

**AMOR Mission to the Satere Mawe Nation
July 2 – 14, 2007**

Team Members:

Bo Pittman (Quincy, FL)-Construction/VBS

Mary-Faith Pittman (Quincy, FL)-VBS/Dental

Winston Pittman (Quincy, FL)-Construction/VBS

Jim Nassar-Team Leader

Jim Hardman-Construction

Ourania "Ronnie" Burris-Dental

Richard Downes-Construction

Sylvia Downes-Medical

Doug Dees-Construction

Matt Dees-Construction

Jana Evans-VBS

Charlotte Evans (Minnesota)-VBS

Rachel Prescott-VBS

Jackie Hardy-VBS

Emely Martinez-Dental

Robert Sikes (Dallas, TX)-Dental

Teena Drummond-VBS

Donna Campbell-Medical

Danielle "DeeDee" Devuyst-Construction

Dale Stroud-Photographer

AMOR Leaders

Boyd Walker

Cida Walker

William Walker

Philip Walker

Matthew Walker

Villages Visited (In order visited)

Esperanca

Ilha Mikilis

Villa Nova

Vista Allegre

Nova Aldeia

Belo Horizonte

Santa Maria

Day 1, July 2—Travel day

The Pittmans departed Quincy by car and drove to Orlando to meet up with the team at First Baptist Church of Orlando (FBCO). Robert Sikes flew from Dallas direct to Miami International Airport (MIA) to meet the team there. Cida Walker had driven down to Orlando from Arkansas. Everyone meeting in Orlando gathered at FBCO by 10:00 am for the planned 11:00 am departure. Cida arrived only to find that the hotel staff had failed to include one of her bags which contained her passport, airplane ticket, computer, and such so Hardman dashed off with her for a quick run back downtown to retrieve the missing bag. This delayed departure nearly an hour. Not to worry, though Nassar had allowed extra time within the travel schedule. It is quite a press to get all 40 of our large suitcases loaded onto the bus, they would not all fit below in the luggage bins so some ride inside with us. We depart shortly before noon and lunches are passed out to all. Everyone is eager and in great spirits. Bus ride time is spent getting to know one another, chatting, playing cards, and etc. Somewhere close to West Palm Beach (WPB) there is a rather loud thump noise to the bus and we begin to develop an obvious bounce in a tire. We decide to stop and check it out. One of the rear tires has thrown a tread and its departure damaged the tread on the tandem tire next to it. We must get it repaired so we pull into a shopping center in WPB. The driver calls for assistance and we await the repair truck. Fortunately there is a Starbucks where we pull off so all occupy their time as best can. The repair truck finally arrives and everyone is getting a little edgy since we are down to minimal time to make it to MIA for our international check in. The tire is repaired and we are once again on our way and arrive at MIA with a few minutes to spare. Check in is a pain since TAM will not allow us to check in as a group. We have to check in individually with two bags each. They weigh every bag and we have to move stuff out of the overweight bags into bags that are underweight. We accomplish this and proceed directly to our departure gate. Robert is waiting for us at the gate and we greet him. Our departure is delayed about 40 minutes so the wait isn't long. We board and there are some open seats and we get to spread out some. Take off and we are underway. Dinner is served and the first movie is "Wild Hogs" followed by "The Illusionist." Our flight is uneventful and we land on time in Manaus.

Day 2, July 3—Travel day

Getting through immigration is no problem. Getting through Aduana (customs) is difficult. They are so slow and unorganized. It takes us nearly 3 hours to get through customs after arriving at 12:45 am. Robert's action packer carrying all of his dental instruments, anesthetic, and etc. did not arrive due to problems with American Air getting it to TAM. Fortunately Boyd has everything that he will need. Boyd, William, Philip, and Mathew are on the other side to greet us once we get through. Even though the aduana was difficult they did not take any of our gear. Thank you Lord. We load the bus and head to the river to board the AMOR Beatrice, time now—5:00 am. Everyone selects their hammocks, stows their gear and many climb in their hammocks. Most of us have been traveling for pretty close to 24 hours at this point in time. The cook rolls out a bountiful breakfast buffet including eggs, fried or scrambled, bacon, cinnamon fritters, pancakes, fresh rolls, and all kinds of fresh fruit. The long boat ride offers time to refresh

