

This is a 20th year update of the story that has drawn interest from everyone who hears about it. I thought the story was set in stone two decades ago, and have learned that the events of this story had a widespread ripple effect that resulted in some amazing things! It's amazing what God can do, given faithful people, and a little time.

While time blurs memories, it also provides depth and wisdom. Last night, on the 20 year anniversary of this event, my family gathered and we each told our perspective of this story. This helped clarify a lot, and has reminded me that the story needs an update. So here's the 20-year-anniversary-update of my description of the events that took place on March 10, 2001. May the Holy Spirit fill in the gaps and testify the truthfulness of it to you personally as it has to me.

--Brad Green, March 11, 2021

It was worthy punctuation on the end of the best two years of my life. That's a funny way to start a story, but that's what it was: the end. My whole life leading up to my mission, I was so sure that my mission was the reason I was on the earth; and I always wondered if it would be the last thing I did here. Perhaps the only person who knew of my belief in this regard was by best friend Doug Kimber. Turns out I was almost right, and I even had a choice.

I served a religious mission for the Church of JESUS CHRIST of Latter-Day Saints in the Brazil, Rio De Janeiro North mission from March 31, 1999 through March 10, 2001. I learned the language well-enough to fool cab drivers that I was a native. I took my basic knowledge of piano, and became someone who could play a dozen hymns, and one of the best that ever played Avante Missionário, the Mission Song (a fast-paced anthem). I met thousands of people, discovered a glimpse of who I am, and gained an incredible testimony that there is a God who knows us personally and cares about us individually.

At the end of these two years, my parents travelled to Brazil to "pick me up" from my mission. They wanted to see where I'd been and meet who I'd met. They wanted to spend time with me and to marvel at the man I'd become. I was elated to get the chance for this mini-vacation to spend "showing off" and "telling stories" (if you're reading this, you probably know that I love those things and always have).

As a seasoned veteran of the areas I'd been for two years, I was confident I could show my parents a good time and help them understand the events of my previous two years in a fun-filled week of touring. It was with mixed emotions that I welcomed them to Rio de Janeiro. I had grown so close to the mission president, Alan Anderson and his wife Anette, that it was difficult to consider to being done with my mission and going back to my real parents, and silly former life. However, I had everything all planned down to a 'Tee'. I would take my parents through all of my areas in chronological order, introducing them to the finest or most cultural restaurants, and especially to the people that had most influenced me; and hopefully me them.

The tour started off brilliantly. I picked up my parents at the airport where my dad insisted on renting a car instead of relying on the public transportation I assured him was first class (LOL). Despite my dad's assurance that rental car insurance was not necessary, I convinced him to get the best they offer because I was confident we'd be in a fender-bender or two. We drove from the airport to their hotel down the street from the mission office and I gave them instructions how to get to the president's house later. They picked me up at the president's house that night and I was alone with only my parents. It was weird. I remember they weren't getting along very well, and I didn't know what to do about that. I hoped that I could unite them during this week, but expected to need to rally my siblings when I got home.

The following day, the first of our tour, we drove 8 hours to the state of Espirito Santo (ES), which sits north of the state of Rio de Janeiro (where the mission home and office were located). It's funny what you remember. I remember President Anderson explaining the road to ES as a long 2-lane highway where you'd have people driving at high speed on the same road as farmers with trailers hooked to donkeys. I remember him laughing at the statement: "And then you get that one idiot who passes a whole line of cars, and a donkey, on a blind curve; things can get exciting!". Little did I know, one such idiot was driving the car I was in. Fortunately, my dad had excellent reflexes, and so did the other drivers whose lane we were using.

We stayed at a hotel that night in Cariacica, a suburb of Victoria, the capital of state of ES. The hotel we stayed at was above the restaurant missionaries would eat at, after zone conferences. They had awesome churrasco at that restaurant! That's why I chose it. My dad loved the linguica sausage they served and wished he'd had more; I promised him that he'd have many such opportunities to enjoy that particular treat.

We headed out early after breakfast and it was great to get back in touch with those from the very beginning of my mission. That first area of mine was HUGE, perhaps 12 miles across and we'd walk it on foot, most every day. Having a car to go between places was incredible! We visited members and found missionaries (I remember seeing Elder Assunção, a former companion) walking the street near the bishop's house. We stopped at houses in hopes of finding my old friends and had lots of success finding people whom I had spent time with.

