

# **2002 MISSIONARY TRIP TO BRAZIL**

**A Record of the Trip by Laurence & Lyndy Justice  
July 1-17, 2002**

Victory Baptist Church  
9601 Blue Ridge Extension  
**Kansas City, Missouri 64134**  
**816-761-7184**  
[justicela@juno.com](mailto:justicela@juno.com)

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

## **MONDAY JULY 1, 2002**

It was 7:40 AM when Arthur Doyle arrived at our home and 16411 Harris Avenue in Belton, Missouri to take Lyndy and me to Kansas City International Airport. It was a beautifully clear and cool summer morning and the traffic rush was already past its peak by the time we were underway. Arriving at the Airport at 8:47 AM we entered the ticket line in the American Airlines terminal, finally exiting at 9:06 then waited for the security line to open at 10:18.

Lyndy wore an attractive black pant suit and I wore a new striped golf shirt which was basically white with thin green lines running horizontally across the shoulders and chest. For several weeks before the trip I had saved printed news articles which I had downloaded from the Internet and now I began to read these as we waited to board our plane.

When we entered the line to go through the recently increased airport security I was searched with an electronic wand. Lyndy became a little disturbed when her purse and carry on bag were rifled, I mean searched by security officers. We were amused by an old man who was passing through security at the same time. He was wearing a black and gold baseball cap that had "Explosive Ordinance Disposal" on the front. Finally we were seated on the plane and at 11:20 AM we were airborne on the first leg of our long anticipated trip to Fortaleza, Brazil where we would visit the field of our missionary and his wife, David and Lee Ellen Zuhars.

The takeoff was smooth and the skies were hazy to partly cloudy as we flew South over the Missouri River and Parkville, Missouri and then East toward St. Louis where we arrived at 12:25 PM. Here we had to run through the airport to some far off terminal, just making the plane we would take to Miami before takeoff because of a last minute change in airline schedule of which we were not notified by the airline. A man was sitting in our reserved seats on this flight and he had to move twice before we finally got settled in for the flight.

Our plane took off from St. Louis for Miami at 1:12 PM. Like our first flight today this one was on a smaller jet and this one was a "rough rider." After consuming a lunch of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches which Lyndy had prepared in case we were unable to find one on the planes or in the airports we enjoyed an uneventful flight. The plane was full and we ascended to a very high altitude. The discomfort I had been experiencing in my stomach and colon for several days now began to ease as the clock read 1:30 PM for which I was very grateful.

At about 2:20 PM we began to pass over the Gulf of Mexico and could see small islands surrounded by boats and a shallow sand bar surrounded by water on both sides. Thunderheads appeared in the Tampa Bay, Florida area and all the way

to Miami. During these hours we ate some dried fruit that Lyndy had brought . From time to time I could see the shadows of the clouds on the waters of the Gulf far below and we could see small thunderheads rising up near the plane.

Just before reaching Miami, Florida the color of the waters of the Gulf turned from a deep blue to an emerald green and the clouds here looked like puffs of whipped cream. The pilot announced that we were taking a circuitous route to Miami due to the showers and thunderstorms that were occurring in this area and as a result we passed over the Everglades. This area was made up of miles and miles of swamp and bush with a highway intruding only occasionally.

As we descended to the Miami airport visibility dropped rapidly as we flew directly into one of these storms. Lightning flashed near our plane and gave me a momentary thrill. Looking down on Miami I could see that many houses and other buildings had red tile roofs reminding me of many places I had seen in Latin America on previous trips; Sao Paulo and Catanduva in Brazil and San Pedro Sula in Honduras. Now we passed over the hotel strip on Miami Beach and my thoughts went back to previous trips to Miami in 1953 and again in 1963 when our family visited that strip and actually stayed in the Traymore Hotel. By 4:30 Eastern Daylight Time it was almost dark outside due to the storm in order to avoid the plane kept circling the area. As I peered down from on the waters below I saw a ship and then three speed boats and then two docked cruise ships. We passed over Miami Beach again and then we touched down at Miami at 4:41 PM.

The ground outside was wet from the showers and there was water on the windows of our plane. There was a lot of runway construction going on. Deplaning at Miami we entered the Miami Airport which was clean, modern and crowded. The language heard the most here was Spanish due to the large number of Cubans who worked in the airport and who live and travel here as well.

We had to walk from the American Airlines terminal to the Varig Airlines terminal which was a great distance away. Arriving at the Varig ticket counter we noticed it was decorated with green and gold balloons and the airline personnel were serving cake with green and gold icing in celebration of Brazil's recent victory in the World Cup Soccer competition. Everyone who worked for and was travelling on this airline was in a festive mood.

While waiting in the Varig Airlines Terminal here we ate the food Lyndy had packed for us and watched the planes on the tarmac. I was interested in one Latin woman waiting at the Varig desk who was holding a clear plastic bag containing six to eight different passports. Here we met members of a group of Presbyterians from Iowa who were also going to Fortaleza to help with a "missionary" project of building a building.

We sat in the terminal until 8:30 PM Eastern time waiting to board Varig Air flight 8819 to Sao Paulo, Brazil. The airport announcer spoke only in Portuguese so we had to try to decipher and mostly guess when he called our flight number.

Hundreds of people were boarding the various flights to Brazil as we waited. There were flights to Rio De Janeiro and Sao Paulo and even one flight to Buenos Aires, Argentina. We read that it was 4,087 miles from Miami to Sao Paulo. We also noted that Miami time was one hour behind that in Sao Paulo.

At 8:30 PM we boarded flight 8819 on Varig. It was a much larger and more comfortable plane than the one we had taken from Kansas City to Miami. It had Television monitors that dropped down from the ceiling and softer and roomier seats. The mostly Brazilian passengers on this flight all seemed to be celebrating the victory of Brazil in the recent World Cup soccer championship game. Many of the female passengers were clothed in shorts. Before takeoff the airline stewards distributed small tubes of toothpaste and toothbrushes to the passengers. Soon a group of college students from Southwest Baptist University in Bolivar, Missouri boarded. One young man in the group told me that Ted Harris had been his voice teacher at the school. Ted was my own voice teacher at Oklahoma Baptist University in 1963-64. One young man in this "missionary" group was wearing an ear ring.

At 9:37 PM preparations for departure began. The Varig plane was painted white with a dark blue tail. On the tail was painted a golden sunburst with a circle around it. "Varig" was written on the side of the plane. After an excellent and brief safety presentation over the TV monitors our 9:30 PM takeoff actually occurred at 9:51 and we headed for South America and Sao Paulo, Brazil.

Across the aisle and a little forward on our right was a young man who was avidly poring over a dirty magazine. I wondered if he was one of the "missionary" group from Southwestern Baptist University. Lyndy and I had reserved seats in the middle section of seats at the rear of the plane so that we could actually lie down and sleep during the upcoming all night flight. Once we had taken off I lay down and tried to sleep from 10 PM to 10:37 PM but was unable to do so because supper was served at 10:40 PM. At 11:20 PM we were served the delicious Brazilian drink, Guarana. Lyndy ate supper but I did not, opting instead for the Guarana. The Guarana was of the Kuat brand which I prefer over the more popular Antarctic brand, which by the way is available in Kansas City at the Brazil Cargo Company near the Plaza.

Less than an hour into the flight we passed over Cuba. The only evidence of doing so that I could see were the occasional lights of small cities or towns far below. For awhile we listened to orchestra music over the headphones provided each passenger. The TV monitors showed a constantly updated map of our progress across the Caribbean. We passed over the coast of Venezuela near

Caracas at an altitude of 33,000 feet and traveling at 562 miles per hour. Lying across three seats I slept fitfully for maybe two hours altogether.

My sense of time was now beginning to become confused. Our watches which were still set to Kansas City time now said 3 AM but here came the plane stewards and stewardesses with breakfast. The meal consisted of egg omelet, sausage patty, a slice of cheese, slices of cold deli-sliced turkey, a white roll, diced cantaloupe, grapes and coffee. Just before breakfast I had changed into a fresh set of clothes in the restroom at the rear of the plane. This was no easy task.

## **TUESDAY JULY 2, 2002**

At 4:06 AM Kansas City time we began to see sunlight on the left side of the plane. I read my Bible readings for that day which involved chapters 23-25 of the book of Job and the tenth chapter of Acts from verse 29 to the end. This portion has to do with Peter at the house of Cornelius and how God had showed Peter not to call any man common or unclean. I had a delightful conversation with a little Brazilian boy who was seven or eight years old and spoke excellent English.

I now changed my watch to Brazilian time according to what a steward told me. It was 6:19 AM Sao Paulo time, cloudy and 61 degrees Fahrenheit. At 6:25 AM the lights of the sprawling city of Sao Paulo appeared. As we peered down at the streets we could see that the auto traffic was already heavy at this time (isn't it always?). Our plane touched the runway at 6:27 AM.

For the third time in our travels to South America it was cloudy when we touched down in Sao Paulo. We breezed through customs and met our friends Eduardo and Yvonne Cadete in the airport ticket counter area. Brother Eduardo is pastor of a Baptist church in the Sao Paulo suburb of Osasco. We exchanged gifts and had a very pleasant visit. Eduardo gave me a tie and a tie pin picturing a hammer which he pointed out spoke of the hammer of God's word that breaks the rock in pieces. I asked Eduardo about a promising young preacher I had met on a previous visit to Sao Paulo whose name is Samuel. He informed me that sadly brother Samuel had imbibed the church growth movement philosophy.

After a visit of about 35 minutes we went on to board our plane for Fortaleza, Brazil which is a city far to the North of Sao Paulo. Security here was very loose and consists of an X-ray of our carry on baggage. As we waited to board we enjoyed observing the Brazilian people also waiting for this flight. They were greatly varied as to race, social class and dress. Frankly the young women seem for the most part to want to look like street walkers, even those with children and husbands. Most of the children we saw were unruly.

It was now 8:58 AM and the plane was late arriving. We were beginning to feel very tired. There was a large crowd at the gate where two flights were leaving

at the same time. We now were able to establish that at this particular time of the year the city of Fortaleza to which we were traveling is two hours ahead of or earlier than Kansas City time. Boarding the plane we waited on the tarmac until takeoff at 9:43 AM. Flight 2370 would be the last leg of our flight to Fortaleza, Brazil.

Once airborne we gazed at the vast sprawl of red tile roofs or the houses of the fifteen million souls (some say 20 million) in the Sao Paulo area, millions of whom have never heard the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. Clouds quickly blocked our view of the fading metropolis below. Our flight to Fortaleza was to be three hours and ten minutes in length.

Soon the skies cleared again and we could see the land below to be mountainous but red in color like the Western part of my native Oklahoma and denuded of trees and most other vegetation. At first we could see few towns but soon more towns could be seen, a Catholic cathedral dominating each. The cities grew larger the farther we traveled and increased in number. Many of these towns and cities had smoke rising from sugar cane factories and mills. Most of the cities and towns were connected by dirt roads which meander through every valley we could see from our altitude of nearly 39,000 feet.

At 10:30 AM Sao Paulo time lunch was served on the plane. It consisted of breaded chicken, spinach and mashed potatoes with Guarana to drink. I was sitting next to an older gentleman from Muscatine, Iowa who told me he was a Presbyterian layman headed to Fortaleza to visit a seminary and do missionary work. He seemed to have little grasp of the great old doctrines of grace once held by the Presbyterians. Just before lunch we decided to change our watches from Kansas City time (10:26 AM) to Fortaleza time (12:26 PM). At this point we realized that we had left home 26 ½ hours earlier and still had a half an hour to landing at our destination. While we ate the clouds below thickened until we could not see the ground.

People in Sao Paulo State call Fortaleza “the other Brazil” and they call Sao Paulo State “the engine that pulls the rest of the train of Brazil.” As we entered the approach to Fortaleza at 12:40 PM the clouds began to part and we could see that the land was flat with more roads visible. The frequent riverbeds below seemed to be dry washes. Many of the children on the plane were playing video games and computer games and most of the small children were out of control, crying loudly and throwing tantrums.

The land below was now much greener in color though a lot of cultivation was not apparent. We could see the white sands of the beaches along the Atlantic shore as we arrived from the South. The water color was aqua green and the sky was hazy. We passed over several large lakes near the coast and a large Mountain just South of the city. The mountain was covered with trees. The city of Fortaleza

now spread below and we could see the red tile roofs of the residences. Fortaleza appeared to be a large city with many tall buildings, many more than in an American city with similar population. The waters of the Atlantic on the North side of the city itself were now a light green in color.

We approached Fortaleza International Airport or Aeroporto Pinto Martins as it is called from the West, passing over huge government housing projects made up of apartments that were all exactly alike except that some were one story and some were three story. They were built in rows. Finally we touched down at 1:59 PM on July 2<sup>nd</sup>.

Missionary David Zuhars and his wife Lee Ellen met us at the airport and drove us the five minute ride to their lovely home where we lay down and slept for an hour being very tired after the trip. When we awoke we hardly knew where we were because we were so tired.

The house where the Zuhars live is next door to the church building where he pastors. It is not extravagant by any standard but is comfortable by American standards and is located in the area where most of the members of the church live. The front door opens from the sidewalk into a sort of ante room where there was a table and chairs, a hege or hammock and the walls were painted in colorful pastels. Moving from that room one next enters the dining area that has a nice formal dining table and chairs. Adjoining this room and without walls between is a fairly large living area with couch and chair and large unscreened windows looking out into the breezeway the wall of which is about four feet away from the windows. Entering the dining room we could look to our right to the roomy kitchen with its refrigerator, microwave, cooking range and ample cabinets. The kitchen had two large windows opening onto the breezeway. Off the kitchen was a large utility room and shower with a door into the breezeway that surrounded the house on three sides. Off the dining room and living area was the door to what was our bedroom which is a comfortable room about fourteen feet square. There was a large shifaro (?) that we used for a closet, a comfortable bed, a hege and a wicker table. A large unscreened window was located in the outside wall which afforded a view of some sky and mostly of the concrete wall on the other side of the breezeway about four feet from the window. Atop the wall were jagged pieces of steel which had been built into the top of the wall to discourage would be burglars. Just to the right of the door to our bedroom was a large bathroom and shower with an electrically heated shower head. All the floors of the house were ceramic tile and the walls were concrete.

If one were to turn left when entering the dining room instead of right he would see the suspended stairway which had no handrail which leads to the upstairs of the Zuhars' home. At the top of the stairs there is a living area with hege and chair and a television set. The Zuhars' bedroom and a large study are the

other two rooms on the second level. Brother Zuhars keeps his books and computers in the study and there are large unscreened windows on two sides of this room which afford an interesting view of the street in front of the house. Unlike the bedrooms the study has no hege. The house has a deep well the water from which is used for showering and washing but we all drank bottled water to avoid the every present dysentery which plagues Americans in Latin countries. The house was made pleasant and cheery by Lee Ellen's touch which included pictures of her beloved butterflies.

Lyndy and I visited with the Zuhars through supper and into the evening. We enjoyed the sounds floating into the house from the outside which included those of planes flying low overhead due to the close proximity of the house to the airport. The temperature was mild and a pleasant ocean breeze wafted through the house. At 9:23 PM we dropped into bed very tired!