after the first day's travel. River scenery is fabulous. The boat action creates a swaying of the hammocks that is hard to control and many give up trying to sleep since the swaying is so dramatic. The full day is spent on the Amazon River and at dusk we turn off the Amazon onto a smaller tributary that cuts through to the Maues River near Maues. Parrots and macaws fly past us as we cruise. Many get their first view of the Amazon's famous "Botte Vellho" or pink dolphin. Folks play cards, read, chat, and river watch. The sunset is an amazing display of God's artistry! Although the day is very hot, the air is cool once the sun sets. We cruise on into the darkness with many on the bow watching the stars come out and the appearing of the massive Milky Way. Satellites can be seen tracking across the sky and all learn to find the "Southern Cross." The boat gets quiet early, all are tired from the previous day's travel.

Day 3, July 4—Travel day, arrive Esperanca

I arise around 5:00 am and greet Boyd below by the coffee pot. The cook always has coffee ready by this early hour. It is still dark and we anchored near Maues sometime during the night. Jana and Nassar arise to see in the sun rise which comes pretty close to 6:00 am. I read my daily scripture readings and have prayer as the day begins. My scripture for the day came from 2 Chronicles 29-31 and relates to Hezekiah calling for the people to return to the Lord. How appropriate for us Americans as we celebrate July 4th. The cook rings the breakfast bell right at 6:00 am and others are quick to get out of their hammocks. Americans must get their food before any crew can eat so everyone tries to get to chow so the crew isn't left waiting too long. Shortly after 7:00 am we all gather for devotions which are being headed up by Sylvia. I lead singing and we include "America the Beautiful" and the "Stars Spangled Banner" (by special request of Rachel.) We enjoy about 3 hours of cruising arriving at Esperanca around 10:00 am. Nassar, Hardman, and Dees, join Boyd to meet with the leaders of both Esperanca and the village across the river—Ilha Mikilis. Both welcome us for ministry. We will have lunch, a refreshing swim, then load in for our first ministry in the villages. Construction will work in Ilha Mikilis and all other ministries will work in Esperanca. This is our first work ever in Ilha Mikilis. This new village has 18 families which works out to approximately 100 folks. 1:30 pm arrives and we all head to our work destinations. Our construction crew takes john boats across the river to our village while the main boat pulls up to the shore of Esperanca. We walk the area and assess what is to be done. There is some level of water service to some huts but most do not have showers. We will run a new lateral to add a shower and spigot rig or add the shower to the existing spigot. A materials list is made so in the morning we will have everything we will need. The other groups all work hard at their tasks across the river at Esperanca. Mary-Faith works VBS and Winston works construction with Richard and they actually do some plumbing work in Esperanca while we work across the river. Everyone gathers back on the boat around 5:00 pm for swim or shower, dinner, then preparation for the evening's service in Esperanca. There are roughly 100 folks at the service, mostly women and children. They sing, we sing, several bring greetings from the Satere and the Americans both. Pastor Moises preaches. The service lasts an hour and a half. Back on the boat it gets quiet quickly as most head to their hammocks after a quick snack.

Day 4, July 5—Esperanca & Ilha Mikilis

The morning routine for me and all others is pretty much the same. There are a few early risers up between 5 and 5:30 to catch the sunrise and some quiet time. Breakfast, followed by a devotional, and all are heading to their ministries by 8:00 am. Hardman took off early in the john boat for Maues to buy some additional plumbing pieces we need. That will be a 4 hour round trip. It takes a while to get all of our plumbing supplies and tools off the boat and across the river. DeeDee and I work as one team, Doug and Matt as another with Richard and Winston across the river. Our first task is to cut into their main line to tap other lines. Once the existing main is cut, we discover that it is a 60 mm line, not 50 mm as we are prepared to work with. All of our connector pieces are 50 mm. We contemplate the main tap and come up with a solution that may work. We labor over it for 30 minutes or so while the Satere watch. After we complete a rather poor solution, the Satere quickly show that it will not work and in about 10 minutes show us the proper way to deal with the problem. Lesson learned! These folks are smart and work hard. We go to work on piecing pipe together and assembling shower units. The Satere work along side us. We are blessed with some clouds to keep the sun from being so overbearing. Huts in this village range from sticks and mud to all wood with raised wood floors. Most however, are thatch and dirt floors. The chief's hut does have a solar collector to power up his boombox. There seem to be a number of solid believers in this village. We work the morning away and go back to the boat for lunch and some rest. Hardman and crew arrive back from Maues with everything we needed. After rest everyone goes back to their ministries. Everyone is pitching in over in Ilha Mikilis to help us get the water project complete before dark so we can move to the next village. We pull this off and shortly after 5:00 pm turn the water back on and test the showers. The Satere are very pleased. VBS, dental, and medical, all stayed busy over in Esperanca. Dinner back on the boat quickly and off to Ilha Mikilis for worship this night. 50 villagers show up and we have a very sweet time of worship even though there is a tremendous language barrier. Once again Pastor Moises preaches in Satere so our participation is limited. Snack, star gazing, chatting, off to bed and the day is over.

