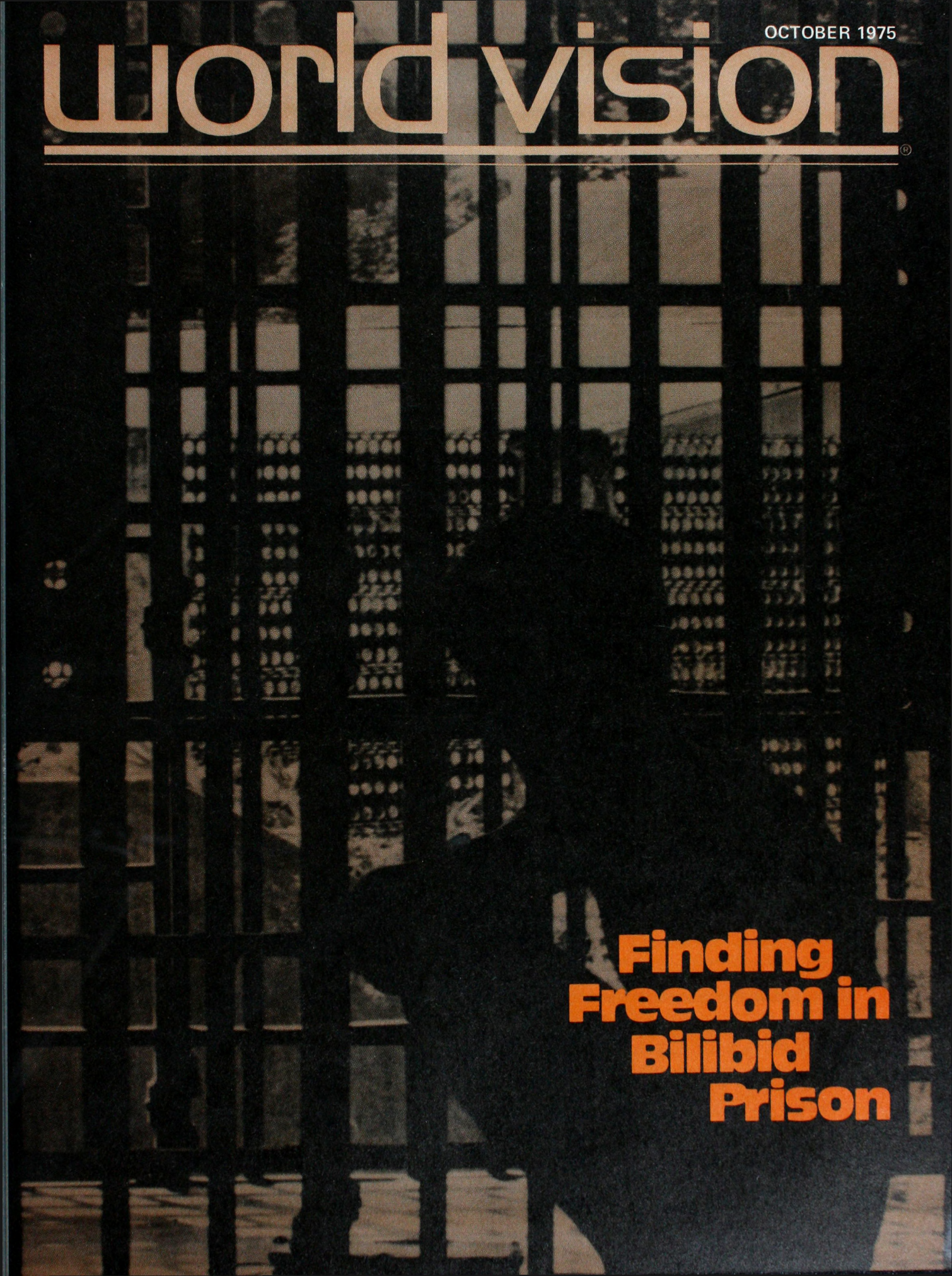


world vision

OCTOBER 1975



Finding Freedom in Bilibid Prison

Model at Midway

They had no right to win. Yet they did, and in doing so they changed the course of a war. More than that, they added a new name—Midway—to that small list that inspires men by shining example. Like Marathon, the Armada, the Marne, a few others, Midway showed that every once in a while "what must be" need not be at all. Even against the greatest of odds, there is something in the human spirit—a magic blend of skill, faith and valor—that can lift men from certain defeat to incredible victory.