We even got to do some missionary work trying to reactivate an old friend. The first lady who I helped give-up her bad habits, and walk into the waters of baptism-- we found (with direction from her still-church-active sister) in an unfinished building without a roof. She was common-law "married" to a boy who was the father of her infant child and one on-the-way. They lived in this place because her dad kicked her out for not doing what she knew was right; and I remember finding her barefoot in a one-room "apartment" with a mud floor, with no roof, and it was raining. She was probably 6 months pregnant, and holding a 1-year old on her hip while smoking a cigarette with her other hand. It was heartbreaking. I expressed my love for her family and my hope that life would have better days in store for her. We gave her Southwest Plumbing Supply hats (from our family business), and t-shirts of all varieties that my parents had brought.

The following day was planned to be the busiest of the tour, we were to drive 6 hours to São Gonçalo, early, to have lunch with a member friend and her husband. Then drive around and visit with anyone I could find. Then we were going to drive across the Rio-Niterói bridge back to our hotel in Rio. We found plenty of people with whom to visit. One lady we got to talk with, I had been teaching when I was transferred, and she eventually got baptized. She was the first person I'd taught that contacted me, after my mission, to tell that she had entered the Temple of the Lord and been endowed and was doing temple work. I was so glad we'd had time with her that day in São Gonçalo!

Because of our success finding people, and a severe rain storm, it was already dark by the time we got back on the road toward Rio. That city is dangerous after dark. It's probably a good idea to explain at this juncture, that during my entire mission, I had never gone anywhere by my own guide, except on foot. I had always told someone where I was going and relied on them to get me there. This time, I was relying on my dad, and he was likewise relying on me. We had to figure it out ourselves, darkness, rain-storm, and all.

We headed across the bridge from São Gonçalo back into Rio (this bridge is huge, look it up) and headed south toward the exit towards downtown Rio on the east side. The rain had gotten extremely bad by this time. There weren't many cars on the road and many that were on the road were having difficulty driving down Avenida Brasil without troubles. We passed a few cars that were literally floating in puddles on and off the road. We had to drive in and out of all lanes to avoid the incredible amount of water on the road. Due to our perhaps over-attentiveness to the puddles, we didn't see the sign indicating our exit toward Rio and were heading south towards the airport—now in the opposite direction we wanted.

Interestingly, you see, in Brazil, exits can go off the highway from EITHER side of the road. The exit toward Centro was off the LEFT side, but we were on the right of this 10-12-lane highway avoiding a puddle of water. Brilliantly in Brazil, they have this wonderful invention called a "retorno". "Retorno" literally means "return"; a retorno is an exit and an entrance built into one. They're "strategically" placed to redirect people who've missed their exit so that they get another pass at it. During our trip so far, we'd used them a couple of times and continued to joke at the wastefulness of a retorno without an exit and entrance to the neighborhood around it. Due to our missing of our correct exit, what we needed more than almost anything in that moment was a retorno; but we could not find one. We drove for 20 minutes, in the wrong way, hoping to find a way back to the exit we knew would take us back to Rio; with no luck.

Finally, we saw an exit from the highway and decided we would take it and find our way to the entrance on the other side. As we took the exit, the car behind us sped up and passed us on the left side. My dad explained later that they had been behind us a ways back, but that we'd crossed in front of them to get off of the exit. He thought as they passed us that they would "shake their fist at us" or "give us the finger". They however proceeded to force us off the road by merging in front of us and slowing down. We finally came to a stop half-way off the ramp with their car angled in front of ours.

As I recall, the driver of the car got out of their car and walked around the front of their car holding a small machine gun (picture TEC-9 or MP5 with a short barrel). I don't remember the passenger actually getting out of the car, but I remember him standing beside our car. He was yelling something and I started to move my hand toward the window switch to lower the window to hear him. When I lowered my hand, their guns came up pointed directly at us. I put my hands up above my head in the typical "don't shoot" configuration. By the way, that doesn't work.

I remember wanting to comfort my parents by explaining to them that this was probably just a robbery and we'd be okay if we just did as they said. I think only the words "this is it" came out of my mouth. At that moment, my dad says he clearly heard the word "GO" in his head and he stomped on the gas and dropped the clutch. Immediately (perhaps even before this) I saw flashes of light and holes appearing in the windshield. I thought in my mind:

"So THIS is how I die; how interesting!"