Day 5, July 6—Travel to Villa Nova

5:00 am and we are underway for Villa Nova. It is only around one hour to the next village so we arrive in plenty of time to do our standard routine. Jackie leads our devotion this day. Construction gets the day off, nothing to do in this village, plus we won't be here that long. All other disciplines will do their standard drill. Winston switches to VBS with Mary-Faith. Villa Nova is the Satere capital city. The "Grand Tuchua" who is elected from the full group of 67 tuchuas, resides here. The village is very large, close to 100 family units and it spreads out over a large area. No one is around with the key to the school building so dental sets up on the front porch and meds uses the small medical building. VBS uses a large covered meeting hut. All disciplines have lots of Satere to keep them busy. Hardman and I roam the village checking things out. We ran the water lines in this village back in 2002. Many folks in this village are still leery of Americans and stay in their huts or otherwise make themselves invisible. For such a large village, participation is low. One thing Jim and I do find is that there are

now 3 huts or buildings being used as churches when there was only the Catholic church here in 2002. On the hill on the outskirts of the village there is a large wood structure that is an Assembly of God church that has been enlarged recently. The caretaker is busy cleaning and grooming the land adjacent to the building. There is also a large pole structure, 80' long by 8-10' wide. It has no walls or roof yet so I inquire in Portuguese and this man speaks some as do I. He tells me that this is a dormitory building for a special religious conference coming up July 28 and 29. It will give families away from home somewhere to sleep. One observation especially in this village is the effect of erosion. There are some rather steep hills and there is no ground cover so the rains create deep ruts that grow and grow as the rains continue. Some huts have been seriously undermined and others eventually get destroyed by this process. We conclude the day early and have worship at 5:00 pm. A group of 70 joins us. The group calls for Pastor "Chi-chi-chi" to lead us in singing this famous song. Nassar consents and we all join in for the rendition of "Clap your hands and sing unto the Lord" that's ends with "chi-chi-chi". You have to see it to appreciate it! We are back on the boat and have a relaxed evening but once again the bugs make keeping lights on very unpopular. I attempt to read with a flashlight but it too attracts too many unwanted flying things, so sleep wins out.

Day 6, July 7—Travel to Vista Alegre

Once again, 5:00 am and I find Boyd sipping coffee below while I get my morning fix. I retreat to the bow. It is foggy and the crew is making preparations to get underway. Visibility is minimal and we creep along with bow watch crewmen on the alert. Boyd comes topside and asks the Captain if he has the radar on and he replies "No" but I do have the depth finder on. Only in Brazil! The fog worsens and the river narrows, so we progress very slowly. We have to have the john boats assist in turning the Amor Beatrice since the river is so winding and narrow. We finally arrive at our next destination around 10:00 am. Once again a very daunting hill awaits us to make our way to the village. This is a new village – Vista Alegre (Happy View) for us to work in. Our 2002 team visited both Esperanca and Villa Nova along with Santa Maria which we will go to later this week. This village has roughly 30 family units. The folks here are friendly to a degree but not like those in Ilha Mikilis. We will do abbreviated work here since we start mid-morning. No construction was initially slated when the leaders met with the village chief but later he decides we could do several showers for them including his hut. We gladly take on this challenge. Mary-Faith gets to work dental today and Winston stays on board the boat to assist Sylvia with wedding decorations. Oh, did I mention that Hardman and Ronnie are getting married this evening on the boat? A great day to remember as your anniversary 07/07/07! Our construction finishes fairly early in the afternoon so I join the VBS team for the play time. It was a blast, tiring but great fun. We had a big parachute that we all raise up and the kids run under it before it falls back down. Even the adults joined in for this. I convince the gang to attempt "Red Rover, Red Rover" and it loses a lot during translation through Portuguese and Satere but ultimately we get a level of understanding with the children and they seem to enjoy it. Everyone knocks off a little early to get back on board for the 5:30 pm wedding. Ministry in the village went fine. Meds and dental worked out of a large open hut and stayed busy and Mary-Faith only