Walter Lord

A supreme battle the world faces today is that against world hunger (see p. 8). And the issue is very much in doubt. You can find experts who will tell you that it is already too late to win this one—that the stork passed the plow back in the 60's and that population growth is outracing food production at an ever-increasing rate. You can also find experts who will tell you that planet earth has the capacity to feed billions more people than presently if. . . . But win or lose, the experts agree that the battle is upon us and that we dare not continue to slide along paying as little attention to it as we in the West have. It is a battle for the survival of mankind, but it is absurd to suggest that we have brought anything to it like the dedicated will called to mind by the words Marathon, the Armada, the Marne or Midway.

The latter can serve as an example to us of life and death struggle against great odds. A major motion picture on the battle of Midway is to appear soon, complementing the already considerable amount of literature on the subject. In his fine book *Incredible Victory* Walter Lord outlined the U.S. chances against the Japanese in the battle of June 4, 1942:

By any ordinary standard, they were hopelessly outclassed.

They had no battleships, the enemy eleven. They had eight cruisers, the enemy twenty-three. They had three carriers (one of them crippled); the enemy had eight. . . .

They knew little of war. None of the Navy pilots on one of their carriers had ever been in combat. . . . Their enemy was brilliant, experienced and all-conquering.

They were tired, dead tired. The patrol plane crews, for instance, had been flying 15 hours a day, servicing their own planes, getting perhaps three hours' sleep at night.

They had equipment problems. Some of their dive bombers couldn't dive—the fabric came off the wings. Their torpedoes were slow and unreliable; the torpedo planes even worse. Yet they were up against the finest fighting plane in the world.

They took crushing losses—15 out of 15 in one torpedo squadron. . . 21 out of 27 in a group of fighters. . . many, many more.

The great Japanese armada, called the most powerful ever assembled in history, stretched more than 1800 miles in its advance and consisted of 190 ships, some of them bound for the Aleutians. Apart from the latter sideshow, Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto was leading 86 warships and 43 support craft against just about all that Admiral Chester Nimitz had left in the Pacific: 27 warships and 23 support vessels.

Hanging in the balances were Japanese mastery of the Pacific, the loss of Hawaii and the coming of war to the U.S. West Coast. A Japanese officer had already been named to take over the Midway naval station and a Japanese naval post office had already been instructed to forward mail to Midway.

But the American forces did not quit because of the odds, and the courage displayed in the face of them was perhaps the major factor in the U.S. victory, called by Nimitz the turning point of the war in the Pacific.

There is a splendor in the struggle against world hunger lacking even at Midway. For we have here not a death-dealing struggle but a life-giving one, once more against long odds. Divine writ enjoins us repeatedly to relieve the starving. It says nothing about odds. If ever victory was snatched from the jaws of defeat, life from the jaws of death, it was at the Cross. The odds were not pertinent.

Once the odds looked prohibitive to the children of Israel despite earlier victories through God's power, and they refused to march because their potential foes were described as giants. The penalty was a forty-year death march in the wilderness until an obedient generation could be raised to fight the Lord's battles. Today there isn't that much time.

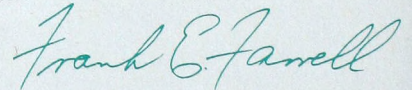


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globe at a glance

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

A NEW FORCE IN MISSIONS

A group of laymen and laywomen from all denominations came together recently in Wheaton, Illinois to discuss the task of the Church. It is felt by many that this nucleus could have a profound effect on the future of world missions.