My dad says he thought the exact same thing at the exact same moment.

I heard the air being forced out of my dad's lungs so I knew that one of the bullets had hit him-- you know the vocal sound you hear in Hollywood movies when someone gets shot? That's what I actually heard from my dad. Our car slammed the assailant's car out of the way and we sped off through the dark streets of a random neighborhood. With one flat tire and at least one bullet-wound, my dad directed our car through a seemingly endless maze of narrow roads. He was driving erratically expecting the bad-guys were following and maybe still shooting at us.

Out of a familiar instinct, I moved to give my dad a blessing. I lifted my hands to his head and surprisingly, my left arm hadn't left my lap. My arm was broken-- I had also taken a bullet! I lifted my left hand with my right, placed them both on my dad's head and said the words that came to me:

"Garth Orwin Green, in the name of Jesus Christ, I bless you that all will be well; in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen".

Soon thereafter, I saw an electronics store in the middle of two roads up ahead, the lights were still on. I told my dad to stop there; "they'd have to help us". He turned towards the store, and passed out! Our car bounded up two of the stairs in front of the store and the bumper hit the top stair, stopping us. The windows blew out and the trunk popped open, but we were okay.

I bailed out of the car, shaken and scared, but alive. I couldn't help but look at the hole in my arm with curiosity; it looked like a diamond on a playing card. I entered the store and yelled for the men there to call an ambulance. They stared at me as if they didn't understand. I tried again, this time beginning my sentence with the words:

"Eu falo português!" (I speak portuguese).

They scrambled around like they understood and were doing what was required. I returned to the car to find my dad awake and bleeding very badly from both arms and his chest. My mom was leaning over the seat applying with pressure to both sides of his

chest; trying to stop the bleeding. I informed them that the men were calling an ambulance. Turns out that my dad had taken a bullet high in his right lung, and the bleeding was filling both lungs causing him to black out when sitting upright. So he'd pass out, and fall toward the inside of the car. The blood would run out of his lungs and he would awake and sit up; restarting the cycle. LIFE LESSON: If your lung gets punctured, lay on that side so it can drain. It takes a lot longer to bleed out through the lungs, than it does to suffocate.

My mom asked me to stop the bleeding from my dad's arm; I remember thinking of my training as a boy scout and despite my confidence that I knew how to stop bleeding by applying pressure to an artery in the armpit, I tried, with no success. My dad's left arm was destroyed and the higher I applied pressure to what I thought was his artery, the higher the spaghetti-looking flesh rose from his body. I couldn't find a bone to press an artery up against to stop the flow of blood through his wounds.

I gave up; I told my mom I couldn't stop the bleeding at that I had to attend to my own problems-- I had noticed I was having a hard time breathing myself. My dad looked up at my mom and said:

“I love you Wendy.”

then he blacked out. I thought he had died; my mom must have too, because her memory of the next 5 minutes is non-existent; and she stopped applying pressure to my dad's chest enough that his lungs drained and he woke up again. She says she started praying for help and when she said amen a van was there to take us to the hospital. You'll see that happen in the next paragraph. I figured my own problems were from being in shock (remember I was smart because I have my first-aid merit-badge LOL), so I laid down on the cement, elevated my feet (on the car bumper) and head (with my good arm) and tried to calm down.

One man from inside the building came out and asked me if there was anyone they could call to help us. I gave them the number to the mission president's house. He returned a minute later indicating that the woman on the other end didn't speak Portuguese and that I should talk to her. I called the number and Elder Prado, one of the APs, answered. I told him we'd been shot and he thought I was joking. Then he realized it was not a joke and I gave them information about where we were and what hospital we would be at when they came to get us. Not long after I hung up, the man came out and informed me that the ambulances were all out, it would be an hour before one could come for us. I told him that was too long, and asked if anyone had a car. After a few minutes of running around, he came back and told me that a man named Jorge had a van and would take us to the hospital.

Jorge drove up in a VW bus, what Brazilians call a “combi”. The men that had gathered, all grouped around my dad to carry him to the van. That's quite a plan considering that my dad is a large man, and Brazilians are not! As they picked him up, he yelled out in pain that his arm was broken and to tell the men. Despite my certainty that they were well aware of this fact, I told them:

“o braço dele esta quebrado!”.