came close to fainting once. The boat looks fabulous for the wedding. Our hammocks have been tied up tightly out of sight nearby. Luggage and gear are hidden and chairs are set up, tables with food, and a makeshift altar of palms, thatched mat, and even sand from New Smyrna Beach (so the wedding can be valid per Florida law.) The sun is setting as the wedding begins. Hardman is decked out in new shorts with a silk casual shirt. Ronnie comes out escorted by Richard in a beautiful blue gown. Flowers were created out of ribbon by Sylvia and Winston. Music by Celine Deon comes from the CD player and Doug presides over the brief ceremony. Once they are pronounced, they climb into a john-boat for their ceremonial get-away. They come right back for a gourmet dinner of shrimp alfredo and piraracu cordon bleu and a heart-shaped cake. We all enjoy the wedding reception and relaxed evening. After dinner, the boat gets underway for the next village for tomorrow. The darkness and narrow river prove challenging and tree limbs try to get our clothes off the boat sides and even pop a few unsuspecting passengers as they protrude into our living space. My legs have erupted with scores of chigger bites. Richard, too shares in this affliction, but not quite to the degree I do. We get Sylvia to paint the bites with nail polish. No service tonight due to the wedding and getting underway. The crew anchors the boat in a widening of the river not quite to the next village. Lights out comes early and the boat is all quiet by 9:30 pm.

Day 7, July 8—Travel to Nova Aldeia

The day dawns pretty much all the others thus far. We are close enough to hear the roosters crow just at dawn. Actually the roosters here seem confused since they crow many times throughout the day. After a great breakfast, Richard leads our devotional time. This stop, too will be truncated since we need to get underway mid-afternoon so we can get mostly through the “Sticks” before darkness settles in. No construction for this village so I check on all of the other teams then assist VBS with their play time. We teach the Satere how to throw a Frisbee. Several catch on readily to this and seem to find it entertaining. The group includes a middle aged man, several younger guys, and a 30-ish lady. It is very hot and there are no trees near to the soccer field where we are playing. The parachute game is once again a thrill for young and old alike. The hardest part is to get an understanding of instructions with double translation. After our break for lunch, I assist in dental with Mary-Faith. Dental is busy and we are the last to finish up and get to the boat for the early departure. Prior to departure, all of us gather in a large open hut to present the villagers gift bags with clothes along with soccer and volleyballs. This is all done with a gospel message included and then we say our goodbyes. The Tuchua thanks us profusely and states he will be writing the FUNAI to let them know he wants AMOR to return to his village. By 3:00 pm we are underway and it is a very hot, muggy afternoon as we weave our way through the tree tops of a very flooded forest. The Satere guide just points and directs and we never hit or snag. As the sun is setting we pass back by Villa Nova and Ilha Mikilis. The team is starting to show signs of weariness. Sylvia has been down sick, along with Hardman.

Day 8, July 9—Travel to Belo Horizonte

My morning starts early, before 5:00 am with a seriously cramping stomach. I blame the traveler’s plaque on the ice cream served at dinner the night before. I know better than

