

MAY 1979

world vision



*Bangladesh:
Helping the children
fight back*

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The wet and the dry

Under water half of each year. Believe it or not, that's true of most of the section of Bangladesh known as Sreenagar.

While the high water sometimes provides recreation for fun-loving young swimmers, it also adds to the relentless adversity which Sreenagar children and their parents face all year long, every year.

James Greenelsh's account of his visit there will help you see how much adversity these children must fight—and why dedicated doctors and nurses are in there helping.

Dry, dry, dry. That's the situation for most of the people who live on Haiti's La Gonâve Island. A pair of articles in this issue show why a retired Michigan farmer has already spent more than a decade on La Gonâve and is still there, drilling, drilling, drilling.

Please share these stories with more than the usual number of your friends. And please give God more than the usual amount of opportunity to indicate to you just what you can do to help Sreenagar children fight hunger, poverty and disease. Or to help Haitians get both water and the Water of Life.

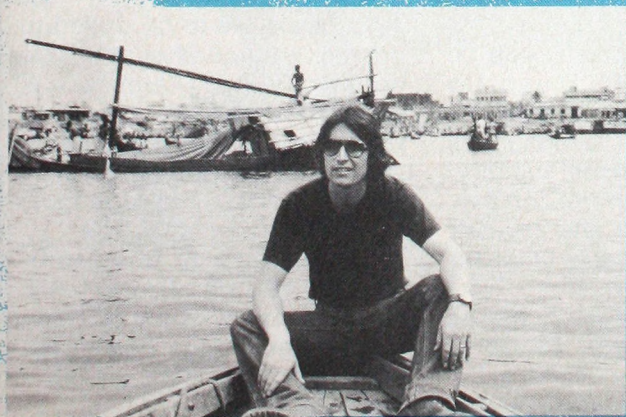
These are some ways to give the devil his due! (See page 19.)

DAVID OLSON

FIGHTING HUNGER POVERTY DISEASE FIGHTING HUN

***Bangladesh:
Helping the children
fight back***

by James Greenelsh
Director, Media Services
World Vision International



“Get out right here and make it fast. We can’t afford to miss that boat.” Clement Rozario paid the rickshaw driver 40 taka as we stepped out into a street swarming with Bengali men, women and children. We were in Dacca, Bangladesh, a city electric with activity, pulsating with musical Bengali voices.

“Where do we go from here?” I asked.

Clement threw me my camera bag and replied, “Follow me and stick close, because if you get lost in this crowd, my good brother, you’ll find out what lost is all about.”

We pushed our way through the street and down some stairs, and found our place in a fast-moving line. Clement looked at his watch and said, “We just might make it.”

Ten minutes later, tickets in hand, we stepped down into the hold of one of the oldest, creakiest passenger boats in Bangladesh.

The custom is to load each boat to capacity, and believe me, my idea of comfort was quickly

abandoned as one by one the seating spaces vanished. As the boat filled with people and we started squeezing together, I learned a surprising truth about myself: I was uncomfortable with poor people. After all, they were dirty; I was clean. They were ragged, I was well dressed. It's one thing to read hunger statistics and see pictures of poverty; it's quite another when poverty sits down next to you, closes in all around you and stares you in the face.

The boat began moving slowly down river, top speed, 10 miles an hour. Our destination: a new children's clinic in Sreenagar, five hours away. So Clement had plenty of time to brief me.

First he told me that over a million Bengali children died last year of diseases related to malnutrition. I caught the eye of one little boy

sitting across from me and wondered what that statistic meant for him.

Clement went on about the 28,000 children who go blind each year from untreated cases of the measles. Why? Because nine out of ten children live in rural areas, miles from any doctor or medical facility.

His voice took on a certain emptiness as he continued. "Small infections, minor disorders and common viruses that would cause little threat to a healthy child take our children with staggering ease by the thousands."

Angry determination colored his next few words. "Thousands of wasted lives! It's just not right! It's just not right!"

"So doctors and volunteer workers have joined together to put a stop to it. That's what the



Sreenagar



Leaders of the Sreenagar rural outreach

Sreenagar is a low-lying district in south-central Bangladesh, about 20 miles from the capital city of Dacca. Eighty percent of Sreenagar's land area is flooded during the six-month rainy season each year.

About 220,000 people (half of them children) live here, scattered throughout 120 villages. Their principal occupation is farming, though some are shopkeepers, tailors or vendors. Most are very poor,

and at least 45 percent of the children are malnourished.

When medical personnel at Dacca Shishu Hospital launched an effort to meet the health needs of Sreenagar's children, it became immediately clear that a more comprehensive program was needed to improve the quality of life for these families.

A team of Bengali business and government leaders, headed by the hospital's Dr.

Tofayel Ahmed, surveyed the people's needs and approached World Vision for support. A five-year program was begun (now in its second year) at a budget cost of \$739,000.

Now that the Sreenagar health clinics are in full operation, other aspects of the program are getting under way. Local leaders are learning how to teach their people about family planning. Primary school teachers are teaching their students good hygiene. Families are learning about preventive health care and nutrition.

As progress continues, thousands of families will receive bore-hole latrines. Tube wells are to be drilled to provide communities with safe drinking water. Farmers will learn better techniques of vegetable growing, fruit plantation and the raising of ducks and chickens. Seeds and tools will be distributed.

The Sreenagar effort promises to be a significant step in bringing renewed life to many hurting families in one of the world's poorest nations.

SE FIGHTING HUNGER POVERTY DISEASE FIGHTIN

Sreenagar rural outreach is all about.”

Then he turned to me and said, “You see, brother, if we could establish small rural clinics all over the country, like the fourteen we have in Sreenagar, each with a doctor and six trained volunteer workers, well, our children would grow up and . . .”

He hesitated, so I interjected, “They’d grow up to be football players.”

He laughed and added, “Yes, and Bangladesh would finally be strong enough to enter the Olympics. I think you understand what I mean.”

By now, the air was thick and I was sweating

like a champ. We agreed to find a new place to sit—somewhere on the boat’s roof.

From atop the roof I could see green and gold rice fields as far as the horizon, with men and women working the land under billowy clouds. As we moved through the water, small crafts laden with threshed rice would pass quietly by. I took a deep breath and commented on the beauty of the landscape.