In all, 215 delegates attended this first national conference of the Association of Church Missions Committees (ACMC). The participants represented 80 local churches from 20 different denominations. The association is less than a year old, but the combined mission budgets of its member churches totaled more than \$8 million.

The purpose of the ACMC is to make it possible for local mission committees to share information about mission policies on giving, administration of funds, relationships with denominational headquarters and other topics. The committee also puts local churches directly in touch with basic sources of information about the world and its unevangelized peoples. At the recent meeting, the group was addressed by representatives from 21 different mission agencies and five schools and seminaries. Ten regional conferences of a similar nature have been planned for the next 12 months. A bimonthly newsletter for members is used to collect and share ideas between local churches. ACMC is the only association in the U. S. organized around the single task of world evangelism that local churches can join. Membership dues are determined by the size of a church's mission budget.

Participants at the national conference were most enthusiastic; they pledged \$12,000 over and above membership dues for the support of the ACMC office. With such zeal, it is not difficult to believe, as some have projected, that the association in three years could grow to 1000 churches from over 50 denominations representing a combined mission budget of \$100 million. That budget would represent 25 percent of the total North American budget for missions. The power such a group could wield is awesome.

More information can be obtained from Don Hamilton, Suite 202, 1021 East Walnut, Pasadena, CA 91106.

Asia

MUSSOORIE, India — One of the most successful and increasingly popular methods of evangelism in India is correspondence courses. In a non-Christian environment, interested persons often feel more free to study the Bible in the privacy of their homes than in public meetings or schools.

According to the Jiwan Jyoti Bible Correspondence Center, over 5000 adults are enrolled in its courses. A total of 10,018 first-course lessons have been sent out.

TOKYO, Japan — Although the total number of Christians here is still small compared to the total popula-

tion, that number is growing 10 percent annually. One of the groups working to evangelize Japan in this

generation is *Sodoin Dendo* (Total Mobilization Evangelism). Through prayer cells, home visitation and layperson training, pastors and congregations are being renewed and many others are coming to Christ. On one recent evangelism Sunday, in which 400 churches throughout Japan cooperated, more than 3200 decisions for Christ were recorded.

Europe

HEVERLE, Belgium — The purchase of the \$1 million facilities of a Jesuit seminary in this suburban Brussels town has been reported by the Belgian Bible Institute. The interdenominational, evangelical school, which last year had an enrollment of 100 students, can now accommodate up to 500 students. It is operated by Greater Europe Mission.

Astronaut William R. Pogue, co-holder of the world's record for the longest time in space travel after piloting the 84-day Skylab 3 mission, has retired from the Air Force to become vice-president of High Flight. This interdenominational Christian foundation was founded by former astronaut James B. Irwin. Its goal is Christian outreach through spiritual retreats and community renewal programs.

When international evangelist Luis Palau ministers in Managua, Nicaragua next month, a multinational network of Christian and secular radio, television and press in 30 key cities will carry his message to 20 Spanish-speaking countries.

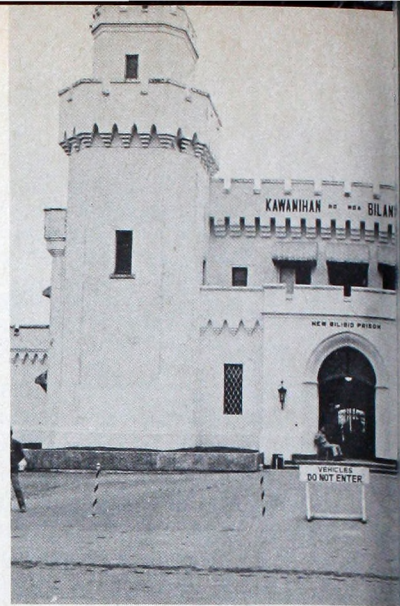
The number of U. S. Sunday Schools having weekly attendances of 2000 or more has nearly tripled—from 12 to 33—in eight years. According to Christian Life magazine, which annually publishes the tabulations, all but three of the schools are Baptist-maintained. Of the 100 largest Sunday schools, 75 are Baptist.