eating dairy down here, but yielded to the temptation anyway. I go ahead with my early routine and read Isaiah 18, 19, 30, 31. I am certainly glad God has not called me to wander about naked and prophecy doom to all. The morning is unusually cool creating vibrant colors of red and pink in the sunrise. It seems as though the sunrise is over, yielded to grey clouds when the entire underside of the clouds begins to glow red and pink. What an amazing testimony of God's majesty! The next village—Belo Horizonte is a short trip from where we anchored. As we arrive at the village, Nassar invites me to the meet and greet session with the village chief. The village is crude and small, maybe 12 huts. There is a well in place but no pump or water tower so there will be no showers or spigots to run. Across the river on a hill is a cemetery with white crosses, large ones and small ones apparently for children. This is unusual (Christian burials) in the Satere nation. Our meeting with the chief goes well. He put away his shotgun for our meeting and the other Satere held his machete the entire time we met, but they were receptive to our visit. Most of his villagers have taken a day trip to Maues for shopping for necessities. Other families from the surrounding area come to be ministered to. Many of our team are ill today—Hardman, Sylvia, Emely, Jackie, and Rachel. Nassar and Boyd have taken off in the john boat to take Cida and Phillipe (the cook) to Maues so they can fly to Manaus to buy and prepare for the next team arriving early, before we depart on Saturday. William is in charge. I assist in dental with Mary-Faith and Ronnie. Four of the children we had in dental were serious screamers who make others uncomfortable (including us workers.) Robert is so persevering in his work and so kind to his patients. The chief requests that our construction team re-build the enclosure around his outhouse. Richard, Doug, and DeeDee take on this task. He has the nicest outhouse outside of Maues! Matt has teamed up with Dale and is the 2nd photographer. The Chief relents and allows some photos. VBS does a short program. Nassar and Boyd return at lunch time. We meet with the chief and villagers and leave clothing bags for each family and then load up to depart. We attempt to drop off clothing bags with the Tuchua of Ilha Mikilis but he is not in so we opt to try again in the Wednesday since we will pass by on our final cruise back to Maues and on to Manaus. Back once again to the “Sticks” and another hot muggy slow cruise through a flooded forest. At dusk we have made this passage and enter the narrow river again. It is a pleasant dark cruise with the john boats leading and following to insure clear passage. We see numerous Botte Vellho, parrots, and other birds. Shortly before 8:00 pm we come to Santa Maria and anchor off aways for the night. There is a lively party going on in the village tonight. A line boat is pulled up and these often are party barges. There is hooting and hollering going on and lots of folks outside enjoying themselves. Sick ones are feeling better, two spade tables going tonight, I opt to read.

Day 9, July 10—Santa Maria

This village is at the end of the line so to speak. That is as far as boats the size of the Amor Beatrice are concerned; too shallow, too narrow from here on. This too was our last stop in 2002 and I believe the 3rd time FBCO/AMOR teams have visited here. I am up at 5:00 am and feeling well and healthy. Thank you Lord. Others on the boat are coming around as well. This will be our last day of ministry. I have the bow to myself with coffee and Bible and flashlight. Boyd is up and preparing for the day on the lower

crew deck and Jana is on the bow. The bugs are attracted to my light so I have to constantly brush away the pesky honey bees mostly. I read of Hezekiah and how God extended his life 15 years and how he slew 185,000 Assyrians who were encamped to attack Judah. What an awesome God we serve. How can we who know this Book ever doubt the word of God? This village is by far the most advanced, socially that is. Many here speak Portuguese as well as Satere. This village has 80 huts and even has a pay phone booth. Unfortunately their advancement is complete with advanced social ills. There roving “gangs” of older teen boys; provocatively dressed 13/14 year old girls, drug problems, tattoos, and most else that plaques our American cities. Pastor Moises has a home in this village although if you ask him, his home is the boat. Jackie and Rachel are sick and stay on the boat today so I become a full-fledged VBS worker with Winston, Jana, and Teena. We have between 120 and 140 folks young and old at VBS for both the morning and afternoon sessions. Daniel the interpreter is great with the VBS routine. Construction has some showers to work on or repair; Meds and dental are in full swing so it is a busy day for all. We do both morning and afternoon sessions for all ministries but head to the boat at 4:00 pm so we can have a 5:00 pm service before we depart. Many of the Satere children are swimming around the boat. Winston, Mathew W. and I are the only ones of our group to swim here. It is quite cool water but feels great to me. We find out that a conflict has arisen and some sort of tribal meeting has been scheduled during the time we were supposed to do our service so we say goodbye and get underway. Interesting how these conflicts come up! Dinner is quickly followed by darkness and the narrow river invites lots of bugs so lights go out. Ronnie, William, Mathew and I have a bow watch chat as we cruise in the darkness. Everyone is tired and crash in their hammocks early. We are almost at the end of this mission and weariness is cumulative. The boat eventually stops in the middle of the sticks in the middle of the night and all is quiet except for the lull of the generators and excessively loud frogs, crickets, etc.