They shifted him to the now-floundering tiny men on the other side and my dad yelled:
“I think that one is broken too!”

They looked at me with wonder trying to figure out what he'd said. I said,
“dad, just deal with it”

and instructed them to just get him into the van. Once inside the van, I asked George how long it would take to get to the hospital. He responded maybe 30 minutes. I told him I'd make it worth it to him if he could get us there in 15. He got us there in under 10. That's great, but have you ever seen a Brazilian speed-bump? We were going so fast that we hit one while I was laying on the back seat and my face hit the ceiling with such force it broke my glasses!

When we arrived at the hospital Bom Sucesso, Jorge drove his van up to the hospital emergency entrance and ran inside. This hospital was just a government clinic, set up in a very poor and dangerous area of the city. There was a line of several dozen people waiting to get into the hospital, and many were obviously injured and bleeding. I remember seeing one man cradling what was an obviously broken arm in his other arm, standing in line patiently waiting to be seen by a doctor. Jorge returned with several nurses and doctors (how did he do that?). We were taken into the hospital and my dad was immediately taken into surgery. My time leading the rescue effort was finally over.

The doctors and nurses took over. My dad went into one room, and they put me in what seemed like a supply closet with a metal gurney in it. My mom washed her hands in that room with me, but left at some point and she says she was wandering the hospital looking for us when a doctor stopped her and told her, in English, to clean up because she was scaring people. A nurse started cleaning me up and I explained my arm problems. She stripped me down to clean the blood off, and before putting me into a hospital gown (turns out they didn't have them), she lifted my arm, turned pale, and ran out of the room. I couldn't sit up to see what was wrong, and I couldn't feel any other blood other than the side where my arm was bleeding. People in the hallway kept peering through the doors at me laying naked on a metal table, but I couldn't move on my own to do anything about it.

That nurse came back with a doctor and a male nurse who was given instructions to keep me talking and awake. I don't think they understood at the time that I speak Portuguese, because they were talking about me like I wasn't in the room. The male nurse wouldn't give me any information. But he put me in a wheelchair and wheeled me to the doors outside the operating room. I could hear my dad inside, with elevated voice, explaining something to those poor doctors who didn't speak English. I couldn't tell what he was saying because of the doors, but was glad to know he was still alive.

Turns out, they got my dad into the operating room, and needed to drain his lungs, but couldn't wait for anesthetic because he wasn't breathing well. So they needed to give him a local numbing shot and put a drain tube into his lung through his side while he was awake! Before they could do that, they needed his shirt and undershirt out of the way; but my dad wears a 1-piece undergarment (like in the oldtime movies-- sorry dad). The nurses cut the sleeve on the left side of his undershirt and tried to pull it off over his right arm; but it didn't come untucked as expected! He explained that it didn't come off like

that you had to pull it down; of course they didn't understand. So they cut the other sleeve and tried pulling up just the front, still no luck. He explained more loudly that it didn't work like that. Eventually they just cut it off in pieces and must have eventually shaken their heads when they discovered that mystical nature of this odd underwear.

Finally they had access to his side, and they gave him a numbing injection before then "pounding in" a large big-gulp-straw-sized syringe to pierce his lung and allow the blood to drain. He remarked that when he felt that pressure off of his lungs, he knew he would live. As they prepared him for recovery, another doctor fished his gloved fingers in the bullet holes in my dad's left arm and tried to align the several bone fragments "by braille". Then it was my turn.

I remember sitting outside the operating room when the adrenaline rush wore off. I don't remember the nature of the pain, but I remember attempting to bribe this male nurse \$1000 to give me a Tylenol. He insisted that I not have anything in my stomach because I'd need to be put under anesthetic for surgery. So I begged for the anesthesia, to which he responded:

"soon enough; she'll be here; and this anesthesiologist is very beautiful".

I remember saying:

"get her here now and I'll marry her! She can get a green card";

LOL the Brad Green card it would be; HAHA! Eventually she showed up and I was instructed to count backwards diez (ten), I think I got to Dddd.....

This was Saturday, March 10, 2001.