### **WEDNESDAY JULY 3, 2002**

At 7:06 AM the bright Brazilian sun streamed through the open windows in our bedroom. We had slept with the window open and there were no screens on it. At 8:05 we left the house for a day of shopping and sight seeing. After driving for some distance across town we had breakfast at the Marina Park Hotel, a five star hotel on the ocean front and we sat facing the very green ocean. As we looked out the windows on the ocean side of the restaurant we could see the ocean through the palm trees that lined the side of the hotel. Maybe a half mile out into the sea we could see the rusting hulk of a large ship that had run aground in a storm many years ago. The décor of the restaurant included light blue wicker chairs and bright yellow flowered table cloths. The delicious breakfast consisted of wedges of fresh pineapple, cheese tapioca, a corn mush, bread, some kind of green melon, strawberry yogurt, beef, a creamy corn pudding called conjica, rice pudding, real orange juice, two eggs over easy, coalho or what seemed to be a clabbered milk, chocolate pound cake, and a very tasty hot chocolate with which Lyndy immediately fell in love. All this was served buffet style and needless to say we went back several times.

After breakfast we visited a money exchange which was located upstairs over a downtown store. On the way to this place we passed the Fort Of Our Mother which we were told had been there since Portuguese colonial days. Next we visited what is called the Mercado which is a large building with five floors which surround an opening in the middle from ground to roof and the shops of many merchants surround the opening on every floor. This is one of the main market areas in the city and was a very delightful place. In one sidewalk café the

Zuhars bought each of us a Coco Gelado or cold coconut juice. The merchant takes a coconut in its green outer skin, cuts off the end with a large knife, inserts a straw in the hole thus produced and gives it to the customer to drink. The taste is delightful, far different from the bitter coconut juice we sometimes drank when I was a child in Oklahoma City.

What utter fun we had shopping in this Brazilian environment! We purchased an attractive pant suit for our daughter Leah for 23 Real or \$8.00 US. We purchased 2 kilos of Cashew nuts for 4 Real. We sampled foods, drinks, candies and nuts. While in the Mercado we observed two American Mormon missionaries spreading the strange beliefs of their polytheistic cult.

Driving what seemed to be across town in another direction we came to a tourist center and market called The Old Jail. We enjoyed shopping for things to take back to various loved ones and friends at home. Here we purchased a hammock for our daughter Rachel, drank some cashew juice and also a soft drink made of apple cider and fig juice. Most of the goods we saw for sale in both the Mercado and here were craft products such as clothing and some leather. Back in the car we drove through the downtown area of Fortaleza past the beach and many high rise apartments. A great majority of the population of Fortaleza seemed to live in these buildings all of which were from twenty to thirty stories high. This city seemed much poorer than Catanduva in Southern Brazil that we had visited on previous trips to this country. I now began to notice the plant life of the city much of which was the same as that in Southern Brazil. There were the Blood of Christ plants and the Royal Palms and the Ibe tree although it was not nearly so prevalent here as in the South.

Now we visited a drug store which in Portuguese is called the drogajafre. Here we purchased a plastic bag of biscoitas which were of the consistency of pork rinds, looked like dry onion rings and tasted like unsweetened cotton candy. It wasn't long before we began to notice the women of Brazil. They all seemed to try to have a pout on their faces and looked very unhappy. Brazil's is a sex driven culture. There is more poverty here than in Southern Brazil, at least in the cities of Sao Paulo State. Many of the streets are made of broken cobblestones. They are dirty and unswept and very bumpy.

We returned to the Zuhars' home just before three and ate some green corn ice cream, biscoitas and cashew fruit. At three PM we took a nap which we really needed because we were still trying to catch up from our all night flight from the States. The way the house is constructed provided for a cool breeze in the afternoons and this is aided by an electric fan. The heat outside had now become oppressive. We slept until 4:20 when we were awakened by an airliner passing low over the house from the nearby airport.

After awhile we ate supper in the Zuhars' home. It consisted of eggplant dressing, potatoes and grave and Guarana. During this delicious meal we had a wonderful and profitable discussion about missionary philosophy.

The Zuhars home had no lawn and no grass. It was all concrete including the walls and floors. There were no screens on the window but there was no need for them. We rarely saw any insects. There were wrought iron bars on all the windows and nails and jagged metal built into the concrete on top of the wall that surrounds the house. This is typical of houses in most all Latin American cities and is intended to discourage burglars.

The Zuhars' house is next door to the church building. There are one foot square ceramic tiles on the floors throughout the house which is furnished with new Brazilian made appliances. The bed in our bedroom was a waterbed which was very comfortable. The house has a kitchen, a living/dining area, a guest bedroom on the ground floor, a concrete stairway with no handrail leading upstairs where there is one bedroom, a sort of court room or living area, Dave's study and computer room, a bath room, and a huge walk in closet. There is bright, tasteful and pleasant décor throughout the house. There is a hammock or built in hammock hooks in almost every room of the house. Off the kitchen on the first floor there is a utility room which contains a well that sinks to about 200 feet. A four foot wide breezeway surrounds the house on three sides. The breezeway is made up of the outer walls of the house on one side and a ten foot high concrete wall on the other.

There is a sidewalk in front of the house with a Jarubo tree in the middle. This type of tree was brought to Brazil years ago and is now quite common in Fortaleza. It produces a red fruit that looks like a small apple and its leaves are similar in size and appearance to those of a Magnolia back home but have a softer texture and are fairly smooth. There are other houses behind the Zuhars' house on the same block and between the Zuhars and one corner of the block on the same side of the street while the church building is on the other side of their house.

At 7:15 PM we went next door to the church building for the evening service. I immediately noticed the six in high words of Jonah 2:9 written in Portuguese above the baptistery. "Salvation is of the Lord." I immediately knew that this was my kind of church. Every person present this night made it a point to shake hands with us individually saying the customary Boa Noche or Good evening! The name of this church is The First Baptist Church Of The Garden Of The Olive Trees.

The music director began the service by reading the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of John. We then sang "Nearer My God To Thee" which was number 283 in their hymnbook. Then we sang number 473 the title of which was Firmes Nofe. I did not recognize the tune and some of the others while we were there but I sang every verse of every hymn in Portuguese. The singing of the hymns in this service

was accompanied by a young man on an electric keyboard and he played very well. The music director welcomed the visitors to the service.

Brother Zuhars preached on prayer using Luke 11:1-4 as his text. I was unable to understand very much of the sermon but was blessed just being there and observing the seriousness of the worshippers as they listened intently. It was a blessing to watch them pay close attention and follow the scripture references that were liberally sprinkled throughout the message. At one point during the sermon Brother Dave had to cease preaching momentarily while a large plane passed low overhead. Brother Zuhars becomes animated from time to time in his preaching and is fluent in Portuguese. He uses a microphone and amplifier when he preaches in this auditorium. What Brother Zuhars said was a small crowd of 38 was present and included people of all ages with an even balance of the sexes. Lyndy and I were impressed by the children in this and the other churches. They were happy, bright and bubbly. Brother Zuhars closed this service with a season of prayer led by three of the men in the church.

The church auditorium had white stucco interior walls and the floor was made of 1 foot square light gray colored ceramic tiles. The door to the auditorium is a large open archway and during the service a young man from off the street came and stood in this doorway to listen. The platform was covered with one foot square ceramic tile which was light green in color. There was a concrete roof resting on four steel beams that ran longways across the auditorium and there was no ceiling in the building which was cooled by several ceiling fans which rattled noisily. The lighting was provided by fluorescent bulbs. The walls of the auditorium were made largely of a type of tile much like a drainage tile in the States. It was laid on its sides to form a kind of lacework wall in order to let in as much breeze as possible. The night time temperature in the building was very pleasant throughout the service. The pews in the church were made of some kind of hardwood. Each had two slats on the back and three on the seat and were covered with a dark stain. There were sixteen of these pews that held eight people each. The auditorium was about thirty feet square with an aisle down the middle. The back side of the baptistery had a painting of water in a country scene. To the left of the baptistery was a painting of the ten commandments and to the left was a copy of the church covenant much like those that can be seen in our Landmark Baptist churches back home. There were artificial plants at either side of the pulpit and in front of the baptistery.

Brother Zuhars is the pastor of this church, not the visiting missionary and of course he is a member of this church. Brother Dave is soft spoken, easy going and obviously loved very much by his people. Both Dave and Lee Ellen had lost considerable amounts of weigh since we had last seen them a couple of years earlier in Kansas City. They both looked good and felt good.

Arriving back at the Zuhars home we had a lengthy discussion and fellowship. These were indeed good times. We turned the light off at about 10:15 PM.

## **THURSDAY JULY 4, 2002**

We woke up at 6:05 this morning and were now beginning to return to our routine schedule. It had rained most of the night and there was some wind causing us to have to close the windows during the night. It continued raining into the morning hours and Lee Ellen said that this was near the end of the rainy season. Here in the midst of this city of one million souls, the people living next door had chickens and their rooster began crowing about 4 AM and continued almost solidly until after seven. While the Zuhars left to go to a local gym for their daily workout I read Job 29-30 and Acts 12. While reading God's word I heard a bird's song that I had not heard before as well as the song of a Bientavi, a song that sounds just like the name of the bird, Beein-tuh-vee. We had heard the song or rather the call of this bird in other years in Southern Brazil. I also heard the beautiful calls of other birds as well. The people who live upstairs in the house across the street from the Zuhars had a cage containing a small bird with a red head and a gray body.

At around 7:30 I went and stood in the front doorway of the house and watched people walking to work. There were puddles remaining everywhere from the rain. Most of the people in this city seem to be young. Rarely did we see anyone over forty. The nearby shops began to open and set their wares out on the sidewalks for the day. Directly across the street from the Zuhars there is a business that sells natural gas in metal bottles and the constant banging and clanging of these bottles could be heard every day from 7 AM to 10 PM as people brought back empties and picked up new ones.

It was cool this morning due largely to last night's rain. It is interesting that most people in Fortaleza walk in the streets instead of on the sidewalks even though all the streets have sidewalks on both sides. Several young men on motor cycles or rather motor bikes came by and yesterday we had seen some of the famous Brazilian Moto-Taxis, motor bikes driven by young men who would take you any place you wanted to go, no matter the distance for a very reasonable set price. One young man stopped in front of the Zuhars' house to adjust some type of problem with his cycle. All of the men carry appointment books that look like Bibles. Dress is casual by US business standards, even for blue collar workers. Banana and palm trees line the streets along with various flowering trees. Most everyone wears flip flops instead of shoes. The skin complexions of most people

here are brown but thus far we have seen very few of the Italians who are so numerous in Catanduva and Sao Paulo.

Most all the trucks here are Mercedes trucks with a few Kombi's (Volkswagen Vans) still around. Brother Zuhars drives a diesel powered Toyota 4x4 truck which he keeps in his garage which is located between his home and the church. Because of the wall around all these buildings they all look to be part of one large building.

Breakfast time finally arrived and it was a true delight to the taste buds being made up of loaves of bread, Goiaba jelly, papayas, bananas and Aecerole cherries. These cherries grow here and are said to have the highest concentration of vitamin C in any fruit.

Now we headed to town for some more shopping and looking around and as we passed a city park Brother Dave noted that the Cashew trees growing there were wild. We strolled through a beautiful indoor mall where we observed a woman doing some Renda weaving. This involved weaving multicolored threads into a net or lace like material by the use of a large pillow and some wooden "bobbins" and a needle made of a local thorn of some kind. This is certainly unique to Brazil. At least I have seen it in no other part of the world in my travels. Next we visited a supermarket where we focused on the fruits, vegetables and Guarana sections. Many exotic fruits were on display including the gravioli, a dark green fruit about the size of a pineapple that was covered with darker lumps and when opened was made up of white stringy milky fibers. The Juice was extremely good tasting. This supermarket was clean, bright, and equal in quality and selection to any Walmart grocery back home.

Driving through the city we noted that virtually all the tall buildings in town were apartment buildings. They have a unique architectural style being thin buildings with protrusions on the upper floors. They are a lot different than the glass boxes that pass for buildings in the States. There are a great number of these buildings in this city and most all of them are about the same height, maybe twenty stories tall.

At one point we passed a tall bush that was covered with red pods. Lee Ellen told us that this was a paprika bush. Some of the palms were Royal Palms whose heights reached perhaps forty feet. We learned that these palms do well here due to the fact that there are no hurricanes to disturb them because they are so close to the equator. Hurricanes start at locations near the equator and move away from it as they develop. Fortaleza is about 200 miles South of the equator. We now ate a delicious lunch with corn much or ? as the main course.

Today is the third time I have been out of the USA on the fourth of July and the second time for Lyndy. During the afternoon we read "What July 4<sup>th</sup> Means To Me" by President Ronald Reagan and were blessed as we thought on the grace of

God in placing us in the USA. Lyndy had an upset stomach so she rested during the afternoon and I sat out in the breezeway of the house and read various articles I was able to download off the internet using the Zuhars' computer. As long as we stayed in the house or in the breezeway in the path of moving air it was breezy and cool but when we would get out into the sun it was oppressively hot.

During this afternoon and every afternoon multitudes of teens and young adults just walk the streets. This afternoon Brother Dave had a man come to work on the pump switch on his well. Brother Zuhars had this well dug to a depth of over 270 feet, so deep that it has never faltered, even in the five year long drought when the city had to ration water. Brother Dave says he still does not completely trust that the water is safe to drink.

Lyndy's sore stomach worsened during the afternoon so we went to a local drug store for some medication that was stronger than Alka Selzer. The name of the drug store was Farma'cia Telejuca and it was located in a small strip mall. Here again we were exposed to or maybe it would be more correct to say that the girls and women exposed much of their flesh to us and to everyone else on the streets. It is unbelievable to me that any husband or boyfriend would allow his woman to dress like most of the women in Brazil do! As we drove toward the downtown beach at 4 PM we noted the beautiful lengthening shadows and golden sunlight against the deep blue Brazilian skies.

Arriving at the beach at around 6 PM we parked on one of the main thoroughfares and walked out onto a wharf called English point. The sun was now setting and the time of sunset doesn't vary more than 12 minutes on any day throughout the whole year due to Fortaleza's proximity to the equator. The surf was pounding the beach against the backdrop of the multiple buildings of the city. Over the city we could see three twin prop planes that passed in tight formation over the city several times. There was a rather large crowd on the wharf. The cool sea breeze, the noise of the surf and the soft light of sunset made this a most pleasant experience.

As night fell we moved to an outdoor restaurant on the beach the name of which was Babagula where we ate supper to the sound of the surf washing the shore. In the distance we could see the lights of ships passing this Northeastern coast of Brazil. Palm trees were bending in front of us in the cool sea breeze and the towers of the city were just behind us. We were amused by some young people playing soccer in the nearby surf as we ate.

After supper the crowds of tourists in this area swelled to great numbers and we shopped in the huge outdoor market or bazaar called Beira Mar. Merchants had set up in hundreds of booths to sell such exotic goods as sand art, leather hats for men, wood carvings, crucifixes, oil paintings, crocheted items, fresh lobster, shrimp, fish and some kind of whistle that can perhaps most accurately be referred

to as cat calls. Besides the merchants in these booths street vendors were everywhere hawking their goods. Some of the things we purchased included a bottle containing sand art, a carved fresco of the local fishermen, a doll for our grand daughter Caroline Tucker, some caju (Cashew) nuts, a refrigerator magnet and some post cards, one of which was for our friend Jennifer Cecil's post card collection.

We returned to the Zuhars' house at about 9:15 PM. Before retiring for the night at 9:30 I went out into the street in front of the house to look for the constellation of the Southern Cross so I could say that I had seen it on the fourth of July. I thrilled as I found it and could see it as clear as a bell.