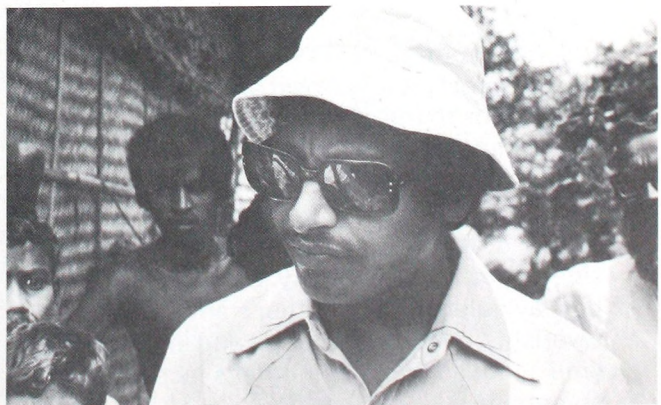
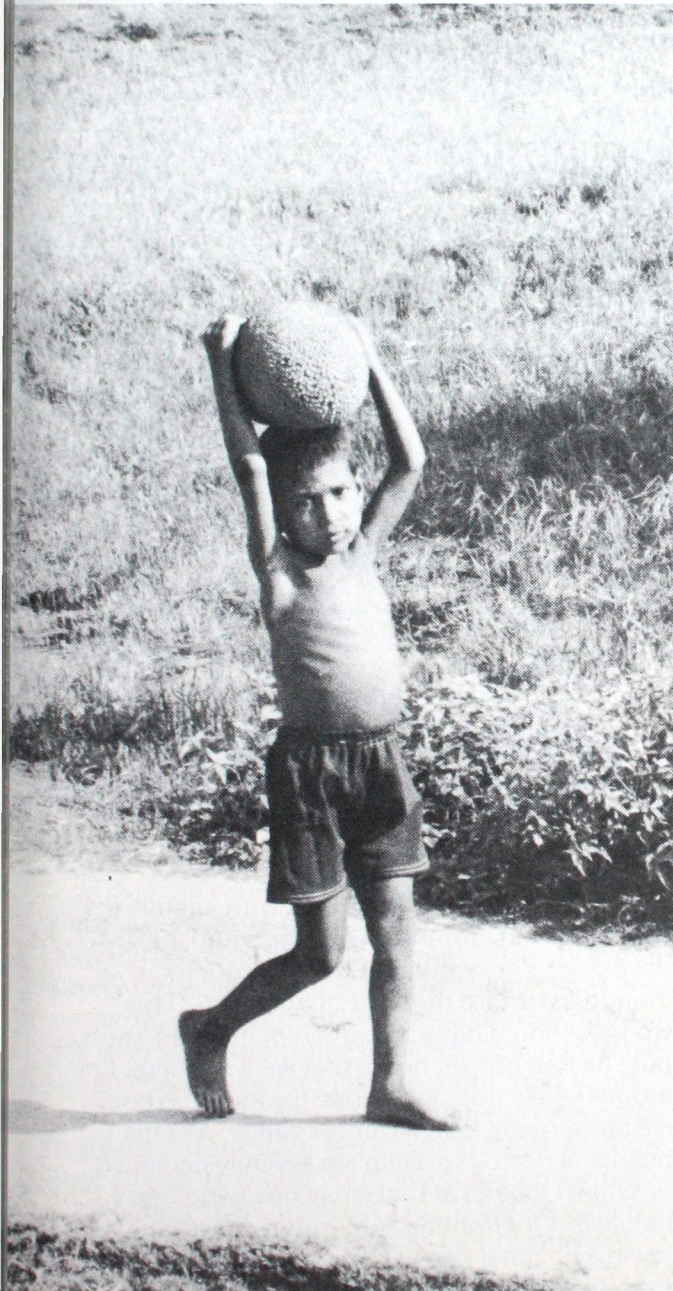
Clement replied, “Yes, Bangladesh is beautiful in spite of the poverty here. We take great pride in our country. But let me tell you that what you see out there is not only a beautiful landscape but a battlefield. Those men and women work long, hard hours for 14 taka (35¢) a day. Believe me, survival is not easy on 14 taka a day. And the men pushing those boats up river work for meals only, nothing else. For all of them the past was a struggle, today is hard work,

“When you have enemies like hunger, poverty and disease, you have no choice but to fight. Fight to be born. Fight to stay alive.”

and tomorrow will be no different. Life is something they must fight to hang on to.”

Clement grew up in Bangladesh. He now works with World Vision in Dacca. He knows and feels the problems of his country acutely. He said, “When you have enemies like hunger, poverty and disease, you have no choice but to fight. Fight to be born. Fight to stay alive.”

A few hours later we arrived at Sreenagar Children’s Clinic, one of fourteen clinics in the



Clement Rozario works with World Vision in Dacca.



Sreenagar outreach. As we stepped off the boat we met Doctors Anest and Nargis Sayeed. They led us to the clinic. As we passed a long line of mothers holding their children, I saw firsthand the battle for life raging in the body of a small boy. Some of the children were crying, others were standing tall at their mothers' sides, eyes full of curiosity. But this one little boy lay quietly in his mother's arms—panting feverishly, eyes closed, arms and legs hanging limp. I looked into that mother's face and knew something was very wrong.

Dr. Sayeed took me aside and told me the

story. "This child has been sick with anemia for two and a half months. Two weeks ago, he developed spinal meningitis." The doctor motioned toward the mother and said, "This woman should have brought him here long ago, but she had not yet heard that we were here. I'm afraid there's not much hope for this little one. He has already lost his motor ability, and his brain and nervous system are severely damaged."

When I looked at that small boy lying there helpless, I thought back fourteen years when I lay in a hospital bed in Los Angeles, suffering from the same disease. I knew the fever, the



Dr. Nargis Sayeed examines a patient.

gradual weakness, the slowly gripping pain. I knew the fear that this Bengali mother must have felt—the fear of death.

But I survived. A strong body, good food and medical attention put me back in the game. This little boy, I thought, will die simply because no one was there to help him fight back.

As we moved past the line of patients into the clinic, Dr. Sayeed said, “Children die the world over from various diseases. But in Bangladesh the fact that makes life all the more bitter is that our children often die needlessly.”

Inside the clinic I looked around quite unimpressed. Clement must have known what I was thinking. He said, “It’s small, but small is pretty big when it’s all you have.” I felt a little embarrassed, but didn’t say anything. So he hit me with some rapid-fire statistics. “Each of these small clinics (He had just the right tone in his voice to let me know I hadn’t offended him) helps anywhere from 50 to 125 children a day. Multiply that over a year and you have a big enterprise.

“Not only that,” he said. “Out of the 220,000 people in this area, these small clinics will improve the health of 120,000.” Then he put



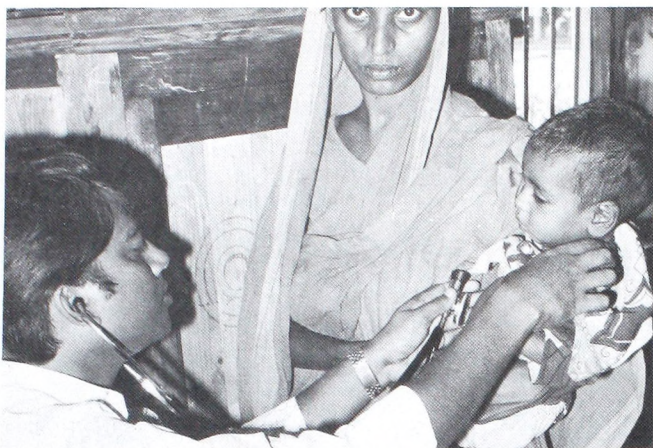
“This little boy, I thought, will die simply because no one was there to help him fight back.”

his arm around me and said playfully, “That’s a pretty big deal.”

I nodded hearty approval and asked Dr. Sayeed about the volunteer program. He told me that the clinic had six volunteer workers. Each receives two weeks training in Dacca and serves for six months. Their job is to go into the village to teach the people proper hygiene and to refer the sick to the clinic.

“Is it hard to find volunteers?” I inquired.

“No, not at all. In fact, we have too many who want the job. The problem is finding *doctors*.” He went on to say that doctors in



Dr. Anest Sayeed (examining child) "Some things are more important than a high-paying position."

Bangladesh get very poor pay. In some cases, no pay at all. So many of them move to the Middle East, where the pay is much better.

"Well," I said, "you and your wife are young. Why do you stay?" Dr. Sayeed's answer was

simple. He directed my attention to a child standing by his side and said, "Some things are more important than a high-paying position."

By now the clinic was jammed with children and mothers, so the doctor went about his work. I sat down to jot a few notes, one of which read: "If ever a young man stood before Goliath, this young doctor stands there now."