I woke up and everything was blurry. I seemed to be in a fairly large room with beds lining the walls all of them full of other patients. I had on only a super-thin, super-baggy pair of green shorts. My arm was bandaged with some stretchy mesh, and I had bandage wrapped around my torso. Trying to focus my eyes, I noticed a bald white guy 4-5 beds down on the side wall. I thought for sure that had to be my dad. How many bald white guys are likely to be in this particular hospital in this particular slum at this particular time? I yelled out:

"dad! Are you okay?"

He looked at me, but didn't respond. I tried again. The guy next to me in Portuguese asked what I was doing and I explained I was trying to talk to my dad. The man assured me that wasn't my dad. After a few minutes, the bald white guy stood up from his bed and walked across the room. Poor guy was skin-and-bones thin; definitely not my dad.

I don't know which of the next two things happened first.

1) But I remember laying in that bed with a clear question occupying all my consciousness:

"Do you want to live on, or do you want to come home?"

I remember being shocked at the question, and finally remember deciding that if I HAD THE CHOICE, I'd prefer to live on and see what comes of it.

2) I opened my eyes and a man in a full suit (not common in smeltry Rio de Janeiro) was standing by my bedside. In perfect English he asked me:

“do you have insurance?”

Bewildered at the absurdity of such a question at a time like this, I responded that I knew I was still on the Church’s policy for missionaries (I managed this insurance for 11 months when I worked in the mission office), and if my dad didn’t have insurance he had enough money to pay for lots of Brazilian doctors (I think my words were “he’s rich”! after seeing Brazil, every American seems rich beyond measure).

I don’t know the timing involved, but this suited man was President Bearclaw, a counselor in the Rio De Janeiro Stake Presidency. He was also Lieutenant Colonel Bearclaw of the United States Army; and he was in charge of the US Consulate in Rio de Janeiro at that time. Turns out the hospital wouldn’t let anyone in to the ICU room where we were, to give us a priesthood blessing. However, Lt. Col. Bearclaw knew how to get what he wanted despite Brazilian bureaucracy. I like to think that he put the fear of America into the heart of anyone who stood in his way. He knew I wouldn’t survive long without better medical care. I was on a morphine drip.

The next thing I remember was President Anderson standing by my bedside, with Brother Bearclaw and Elder Jolley, of the Quorum of the Seventy (who was serving in São Paulo at the time). I got the story that they’d been at a priesthood meeting when they heard about our plight and came to the hospital to give me a blessing. They asked who I wanted to give the blessing and I indicated President Anderson. I don’t remember anything said, but years later Brother Bearclaw described that he had a vision of my life and knew I would be okay.

I’m told that this was Sunday morning. The message had reached Cedar City Utah late the night before. My family was told that we were “mortally wounded” in a shooting incident. My brother Jeff sat in church Sunday morning and his bishop announced to his ward that we had died, which was something no one in the family had yet been told for sure. It seems members of the church all over the world were asked to fast and pray for my family. In our community, it was serious business. Everyone remembers, and many have beautiful stories about how they chose to give up their sins if they could have the power of faith that could heal us. Turns out it was a moment of beautiful triumph for hundreds of people, maybe more. The spirit poured out over many, by their accounts, and help came to us swiftly and decisively.

Our insurance agent was able to comfort fears of hospitals and bureaucrats that our 1-week old policy was approved and firmly in place. My dad was able to add to this confidence by explaining that his company had available bank loan funds that could buy him time to pay the bills. President Anderson had to also write a check from his Brazilian bank account as security to get us into what’s possibly the finest hospital within hundreds, maybe thousands of miles. This was a place where US celebrities go for their “secret work” to be done. Most doctors were trained in the US, and speak English, and many nurses also. Somehow two well-equipped ambulances were delivered to this government clinic in the “favela” and we were transported across town to the Hospital

Samaritano in Botofogo. It's a hospital I passed many times while I was a missionary in the Botofogo neighborhood of Rio.