### **FRIDAY JULY 5, 2002**

We were awakened again this morning by the sound of roosters crowing. It was 5:30 and seventy two degrees. There is no breeze today. I read Job 31-32 and Acts 13:1-23. We are to leave this morning for an overnight trip to a mission station in the country where we have been told that I will preach in a mud house on the beach. Lyndy's stomach has now recovered. While waiting for breakfast used the Zuhars' computer to check for any incoming e-mail. For breakfast we drank Acerola cherry juice and ate fruit. We also drank Mate (Mah'-tay) tea.

At 8:57 AM we left in the Zuhars' car for the city of Ibicuitaba. As we drove through town we observed how the locals dump tree limbs, broken concrete and trash over the walls around their houses into the street where the trash men pick up some of it. Exiting the city we saw a lot of palm trees and mango trees. We passed through swamps which featured purple flowers and a kind of palm tree with leaves like fans. In this area we encountered one of the aggravating speaker trucks that are characteristic of Brazil. It was a pickup with a large box that fit exactly into the bed of the truck and was about six feet high above the bed. The box was filled with a large number of speakers large and small which blared out the driver's message along with wild Brazilian music. The purpose of these trucks is to advertise products, events and politicians.

Once out of the city we began to pass into an area where sugar cane is raised and then into an area of Mantio fields. Here we were traveling Southeast down the Atlantic coast on a two lane blacktop road. One of the towns we passed through was Cascavel which means rattlesnake. We passed through a number of poor, dirty villages in which all the houses had red tile roofs. In between these villages we saw Caju (Cashew) orchards and coconut orchards. After awhile some mountains appeared in the distance. We passed a factory which makes the red tiles that are used so profusely on the roofs in this country. Morning glories were growing everywhere and the flowers on them were mostly yellow or blue. The

vegetation in this area was rather strange to our way of thinking because in the midst of the palm trees large cactus plants from three to five feet tall were growing making this area a combination of desert and jungle. Most all bodies of water we saw had lily pads on them.

In one city through which we passed we came to a Brazil tree. It is called that because its leaves have the colors of the Brazilian flag, green and yellow. The stripes on the leaves remind me of the stripes on a Zebra except for the green and yellow colors. The stripes on the leaves look something like the fitonia plants in the States. The name of this town was Beberibe and the houses here are made out of red tile blocks or what we would call at home drain blocks. The dirt here is gray to white and here the orchards of cajus and coconuts are mixed together.

The countryside here is rough and filled with heavy brush which the locals call Mato (Mah'-too). The local cowboys wear all leather clothing including hats for protection from this thick and very rough brush. Here we had to stop for awhile due to some highway construction on this stretch of road. The road was very rough and this was at the close of the wet season so it was in the worst shape possible. We noted that some of the houses in this area have porches that completely encircle them. In this area Dave pointed out some shrimp farms which were large ponds filled with sea water.

We ate churrosco (Shoo-rah'-scoo) which is also called Brazilian barbecue for lunch in a town called Fortim. With the meat we had spaghetti and salsa and black beans with rice, chu-chu (choo'-choo) or vegetables, sweet potatoes and orange squash. The meat included beef, chicken and sausage and of course we had the wonderful Guarana to drink. The restaurant where we ate was outdoors under the shade of a roof. Across the highway we could see a caju orchard. There were many flies in this rural area but the light breeze helped keep them away. This was the only place in all Brazil that I have ever seen any appreciable number of flies or any other kind of insect. Some kitty cats ate on the floor of this restaurant. We drank coffee or café (cah-fay') as Brazilians pronounce it from clear glass demitasses. This coffee is very strong but we smothered it in sugar and it actually tastes very good.

Underway again we came to some huge hill sized sand dunes on the seaward side of the highway just before entering the city of Araciti where we visited a basket factory. This is a rather large business where some of the local women weave baskets made of palm fronds and sell them to the public at very low prices. Lyndy purchased a clothes hamper for 5 Reis (Hay-eye') and a set of three baskets for the dinner table for 3 R. At this time over 2 R were the equivalent of an American dollar.

We soon stopped at a full service filling station which was surrounded by a palm forest. The palms were tall but were not the royal palms so prevalent in

Fortaleza. Diesel fuel which is what the Zuhars burn in their truck cost the equivalent of \$1.69 a gallon which at the time was VERY expensive. We also purchased 35 liters, the equivalent of eight gallons of bottled water for use over the next two days. A lot of teens and young adults were loitering around this station.

The climate was now becoming noticeably drier and the environment was made up mostly of palm trees and sand. We passed through three different police check points along the highway on this trip. The area we now entered had a number of fazendas (fuh-zen'-duhs) or large ranches which grew mostly caju trees. Some of these have old fashioned windmills for drawing water. These are called urubo (oo-roo-boo'). We saw some vultures that had gray bodies, black wings and yellow beaks. There are no termite nests in this area such as are common in Sao Paulo State. There are few flowers here but castor bean trees with six inch in diameter trunks that are ten feet tall can be seen. A little farther along we saw cactus that is similar to the Organ Pipe cactus so prevalent in Mexico but the branches of these spread out more. Now we entered a wilderness area that was covered with brush and after awhile we came to the small community of Belem or Bethlehem. All the houses had redes (hay'-jees) or hammocks on their porches.

Suddenly the blue green Atlantic appeared and we came to the town of Icahpui (Ee-kah-poo'-ee) where we stopped to overlook the ocean. We then proceeded a short distance to our destination of Ibicutaba (Ee-bee-coo-ee-tah'bah). A missionary friend of the Zuhars had once lived here and made this his headquarters. The home which overlooks the entire area has a lush lawn and probably two acres of coconut palms, a flower garden with cock's comb plants and a wonderful porch on the three sides facing the sea with rede hooks on every post and on the wall of the house. Other plants include Acerole cherry, lemon and papaya. The house is elevated above everything so the Atlantic can be seen in the distance.

The Zuhars had recently sold the house to a Portuguese business that had not yet taken possession but had already started renovation. One of the most obvious improvements was a swimming pool that was being built in the yard. The Zuhars and the missionary before them used to hold services on the porch of this house. In this area of Ibicutaba there is a giant coconut orchard and the town of 10,000 sits among the many trees in this orchard.

After unloading our things I sat on the porch with Dave Zuhars drinking Acerole cherry juice and reviewing with him the sermon for this evening so that he could more easily translate for me. My sermon for this evening would take Matthew 6:13-18 as its text and the subject would be "Who Is Jesus Christ?"

While sitting on the porch we were introduced to brother Antonio Albuquerque and his wife Sonya. When I asked her for her testimony as a Christian I also asked her why she thought God had chosen her to be saved out of

all the millions who live in Brazil and she said, I believe in God's predestination as explained in Romans 8 the last few verses. She then served us some Brazilian café and we heard some Bentiavi birds in the coconut palms. I also talked with 60 year old Antonio, a small balding strong man with dark hair. He is a happy Christian and a deacon in the church at Fortaleza where brother Zuhars is pastor. He and his wife are serving as caretakers of the property until the sale is finalized. He is also working for the company that is renovating the property.

At 5:32 Sonya served supper on the porch on a long table with a table cloth and nice dinnerware. For dessert she served the famous (in Brazil) pudim (poo-zjeem'). Antonio offered thanks for the meal in his native Portuguese.

At dusk just before six we drove about one mile to the beach and then about one mile down the beach to a grass and mud four room house where we would hold an evening preaching service. As we drove down the beach the tide was out making the beach about a quarter of a mile wide. Thirty people of many shades of skin color attended. Some were Blacks and some were Indians and some were in between. An elderly lady owned the house and after church I asked her if we could come inside and see her house to which she replied to brother Zuhars, why would anyone want to see inside my poor house? There was virtually no furniture or anything else in the whole house except for the redes. I preached for about thirty minutes and brother Dave translated. The singing was accompanied by a well meaning and wanting to please young man with a guitar but he evidently did not have an ear for music.

After church we drove back down the beach which was smoother than the roads we had traveled this day. There were five or six horses wandering around on the beach in the dark. We carried a number of the worshippers back to Ibicuitaba in the back of the Zuhars' truck. After arriving back at the house we sat on the porch and looked at the Southern Cross and the milky way and discussed God's infinity. We retired for the night at 9:40 with Lyndy and Lee Ellen sleeping in a bedroom off the inside courtyard of the house and Dave and myself sleeping in redes on the porch. This was because there was only one bed in the house and we let the ladies share it. The weather this night was breezy and pleasantly cool.

## **SATURDAY JULY 6, 2002**

We woke up this morning to the crowing of a thousand roosters and the awful braying of a donkey that I thought surely needed to be shot as quickly as possible! What a wonderful and splendid and magnificent night it had been; sleeping in the cool sea breeze, looking out into the vastness of space and seeing fascinating new constellations I had never seen before. The great darkness of the Brazilian night highlighted the brightness of the milky way which covered most of

the heavens like a luminescent cloud. One constellation of perhaps twenty stars closely bunched reminded me of one I see often back home that I like to call the seven sisters but this one involved more stars and only appeared at about 3 AM near the moon which was a crescent. The rest of the moon could be seen as a shadow. As the sky began to get light dozens of bats could be seen swarming around the veranda where my rede hung and flitting through the coconut palms. I'm certain the beauty of God's heavens this night will remain in my memory as long as I live.

A few clouds floated across the Eastern sky preparing to add to the beauty of the sunrise over the Atlantic. I lay in my rede facing East savoring the wondrous view of the heavens I had had the rare privilege of enjoying this night. The rede in which I had slept had borders on both sides that hung down from the sleeping surface about 18 inches. During the night whenever the breeze became a little cool I would fold these borders over me forming a light blanket. A little space was left between me and the borders and I could even cover my head in this manner while not inhibiting my breathing. As I lay there awaiting the dawn I read Job 33-34 and Acts 13:24-52.

My question as I prepared to get up was, how many roosters can exist on one square Brazilian mile? There were no mosquitoes or other bugs that bothered me during the night. At just about sunup Antonio came by with a bucket of limes he had already picked this morning. Brazilians call this green fruit limao in Portuguese or lemons but we call them limes. They smelled wonderful. Antonio was dressed in a white tee shirt, denim jeans, flip-flops and a dark blue and gold ball cap that said on the front, Casa Do Plastico or House of Plastic.

At 5:55 AM Sonia appeared having just splashed water in her face without drying it. She had on a pinstripe golf shirt, yellow pants and red flip flops. At 6:30 she served breakfast on the veranda which was composed of scrambled eggs, Brazilian bread, Brazilian café, lemon grass tea, Goiaba jelly and slices of cheese.

The sun was pleasantly warm on our skin as we loaded the Zuhars' truck for the trip back to Fortaleza. Sonia would go with us today but Antonio would remain to help with the work on the property. As the breeze began to die down flies began to pester us although this was unusual. Antonio and some other men were now watering the lawn which was made up of the lushest grass I had ever seen. It looks like Bermuda but is finer and tighter in texture. It looks like artificial turf and is dark green. There were no weeds in this lawn.

We left Ibicuitaba at 7:52 AM and driving on the beach began the eleven and one half mile trip to the village of Tibau (Tchee-bow'). In this area we saw boats and fishermen with their nets. The skin of these fishermen was dark brown and leathery from years of exposure to sun and surf. The boats were coming in with the tide. We drove at a speed of 63 KPH the entire distance from Ibicuitaba

to Tibau. Tibau is in the Brazilian State of Rio Grande Do Norte which is the fourth Brazilian State Lyndy and I have had the privilege to visit.

Arriving at the edge of Tibau we got out and walked on the beach observing the various forms of life in the sand and rocks on the beach. There were some tiny creatures that looked like spider crabs and there were sea anemones growing like flowers in the holes in the rocks. We stood on the beach and looked toward the Northeast knowing that we were looking toward the hump of Africa across the Atlantic.

I was particularly interested in watching the nine man crew of one fishing outfit as they extended their 100 meter long net out into the surf using their (Junda?) boat and then having two of the men drag the net back to the shore which took from thirty to forty five minutes. When they began their work they and we were the only persons to be seen anywhere but as the men dragging the net drew nearer and nearer to the shore people of all ages began coming out of everywhere to see their catch. And what a catch it was! It included rooster fish and sword fish and sardines and Aqua Viva which is a form of jellyfish. These jelly fish were not really attractive resembling what we crudely call back home a mountain oyster and were about as big around as a silver dollar and about three quarters of an inch thick. Some of the people who had appeared from the village just walked up to the net and picked up some fish and left before the fishermen could stop them. One of the young teen aged boys that had come to see the catch picked up a stingray out of the net and held it up for me to see. I took his picture holding it and he said, Did you, an American, take a picture of me? This was the interpretation brother Zuhars made of what he said.

We finally had to leave the Tibau area and headed back up the beach to Ibicuitaba where we got back onto the blacktop. We soon passed once more through the town of Belem (Bay-leem') or Bethlehem which we learned was an oil town and crossed the Juagaribi River. We were about a half mile inland as we followed the coast. In this area for a number of miles there are mountainous sand dunes, some with vegetation on them, and the road was terrible along about a twenty mile stretch. One pothole was so large that our truck could literally have fallen into it without touching any side. It's a good thing we had not traveled this road at night!

After stopping at an outdoor restaurant for Guarana and Coco Gelado we drove on toward Fortaleza once again. As we observed the country side here we saw some termite nests on the fence posts and on the trees. They appeared to be in size about a foot to eighteen inches high and about seven to ten inches wide. There were no termite nests on the ground as is so typical of Sao Paulo State in Southern Brazil.

At 1:02 PM we arrived in Fortaleza at an outstanding Italian restaurant called Pasta & Pizzas. It was so good as a matter of fact that we would eat here three times during our visit to Fortaleza. It was buffet style and some of the foods served, all of which I sampled, included chicken rotisserie, red snapper, capers, olives, mangos, papayas, pork rinds, rice, corn, olive oil, black beans and gravioli drink. I made the mistake of loading up my plate on these foods because when we sat down at the table to eat we found that every five minutes or so the waiters would bring us some different kind of pasta as well as rolls and sausage. There were five or six different kinds of pasta one of which I remember especially which was called four cheese pasta. At about 2 PM we returned to the Zuhars home and immediately took a nap.

We awoke at 3:32 PM at which time I read over a fifteen minute devotion brother Zuhars had asked me to deliver to the young people of his church in Fortaleza during a Saturday night meeting. It is very difficult if not impossible for me to ever bring a fifteen minute devotional. While I showered, rested and read a book on Genesis given to me by brother Zuhars Lyndy and Lee Ellen went to the grocery store for some needed items. At 5:29 the sun was sinking fast and at 6:30 we ate a supper of cheese and turkey sandwiches, mangos, and the delicious Brazilian specialty, green corn ice cream.

When seven thirty rolled around we went to the church building next door for the youth service. After beginning with prayer the twenty persons present sang #154 in the hymnal, Firme nas Promesas or Standing On The Promises and #406, Confiar em Cristo or Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus! Twice during this service the dreaded sound trucks drove by blaring rock music so loud we could not hear ourselves sing or preach or think. The song leader's name was Erivardo dos Santos and the keyboard player was Romerio Barbosa Pereira. The special music was a duet by these two men singing Marvilhosa Graza or Marvelous Grace Of Jesus. I preached from Mark 8:36 on What Shall It Profit A Man?

After the service we returned to the Zuhars' house for some hot lemon grass tea. We retired for the night at 9:15.

