho, all eight of us sat at one table: Lyndy and I, Calvin, Gilberto Stefano's family and Daniel Gardner. Pastor Gilberto was not feeling well. The waiter went outside and placed a piece of cardboard over a window that was making a bad reflection of the sunlight in our eyes. We were amazed at the kind of concern and service the people in this restaurant had for us.

Leaving Gaucho we passed the city bus station that is called by the locals, the Witch's Hat. It has an ultra-modern architectural design. There is a large cone shaped roof over the central area with a point on it which is surrounded by a roof that looks like the brim of a hat, thus Witch's Hat. We now set out from Marila for Bauru where the airport we needed was located.

What a pleasant day this was. The temperature was just right. The sky was blue, the sunshine was bright, the vegetation was so green and the roof tiles on all the houses and fazendas were the typical red of Brazil. We stopped in a coffee grove and took pictures of some of the beans and some of the rows of trees. When the coffee beans are green they are actually yellow and red and when they are ripe they are black.

About 20 to 30 minutes before reaching Bauru we stopped to change drivers and Daniel Gardner took his turn. Several miles out from the city we looked forward and saw on the horizon the high rise buildings of Bauru which were gleaming white in the bright Brazilian sunshine. The countryside here was lush with coffee plantations everywhere, large fazendas, black smoke rising from who knows what, perhaps sugar crops being burned. On the horizon were the beautiful buildings of Bauru. The highway was now four lane and rapidly improving in quality. Traffic was increasing and there was much construction everywhere. We passed a windmill that had the colors of the Brazilian flag painted on the blades and the tower itself.

As we neared Bauru we could see this vast sprawling city all around us. In the sunshine the buildings downtown were bright white and the roofs of all the residents, of course, were red tile. Palm trees were everywhere. The highways were modern, smooth and spacious. We stopped along the road to take a picture of the concrete sign that identifies the city as Bauru. The letters are six inches taller than

my own six feet one inch. We stopped at a Graal (filling station, restaurant and general store) at Bauru where we had stopped the first time we had visited Brazil eight years earlier. Everyone but me got ice cream bars. I was holding out for my favorite restaurant. When I saw it I exclaimed, “Oh, there’s the great churrascaria!”

We checked into a hotel at about 3:15 PM. This time we were on the eighth floor on the same side of the building overlooking Bauru. Traffic was unusually heavy in the streets below. Daniel took us for a walk just so we could see the shops in the area. I stood on the balcony of our hotel room looking down on one of the city squares below. I saw a boy playing with a skateboard and one driving a motor scooter as well as people strolling in the park. It was just delightful being outside in the perfect weather this afternoon. The colors of the apartment buildings were pastels and soft buff colors; yellow, cream, browns and a few grays and blues. Other buildings had modern designs that are difficult to describe. Some buildings had black stripes, some had subdued red stripes and some white stripes. All the buildings were about the same height, twenty or so stories.

We shopped in the Bauru Walmart for a Portuguese/English dictionary, for a puxe saco and for a road atlas. We had trouble finding someone who could read what was on the front of the road atlas we wished to purchase. Even Daniel couldn’t figure it out. We were looking for one that covers all of Sao Paulo State.

At 6 PM we left the hotel after descending on the elevator. We were looking for a place to eat. Downtown we found a restaurant called The Big Corner or in Portuguese Skinao (Skee-now). We ate a famous sandwich called the Bauru sandwich. Calvin read us the history of the sandwich which was made of queijo mussarela or cheese, roast beef on pao, pickle and tomato. I drank Acerola cherry con leite or with milk and Lyndy drank Lorange or orange Acerola con leite. This was one of our most pleasant eating experiences of the trip. We sat out in the sidewalk café to eat and enjoyed the cool of this Brazilian “winter.”

We were invited to tour the kitchen in order to see how the sandwich was prepared. The cook had worked there for 28 years Calvin said. The roast beef was cooked on a grill. The queijo was cooked in hot water not quite boiling until it became spongy and stringy in consistency. It was heated in water in a shallow pan about an inch and a half deep right on the grill with the meat. It takes just a few seconds for the cheese to be ready once it has been placed in the water. We watched all this take place. The cheese had to be worked with instruments to get it just right. The cheese cools off and hardens just a little bit when it is placed on the sandwich. We got Daniel to take pictures of all this and we got some good ones.

Leaving the Skinao we visited a sorveteria that also had a sidewalk area but Lyndy wanted to get inside because it was getting pretty cool. This place had fried ice cream, baked ice cream and hot ice cream promising to be an interesting experience. The young man who worked here was Italian and gave us free samples to help us make up our minds what to order. He explained how he cooked the ice cream. He placed it in a bowl or large cup and put it in the oven. The sky was clear tonight and we could see the Southern Cross pretty high up.

Back at the hotel I walked out on the balcony and saw the beautiful lights of the city. The traffic had thinned out and the city had calmed way down. The horns had ceased to honk and very few motorcycles were on the streets. It was about 9:15 when we arrived at the hotel. We cleaned up and got to bed at about 10 o'clock. We would have to get up at 4:30 AM on July 4<sup>th</sup>. This was in order to fly from Bauru to Sao Paulo and then to Fortaleza where we would spend about ten days with missionary David Zuhars and his wife Lee Ellen.

## **TUESDAY JULY 4, 2006**

At 4:30 this morning we received a wake up call from the hotel desk. The call was in Portuguese so I had to answer in Portuguese. I stumbled around not knowing where I was because my mind was still not working. At 4:59 AM I went out onto the balcony to look over the dark city below. It was cool but not cold as it had been all the time we had been in the Presidente Prudente area. It would get much warmer today when we arrived in Fortaleza. They do not have winter in that part of Brazil. It is close to the equator and they don't have a winter cool down there. The air sure felt good this morning.

Calvin, Peggy and Daniel got up and took us to the airport. We left the hotel about 5:15. Arriving at the airport at about a quarter till six, no one was there so we had to wait for them to open up. We checked in about ten after six, took ten minutes to check in and then waited around for the late plane. It was supposed to leave at 6:55 but true to the Brazilian concept of time everything was running late. I hoped our plane would get here in time to let us make the connecting flight we had to meet in Sao Paulo. When the sun came up there was still no plane.

Just as the sun rose over the Bairros our plane left the ground. There was a deep purple haze as we ascended from Bauru. It looked now like we might make it to Sao Paulo on time. We had breakfast on the plane consisting of two different kinds of cheeses and three different kinds of lunchmeat including smoked bacon that was

not cooked. The bread for the sandwich was like pita bread. We had kiwi, papaya, orange and grapes for the fruit of breakfast. I drank guarana and Lyndy drank café con leite or coffee with milk.