Edward Dayton of MARC conducting the workshop "What in the world is going on in world missions?" at the first ACMC national conference



Finding Freedom in Bilibid Prison



An open letter from Robert C. Larson,
Correspondent, World Vision International

The day started out pretty much like all the others. Up at seven, eggs over easy, morning newspaper, second cup of coffee. The airconditioning in the hotel coffee shop made me forget momentarily what the weather was like outside. It didn't take long to remember, though, as I stepped into the heat and humidity of a Manila morning. Some things just don't change. Asian heat is one of them.

The main reason I'd come to the Philippines was to interview Olga Robertson, a Lebanese woman who for the past 18 years has given herself to a caring, fearless Christian ministry in New Bilibid Prison just outside Manila. Bilibid, I had been told earlier, was the not-so-sweet "home" for some 9000 of the Philippines' toughest criminals. The sprawling institution has the dubious distinction of being the largest prison in the world. For hundreds of Bilibid's inmates, Olga Robertson is "Mommy." For most of those men, she is all they've got.

As I stood at the busy intersection, a small van made its approach. Slowly it inched its way through some of the most bewildering traffic in the world. I jumped in and sat next to the driver. He said it would take about 40 minutes to reach Bilibid.

We arrived at the first checkpoint outside the prison. "Mommy!" the driver shouted. The guard waved us in. Obviously the password today would be "Mommy." I thought it might be a good idea to remember that!

A long stone's throw from the turreted, whitewashed prison walls stood a small, modest home. It was surrounded by greenery: trees, grapevines, flowers, native Philippine fruits and a small garden that had received many long hours of tender, loving care. As our vehicle pulled into the driveway, a lady dressed in white emerged from the doorway of the house. She stood tall.



"Every day Olga wore a fresh corsage made by Rocca, a prisoner who had been allowed to live outside the prison grounds in order to work at her house."



Her complexion was dark. When she saw who it was, a broad, infectious smile flashed across her face. At that moment I had a sneaky feeling that the up-'til-now normal morning routine was about to come to a grinding halt. I was right. But I still wasn't prepared for what I was about to see.

Olga welcomed me into her home and to Bilibid. We talked for about an hour. I asked her why she had been here all these years, what motivated her to stay on. I asked her why in the world one woman would tackle a place like Bilibid Prison. I asked her if she was a brave woman. "No, not at all," she answered to the last question. "The Lord has made me brave. Actually, I'm a scaredy-cat."

We had a cup of coffee. Then she said, "Shall we go into the prison now?" I told her I'd like that.

There is something particularly final about the dull thud of a prison door slamming shut. When it closes, those hundreds of pounds of gray metal shout out the obscene difference between freedom and captivity. One by one, the three main gates closed behind us as we walked into the center of the prison courtyard.

We walked slowly. You just don't run around in a prison. As we walked, Olga reflected on life inside. She spoke of the 9000 men cooped up in smelly cellblocks—metal cages that lacked plumbing facilities and proper food, and where crime and gang warfare are the order of the day. Because the men are packed in like so many sardines, homosexuality is rampant. There is no privacy. But then, Bilibid wasn't exactly designed to be the Manila Hilton.

When "Mommy" would walk through the courtyard or work her way through the narrow corridors in the cellblocks, everyone seemed to take notice. She was beautiful, elegant. Every day she wore a fresh corsage

made by Rocca, a prisoner who had been allowed to live outside the prison grounds in order to work at Olga's house. All day it was, "Hello, Mommy." "Nice to see you, Mommy." "Sorry I missed you yesterday, Mommy." And "Mommy" responded to them all. She didn't ignore anyone. And I thought of all that love, that tough love. Love that lives in the center of hate, frustration, hostility.