## **SUNDAY JULY 7, 2002**

It was 76 degrees and there was very little breeze when we awoke at 5:30 this morning. It was a clear day except for very high clouds here and there. Today's Bible readings included Job 35-37 and Acts chapter 14, the story of the apostle Paul being stoned at Lystra. We could hear the chirping of some tiny birds as well as the ever present morning crowing of roosters. At 6:55 we had a breakfast of Papaya, bananas, oatmeal, Pita bread, cream cheese, Goiaba jelly, caju

juice and café that was at least half milk and delicious. After breakfast I sat in the breezeway off the kitchen and reviewed the Sunday School lesson I was to teach while Lyndy helped Lee Ellen with the dishes.

The roof of this house is made of six inch by sixteen inch red clay tiles aligned on a welded steel frame. The house is not sealed and has no weather stripping. When the lights are off and the doors closed one can see light around the doors and windows and the outer edges of the ceilings. While I was enjoying the quiet cool of this Lord's Day morning a sound truck moved through the neighborhood with the announcer shouting some announcement and then playing pop music, all of which was annoyingly LOUD! The smell of lunch cooking now wafted through the breezeway as I read Solomon Stoddard's "The Righteousness of Christ." What a blessing this book on the work of Christ in relation to justification was!

The church here at Fortaleza has Sunday School on Sunday mornings. There is no worship service. The big service of the day on Sundays is at night. Sunday School began this at 9 AM sharp with 56 people of all different ages were present. Here for the first time we met a little girl whose name was Ana (Ah'-nah) Carla who was very special to us due to her loving attitude and warmth to us. Another cute little girl we met at this time was Jorcilana.

The song leader this morning was Romulo (Hoh-moo-low) and the first song was #13 A Minha Casa or A Mansion Over the Hilltop. Next we sang #33 Just A Closer Walk or Ao Tea Lado Quero Andar followed by #176 Take Time To Be Holy or Tempo de Ser Santo. Through the open doors and the breezeway windows we could see the bright sun and the dark blue sky. The song leader read the Sunday School report for the previous month. At the close of the lesson Pastor Zuhars asked for questions and comments on the lesson. Someone asked who George Blaurock, one of the Swiss Anabaptists, was. Throughout this service, the tone of which was very happy, five different men led in prayer. My Sunday School lesson was well received and the whole Sunday School lasted from 9 to 10:20 AM. At the close of the service I took a photo of the congregation which I have displayed on the wall in my study at Victory Baptist Church in Kansas City. As a going away gift the congregation here at Fortaleza later presented me with a beautiful gold frame for this photo and a mat signed by every person present this morning. It was provided by one of the young men in the church who works at a local frame shop.

We now returned to the Zuhars and while Lee Ellen and Lyndy prepared lunch, brother Dave and I walked through the neighborhood around their home and church in order for me to observe life in that area. We passed a headquarters for the local chapter of the Rosecrucian cult, one of whose doctrines is reincarnation. I had not thought of this cult since we studied it in our Historic Theology class at

Southwestern Seminary in the mid 1960's. There was no sign of anything going on there this day. Brother Dave told me that professional people had moved into this neighborhood around the Rosecrucian headquarters just to be near it. As we passed through the area we could smell lunch cooking in all the houses as we passed. We saw a number of the attractive Brazil Trees with the green and yellow leaves in the streets here. The houses had no yards, just walls and gates that came up to the inside of the sidewalks.

Returning to the parsonage we dined on what the Zuhars said was a traditional Brazilian lunch made up of smothered yellow fish along with coconut milk, tomatoes, onions, green peppers, garlic, farinha (fuh-reen'-yuh), rice and a pudding for dessert called quindim (keen'-zjeen).

After lunch we checked our e-mail on the Zuhars' computer and had received three photos of our new grand daughter Caroline Belle Tucker which had been taken on the fourth of July at Elon, North Carolina in the USA. For most of the afternoon Lyndy napped and I sat in the breezeway outside where two directions met thus getting the most possible breeze. This was VERY pleasant as I gazed at the dark blue sky with no clouds, the palm trees hanging over the wall at the back of the house and the Jardim (?) tree could be seen over the top of the house. During this time I reviewed the sermon I was planning to preach in the evening service of a Baptist church on the far opposite side of Fortaleza from where the Zuhars lived. The title of the sermon was Snow White Salvation For Scarlet Red Sinners and its text was Isaiah 1:18. It was quite restful to listen to the sounds of the city this afternoon. There went a Moto-taxi, there is a barking dog, there a radio playing Brazilian pop music, there a sparrow chirping, there some unknown bird calling, there an airliner just taking off from Fortaleza International Airport. By the way, the original runway for this airport was built by the US Army during World War II and is still being used as part of the airport today. The late Deward Taylor, a member of our church in Kansas City, had once told me that he stayed here at this airport which was then a base during the war when in transit to Africa and Italy. It became painfully real to me at this time that Brazilians like their radio music LOUD! I now moved to the bedroom and lay in my redi which hung across the room from steel hooks that had been built into the walls about five feet five inches above the floor. At this time I read the seventy resolutions of Jonathan Edwards. We truly rested well on this God's holy Sabbath today. It was a wonderful day and it wasn't over yet!

We had a supper of apple rolls and gravioli juice and then I reviewed the message for the evening service with brother Zuhars in preparation for his work of translating for me as I preached. Tonight's service would be held at the First Baptist Church in the Planalto das Goiabeiras or First Baptist Church in the Goiaba Trees. The pastor of this church which had been started by the Bryan Station

Baptist Church of Lexington, Kentucky was brother Romualdo Pereira de Souza, a tall muscular man who works closely with brother Zuhars. The church building is about to be demolished by the city to make way for a highway that will soon pass through the area. The church does not yet know where they will go or how much if any the city will pay them for their building.

We left the house at 6 PM and drove through the city of Fortaleza for what seemed to be at least an hour. The traffic was very heavy and we saw all kinds of interesting sights on the way. As we drove across the city in the darkness we saw a number of churches just beginning their services. Most of these churches were either Pentecostal, cults or a combination of both. Because of the highway construction in the area access to the church is difficult.

One custom of the Brazilian Baptists is that every member makes it a point to shake hands with visitors before every service. All church services we attended in Fortaleza began with the sounding of a small brass dinner bell. This one was no exception. At 6:59 the bell sounded and the pastor led the large congregation in prayer. The song leader here was a man named Tarciso Pereira de Souza. He is the pastor's brother. The hymns we sang included #67, Christo Exaltado and #135 Louvor" or Revive Us Again. The singing of the hymns was accompanied by a brother on the guitar who struck frequent wrong chords. Special music was provided by eight small children who sang a song I did not recognize but they sang well and had good volume. Then the pastor sang Shall We Gather At The River again accompanied by the man with the guitar. About forty five years old, this husky man had a strong voice and blessed us with his singing. The adult choir of about 20 members sang Great Is Thy Faithfulness or Tu Es Fiel, Senhor. We next had prayer for the offering and then an older man sang Jesus Paid It All during the offering. There were 74 people of all ages present in this service. After this brother David Zuhars sang The Cleansing Wave as a solo just before the message. After my message we sang #281 Fonte Divina or There Is A Fountain following which a man in the congregation stood and spoke out saying he was trusting in Christ and wanted baptism. His name was Antonio Fransisco Alves da Silva.

The large doors of this poorly lighted auditorium were open during the services as is always the case in the Baptist churches in Brazil. The lights were florescent and there were no fans of any kind here. The buildings here, especially the steel parts, are quickly damaged by the salt air from the sea.

At 8:53 PM when we started back across the city for home everyone was out on the streets to cool off in the muggy weather. By 9:25 when we reached the other side of town most had gone back inside. Arriving back at the Zuhars' home at 9:45 we were treated to a snack of delicious papayas, bananas and biscoitas and at 10:05 we lay down for the night.

## **MONDAY JULY 8, 2002**

We quickly prepared for the day after arising at 5:06 AM. After I read Job 38-39 and Acts 15:1-21 we had a breakfast of Papaya, Laranga (orange juice), cream cheese and Brazilian café with milk and chocolate added. We left the house at 6:54 for Beach Park on the ocean. On our way out of Fortaleza we passed the American School of Baptist Midmissions. The large campus of several buildings was surrounded by a white concrete wall. Presently we passed through a large tidal basin in which palm trees were growing. Fishermen were everywhere using inner tubes to float. At the outer edge of this basin we passed over a huge high sand dune and suddenly a panorama of the blue green Atlantic opened with a large modern resort in the foreground. The buildings had the typical red tile roofs and there was a large white windmill for the purpose of generating electricity located near one of the resort houses.

Soon we were walking barefoot in the surf and picking up sea shells in the sea mist that hung over the water near the beach. About a hundred yards out from the shore we could see individual fishermen casting their nets and then drawing them in. Here and there we could see a Jungada (Sp?), a boat with little or no draft with a uniquely shaped and brightly colored sail, used by the fishermen all along the Northeast coast of Brazil. What a wonderful and relaxing time this was as we could hear only the sounds of the surf and an occasional bird. The temperature was very mild and pleasant and the sun was screened off just right by a very thin layer of clouds. Lee Ellen said that often in the early morning hours before their work days begin the Zuhars come to wade in the surf on this beach. This provides them with time for relaxation and meditation before beginning their days.

After about an hour of strolling along the beach we drove to Prainha, a small village on the coast with cobblestone streets and having both rich and poor inhabitants. Brother Zuhars told us that they had once attempted to start a church here but sadly their efforts had failed. We now drove for miles along the tops of some large sand dunes. This would ordinarily be an artists' paradise but there were no artists here.

When we returned to the Zuhars' home their maid was cleaning the house. Lyndy had a bout with dysentery here and stayed home with Lee Ellen while Dave and I went to the currency exchange and the Central Mercado for some souvenirs at 9:30. On this trip I saw for the first time a Brazilian made automobile called a Gurgel (Goo-zhel'). It had a VolksWagen Bug engine and it looked like a box with wheels. We took Aqua Nambi' Street across town. There was a chaotic traffic jam at the square in front of Banco do Nordeste or Bank of the Northeast. People were lined up around the corner of the block waiting to do business inside

the bank which is typical every day at every bank in Brazil. Soon we reached the city square of Fortaleza which was filled with large crowds of pedestrians. Street vendors were selling roots to make Marcela, a tea that produces an abortion. I took pictures of this “devil’s brew” as I call it. R10 or ten reis will purchase enough to fill one small pop bottle which makes holds enough for the two doses within 24 hours that are sufficient to produce an abortion within 24 to 48 hours. The man who was operating the particular booth or stall at which we stopped to look seemed to be high on either drugs or more likely some type of alcohol. We visited the Central Mercado and then walked through the local outdoor market area where we again encountered huge crowds of people. They all seemed to be going somewhere but we saw very few who seemed to actually be shopping or buying. Here there were open shops selling various and sundry items such as leather goods and dry beans. I was looking for a cameo or camafeu (kah-mah-fay’-oo) to purchase for Lyndy. There was also a large meat market different cuts. There were some flies on this uncovered meat although not nearly as many as might be expected. We drove from the market area to a special modern indoor mall called Iguatemi’ (Ee-guah-tay-mee’) Mall where but were unable to find a cameo here either.

After awhile we drove to a shop that was outdoors under an awning that sold various kinds of cooked chicken including frango assado or fried chicken. We purchased some chicken that had been cooked on a rotisserie and we watched as the employees of the shop removed this chicken from the rotisserie where it had been cooked over charcoal. We purchased some two inch bags of farenha (fuh-reen’-yuh), a delicious sort of corn mush and some chicken sausages to go with it. When we got home Lee Ellen added onions, garlic and butter which she had been preparing while we had been gone. Lyndy was feeling some better by now but was not out of the woods yet. She had taken some paregoric and had laid down to rest.

By this time the low altitude together with the tropical heat of Fortaleza were not beginning to take their toll on me so I rested in my rede and worked on the log that I was keeping. As I napped intermittently a number of airliners taking off and landing at the nearby airport passed low and directly overhead. As I lay there my thoughts turned to the vast multitudes of people of Fortaleza and Ceara’ State. Most of them are olive skinned. The skin of the fishermen and farmers is dark brown and leathery. There are very few Blacks but a good number have Negroid features and there are a few Japanese with one or two of white European extract here and there. I noted that few or none of the people had tattoos. This stuck me since at this time tattoos were an important aspect of the rock culture back home that was now sweeping Latin America.

At 3:05 PM I went with brother Dave for diesel fuel for the truck and drinking water which we put in two 5 gallon plastic jars. The filling station was

full service and the employee even loaded the jars of water into our truck. They also had fire extinguishers for cars for sale here. The attendants at this station as is the case in other stations as well wear uniforms. Those of the men at this particular station were light green. Dave had the man squeeze every last drop possible into the fuel tank and even rocked the car to make it fill completely.

At 4:06 PM we all left the Zuhars' house for a visit to the old lighthouse which was clear across town. I observed here and throughout the trip that the city buses in Fortaleza are always full. Many people rode bicycles in Fortaleza, especially in the port area. One very interesting thing about the tall buildings in downtown Fortaleza is that when they are under construction there is always a large net completely covering the entire side of the building where the construction is going. The purpose of these nets is to prevent items from falling out of the construction areas onto people or cars in the streets below. Enroute we passed the port where we saw rows and rows of stacked cargo containers either entering or leaving on the ships docked there. There was also a large tank farm in the port area from which petroleum products were loaded onto and offloaded from ships.

We climbed the spiral staircase of the Mucuripe Lighthouse till we reached the top where we were treated to a breath taking view of the city, the sea and the shipping channel. From here we could hear the noises of the shipyards below. We took several photos of the beautiful green and rocky surf in the area of this lighthouse.

From the lighthouse we drove up a considerable incline, at least for the coastal city of Fortaleza to a place called Mirante (Me-rah'n'-chee) which is the highest point in Fortaleza. Here was a stunning view of the city, the ocean and the sunset. We could see boats and ships in the Atlantic, many high rise apartment buildings on the skyline, blue mountains to the South behind the buildings, palm trees overhead and several dirty children running about. While we gazed on this gorgeous sight an airliner could be seen climbing slowly over the sea. We watched the stupendous colors in the clouds and the waters as the sun slipped beneath the distant horizon. The cool sea breezes began to refresh us as we listened to the sounds of the city floating up to us from below.

Just after the sun had set we started for the Zuhars' home at 6:11 PM but were soon stuck in the downtown traffic. We stopped at the Feira (Fay'-ruh) market place at the beach downtown and ate pizza at Pizza Gepputs (Zyeh'-poohs). I ordered Quatro Queijos. This was an open air restaurant that spread over four levels. As we sat facing the beach and market area across the street we observed the swelling crowds of mostly Brazilian tourists at Feira. While here a couple of more of the aggravating sound trucks passed down the street blasting out their messages and music. There were trolleys decorated with cartoon characters such as Woody Woodpecker that carried children to various attractions along the beach

area here. Our food orders were so large that we had to take a lot of them home in doggy bags. We now drove to the Iguatime mall and the grocery store there. Here we purchased a souvenir for our friend Janice Morris. Porco Espinho. We also bought some Guarana and some olive oil and other goodies to take home. We arrived home and were in bed by 9:15 PM. What a day!

