

APRIL 1977

world vision

India's Yellagiri: Where C-O-W Spells Hope



contents

- 3 **Where C-O-W Spells Hope**
- 8 **Facts of a Field**
- 9 **Barbara Mills: Doctor to Refugees**
- 10 **Lebanon Diary**
- 12 **The Glory of God's Will**
- 15 **The Overweight or the Underfed:
Who Should Be the Loser?**
- 16 **And How Shall They Hear . . .
Without a Letter?**
- 17 **Psalm in Celebration of Missionaries**
- 18 **Tour with a Purpose**
- 19 **Life-Giving Water for Mossi Farmers**
- 19 **Monthly Memo**
- 20 **People and Projects**
- 21 **The Land of a Thousand Calvaries**
- 22 **Globe at a Glance**
- 23 **Lift Up Your Eyes**

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, American Stock Photos and Terry Staus; pp. 3-7, Bob Owen; p. 9, Don Scott; p. 10,15, Terry Staus; p. 18, George Hahn; p. 20, Kathryn Hinke and Richard Ryder; p. 21, Fabian Bachrach; p. 22, Wide World Photos. ILLUSTRATION CREDITS: Pp. 12, 14, Pat Bigler; p. 16, Richard J. Watson.

world vision®

Volume 21, Number 4/April 1977

W. Stanley Mooneyham, president

Ted W. Engstrom, publisher

Richard L. Watson, director of communications

Bob Owen, managing editor

Kathryn A. Hinke, associate editor

Paul S. Rees, editor at large

Don Aylard, art director

Richard J. Watson, artist

Lynda Hershey, editorial assistant

Robert C. Larson, special correspondent

Carl F. H. Henry, special correspondent

Published by World Vision International, a nonprofit religious corporation with business offices at 919 West Huntington Drive, Monrovia, California 91016. Subscription is free. The organization is a missionary service agency meeting emergency needs in crisis areas of the world through existing Christian agencies. Founded by Dr. Bob Pierce in 1950, it is administered by its board of directors; Dr. Richard C. Halverson, chairman; Dr. W. Stanley Mooneyham, president; Mr. Claude Edwards, vice-chairman; Dr. F. Carlton Booth, secretary-treasurer; Dr. Ted W. Engstrom; Dr. Paul S. Rees; Mr. Winston Weaver; Mr. Coleman Perry; Mr. Herbert Hawkins; Senator Mark O. Hatfield; Mr. William Newell; Mr. Bruce R. Ogden. **NORTHEAST AREA DIRECTOR**, The Rev. Richard Hamilton, 45 Godwin Avenue, Midland Park, New Jersey 07432; **SOUTHEAST AREA DIRECTOR**, Mr. Jerry Sweets, Verre Centre, 1835 Savoy Road, Atlanta, Georgia 30341; **MIDWEST AREA DIRECTOR**, Mr. James Franks, P.O. Box 209, Grand Haven, Michigan 49417; **PACIFIC/SOUTH AREA DIRECTOR**, Mr. Robert P. Heinrich, 919 West Huntington Drive, Monrovia, California 91016; **PACIFIC/NORTH AREA DIRECTOR**, The Rev. Joseph A. Ryan, 425 Mayer Building, 1130 S.W. Morrison Street, Portland, Oregon 97205.

While the editors are responsible for contents of *World Vision*, viewpoints of authors are not necessarily those of World Vision International.

World Vision is a member of the Evangelical Press Association.

Send all editorial correspondence and changes of address to *World Vision* magazine, 919 West Huntington Drive, Monrovia, California 91016. Please send change of address at least 30 days in advance of your moving date. Enclose an address label from a current copy along with your new address.

© 1977 by World Vision, Inc.

INSIDE OUR WORLD . . .

Lord, I Have So Much

I looked around me and asked, "God, why have You been so good to me?"

It was an honest question. I was in India, in a leprosy village. I had never come into firsthand contact with leprosy victims before. All of these people had been beggars from the streets of Madras. Now they had small mud-walled, thatch-roofed houses, with a tiny garden plot to care for.

All of them were being treated for their disease. All were either cured or arrested "cases." But most of them bore the disfigurements of the disease: misshapen feet, hands, faces.

And as I walked about the village, talking to the parents, getting acquainted with the children, I thanked God for His goodness—to them. And to me.

To them because they now had a home . . . medical care . . . food. And love. None of which they had had before.

To me, because as I told the Lord, "It's not because of anything that I have done, but because You love me . . . but I don't understand, Lord. Why have You been so good to me? Why was I given so much, and these people so little?"

I don't have the answer to that question.

We talked to the man who herds the flock of sheep for the entire village. He too was crippled and handicapped. He seemed happy, and he smiled as he talked.

"When I was a beggar," he told us, "I used to make myself look more miserable than I actually was. I made my wounds bleed so more flies would come . . . that way people would feel sorry for me and give me more money."

He paused and looked over his flock. "When I first came here I was unhappy. But now, since Jesus has given me new life, it's different. I am very happy now."

Back in the home office now, I don't know how to put all of this together. I don't have answers to my questions yet. Maybe I never will. But I thankfully look around me and see God's hand of blessing upon our country. And upon myself.

All of this is making me a different person. Thanks for caring with me, with us, for the people who have no voice in their own destiny.

Where C~O~W Spells Hope

by Bob Owen

You can see almost anything in India," said Bhaskar Sojwal, newly appointed director of World Vision of India. "And you can say practically anything about this land of incredible contrasts. What's more, it's probably all true."

Bhaskar knows whereof he speaks, because he's seen it all. And in Madras, World Vision's center of operations for India, these contrasts are there for all to see.

The architecture is as modern and lavish as can be found anywhere in the world. Then, side

by side with these multi-storied office and hotel buildings are tiny, mud-walled, thatch-roofed squatter huts, literally built on foundations of garbage.

Transportation consists of India-manufactured autos, Jeeps, trucks and buses. These vie for space on the traffic-jammed streets and highways with thousands of heavily laden pedestrians and equally heavily laden bicycles—the "modern" beast of burden—many piled high with huge bundles of rice straw or bags of rice, baskets of produce or, paradoxically, tins of petrol.

And oxcarts. Thousands of them, patiently plodding along as they have for centuries. "It will be many years before this changes," said Dr. Daniel Sundararaj, World Vision's director of Relief and Development in India. "They're slow, but economical and reliable. India needs them, and will for a long time to come."

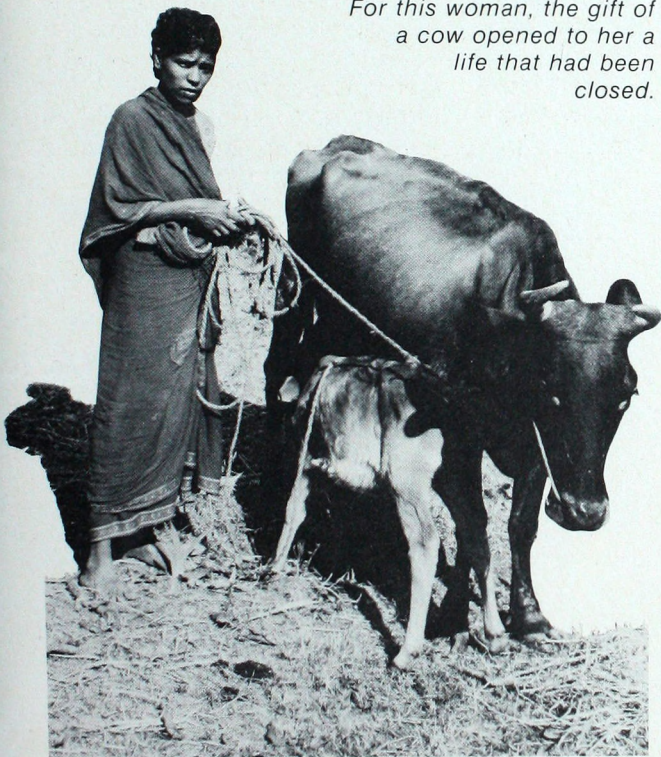
From the Jet Age to the Stone Age, India's got it all—and everything in between. Over 600 million people, most of them struggling for mere existence. The average life span is 50 years or less (which is still a quantum leap from the 30 to 40 years it was a short time ago).

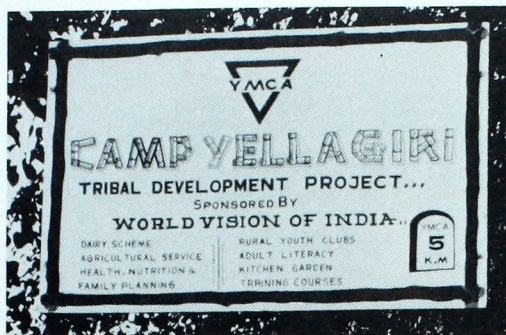
The main problem is hunger: food to fill these millions of hungry stomachs. "For most people the problem is not the *quality* of the food they eat, but the *quantity*. Not how good, but how much," said Dr. Sundararaj.

"This great need is World Vision of India's primary concern. To fulfill this task, there is no lack of projects. . . ."