Upon arrival at the hospital, I'm told I went into surgery for over 6 hours. I woke up in a room with a window on the wall into the next room. I asked if my dad was okay, because I still hadn't seen him since Saturday Night. They opened the blinds on the window and my dad gave me a thumbs-up from his ICU bed next door. I had lots of tubes and monitors on my right arm, so I raised my left arm for a thumbs-up and my thumb wouldn't move. But I smiled and waived. We had lived. They were really worried about me, but wouldn't tell me why. I learned later that the first hospital had pulled a bullet from my liver, and several organs had been pierced. Both lungs, my stomach, intestines, diaphragm, and liver had been "hit" and a rib was broken as well as my left arm. They stitched me all up, and screwed my forearm back together. My scars are impressive, including what looks like a "zipper" from my waste to my ribcage. I also no longer have a "belly button".

I think Monday, a nurse brought me in a portable telephone. She explained she thought it was my sister on the other end. Excited I answered hello! The voice on the other end was not my sister. It asked if this was Bradley Green to which I answered yes. She then said, "please hold, I'll get Randall". Next thing I heard was the words: "Hello Bradley, this is Randall Carlisle with KTVX in Salt Lake. How are you?" I gave an interview. The only part I remember was him asking if the Church should pull missionaries out of Rio de Janeiro. I was appalled! I explained how dangerous other big cities were and how wonderful Brazilians are. A small bit of that made the broadcast shortly thereafter. My sister was so mad when she found out that she could have called the hospital and talked to me! This news broadcast was the first confirmation my family had that we were actually alive.

A lot happens when recovering from these kinds of wounds. Those 16 days were a lifetime of experiences. We spoke with police, our friends and others were allowed to stand in line and spend time in a private ICU area talking with me and showing support. My final missionary companion sent me a letter with a drawing of the Trix rabbit with the words "silly Brazilians, you can't kill Elder Green"; I love Elder Gallegos with all my heart; such a great guy.

At some point my mom surprised us all with the declaration that she was ready to give a message to the reporters. A press conference was called, that was broadcast internationally. People from 4 different countries have told me they watched this broadcast live on TV. President's assistant Elder Prado, a former national soccer celebrity, volunteered to translate my mom's message for the reporters.

I didn't know it was happening, and didn't get to watch. I didn't know what was said for 13 years. One day I went to a local bank to open a new savings account. The personal banker assisting me was Brazilian, and we had fun speaking Portuguese together for a few minutes as I explained that I'd lived in Brazil and was on a religious mission for my

church. As we started filling out the bank paperwork, she discovered my name and asked if it was me who was shot at the end of my mission.

I actually get that question all the time, so I simply answered:

“Yep that was me”.

She seemed shocked, I think she even gasped. She then very genuinely said:

“Your mother is SO special!” I asked if she knew my mom. The Holy Spirit filled me with energy as this lady explained:

“No, I’ve never met your mother; but I saw her on TV once and it changed the world!”

I asked what she meant and she related to me how shocked Brazilians were to hear my mother’s message at that press conference. According to this nice lady, my mother had relayed our family’s love of Brazil and the Brazilian people. She described the experiences she had had the previous few days meeting them and seeing their love for me and my love for them. She explained that this shooting was only two men, and that she forgave them, and hoped everyone would forgive them too. She bore her testimony of God, His beloved son, and His church.

Apparently this shocked the conscience of the Brazilian people. Many Brazilians believe that they are the most peaceful nation in the world because they’ve never been in a war except their own war for independence. They’re predominantly “catholic”, and celebrate the Christ Redeemer statue on the hill overlooking the city of Rio de Janeiro as evidence of their Christianity. They were shocked and embarrassed that messengers of Jesus were injured by this kind of violence they see every day amongst themselves. That we are Americans only added to the embarrassment. But when my mom showed her humanity and her unbounded love, forgiveness, and faith—many people felt the Spirit of God. They sought to know more about the Church of Jesus Christ, and they strived to be the best version of themselves they could be. Reports from the mission office told us that baptisms went up 40% per month for a while thereafter. The church was now mainstream in that country, and a household conversational topic.

My mother was prepared for that moment, and she let the Spirit guide her through it. I had been praying for two years for the Lord to “use me as a tool in [His] hands” for his purposes and to His all-knowing ends. I was a willing participant, and I’d do it all again if I had to go back and choose. For years my dad and I struggled to know “why” this had happened to us. The answer, we have learned, is more wonderful than anything we could have imagined. That’s how the Lord works oftentimes. I’ve seen it now clearly on three different occasions. He has a plan, it’s glorious for us, and in the end, He wins.