Day 10, July 11—Travel and Maues

I claim my 5:00 am coffee and bow perch and the crew is busy readying to get underway. Boyd is doing his prep below. We are underway for our cruise home by 5:45 am. Breakfast is still served at 6:00 am even though no one has anywhere to go. Many opt to sleep through breakfast today. Mary-Faith is now among the ill feeling crowd as is Charlotte. As we start out the Ilhas Mikilis team heads off in the john boat to deliver the clothes bags to the Tuchua at this village. We make the connection and have a short and sweet time of fellowship with the Tuchua and then rush to meet up with the big boat. It is a lazy day aboard the AMOR Beatrice as we cruise up assorted tributaries and finally onto the mighty Amazon. Around 2:30 pm we see the skyline of Maues and pull up. All are eager to walk on solid ground a bit. It is nice for the new folks to visit this town of about 50,000. We wander, shop, enjoy a store bought ice cream cone, even try to swap dollars for Reais (the exchange rate is around 1.85 reais per dollar.) The banks up here won't even swap for dollars. Used to be dollars were desired by all so easy to swap, no more. There is an interesting tourist shop here along with shops for machetes, flip flops (only the high end Haviencas will do) and after 2+ hours all are eager to reboard the boat and get back underway. Our next port of call is Manaus—estimated time to get there—27 hours of cruising. We are back to card playing, reading, chatting and otherwise

watching the scenery and day go by. The Amazon is really flooded. Many ranches along the way have no dry land for the cattle and they are standing in knee deep water. All on board practice endurance and patience as time rolls on with all of us confined in a rather small space. We eat well and rest often. The evening is highlighted with many gathered with Boyd for a lengthy discussion on spiritual warfare. Spiritual insights are shared as are stories of unusual occurrences along these waterways. Being on a dark boat, on a dark river, in the middle of the Amazon and sharing scary spiritual warfare stories, well you fill in the rest. The sky lights up often with lightning off in the distance. By 9:30 pm the boat is all quiet.

Day 11, July 12—Travel

When I first awake I am aware of the glow of city lights. It is 5:15 am and we are passing by the city of Itacoatiara. All I can tell you about it is that it is reasonably large and can be found on most maps of the Amazon. We have cruised all night and still have about 13 hours to make Manaus. I wonder as we pass this town what it would be like to live in a place like this. Would my life be simpler? Less hurried? Easier? I'll not likely ever find this out. Breakfast is served late today—6:30 am. My Bible reading today is in Isaiah 40, one of my most favorite chapters in the whole Bible. "To whom will you compare me." This place really emphasizes this passage. Mary-Faith still isn't moving too far from her hammock. Winston is focused mostly on a Gameboy loaned him by Mathew Walker. I read a lot. Along the way we are flagged down by a john boat and Wellington's wife and son come aboard. There has been an accident with one of their workers and he is on an ambulance boat ahead at a medical station. Soon we pull aside to this station and Boyd checks on this man. He has a fever and soreness but no other noticeable injuries so we cruise on and leave them to wait on the doctor that has been dispatched. We find out several days later that this man actually died 3 days later. That is how life and death are on the River—very real and close to all. Just as the sun sets, we start seeing the high skyline of Manaus. As we work our way across the bay at Manaus fog sets in making our attempt of finding the cut back to the lake where the floating mall is very difficult. We finally find the cut and arrive at the "Mall" around 8:30 pm. Not a soul is in sight. It takes a little doing to roust someone. They send a john boat out to the close by huts of the vendors and several of them come and open their shops for us. All buy the usual Amazon stuff---stuffed piranhas, blow guns, beaded jewelry, and etc. After about an hour, we pull out into the river and all retire for the last night on the boat.