One of these, perhaps one with as much potential as any, is the Yellagiri Hills Tribal Development Project. I visited this one with Dr. Sundararaj.

For this woman, the gift of a cow opened to her a life that had been closed.





Located on the side of a mountain, about 200 kilometers (approximately 130 miles) west of Madras, are 885 families, scattered throughout 13 villages. They are the tribal people: remote, illiterate, superstitious. And poverty stricken.

World Vision is working among these people with several specific purposes: to raise their standard of living through better agriculture and livestock; to teach them principles of health, nutrition and family planning, and to demonstrate to them an even better way of life than they could imagine—through Jesus Christ.

To administrate this important project, we have selected a remarkable Christian leader, Mr. David Victor, who lives in Spartan simplicity near the tribal people whom he loves.

The long, hot, tiring trip from Madras to the foot of the mountain was complicated by the heavy traffic, mostly oxcarts. The Indian driver kept one foot pressed hard on the accelerator and one hand on the horn. Coupled with his excellent dexterity, he managed (somehow) to roar past each pedestrian and vehicle without a single mishap. Had I realized that the return trip would be made the same way, through traffic conditions as bad or worse—at night—I might not have enjoyed the first trip even as much as I did.

These tribal people are small, wiry, thin and worried looking. And why not? They seldom know where their next meal is coming from. They are poorly dressed, often in rags, and most seem to be suffering from malnutrition.

The boys are active and muscular (as are the men), but all too soon will direct their energies toward the serious subject of survival. Girls

are attractive, and like girls of most cultures, seem very aware of admiring male glances in their direction.

The women are overworked, worn out from childbearing and field work, and appear many years older than they really are. One woman we talked to looked to be nearly 40, but Mr. Victor told us she was in her early 20's. I asked her how many children she had. Four, she told us.

"What are their ages?" I asked through Dr. Sundararaj.

She looked puzzled, but answered him. He turned to me. "She doesn't know their ages. In fact, *she doesn't even understand the question.* The concept of time is beyond these people."

The people were prepared for our visit and gave us a royal welcome, complete with parade, tom-toms and native dress. I was startled when they leaped out on the road in front of us. "Who are they?" I asked. "What are they doing?"

Dr. Sundararaj and David Victor laughed. It's

(right) We witnessed the demonstration of a rice tiller. (across page) Dr. Daniel Sundararaj inspecting one of World Vision of India's many projects.



for you. They're welcoming you to their village."

We trailed along behind them, driving slowly, while they made the most of the parade: dancing, yelling, singing, beating their drums. When I got out of the car they presented me with a flower garland and a huge sign that read: "Welcome, Mr. Bob Owen."

It was quite a festive occasion, with games for the young and competitive contests for the men. At the close of the program, I was given the honor of awarding prizes to the winners. All this, though, was just a prelude to the main event: reviewing the progress of the Yellagiri Hills Project.

The project has a number of goals:

1. To help these very needy tribal people achieve higher production in their agriculture, their primary means of living and income.
2. To increase the income of 50 families even further by giving each of these families a good cow. Since the production of their native cows



is usually only about one-half liter (approximately one pint), a high-milk-producing cow would not only care for the family's need, but enable them to sell the rest for much-needed cash.

3. To provide, through the Y.M.C.A. Agriculture Center (the location selected to implement and administer the project), a number of demonstration, extension and agriculture service programs that will further benefit these tribal farmers.

4. To organize non-formal education built around health, nutrition, childcare and family planning programs. Because of the primitive nature of these tribal people, each of these programs is vitally needed and will



greatly raise the quality of their life style.

5. To provide training opportunities, especially for the youth, to improve their production capacity, employment potential and to encourage better participation in developing democratic processes and institutions among these people.

All of this is truly ambitious, but several of these different facets are already in operation and are making a positive impact upon the lives of these people. Dr. Sundararaj said, at the conclusion of my visit, "The improvement in the morale and spirit of these people is remarkable encouraging."

Over 35 families have already received their cows, and for most, this animal has begun to change their entire outlook on life. A cow is

highly treasured by these people, giving them income, status and much-needed milk.

As Dr. Sundararaj and I inspected the animals, proudly lined up with their calves for this purpose, I asked him about their evident good breeding.

"We selected these carefully," he said. "We wanted to obtain a good milk-producing animal that was adaptable to this area. So we chose Jerseys, and in some cases a cross between a Jersey and the native cows."

He showed me one of the latter. "This cow will produce about four to five liters of milk a day, which is very good compared to the usual one-half-liter production from the native cows."

"How are they bred?" I asked him.

By artificial insemination. That cuts the cost, and insures a good line of stock."

We moved among the animals, discussing the merits of each, while the owners beamed their pride and pleasure. Dr. Sundararaj is eminently qualified—both for such an inspection and for his position—having served as a professor of plant and animal husbandry at a large Indian university for a number of years.

Most of the cows were attended by either a man and a boy, or just a man. But one was apparently owned by a woman. I asked about this fact after we moved on, and David Victor said, "That's quite a story."

He told us about the woman, a widow, whose husband had died a couple of years previous, leaving her penniless, with no property, nothing except four children. As a widow with no wealth, she was of no value to these mountain people.

But Victor said he decided to give her one of the cows. To his surprise, it caused problems among the other tribespeople.

"Why give a cow to that woman?" they demanded.

"Because she needs it. She has no way to make a living," he told them.

"But she can't care for it. She has no place to graze it."

"One of her children can care for it," he told them. "She can milk it herself, and I will let her feed the cow on the Y.M.C.A. Center property."

A few days after she received her cow, the woman came to Victor, looking very troubled. He asked her what the problem was. She reminded him that before she had a cow she was considered an outcast by the tribespeople.

"Now," she said, "I've got another problem."

"What's that?"

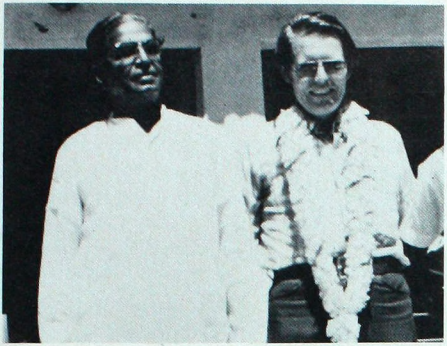
"Now four men want to marry me!"

He laughed when he told us about the widow's situation. "I told her not to get in a hurry about marrying any of the men, and that I would help her to select the right one."

The cows, more than any other single portion of the project, have lifted the morale of these



Rice is still threshed as it has been for centuries.



Mr. David Victor and the author.

people, given them a new lease on life. As with other such World Vision projects, though, the "gift" of a cow is not entirely without attached strings. World Vision's policy is not to make people even more dependent than before, but to free them, to help them become self-reliant, self-supporting.

So each cow is given with the understanding that the recipient must pay back the purchase price within two years. This is accomplished by selling the milk. Mr. Victor keeps books for the people and pays them one-half of the income, holding the balance in their account to apply against the cost of the animal.

During the afternoon we witnessed the demonstration of a power rice-tiller, a gift of World Vision. This machine, operated by a young man from the village, will cut the rice-plowing time from two or three days by bullock to only two or three hours.

We spent time looking at the gardens and the well with its newly installed electric pump that will now provide irrigation for gardens and rice paddies, as well as for the livestock. We checked out the newly acquired herd of pigs and the lively goats on the hillside.

Everything was in order. We were pleased.

"Now," Dr. Sundararaj said, "all we have to do is extend this start till it includes all of the tribal people in this area. There's no way to measure the change for the good this is bringing into the lives of these people."

And everywhere we went we were followed: by excited children, and their grateful families,

seeking our attention and approval.

As I looked over the eager, expectant faces of these people who have hardly any concept of time, and have scarcely ever even heard of Jesus Christ, I was drawn to them.

I longed to reach out to them, which I did—a touch here, a pat on the shoulder there. But that wasn't what I really wanted to do. I wanted to share the love of Jesus with them, the everlasting Good News. But I couldn't. I didn't speak their language. Besides, it takes time. Time and love.

Thank God, they are receiving the love in a practical way. And the Good News? As opportunities come, David Victor is both showing and telling them that there is an even better life than they can imagine. And some of them are already hearing. And receiving this new life.

As we drove off the hill in the twilight and started the long drive back to Madras, my heart was full, and heavy. I was filled with thankfulness to God for His goodness.

And I asked the question, "Why, God? Why have you given so much to me . . . and these people have so little? Why?"

I seemed to receive an answer. "Trust Me. Do what you can. Give what you can. Love all you can. And I will do the rest."

And with that answer, the long ride home on the narrow highway, still clogged with plodding oxcarts and late-working pedestrians, was not so bad.

Do you want to become a change-agent for these primitive people? If so, please fill in the coupon below and mail today.



Please accept my gift of \$ _____ to assist these families.

4609H74-004

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

WV account number _____

(See magazine mailing label)

facts of a field

Compiled by MARC, a division of World Vision International
Information on some other countries available



VITAL STATISTICS

Capital: New Delhi, population 3.6 million.

Area: 1.2 million square miles (one-third the size of the United States; eighth largest in the world).

Population: 620.7 million (1976 estimate; world's second most populous country).

Population Growth Rate: 2.08 percent annually.