## **TUESDAY JULY 9, 2002**

After a hot night we arose at 5:15. I cleaned up for the day before the others woke up. I sat in the corner of the breezeway behind the house to catch the now diminishing breeze. After awhile brother Zuhars left the house to go to the gymnasium for a workout. While he was gone I checked our e-mail on his computer and sent a letter of update to our family and church members back home. Then I took one of the plastic chairs that are so popular in Brazil and sat on the sidewalk under the J---? tree in front of the Zuhars' house to observe the people in the neighborhood. The sky today is blue with a fair amount of broken clouds. It was not 6:57 AM and the natives were beginning to stir, walking to work, riding bicycles, driving cars and trucks. There goes an eight year old boy bouncing a soccer ball as he walks down the street. I can hear engines starting, dogs barking at passersby and birds chirping. There goes an older man with white hair riding a bicycle with a butane bottle strapped behind the seat. Here comes a young man on a motor cycle carrying a sack of about ten loaves or rolls of pao (pown) or bread, probably the daily supply of bread for his family. He had purchased it at one of the many nearby padarias (pah-duh-ree'-yuhs) or bread stores. Two older women walked by on the sidewalk where I was sitting. I spoke to them with the customary Brazilian greeting of Bom Gia (Bone-zjee'-yuh) or Good morning to which they replied politely with the same words. Brother Dave was to return for breakfast at 8 AM.

The Zuhars have been in Brazil for he past fifteen hears and have a lot t show for their work. The church of which he is pastor has a nice building and a large congregation. He also has preaching stations in Ibicuitaba and Tapera (Tuh-pear'-uh). On the church property he maintains a seminary which is more like what we would call a Bible college in the States and this school had 45 students during the semester that had just ended. He does translating work to get good sound bible studies into Portuguese and onto the Internet. He then prints and distributes these works. He has offered to print and distribute all of my personal writings. Unlike many Baptist preachers in the States brother Zuhars has a good library of theological books and is a man who reads and studies. After getting to know him I have found that he is an earnest Christian and a likeable man to be

around. Lee Ellen exercises warm generous hospitality and is a great help to Dave in his work. She teaches music in the seminary and English to church members who request to learn it.

There goes a middle aged woman with a large plastic sack of goods on her head walking past. The clothing of the Brazilian people in Fortaleza is usually clean but sometimes threadbare or frayed. Typical everyday dress for Brazilian men is Bermuda shorts, a tank top or tee shirt (though often they go shirtless) and many times a baseball cap. Many women wear skirts and tank tops or tee shirts. Teens to young adult women wear tight fitting, scanty clothing including short shorts, bare midriffs and low necked shirts with lots of chest showing. There goes another Varig airliner ascending into the clouds. Even expectant mothers wear bear midriffs. Brazil is a sex saturated, sex driven society in which the women shamelessly flaunt their near naked bodies for all to see. Sadly when one visits the local Walmart store in the USA he sees much the same but not yet to the same extreme degree as in Brazil. For the most part the ladies in the churches dress clean and modestly and are a credit to their Lord.

There goes a shirtless middle aged man on a bike carrying a five gallon plastic bottle of water. Across the street a young wife sits at a plastic wash tub on the sidewalk washing her family's laundry. Her young toddler son is playing around her knees while her fat shirtless husband comes outside from time to time to say something to her. Grandmother also seems to be cleaning the house inside and steps outside from time to time. Here comes a donkey pulling a cart with car tires and hauling what seems to be a large milk can. Here comes another cart pulled by a Shetland pony and driven by what may be a young adult and his father. Their cart also has auto wheels and tires.

Dogs run loose in the streets. No leash laws here! The dogs are the only creatures in Brazil that look underfed or under nourished. The people passing by look as closely as they can at my white skin and bright colored shirts as they can do without seeming to gawk.

At 8 O'clock brother Dave returned to the house and breakfast was served. Today we had Nestone (a sort of cereal made of dry flakes), Brazil nuts, Goiaba juice, Maracujah (Mah-rah-coo-zjah') juice, boiled quail eggs, hot milk for the Nestone, fresh Mangos, fresh papayas, tapioca, bananas, cream cheese and doce de leite (doh-see-day-lee'-chee). After the dishes had been done I went to the local drogajafre or drug store with brother Dave. Here I weighed myself on an electronic scale which said that I weigh 84.1kilos.

When we left the drug store we returned to the house, picked up the ladies and started driving downtown. At this time rain showers began to develop. Arriving downtown we walked through the madness and noise of the multitudes who were like an ants' nest that had been stirred up with a stick. We stopped to

ask directions from a cabby whose taxi was stopped and when we gave him a gospel tract he told us that he was a Christian and a GARB Baptist. This was a very interesting time as we walked through several squares in the downtown area including a memorable one called the Plaza of the Lions which had large stone statues of reclining lions at each of the four corners of the square. Street vendors were everywhere selling such exotic things as roasting ears cooked on the spot on charcoal grills.

As we browsed through one market area I came across a man who was selling wrist watches from a small booth. I asked brother Dave to ask the man in Portuguese if he had any Rolexes for sale. Dave looked at me funny but asked the man anyway and the man said No but as we walked away he said through Dave, Wait a moment and I will be right back. He disappeared around a corner for a few moments and when he returned he had two Rolexes. When I asked him How much? he replied, Fifteen Reis which was about \$6.00 US. I told him I would take it and I bought it as a gag gift for Art Doyle, one of the deacons in our church. Several minutes after we had left the area brother Zuhars said, I think I am going back to get one of those Rolexes and we returned to the area where he purchased the second watch for the same price. Of course these were imitations or counterfeits of the real thing but they sure looked like real Rolexes and gave us something fun to talk about.

Not far from this area we came across a Baptist Bookstore. Brother Zuhars struck up a conversation with the manager of the store who recommended a book of which I would love to have a copy if only it had been translated into English. The title of the book was Thirty Popes That Disgraced Humanity.

In another market area near the large downtown Catholic Cathedral we visited the same meat market we had visited the day before, this time observing it more closely. For sale in this large building with open doors and windows and no refrigeration were quantities beef, fish and chicken with generous quantities of flies mixed in. We now searched through a large area of downtown for a cane for my father Anson Justice in Oklahoma City but with no success. There just did not seem to be any carved wooden canes for sale in this city. We entered the Cathedral while in the area, the focal point of which was the large round rich multicolored stain glass window. The main area of the Cathedral was open without any pews or chairs.

It was now time for lunch for which we went to another Italian restaurant which served lunch buffet style. What a feast! We had churassco, green beans, white sweet potatoes, scalloped potatoes, fried potatoes, some strange vegetables that were long and red and looked like they had warts on them, and two kinds of cheese, one of which was awful! The strange vegetable was called Maxixe (Mah-shee'-shee). To top it all off we had four different flavors of Brazilian ice cream

including gravioli, cherry, raisin and some kind of yogurt. Outside the restaurant as we were leaving we took photos under the huge Banyan tree that had multiple roots above the ground that rose at least twelve to fifteen feet above the ground to the branches of the tree.

At 2:30 we arrived back at the Zuhars house for a siesta. At 5:15 we left for the town of Tapera which was forty minutes away by car. On the way we picked up brother Jaoa Batista (John the Baptist) who would lead the singing for tonight's service at Tapera. We arrived in this little country village after dark and went to the home of a white haired lady named Isado (Ee-zoh'duh) who was in her eighties and her husband Cival (See-vahl') who was about the same age as she. Being asked to sit down on her front porch to exchange pleasantries we did so and immediately were greeted by a huge toad that hopped up onto the porch. Some Full Gospel Missionaries from Alabama happened to be visiting in this home when we got there. We had a brief but enjoyable visit with them. Their last name was Dagal.

Shortly after at 7 PM we went to the First Baptist Church of Tapera which met in a neat little stucco building. When we arrived the crowd was not there yet, only two local ladies. Brother Batista began the service by leading the singing of #155 O Grande Amigo or What A Friend We Have In Jesus and then # 308 Para Onde For Irei or I Can Hear My Savior Calling. It was a modified facsimile of that tune. I noticed a few mesquitos during this service. Three more people came in during the singing of #286 Junto A Ti or Close To Thee. Jaoa Batista sang Amazing Grace accompanying himself on the electric guitar and it was excellent! I preached on Come Unto Me from Matthew 11:28 and then we sang #246 Vem Agora. The service was concluded at 8:14 after which we had a time of refreshment there in the church auditorium. We were served Capim Santo or Holy Weed Tea and tapioca. Both were very tasty.

We now drove back to Fortaleza taking Jaoa Batista to his home in a very poor area of Fortaleza and arriving at the Zuhars home at 9:30 after the forty minute ride. On the way we passed one of a number of large political rallies we observed while in Brazil. At 9:45 we dropped into bed very tired but feeling good. Lyndy's dysentery was much improved.

## **WEDNESDAY JULY 10, 2002**

Today it was 5:27 AM when we arose after a rain that had lasted most of the night. The rain was so heavy that we had had to close the windows and move things around in the room. I read Psalms 1-3 and Acts 16:1-15 and then began reviewing the sermon I was planning to preach tonight at the church where brother Jaoa Batista is pastor. The topic was Good News For Broken Hearted Sinners and

my text was Psalms 34:18. While we were waiting for breakfast we discussed with brother Zuhars a couple of subjects that are very important to most missionaries I know. One was the fact that missionaries should base their work in large cities in order to reach the maximum number of people with the gospel. The other was the matter of whether Brazilians who were pastors of churches in Brazil should call themselves missionaries and solicit support from churches in the USA. We heartily agreed that the answer to the first question was Yes and the answer to the second question was No. Brother Dave also informed me at this time that people in Brazil like to take what they call rain baths. This means standing under a down spout or just standing out in the rain. This is a custom and not a necessity with Brazilians.

What a delicious breakfast Lee Ellen fixed for today just as she did everyday. We had café with milk in it, pastels which were small pockets of dough deep fried with beef or pork inside, papayas, banana, Nestone, milk that came in a box, boiled quail eggs, Brazil nuts, kiwi's and maracuja fruit. After breakfast Lyndy's dysentery returned with a vengeance around 8:40 AM so we knew it was now time for her to go to a doctor. While waiting for the 11 AM appointment to arrive I reviewed with brother Zuhars my sermon for tonight. These reviews were very enjoyable times because they involved for me learning Portuguese equivalents of a lot of English words that I would use in the sermons. It rained most of this morning.

We left for the doctor's office at 10:35 AM. The doctor was a man in his sixties whose name was Jose Odeman Carneiro Ximenes. His office was in a Catholic hospital where we waited in a dark hallway with ten or twelve Brazilians. There were a number of paintings in that hallway that I had never seen among Roman Catholic art. One was of a priest in his black suit and backwards collar rendering aid to a dying Christ. There were also a number of photos of priests on the walls. The place where we were sitting in the hall was near the open door of a chapel which was filled with the horrid idolatry of the Catholic Church. The hospital in which his office was located was at about the level of style and repair that the old Mercy Hospital was in in Oklahoma City in the 1950's when I was a boy. For example there was a window unit air conditioner in the doctor's office. Yet the doctor had a computer on his desk.

The doctor spoke fluent English and was very rough spoken but seemed truly concerned to find Lyndy's problem. He told me he had studied and practiced for some years in Cleveland, Ohio. When he finally got around to dealing with Lyndy's problem he said to her, There's a war going on in your stomach. He prescribed Goiaba tea and two pills and did not charge us for his services. He finished with us by 11:35.

We again began driving through the city of Fortaleza and we noted that construction is going on here everywhere constantly. Most of the work is done by manual labor rather than by machines and thus is very slow. Political campaigners for a candidate for governor of Ceara' State whose name was Sergio were everywhere we went throughout the State. He had posters everywhere as well as human flag wavers wearing tee shirts with his picture and name on them.

Arriving at the Zuhars' favorite drugstore we purchased the prescription the doctor had given Lyndy. One does not have to have a prescription to purchase any drug in Brazil. Whatever the doctor recommends for you may be purchased in any drugstore. The prescription we bought for Lyndy was for an antibiotic which would have cost \$30 to \$50 at home but here it cost a little under \$3. The drugs were made by the same pharmaceutical companies as make the drugs in the States and have the same packaging except for their being printed in Portuguese rather than in English.

Lyndy didn't feel like eating so brother Dave and I returned to the Pasta & Pizza Italian Restaurant where I had grilled chicken cooked in peanuts and onions, black beans and rice, mangos, four kinds of pasta and Guarana to drink. We sat on a porch outside and enjoyed the cool breeze after the rain. I got brother Dave to take a photo of me with the owner of the establishment and the young woman who had been our very helpful waitress for this meal. I really like the photo.

At 2:30 we returned to the Zuhars' house to rest and read in our redi's. Again I read from Dr. Henry Morris' book The Genesis Record, this time concerning the Mosaic authorship of Genesis and about the so-called Gap theory of origins. The air had now cooled considerably from yesterday. Lyndy slept all afternoon and my own stomach began to get a little sore but I thoroughly enjoyed lying in the redi and even napped for about 30 minutes, something I am rarely able to do in the daytime. Before dozing off I heard what sounded like two small children in the neighborhood throwing an absolute tantrum of screaming at the same time. Before we knew it suppertime arrived at 5:30. This evening we had potato soup, french bread and Goiaba jelly. Lyndy was now beginning to feel some better.

Tonight's service was at Igreja Batista da Graca de Deus or Baptist Church of the Grace of God where brother Batista is pastor. It was located in a very poor and dirty part of town which, appropriately enough was named Barroso (Bah-hoh'-Zoh) meaning muddy. The streets were not paved and the whole area smelled of the sewer. The people evidently just threw their garbage into the streets. We arrived at the church building at 7:15 and upon entering we saw a sign over the baptistery painted by brother Batista which read Pela Graca Sois Salvo or By Grace Are Ye Saved. The auditorium had no fans and with the house full of worshippers it was very hot. The lights here were florescent.

As always in Brazilian Baptist churches the singing was with great gusto. We began the service by singing #67 Christo Exaltado the tune of which I did not recognize. Pastor Jaoa Batista presided and led the music. He is a small dark Indian whom his people say looks like a Peruvian. Next we sang Como Um Calmo Rio or Like A River Glorious. The special music was brought by a group of three men and four women who sang Amor A Jesus. Tonight's music was accompanied by a teen aged girl on the keyboard and the pastor's brother on the electric guitar. The pastor and his wife now sang a duet which was #106 in the hymnbook, A Vontade do Senhor or To Do The Father's Will. The parts and harmony were good. After my sermon we closed the service with #236 Atribulato Coracao or Wait And Murmur Not.

After the service brother Batista took the Zuhars and us to the Christian school the brother Jaoa operates and gave us a tour of the facilities. Brother Jaoa has artistic talent and he had painted colorful cartoon characters including Woody Woodpecker on the walls as well as he vowels of the Portuguese language. Lyndy and I gave the Batistas' little son Bruno an American \$1 bill of which he was VERY proud. We returned to the Zuhars home by 9:30 where we ate some delicious green corn ice cream. My stomach was getting sore so I took some of Lyndy's pills before getting into bed at 10:15.

### **THURSDAY JULY 11, 2002**

After an all night rain we arose at 5:26. I sat on the sidewalk in front of the house and read my Bible beginning at 6:21 when it finally got light enough to do so. The streets were still wet, puddles were everywhere and it was partly cloudy. Only one man in the entire neighborhood was stirring but soon several vehicles were moving including motorcycles, buses, dump trucks and bicycles as well as pedestrians. The city was once again coming to life.

My colon is a little sore, perhaps a touch of diverticulitis such as I have had from time to time over the last seven or eight years. I have now been off my antibiotics for two days. Lyndy seems better today after resting a lot yesterday.

People are beginning to sweep the sidewalks in front of their houses and the bright rising sun highlights the yellow coconuts crowded together in the palms. An airliner banks and roars into the clouds as it ascends toward its flight path to some distant destination.

