

# The Ice Cube Story

From Kris Howe

Jan 2, 2013



Peter and Terry Rich have worked with the Manchinere Indians for many years. They now reside in the US but come down here to Brazil from time to time to continue their work on translating God's Word into the Manchinere language.

They were here at Puraque, the boarding school, a couple of months ago along with Genesio and his brother, Raimundo, Manchinere Indians, to work on translating the Bible into Manchinere.

Peter and Terry spent many years amongst these dear people learning their language and teaching them God's Word. God's Word went forth to a people who had never heard of Him and God planted a church amongst the Manchinere

Indians.

Puraquequara, the school for missionary children, and places like it help serve missionaries like Peter and Terry who are ministering for the Lord in remote places where educating their children is difficult and often not safe for their children. Peter and Terry sent three kids to Puraquequara during their time here in Brazil. I think you will all enjoy the beautiful story of God's grace that Peter and Terry wrote below:

## The Ice Cube Story

We were taking a break from our translation session and drinking some pop with ice cubes in it. Genesio brought my attention to the ice cubes. "I've never told you," he said, "but it was ice cubes that helped bring me to trust in Christ."

This is what he told us: I used to think that only people that preached God's Word were able to have ice cubes. I didn't know what they were. One day I asked my mother, "Mom what are those hard things that the missionaries have in their cups when they drink water?" Mom said, "Ah son, don't pay attention to that, that is just something that civilized people have." But I was still curious.

One day I saw Peter eating the hard things. That really piqued my curiosity, so I asked Peter. "What are those things in your cup?" He told me that it was water made hard with cold. Ha, well I knew he was lying to me. I went home and told my mother, "I think Peter is lying to us. He said that those hard things were just water. I know that's not true!"

Then one day, after we had finished some work we were doing for the missionaries, Peter gave me some water with those hard things in it. After I drank the water I asked if I could take the hard things home with me. He said I could, so I put them in my hand and ran home as fast as I could. I asked for a bowl and put them in there. My mother, brothers and I poked them with our fingers and wondered what they could be. We noticed that after some time they turned into something that looked like water. How amazing! What could it be!

One day I was watching when Peter was filling a little tray with water. He told me that he was going to put them in that box they call a refrigerator and by the next day the water would turn hard. "Come back tomorrow," he said, "and I'll show them to you." When I came back the next day that water was hard! Peter showed me the back of the box and there I saw some pipes. Peter explained that he poured kerosene into a tank at the bottom of the box. The kerosene fueled a wick which when lit heated up the pipes and the gas in the pipes drew all the warm air out of the box and left just cold air in the box. That cold air is what made the water get hard.

I was astounded! Not long afterwards I was talking with my brother Tshiko. He was telling me that he was not believing the things that the missionary was teaching. I told Tshiko that I also did not believe at first but after seeing how a box made by mere men could take water and transform it into hard rocks I now believed that a God who created all things could surely transform the soul of a wicked person into his image. From that time on I looked forward to the meetings because I wanted to learn all I could about this God. I never had any trouble listening from then on. Now I know the true God.

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