Ethnic Composition: Major groups are 72 percent Indo-Aryans, 25 percent Dravidians, 3 percent Mongols and others.

Urbanization: 20 percent.

Languages: Hindi, with English hold-

ing associate status. 14 official languages, 800 spoken.

Literacy: 29 percent.

Economy: GNP: \$80.2 billion (1974-1975). Real Growth: 1.1 percent (FY 1971-1975). Annual Per Capita Income: \$130.

Agriculture: Chief products are rice, pulses (various leguminous crops), oilseeds, cotton, jute, tea, wheat and sugarcane.

Industry: Chief products are textiles, processed food, steel machinery, transport equipment, cement and jute.

Religion: 82.7 percent Hindu, 11.2 percent Muslim, 2.7 percent Christian, 1.9 percent Sikh and less than 1 percent each for Buddhists, Jains and others.

Current Status of Christianity:

Today almost 2.7 percent of India's population claims the Christian faith. In 1971, a census revealed that Christians had been the most rapidly growing religious community in India during the 1960's.

About a third of India's Christians live in northern India. The remaining two-thirds are concentrated along the southwestern coast, and the extreme southeastern coast. In these areas, Christians form about 6.5 percent of a population which is predominantly Hindu, along with a strong Muslim minority. Though Christians in Kerala, one of India's most heavily populated states, do not constitute a majority, they compose quite a sizable force nonetheless.

Churches: The three major church traditions in India are Roman Catholicism, Protestantism and the Orthodox Syrian Church.

The total Protestant community in India (6.6 million) is associated with over 100 churches. The Church of North India (0.6 million) and the Church of South India (1.6 million) are united churches, formed from several different

bodies. Other church bodies include the Council of Baptist Churches in North East India (1.1 million), the Methodist Church in Southern Asia (0.9 million), the Federation of Evangelical Lutheran Churches (0.8 million), the Mar Thoma Church (0.3 million) and the Presbyterian Church in North East India (0.3 million). A great number of smaller bodies total well over 1 million members.

Some church groups have made attempts to coordinate their efforts in various ministries. Two organizations which have resulted from these efforts are the National Christian Council of India, an ecumenical agency with 21 member churches totaling 6 million persons, and the Evangelical Fellowship of India, both of which give leadership in evangelism, literature, education and relief.

Missions: Tradition has it that Christianity was first brought to India by the Apostle Thomas in 52 A.D. The descendants from those early converts are known today as Syrian Christians (1.4 million, 1977). Roman Catholicism was introduced to India by the Portuguese in the 16th century, and just over half of today's

Christian population is Catholic (8.5 million).

In 1969 the Government of India reported that there were over 6300 foreign Christian missionaries in the country. Of these, about 3600 were Protestant and more than 1500 came from North America. At present, Protestant missionaries number less than 3000, with 871 coming from North America and representing over 146 agencies. The largest of these agencies is the United Methodist Church, with 88 workers.

Since 1954, foreign missionaries have been under increased restriction by the Indian Government, though the national Government has refused to specifically legislate against Christianity. New missionaries are generally prohibited from entering, and former missionaries may not re-enter except where they cannot be replaced by national workers. A 1972 study of third world missionaries showed 600 Indian missionaries from 26 societies in other cultures or nations, including Nepal, Thailand, Indonesia and parts of East Africa. Some are engaged in cross-cultural ministries within India.

Barbara Mills: Doctor to Refugees



From herding sheep and cattle in Australia to dispensing medicines in Thailand's refugee camps is a long jump. It would be for anybody. But for Barbara Mills—Dr. Barbara Mills—it was greater than most.

She's quite a lady. And she has quite a story! "My husband and I were really happy," she said. "Our ranch was in the mountains in northern New South Wales. Things were going great. Then Tim got sick. . . ."

It was cancer. Tim underwent two major surgeries in a short time, and the surgeon told Barbara her husband could not possibly last more than a few weeks. Almost before she realized the gravity of the situation, Tim was gone. And she was alone.

In her 30's, Barbara Mills knew she had most of her life before her. "We had no children. And apart from caring for the ranch, I had no responsibilities. I was too young to just quit living . . . so I began asking God what I could do."

Barbara's sister was in medical school at the time, and they talked things over during Easter vacation. Though no suggestion of a medical future for Barbara came up, the two of them decided that she should talk to a mutual friend about the matter.

"So I did. She was a doctor, a general practitioner. I told her that, with Tim gone, I thought God was probably leading me into something other than just running the ranch."

At this, the doctor unhesitatingly said, "I think you should go into medicine."

"No. I wouldn't like that at all."

"Why?"

"Well, the medical course is too long. And I never have liked that sort of thing. . . ."

Shortly after this Barbara enrolled in the university, planning a science major. But when the enrollment counselor asked about her plans she

felt rather vague and unsettled. "He told me, 'You should be in medicine.'"

Again Barbara tried to reject the idea, though she did move in to Sydney. Piece by piece, she saw the puzzle of her life coming together, and she saw the Lord's hand in it all: her becoming a resident of Queensland to be eligible to attend the university, obtaining the apartment she needed, many other details. They all fell into place.

Even the curriculum at the university. It all fit. Everything seemed to point toward one goal: medicine. "So I said, 'All right. It looks like I'm beaten. I will go into medicine.'"

As I interviewed Barbara near the northern border of Thailand, her eyes shone when she said, "And now I'm glad. So very glad that it has worked out this way."

Seeing this lovely, cultured lady care for the medical needs of these refugees, her face aglow with love for them, really touched me. I looked around the crude dispensary, with its dirt floors, bare wooden shelves for medicines, few instruments, bamboo-slat walls. And I thought, "She gave up a professorship, a coveted post at the university . . . for this."

She looked up just then and smiled. Somehow I knew what her answer would be, but I asked her just the same. "Barbara, why do you do it? Why do you serve these people?"

She hesitated momentarily before she answered, giving me time to remember the road she travels after dark, three nights a week. The roadblocks, the police and army checkpoints. The constant threat of attack by insurgents. And I asked again, "Why do you do it?"

She looked surprised. "I don't know. I just feel they are my people. They are so very lovable. . . ."

Then this World Vision doctor, who has given up nearly everything to serve at the very outpost of civilization, said, "I feel it's just such a privilege to be here. I keep asking God, 'Why was I chosen?' And I thank Him for using me here."

Meet Dr. Barbara Mills: missionary doctor. A little woman God is using in a big way.



The following is excerpted from a report by Maureen Lampard, childcare coordinator in World Vision's European Liaison Office, on her first trip into Lebanon since the civil war in that country.

Lebanon Diary

by Maureen Lampard

Monday, 17 January—I flew into Beirut. . . .

I found Lebanon to be cold, wet and snowy in winter. Homes are inadequately warmed, as heating oil is expensive and in short supply. Many school buildings are unheated, and children wear their coats all day.

Cabbages and carrots are the only vegetables available in quantity, eaten with rice, beans, lentils or bread. Meat is extremely expensive, some schools serving it just once a week.

In Beirut, most street lights are damaged, and the potholes make driving dangerous at any speed. There are frequent checkpoints, manned by Syrian soldiers.

Tuesday, 18 January—I drove over the mountains surrounding Beirut to the Bekaa Valley, to see three projects there. At the



Johann Ludwig Schneller School, 40 percent of the boys are Muslim, but all attend school prayers and Bible class. Older boys at this school learn trades, including shoemaking, tailoring and car repair, and all are able to get jobs when they leave.

I went on to the Anjar Settlement, a big home and school for Armenian children. Most are from broken homes, and a number had never been in school until they were brought here at the age of 8 or 9. I spent the night here.

Wednesday, 19 January—Today I visited a day school for Arab boys near Baalbeck. It is not yet World Vision-sponsored, but I was given all the paperwork. The great majority of the children are Muslim, but they receive Bible teaching. Lebanon seems to be the only country now where it is possible to give Christian teaching to a child from a Muslim family.

I would have liked to stay longer, but it was snowing, and when we reached the foothills we found the pass already closed. So we returned to the Anjar Settlement for the second night.

Thursday, 20 January—We spent most of the morning waiting for the pass to be opened, and arrived in Beirut in the early afternoon. There I visited the Cedar Home, where a pastor



and his wife take care of mostly half-orphaned Christian Arab children.

I also met the president of the Armenian Evangelical Union of Churches. World Vision has been asked to sponsor about 50 children from six different Union schools.

Parents are asked to pay according to their ability, but a number can only pay a fraction of the cost. Those who could previously pay for their children are now without work, or have seen their small shops or businesses burned out. So many case histories received recently state that the father has been without work for almost two years.

Most of these people are ready to work hard and only need a few years before they will

be on their feet again, but during those years they desperately need help for their children, particularly with their education. Many would go without food to pay for their children's schooling, but a half-starved man is unlikely to get or keep a job.

On this Thursday, I also visited the Centers for Armenian handicapped and stayed overnight there. The 18 sponsored children, all deaf, were evacuated to a remote village near the Turkish border during the war.

Friday, 21 January—I visited the Birds' Nest. I was pleased to see World Vision sponsors' Christmas cards pinned up in the classrooms at child's-eye level.