At 6:45 AM I began to have a serious disturbance in my intestine so I took some perigoric and drank some of Lyndy's tea made of the leaves of a Goiba tree. At this point we really didn't know what we were going to do during the day. For

breakfast we had some other tea that was wonderful. It was called Boldo do Chile. It was made from wild plants from Tapera, Brazil.

We left at 8:53 for Iguape (Ee-gwah'-pay) Beach and just a block or two down the street from the house we came upon a man who was sitting under a tree on the curb weaving a nylon fish net. We stopped and watched him for a few minutes and asked him some questions about his work. He said it takes him about two months to complete such a net. The stitch he used was the same that Lyndy uses in her tatting. From there we proceeded to the drug store in order to refill my prescription for the infection in my colon. The name of the drug was Metronidasol and I was to take 250 mg three times a day. From there we continued toward the beach. The billboards we saw along the way and all over the city for that matter were sexually provocative with pictures and messages that would be at home in Playboy Magazine.

Moving out of the city we passed through a beautiful low swampy country that had lots of cajus and very tall palm trees. There were lily pads and lots of other kinds of palms. We now came to the huge sand dunes as we approached Iguape. This town had a triangle instead of a square and on this triangle were four stores. The street was made of cobblestones. A little ways down the highway we came to a large natural spring that had been enclosed with concrete and some young local mothers were there with their children washing their clothes. We soon came to an isolated area where some rich country homes were located.

We got out and strolled the beach again today, barefooted of course and we picked up a number of delicately colored little shells. We stood still in the surf as the water undermined the sand under our feet. The water was very warm. About a hundred yards out into the surf we could see the variously colored sails of the unique Jungadas. We walked past a large hotel that had a very beautiful beach of especially white sand and the cabanas had thatched grass roofs.

We now drove back to the town of Tapera where we had had the service a couple of nights earlier on Tuesday and this time drove through the streets in the daylight. We now returned to the home and business of Cival and Isador, the couple who were in their eighties. Despite their age they still operated a rapadura (hah-puh-doo'-ruh) factory. The factory is housed in a stucco building that has no walls and consists of a red tile roof that sits on several one foot square concrete posts. It is surrounded by very tall palm trees. This small factory which seemed to employ five men in addition to Cival and Isador makes rapadura or sugar cane candy. The candy comes in small blocks about one inch by three inches by five inches. Its looks and consistency are very similar to pralines but the taste is slightly different since its ingredients include coconut and cloves. The main ingredient is sugar cane which is squeezed in a belt driven crusher. It is put up in ingots perhaps eighteen inches by six inches by one inch after being cooked in

large iron bowls over an open fire. It is sold in most stores after being packaged in clear celophan wrapping. People come from everywhere to buy this product from Cival and Isador. They also distribute it widely. Four generations of the family are involved in the operation of this factory.

While being shown this operation by Isador we had the privilege of meeting and visiting with some of Isador's descendents including a 9 year old great grand daughter whose name was Ana (Ah'-nuh). This adorable little girl asked her mother what was wrong with the way we talked evidently having never heard anyone speak a language other than her native Portuguese. Lyndy and I gave her an American \$1 bill and she asked if this was real money. We would have loved to have taken Ana home with us. Ana's mother who is Isador's grand daughter served us some Brazilian refreshments as we sat in the shade of one of the porches on Isador's house which is next door to the factory.

We finally had to head back to Fortaleza and on the way we experienced several traffic slowdown. This city has a number of huge speed bumps which the natives call Quebra Mola (keybruh-mah'luh) or spring breaker. Uniforms are popular here. Almost everybody wears some kind of uniform in connection with his work. Garbage workers wear red uniforms, each filling station attendant has uniforms for its attendants, city street department workers wear green uniforms and so on. All school students have uniforms for their particular schools.

At 12:20 PM a few moments after arriving back at the Zuhars' home we left the ladies at the house and Dave and I went to the store for water. At 12:55 we had a lunch of apples and mangos mixed as a fruit salad, coconut, soft french bread, baked chicken, rice with white raisins and gravy. Now came the standard siesta time at about 1:30 during which the Brazilians slept but I lounged in my redi and read until I too fell asleep in the cool afternoon breeze.

After my nap I moved to the sidewalk in front of the Zuhars' home where I once again sat in a plastic lawn chair, enjoyed the cool afternoon breeze and drank mate (mah'-chee) tea. This very pleasing tea was made from Guarana syrup and mate tea with lemon. Here I observed what I had seen a number of times since we had been here, a Brazilian auto called a Troller which is an obvious copy of an American Jeep but with a diesel Mercedes engine. The body and paint job looks better than American Jeeps however.

About five o'clock we left the house in the Zuhars' automobile to drive to the ocean front for a boat trip along the shore in the area of the city. On the way I gazed through the shadows of the tall downtown buildings. These buildings had balconies on each of their average of 25 floors and with all the plants that were growing on these balconies this city made me think of the hanging gardens of Babylon. We could see what seemed to be an overloaded container ship sitting offshore. There were a number of swimmers on and near the beach and the breeze

made the palms gently sway. The ever present Jungada boats were lying at anchor with their sails tucked in their unique curved positions.

We stood in line for maybe 20 minutes before boarding the Martur. This we did by taking a flat motor launch along with about thirty others from the beach out to the Martur which was anchored about 100 feet out. We were part of the second or third boat load that were taken before the Martur launched. The Martur was a motor launch but had a very large mast for a sail that was furled. We sailed for a few miles in the area around Fortaleza passing several huge tankers from Rio de Janeiro that were anchored offshore waiting their turns to either load or unload their cargos.

After some time we arrived at a cove where some of the passengers went swimming for about fifteen minutes. Here I looked back at the skyline of the city. Here in the dusk there was a light and wonderfully cool breeze. Out to sea a little beyond us was a huge loaded container ship. Underway again we could now see the entire length of the Fortaleza skyline with the mountains in the far distance behind it. There were about fifty passengers seated on the deck and around the outside rail of this ship. We soon passed the old rusty hulk of a ship that had run aground in a storm some thirty six years earlier. The guide on the Martur told us the ship had been carrying contraband whiskey and tobacco and had been looted soon after the storm that had grounded it. There now developed a little bit of a swell in the sea which gave the sensation of actually being at sea. Two members of the crew of the Martur were busily involved in making a video of the passengers on this cruise copies of which they sold to various passengers when we returned to the beach. We purchased a copy at what I considered a slightly inflated price but when we got home to the USA we were glad we had made the purchase.

Once back ashore we again visited the outdoor market in the beach area where I dickered with an artist for a custom made carved wooden cane I wanted to purchase for my father Anson Justice. The man's work was excellent but he could not complete the desired cane in the time period we had left in Fortaleza so we decided against the purchase. I was truly disappointed by this and determined that if I ever go back to this place I will begin upon arrival seeking such a cane.

We now drove to the Iguape Mall to eat supper. The mall was jammed with thousands of shoppers at 7:20 PM. Not since old downtown Oklahoma City in 1947-1948 had I seen so many shoppers so excited and so noisy in one place! The huge food court at this mall has twenty five restaurants, each with a man out in front showing a menu and trying to convince people to come into their particular places. We ate at Marietta Sandwiches where Lyndy and I both had a turkey breast with cheese sandwich. After supper we found a money exchange near the entrance to the mall and exchanged for more Brazilian money. The going rate at this time

was \$1 American for R\$2.68. I also had to purchase more film while here at the mall. At 9:10 we arrived at the Zuhars' house and went to bed.

## **FRIDAY JULY 12, 2002**

This morning we arose at 5:28 to the crowing of MANY roosters! I read Psalms 7-9 while sitting in a plastic chair on the sidewalk in front of the Zuhars home. As I sat in the cool morning air before the hurry and confusion of the Brazilian day had begun several people passed by in the street and on the sidewalk. To those whose eyes I could catch I said, Bom gia! (bone-jee'-yua) which is Good morning! in Portuguese. Those to whom I said this would smile and respond, Bom gia! Most to whom I thus spoke were pleasantly surprised when I would say it. A lady across the street and sown a little was hanging her early morning wash on her upstairs balcony to dry.

Today it is partly cloudy and cool. Overall the weather has been wonderful since we have been here. We have had only one "hot" day on which the temperature was 86 degrees.

At about 6:30 I went with brother Dave to a neighborhood podaria for the day's bread supply and when we got inside the podaria most all the men in the neighborhood seemed to be doing the same thing. I especially enjoy visiting these podarias and looking at the many exotic pastries in the display cases. Those who run the podarias make bread twice each day. They keep rolls of what looks like butcher paper on the counters for wrapping the bread and pastries in. These rolls of brown or in some cases white paper were almost exactly like the paper the butchers in the grocery stores used to wrap meat in when I was a child in Atoka, Oklahoma and Oklahoma City in the 1940's. While in the padaria we ran into a member of brother Zuhars' church who was under discipline. Unable to avoid us the man told brother Zuhars that he was planning to return to the fellowship of the church soon.

At 8:40 AM two boys about seven years old came out into the street in front of the Zuhars' house and began flying their kites. While I watched these boys in their very typically Brazilian pastime brother Zuhars called the airport to confirm our tickets home a few days from now.

At 8:52 we traveled to Iguatemi Mall which we visited many times while in Fortaleza. We dropped Lee Ellen off here and Dave took Lyndy and me to a Dentist's office where we were to pick up a CD which the Dentist said was a recording of some typically Brazilian music we could enjoy when we returned to the States. On the way downtown to this office we passed a tract of land that looked like it included about 40 acres of thick forest or jungle. It was the Fortaleza

Ecological Preserve and in it one can observe many of the native tropical plants of Brazil growing as they do in the wild. The vegetation here is so thick that I would hesitate to ever enter the area as a matter of personal security.

Moving into the tall buildings of downtown I began to notice some huge nets that hung over entire multi-story buildings that were under construction. This was part of the building code of Fortaleza that is intended to protect pedestrians and cars in the streets below from falling objects. I have never seen this type of thing back home.

The sun is now bright and the bustle of the downtown is increasing as the traffic gets heavier. A great variety of interesting sights greeted us as we moved through the downtown traffic. We noticed city water department workers in their blue uniforms. The traffic lights are laid out horizontally here rather than vertically as in the States. There are always two red lights instead of just one. There were long lines at every bank and there were a good number of banks. There were lots of palm trees and flowers all over town among the tall buildings. There were a lot of street vendors selling vinyl and plastic cell phone covers. Finally we arrived at the office of dentist Jose' Aldemir de Arruda Coelho who had left the music CD for us though he was unable to see us.

Now we started back to the mall and saw more interesting sights. We noted that there are far more motor cycles here than in the US. We noted that Brazil is basically an outdoor society in that they spend a great portion of their time outside. We saw some of the Sergio Girls waving flags in support of their candidate at many intersections, not only in Fortaleza but most everywhere in Ceara' State.

At some point our camera had ceased functioning so we decided to take it the mall when we picked up Lee Ellen and get them to use the long rubber gloves to open it with exposing the film. While walking around in the mall we came across an American who recognized brother Dave. The man's name was Dan Stowell who is a Church Planter for the GARB. He and Dave had a polite conversation. While we had gone downtown Lee Ellen had been shopping for groceries and we now picked her up and went back to the house for an 11 AM snack of pamonha (puh-mohn'-yuh) with butter and Guarana. Pamonha is a delicious corn mush that is a fairly standard Brazilian dish.

At 11:05 we drove to the beach area to pick up the video taken on our cruise on the Martur last evening. On the way we stopped by the residence of Pastor Romauldo who was painting . Brother Zuhars needed to ask him something. Arriving at the beach we took photos of the sail boats (Jungadas) and fishing boats that were beached and anchored in the area. After returning to the house we drove to a specialty shop of some kind in a neighborhood so Lee Ellen could pick up some dishes she had ordered. We were later to find that what she picked up here was to be a pleasant surprise for Lyndy and me. While I waited in the car I

observed a man riding by on a horse and when he passed near the tree with its roots hanging down from the branches under which I was sitting in the car I took a photo of him to show the old and the new in the streets of Brazil. This tree with the very slender roots hanging down from the branches till they almost touched the ground was fascinating to me but I can't remember being able to find someone who could tell me the name of it.

At 12:45 we had a lunch of red beans, rice, fillet steak, fruit salad of apples and mangoes, geramum (Jehr-ruh-moon') squash, orange like pumpkin and pudim (poo'zjeem'), a very rich pudding delicacy that Brazilians love to eat for dessert. Lee Ellen's maid was here today and we found that her name was Nene (Nay'-nay) which is a nick name for the baby of the family.

After lunch Lyndy and I sat on the front sidewalk and watched five young boys fly their very small kites. These kites were about 19 inches by 12 inches and triangular in shape with a tail made of plastic shopping bags torn into strips. I noticed at this time that the company located across the street from the Zuhars' home, the place where the gas bottles were always banging and clanging, is called Ultragaz (ool'-truh-gahz). Some of the automobiles we saw in Fortaleza included Chevy's, small Mercedes Benzes, Fiats, Volkswagen Bugs, other VW's, VW Kombi's, Toyota trucks and Ford trucks. Many of the cars and trucks here are diesel powered.

At 2:10 we checked and answered some e-mail from home and at 2:38 I lay down in my room to review tonight's sermon. The air was still cool and there was a pleasant breeze passing through the house. During these afternoon hours Lyndy went with Lee Ellen to Sonja's beauty shop for a foot massage which she said was very relaxing. When supper time came we ate sandwiches, pamonha, potato soup, papayas and lemonade.

The name of the church where I will preach tonight is the Baptist Congregation in Parque Potira or Igreja Batista do Parque Potira (Poh-chee'-ruh). The acting pastor of this church is Laurival Manuel da Silva. It is located in the suburb of Caucaia (cow-keye'-yuh) which is at the far opposite end of Fortaleza from where the Zuhars live.

We left the house at 6 PM just as the sun sunk over the horizon. Driving through heavy rush hour traffic we observed the motor cycles driving on the white lines and darting in and out between and around the cars, many buses which were literally packed with people, an equally packed commuter train crossing the street and scores of people waiting along the streets to catch a bus. Absolutely nobody in Fortaleza traffic yields to anybody else.

Another name of the church to which we are headed is Igreja Batista Pioneira. It is located in a VERY poor area with dirt streets and a lot of rough looking people hanging around in the now dark neighborhood. The locals really

noticed that we were foreigners because of our clothing and skin color. When we parked in the street in front of the church building I was worried about even leaving the car unattended because of the many people who were loitering and staring.

The service started late this evening at 7:60. We began by singing #96 Destumbrante. It was sung a capela and sounded almost like a chant. Next we sang #324 Refugio Verdadeiro. The congregation made no hesitation between the verses of the songs we sang tonight and they sang with great gusto. The songs were all pitched very high. After my sermon on Repentance we sang as the closing hymn #207 Mensagem Real. This was the tune of what we called when I was a boy at the old Kelham Avenue Baptist Church in Oklahoma City, The RA Hymn or Royal Ambassador theme song the actual title of which is O Be Ye Reconciled To God.

The service ended at 8:25 and we had fun visiting with Delia who was a lady of about 35 or 40 years of age and knew a little English. Her husband and three children joined in the fun. Upon arriving back at the Zuhars' home at 9:28 PM Lee Ellen served Maracuja ice cream and Goiaba jelly roll called Rohcambde De Goiaba (Hoh-com-baw'-lee). Ten O'clock was bedtime tonight.