Any confinement to prison must be hell. But it could be that Bilibid is worse than most. It has almost no rehabilitation. Half the men, I was told, are armed to the teeth with knives, spears and other creative, homemade killing devices. There are about 15 major gangs inside the walls of Bilibid—gangs committed to carrying on a life of murder in their confinement. So everyone in Bilibid treads on eggshells. Everyone is careful where he walks, especially the gang leaders. These upper-caste warriors seldom leave their "territory" without their own personal entourage following close behind. Murder within the prison walls is a sort of intramural activity. Everyone's life is up for grabs. But apparently you get extra points if you "do in" a gang leader.

And in the middle of all this is "Mommy," the woman who says she's a "scaredy-cat." I don't mind telling you that it was / who had the moments of fear.

As we turned the corner and entered cellblock number one, Olga said, "You know, sometimes I am their doctor, spiritual adviser, psychologist. You name it. These men have so many needs, and there is really no one to care for them. But God loves them, and so do I."

Tough love. The kind of love that has lived in and seen a bit of hell every day for the past 18 years. I was in and out. But Bilibid is Olga's life.

When Olga began talking about the Christians in prison, about the killers, the rapists, the really violent

men who had become followers of Jesus, she got very excited. "I can hardly wait until you meet some of the Christians. You'll see the difference that Jesus has made in their lives."

Whenever we entered a cell it was as if someone had reached around and turned on a light. "Mommy" had come. One who loved them was again in their presence. She knew them all by name: Pasqual, Jesus, Rudy, Steve, Quimo, Jun. Wherever we went, every cell we visited, every guard we spoke to, all I heard was "Mommy, Mommy, Mommy." After a while even I was calling her "Mommy." And when I did, a faint smile came across that Lebanese face.

I introduced myself to Rudy. We sat down and talked for an hour. I asked him how he managed to get into Bilibid. "Murder," he said. I asked him how many people he had killed. He counted on his fingers and said he thought that he had killed about ten men, six of them right there in prison. He talked freely about his past, about the violence he had lived with all his life. He was now 30, and 13 of those years had been spent in prison.

Rudy told me there had always been strife in his family. He had grown up rebellious, angry, desperate, bored. He had never really felt any love. He certainly never knew that *God* loved him or that a man named Jesus cared for *him*. Once in prison, Rudy continued his life of murder and assaults. He had demonstrated the kind of leadership that eventually landed him the top slot of gang leader. In that position he had power, respect, clout. Then, one day, he got desperate enough to *really* listen to "Mommy." He heard how much God loved him: unconditionally, regardless of how bad he'd been. And Rudy began to believe. He started to realize he had worth. He was *somebody*—not because he was Mr. Tough, but because God cared enough to send His son. I asked Rudy if he still carried a knife around for protection. "No," he said. He reached into his back pocket and produced a New Testament. "This is my weapon, now," he told me.

As he said that the thought raced through my head that freedom is indeed a relative thing. Here was Rudy Fuentes, in for life, with little hope of breathing free air again. But in a very deep sense he had really been set free. He lifted up his T-shirt and showed me a tattoo on his chest. It read: "If I die, I am free at last. Thank God, I am free." Rudy said he had had the words carved into his chest before he became a Christian. "Now," he said, "I know how true those words really are."

I left Rudy in his cell and moved on to talk with other prisoners. But I couldn't get him out of my mind. In prison, wings clipped, grounded, denied all the natural freedoms, but he was still free. He had talked of his new life as a miracle. His last words to me were, "When your heart is as tough as mine was, nothing can break it but love." "Mommy" was the channel. Jesus was his Savior.