I also visited the Cedars Capabilities Center, a fine day school for crippled and deaf children. Most come from the poorest areas of the city.

The center was occupied for a time by one faction, and a big gun was installed on the roof to shell three nearby villages. The fire was returned, and the school suffered considerable damage, including 14 holes in the roof and the loss of all windows. Walls were pockmarked with bullet holes, roof water tanks were destroyed and the school minibus was burned out.

We are so thankful that a big shell which fell beside the school chapel did not explode. Essential repairs have now been carried out, even though the window frames are filled with plastic sheeting rather than glass.

In spite of all the setbacks, the director is still enthusiastic. Next month he will be placing a number of older crippled boys in a local factory each morning to learn electrical work, and the theory will be taught in the afternoons at the school. Mentally handicapped teenagers are also being trained to do simple packing work. And the boarding section of the deaf school is open-

ing shortly so that deaf children from all parts of Lebanon can be taught.


Saturday, 22 January—I spent the time with a group of deaf boys intent on spending their pocket money, and we ended up in a cake shop. I toured Beirut to survey the terrible damage. The business section looks like a ghost town, and Tell Zaatar camp, where so many died, is now just an empty muddy field. I was surprised to see no refugee camps, but was told that Muslim refugees had moved into deserted Christian houses, and vice versa. Some families fled from Beirut back to their native villages and now live in primitive and grossly overcrowded conditions. Others moved into deserted and half-destroyed hotels and factories. Many houses were destroyed, and others looted of everything that could be torn out, including window frames, light switches and even wash basins.

Sunday, 23 January—I attended a service for the deaf in sign language—quite a new experience for me. In the afternoon I went for a walk with 25 deaf children. We went through olive groves, taking care to keep to the track in case of mines in the fields. It is no use shouting a warning to a deaf child!

Monday, 24 January—I visited both the Institute for the Deaf and the Rehabilitation School. The children in both places are happy and well cared for, and the deaf children are making good progress in speech and lessons.



On my way back to the airport, I called on the Cedars Capabilities Center again. And I arrived back in Bonn with 20 pounds of case histories and mail. (The postal service is not back to normal in Lebanon, and all World Vision mail has to be taken in and out of Lebanon by hand.)

I would like to be able to personally thank the sponsors of all these children for their prayers and faithful sponsorship during the time when no letters could be exchanged. Please continue to pray for the children, their families and their teachers as they strive to return to a normal life. There did not seem to be much wrong with them at first glance, but nearly two years of terror, bombardment, displacement, hunger and bewilderment have had their affect. Please pray that the fragile truce may be unbroken, and that each child may be able to benefit from all that these projects, run by dedicated Christian men and women, are able to offer. 



THE GLORY OF GOD'S WILL

by Elisabeth Elliot Leitch

Elisabeth Elliott Leitch, former missionary to Ecuador's Auca Indians, has authored 10 books and is currently a visiting professor at Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary near Boston. This article is taken from her speech at the Urbana '76 student missionary conference sponsored by Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship.

High in the mountains of North Wales in a place called Llanymawddwy, a shepherd named John Jones lives with his wife, Mari, and his black-and-white dog, Mack. I stood one misty summer morning in the window of their farmhouse watching John on horseback herding the sheep with Mack. A few cows were quietly chewing their cud in a nearby corner, while perhaps a hundred sheep moved across the dewy meadow toward the pens where they were to be dipped.

Mack, a champion Scottish Collie, was in his glory. He came of a long line of working dogs, and he had sheep in his blood. This was what he was made for; this was what he had been trained to do. It was a marvelous thing to see him circling to the right, circling to the left, barking, crouching, racing along, herding a stray sheep here, nipping at a stubborn one there, his eyes always glued to the sheep, his ears listening for the tiny metal whistle from his master that I couldn't hear.

Mari took me to the pens to watch what John had to do there. When all the animals had been shut inside the gates, Mack tore around the outside of the pens and took up his position at the dipping trough, frantic with expectation, waiting for the chance to leap into action again.

One by one, John seized the rams by their curled horns and flung them into the antiseptic. They would struggle to climb out the side, and Mack would snarl and snap at their faces to force them back in. Just as they were about to climb up the ramp at the far end, John caught them by the horns with a wooden implement, spun them around, forced them under again, and held them—ears, eyes and nose submerged for a few seconds.

I've had some experiences in my life that have made me feel very sympathetic to those poor rams—I couldn't figure out any reason for the treatment I was getting from the Shepherd I trusted. And He didn't give me a hint of explanation. As I watched the struggling sheep, I thought, "If there were some way to explain! But such knowledge is too wonderful for them—it is high, they cannot attain unto it." So far as they could see, there was no point whatsoever.

When the rams had been dipped, John rode out again on his horse to herd the ewes, which were in a different pasture. Again I watched with Mari as John and Mack went to work again, the one in charge, the other, obedient. Sometimes, tearing at top speed around the flock, Mack would jam on four-wheeled brakes, his eyes blazing but still on the sheep, his body tense and quivering, but obedient to the command to stop. What the shep-



herd saw, the dog could not see—the weak ewe that lagged behind, the one caught in a bush, the danger that lay ahead for the flock.

“Do the sheep have any idea what’s happening?” I asked Mari.

“Not a clue!” she said.

“And how about Mack?”

I can’t forget Mari’s answer: “The dog doesn’t understand the pattern—only obedience.”

There are those who would call it nothing more than a conditioned reflex, or, at best, blind obedience. I saw two creatures who were in the fullest sense “in their glory.” A man who had given his life to sheep, who loved them and loved his dog. And a dog whose trust in that man was absolute, whose obedience was instant and unconditional, and whose very meat and drink was to do the will of his master. “I delight to do thy will,” was what Mack said, “Yea, thy law is within my heart.”

To experience the glory of God’s will for us means absolute trust. It means the will to do His will, and it means joy.

What is this thing called “trust?” Did Mack’s response to John’s commands hinge on the dog’s approval of the route his master was taking? Mack didn’t know what the shepherd was up to, but *he knew the shepherd.*

Have you and I got a Master we can trust? Do we ask first of all to be allowed to examine and approve the scheme? The Apostle Paul admitted the limitations of his own understanding, but he was absolutely sure of his Master. He never said, “I know why this is happening.” He said, “I know whom I have believed.”

“ The glory of God’s will means trust, it means the will to do his will and it means joy. ”

We start, then, with the recognition of who God is. He is our Creator, the One whose spoken Word called into Being the unimaginable thing called space and the equally unimaginable thing called time. He set the stars in their trajectories and put the sliding shutter on the lizard’s eye.

This is the God who dreamed you up, thought of you before light existed, created you, formed you, and now calls you by name. He says to us, “Fear not.” He says, “I have redeemed you.”

It is this same One who asks you and me to do what He wants us to do. The God of Creation who’s got the whole wide world in His hands. The God who—in the Person of Jesus Christ—“for us men and for our salvation came down from Heaven and was made man and crucified.” Those hands that keep a million worlds from spinning into oblivion were nailed motionless to a cross. For us. That Hand that held the stars—laid on you. Can you trust Him?

Two thousand years ago, Paul said that the Jews were looking for miracles. The Greeks were seeking after wisdom. Not much has changed, has it? People are still looking for instant solutions, chasing after astrologers and gurus and therapists and counselors, but Christianity still has only one story to tell—it’s an old, old, story: Jesus died for you. Trust Him.

And if you can trust that kind of God, what do you do next? You do what He tells you. You obey. If you know your Master, you will do His will.

This world is His show; He’s running it. Do we think of it as under our management? Created for the service of our own desires? “Do your own thing,” they tell us. They even say, “If it feels good, do it.” Have you ever heard a more idiotic piece of advice? Is it our world, a sort of make-your-own-sundae proposition, with the will of God just a nice creamy squirt of earthly success and heavenly approval that goes on top? The will of God is not something you add to your life. It’s a course you choose. You either line yourself up with the Son of God and say to the Father, “*Thy will be done,*” or you capitulate to the principle that governs the rest of the world and say “*My will be done.*”

We identify ourselves with Christ or we deny Him. Jesus chose a path, and went down it like a thunderbolt. When we say as Christ did, “I have set my face like flint to do His will,” we are baptized into his death—and like the seed that falls into the ground and dies, we rise to new life.

Obedience to God is action. It’s an act of the will. God gave us this precious gift of freedom of the will so that we would have something to give back to Him. *Put* yourself in His hands. *Choose.* *Give* yourself. *Present* your bodies a living sacrifice. Until you offer up your will, you do not know Jesus as Lord.

Let me go on to the third lesson. The shepherd and his dog reminded me that the glory of God’s will for us means *joy*. It can’t mean anything less from the kind of God we’ve been talking about. He made us for glory and for joy. Does He ask us to offer up our wills to Him so that He can destroy them? Does He take the desire of our hearts and grind it to a powder?

Be careful of your answer. Sometimes it seems that He does just that. The rams were flung helplessly into the sheep dip by the shepherd they had trusted. God led the people of Israel to a place called Marah, where the water was bitter. Jesus was led into the wilderness to be tempted by the Devil. The disciples were led into a storm. John the Baptist, the faithful servant, had his head chopped off at the whim of a silly dancing girl and her evil scheming mother.