I guess that's when I caught the impact of the Sreenagar outreach: doctors and volunteers mobilized in an all-out effort to wipe out disease and malnutrition—a small but growing army of committed men and women fighting to set their children free.

I will long remember that little boy lying in his mother's arms, struggling for one more hour of life. For me, that bitter memory has become representative of the past—a past in which disease and malnutrition thrived unchallenged. But the future will be different for the children of Sreenagar. Because finally someone is helping them fight back.

To help Sreenagar children fight back, please use the reply envelope between pages 12 and 13.

When the job seems too big

by Graeme Irvine

Vice-President/Field Ministries
World Vision International



Times come when the job seems just too big, our resources too small, our energy sapped.

Last year I was in rural Bangladesh, 150 miles north of Dacca. Three little boys were crouched on the ground near me. They had scavenged some old vegetable roots from under the tables of a deserted market. Now they carefully wiped off the dirt and started to gnaw on these bits of root. It was probably all they would have to eat that evening.

That very day I had learned that nearly half the population of Bangladesh is under the age of 18. Ninety percent of them live, like these boys, in the 65,000 rural villages, clinging to the edge of survival. As if the plight of these 40 million young people is not enough, one is numbed by the prospect for their future children.

Statistically, our task is totally overwhelming. But we are sent to minister to people—not statistics—one at a time.

That same day, I visited

another village—a village which in 1971 had witnessed unspeakable human tragedy as millions of destitute refugees straggled back over the border into their devastated land. Amid the carnage that had become Bangladesh, young people faced horrors infinitely worse than that of the three little boys gnawing roots. Now, I saw these same boys and girls, assisted through the World Vision childcare program, facing a future bright with promise.

Charles Kingsley once wrote, "If you lose heart about your work, remember that none of it is lost. The good in every good deed *works on forever*." It's true. So, as the Apostle Paul says, "Let us not become weary in doing good, for at the proper time we will reap a harvest if we do not give up" (Galatians 6:9, NIV).

The Latin American evangelical community is growing at three times the rate of general population, according to a working group of the Lausanne Committee for World Evangelization.

Reasonable arms restraint was urged by the National Association of Evangelicals in annual convention. They called on Christians around the world to acknowledge trust "in a sovereign God rather than in superior armaments."

Renewed military conscription, now being considered in four different forms by Congress, is meeting opposition from church groups. Leaders of several denominations say that Christians should urge their legislators to oppose attempts to reinstate the draft.

With the rising divorce rate, some 45 percent of American children born last year will live part of their childhood with only one parent, according to a Census Bureau prediction.

A Food for Peace Program reform bill, inspired by Bread for the World, came to Congress recently. The bill consists of several amendments to Public Law 480, to assure more effective food distribution to the poor and malnourished.

Political involvement of bishops is defended by a Roman Catholic bishop in southern Brazil as a "vehicle for those who have no voice in public affairs." Bishop Honorato Piazzera said involvement should be non-sectarian and an attempt to be the "voice of those in need."

An end to racial segregation in South Africa has been urged by assembled delegates from 16 South African denominations. The churchmen also called on churches to "uphold the right of those who feel in conscience compelled to disobey a law in order to obey Christ."

Intolerance of others' political, social or religious views is almost equally common among people regardless of religion, age, sex, race or region. This is the finding of political science researchers in Minneapolis, who also discovered that liberals are only slightly more tolerant than conservatives, and that highly educated persons are only slightly more tolerant than the less educated.

Idi Amin's reign was "an eight-year nightmare" according to Archbishop Wani of Uganda. "You would leave your home in the morning on God's work and not know if you would come home that night. Each evening was one of thanksgiving. The next day you went out in faith again." Regarding the future he said, "It's the job of the church to stand and speak for the liberation of our spirits." See story on page 15.

An additional 60,000 refugees from Eastern Europe and Indochina will be admitted to the United States by September 30 under emergency measures approved by the U.S. Attorney General. The U.S. has admitted about 223,000 Indochinese since 1975; presently, at the rate of 7000 a month.


The Living New Testament will soon be a required textbook for 200,000 students in a small Brazilian state northeast of Rio de Janeiro. The secretary of education of the rural state of Espirito Santo asked that the New Testament be used to teach religion to public school children.

Jesuits would be happy to return to China, according to the head of the Jesuit order, who said they had not yet been formally invited to do so. Father Pedro Arrupe said, however, that Chinese officials have asked French authorities to reopen the medical school at the University of Aurora in China, and Jesuits may be included among members of a French team of returning professors. Jesuits first entered China in the 1580s, but were expelled with other foreign missionaries in 1949.

An Israeli Supreme Court ruling has decreed that Hebrew Christians cannot claim Israeli citizenship, because they are members of a religion other than Judaism.

Six women have been selected as "living Christian heroes worthy of recognition" by the editors of Interchurch Features, an informal association of nine U.S. and Canadian church publications. The women are Mother Teresa, Dorothy Day, Barbara Ward, Corrie Ten Boom, Lee Tai-Young and Annie Jagge.

A shortage of priests in the Spanish Roman Catholic Church has forced the church to begin actively recruiting candidates for its 1000 vacancies.



***Who
brings
the cool,
clean
water***

Nine in the morning— the sun was already hot. I stood waiting on a crude landing dock. A small sailboat was silently approaching.

From the boat a husky black Haitian with a gold cross gleaming on his chest called out to me in broken English and threw me a line. I secured the boat the best I could. Then he stepped onto the dock and gestured across the bay to the hazy silhouette of a small island.

"You go to La Gonâve?" he asked falteringly.

"I'm goin' if you'll take me," I answered. I hopped into the



untarily built this road. Without it we could never have reached them."

I looked doubtfully at the road (if you could call it that), peppered with rocks and boulders, ragged with holes, dips and jags.

Tony glanced over at me and said, "It ain't exactly Interstate 5 now, is it! But if you think this is bad, we had to pull a tractor and an eight-ton drill rig over this terrain. Top speed was one and a half miles an hour. But let me tell you, it's been worth every inch. These people are crazy with joy over the water."

The jeep lurched to one side, but Tony didn't flinch; he went right on with the story of Cherissab.

"Rain is a stranger to this island. Months, sometimes years go by before water holes are replenished. Crops fail. People suffer. At the peak of a drought, people die by the hundreds. If they're lucky, they scrounge a meal a day and stay alive. But for water? In Cherissab they were forced to go to an old cave. The water there was contaminated by bat dung and mosquito larvae, so the village was plagued by disease. Children died of malaria, typhoid and dysentery."

Tony's eyes were riveted on

Tony Wolf points out a prospective well site.



boat, and a broad smile broke over his face.

In a few minutes the steep, green hills of Haiti were behind us and we were knifing through the clear waters. Picturesque? Maybe, for a moment. But my destination was not an exotic Caribbean paradise; it was an island stricken with drought. Tourists never go to La Gonâve. What is there to see? No shops, no restaurants, no museums. Only people struggling to survive.

The island was once called "The Pearl of the Antilles," covered with virgin forests and rich with topsoil. But lumber pirates stripped the forests, erosion destroyed the soil, and drought claimed the land.

Two hours later the boat eased in for docking and a red-faced man wearing a hard hat and blue jeans welcomed us. His name was Tony Wolf. He has been on the island for about 11 years—building roads, drilling wells and sharing the gospel. He is a vital part of a project called "Water of Life."