I imagine you’re all curious about the end of the story after the press conference. After what we’ve learned, the rest is not terribly consequential, but I’ll put it down for the record.

My dad was moved from intensive-care shortly after, to a recovery room. I was still stuck in the ICU until my own ‘plumbing’ worked properly. When you’ve suffered such

extensive internal damage, getting “back to normal” can be complicated. Finally I recovered enough two days later and joined my dad in the recovery room. It was a two-bed room with a TV. We chatted and watched the news. He explained the Dow Jones to me, and inflation; interesting days with a knowledgeable mentor. We had blood clotted over our lung tissue, so our breathing was not very good. They hooked us up to a vapor-oxygen system that was meant to loosen the dried blood so we could cough it out into a dixie cup they provided. This was the worst part of the whole ordeal! I remember my dad just gave up and said he had lived a good life already and didn’t need to breathe well again. I followed the instructions for one day to see if it worked. My lung capacity doubled that day. So for the next 3 days, my dad and I breathed humid air and coughed out blood. We’d joke with each other and the pain of laughing would make us cry, then we’d laugh at that predicament, and cry some more.

One day I rolled over and felt something pushing my rib into my lungs. I complained and a portable x-ray machine was wheeled into our room and the doctors discovered a third bullet between my ribs. They numbed my side and pulled it out with my dad watching. They kept it for evidence; no souvenir for me. Eventually we were released. My dad called his assistant and asked her to call the company’s vendors and get some delay-of-payment arranged. He was able to scrounge up enough to pay the hospital bill so they’d let us go. I remember the bill being just shy of \$50,000. Mine was covered by the church’s insurance. I saw a statement of services and discovered I’d taken 14 units of blood; I’ve since learned that the average 21-year old male body has about 8 total.

I then learned that missionaries were afraid to go out and work. The drama of our experience had zapped the motivation and courage from many. President Anderson asked if I’d be willing to show up and speak at a mission conference to prove that I was alive and okay, that the lord protected me, and to encourage them to get back to work. He had 180 missionaries all come to Rio for this meeting, some travelling 12 hours to get there. I spoke, and bore my testimony. Then I left for the airport. The return to work was sluggish, but national interest in the Church created excitement and improved faith.

My dad had a huge cast on his left arm, so he asked for an upgrade to first class for us. The airline demanded we pay for personal oxygen systems “just in case”. I found the receipt earlier this week, and it apparently cost about \$318 for that additional equipment on the plane. John Huntsman (Sr) had volunteered the plane he had bought for the Prophet to use, but the church didn’t want to propagate the common Brazilian belief that the Church was comprised of only wealthy people. Flying out of Rio in a private GulfStream IV probably would have reinforced that incorrect belief. So we flew commercially from Rio to Miami and Huntsman’s jet met us there and flew us direct to Cedar City. My dad took a nap on the prophet’s futon; while I taught a missionary department guy how to do neat things in Excel on his laptop (free tech support at his request).

The media recorded our landing at the airport and our reunion with our family. Then they hung out at our house for a week taking turns interviewing us. Eventually everything calmed down, except the PTSD that left us pacing the house at night. Time healed those

wounds too, and we've learned how everything really is okay. My parents are still married. That incident forced my dad to rely on my mother's care, and their love grew. Rental car insurance worked out well, the final bill was less than \$500. Somehow the church covered the commercial airline upgrade to first class airfare, against my dad's repeated protests. My little brother, Mike, had his missionary farewell address the same day, at the same meeting, I had my homecoming address. He was excited the media showed up for his farewell. His end-of-mission tour with my parents of Brisbane Australia was not so eventful, but very worthwhile. I graduated SUU 2 years later with a 4 year degree in IT. I've been married to Elisabeth Harris for 16 years, and we have 4 beautiful healthy children; 2 boys and 2 girls.

God is real. Jesus really lived on this Earth and His teachings can change your life for the better. God knows our prayers, whether silent or spoken. He can, and does, answer those prayers in astounding ways. He knows you personally and will help you have success and happiness. He will put all the pieces in place for miracles to happen, and you'll figure out later how everything came together. He loves you, and understands you. Get to know Him; it's worth whatever it takes. The statements in this paragraph I present as facts, of my own knowledge. In the sacred name of Jesus Christ, I testify of their truthfulness.