Nearly 21 years ago, five American missionaries attempted to take the Gospel to a group of jungle Indians who had never heard of Christ. On the eve of their departure they all sang that great hymn by Edith Cherry:

*"We rest on Thee, our Shield and our Defender,
We go not forth alone against the foe.
Strong in Thy strength, safe in Thy Keeping tender,
We rest on Thee and in Thy name we go."*

One of the men was Jim Elliott, my husband, who had written in his diary when he was a junior in college: "Father, take my life, yea, my blood if thou wilt, consume it with Thine enveloping fire. It is not mine to save, have it Lord, pour it out for an oblation for the world."

Could Jim have imagined how literally that prayer would be answered? Months of preparation went into the effort to reach the Auca Indians of Ecuador. The men prayed, planned, worked, dropped gifts from an airplane and believed at last that God was clearly showing them that it was time to go. They went, and they were all speared to death.

Five men who had put their trust in a God who represents Himself as our Shield and our Defender were speared. *They were speared to death in the course of their obedience.*

Now what does that do to your faith? Does it demolish it? A faith that disintegrates is a faith that has not rested in God Himself. You've been believing in something less than ultimate, some neat program of how things are supposed to work, some happiness-all-the-time variety of religion. You have not recognized God as sovereign in the world and in your own life. You've forgotten that we're told to give up all right to ourselves, lose our lives for His sake, present our bodies as a living sacrifice. The word is *sacrifice*. In one of Jim's letters to me before we were married, he reminded me that if we were the sheep of His pasture, we were headed for the altar.

But that isn't the end of the story! The will of God is love. And the love of God is not a sentiment in the divine mind; it's a purpose for every individual life. We follow the One who said, "My yoke is easy," yet His own pathway led straight to the Cross. If we follow Him, sooner or later we must encounter that Cross. So how can we say that the will of God leads to joy? We can't possibly say it unless we look beyond the Cross. "For the joy that was set before Him, Jesus endured the Cross."

"Everything that happens," says Romans 8:28, "fits into a pattern for good." There is an overall pattern.

In 1975, my daughter and I had tea with Corrie ten Boom. As she talked about her own experience and that of my husband Jim, she took out a piece of embroidery which she held up with the back to us—just a jumble of threads that made no sense at all. She then repeated for us this poem:

*My life is but a weaving betwixt my God and me
I do not choose the colors, He worketh steadily.
Oftimes he weaveth sorrow, and I in foolish pride,
Forget He sees the upper and I the underside.*

She then turned the piece over, and we saw that it was a gold crown on a purple background.

The dog didn't understand the pattern—only obedience. As George McDonald put it, "Obedience is but the other side of the Creative will."

The will of God also means joy, because it is redemptive and it transforms. It is redemptive, for it means joy not only for me as an individual, but for the rest of the world as well. Did it ever occur to you that by being obedient to God you are participating with Christ in His death, and then in His redemptive work?

Your response helps all the rest of us. Obey God for His sake, first of all. Obey Him for your own sake—if you lose your life, remember He promised you'd find it. But obey Him too, for my sake—for the sake of all of us.

There is a spiritual principle here, the same one that went into operation when Jesus went to the Cross. The offering up of ourselves, our bodies,

**“ The offering up of ourselves
... to God is the laying down of our
lives for the life of the world. This
is the mystery of sacrifice. ”**

our wills, our plans, our deepest heart's desire to God is the laying down of our lives for the life of the world. This is the mystery of sacrifice. There is no calculating where it will end.

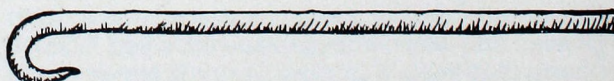
This is what I mean by transformation. God wills to transform loss into gain, all shadow into radiance. *I know* He wants to give you beauty for ashes. He's given me the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

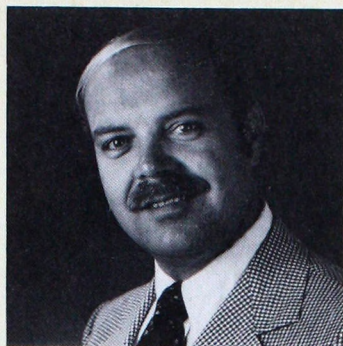
Jim Elliott and his four companions believed that the world passes away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever. Another translation says they are "part of the permanent and cannot die." In Jim's own words, by giving up what he couldn't keep, he gained what he couldn't lose. Because of Corrie ten Boom's obedience and that of her family, through the hideousness of a concentration camp, because they looked not at what's visible but at what's invisible, hundreds of thousands have seen the light of the knowledge of the Glory of God. Jesus had to go down into death, the seed had to be buried and abide alone in order to bring forth life.

The glory of God's will means trust, it means the will to do His will and it means joy. Can you lose? Certainly you can. Go ahead and lose your life—that's how you find it! "My life," Jesus said, "for the life of the world."

What's *your* life for?

UVV





THE OVERWEIGHT OR THE UNDERFED:

WHO SHOULD BE THE LOSER?

by Don Maddox

I recently attended and participated in a convention for Christian leaders. Every year this particular convention attracts thousands who come to learn the latest techniques in Christian education, management and ideas. World Vision's exhibit was at the entrance to the hall, so I had a good view of all the people attending the seminars.

But I was very startled to see the large number of overweight, flabby Christians.

Statistically, we in the Western world—and especially in the United States—are overweight. I have read that 30 million of us are not just pleasantly plump, but obese, fat, overweight, rotund. In fact, the average person in the Western world consumes an average of 3300 calories a day, while our average neighbor in a developing nation has about 1000 each day. And health authorities tell us that we need 2400 calories a day to be in good health.

If people are dying because of malnutrition, and we are dying from *over*-nutrition, why not put our Christian concern to work to help change the situation—to balance the scale, so to speak. If our bodies are the “temple for the Holy Spirit of God,” and if our hearts are sensitive to a hurting, hungry world, let us begin to lose weight not only to help ourselves, but also to help our hungry neighbor who finds himself on the other end of that scale.

If you're like me, weight control is not an easy thing. I enjoy eating. I like that extra helping or that special dessert or that crunchy snack. And yet I want to control my weight because I know I'll feel better and work better if I'm not stuffed all the time. And I know that my over-consumption, my overweight body and my affluent life style are hurting an already hurting world.

Jesus Christ has given me a purpose and direction in my life. He has given me a ministry

of love and reconciliation, a ministry involved with and for my neighbor. And my neighbor is dying. Dying at the rate of 10 every minute . . . of every day.

This means that in the time it will take you to read this article, between 30 to 40 people have died from hunger and its related diseases. They are not just faceless statistics: They are our neighbors, our friends, our brothers.

World hunger is an almost overwhelming problem but it can be corrected through concerned people who band together to change the world.

Join me. Lose weight and gain a new ministry. Put a sign on your refrigerator. Keep a reminder in your wallet or purse. Make a bookmark that will remind you not to nibble while reading.

Set goals for yourself. When you attain one, reward yourself by sharing with a hungry person, through your church or through World Vision's Love Loaf program. Start a “Losers' Club” at your church and gain a new direction. Challenge your friends to a “weigh out,” and see that unwanted, unneeded weight go for a purpose. You'll feel better for the loss, and you'll help bring hope and healing to a hungry world. If you have failed to lose weight in the past, give yourself another chance—by setting the stakes on a higher purpose.

Several books to start you on your way are *The Fat Is in Your Head*, by Charlie Shedd (Word Books); *Weight, a Better Way to Lose*, by Roger Campbell (Victor Books); *More of Jesus, Less of Me*, by Joan Cavanaugh (Logos Books), and *God's Answer to Fat: Loose It!*, by Frances and Charles Hunter (Hunter Ministries).

Join me—we'll begin together. And as you give to celebrate those first ounces—or pounds—lost, rejoice. Because somewhere, an unknown friend will eat a little better tonight.



USAirmail 31c



and How Shall They Hear... Without A Letter

by Patricia Hershey

The most frequently asked question when I was president of a missionary society was, "What is the key to good correspondence with a missionary?"

The answer: There is none!

But now that you have enjoyed a momentary reinforcement of your missionary-letter-writing procrastination, let me add that you *can* learn a good working knowledge of the lock. Even if you are already busy—as most of us are or at least think we are—consider Thoreau's statement. "It isn't enough to be busy; the question is what are we busy about?" For God has told us "But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased" (Heb. 13:16).

"Good news from far away is like cold water to the thirsty" (Prov. 25:25, LB). This verse was emphasized at a recent missionary conference so that those attending might return home remembering that letters to a missionary are always welcome. Welcome—meaning "received with gladness in response to a need."

The Basic Ingredient

One of these needs is encouragement, and letters should be an encouragement to those who receive them. Paul tells the Ephesians that he wants to let them know how he is and to encourage them by his report. Peter also states that the purpose of his letter is to encourage.

One source of shared blessing and encouragement is a personal testimony. What is the Lord doing in your life? Have you had a recent answer to prayer? Has the Lord given you a specific promise? What is happening in your church? In what ways are lives being changed?