It seemed as though I'd stepped directly from the boat into Tony's four-wheel drive, and before I knew it we were off to Cherissab, a small village ten miles away, over the crudest of dirt roads.

"I want to show you our latest well-digging site," Tony belted over the engine noise. "The people of Cherissab wanted water so bad they vol-



the road. There was an edge to his voice—both angry and sad, like someone recalling an ugly memory. Then he looked at me and, raising one fist like an excited sports fan, said, "These people don't take losin' sittin' down! When we pulled up with that rig everybody rolled up their sleeves and we started drillin' just a few yards from the old cave. There we stood, with water, good clean water just a hundred feet down. Talk about standing on the promise of God—there we were."

Just then we found a level stretch in the road. Tony hit the gas and kept right on talking.

"All day long that drill-bit twisted. Now and then when we brought it up muddy, you could see the disappointment on everyone's face. But then just as the sun was going down, we brought that bit up clean, wet and shiny. The whole village was

watching and they knew that meant only one thing. Water!

"Their reaction was like electricity. First a murmur, then laughter, then singing . . . rejoicing . . . and thanksgiving as pure and fresh as the water itself. The leader of the village came running to the rig, took hold of my muddy hands, and thanked me for putting his people on the road to life."

The jeep came to a clearing and Tony slowed it to a crawl; he leaned out the window, pointing, and said, "There it is! Old faithful!" I looked and saw a windmill slowly turning in a tropical breeze. But by the expression on Tony's face, I knew it was not just a windmill. It was a symbol

of life and hope for the whole island.

In a few minutes I was standing near that well. A few yards away I could see the old cave, no longer a source of disease and death. And before me were the faces of a new generation—strong, happy children.

Among them was a young boy named Makieva—a handsome nine-year-old sitting cross-legged on a rock with what appeared to be a homemade guitar in hand. He was strumming and singing in Creole, his native tongue. The verse ran over and over. This was Makieva's song:

*The Lord is my good Father
Who brings the cool clean
water,
Who saves me from the rocky
path
and puts me on the road to life.*

James Greenelsh



Villagers join Makieva (with guitar) in praising God.

Tony Wolf:

Tony Wolf is a spunky, salt-of-the-earth retired farmer who serves with his wife on the island of La Gonâve, Haiti, where he is supported by a small organization called West Indies Self Help. His well-drilling project on La Gonâve is underwritten by World Vision in Haiti. Tony was interviewed by Richard Lewis Detrich at a World Vision missions conference in Michigan.



Well, well, well!

Tony, what on earth is a sixty-nine-year-old retiree doing in Haiti?

Enjoying himself! I find it satisfying to be in Haiti helping the underprivileged in agriculture, community development, education and, of course, sharing the gospel.

You were a farmer, right?

I farmed in Michigan for many years. By trade I was a machinist. I did lots of odds-and-ends jobs when things were slow on the farm. And I served as a county commissioner. I think the Lord was preparing me for the job I was to do in Haiti, but I didn't think He was going to take that many years to prepare me.

Maybe He didn't think it would take that long either! Tony, you had a good living. What led you to give it up and go to Haiti?

My wife and I never imagined we'd be used in this way. We were always interested in the Lord's work. I didn't feel that I should just be sitting there on a padded pew thinking I had done my share. So we began to ask God for a new opportunity. Then one night I got a phone call

from Rev. Ron Smeenge telling me about conditions in Haiti, especially on the island of La Gonâve. He invited me to see for myself. In my mind I could not conceive of an island in the tropics being poverty stricken, so I paid my own way and went to Haiti.

When we think of a Caribbean island we think of a lush, tropical paradise.

I did too. I got my first glimpse of La Gonâve when we were four miles out at sea. I said to one of the missionaries in the boat, "What's that barren rock out there?" He told me it was La Gonâve.

I couldn't believe it when I set foot on the island. It was like going back a thousand years. I was there a month and the more I saw the more concerned I became. And the more I prayed. When I went back home I showed the slides I had taken. People began giving me money for La Gonâve. So I decided to go back to Haiti the next winter and see what I could do.

A lot of people your age after two heart attacks would walk

around the block a few times a day, find a comfortable rocking chair, and let it go at that.

Well, we're all different. I felt the Lord had a job for me to do and had qualified me to do it. I just praise Him for the opportunity.

How did you make the transition?

It wasn't easy. It's harder to make the adjustment when you're sixty. We had to learn a new language—Creole—and that was hard. Then there was the heat problem. It took us a long time to get used to the climate. And after sixty years of living among your own people, all of a sudden to live on an island of 60,000 people where there are only a half dozen other white people—that's an adjustment.

Did it get lonely?

Not so much for me. I was on the go. It was harder for my wife. But we weathered it. There weren't many visitors the first few years; La Gonâve is an out-of-the-way place. To get there from Port-au-Prince you first have to drive fifty miles up the coast over what used to be a rough, unpaved road, to a little seacoast village. From there you take a sailboat assisted by a

small outboard motor. With a calm sea and a light load it takes about two hours by boat to reach La Gonâve.

You said 60,000 people live on this barren island. How do they produce food?

Hundreds of years ago the island was covered with mahogany forests. Eventually the trees were all cut, the land eroded, and most of the soil washed out to sea. Many places in the mountains have big rocks and between these rocks some soil has lodged. It's among the rocks that the people have to plant their crops. Many years we have to plant two or three times before we get one harvest because of the lack of rainfall. In two recent years we had no rain at all.

What did the people do?

They died. We lost a lot of people. People dying of malnutrition is not something easy to witness. I've seen it. I remember one old man for whom nothing could be done. It took him three days to die. That is hard to face. I couldn't get that old man out of my mind. In the morning when you went through the market place you would see people being brought out to be buried. I've seen cows and donkeys drop dead right in front of me while their owners were taking them to the water hole.

If rain is so unpredictable, how do people get drinking water?

Their water comes from caves, sometimes from little springs up in the mountains. Many people walk four or five miles to get water. They wait their turn and share these water holes with animals. The water they get is so polluted you can see the larvae in it with the naked eye.

That's how the World Vision well-drilling project came about?

Yes. For four years we tried to get funds for a well-drilling outfit. I went to organizations and they'd say, "Give us a report and we'll have an engineer study it to see what can be done." Meanwhile people were suffering and dying. One day when I was home in Michigan I talked with Jim Franks, director of the Midwest office of World Vision. He said he'd like to help get us the money. It didn't take long before we had a promise from World Vision to begin the well-drilling project.

How many wells are there now and how many do you need?

We have dug seven wells so far. I want to see three hundred! That's a lot, but we have 60,000 people, so you can see that even that is not enough. But it will be a start.

You drill the well, then what?

There's no electricity, and

hand pumps don't last long, so we use a windmill that pumps water into a large cistern.

Around the wells the people are being taught how to raise vegetable gardens. They're also learning how to plant seedlings and start nurseries. They are going to start a national forest on the island of La Gonâve with the help of the Haitian government.

It's exciting Tony, to think of those wells and the new life they can bring.

Some interesting things have happened as a result of those wells. We went into a village where the people were divided into factions. Each group wanted to control the proposed well. While we were making our preparations I listened for several days and then I said, "I understand you people aren't getting along together. That's your problem. I'm not here to judge, but to drill for water. But first we've got to get the well-drilling rig here. We've got to haul it over ten miles of rocky trails through the mountains. We're going to need your help. And you'd better pray to the Lord for water!"