As we looked out our windows on the approach to Sao Paul we saw the tops of two radio towers protruding through the clouds. We always use these towers that are located on a mountain just outside of town as a point of reference when we come to Sao Paulo. This time the tops of the towers were all that could be seen because of the low lying clouds. I was just amazed that we were able to see the radio towers on the mountain and that's all. The highway from Sao Paulo to Catanduva passes right below the towers and we always note them as we go by, either on the ground or in the air.

A Jewish man, maybe 65 or 70 years old, whose name is Roberto noticed at Bauru that we were flying alone and did not speak Portuguese. He spoke English and volunteered to help us get through the airport at Sao Paulo. We are grateful to him and to the Lord for his kindness to us.

The early morning sun shining on the Bairros cast long shadows. There were swarms of people living in the houses below but not many people or cars were stirring yet. We now began to see some of the high rise buildings of Sao Paulo. As we descended rapidly the engine of our propjet plane droned louder and louder. Below we could see the Carrefour we had visited when in Sao Paulo before. Carrefour is the French answer to Walmart. It is not as good as Walmart but it is a good store. There was a haze over the city but the sun was shining as we touched down at 7:57 AM.

We landed at Congonhas Airport this time. This is not the airport most Americans use when visiting Sao Paulo. Usually Americans fly into Guarulhos Airport but we were flying from Bauru to Fortaleza within Brazil so we would not go through Guahrulhos this time. Before leaving for Fortaleza we discovered we were going to have a layover in Brasilia which is the capital city of Brazil. We never imagined we would get to visit Brasilia. We were helped through Congonhas airport by another good Samaritan Brazilian who spoke English. His name was Ulysees Zaga. Sitting in the plane waiting to take off we noticed the weather beginning to clear up and heard Brazilian music that was being played on the plane's speaker system. This would be a full flight on a large plane.

We got under way at 10:14 AM taxiing on a huge runway. We could see a helicopter landing to one side. I am amazed every time we take off or land in Sao

Paulo because of the vastness of the city and the huge number of high rise buildings in every direction. It is truly one of the world's largest cities. It makes New York look absolutely mid sized.

After awhile we descended into Brasilia in a heavy overcast. Under the ceiling we could see a huge lake off to the left of the plane. Flying into Brasilia it was obvious that this was a planned city. The streets are all straight in both directions. The government buildings are all in neat rows with parks between the rows instead of streets and the parks with many trees are wider than streets would be. We touched down in Brasilia at exactly 11:42 AM.

The flight from Brasilia to Fortaleza was packed to the limit after about a third of the passengers from Sao Paulo deplaned. The passengers were all Brazilians and the captain did not say anything in English. He only used Portuguese. This was a much better plane with wider seats and drop down TV monitors. We left the ground at Brasilia at exactly 12:34 PM and were assured we would be served another lunch in flight. The whole country today was covered with clouds and very little could be seen all the way across Brazil. I hoped that the sky would clear as we approached the equator and the coast but this did not happen.

The flight was late arriving at Fortaleza. As we approached the city coming down out of the clouds the trees and the mountains and the sun shining through the breaks in the clouds and the shadows of the clouds and the lakes and the cities that spilled down the mountains were an awesome sight to behold. We passed over one especially high mountain South of Fortaleza upon the top of which sat a monastery. Many tourists visit this monastery we were told. We could now see the white sands of the Fortaleza beaches far to the North as we approached the Fortaleza airport. They were like a thin white ribbon that lay across about a quarter of the horizon. Below the clouds the sun made the cities shine and their red tile roofs to stand out. The tall buildings were gleaming white. As the tall buildings of the city came into view the plane banked and headed directly toward them. I could not locate the airport runway.

At an altitude of about 100 to 200 feet there was a sea of red tile roofs as far as we could see with the mountains in the background on three sides and the Atlantic Ocean on the other. Our flight passed over a cemetery that was very cluttered. We passed directly over the home of missionary David Zuhars and his wife Lee Ellen. Their house is directly in the flight path of the Fortaleza airport. The neighborhood in which they live in Fortaleza is called the Garden of the Olive Trees in English. We touched down at 2:45 PM, about 27 minutes late.

Brother and Mrs. Zuhars greeted us with a Portuguese greeting. Upon arrival brother Zuhars and I went to the post office in order to mail some of his important materials. We ate supper at a place called Tapioca Point which was made up of several restaurants, all serving different types of tapioca. Next we went down town in Fortaleza after dark to the Beita Mar, an outdoor market that comes to life at night. We walked along the seashore looking at the breakers and observing the masses of tourists strolling along the sidewalks and browsing the hundreds of market stalls.

After returning to the house, we ate some fruit called Ata. It was green, about the size of a baseball and had bumps all over it. The bumps were about a half-inch across and are six sided. The fruit was stringy and white inside and we had to separate the seeds from it but it was truly delicious.

### **WEDNESDAY JULY 5, 2006**

We woke up at 5:30 this morning to the crowing of a rooster at the house next door. At a quarter to six I decided to go for a walk and try to reestablish my daily routine. Last night was our first decent night's sleep since starting this trip. It was a beautiful, clear, still morning. I could see the golden rays of the sun just touching the tops of the palm trees above me as I walked down the street and I could hear all kinds of what seemed from their songs to be very small birds although I could not see them. A few people were stirring. Banners made of plastic shopping bags hung on strings across the streets. They had been placed there to celebrate Brazil's victory in the world cup soccer playoff but instead the nation was now in mourning. I heard a plane approaching and flying over. This one was not an airliner but a fairly large private prop plane.

I walked around the corner and in front of the church building. This was the new front that had been added since the last time we were here four years ago. The building looked like a sort of low budget Alamo as far as the shape of the front. The sign said in Portuguese, First Baptist Church in the Garden of the Olive Trees. A large modern city bus went by and it was about three fourths full. I could smell garlic coming out of some of the houses as I passed by them. It was pouring out like invisible smoke. This was typical of everywhere we went in Brazil. I walked around the block for starters but thought I might make it two blocks. They were long blocks by American standards. The owners of some houses in this neighborhood had put ceramic tile over the sidewalks in front of their houses and all the way to the street. I saw two of the very unique Brazil trees. They had a leaf

somewhat like the leaf of an umbrella tree back home. The leaf itself was a bright green and all the veins of the leaves were bright yellow reminding one very much of the colors of the Brazilian flag. As people passed me on the street or saw me they stared at me and didn't even try to hide the fact that they were doing so. I noted that people were already sitting outside in their sidewalk cafes sipping coffee and eating bananas.