Another way to encourage is to praise. Praise God first, but then praise the missionary. Praise is like sunshine to the human spirit. We cannot flower and grow without it. To give your missionary true praise costs you nothing except the minutes spent writing an appreciative letter.

The New Testament is composed primarily of missionary letters. And Paul gives thanks and praise for the ministry of those to whom he writes. For examples of this, read Philipians 1:4-5, I Thessalonians 1:2 and II Timothy 1:3.

We all need more bolstering than we get, and this is especially true of those people who have left the affirming security of home. But a touch of home could be added to your letter if you know any of the missionary's relatives or friends. News about loved ones is always heartening and brings joy.

But I Don't Know Any. . . . You Can!

Just because you don't know a missionary personally does not mean that you cannot share in the blessings of such a correspondence. Write a get-acquainted letter. Tell the missionary why you are writing: You heard his name at a meeting, saw a story written by her, remembered him from last year's conference or found their names in your denomination's

directory.

Introduce yourself in such a manner that the missionary will feel he has truly met you. A former missionary told me that one of her most beneficial letter friendships began with this paragraph:

My husband and I live on a small farm about 10 miles up the road from Hillside Church, where you spoke last fall. Our two children are grown and live on the other side of the Mississippi River, so we seldom see our three grandchildren. We have a few cows, some chickens, fruit trees and a large garden. And I enjoy canning the fruits and vegetables for times when our "city folks" are able to come.

She said although they corresponded several years before meeting, she had a vivid mental picture that helped make this lady's letters more meaningful.

It's Just Another Form

The amount of correspondence expected from missionaries forces them to use a form letter. If you have received a form letter from a missionary, treat it as though it were a personal letter to you—it is meant to be! Respond to the family happenings, notes of praise and prayer requests that are mentioned. It's important and beneficial to the missionary to have some feedback on how clearly he has communicated with you.

Deciphering Is Preferred?

If you want to be certain that your letter is one of the first to be answered from the missionary's perpetual pile, then don't type it—write it in longhand! The first time I heard that I was amazed, for it seemed anyone would prefer easy-to-read type rather than my left-handed scrawl. But Paul, in several of his letters, also made a point of mentioning that he was writing these greetings with his own hand. There is a warm and caring feeling conveyed by a handwritten letter.

A Country Clipper

What do you know about the country where your letter is go-

ing? A little time spent reading about the climate, the people, the economics and politics will increase your understanding and keep you from asking unnecessary questions. As you develop an awareness, you will begin to notice that country's name in magazines and newspapers. Clipping out relevant and pertinent articles or news items to enclose in your next letter will not only be informative, but will also give the missionary a fresh perspective.

Emotional Barometer— Minus Zero

Don't relate any heavy personal problem that will give the already overweighted missionary another burden to bear. If you've corresponded for a period of time, then of course you will want to share your downs as well as your ups. But as a rule, your letter should not contain an involved negative situation about which the missionary can do nothing.

Don't Send a Jack-o-Lantern, but. . . .

Many of the holidays that we enjoy are missed in another culture. Receiving cards, gift-wrapping paper and other mementos of a holiday season is a rare treat. *Ideals Magazine* is a lovely gift for the missionary whose circumstances have caused an aesthetical starvation. And for birthdays—find out when each birthday is and remember it (in time!) with a special letter or card.

The missionaries' children are sometimes the neglected minority. Familiar holiday favors are especially meaningful to the young. If the children are away at school, get their addresses. Letters to the children are doubly significant, for they will not only encourage the child, but also his parents. And I believe there is a correlation between the happiness of the "missionary kid" and the effectiveness of his parents.

Missionaries Smile—and Laugh Out Loud

The Bible says, "A merry heart

doeth good like a medicine." And much good will be accomplished by including some humor in your letter. On the mission field, problems are exaggerated; there is no dilution. If we have a trying day, we can call a friend, buy a new book or flick on the television. But these diversions are not available to the missionary. So any humorous anecdote, joke, or cartoon that tugs at the corners of the mouth will be more profitable than a whole bottle of "Geritol."

Sometimes just a light touch in your letter is refreshing, as well as an acceptable reminder to the missionary of a blessing that he may be taking for granted. Does his country grow exotic fruits? Is the climate to be envied? A missionary friend said his appreciation of Colombia was renewed with this postscript from a former neighbor:

Michigan is in the usual March glory of bare trees, small lumps of dirty snow scattered here and there, penetrating winds, but I still believe in the sunshine even though I find its beauty and warmth difficult to recall. My heart goes out to you as you suffer in its rays.

Although too many questions can be burdensome, there are some very welcome ones. For example: Are there any books you want to read that I could send to you? May I send a subscription to your favorite magazine? Do you need pencils or other office supplies? Little things—but oh, so meaningful to a weary missionary. He may be hundreds, thousands of miles away from these kinds of items.

Imagine what *Better Homes and Gardens* would do for a woman's spirits if she has not seen an American living room in months, or even years. And a man who is in the South American jungles doesn't suddenly lose interest in the World Series—he would relish a look at a current sports magazine.

How shall the unreached hear unless someone goes? How shall those who go endure unless we hold them up in daily prayer and lift up their spirits with: Today's Letter!



A Psalm in celebration of missionaries

How happy are those
who take the Gospel
to other lands.
They obey Your command
Lord Jesus
Your command to tell
the Good News
everywhere
to every person
in the whole world.
They forsake
kindred and friends
houses and land
comfort security things
to go tell
teach
heal
love.
They are the great ones
of this generation
of whom the world
is not worthy.
They are the ones
whom the world pities.
Poor world.
Poor pitiful world.
They are Your ambassadors
sent by You
to declare an end
to hostility
and announce peace
through Your death
and endless life.
How happy are those
who take the Gospel
to other lands.

—Joseph Bayly

From *Psalms of My Life*, by Joseph Bayly,
© 1969 by Tyndale House publishers.
Reprinted by permission.

Sometimes lives are changed in unusual ways when people take a . . .

Tour with a Purpose

WHEN A PLANELOAD of excited sponsor-parents and friends of World Vision sets out to "see what is happening to my gifts," some amazing things happen.

These people visit children's homes, schools and hospitals, where they see "World Vision in action" and receive a new awareness of what it means to sponsor a child. And what it means to help care for more than 100,000 children in more than 40 countries.

Perhaps even more importantly, sponsor parents meet their "very own" sponsored child. These meetings are happy ones, usually accompanied by tears of joy.

But there's another result of seeing the needs as they are, one that World Vision hadn't considered: Couples and individuals are giving themselves to

God for full-time missionary service.

Let's meet a few of them. Carol Anne Ranney of Portland, Oregon, a member of the 1973 tour, is now working as a nurse in Indonesia. She says, "I have found my place in God's harvest field."

Arthur and Edna Reeb of Roanoke, Illinois visited the Orient in 1974. They have re-

turned to the Philippines, where they are now "rejoicing in our new-found ministry."

Bill and Vera McAllister of Long Beach, California were so touched by what they saw during the 1973 tour that they returned home, sold their business and are now directing the Christian Guest House in Bangkok, Thailand.

Then there's Lillie Muller of Salem, Oregon. Her "call to active service" came during the 1975 tour. And she has since returned to Seoul, Korea, to "do what I can to serve God there."

There are a number of others, of course, but we thought you'd like to meet these people whose lives *and locations* have been changed by one of these tours.

There are two World Vision tours this summer, one to Central America and the Caribbean—July 5-20, and one to the Orient—August 1-17.

If you are interested, just write or call: George Hahn, Tour Director, World Vision, 919 West Huntington Drive, Monrovia, Calif. 91016; (213) 357-1111. He'll give you all the details. **UVV**

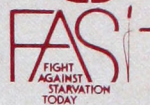


(above and center) Bill and Vera McAllister visiting their sponsored children while on tour. (right) An excited tour group arriving at the Seoul, Korea airport.



With the help of concerned Christians, World Vision is meeting the emergency needs of suffering people throughout the world and making it possible for them to build for future self-reliance.

What you are saying to a hungry world



Life-Giving Water for Mossi Farmers

Upper Volta villager Saidou Sawadogo doesn't ask for much. "If I can grow enough vegetables to feed my family the year round," he says, "then my life is complete."

One of about six million Upper Voltaics, Saidou is among the Mossi tribespeople who are starting to enjoy improved life styles as a result of World Vision development projects in their West African republic.

The village of Kaya is Saidou's home. It is near the site of one of five completed or proposed irrigation dams. Three of the dams are finished, and work has recently begun on the other two.

Each of the dams provides irrigation water for an intensive farming project in the surrounding area. At the three completed dam sites, a total of

100 farmers have already been equipped with an impressive list of gardening equipment.

In the next 18 months another 200 farmers will also receive donkeys, plows, carts, fertilizer, hand farm implements and assorted vegetable seeds.

An agricultural cooperative has been formed in each of the five areas. As well as organizing the labor force for building the dams, the cooperatives manage the growing and distribution of crops when the gardens become productive.

The projects include instruction in vegetable gardening, the care of fruit trees and the preparation and preservation of food. In some cases, World Vision will also provide medical care, housing and other specific needs.