At first the people wouldn't even help each other move the rocks. But after a while I noticed a different attitude. They started working together. We drilled for four days and were ready to give up when late in the afternoon we hit water. One fellow got up on a big rock and got their attention. They sang and praised the Lord for forty minutes.

The next day I came to put the pump in and work on the windmill. They asked me to come back on Sunday so they could dedicate the well. We had a good service and they decided to organize a church. All the people together! No longer two factions.

Living water as well as drinking water! Part of the image we have of Haiti is voodoo: is that realistic?

Voodoo is the national religion of Haiti, but it's fading out.





When we first came to the island we'd hear drums every night. There's still some, but it's not like it was. The Lord is bringing about a change. I'm not, but the Lord is. I'm not a preacher, but

I do bring the Word of God to the people. I've been a Gideon for many years and I've continued my Bible distribution in Haiti. Last year I distributed 2000 Testaments.

Can most people read?

No. The illiteracy rate is quite high. That's why I hope to build eight schools on La Gonâve. I've already built two and I have six more to go. At first I didn't want to give Testaments to people who couldn't read. But if you give a Testament to a person, even if he can't read, it's a precious treasure and he carries it with him. When he runs into someone who can read he says, "Here, will you read my Testa-

ment?" Soon ten or fifteen people gather around to hear the Word of God. So sometimes it works better to give them to people who can't read!

You've been in La Gonâve eleven years. Is there any message you wish to give to Christians in America?

My experience is that too many of us take too much for granted. We should start praising the Lord for what he has given us in the United States. As we do this I think we'll begin to realize that there are needs in other areas and that we must share. We can't all go to the mission field, but we can all give, and pray.



Press-time news on Uganda

"The resurrection has burst upon us," said Ugandan Bishop Festo Kivengere, speaking in London about the recent turn of events in his nation. "Three years ago our plans for the reconstruction of Uganda seemed like a distant dream, but now it is a present reality. There is a tremendous work to be done in reconstructing Uganda, and this is to be done by Ugandans themselves, supported by their friends in Africa and overseas."

The Anglican bishop spoke first about the physical needs of his countrymen. Just prior to the war that saw Tanzanian troops oust Idi Amin, the people subsisted on bananas, cassava and potatoes. During the war, what little they had was taken by looting Amin soldiers, so now the food crisis is acute.

In addition:

- Medicine is nowhere to be

found in Uganda; the hospitals and clinics are bare.

- With the cold, rainy season beginning in June, blankets are badly needed.
- Many homes were destroyed in the war, so refugees are coming back to ruins.
- Transportation is a problem, with few vehicles available and gasoline "as expensive as gold."

Businessmen in ruined cities need short-term loans to get started again. The bishop also sees a great need for mobile medical clinics and evangelists.

Despite his rejoicing over the first liberated Easter Sunday in Uganda, Bishop Kivengere is concerned about the spiritual needs in his ravaged nation. He reports a loss of moral and ethical values throughout the country, with even small children speaking of murder and looting as normal, acceptable

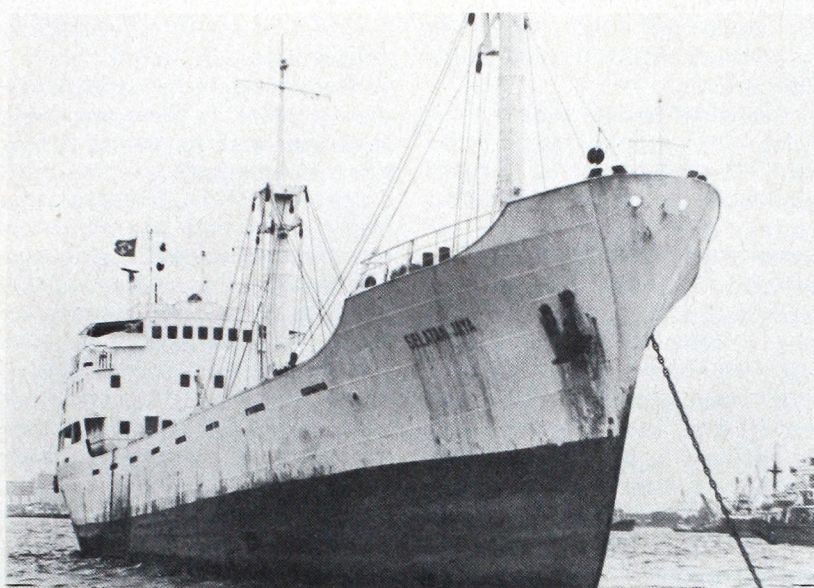
behavior. The spirit of working together and protecting one another has gone.

"Spiritual reconstruction can be achieved," said Kivengere, "through helping the people of Uganda to redirect their energies toward creativity rather than toward destruction, especially to overcome bitterness which has accumulated during this period of suffering." Through seminars and conferences the people need to be taught that "love and forgiveness are the best weapons for reconstruction."

At press time, Bishop Kivengere was scheduled to make his return to Uganda in the last week of April. Meanwhile, a World Vision representative arrived in Kampala on April 20 with the first shipment of relief supplies. World Relief Corporation was expected to fly in shortly thereafter, and MAP International was awaiting governmental permission to enter by land.

Watch the June issue of WORLD VISION magazine for more details.





The newly purchased ship, prior to its repair, repainting and renaming as Seasweep.

Seasweep II begins

Now that the monsoon season is over, World Vision has once again launched an operation to aid Vietnamese boat refugees on the South China Sea.

For this purpose World Vision has purchased a 900-ton ship. At press time, the ship (renamed *Seasweep*) was scheduled to set sail from Singapore in early May. It will cruise the waters south of Vietnam, looking for refugees who are in need of food, medical attention, fuel, boat repairs or navigational aids.

"We are not going out to pick up refugees," says President Stan Mooneyham. "We will strictly obey international law, which forbids us even to direct them to any particular port, but we will show them where they are and give them maps and compasses that will guide them where they choose to go."

The *Seasweep* has been equipped with a large medical clinic, staffed by Singaporean Dr. T. N. Chander and three nurses. Pharmacists in Singapore have donated \$10,000 worth of drugs for the clinic.

The ship is also equipped with a crane that will allow refugee boats to be lifted above the water long enough for needed repairs.

Directing the project is John Calder, chairman of the board for World Vision of New Zealand. The ship's operations officer is Gary Dillard, an American Christian who has had previous navigational experience on the South China Sea.

Seasweep II is expected to continue for the next seven or eight months—until the monsoons begin again. Each cruise will last 25 days, with five days in port before returning to sea.

Watch *WORLD VISION* magazine for more details on this urgent mission to the boat people.

Thanks to a volunteer doctor

In a hand-lettered presentation card dated March 14, 1979, Vietnamese refugees in Singapore expressed their love and appreciation to one who ministered to them during their encampment.

"Thank you," says the cover

design, "to Dr. T. N. Chander, the voluntary doctor. . . . We, the Vietnamese refugees in Singapore, cannot help feeling very sorry to say good-bye to you. . . . Thanks to the protection of God, you, our dear Christian doctor, came to our assistance. . . . Almost every day, rain or sunshine, you came regularly to attend us. Most of us were recovering from our illness very quickly because you treat us with great care and fondness. Your entire devotion to your noble job makes us greatly touched."

The card was signed by more than 70 of Dr. Chander's patients.



Dr. Chander (left) with World Vision's Burt Singleton and nurse Pamela Gan Poo Lian aboard ship during last year's *Seasweep*.

Urbana 79

The twelfth Inter-Varsity Student Missions Convention is scheduled for December 27-31 at the Urbana campus of the University of Illinois.