Arriving back at the Zuhars home I sat out in the breezeway that goes around the exterior of the house. Out here I read my Bible reading for the day which was Job 31-32 and Acts 13:1-23. In the midst of prayer and Bible reading a huge airliner roared overhead drowning out all the peace and quiet that I was enjoying. I also was treated again to the crowing of the rooster next door.

While waiting on Lyndy to get ready to go to a women's exercise place called Curves, I lay down in a rede (hay-zgee) or hammock. While Lyndy and Lee Ellen would go there, David and I planned to go to a computer store and purchase a USB adapter for his computer so Lyndy and I could send our reports of the trip back home via e-mail. We made our third e-mail report to the folks back home in which we sent four pictures. Then as I went downstairs to prepare to go downtown Lee Ellen was playing some fiddle music and hymns from Kentucky on her CD player. One particular hymn that really moved me was What A Friend We Have In Jesus. It gave me a sensation of home and church and patriotism all in one.

We drove downtown to the Central Market. It was called the Centro Mercado. This was a large market with several hundred stalls or stores all in one building. We passed the main Catholic Cathedral in town with the intention of possibly taking a photo of the stain glass window inside. We passed a store on the street where open bags of various kinds of beans were on display and for sale. We had seen this very store four years earlier. We purchased a rede at the Centro Mercado. It was a lot of fun bargaining with the merchant getting him to come down from thirty Reais to twenty-five. We saw a number of rede hooks we had looked for unsuccessfully on our previous trip to Brazil. We stopped in the café area that was called Le Petate, a French name. Here we had coco gelados and guarana.

While walking through the Centro Mercado we were interviewed twice by a television crew. These reporters were telling the story of a group of Brazilians who were trying to learn English and trying to help foreign shoppers, tourists mainly, learn to bargain with and purchase merchandise there in the mall. I took a picture of the rather large group that the TV crew was following. As we passed out of the mall we stopped and listened to a group of musicians who were playing some

music that had strong African overtones. The instruments included flute, drum and triangle. These young men were promoting the sale of their own CD.

Brother Zuhars told us that the population of the metro Fortaleza area was now about three million. We traveled a pretty good distance to a mall called Iguatemi. We went here so Dave could pick up a video tape so we could record today's evening service. Inside the mall we visited a store called Extra where Lee Ellen did most of her grocery shopping. Inside the store the intercom blared with a woman's voice hawking the wares for sale in the store.

Next we headed for our favorite Italian Restaurant in Fortaleza. It was called Pasta and Pizza. Four years ago we visited this place and the manager gave us an olive oil dispenser for our dinner table. We hoped he would be here again this time so we could take a picture of him as we had done last time we were here. When we got there the restaurant was closed for the day so we moved on to a restaurant called Estilo das Pampus where we arrived at 1:36 PM. It was an outdoor restaurant with awnings to shade the customers. It was a very large place and was full on this day. I ate Macaxeira, a plant that grows like a potato but was stringy. I ate some eggplant as well. I also had some fried white sweet potatoes. This restaurant was a churrascaria.

The temperature at 4:30 PM today was 85 in the shade of the breezeway of the Zuhars house. We tried to watch the local TV news to see ourselves as interviewed at the Centro Mercado. The first story on the news was about some serial killer who was on the loose in Fortaleza. There was little more than a passing mention of our interview.

We left the house to go to Barroso Dois, a very poor area where Brother John Baptist is pastor of a church. Four years ago I had preached in a service there and we were anxious to return and see Pastor and Mrs. Baptist and their two boys again. Everywhere one looks outside in Brazil there are young people. At 7:12 it was fully dark and we sat in a kind of a park area where many young people were sitting at tables under the trees and hanging around the mototaxi stand. Some of these young people were in groups playing soccer while others were just strolling. There was a basketball court here. Arriving in the very poor area all the young people were hanging around here just like elsewhere except they were closer together here. All the stores were open. The lights were very dim everywhere but they were all on tonight. Everyone seemed to be on the street. This particular neighborhood was very dark and it was kind of scary driving through here. For this

reason we decided to drive around the block before stopping to park. We passed a hole in the street that looked like it was big enough to swallow the car.

### **THURSDAY JULY 6, 2006**

Rain woke us up several times during the night. We arose at 5:30 AM, had coffee, hot lemon grass tea, maracuja juice and some caju juice to tide us over till breakfast. We left for the beach at 6:38 intending to arrive there by seven or seven fifteen. We walked along the beach and waded in the warm tropical surf for about an hour. We ate breakfast afterward at Café do Sertao. You talk about an exotic breakfast! They had every kind of cheese, pamonha, sweet potato pie and tapioca one could imagine. We took a picture of the chickens trying to get inside the restaurant with us. It was all open. They sold rapadura and several different kinds of whiskey. We kidded brother Dave about getting some bottles to take home. What a wonderful time of fellowship we had with the Zuhars! We talked about things we are interested in and things we believe. We drove around and looked at the sights. At 10:18 we arrived back at the house where we checked our e-mail, cleaned up and relaxed.

Lyndy and I sent home another e-mail report with four pictures. Outside it rained so we read and rested from our jet lag, hoping to get caught up on our rest. Later in the afternoon we went to the post office to mail an order of literature that brother Zuhars received from someone in Rio which is clear across Brazil. The order was sent through Bryan Station Baptist Church which forwarded it to him. The man wanted to read *The Trail of Blood* and some other literature so Brother Dave sent it to him.

We visited a drogeria or drug store where we filled Lyndy's prescription for \$40.00 less than we have to pay in the States for the very same medicine. At 3:11 PM we sat down to eat lunch. We rested most of the afternoon. I had to admit that I was extremely tired. The schedule we kept last week, preaching every night, staying up late every night and eating late every night plus the 36 to 40 hours of travel time we went without sleep all had caught up with me this week. I lay in the rede most of the afternoon and read and dosed and this helped a lot.

At 5 PM we went to the mall to do some shopping. Then we planned to finish up the day by eating some of the great Brazilian ice cream we love so much. We visited a shoe store where one of the members of Dave's church is an employee. Lyndy purchased a pair of tennis shoes to wear in all our walking. The overwhelming number of customers in the store and the noise and confusion they

created produced madness. They had an unusually large number of employees, all of whom worked on commission. The employee's name who was a member of Dave's church was Jamongenu meaning Little Raymond. We left Iguatemi mall and moved to a downtown mall called Del Passe, a Spanish name.

### **FRIDAY JULY 7, 2006**

At 6 AM we arose from a pleasant night of sleep interspersed with rain showers. I went for a walk in the neighborhood. Walking through the streets I passed a tree about 30 feet tall. It had a vine on it that had leaves like an elephant ear plant. Some of the tendrils of the vine hung down like the roots of a Banyan tree. The weather was still partly cloudy and the temperature very pleasant. The men in the neighborhood were out walking around and about half of them were riding bikes. They wore short pants like Bermuda shorts and most of them had no shirt on. They wore flip-flops on their feet. The women were not dressed much better. Modesty is almost unknown to the women of Brazil. One of the difficult tasks of the missionaries is to teach modesty to the women.