## **SATURDAY JULY 13, 2002**

It was a cool and comfortable day when we awoke at 5:38 AM. After reading Psalms 10-12 and Acts 17:16-34 the sun came up and I could see rain clouds here and there in the distance. There were not as many people stirring today but from time to time couples would pass by on motor bikes probably headed for some weekend outing. The little bird in the cage on the upstairs balcony across the street still wants out of his cage and flits endlessly from top to side to bottom. I can hear more birds this morning than usual and one has a beautiful rich song. Most of their calls are high pitched squeaks and chirps. The are little creatures the size of our Chickadees and gray in color.

At 6:45 Lee Ellen served a breakfast of mangoes, papayas, bananas, kiwis, goiaba juice, Nestone, goiaba jelly roll, café and hot milk. The granules of the sugar here are larger than those in the USA. After breakfast I checked our e-mail and found I had received a letter from my sister, Mrs. John F. Johnson of St. Louis, Missouri.

We left for the beach at 7:45 just as a boy came by riding a donkey on the sidewalk. In our conversation among ourselves at this time brother Zuhars told me that all Baptist preachers in the Fortaleza area are bi-vocational and do not depend on their churches to support them. This is the same as it is among many of our kind of Baptists back home. Stopping for diesel at a BR at 7:28 we then proceeded past the American School again on our way to Beach Park. We passed several

furniture stores that looked quite interesting and I hoped we could stop and look at one of them on our way back from the beach. The city was now waking up and stirring. As we passed through the low marshy area between the city and the beach I could see several fishermen wading chest deep and using small nylon nets. There are a surprising number of donkey drawn carts in the Fortaleza and we saw a number of them this morning.

We arrived at the beach at 7:50 AM before the weekend crowd arrived. We again took off our shoes and socks and played in the high warm surf until 8:41 walking both up and down the beach. At 9 AM on our way back to the house we visited the furniture store I mentioned earlier and it turned out to be a factory where they make solid furniture out of a native red colored wood called Anjalem. The smell of this wood was very pleasing. The furniture is both manufactured and sold here.

Arriving home at 9:20 we cleaned up and got ready to visit the cultural center which is located in the downtown area of Fortaleza. Before leaving Lyndy put a wash into Lee Ellen's washing machine. At 9:50 we drank a Guarana and left for the cultural center which we found when we arrived there was closed for the day so we headed for the mall where Lyndy could shop at the Lojas Americana store. This took us back through the ants' nest of downtown which was not quite so busy today but was still an ants' nest of activity. We saw many beggars in the downtown streets today. We again passed Lions Park and noted more closely the bronze statues of lions located there. We also passed the Bank of Boston and noted the ever present lines of people waiting at this and every bank.

At 11:30 we returned to the mall for lunch and I had Kalzone (the name of the store) Bolonhesa (the name of the dish) which was made up of ground beef in a pocket with cheese. We ate in the food court of the mall. For dessert we had ice cream, each of the four of us getting a different flavor so we could taste as many different kinds as possible. One of the flavors was called caja' from the fruit of the same name, another was called caju. We shopped till we almost dropped and then returned to the house for an afternoon nap after which I sent my final e-mail home. At 1:50 PM I lay down in my redi to read Henry Morris' "The Genesis Record" and then snooze.

At 3 PM Lee Ellen had a snack for us of lemon grass tea, oats and honey cookies, bananas, tangerines and biscoitas. At 3:25 we left for Sonia's to take a photo of Lyndy with gold braids between her toes which she had had done to her when Sonia had given her the foot massage. We next returned to the mall to return a pot Lyndy had purchased which we had discovered had a dent in it. On the way we passed a herd of cattle on the streets of Fortaleza. While Lyndy and Lee Ellen went to the store to exchange the dented tea pot Dave and I went to a drugstore to pay his phone bill.

We now returned to the downtown area for a visit to the Vaqueiro (Cowboy) Museum which tells the story of the cattle business in Northern Brazil. This era in Brazil's history became known as the Leather Civilization because the cowboy's entire work outfit was made of leather clear down (or up) to the hat on his head. This was due to the thick and thorny brush through which the cowboys had to ride herd on the cattle. There was a sign on the wall which as translated read, Our Calling To Creating Laziness And Imagination. We also visited a very disgusting Contemporary Art Museum and then a huge outdoor children's program and art festival, none of which Lyndy and I could understand. This outdoor program was put on near a huge outdoor restaurant.

The sun sets in Fortaleza within ten minutes of 6 PM year round and when the sun goes down the people of Fortaleza come outside. At 6:30 we left the Cultural Center for the beach market to pick up the cane I had previously ordered for my father Anson Justice. It was now dark outside and we moved through heavy traffic. In the market area we encountered a man who had stripped down to some shorts and had painted himself silver from stem to stern and he acted as if he were a statue, being careful not to move a muscle. He did a pretty good job of it too. In front of him on the sidewalk was a box into which he wanted passers by to deposit money. As we drove through the streets of the city I noticed a paved bicycle path in the center islands of most streets.

At 7:10 PM we arrived home for supper and then Lee Ellen and Lyndy had to go to the store for two small items. I was very tired tonight as I took my Saturday night bath. It was 8 O'clock when we went to bed this night.

## **SUNDAY JULY 14, 2002**

This holy Sabbath day began at 5:09 AM with my reading of Psalms 13-16 and Acts 18 and reviewing my sermon for the day's morning service. My sermon for today would be Salvation Is Of The Lord based on Jonah 2:9. I sat on the sidewalk in front of the house and before I could even begin reading a drunk man staggered by in the street. He was so far gone he couldn't even speak to me but when he started for me I waved my first finger from side to side as in the Latin American sign meaning No! and he moved on down the street. About this time I saw a little yellow breasted squeaky bird perched in the tree that grows in the middle of the sidewalk. At 6:10 Sonia arrived at the church building to begin preparations for the fellowship dinner we would enjoy at noon after the morning services. We had breakfast at 6:45 and then brother Zuhars and I reviewed the vocabulary of my sermon for any words that might cause a problem in translation.

Sunday School began with prayer at 9 AM. The first hymn was #1 Gosto de Servir or There Is Joy In Serving the melody of which I did not recognize. The

music for Sunday School was led by Eridarido dos Santos. Next we sang "When We All Get To Heaven or La' no Ce' u Moraremos followed by #406 Cofiar Em Cristo" or "Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus. The Sunday School Director then read the minutes of the previous business meeting which are kept in a hardback book like we do at Victory Baptist Church in Kansas City. When he had finished reading the minutes the man handed the book to Pastor Zuhars who signed them and gave the book back to him. This was followed by a devotional delivered by a muscular young man about 30 years old whose name was Fransisco Jose'. He read Matthew 7:24-29 as his text. His words flowed smoothly and he spoke with confidence using gestures effectively. He was dressed in a gold colored golf shirt which highlighted his dark olive skin and black curly hair. His voice was pleasant and masculine but soft. Pastor Zuhars introduced me as a guest and I preached from the text of Jonah 2:9, the words of which are written in Portuguese across the top of the baptistery in the auditorium, Salvation Is Of The Lord. Then the same male accompanist, Romerio Barobos de Souza, went to the keyboard and accompanied himself as he sang A Graca de Deus or Amazing Grace to close the service.

After Sunday School the adult choir practiced in the auditorium led by Pastor Zuhars and accompanied by Lee Ellen Zuhars. They worked on "When I Survey The Wondrous Cross." While the choir was rehearsing Lyndy and I gave one American dollar bill to each of the sixteen children under ten years old who were present. Two of the children asked me if the bills were real and one asked what it was worth in Brazilian money. Many of them said "Ubrigado" or "Thank You" in Portuguese. This most joyous experience caused a real stir among both children and adults who were present. One adult sat down with the children and said, "Can I be a child too?"

The lunch that was now served in the fellowship hall was made up of things like feijoado, Brazilian Grapette as I called it, Guarana and cream of maracuja or maracuja mousse. A large crowd of from 85 to 100 persons of all ages attended this meal. It was a very happy time.

At 12:15 we went next door to the Zuhars house and did some preliminary packing for tomorrow's trip home. Then we sat on the front sidewalk in the breeze on a day that was warmer than usual. Some of the church members were still hosing out and cleaning up the concrete floor of the fellowship hall at the church at 1:04 when one of the dreaded Brazilian sound trucks passed through the neighborhood playing Brazilian pop music and advertising – LOUD!!! Now two loose horses wandered by and after awhile the owner of one of them rounded him up and headed him home. As I sat here I realized that spiral staircases were popular in Fortaleza because we had seen several including the one inside the lighthouse we had visited. From time to time this afternoon we heard accordion music which

brother Dave said is quite popular in Brazil. Here came a man pushing a wheel barrow on top of which was a three drawer dresser. As we looked down the street we could see strands of green and yellow plastic hanging from cords that stretched across the streets. These were in celebration of Brazil's victory in the World Cup Soccer Tournament. We saw these everywhere we went in Brazil. A lot of planes came over this afternoon, most of which were from Varig Airline while some were from Tam and others were from unidentifiable airlines. Many of the passengers now leaving Fortaleza by plane are tourists returning to Rio and Sao Paulo from a weekend on the Fortaleza beaches.

Now brother Dave joined us on the sidewalk and together we reviewed the vocabulary for my sermon for the evening service. Next we moved inside the house and Dave and I practiced a duet for the evening service. We settled on the song Junto A Ti or Close To Thee which is #286 in the Brazilian Baptist Hymnal. After this we all fellowshiped for about an hour in the breakfast room of the Zuhars home.

At 6:20 we left for a prayer meeting at the church building but just before leaving I went outside into the street and looked at the Southern Cross constellation realizing it might be my last time ever to see this wondrous sight and what a wondrous sight it was! Outside people were coming out of their houses as they do every evening, turning up their radios, riding their bicycles, cooking their churrasco and walking their dogs. I could hear their flip flops everywhere in the streets. The breeze is cool tonight but not as pleasant as before.

Having arrived at the church building I entered a restroom and once I had closed the door I was attacked by a giant flying cockroach that was about 2 inches long and about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch wide and which was dark colored with faint stripes and long feelers or antennae. While waiting for the service to begin I sat in the church auditorium under a ceiling fan. The night was now proving to be a hot and muggy one. I attended a men's prayer meeting before the worship service. Four men led in prayer including myself with translation by brother Zuhars.

The evening service is the big Sunday service in Brazil and it usually begins in the churches with the ringing of a small in the hand of the music director. This service was no exception and after the bell brought the congregation to order we sang from the Brazilian Baptist hymnal which is called Cantor Cristao. We sang #402 Escrava Resgatada or Shall We gather At The River? And then #414 Acordai. The worshippers sang at the tops of their voices and it was always a real blessing to participate in such joyous singing. The choir now sang When I Survey The Wondrous Cross which they had practiced this morning at the close of the Sunday School hour. The choir was made up of fifteen members; thirteen adults and two teens. Now a duet sang #579 Olhando Para Cristo or Beulah Land. I preached and then the people said Boa Noite or Goodbye and Bon Viagem (bon-

vee-ah'-zjehm) or in French, Bon Voyage. The church presented us with a nice ornate gold picture frame with a mat inside signed by every person who had been present in the services today and told us to use it to frame the photo I had taken the previous Sunday morning there at the church. This I did and that priceless photo hangs in my study in Kansas City today. Lyndy took a video of all of today's services with Lee Ellen's video camera.

It was very difficult for me to leave but the trip had to come to an end and so we left the church building at 8:45 PM. Back at the Zuhars' house we drank lemon grass tea and viewed the video that Lyndy had taken. We fellowshiped with the Zuhars until about 10 O'clock and then retired at the close of our last day in Brazil.

### **MONDAY JULY 15, 2002**

For some reason I woke up at 4:15 this morning and couldn't go back to sleep so I got up at 4:45 and went outside and sat on the sidewalk in front of the house. I had slept fitfully after hearing an ongoing fight between a couple of tom cats beginning about 3 AM. At 5:16 there was finally enough light for me to read Psalms 17-18 and Acts 19:21-40. I prayed that the Lord would give us a safe trip home and for health as we would travel. The pre-dawn clouds were beautiful and the air promised to be warm to hot today. Before the sun came up a young man walked to a house across the street and called upstairs to his girl who did not respond. He waited in the street for an extended time but still there was no response. While I was reading my Bible the pay phone at the end of the block on the same side of the street as this girl's house rang. The phone, humorously called by Brazilians, the big ear because it is shaped sort of like a human ear and one has to stick his head into it to talk, rang loudly enough to be heard across the sixty yards or so that separated the two places. Brother Zuhars says that few Brazilians in that neighborhood have phones in their homes and usually the man who lives nearest the pay phone goes after those in the neighborhood who receive calls. It was now 5:30 and a few people were beginning to stir and the sun was about to climb over the horizon. I could hear a Bem Tia Vi bird and the many little squeaky ones punctuated by an occasional unrecognizable songbird. His song was special but difficult to describe.

At 6:00 Lyndy and I began to pack our bags. By the time we ate breakfast at 6:45 Lyndy had begun to feel upset again so we brother Dave drove us to the drugstore for an antibiotic and a muscle relaxant. We left for the beach at 7:10 AM arriving at 7:37 to the highest tide we had seen on the trip. The breakers were large today. At 8:33 we left the beach for the last time and on the way back to the house we stopped at a large tourist trap of a souvenir shop and then returned to the

drugstore to pick up Lyndy's prescription. Back at the Zuhars house we packed some more, drank some fresh squeezed lemon juice made by Lee Ellen and checked our e-mail for the final, final time. We received letters from our daughter Rachel and from the Arthur Doyles. Next we returned to the front sidewalk to observe the world of Brazil going by while we waited for lunchtime to arrive.

All during our trip in the hours when we were driving around the city Lyndy and I enjoyed trying to pronounce the various Portuguese words that we read on signs and billboards. By the time our visit was drawing to a close we had kind of gotten the knack of it since I had now made three trips and she two to this nation. We found a noticeable difference in the pronunciation of words here in Northern Ceara' State and that in Sao Paulo State in Southern Brazil. Even some of the vocabulary is different in these locations. One example is the word for auto parts store which is two lengthy and too difficult to pronounce for me to repeat it here. I did make an attempt at it in my log of our 2000 trip to Brazil.

Now in the late morning hours the streets were alive with loafing young men and boys. Here came a man pushing a wheel barrow full of groceries. Here came a young woman and some girls. Several delivery trucks came by as did some school (escolar) buses. I had gotten so hot and sweaty inside the house that I had just had to come out onto the sidewalk to cool off in the breeze. It was now partly cloudy after a shower a little earlier. A teen aged boy walked by with a CD in his hand. A woman across the street had her laundry hanging on a line over the sidewalk. All the houses are about six feet from the streets with only the sidewalk in between. I noticed today as on other days that there were a lot of Volkswagen Bugs in Fortaleza. There were flowers blooming on the JJJJJJ tree and these flowers shed their pink petals until it looked like a pink snow had fallen on the sidewalk and the street under the tree.

At 11:30 AM we left the house for our third and final lunch at the Italian Ristorante, Pizza & Pasta. We had a buffet of fish, chicken, mangos, fresh pineapple, Guarana and four different kinds of pasta (lots of it). Arriving at the Zuhars' home again we rested a bit before leaving for the airport at 2:30 PM. I sat on the front sidewalk one more time and read from Catechism Of Ecclesiastical History by J. H. Grimes while Lyndy napped just inside the front door in her redi. A young man carrying a mattock over his shoulder and a small plastic bag in his other hand passed by. He was clothed in Bermuda shorts and flip flops but was shirtless. He was pretty typical of the way most men dress in the streets of the neighborhoods in the daytime. The mattock is used as a hoe in a garden or in the fields or to mix mortar for small home repair and remodeling jobs. At 2:15 Lee Ellen served maracuja ice cream and we headed for the airport in the glorious Brazilian sunlight.