John W. Alexander, president of Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, and director of the triennial convention, anticipates attendance equal to that of Urbana 76, which drew more than 17,000 attendees from the United States, Canada and several other countries.

Among the speakers will be Gregorio Landero, general secretary of Accion Unida (United Action) in Colombia, who is to expound the needs of the world's rural people. Far East missionary David Adeney, now vice-president of the International Fellowship of Evangelical Students, will speak on the missionary's lifestyle.

Each morning John R. W. Stott, rector emeritus of All Souls Church in London, will deliver Bible expositions from the book of Romans.

Author and former missionary Elizabeth Elliot will speak on the necessity of personal witness, while Argentine evangelist Luis Palau will talk on corporate witness.

Other speakers include Billy Graham, Michael Haynes, John Kyle, Isabelo Magalit, Ronald Mitchell, Gottfried Osei-Mensah, Ruth Siemens and Warren Webster.

Love in each quilt

A certificate of appreciation acknowledging the volunteer efforts of Mrs. Gladys B. Downing was recently presented to the 80-year-old resident of Seal



Mrs. Downing shows Mr. Randolph one of the 2640 quilts she has sewn.

Beach, California, by Finley Randolph of World Vision's stewardship department.

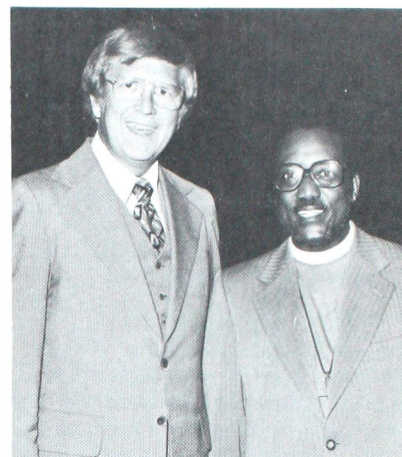
Mrs. Downing has hand-sewn the incredible total of 2640 quilted blankets for use by needy children in World Vision's childcare projects around the world. The 4' X 6' quilts contain thousands of pieces of material collected by Mrs. Downing over the years. She said that donated material has come from 24 states.

"Many people wrote to me or sent boxes of general material," she said, "so I was encouraged to continue. I just kept putting the pieces together in the hope that I was helping make some little one or older person warm, and I hoped they could feel the love I patted into each quilt."

Mooneyham in Papua New Guinea

Recently President Stan Mooneyham traveled to meet the primitive Niksek people in the interior of Papua New Guinea. "I've heard of places time forgot," writes Dr. Mooneyham, "but this place goes them one better. I had the feeling that time never found it."

Read Dr. Mooneyham's narrative account of his journey in the June issue of this magazine.



President Mooneyham rejoices with Bishop Kivengere

A new day for Uganda

In a mid-April gathering at World Vision headquarters, 100 persons received a timely report on Uganda from the heretofore exiled Ugandan Bishop Festo Kivengere, one of several Christian leaders who shared in the shaping of a provisional government now replacing the dictatorship of Idi Amin. Kivengere answered questions about RETURN (Relief, Education and Training for Ugandan Refugees Now), a project of African Enterprise. Read more about the Uganda situation on page 15 of this magazine.

Please pray for:

- the people of Uganda who suffered much under the former regime and recent war. Pray also that God will guide Ugandan leaders who are establishing a new government for their country.
- children in Sreenagar, Bangladesh, who desperately need medical attention. Ask strength for the volunteers who are helping them.

- Tony Wolf and other missionaries on La Gonâve, Haiti, as they seek to give physical and spiritual help to Haiti's people.

- refugees afloat on the South China Sea. Pray that the Seasweep may be able to find and help them in time.

- Christians in Latin America who are searching for tangible ways to minister to the poor.

monthly memo



Recently I quoted from a very significant paper prepared by our International Relief and Development Director, Bob Ainsworth, for his associates and colleagues overseas. I would like to quote again from Bob's helpful paper:

"With expected Third World population increases during the next 25 years of over two billion people, a growing competition for the world's dwindling resources, and continued political instability, we can expect a rising number of disenfranchised, starving peoples of the world. We may find ourselves in the midst of dramatic political turmoil at times and may even have to retreat temporarily while under fire. Ultimately, however, even those governments that are seen as anti-western or anti-Christian will have to turn to someone willing to help if they wish to survive.

"Governments will rise and fall, but as Jesus said, 'For ye have the poor with you always and whensoever ye will ye may do them good.' Perhaps that is His strategy, for as long as the poor and needy

cry for help and the Christian community responds in love, the gospel will flourish and spread. This means that the opportunity for Christian service in our type of work will grow proportionately.

"I predict that the demand for men and women with expertise and experience in community development work will increase dramatically within the next ten years, regardless of what happens in international politics, economics or philosophy. Because of the immensity of the challenge confronting us, there is no room for the kinds of personal competition and ambition prevalent in westernized secular organizations.

"Of course, it is difficult sometimes to differentiate between ambition that is based on an honest recognition of the calling that God has placed on our lives, and ambition that seeks power and position as an end in itself. However, if any of us has accepted a call into His service, we must be willing to accept the position in which He

places us and become the most professional, most efficient worker in that position even if it means remaining there for the rest of our lives.

"Our fulfillment must be found in the service we perform and not in the authority, title or remuneration we receive. I am most impressed by my colleagues whose focus is on the task at hand and not on the next step in their career pattern. This attitude allows God to sovereignly select whomsoever He chooses for new assignments and promotions, 'according to His good purposes.'"

Thank God for men and women who are aware of their spiritual priorities and the recognition that we are to be, as the Apostle Paul admonishes, "Ourselves, your servants, for Jesus' sake."

We express to you, our praying and supporting partners, our deep appreciation for every expression of your encouragement. God bless you!

Ted W. Engstrom
Executive Vice-President

China watcher

The two articles on China were very informative and timely. I am moved and inspired by reports of Christians living under oppression.

*Kevin J. Wheeler
Rudins AFB, Georgia*

Concern for Haitians

I hope we each will take a few minutes to send a note to Senator Edward Kennedy, Senate Office Bldg., Washington, DC 20510, and to Representative Elizabeth Holtzman, House Office Bldg., Washington, DC 20515, urging asylum for Haitian boat people who flee the tyranny of the Jean-Claude Duvalier regime.

*Richard Byrd
St. Petersburg, Florida*

readers' right

A horse for the hungry

Please accept this donation in the name of Alene Trefry, our ten-year-old daughter. The other night we were talking about children who have no food or just a piece of bread or some broth. Alene has been saving her allowance (about 50¢ a week) and praying for a horse, which she wants more than anything else in the world. I put her to bed and thought she was settled for sleep. About half an hour later she came out, eyes and face red from crying, saying that she wanted to give her money to help feed starving children. To her, this is giving up her hopes of buying a horse.

*Sharon C. Trefry
St. Croix, Virgin Islands*

Child-to-child sharing

I am 8 years old. I earned my money from getting A's in school, hauling in wood for our fireplace and household chores. Those skinny children really bothered me.

*Darren Lightseld
Boise, Idaho*



by J. D. Douglas

Giving the devil his due

To our theological seminary in Connecticut there came one year a young evangelical from Belfast. Three days it took him to size us up. Then he spoke his mind in the dining hall one evening. "The students on this campus," he declared in his open-air voice, "do not believe in a personal devil, but you're not here more than a day or two before you meet him face to face."