Another jet passed over the house after taking off from the Fortaleza airport. I heard it as I sat in the breezeway reading the Bible. The wall around the outside of the Zuhars house forms the breezeway. This wall is about four feet out from the house, is all concrete and forms the outer limits of the Zuhars property. The breezeway floor and the house are also concrete. The top of the wall had many jagged pieces of steel set in it's concrete as an attempt to discourage burglars from climbing over. As I read I could hear geese honking and roosters crowing.

In the midst of my Bible reading I began to contemplate the great Bible truth of election. I thought about the millions of people in Brazil, their Roman Catholicism and paganism and how when brother Zuhars preaches the gospel, some repent and some believe. How can this be explained when it is so foreign to their culture and their religion? Yet many believe and become followers of Christ. A great change occurs in their lives. Why should this be? How can it happen? How else can it be explained but by God's great and gracious election?

I sent home our fifth e-mail report this morning. I conducted an interview with Dave and Lee Ellen about their work and used some of what they said for the report. Lyndy and Lee Ellen got ready to visit a ladies exercise place called Curves. Lyndy was a member of Curves back home and could get in free here and take a guest with her by bringing a photo of the Curves back home to prove her membership.

Next we went shopping at a place in downtown Fortaleza called The Jail. It was called this because in Portuguese colonial times in the 1500's and 1600's this building actually was the city jail. The Jail was officially called the House of Detention or Casa de Detencao. In the Jail we purchased several items including dresses and tablecloths. Brazilians have three different kinds of police; military, federal and civil. The ones they fear the most are the civil police but all of them are on duty and all of them have jurisdiction all the time. We took a picture of two policemen at a filling station where we stopped. Their vanity in briefly primping for the picture was amusing. We walked about six blocks toward the downtown area on our way to lunch.

We ate lunch in the LaScali Italian Restaurant on the second floor of a very ornate blue and white building. It was in an old Portuguese Colonial building that has somehow survived the centuries. Huge archways all over the dining room reached to the 20 foot high ceilings. There was a concrete balcony rail outside the ten foot tall open windows. We sat at one of the windows looking out onto the street at another colonial building across the street. There were many pedestrians in the streets below. Many dogs roamed the streets. The food was delicious and we tried a little bit of everything. The food was served cafeteria style. The plates were large platters. I had two different kinds of baked chicken with a really rich sauce on them. I had two different kinds of very tasty rice, feijoada, farinha, stir fried okra, squash and onions together, one piece of French bread, deep fried bananas, and guarana to drink.

Vendors sold large chunks of fresh pineapple on the streets. It sure smelled good. People who were passing through the streets doing their business stopped and bought chunks and ate them. Passing by one of the infamous motels we saw young women out dancing in the streets, swinging their hips and trying to get men to come inside. This was in the early afternoon. The area we were now in was within two or three blocks of the old Cathedral and Central Mercado downtown. While we were stopped at a stoplight a vendor came by selling magnifying glasses of all things.

The Zuhars have locks on both sides of their doors coming into their house. There was a bolt on the key side and then two bolts on the inside, one at the top and one at the bottom. These went into the doorframe just like the key bolt did. This is because of the high crime rate in their neighborhood. The people of Fortaleza go outside at night in order to stay cool. There is always a nice breeze coming in off the Atlantic here.

We traveled to Tapera several miles away from Fortaleza for an evening service. We heard a Brazilian man preach whose name was Romulo. His father was Romauldo. He was a member of the First Baptist Church in the Garden of the Olive Trees. The pastor of this church at Tapera was a man named Mardonio. His wife's name was Regelani. There were quite a few more people present than four years ago when we last visited here. They had done a lot of work on the building and now had a sound system. Here we saw some of the people we had met four years ago including the older lady who owned the rapadura factory. We called her the rapadura lady. Her name was Isoda. She was probably 80 years old. She and her unsaved husband grow sugar cane on their property, cook it and process it into rapadura. The pastor's wife here was the only female graduate of the seminary at brother Zuhars' church in Fortaleza. This is the pastor who gave us the picture frame and the mat signed by everyone who attended Sunday School at the First Baptist Church in the Garden of the Olive Trees when we visited four years ago. This treasure now hangs in my study in Kansas City. One lady and four girls played an instrument called a recorder. Pastor Romauldo of another church in Fortaleza sang a solo accompanied by one of his three sons on the keyboard.

After the service we drove home from Tapera. The highway was four lane nearly all the way. This highway had been greatly improved since we had last been here as had everything in Brazil. We had a wonderful time tonight and looked forward to returning to Tapera tomorrow night when I was scheduled to preach.

### **SATURDAY JULY 8, 2006**

This morning we prepared to go to a place where we could get our broken electric showerhead repaired. Romauldo worked on the showerhead at his house. We had also developed some trouble with the air conditioner on Dave's truck and Dave called around trying to find someone who could fix it. Dave finally decided to take it to his favorite mechanic in downtown Fortaleza. After driving downtown we waited on the mechanic to arrive and got very hot because we were standing under a tin roof in the sun. It was very quiet today compared to what it was yesterday. The place where we stood waiting was John's Garage which was on a large piece of property right in the central part of the downtown Fortaleza area. It had two story walls all the way around it and iron gates. There were seven or eight cars waiting to be worked on. The place was surrounded by ten high rise apartment buildings that we could see. Dave said the man was a really good mechanic and that he had stayed with him through two or three changes of jobs and locations. Business was good at this garage. I counted nine employees and people just kept

bringing in cars. It looked like a parking lot now with all the cars that had been brought in and tow trucks brought others. Cars were parked all around the inside of the outer walls. They worked fast on our car. At 8:55 AM the mechanic had to stop and wait for a part to get there from the auto parts store. Right in the midst of all the buildings, the garage and cars there were majestic Royal Palm Trees reaching maybe forty feet into the air. They really added beauty to everything. The sky is always very blue when it is clear in Brazil and it was clear this morning. These mechanics used some balled up multicolored threads to clean their hands.

Back at the Zuhars home I sent out e-mail report number. Brother Dave and I had some really good discussions about various matters such as missions and financing the work in Brazil. We started out to go to a restaurant to eat. Every restaurant had completely different foods. I have never seen such a variety of foods as are available in Brazil. The name of the restaurant at which we ate was Parque Recreio which means Recreation Park. This restaurant was surrounded by tropical trees making a small park in which we could sit outside and eat on tables with tablecloths.

