

Leland, Naomi, Lincoln, and Lauren Johnson

missionaries to **Brazil**

April 3, 2018



When we sent our last letter, we were expecting a busy month, but we were not expecting to add “get carjacked” to the list.

Because I was going to be teaching in the seminary at the end of March, I had been sitting through some of the other classes to improve my Portuguese. On this particular night, I arrived at the church and was turning the car around to park on the street. A car pulled up behind me and blocked me from completing the turn. Four men jumped out and surrounded my car while shouting at me. I thought I had hit their car while backing up, and it was not until one tried to break my window with the butt of a gun that I understood what was happening. The doors were locked, but it was clear that they would break through the windows to steal the car. The men ordered me to get out, walk away, and not look back. They stole my car and everything in it, as well as my wallet and passport, but thank God, they did not hurt me. Thank God that Naomi and the kids were not in the car as well.

You can imagine how difficult it was to get an emergency passport and documents from the USA in time for us to travel the very next week. Thank the Lord that the documents and emergency passport arrived the day before we travelled. When I told my neighbor (who is very nice), he said half-jokingly, “Congratulations, you are officially a Brazilian now. You have been robbed at gunpoint.”

While we were traveling, I preached three different times, and God blessed. We were able to see several decisions made for Christ. When we returned, we were expecting a busy end of the month, which included teaching two weeks in the seminary and then finishing the month preaching a Missions Conference. The Sunday morning after we returned, it was announced in church that the Missions Conference was this coming weekend. I politely raised my hand and said that it was NEXT weekend. Well... it ended up that I had been sent the wrong dates for the conference, meaning that the extra weekend to prepare had been lost, and I would be teaching or preaching each night for two straight weeks. Imagine needing to put out a four-alarm fire and only having a garden hose.

For two weeks, I woke up, studied, went to teach/preach, came home, studied, went to bed, woke up, and did it all over again. It may have been the hardest two weeks of my life, but I still need to recover to even decide about that. However, God was at work throughout the whole process. The most exciting part was challenging believers during the Missions Conference about faith promise and seeing them commit to giving, just as you do in the US.

There are so many more things that happened last month and so many things coming up that it is hard to get it all into this letter. The best thing we can ask you to do is to keep praying. Please pray for some big ministry decisions that we have coming up here in Brazil, as well as more souls to be saved.

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