Your gifts have made possible these successful agricultural projects, which this year will cost over \$300,000. Thank you for your continued caring.



monthly memo



I have just returned from New Zealand, where I was once again reminded of the important role World Vision's support offices play in extending our ministries.

Just as our five area offices here in the United States are instrumental in making many new friends in their areas, the fully autonomous support offices in Canada, Australia and New Zealand carry on a vital work of linking people in those countries with people in need around the world.

The Christian Leaders' Seminars that I shared in last month in New Zealand were a tremendous indication to me of the important work of our support offices. These five-

day conferences summoned nearly a hundred key Christian leaders and pastors to greater fervor and effectiveness in carrying out the mission of the Church. I was glad to see so many of the leading Christians of New Zealand sharing a common concern for the kinds of things World Vision is doing.

Geoff Renner, the capable young man who heads World Vision of New Zealand, coordinated the two meetings, which were held in Auckland and Christchurch. Dr. Sam Kamaleson, head of World Vision's international Pastors' Conference ministry, and Ed Dayton, director of our Research and MARC division,

joined me in speaking at the conferences. In addition, we were all blessed by the ministry of two Christian brothers from Costa Rica and Poland.

We spent three days of each conference discussing the challenge of modern missions. During the remaining time, we focused in on the practical "how to's" of Christian management—how to make the most of your time, how to use limited resources most effectively and how to integrate a leadership position with a well-balanced personal life.

I am grateful to the Lord—and to our colleagues in New Zealand—for providing this rewarding opportunity to strengthen our bonds with brothers and sisters "down under."

Ted W. Engstrom
Executive Vice President



Dr. Ted W. Engstrom and Edward R. Dayton invite pastors and Christian leaders to share in the two-day seminar

MANAGING

Apr. 28, 29 in San Jose, CA
 May 12, 13 in Pasadena, CA
 June 2, 3 in Dallas, TX

YOUR TIME

This seminar has helped literally thousands of pastors and Christian leaders in *the very practical details* of daily life and ministry.

For the past 13 years Dr. Engstrom, coauthor of the bestseller *Managing Your Time*, has been executive vice-president of World Vision International. He also recently authored *The Making of a Christian Leader*.

Mr. Dayton, author of *Tools for Time Management*, is director of World Vision's Research and MARC Division. Along with Dr. Engstrom, Mr. Dayton is coauthor of *Strategy for Living* and *The Art of Management for Christian Leaders*.

Plan now to be with us. Mail the coupon to Managing Your Time, World Vision International, 919 W. Huntington Drive, Monrovia, California 91016

.....

Managing Your Time Seminar

- San Jose Pasadena
 Dallas

(Check one. \$95 covers all costs. Make checks payable to Managing Your Time.)

- Send complete details
 I enclose \$25 now, the balance of \$70 to be paid at the seminar
 I enclose the entire \$95

Name _____
 Church or Org. _____
 Org. address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____
 Telephone _____

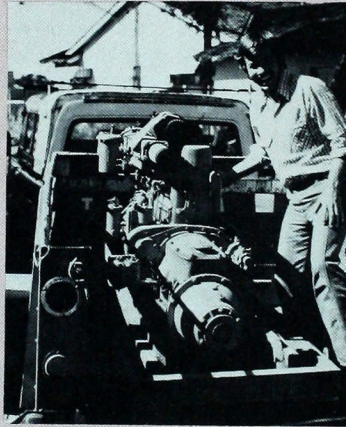
world vision

people's projects

Diesel Engine to Youth With A Mission

World Vision recently delivered a marine diesel engine to Youth With A Mission, to be installed in the "I Timothy," the first of a fleet of inter-island sailboats to be used for island evangelism in the South Pacific.

The "I Timothy" is a 35-foot ferro-cement boat presently under construction in Escondido, California. The 180-horsepower diesel was donated to World Vision by Mr. Robert Van Degrift of Pasadena, California, who was pleased that the diesel will be used for evangelism. The



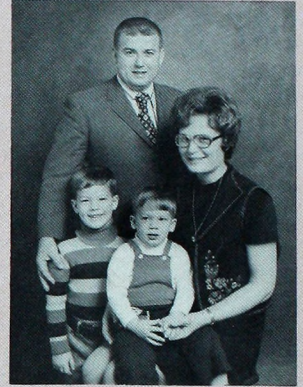
1800-pound engine, according to Mr. Van Degrift, is "in new condition."

West Africa Director Appointed

World Vision is pleased to announce the appointment of the Rev. Manfred Waldemar Kohl as the field director for World Vision of West Africa. A native of West Germany, the Rev. Kohl came to the United States to complete his theological training at Gordon Divinity School and Harvard University. After pastoring several years in the United States, he is now directing the combined ministries of World Vision in West Africa. Kohl, with his wife and children,

is living in Abidjan, Ivory Coast.

Mr. Kohl is the author of a number of theological papers



and two books entitled, *Lagoon in the Pacific: the Story of Truk* and *A History of Congregationalism in the United States*.

Project Workers Honored

A Taiwan Family-to-Family Project was brought to the attention of the Tai Tung Hsien Government in a recent memorandum from the Ta Wu Hsieng Office. The memo, which praised the Faithful Aboriginal Childcare Project, naming it as "the best one among the other Family-to-Family Projects," read in part:

"... It is recommended that the case worker (Mr. Teng Yi-Feng) and five other school masters ... should be awarded (with a) first-class merit in personnel record by your Hsien Government."

Reconstruction Funds Allotted

Recent hostilities in Lebanon resulting in partial or complete destruction of many rural villages have brought about untold suffering to hundreds of families. World Vision has approved a grant to assist the people whose lives have been terribly disrupted during these times. The monies are to be used to

purchase materials for repairing or rebuilding homes.

Funds are being administered through the Christian and Missionary Alliance, and the program directed by the Rev. Sami Dagher, a gifted Lebanese pastor. It is anticipated that at least 30 families a month will be resettled, and that the project life will be up to two years.

Brazil Project Approved

A nutritional program specifically aimed at helping meet the needs of children and expectant mothers in a very deprived *favela* (community) of Rio de Janeiro, has been approved.

Called the I.C.P. (Instituto Central do Povo) Nutrition Program, it will help with nutritional training for a school, health post, kindergarten, day care

center, camp and a broad range of activities. About 200 people will receive benefits from the program.



World Vision Prayer Requests

Please pray:

- for Ugandan Christians who are facing difficult days. In the face of much suffering, they need our continuous, earnest prayer support.
- for the filling of several important World Vision overseas staff positions.
- for travel mercies for World Vision personnel who are on overseas assignment.

August 29-31
Maranatha Bible Conference Grounds,
Muskegon, Michigan

CLINIC for CLERGY

Speakers:

Dr. Jorge Taylor
Dr. Ray Ortlund
Dr. Ted Engstrom
Dr. Sam Kamaleson

The CLINIC FOR CLERGY is a part of World Vision's 14th annual FESTIVAL OF MISSIONS (August 28 - September 5).

Midwest Area Office

WORLD VISION INTERNATIONAL
Box 209, Grand Haven, Michigan 49417

- Please send me more information on the CLINIC FOR CLERGY.
 Please send me information on the FESTIVAL OF MISSIONS.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____ WV

unreached peoples



Casual visitors to Zinacantan, in Mexico, would think they were visiting one of the most Christian peoples in the world. It seems to be a land where it is always Good Friday.

Hundreds of wooden crosses dot the land like flowers in the desert after a rain: They sit atop churches, in house patios, beside all waterholes, at the foot and on top of mountains, in caves. They are called "calvaries" by the Zinacantecos. Like Jerusalem's Calvary, they come in groups of three.

But they are as far removed in meaning from God's sacrifice of His Son as the east is from the west. Zinacantan's calvaries are doorways for communication

with the ancestral gods who inhabit the mountains and the earth god who lives under the ground. They are places for humans to offer sacrifices of black chickens, white candles and incense, to pray and hope for help from the gods.

Though the Zinacantecos were converted to Catholicism in the 1500's, they hold to only the thinnest veneer of Christianity. Underneath what appear to be Christian symbols and practices flows the ancient Zinacantan religion. More pagan than Christian, these 10,000 descendants of the Maya Indians display their hunger for spiritual security in the midst of a difficult world. Fewer than a dozen know

the Christ of Calvary.

The Zinacantecos of Mexico are symbolic of thousands of people groups around the world who are yet to hear and respond to the Gospel. You can become part of reaching these people by learning more about them—and hundreds of unreached peoples around the world.

In order that you may pray, love and understand the needs of unreached peoples like the Zinacantecos of Mexico, World Vision's MARC Division has prepared a brief prayer folder. This folder includes the data from the World Vision/MARC Unreached Peoples program and is available to you for the asking. At the same time you will receive a list of 200 other unreached peoples about whom you may receive additional information.



The Land of a Thousand Calvaries

globe at a glance

NEWS BRIEFS FROM THE INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN SCENE FOR YOUR INFORMATION AND INTERCESSION

PERSECUTION IN UGANDA

As the Church of Uganda approaches its 100th anniversary this year, Christians in that country find themselves engulfed in a wave of persecution. Refugees who have fled into neighboring Kenya tell of a nationwide purge of members of the predominantly Lango and Acholi tribes from the ranks of Uganda's students, police, armed forces and prison service. They are being replaced by Muslims and members of strongman President Idi Amin's own tribe. At least 1000 people were killed during a 16-day period in February, most of them Acholis and Langos.