We continued to walk. The prison hospital was filled with men sick with every imaginable illness. Medical



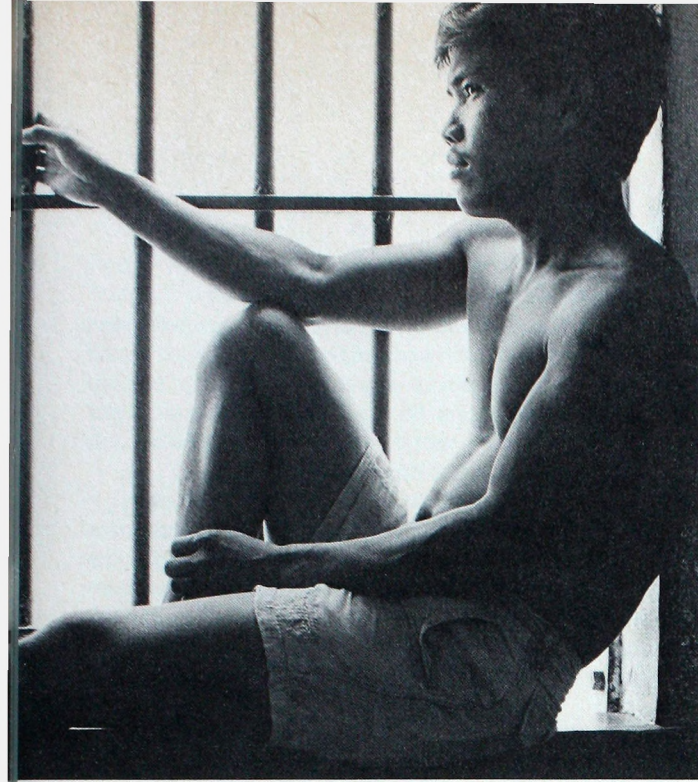
(above) "Here was Rudy Fuentes, in for life, with little hope of breathing free air again. But in a very deep sense he had really been set free." (right) "...the electric chair stands like a throne awaiting the entrance of a king."



supplies were limited and the men hurt badly. The psychiatric ward was filled with patients who had become mentally unglued as a result of the guilt from their crimes. I talked with a nurse who cared deeply for her patients. Love, again, in the midst of hate, suspicion and hostility.

But the one overriding impression I had as I walked from one cell to another was that the men were so hopelessly bored. Some had made makeshift Scrabble games. Others played checkers. One cell was the scene for gambling away the few pesos the prisoners had. The more productive inmates were busy making wooden ships and putting them inside old whiskey bottles. Others created things of beauty with wood. But only a few did this. The rest sat around like caged prey—wide-eyed, thinking of a life outside. I observed one man as he looked longingly through the bars of his cell at a bird circling slowly over the prison courtyard. It was not difficult to think his thoughts.

Perhaps the most emotional experience of all was the several minutes I spent in the room that housed the electric chair. The killing machine. Three thousand three hundred volts of energy that have one purpose only—to take life. Olga told me about Billy, a former killer who had become one of the most beautiful Christians in the prison. But ultimately he, too, had to pay his debt to



"I observed one man as he looked longingly through the bars of his cell at a bird circling slowly over the prison courtyard. It was not difficult to think his thoughts."

available. The prisoners have so many needs, so many more than Olga with all her love and resources can provide. They need simple things like pencils, notebooks, guitars, books and seeds so they can grow their own vegetables to supplement a poor prison diet. Olga also has a dream of setting up an agricultural project where the prisoners can be productively employed. A halfway house for released convicts is another thing on the top of her list of priorities.

As I left Bilibid after two days of interviews, several of the men shook my hand. A couple of the guys gave me a big, warm Christian hug. I couldn't see them as murderers and rapists anymore. What I now saw was living proof of what love can do—and what it can mean to have a "Mommy."

Bob

society. Olga told me that when Billy's time came, he was ready to die. At 3:30 p. m. on the day of his execution Billy took his last bath. The guards smelled the bath oil and powder and asked him what *that* was all about. He answered them, "If I'm going into the presence of the Lord, I've got to smell good." Billy knew where he was going. He was without fear. He could even joke.