After lunch we went to the Zuhars house and rested for a little bit. I also reviewed the sermon I planned to preach tonight at Tapera. At four PM I met with brother Dave to go over the vocabulary of the sermon in order to enable him translate more easily. The whole membership of the First Baptist Church in the Garden of the Olive Trees is to travel in a bus to the service tonight. I lay in my rede and enjoyed the breeze coming in off the ocean. It was hot but if one is in a hammock he can almost always catch a pleasant breeze, especially in the upper floor of the Zuhars house.

Today I received an e-mail from J.C. Settlemoir stating that Scott McDaniel had completed work on the first edition of our new magazine, the *Premillennial Baptist Journal*. It was now at the printer and would be printed soon. This is about a week later than we had hoped to have it actually printed and in the mail. We had had a lot of problems but slowly and surely things had worked out.

We left the building of the Church in the Garden of the Olive Trees on a huge city bus that was full with people from the church. They loaded folding chairs onto the bus so that there would be enough seats for the large crowd we were expecting. The bus was not air-conditioned and it was very hot. On the bus I visited with a big young Brazilian man whose name was Caio. Caio is the layout editor of brother Zuhars' newspaper the Pioneer Baptist here in Brazil. Sitting on the bus waiting to leave dusk fell at 5:45 PM. We noted that everyone in the neighborhood seemed to

be on the street tonight obviously in order to enjoy what breeze they could catch off the ocean. It seemed like hundreds of people came walking by; families, children, adults. They may have been making one last trip to the padaria before supper. In Brazil everyone eats much later at night than we do in the USA. They usually don't even begin thinking about the evening meal till about 8:30 or 9:00 PM. We finally reached Tapera at about 6:38 after a very exciting bus ride. The driver was privately hired and I would classify him as an aggressive driver. All Brazilians, however, are aggressive drivers.

The orchestra from the Zuhars' church would play tonight. There were several violins and recorders and a keyboard. The members were dressed up like they were going to the symphony in some city. They really looked nice. There was a big crowd gathering and it looked like the building was going to be full. This was a far cry from the five native people who were present when we were here four years earlier.

### **SUNDAY JULY 9, 2006**

This morning we drove across Fortaleza to visit the church where brother Romauldo was pastor. The streets were relatively empty compared with other days of the week. It was quiet, the skies were blue and the sun was shining brightly.

We had a terrific service at the First Baptist Church in the Plain of the Guava Trees. Pastor Romauldo led the services which included an electric guitarist accompanying the hymns and playing special music as well. His name was Nacizo and his playing was tasteful and excellent. This man had been converted to Christ from Catholicism. A priest visited his house to try to talk him into coming back to the Catholic Church and when the man told the priest he had become a Christian, the priest's response was, Oh no!

This church building had been built largely by the efforts of one man, Pastor Romauldo. He has done most of the design and construction. It is made of ceramic tile and white plaster. It has two stories with auditorium downstairs and class rooms upstairs. It is located about 30 yards inland from where it was four years ago when we visited. The city decided to build a super highway through the neighborhood and they condemned the property giving the church less than what the building was worth of course. The church moved thirty yards back from the water's edge and the highway went through right where the church building had stood.

The church building was full and the singing was unbelievable. Every person present sang at the top of his lungs. It was really from the heart. I have never heard that type of singing back in the States. I preached on *The Object of Faith*.

When we drove toward the church in the morning people were walking toward the beach in their swim suits and when we returned from church hundreds of people were frolicking in the surf, playing games like volleyball and soccer and lounging on the beach. We passed an outdoor market in a poor part of town that had pigs' heads for sale and I took a picture of it.

This afternoon I sat out in the breezeway. It was 1:36 PM. This was one of my favorite places in Fortaleza. I could hear the muffled sounds of the city, look up at the palm trees, blue sky and the clouds, read the Bible and think about things that had happened today. I studied for my sermon tonight, the subject of which would be "Persevering In Faith." My text would be Hebrews 10:23. I continued to read the *Resolutions of Jonathan Edwards*, enjoying the sea breeze and the sunshine all the time. Late in the afternoon we drank some gravioli, a drink made of a gravioli fruit that is green, about ten inches long, about 6 to 8 inches in diameter and has big black lumps all over it.

Our service tonight would be in the First Baptist Church in the Garden of the Olive Trees. The orchestra would play. We expected a large attendance. We, along with the orchestra, arrived an hour and a half early so that the orchestra could practice. The deacons and men of the church arrived at 6:30 for a men's prayer meeting. I attended this meeting. The service began at seven. Choir and orchestra rehearsal was a blessing. The new auditorium was beautiful. It still has the caption over the baptistery that it had four years ago only it has been repainted in larger letters. Emblazoned for everyone to see it says in Portuguese, Salvation Is Of The Lord Jonah 2:9. One of the men of the church welcomed and introduced me to the congregation. Brother Zuhars and I sang a duet doing one verse in Portuguese and one in English. Afterward a local English teacher who is a member of the church complemented me on my Portuguese pronunciation. During this service the mesquite spraying truck came around through the neighborhood several times. It made an awful racket. The last time he came around he parked in front of the church and revved up the engine. We got the idea he did not like the idea of having a Baptist church in the neighborhood. After church Lee Ellen had some special ice cream for us in her home.

## MONDAY JULY 10, 2006

This day began at 5:30 when we arose, read the Bible, shaved and walked a mile in the neighborhood. We saw several members of the church on our walk including Pastor Romauldo who was standing in front of his house waiting for a ride to work. As we walked around the corner and down the street, we saw Mardonio leaving for work on his motorcycle. Coming home from our walk, I met brother Zuhars and we walked together to the local padaria which was down the street and across an intersection. Here we purchased bread and a little coconut cake to go with it. Back at the house breakfast consisted of all kinds of fruit including mangos, tangerines and guavas. We then checked our e-mail before taking off for a trip to the mountains North of Fortaleza.

We left at 8 AM traveling West, Southwest out of Fortaleza and passed through what seemed to be an industrial and small business area. There were a lot of warehouses. There was much vegetation between the buildings that made them look kind of junky. Buzzards circled over head as we approached the mountains. This industrial area had a much different look than the streets of Fortaleza. The people here seemed to be much poorer. All around for miles and up to the base of the mountains we could see the red tile roofs of buildings that were part of the greater Fortaleza metro area. We headed for the town of Maranguape. We turned left which took us toward the mountains. We were now about forty minutes out of Fortaleza. In this area there were many Royal Palms and some others that were very tall but had a symmetrical shape. Many of the streets of this city were lined with Royal Palms. We also saw date palms that were loaded down with fruit.