Some time ago, a Church of England committee recommended that the practice of referring in the prayer book to the devil by name should be discontinued. This provoked such strong protest, however, that the proposal was dropped. It is odd to imagine evangelicals battling to give the devil his due!

Yet four centuries ago it was a Church of England bishop who put the thing into diabolical perspective. "Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office?" asked Hugh Latimer (later martyred for his defense of the Protestant faith). "It is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher. . . . He is never out of his diocese . . . never unoccupied . . . never out of the way, call for him when you will. He is no lordly loiterer, but a busy ploughman."

I was brought up on the hymns of C. F. Alexander, one of which taught that a wicked spirit was continually hovering around me. I never saw any reason to doubt the fact; indeed, I could produce strong evidence to support it. The devil has gradually slipped out of our Scottish theology since then, so much so that one writer complained: "They've sold the good old brimstone hell, and pensioned Nick."

It is significant to note, however, that even the much-criticized translators of the New English Bible made no attempt to modernize 1 Peter 5:8, but faithfully rendered: "Your enemy the devil, like a roaring lion, prowls round looking for someone to devour."

One of the best things done by the English writer C. S. Lewis was *Screwtape Letters*, in which he imagined the kind of advice a senior

devil would give to one who was just learning the tempter's trade. In striking language this little book reminds us that the world is a continual battleground, the scene of a deadly struggle against the forces of darkness, with the soul's eternal destiny in the balance.

It reminds us too, in the words of Charles Kingsley, that "the devil is shamming dead, but he is never busier than now." Some of us know it only too well.


In a remarkable novel called *The Troubling of the City* (1963), Roger Lloyd also makes an archdemon instruct his subordinates. "Always and everywhere," he tells them, "simplicity is the enemy of such as us. Wherever . . . you find simplicity, don't try to destroy it, just complicate it." Where a situation called for a plain response, the task of the young devils was to make it fuzzy until no one could make sense of the confusion.

A splendid example of simplicity of language came when Mr. George Thomas, a Welsh Methodist, was elected Speaker of the present British Parliament. There was a great deal of pomp and ceremony when he was installed to an office which goes back several centuries. There were eloquent speeches—the sort of thing the English do really well when the mood takes them.

For me, however, the whole scene was put into proper perspective when a fellow-Welshman paid to the new Speaker the most telling tribute of all. He said simply: "He's a credit to his mam, he is."

But to return to the devil (who was trying to divert me away from himself there). You remember in John 9, when the Pharisees were giving such a hard time to the man born blind who was given sight by Jesus? Look at the tricky questions they hurled at him, and how they tried to confuse and complicate the situation.

And look how magnificently he stuck to the point, refused to be intimidated, and insisted on one piece of simple truth: "One thing I know, that though I was blind, now I see."

That contains all kinds of lessons for everyday living. And does it in the sort of clear language that must make the devil very angry indeed. 

J. D. Douglas is a freelance writer who lives in St. Andrews, Scotland.

The bishops and the campesinos

White and yellow plastic banners bearing the papal seals, after recently fluttering from every portal, window and Spanish style balcony, are now tattered and mostly blown away. A few hang grimy and askew. The pope has gone. The bishops have returned home. The journalists are off to new projects. Puebla, Mexico, is once again just a sooty, ancient town with a glorious heritage, trying (not too successfully) to cope with modern industry, pollution, an inadequate water supply and increasing unemployment.

Puebla, a microcosm of Latin America, was a logical location for the recently gathered Latin American bishops conference where 350 Catholic bishops and other church personnel met to discuss the evangelization of this continent.

Their goal was to draft a document which would be a guideline for the church as it seeks to function amid Latin America's problems. Much of the activity of Puebla was aimed at answering the question: "Just what is the church going to do in the face of the felt needs of the people and the commandments of Christ?" The problems that exist are so critical.

The 200-page document produced by the conference stresses that the church must give a "preferential option to the poor." The problems of the poor—both economic and spiritual problems—are to be a top priority.

Many church persons feel that

an important vehicle for helping the poor solve their own problems is to be found in the *comunidades de base* or "grass-roots communities." These communities have mushroomed phenomenally in Latin America in the past decade. In many ways they parallel the home Bible study movements that have become such an important part of our North American church life. It would almost seem that the pressures of a modern, anonymous society make people on every continent reach out to one another for spiritual support within small groups.

In Latin America the grass-roots communities meet a spiritual need which cannot be met by traditional church structures. There are 7000 baptized Catholics for every clergy person on the continent. Obviously if there is to be any kind of pastoral care or Christian education for the majority of the church, it has to be handled by the laity and not left to priests and nuns. Handling this learning process within these communities is a natural solution.

The communities began in Brazil, almost spontaneously, and have shown how quickly people can grow to spiritual maturity. Until now, the people in these communities have not had a chance for even a modicum of religious instruction. Theirs has been a faith interlaced with superstitions and centered on a simplistic rote without substance. Now, by the thousands, these people are

approaching the Bible for the first time in their history, and through these Bible studies they are quickly coming to a new understanding of what it means to be a Christian.

Normally the local priest organizes his rather large parish into small neighborhood groups of ten to twelve adults who meet together weekly to read the Bible and reflect upon spiritual problems in their daily lives. Each grass-roots community has a leader who spends time regularly with the priest, being instructed in the faith and directed in how to guide the group. The leader also participates every few months in all-day training seminars and spiritual retreats. The benefit to the community is immediate, since through the leader such basic instruction rapidly diffuses throughout the community.

These communities reflect one of the radical changes that have taken place in the Catholic church over the past 20 years. In the 1960s, when Catholic bishops held the Second Vatican Council, the fundamental meaning of "church" underwent a change. Before, the church had been perceived as a pyramid with a paternalistic power structure—the pope and the clergy at the top. The revolutionary statement made at Vatican II was that instead of a pyramid, the church is a community of believers, all involved in "mutual service" to one another. Although there are different functions performed by those within the church, still in God's sight all church persons—from pope to *campesino* (Latin American Indian farmer)—are equal.

Tensions still exist between those who understand and accept this new concept of the church and those who prefer the old pyramid. These tensions were evident at Puebla's meeting. But with the overwhelming,

critical problems of Latin America today, the bishops saw little choice but to draft a strong document which urges the church to become community, to be truly "Christian," helping to heal the "spectacle which confronts us in Latin America where the gap is constantly increasing 'between the many who have little and the few who have much.'" The pope, too, in his message in Mexico issued an "invitation to action, in order to make up for lost time which is often time of prolonged suffering and unsatisfied hopes."

Another consequence of the grass-roots communities has been that as people get together to discuss their spiritual pilgrimages, they become what some consider to be political groups. If "political groups" means people who realize they can improve their lives by organizing

together for the common good, then this is an accurate assessment.

In the Brazilian city of Vitória, grass-roots community members decried their lack of bus service in the ever-growing shanty towns. They appealed to their religious leaders for help. It was relatively simple for the 500 communities in the area to gather 60,000 signatures on a petition which was sent to the mayor as well as to the state governor. The improved bus service which resulted affects the lives of 200,000 residents!

But such successes make the established political figures uneasy. They realize that if the Catholic church is able to organize the poor who have always been looked upon as voiceless entities, maybe some of the privileges that the rich and

powerful have enjoyed will be eaten away. As the poor begin to understand the democratic process, they will likely begin to attack other things they perceive as exploitive or corrupt.