Minutes later, Billy was led into the room where the electric chair stands like a throne awaiting the entrance of a king. They put him into the chair. His head had been shaved; his bare feet rested on two large hollow blocks. The attendant put the black mask over Billy's face and positioned the copper-insulated helmet on his head. The heavy leather straps were securely fastened over his arms and legs.

Olga talked about Billy's last minutes on earth: "When the doctor reached for the button to signal the men who would release the current, I knew the time was short. I was standing only a few feet away from Billy, so I said to him, 'Billy.' He answered, 'Yes, Mommy.' I said, 'Billy, pray with me. Dear Jesus, I thank you that I'm your son and I thank you that you've gone to prepare a place for me in heaven, and I'll see you face to face. . . .' And as soon as Billy said the words 'face to face' I heard a terrible *vrooom* sound—the rush of air coming out of his body as 3300 volts snatched away his life. I just quoted John 3:16 and stepped off the mat where I had been standing. I was numb. It seemed like I couldn't cry though the tears were smarting my eyes. I could hardly stand it. I loved Billy. I had a personal relationship with him. He was a son of God. It kills me; it cuts me deeply whenever the men are hurt. To witness a death in the electric chair of one I loved is almost more than I can bear."

Olga may have to witness more executions in the days ahead. She is prepared for that. But not all the men she works with will end up in the electric chair. Many will respond to meaningful rehabilitation if such help is made

One of Olga Robertson's greatest concerns is that 80 percent of the men who are released from Bilibid Prison are soon back in again. The men are in prison in the first place because they haven't been able to function in the world in an accepted way. When they are plunged back into that world after prison life, with no job skills and no rehabilitation, they often have exactly the same problems—and more—that they did before. Olga hopes to provide vocational training and rehabilitation so the men can have a real second chance. Her dream is to build a dormitory and a number of small houses outside the prison walls where the released prisoners can live with their wives and children and learn some vocational skills. They would be able to live there, getting accustomed to the outside world gradually, until they could make it on their own.

To establish this and the agricultural project mentioned above, she will need building supplies, medical supplies, agricultural supplies, personnel. With your help, these can be provided and men who feel their lives are meaningless and bitter can be shown real meaning.



I want to help in this ministry to Bilibid Prison.

Enclosed is my gift of \$_____ 4560 H59-001

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



It was an angry letter.

The writer admitted it was.

She had taken one look at her copy of *World Vision* magazine which had just arrived and had thrown it in the trash can. Her comment to me, essentially, was, "I'm fed up with seeing appeals to feed starving people, and I won't give any more money to help them until a birth control pill is given out with each gift of food."

I understand her frustration.

The growing world population and its consequences concern me, too. A lot of people are feeling it, if I can judge by the mail I receive. One letter had a carefully worked out mathematical equation and graph to demonstrate the futility of humanitarian food relief in the face of a burgeoning world population. What these

THE PILL WON'T FEED A HUNGRY WORLD

by W. Stanley Mooneyham
President, World Vision International

letter writers are saying is that we should not feed hungry people in poorer nations because they are reproducing themselves too rapidly and the world's resources cannot stand the strain of their fertility.

Are these letter writers correct? Is there really a population/resource problem? Is the stork outrunning the plow?

As I have traveled to many of the so-called "developing" nations, I have come to see firsthand that the problem isn't as simple as "overpopulation" nor is the answer simply "population control." The phrase "too many people" is a dangerous overgeneralization that doesn't really describe anything. "Too many" must refer to something. In most cases, it is used in relationship to the availability of food or the ability to produce it.

But not all developing countries are overpopulated in relation to their resources. Before the debilitating war which lasted five years, Cambodia was a rice-exporting nation, and its almost 8 million people had adequate room in which to distribute themselves and make a living. There are some crowded developing countries which have been able to reduce their population growth and also feed their people. Taiwan, with 15 million people, has a per acre output of basic foods of over 3300 pounds, actually slightly higher than in the United States. Taiwan has also succeeded in reducing its birthrate significantly. Sudan and Nigeria have great potential for feeding their own people and for exporting food.