Climbing into the mountains in the Zuhars car we found that there were many more mountains than appeared from Fortaleza. We passed a Catholic Church about half way up a mountain. This church building had a statue in front that must have been copied after Cristus Redemptor in Rio. We saw hibiscuses growing wild all along as we climbed this mountain road. Some were red, some yellow and some lavender in color. Vegetation became much thicker until it was almost a jungle. Plants we recognized included banana trees, palms, hibiscuses and bougainvillea. The road shrunk to one lane. Back in Maranguape it had been blacktop but that played out and the jungle surrounded us and got thicker all the time. The bush now looked like pictures you see on TV of the jungles in the Philippines and Africa. The road was now very curvy and indefinite. There were Banyan trees and old houses that looked like they had been built in better days.

We began to see large black termite nests maybe thirty feet up in the trees. Vines hung down everywhere. The variety of flowers and plants was hard to believe. Some trees looked like mimosas. Environmentalist wackos had placed signs everywhere stating what we could and could not do in the jungle. The road was now very rough. It was a sort of cobblestone road with just one very narrow lane.

We reached the top of the mountain and found an old resort. There were very few people there but it was a botanical paradise. I had never seen such a variety of jungle trees and parasites growing in the trees. Airplane plants were everywhere growing wild. We sat on a veranda and looked out over a vast plane. We could see the buildings of Fortaleza on the distant horizon. We could see the beach and the sand dunes and the ocean beyond and everywhere we looked the color was green. There was total quiet out there on that veranda. This resort was about sixty years old and had been built by a wealthy man from Fortaleza. It has eight rooms that are now individual units of a resort hotel. Each room had been built for a different one of the builder's children. Through the years it had been sold until the present owner purchased it. The road has been here about 40 years. Originally it was a cobblestone road, then was black topped but is now in most places back down to the cobblestones. The owner of this resort gave Lee Ellen a jar of bananas that had been cooked in sugar. They had turned the color of beets. They had the consistency of figs and were called banana doce. It was a most unusual taste and was out of this world.

We drove down the mountain to the central market place in Maranguape. We saw a lot of interesting produce for sale in the individual booths that filled the buildings and streets of the market. There was a large sort of indoor mall in which vendors held booths. There were small individual stores and there were larger open air stores. One merchant gave us a large empty rice bag to take home as a souvenir. One could get almost anything he might want in this market. Some of the things we saw included white sweet potatoes, dark green oranges (their natural color), tangerines and small green lemons that looked like limes. We saw avocados, ripe guavas which were yellow and about the size of a large lemon, huge cloves of garlic, various spices and herbs, peppers, cloves and many things we did not recognize.

We walked around in an indoor market which was mostly a vegetable and meat market. Most of the people here were poor but they the most beautiful fruits and vegetables. We took a picture of the old Catholic Cathedral on the city square and then headed back to Fortaleza for lunch.

Brother Zuhars told us that many Brazilians believe that if you wash your hands or take a bath in warm water you will get sick. Some will break a branch off a palm tree and carry it with them when they travel for some reason. Motorcyclists here carried kite string cutters on their cycles because some people have had their throats cut by kite strings stretched across the roads. These were from kites that had fallen from the sky. Remember, most of the kite strings here have glass on them in order to cut down their competitors' kites. One Brazilian motto is, There's always room for one more, meaning on the bus or elevator or wherever one might be.

I got the full Brazilian experience when I stood in line with brother Dave at a pharmacy in order to pay some bills. We stood in that line for thirty minutes even though it is against the law in Brazil to stand in line for more than fifteen minutes!

In the afternoon Lyndy and I were forced to take a siesta since everyone else did and we could not go out in the street because we do not speak Portuguese. We thus twiddled our thumbs waiting on the others to wake up. We decided to start packing some of our things for the trip back to the States so that we would not have a last minute rush when the time actually came. We packed some of our souvenirs but would have to wait till tomorrow to finish because Lyndy would do our laundry at that time. During this time the Zuhars' maid decided to run the vacuum cleaner so it was a good thing we could not sleep during siesta time. The Zuhars slept upstairs. We then cleaned up getting ready to go to supper at an Italian restaurant.

This week we have kidded a couple of times about how much we enjoyed the outstanding Brazilian food. We said we enjoyed it so much that we have fallen into the practice of recreational eating.

In the evening we returned to the Beira Mar, the market place along the beach in downtown Fortaleza. There were many food places and the most wonderful smells everywhere. We met a Jewish businessman here who operated a news stand and told us he could help us get anything we wanted in Fortaleza. His name was Abraham. He told us he had lived in Pennsylvania for 25 years and had been in Fortaleza for ten years. He seemed well connected in every respect. Brother Dave took his name, address and phone number realizing that the man could probably be of great help with things the Zuhars might need in the future including money exchange.

## TUESDAY JULY 11, 2006

I started the day at 5:30 by shaving and then reading the Bible in the breezeway. I read from the book of Psalms. I also looked at a new map of Ceara State that I bought yesterday. It had everything on it, every place we have visited. The first thing we did this morning was visit the padaria for today's supply of bread.

Last night when we ate at our favorite restaurant here in Fortaleza one of the desserts was chocolate pizza. Lee Ellen could not eat all of hers so we wrapped it up in some napkins and smuggled it out of the restaurant and she ate it for breakfast this morning.

Next we went shopping, then visited the post office and finally went by a picture frame shop. The Zuhars gave us a frame in which we could mount the picture John Baptist had painted for us. We then made our ninth e-mail report to our church, family and loved ones back home.

At 1:22 PM Lyndy and I sat out in the breezeway trying to stay cool. The weather was oppressively hot. Yesterday and the day before made us feel we were just going to burn up. We suffered more from the heat this time than ever before. I just did not know if I was going to maintain good health it was so hot. Last night I hardly slept at all because of the heat and humidity. It made my skin so oily that I no longer had the patches of dry skin on me that I had developed back home.

At 2 PM we started out on a trip to the town of Cascaval. Cascaval whose name means rattlesnake was a very large and very dirty country town. It looked like the streets had never been cleaned. The people were crowded up close together. I joked that probably the only time the streets are ever cleaned is when it rains. The streets were narrow, made of cobble stone and very rough. There were a lot of church buildings of all kinds there. Among others we saw an Assembly of God, First Baptist Church and of course the biggest building was the Catholic Church.