We said our thankful farewells to Dave and Lee Ellen when they had gone with us inside the airport as far as security would allow and then waited in a long line from 2:55 till I can't remember when. Security searched all our bags and we then moved to the proper gate for our expected departure at 4 PM. During this wait Lyndy had a drink of orange and carrot juice. Soon we were told that our flight had been delayed until 6:10 PM and then at 5:30 we were told that the flight had been cancelled altogether. A very attractive young woman who was an employee of Varig Airline helped us to make the proper connection for a flight to Sao Paulo. Her name was Maria Eduardo Lins. She went out of her way to help us in an increasingly stressful situation and we told her we would write her supervisor and tell him how helpful she had been to us. At 7:45 we were told that connections to Sao Paul could not be made and that we would have to spend the night in Fortaleza and then spend Tuesday night in St. Louis before arriving in Kansas City on Wednesday. However, at 8:15 were notified that our flight would now leave at 9:15 this night. What would we be told next? While we waited during these hours Lyndy enjoyed reading the Life of Alvin York. Maria Eduarda Lins took me to her supervisor's office to call David Zuhars to ask him to e-mail Ben Gardner and Arthur Doyle notifying them of what was happening to our plans and to ask David Anderson to take care of the Wednesday prayer service since we might not make it back by then.

At 9:30 PM we boarded Varig flight 2374 for Sao Paulo. It was so late that Lyndy and I decided not to eat the meal that was soon served in flight but we did enjoy drinking a cup of hot tea. During the next few hours I read more from Solomon Stoddard's The Righteousness Of Christ and dosed a little bit now and then. At 11:15 we decided to try to sleep for awhile but there were not enough pillows on the plane because several children on the plane had them all. I did manage to doze from 11:34 PM until 12:29 AM Tuesday. By 12:50 AM we were approaching Sao Paulo in Southern Brazil.

## **TUESDAY JULY 16, 2002**

Our plane touched down at Guaraulhous Airport in Sao Paulo, brazil at 12:54 AM after a flight from North to South across the whole country of Brazil. We had to make a connection in Sao Paulo before we could fly North again toward the USA. The airline decided to put us up for the night or what was left of it at a nearby five star hotel called Caesar Park hotel.. All we had to do was catch a shuttle from the airport to the hotel and we would be able to get some sleep. The problem was no shuttle came until 2:51 AM. We had to wait for the shuttle in the street in front of the airport terminal and it was on the edge of being chilly. We

passed the time visiting with two young Americans who were also waiting for the shuttle. They were a college age couple. She was a native Brazilian and his uncle and aunt whose names are Jonathan and Chima Nichols are Bible Church missionaries in Fortaleza, Brazil. These young people were on their ways back to the States as well though on a different flight than ours. The young man's name was Daniel Nichols and Lyndy had heard of his parents when she had worked as church secretary at the Blue Ridge Bible Church in Kansas City. He was a graduate of Calvary Bible College in Kansas City and was now a student at Longview College in Kansas City. We finally made the five minute drive to the hotel and dropped into bed at 3:00.

We woke up at 5:58 AM and I read the Bible while Lyndy got ready and we then had a breakfast in the hotel restaurant of cheese, bread, eggs, bacon, coconut, pastry, green tea, papayas, croissant rolls and hot chocolate. We ate breakfast with a woman who was probably in her early forties who spoke English. Margarido Timbo was a veterinarian with olive skin and reddish hair. Her web address was [Petstoy@ig.com.br](mailto:Petstoy@ig.com.br). Since the airline was paying for our hotel we used the porters to take our bags to the room and then to take them down to the shuttle today. We who are average middle class Americans are not used to such first class accommodations. As we left the hotel on the shuttle it was cloudy and rainy and my colon was acting up. I took some antibiotic and a muscle relaxer as my doctor back home had advised and soon felt some relief.

As we stood in line for a very long time at the airport a woman cut in line in front of me and when she made it to the ticket counter she tried to pass a counterfeit R10 bill. The airport employee working the counter recognized the bill as counterfeit and demanded that the lady give her an authentic ten Real bill. Brother Zuhars had warned me about Brazilians cutting in line but I never thought they would be this brazen. It took about 30 minutes to get checked in after arriving at the ticket counter here. We finally boarded at 9:45 after three different searches.

This was a very large plane with three engines on each wing. We were now flying TAM Airlines, another and very fine Brazilian company. This plane had a personal television monitor on the back of every seat. After finding our seats and getting settled in I went to the rear of the plane to the lavatory and the back door of the plane was open. The air was crisp and fresh and the golden sunlight now highlighted the barros (bye-whose) or neighborhoods surrounding the airport. I noted that the background music being played over the speaker system on the plane was The Girl From Ipenima (Ee-peh-nee'-muh). Lyndy and I had always wanted a daylight flight from Brazil to the USA so we could see the country we would fly over and today we would finally get it. The passengers were slow in boarding this morning. A large crew of stewards and stewardesses came on board. This plane

had for its passengers video games, six in flight movies, CNN, Brazilian soccer and eleven CD channels playing albums of a wide range of types of music.

At 10:25 we got underway rolling to the edge of the tarmac to await our turn to take off which finally came at 10:40 AM. As we ascended through the broken clouds I could see the barros below and then the airport. When we had climbed a little bit there was hazy sun and we could see mountains in the distance and the buildings of the city of Sao Paulo itself. This city of 18 to 20 million makes Fortaleza and its 2 million look small. I could see the typical red tile roofs, the river, the mountains in the blue mist and we passed directly the three large radio towers far below that we had driven past when we had been taken to the airport by Calvin Gardner on our trip to Brazil in 2000. Now we rapidly ascended to our cruising altitude and flew right up the four lane highway that runs from Sao Paulo to Catanduva to the Northwest. At 10:59 we were still ascending past 25,000 feet. The country below was much greener and has much more vegetation than that between Sao Paulo and Fortaleza.

We were now headed for Miami and home. It was 11:15 AM. The farther Northwest we went the redder the land below became and the less vegetation could be seen. At 12:04 PM the land was brown in color with trees in the river and creek bottoms only. At 1:36 we were passing over a dark green jungle that stretched literally as far as the eye could see. It was the Amazon and the river of that same name was not far ahead. At 1:48 we passed over a large red river snaking its way through the dark green vegetation far below. The clouds now began to thicken and the jungle only peeked through from time. At 2:10 we passed over the Amazon River which was at flood stage and spread out over the earth almost as far as we could see. It was the largest river and connected water system I have ever seen. The river had many different channels and there was no visible sign of human life such as roads, bridges, houses or buildings anywhere. There were just miles and miles of unbroken jungle below on which the cloud shadows made darker areas. There were no roads, no lakes, no open meadows, nothing but trees through which an occasional river meandered through.

During these hours the stewardesses distributed US Customs Declaration forms and we filled them out. At 2:30 we were approaching the equator and thunderheads could be seen rising here and there over the Northern Amazon area. At 2:50 we passed over a muddy red river on the border of Venezuela as storms were building all around. Here was more vast jungle as far as the eye could see. Soon there was a solid cloud layer almost up to the altitude at which we were cruising. At 3:01 we began to see mountains rising from the jungle below. Small rain showers now materialized out of white puffs of clouds everywhere. All of this was far below us.

For awhile I sampled the eleven channels of music through the headset provided me and settled for some restful classical music. At 3:57 the clouds broke and again we could see jungle below. I realized that we should be approaching Caracas on the right of the plane. I also watched some Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck cartoons on my personal monitor. Lyndy read about Sergeant York most of the day and I read some more from Solomon Stoddard's book. The vegetation below was now getting thinner and I could see a four lane highway that looked like a piece of thread from my vantage point. Soon there were more roads and the soil became red and there were cultivated fields instead of jungle. After that we began to see a town here and there. By 4:14 the earth was more desert like in appearance. There were a few towns and roads and there were large dry river washes.

At 4:25 the Atlantic shoreline came into view on the right side of the plane and just inland from the beach was a huge tidal basin the size of one of the Great Lakes. The sand on the beach was pink to rosy and the Atlantic was a very light aqua green. We now began to increase our altitude to 41,000 feet and at 4:31 we passed out over the Atlantic and I could see where the currents carried the pink sand far out from the shore. The ocean now became a sky blue making it difficult to tell where the ocean ended and the sky began. Only the occasional puffs of cloud gave perspective to the scene. There were no ships and no islands, just endless blue. What vast expanse! In today's Bible reading I had read Psalms 19:1 where David said, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." This awesome scene out the window of our plane was certainly part of what the Psalmist was talking about in this scripture.

My TV monitor reported at this time that the outside temperature at our 41,000 feet of altitude was minus 76 degrees Fahrenheit. No wonder ice crystals had appeared on our window! We had now been in the air for nine hours and 13 minutes. We were at this moment travelling at a speed of 510 mph. This is truly the wild blue yonder. It was now 5:07 PM Sao Paulo time. The sea below must have been rough at this time because I could see white caps even from our vantage point. At 5:31 we came into some rough air as we were flying through heavy clouds. Below I could see a ship on the sea.

At 5:50 PM Sao Paulo time we passed over the Southern coast of Cuba. Clouds covered most of the land and soon became so heavy that visibility went to zero for a time but as we approached the Northern coast of Cuba the clouds began to break and we could see a few small towns and some roads on the flat land. It was 6:06 PM when we passed over the Northern coast. The color of the Caribbean here was unique. It was a lighter green than elsewhere and it was the same color as far as we could see. Something appeared in the sea that may have been either floating mats of seaweed or coral growing just beneath the surface of the water. Some of this phenomenon may have been cloud shadows on the sea.

Now a high powered promotional piece for the city of Miami was shown as a feature on our personal TV monitors and lasted for about 20 minutes. It was quite interesting because it gave us a lot of information about the history and culture of the city. At some point here we were told that the reason for our flight being cancelled the night before was because Brazilian airport radar at the capital city of Brasilia had failed twice at that time shutting down all air travel in Brazil. We were now on our approach to Miami and I could see a cargo container ship below. We had already begun our descent and I was thinking that when we deplaned here we would really have to hurry to make our connecting flight to St. Louis. I now saw another ship below as we passed just South of Miami Beach. The sun was now hazy as we passed from East to West over Miami itself and touched down at Miami at 6:58 PM Sao Paulo time which was 5:58 PM Miami or Eastern Daylight time. There were canals between many rows of houses in the Miami area that people used like streets for the boats.

As soon as we entered the huge US Customs area I knew that we would miss our connecting flight to St. Louis because there were eight or ten lines, each about as long as a football field and we would have to pass the length of one of them. Sure enough, we stood in line for three hours and it was after 9 PM Sao Paulo time that we finally were cleared by customs. TAM Airlines put us up in the Miami International Airport Hotel where, after calling David Anderson in Liberty, Missouri and arranging to be picked up at Kansas City International Airport upon expected arrival there tomorrow, we fell asleep around 10:15 PM.

### **WEDNESDAY JULY 17, 2002**

We arose on this last day of our trip at 5:46 AM Miami, Florida time. After reading Psalms 22-25 and Acts 20:21 we had breakfast at the La Carreta Restaurant inside the Miami Airport. It was paid for by TAM Airlines because their scheduling had caused us to miss our intended flight to Kansas City last night. The airport, the hotel and the restaurant were run by Cubans and this was the first time in our lives we had ever eaten breakfast with bongo drums as background music. After breakfast we packed our bags, went through the American Airlines desk where we narrowly avoided still another delay thanks to a kindly female supervisor. While waiting for our flight Lyndy called our daughter Leah Tucker in Altamahaw, North Carolina on the telephone and then tried unsuccessfully to call our daughter Rachel in Louisville, Kentucky. I had called our son Eddy last night and explained our situation to him.

Next we found the gate from which our departure was scheduled and waited for our boarding time which was 11 AM. Our flight was to be American Airlines

flight 2727 to St. Louis and then on to Kansas City. At 11 o'clock as we started to board the plane the woman who was collecting boarding passes told me and then Lyndy that we had been selected to undergo special security checks so we were pulled out of line, taken to a table where we were gone over with a wand, had our shoes removed and our carry on bags were hand searched.

We finally boarded the plane and left the ground at 11:42 AM after sitting on the tarmac for 12 minutes waiting our turn to take off. The weather in Miami this day was hazy sunshine with low broken clouds. We could not see the ocean from our window seats when we took off. We soon passed over Ft. Meyers, Florida and turned West with the Gulf of Mexico on our left and the Florida panhandle on our right. The onboard snack we were now served instead of lunch was some good ole American junk food and was the first we had had since leaving the States. It was actually made up of a coke and some snack mix. I read more of Solomon Stoddard and Lyndy dozed. Stoddard was arguing in this particular part of the book for the greatness of God's love for his elect. What a blessing! It made me want to preach on this great subject again, especially when I thought of how some Calvinists abuse god's love thought it be unintentional. We had much more leg room on this American Airlines plane for which we were grateful.

At 12:15 PM St. Louis time we began to follow the Mississippi River Northward until the cloud cover obscured our vision. We began our descent into St. Louis at 12:40. I hoped to get off the plane there long enough to get some ice cream to bring back on board. Just before landing there was a break in the clouds allowing us to see the mighty Mississippi on our left below.

We touched down at 1 PM on the minute and the pilot parked our plane on the tarmac before proceeding to the terminal. We had to wait there for a plane that was still sitting at our gate (C-10) and obviously running well behind schedule. Another American Airliner was parked next to us evidently for the same reason. On this entire trip I learned to ease potentially stressful situations with airline and security personnel by smiling and wise cracking. For example when my carry on bag was searched in Miami I asked the girl doing it if she had found anything in there that she wanted. Everybody likes to have fun when working. We sat on the tarmac here for 18 minutes before moving forward toward the gate. It was five minutes more before we actually stopped at our gate and the door of our plane was opened.

Lyndy stayed on the plane while I entered the terminal to find some ice cream. Just inside the terminal a ticket agent told me that our plane was not going to St. Louis but to Oklahoma City instead. I had to go back aboard the plane, get Lyndy, gather up our things and then run to the far end of the terminal to catch another plane scheduled to leave for Kansas City at 2:15 PM. (There is chaos in the airline industry!) Planting Lyndy at the proper gate with all our carry on bags,

I now ran the length of American Airlines terminal D for a couple of ice cream bars and then back to the plane again. I wanted to get this because we had been told there would be no lunch served on the plane. I was able to make it on time and without too much huffing and puffing.

We boarded the plane at 2 PM and were soon told by the captain that it would be a 42 minute flight from St. Louis to Kansas City. At 2:25 we were still sitting on the runway and at 2:30 we finally took off on the final leg of our trip. The weather now was haze and clouds which gave us only an occasional view of the Missouri River below which we seemed to be following to Kansas City.

Lyndy and I now began to talk about how grateful we were for the Lord's protection on this very long and eventful trip. David Anderson, our church treasurer back home had graciously consented to meet us at Kansas City International Airport and take us to our home in Belton, Missouri USA. As we descended to Kansas City we passed directly over Smithville Lake North of Kansas City where we could see boats moving. Next we crossed Interstate 435 and we remarked about how very green everything was as we approached the runway and our touchdown at 3:12 PM.