Most notable among these deaths was that of the Rt. Rev. Janani Luwum, Anglican Archbishop of Uganda and an outspoken critic of violence and injustice in his country. Along with two Government ministers, also reported to be Christians, the Archbishop was accused of plotting to overthrow the Government. After the men were arrested at a rally exposing details of the "plot," they were driven away for interrogation. Although Amin insists that they died when the car in which they were riding went out of control, this version of their death has met with increasing disbelief around the world. Newspapers in both Tanzania and Kenya, as well as an English Anglican bishop, claim that Amin personally shot Archbishop Luwum during his interrogation. His death has stirred a shocked protest among church leaders around the world.

Meanwhile, at least one Ugandan bishop has escaped from that country, and another has been expelled. In addition, over 100 foreign missionaries have been told to leave the country by April 1, the date their work permits expire.

Africa

MANAMA, Rhodesia—After being marched into neighboring Botswana at gunpoint, 400 students from a Lutheran mission school here were allowed to meet with their parents, diplomats and Red Cross officials. Most of the students then elected to remain with their captors, members of a Rhodesian terrorist group. Parents reported that their children feared reprisals from the terrorists if they returned to Rhodesia, and two priests who accompanied the visitation party said the children were influenced to stay with the guerrillas by "indoctrination, threats and promises."

KINSHASA, Zaire—Former church-administered primary and secondary schools here that were taken over by the Government in 1974 have been returned to the control of the various churches, a move involving

more than three million students and 80,000 teachers. The agreement carries the understanding that the churches may teach religion and that the Government will continue regular subsidies for teachers' salaries and maintenance. According to a United Methodist official, the move "shows the Government is ready to accept the churches as full partners in nation building."

NAIROBI, Kenya—The Lausanne Committee for World Evangelization (LCWE) has declared May 29, Pentecost Sun-



The Rt. Rev. Janani Luwum, Anglican Archbishop of Uganda (see story above).

day, as World Prayer Day. They are calling for Christians around the world to unite in prayer for world evangelization, focusing on the world's three billion unreached people, as well as the plight of those who are being persecuted for their faith in Jesus Christ. The chairman of the LCWE intercession group has urged that churches and individual Christians make local efforts to insure "that the earth is covered that day with cells in intercession."

Latin America

SAN CRISTOBAL TOTONICAPAN, Guatemala—About 200 Christian Guatemalan Indian leaders recently attended a unique evangelism conference at the Quiche Bible Institute in this mountain town. Planned by participants in the 1974 Lausanne Congress on World Evangelization, the conference brought together colorfully dressed leaders from several tribes. They met to share ideas and experiences in the evangelization of their people, as well as learn new concepts for spreading the Gospel in Guatemala, including the use of audio-visuals, literacy training and theological extension courses.

Father James Keller, who founded the *Christophers movement* on the principle of promoting the Gospel in the "marketplace of everyday life," recently died at the age of 97.

The **Latin America Mission**, currently in Bogota, New Jersey, will move its headquarters to greater Miami, Florida, over the next nine months.

Eli Lilly, founder of Lilly Endowment, Inc., which has given more than \$250 million over the years to charitable causes, including churches and missions, has died at the age of 91.



The Atrophy of a Hollow-Centered Tree

If you finish reading this page, some of you will say, "Wasted time! It wasn't 'spiritual.'" Nonetheless, give your patience a stretch-out. What is here set down is disturbingly *Christian*, or I am a hopeless judge.

Recently—and the first time in many a moon—I had occasion to ride a New York City subway train from Midtown to Lower Manhattan. By comparison with London, or Stockholm, or Tokyo, or Moscow, it must be among the noisiest, clangiest, untidiest conveyances in the world. As we swayed and rattled along, I was hit by a paradox. I knew that just a few feet above us there were soaring skyscrapers—steel-and-glass monuments to man's technological ingenuity. Equally well, I knew that above us were filthy tenements and decaying little hotels and sleazy massage parlors and frowzy dives where the "nudies" cavort, and grimy alleys with their reek and rot. And here on the clattery, graceless train sat New Yorkers—a slice of that community at least—who, sitters and strap-hangers alike, did not produce a single smiling face. Solemn, sullen, somnolent, surly—anything but serene.

Now everyone knows that the "Big Apple" has been in big trouble. For months it has been tottering perilously on the brink of bankruptcy. Far from suggesting, however, that America's metropolis should absorb more mudslinging than many another of the world's cities, I am really pointing my finger at myself in sober indictment. I am guiltily conscious of being one of many among the Christians of the world who are insensitive to what is happening in the urban jungles of today's world and to the magnitude of the involvement that Christians ought to feel in full view of it.

What, in fact, has been happening to our huge urban centers? The movement *in* has been that of people from the more rural areas. The movement *out* has been twofold: (1) major industries, either to move away or go to the outer fringes of the city, and (2) the middle class to the suburbs. This has left the poor undersupported, underintegrated with the community's ongoing life and undersecure. It has left them also without an adequate Christian presence, concern and understanding. Churches flee too!

In the case of the burgeoning cities of Asia, Africa and Latin America we have the phenomenon of what Barbara Ward calls "cities that came too soon." That is, they are cities that were built around ports that had a dependent tie-in with systems of trade dominated by Europe or America. The terms of the trading were dictated by the powerful foreigners who at first were interested only in milking from these underdeveloped economies their natural resources. The result was

comparatively little industrial or even agricultural growth within the economies of the countries represented by these rising cities. (This, of course, has begun to change as Western multinationals have had to meet the growing demands of the developing countries for commercial contracts more advantageous to the seller and less exploitative to the buyer.)

There are other factors, to be sure. Whatever the causes, the colossal tragedy is that many of the teeming cities of the world have decay, depression and danger at the heart of them, something that an English writer has called "the atrophy of a hollow-centered tree." It is reckoned that in one generation, more than 400 million people have been added to the population of our big cities—added but, in too many cases, not assimilated.

One major development is worth noting. Big government planning has lost its enchantment. Right down the line, from the United Nations Conference on Human Settlements to particular city managers, the new track is to develop schemes in which jobs and people and housing are held together in a dynamic blend of social responsibility. There must be pooled effort involving both the public and the private sectors. There must be openness enough in the schemes for the people involved to have something to say about their needs and wants.

What is needed, in addition, is the caring responsibility and action of Christian churches. Even back in the volatile and vicious 1960's Monsignor Robert Fox took the initiative in Harlem and organized peace processions, with music and pageantry and worship. When the Spanish-speaking residents of 103rd Street, East Harlem, put on a one-day renovation drive, asking middle-class suburban volunteers to come in and lend a hand, one witness wrote:

As dusk set in on that Saturday, Julio Flores looked down the length of the now-shining block full of men and women, Puerto Rican and Anglo Saxon American, singing together. People . . . will be talking about this day for a hundred years.

Is there any reason—other than the hobgoblins of tradition (no older than this century) and fear—why evangelicals should not gear up for action in this open field? Nazarenes have something going in Washington. Covenanters have a project among Spanish Americans in Los Angeles, as do the Baptists in Watts. Who knows of other efforts?

Don't be put off by the allusion to childhood ways, for the poet is in earnest:

Let's play a game. Let's pretend that love is each man's name. Let's see if the world remains the same.

Paul Speer

This label is to be used on the enclosed envelope.

One of the most important things you can do for those you love.



Perhaps you have never thought of it this way before, but properly planning your estate can be one of the most important things you can do for those you love. It insures that your valued possessions will go to your loved ones and to the kingdom of God instead of being eaten up by the costs of probate and taxes.

The Importance of Estate Planning

By planning your estate, you

- protect your loved ones from needless, time-consuming legal complications;
- save hundreds and even thousands of dollars in expenses and taxes;
- prevent your personal property—books, pictures, jewelry, heirlooms and other valuables—from being sold or given away;
- provide a way for stewardship of your possessions according to your wishes, and
- assure that your possessions will be distributed to those whom you designate.

Most Christians *intend* to plan

their estates and prepare legal wills. However, *Taxwise Giving* reports that as many as seven out of eight people die without even making their wills, much less planning their total estates.

Our Stewardship Department has assisted thousands of people during the past twenty years in gathering information helpful to them and their legal, tax and financial advisors in the planning

of their estates through wills, trusts, annuities and investments. We would like to help you put your intentions into action.

What to Do

Simply fill out the coupon below and we will send you, without obligation, the "Estate Analysis Form," the wills packet or any of the other information you request.

Put your love into action today.

RON ARNOLD, DIRECTOR—Stewardship Department

WORLD VISION, INC.

WV 047

919 West Huntington Drive, Monrovia, California 91016

Please send your free

- Estate analysis form Christian wills packet

Please send information on your

- Non-revocable annuities Revocable trusts

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Birthdate _____ Occupation _____

- Single Married Widow(er)

Age(s) 20 to 30 30 to 40 40 to 50 50 to 60
 60 to 70 over 70