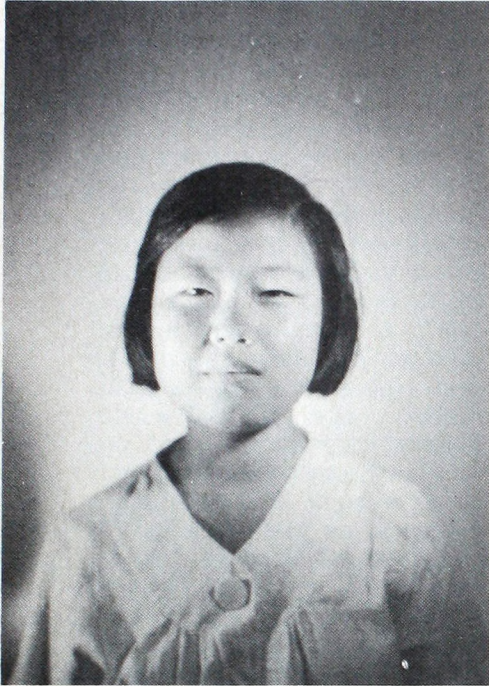
Already close to two million of the 300 million Catholics in Latin America are involved in grass-roots communities. Even though the problems that the church and the people face here are acute, somehow after Puebla it seems hopeful that the church will become an integral part of the solution. The bishops who came to Puebla must generally be commended for the bold way they set out to come to grips with the problems of Latin America. But, of course, the real story of Puebla is being told now by the bishops and church persons back in the separate dioceses, as they seek to "go and preach the gospel to all peoples." *Faith Sand*

The church must give a "preferential option to the poor."



WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Kyung Soon Kang of Korea



One cold winter day in the year the Korean War broke out, I was born as the eldest daughter of my family. Though we suffered many difficulties during and even after the war, my sister, two younger brothers and I were happy under my parents' love and protection. Even during the war, I was able to go to school. But when my father passed away, we had no means of livelihood, and my mother barely managed to make our living.

Fortunately, we were able to go to a World Vision children's home through someone's introduction. It was April 25, 1962, and I remember my identification number was 52. From that time, I could grow up and go to school with the support of my World Vision sponsor. And with that help I could finish high school, for which I was very thankful to God.

After finishing high school, I got a job in the Korea Bank's Taejon branch through the recommendation of my high school teachers. What a blessing that was to me!

I tried to live and work at the bank as God's child. There were seldom Christians in the bank, so I decided to witness to the staff of the bank, which was not an easy task at

first. But they gradually began to feel the love of Jesus in their hearts. I thought the best way to preach the gospel to them was singing together, so we organized a Christian youth choir in our bank and praised the Lord with music.

The choir also witnessed to nonbelievers in the bank. The directors of our bank were pleased with us and praised us highly. Shortly after the choir was formed, I was promoted to senior clerk, and I am going to continue to tell God's words to the staff at the bank.

I owe it to the home superintendent and many good people that I can be what I am today. I always remember 1 Thessalonians 5:18: "In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

Countless people like Kyung Soon have been helped through World Vision sponsors. Sponsored children with parents too poor to care for them are getting help while their families (and whole communities) are led toward self-sufficiency. Meanwhile the children need your help. Eighteen dollars a month provides for a child's basic needs. If you would like to sponsor a child, please see the reply envelope between pages 12 and 13.



(top) Kyung Soon when she was under sponsorship. (right) Bank choir of which she is a member.



No strings attached

A funny thing happened on our way through the third quarter of the 20th century. Purveyors of the social gospel found out that you can't bring in the new order without new people, while practitioners of evangelism began to see the incongruity of preaching abstract love to a hungry man.

I have heard some evangelicals say, "We meet people's physical needs in order to be able to meet their real need." I think I understand what they are trying to say—that the spiritual need is primary. But even agreeing with that, I still find the sequential approach to be manipulative. I would resent that kind of Christian con game if I were on the receiving end.

Personally, I see nothing sub-Christian in meeting physical needs in the name of Jesus Christ simply because those needs exist. I do not find Jesus or the apostles baiting their evangelistic hook with bread or miracles. Instead, I read straightforward declarations like this: "And Jesus . . . saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them, and he healed their sick" (Matt. 14:14). And this: "Then Jesus called his disciples unto him, and said, 'I have compassion on the multitude, because they continue with me now three days, and have nothing to eat: and I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint in the way'" (Matt. 15:32).

Evangelicals who meet physical needs "in order to" would do well to note that Jesus had no hidden agenda. Matthew does not comfort us with any asides such as "(And Jesus did this so that the multitudes might believe on him.)"

That seems to be one lesson Peter learned well, for we hear him saying straight-out to the cripple, "Such as I have, give I thee," and the words do not have the hollow sound of hypocrisy.

But something else needs to be said. In the same no-strings-attached way that Peter gave healing to the cripple, he also declared that the miracle was done "in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth." People whom we serve want and have a right to know the source of our motivation and power. We must be wholly transparent in revealing it—especially in these days of ideological subversion.

And why shouldn't social concern and evangelism go together? A linear approach to the gospel works no better than a linear approach to foreign relations in government. One international problem (say Southern Africa) simply won't wait patiently in line until others (say the Middle East and Soviet/U.S. relations) are disposed of. Not

only are they equally urgent; they interact and are as interrelated as the planets in the solar system.

It is not divinely ordered that the word should follow the deed or that the witness should precede the serving. Each interacts with the other—naturally, wholesomely, redemptively.

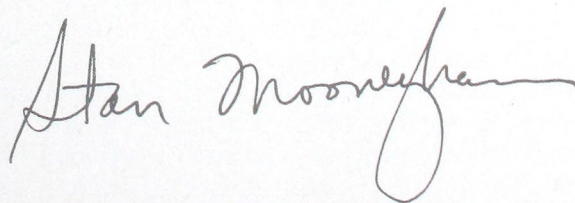
How did Jesus measure and validate His own ministry? Listen as He answers John the Baptist's deep and desperate question: "Are you the one who is to come, or are we to expect some other?" Jesus told John's messengers: "Go and tell John . . . the blind recover their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are made clean, the deaf hear, the dead are raised to life, the poor are hearing the good news" (Matt. 11:4-5, NEB).

As surely as God authenticated the Sonship of Jesus by His resurrection from the dead (Romans 1:4), Jesus validated His ministry on earth by the deed as well as by the word.

I am frequently astounded at how desperately we evangelicals try to wrest the Scriptures to downgrade our responsibility for social action. Intriguingly, we do not quote Jesus in this regard as much as we quote Paul. It is almost as if Jesus is suspect—at least until His meaning is clarified by Paul and given the apostolic *imprimatur*. What a strange turn of events for those who love the Word and who believe that Jesus is the Word Incarnate! We appear to be rather certain about Paul's evangelical position, but sometimes Jesus sounds disturbingly like a radical "social gospel!"

In His ministry of caring, Jesus synthesized the word and the deed. Sometimes the deed itself *is* the message, dramatic enough to be eloquent. Sometimes the word is the message, standing alone, powerful and persuasive enough to displace and supersede the gnawing of human hungers. But neither the word *nor* the deed—nor even the word *and* the deed—are enough unless accompanied with caring love.

Caring love is the essential ingredient. Only that, along with the word and the deed, is worthy of being called the "full gospel."



world vision

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Pasadena, CA 91109

Please send me a Love Loaf (individual program).

Please send Love Loaf information to my pastor (church program). WV579

Name (for individual program)

Church's name (for church program)

Address

City State Zip

Senior pastor (for church program)