Day 12, July 13—Manaus

When I awaken at 5:30 am, I note we are tied up at the marina at the Hotel Tropical. Many on the boat are up at this hour and making last preparations to leave the boat and check into a hotel for our last night in Brazil. TAM Airlines could not get us a flight out on Friday so we had to extend our trip one day and stay over in Manaus. It actually gave us an extra day in the field but made the same day turnaround for the AMOR crew miserable. Tomorrow early AM the Arkansas team arrives before we leave tomorrow afternoon. Boyd, Cida, sons, and crew will be busy tag-teaming both groups. After breakfast, the AMOR crew teams are brought up for us to present them their tip envelope

and bid them farewell. All are heartily thanks. Most all wander up to the Hotel zoo to see the jaguar and other animals. It is a nice small zoo but shows some of the neat wildlife you don't usually see out in the jungle. We also shop a little at the Tropical. Around 10:00 am the bus takes us to our hotel—The DaVinci. It is an ultra modern building in a rather industrial district near central Manaus. The accommodations are nice and air conditioning is welcome. Getting everyone to the right rooms takes a few attempts but all works out. Lunch was a logistical nightmare, but once fed, we all head to the market and Opera House. Some by van arranged by Boyd, others by taxi since the van never returned. We wander Manaus in groups with translators. Our group is foiled in our attempt to tour the Teatro (opera house) since we get there fairly late and the next English tour isn't for 45 minutes or so. We are supposed to be back at the hotel around 5:30 or 6:00 pm since the manager has promised a nice hors d'oeuvres buffet to compensate for the lunch time fiasco. We settle for a quick exterior inspection then wander our way through the downtown to the market area. Interesting sights, sounds, and smells everywhere we turn. The market is under renovation and is a mess. More crowded, cramped, smelly than ever. No one wants to linger there. We wander in and out of shops and finally find the treasured Haviancas. Our group hails cabs for the ride back and we arrive long before the group waiting for the van. We actually saw them as we sped by the Teatro square. The hors d'oeuvres buffet is fabulous. We all enjoy it and agree no one will need to get dinner. Some of us opt for the pool, others just enjoy real beds and air conditioning. I hang out at the pool with all of the young people. They enjoy a rowdy game of "Marco Polo". I sip my Antarctica Guarana and watch them get rougher and rougher until all of the girls pull to the side of the pool and just watch the guys. Our load out time is slated for 8:00 am tomorrow morning so we prep and rest. Winston and I watch part of a soccer match on TV to finish out the day.

Day 13, July 14—Manaus/Miami/Orlando

We arise around 6:30 am and head down to check out the breakfast buffet. This is supposed to be what this place is famous for. We are not disappointed. I don't know if I have ever seen such an extensive buffet. Omelet station, table for assorted fruits, table for cheeses and meats, table for assorted breads, table for desserts and sweet breads, 6 juice selections, and even a cappuccino bar! Most all enjoy a leisurely time of grazing these bars. As we finish eating, gather our gear, and line up to check out, we note that the Dees team has not been seen this morning. It is nearly 8:00 am and the bus is here ready to load up. Someone checks and the Dees men are just getting up, some confusion on the departure time. They hustle down, grab some food, and we all load up for the run to the airport. Luggage is a little more manageable on this return trip. Cida and Robert head off once we get to the airport in hopes of reclaiming Robert's late arriving action packer. Unfortunately it has been sent to another facility that is only open week days so the dental supplies needed for the next team are still not available. Cida should be able to take care of this Monday before catching a boat to catch up with the new team that has already left Manaus. We say our goodbyes to the Walkers and begin our departure wait. We meet 3 other missions teams in the airport that are on our flight home. One is from FBC Lakeland and the leader actually attends FBCO and knows Doug Dees well. They did work in Santarem and Obidos. The other two teams are from Knoxville and Ohio.

How small our world is these days. Our 3 hours wait passes and we load up for departure pretty close to on time at 12:45 pm. The plane is crowded and the AV system works poorly. Lunch is decent but the long bathroom lines extend to where we are sitting and last for over two hours once lunch is done. Only two toilets for the 150 some odd people in the back of this plane. Miami immigration, luggage, and inspection go faster than ever. We say goodbye to Robert as he heads off to make his Dallas connection and we head to our bus. We quickly load the bus and begin the final (nearly) leg home at 7:20 pm. That is barely one hour from touch down for 20 people to get their luggage and clear.—wow! We stop at the service plaza—Burger King---for all to buy some supper. It is an uneventful ride to Orlando. We pull into FBCO around 11:20 pm. Finally goodbyes and the crowd quickly dissipates. We go to my sisters for the night. We will drive to Quincy tomorrow morning.

Mission accomplished. Thank you Lord for save travel and meaningful ministry.