Late in the afternoon we passed through Pindoretoma returning from Cascaval. We stopped at a sugar processing plant that was run by a local family. They made rapadura. The owner was an older man who graciously gave us a tour of his entire operation. This operation included raising the sugar cane on location, harvesting and cooking it, and making it into the delicious rapadura. It was cooked in large shallow pans about three feet across and then poured into forms which made it into bricks as it cooled. About five or six men and women worked at cooking and forming the product. He said they produced 6,000 bricks of rapadura every day. He

said his great, great grandfather started this operation at this location in the days of slavery and his family had kept it up ever since. He said there was nothing else he wanted to do. He said he was born to do this. They have 18 hectares of land on which they carry on this operation. The owner asked where Lyndy and I were from and Dave told them we were from the USA and that he was too. The man said he would never have known it because Dave talked just like they did. Dave took this as a great compliment even though the man did not know he had done so. The man's name was Antonio Cesar Rivero. I told him we were pleased to meet him and he returned the compliment.

Antonio said his day starts at 2 in the morning. His mother is 94 years old, still gets up at 4 in the morning and helps out with many aspects of the process. She still has her wits about her but has a little difficulty in seeing. Nevertheless she works on the nuts that are dipped in the rapadura. We took several pictures of this very interesting operation. The name of Antonio's place is a play on words in Portuguese. The name was Engenio Cana da'. The name means *It gives cane* but when it is written it looks like it says Canada. We ate supper at the Tapioca place in Fortaleza. This time we ate at Silvia Helena.

Just at dusk we stopped along the beach and the surf was up. There were some pretty good waves coming in. Nobody was out there because it was about to rain. We saw two thunderstorms off in the Atlantic headed our way. Lyndy and I went out onto the beach. It was beautiful to look at the two different thunderstorms out in the Atlantic. Lyndy remarked that you just don't see such a sight anywhere else that we go. We stopped and got some ice cream at a sorveteria that advertised that it had sixty flavors available. I had green corn and gravioli flavors and Lyndy had doce de leite and mango flavors. They were all absolutely delicious. Such delights are not to be had in the USA! Arriving back at the Zuhars' house about 7:30 we washed up and did a little computer work before going to bed.

### **WEDNESDAY JULY 12, 2006**

Starting time today was 5:30 AM. The sun was shining brightly at 6:22. The sky was blue and planes were taking off over the house as usual. Today we planned to make one last trip to the beach before returning to the US. Today as I thought of the world in general and especially here in Latin America, it was impressed on my mind just how few people God has on this earth, how few the elect really are!

This morning we visited the Presidio Beach out from Fortaleza a little ways. There was a small town in this area that we had visited four years ago. Walls surrounded

everything here. The morning shadows were still long when we arrived. At the beach we saw a man catch a mess of fish among which was an eel about 24 inches long and another dozen or so fish. It looked like he had caught enough to feed his family for the day. At 8 AM everybody was arriving at the beach so we pulled out and headed for breakfast. One reason we always went to the beach early in the morning was because of the virtual nudity of the locals on the beaches. We stopped by the fresh water spring where the women of the little town do their laundry and then came into the town if Iguape. In Iguape we drove around town and by the side of the street we saw a group of young people who laughingly told us they were the 2014 World Cup Champion Brazilian soccer team. They were happy young people and they let us take their picture.

We had breakfast at the same place we had stopped the other day. It was where we had had some wonderful fried cheese. For breakfast today we had some kind of a deep fried potato ball that had beef in the middle of it. We had roasted cheese and potato with cheese in the middle of it and a chicken soufflé that looked like chicken pot pie. We had fried coconut with condensed milk that appeared as if it were hash brown potatoes. There was also cuis cuis which is made of steamed corn bread. I had a regular loaf of pao and some juice called suco de caja which was made of a yellow fruit that has very little meat and is mostly seed. As we sat there eating in this open air restaurant we could hear the goats making noise and the chickens clucking. We even saw a large turtle crawl across the yard. There was a plentiful supply of flies here. The name of this place was Café do Sertao. If you ever visit Fortaleza, stop here!

Next we visited the Iguatemi mall again looking for a CD to which we could transfer our pictures. At Extra supermarket we noted that they had for sale everything you could find in America including palm pilots and lap tops. Prices were good and business was brisk.

Back at the Zuhars house we made our final e-mail report to be sent home, we copied all our photos taken in Fortaleza to a CD and then erased all the things we had done on the Zuhars' computer. All we had to do on their computer now was check our e-mail one more time tomorrow and then we would be finished with their computer. Having a sore stomach, probably from eating too much, I lay down and rested for a few moments before going with brother Dave to the post office. Over the past two or three days I had gotten overheated and was now also having some discomfort because of that. Brother Zuhars said he appreciated the fact that Lyndy and I would eat anything and try anything here. He said a lot of Americans when they visit just want to eat hamburgers and sit at home.

We watched the boys in the neighborhood fly their kites in the street in front of the Zuhars' home. They were really good at this. These boys did not have glass on their strings and were not trying to get the other boys' kites. They were just enjoying flying their kites.

On our way to the post office we stopped on one street to take a picture of a termite nest that was about 8 feet off the ground on a concrete fence post. I hit it with my fist and it was not hard. Instead it was made out of paper, sort of like a hornet's nest. The termites were very small, were orange in color and were about a third the size of termites in the US.

There is no shortage of religion in Brazil. We passed every kind of religious meeting house imaginable in our travels around Fortaleza. We saw Campbellite meeting houses, Assembly of God buildings and around the corner from the Zuhars a center for the Rosicrucian Order, a secret cult. Brother Zuhars has some interesting stories about the secret chambers in their houses. He says their meetings are not open to the public and the public is not welcome in their meetings. One must have a special invitation to attend.

I told Lyndy that we must be getting ready to have a good service with some great blessing from the Lord tonight because a man who was obviously a nut case came by and spoke with brother Zuhars as we were getting ready to go into the service. He thought he was the apostle Paul and that Jesus Christ did not die on the cross even though all the churches teach that he did. Brother Zuhars tried to reason with him for awhile but when he saw that he couldn't he just turned away from him and the man went on down the street to find someone else who would listen to him.

We really enjoyed getting to church early and greeting everyone even though the only Portuguese words we could say to them with confidence were Boa Noit or Good Evening. This church and the other one here in Fortaleza begin their services by ringing a small hand bell. Romulo who was the music director now prepared to start the Wednesday evening service.

Walking down the beach after church we got some ice cream and watched some young people playing beach soccer. I had never heard of this game and was intrigued by the way they were actually playing volleyball by kicking the ball instead of batting it with their hands. Each serve was made by placing the ball on top of a mound of sand and then kicking it over the net.

## THURSDAY JULY 13, 2006

I watched a TAM airliner take off into the morning sun as I read the Bible in the breezeway. We saw many beggars in Brazil. I thought about them this morning. Some of them have the most grotesque deformities. These people are taken out into the streets by some helper and allowed to beg. The helpers either carry them around or push them around in some kind of wheeled vehicle. Many elderly people beg that have no apparent malady. Some children beg. Obviously begging is not against the law in Brazil as it is in the USA or at least if there is such a law it is not enforced.

