

# News Letter from Duane and Nadine Howe

## Missionaries to the Brazilian Jungle

March 9, 2012

*Note from Pastor Kevin Lea: Duane and Nadine have visited our church several times. You can find Duane's teachings posted in our sermon archives under MP3 topical. They have devoted their lives to taking the gospel to tribal people in the Amazon jungle. Most of their children are not also serving in the mission field.*

Here we are in the USA! We flew on a BIG United Airways jet from São Paulo to Chicago! I mean it was a "ship". Actually called "The triple 7"...a Boeing 777. We had gone to São Paulo two days ago on the Brazilian airlines TAM and our ticket showed that we would fly TAM to Chicago. But, to our surprise it was the big American airlines and United we flew! Over 10 hours in the air! Actually I slept quite well...I always carry my "comfy" pillow with me! Window seat helped too. Just put the pillow against the window and...bye bye sleepy eye! And my sweetheart was nearby playing sudoku on the airplane screen! She loves sudoku. But, then, she is the area bookkeeper and has to deal with numbers all the time!!

We arrived yesterday in Fayetteville, AR., at our friends, Dave and Lynne Anderson's house. They are our son Kris' inlaws. Last night we went to their church...Calvary Chapel of Fayetteville and I ended up speaking to a small group of men. They wanted stories. I think my reputation as a story teller has gone far and wide. But as I shared with them, many amazing tales came to mind...true all of them.

Back when I was young...a long, long time ago....1968...my partner, Ray Mellott, and I were asked by the local police in Eirunepé, a small river town, to investigate the murder of a Brazilian woman deep in the jungles. She was a young woman and carrying a new born baby in her arms. Her young husband had gone to his field to work and she was called out of her hut by someone and walked out in to the yard. Then apparently she was instantly surrounded by Indians and they put 13 arrows into her body. One right through the baby and into the mother. She was left on the ground dead, and found there when her husband came in from work.

Sounds like the wild West of America with Apaches and Navajos and Indian attacks. Ray and I were new missionaries in the Eirunepé area and not police...so, we were reluctant to get involved. But we got word from our field leaders to go ahead and they would be in prayer for us! Good public relations. Thanks, guys! We said good-bye to our wives and to my small girls and caught a boat up the river to the stream where the lady had lived deeper in the forest. Fortunately, we found a guide to take us who knew the area well. We arrived at the very spot she was killed. Saw the grave where she and the child lay under the sand. The husband was gone. Our guide suggested we go to the closest Indian village, and he took us there...and it had been totally burned down by angry Brazilians of that area who were seeking revenge for her death. We slept there that night. The next morning the guide suggested we go deeper in the jungle to a Canamari village...he was quite sure they were the ones who had done the awful deed. Ray and I prayed and discussed and then prayed some more. OK, we will go!

Friends, it was still the era of Jim Elliot and Pete Fleming and Nate Saint and two other brothers in Christ, who a little over ten years before had been killed by primitive Aucas on an Ecuador beach.

Their "gates of splendor" experience was still fresh in our minds! Were we crazy? Were we foolish? Were we going to be the next martyrs to go through those gates into Glory? The trail was small and grown over and our guide was good at simply finding it and staying on it. We went through small rivers and tall trees and wondered every turn what was going to happen when we broke out into their village? Would they race toward us and shoot arrows in us?

Then, it happened! The Brazilian guide ahead of us suddenly stopped, "I SMELL INDIANS!! THEY ARE HIDING CLOSE TO US!" Oh great! Ray and I were sniffing the air like dogs! Nothing but the smell of jungle! The guide was visibly afraid. That didn't help. He started shouting out in Portuguese, "WE ARE FRIENDS! WE ARE FRIENDS! DON'T SHOOT!" Ray and I stood there wondering if it wasn't time to put our legs into overdrive and race back down the trail! Then, not far from us at all, an old man rose up off of the jungle floor. He was shaking with fear. He helped his old wife to stand up and she was crying with fear. We had overtaken them on the trail and they had flattened right out on the ground.

Amazing the guide could smell them, but not see them. The old Indian man knew some Portuguese and at last he could talk. He understood we wanted to visit his village, but he told us that we should give him and his wife about an hour's start ahead of us so they would get to the village first and warn the people we were coming. Otherwise we would be killed, as the Indians feared soldiers coming to kill them for the woman's murder. OK. We needed a break anyway...to catch our breath. Off the couple went. We arrived at the village just an hour before dark and everyone was waiting for us. No, they were not the ones who killed the woman and baby. That was done by naked, wild Indians another day's walk through the forest. Should we go? God answered that through our guide who told us, "If you want to go to the wild people...it is your choice! But, I am going back home! They will only take you out there and kill you and say the wild people did it!" It was like the voice of God speaking to us...YES, WE WILL RETURN TO YOUR HOUSE WITH YOU! And we did!

Today...retelling that tale, I still wonder if we weren't a bit foolish to go on to the distant village. God is good! He protected us. What if the old man and his wife had not been overtaken? What would have been our reception at the village?

We have our vehicle here at the Andersons. It is in beautiful shape. We are traveling on to Oklahoma City Saturday and then on to Phoenix and Yuma and up through Nevada to Twin Falls, Idaho, and my mother-in-law's 100th birthday party April 1st. We will be in Twin Falls until May 15th and then fly back to Brasil for the graduation of two grandsons from Puraquequara, our mission school.

Our address in Idaho is:  
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We would love to get an Easter card from YOU!

Duane and Nadine