We decided to go out to the beach one more time before departing for home in Kansas City today. We ate breakfast in the early morning sunshine. We were on the beach under a thatched roof canopy looking out at the surf. We then waded out into the surf while the tide was coming in, getting higher and higher on the beach. We threw a coconut into the surf and it bobbed up down in the waves moving down the beach away from us. We watched some surfers come in out of the water. The surf was pounding at this time. One young boy had a surfboard on the entire bottom of which was painted a Brazilian flag.

At one of the hotels in this area some men were cutting the grass. Most of the grass cutting here was done, not with a lawnmower but by men with various kinds of knives and mattocks. They chop it out and most of the time it results in bare sandy ground. We visited a store called Freight. It had every kind of plastic and glassware one could imagine. The store covered about an acre of ground. Lyndy looked through what they had but their prices were far too high.

Next we visited the old downtown colonial district of Fortaleza and did some last minute shopping. The name of the large tree in the park at the fortress was Obao Obao. It was a very hard wood and was over three hundred years old. The circumference of this tree was anywhere from sixteen to twenty feet.

We returned to the Zuhars' house for the final time, packed up and moved all our bags out into the front room of the house. An airliner taking off passed over the house as we were taking our things to that area. It was kind of sad that we were leaving Brazil. It was as hard for me to leave Brazil this time as it had ever been in all our trips. Today was a beautiful sunshiny day and at 1:25 PM it was super hot. The sky was clear and we hoped that once we got into the air we would be out of this oppressive heat for good. At ten minutes till two we left the Zuhars' house for the airport. At about 2:40 we said Goodbye to the Zuhars and went into our

terminal area to prepare for boarding. Passengers boarding in Fortaleza were very rude, cutting in front of people with no compunction. Older people as well as younger would literally run over you for their own advantage. It was a dog eat dog experience just to board the plane.

The sun slowly disappeared over the Western horizon as we lifted off from Fortaleza. It was a red ball as it sank but in the foreground as I looked down I could see the lights of small towns coming on where the clouds had opened up. Every now and then a white puff of clouds would drift between the plane and the lights below. It was only 5:47 in the afternoon but because of the clouds it was already getting dark.

Coming down through the clouds into the dark over the city of Salvador, Brazil I could see more and more cities, the lights of which were sparkling due to the movement of the plane. Salvador was a large city below where we made an unscheduled landing. Many of the streets were curvaceous and there were many straight streets that had radical right turns in them. The terrain seemed to be quite hilly. The lights were beautiful and the evening rush hour was in full swing, with many cars on the streets. It seemed to be surrounded by the ocean on three sides and we could see the lights of large ships coming into the port of Salvador. Lyndy and I had now been in seven States plus the Federal District in Brazil. We are deeply thankful for all the traveling we have been able to do in our lifetimes, especially in Brazil. We touched down at Salvador at 6:13 PM. We taxied to the terminal and heard the captain address the passengers in Portuguese.

It was fun to watch the Brazilian people, especially the teenagers and children, stare at Lyndy and me. It's hard to know what they thought about us but they were very interested in looking us over and every time they got a chance they took a gander at us.

When we left Salvador at 7:05 PM it was completely dark outside. We passed over large city after large city as we headed South toward Sao Paulo. In the dark these large cities looked like raindrop splashes of light 39,000 feet below. At one point I looked out the window and saw 14 cities that were just splashes of light below. At another point I counted 31 such cities. There was a delegation of Jamaican Congressmen and women on this flight and the captain recognized and welcomed them. Several of them sat on the row in front of us. Looking out the window of the plane we could see sugar fires here and there all across the landscape. The flames of these fires were distinctively bright red. We flew across several States to get from Fortaleza to Salvador to Sao Paulo.

As we approached Sao Paulo it looked like an ocean of lights far below. We passed over a huge shopping mall that we could make out even from the approximately 25,000 feet at which we were flying at this point. We touched down at Sao Paulo at exactly 9:12 PM. At 11:44 we prepared to take off for Miami an hour and twenty-five minutes late. I hoped we would not miss our plane in Miami as had happened on a previous trip. Once again the lights of Sao Paulo faded away beneath our plane.

### **FRIDAY JULY 14, 2006**

We flew all night on this leg of our trip. This was the last day of our trip and we were awakened on the plane at a quarter till four AM Brazil time. At that time as we approached Kingston, Jamaica we were served breakfast. Using my flashlight I read my Bible readings before the lights were turned on for breakfast. Making our connecting flight in Miami for Dallas looked doubtful at this point.

At 7:43 AM Sao Paulo time we arrived over Miami, Florida in the USA and descended rapidly. The pink tips of the clouds caused by the rising sun could be seen in the West. As we looked down through some gray puffs of clouds we could see the buildings and cars on the ground. Now we passed through a fog as we continued to descend. Soon we passed through a thundershower which is normal as one flies into Miami. We almost completely circled the city on our approach. We touched down at 7:50 AM and were able to make the connection with our flight to Dallas, Texas. Do not use a yellow ribbon to identify your suitcase at the baggage claim when going to Brazil. About one of every two passengers does so and thus it is very difficult for those who use yellow ribbons to readily identify their baggage.

We took off from Miami for Dallas at exactly 10:00 AM. The weather was hazy to partly cloudy and everything below was beautiful. We could see boats in the channels and canals of the Miami area. We flew right over the Atlantic coast before we turned around to go back toward the West. The deep dark blue of the Gulf of Mexico below stretched toward the horizon and it became a lighter and lighter blue until it blended with the sky at the horizon and it became difficult to tell where the sky ended and the sea began. A few puffs of white clouds looked like they were sitting on the water and I could not differentiate between the water and the clouds. In some places the clouds reflected in the water indicating that the water must have been extremely calm at the time. The moon hung above it all. We next passed over Louisiana and East Texas with their wooded areas and the

cultivated areas began to turn a reddish color. There were just a few clouds, bright sunshine and dark blue sky with the moon sitting above it all.

We landed in Dallas at exactly 12:25 PM Sao Paulo time. The weather was sunny and it was 84 degrees outside according to the captain of this flight. Leaving DFW airport we flew North along I-35 over the Red River and Marietta, Oklahoma. Clouds covered things for a time. Then we saw the Washita River before the clouds closed in again. We next veered off toward the East, Northeast away from I-35 which I could still see behind us for some time. We began our approach to the Kansas City International Airport at 1:24 PM. Passing over the Missouri River we swung around to land at KCI from the North. At 1:29 we touched down at home in Kansas City. Thank the Lord! Oh yes! My digital voice recorder worked so well that I plan to use it from now on in keeping logs of our trips.