When I visited the West African country of Niger in 1974, a government official told me the only population problem in his country was keeping alive those who were starving.

"There is something about the developed countries which really bothers us," he told me candidly. "Whenever anything is in vogue in the West, you want to impose it on us. Right now population control and zero growth are big on your agendas, but we get tired of having others tell us what our problems are and what our interests should be. Unfortunately, the drought in the Sahel and the lack of medical facilities in the country are controlling our population more than we desire. Our interest is to feed the people we still have."

In Niger, he said, food production, not population control, heads the list of priorities.

My own involvement in that country has convinced me that, with assistance, Niger has the potential to feed itself. Along the rich banks of the Niger River there are tens of thousands of acres of good land which could be made arable at a minimum of expense. The Lilly Endowment Fund has put up the money for a pilot land utilization/irrigation project in that area which, within

Some of the statements in this article were taken from What Do You Say to a Hungry World? by Dr. Mooneyham, copyright 1975 by Word Books, Waco, Texas.



“ . . . ‘the pill’ won’t solve the problems of today’s starving millions. The hungry people are already born. Birth control won’t take care of their hunger or malnourishment. ”

five years, holds the promise of providing a large proportion of the food the country needs.

This same African official pointed out that his country does not have the same level of concern for population that would be true for terribly crowded and poor Bangladesh. I came to see that the term "overpopulation" really does not describe the situation in every part of the developing world.

I also became aware that "the pill" won't solve the problems of today's starving millions. The hungry people are already born. Birth control won't take care of their hunger or malnourishment. It won't give them buying power, or education, or health. It won't remove discrimination and unfair practices by landowners or oppressive governments. These related problems have to be dealt with at the same time.

Birth control will have little or no *short-term* effect on world food consumption or resource depletion.

I have also found that many people in poorer nations



“ With better health, employment and improved social conditions people will tend to have smaller families. Therefore, family planning and population programs must be part of integrated social and economic improvement for the world’s poorest. ”

actually want large families, and their reasons make sense, at least to them. Children are a form of social security in many countries. They are expected to care and provide for their parents in old age. In India, for example, a poor family must have more than six children to be reasonably sure of having one son who will survive. When there are no social security pensions or retirement plans, can you blame parents for wanting to provide for their future?

Then, too, in places where farming is difficult, every person is seen as another pair of hands to plant and harvest food. Large families not only mean more mouths to feed, but more labor available to farm minimally-productive lands.

Where people do want to limit their families—and there are many who do—they often lack the knowledge or the means. The information or devices are not available. Or the governments won’t allow private agencies to become involved. Or some other restrictions

exist. It is true that some governments have programs for national population limitation. A few of these have been effective. Demographer and author Dr. Michael S. Teitelbaum writes: “At least a dozen developing countries of small to moderate size can unambiguously document a substantial decline in birthrates only a few decades after the onset of substantial declines in mortality.”

He lists among these Singapore, South Korea, Sri Lanka, West Malaysia, Chile, Costa Rica, Puerto Rico, Egypt and Tunisia. At least nine other nations have shown a possible decline, Dr. Teitelbaum notes.

Let’s state three obvious things: First, we live on a finite and non-expandable planet. What you see is all there is. Second, many of earth’s resources are nonrenewable and they are being used up at an alarming rate. Third, given the truth of those two statements, some limit on population is inevitable and essential.

Family planning (as distinct from population control) has been recognized by many international agencies and governments as a basic human right. Parents should have the knowledge and the means to decide the size of their families. Population control, on the other hand, is a political issue that is determined by national governments.

World Vision supports the concept of family planning and makes appropriate information available as part of our programs. As guests in other countries, however, we are in no position to force such information or programs on everyone we help. Above all, the dignity of the people we are helping must be respected.

If we can somehow help in reducing the pressures of population, we’ll do that. But we can’t wait for governments and others to set up family planning programs before people are fed. Our studies encourage us to believe that the world can be fed; as this begins to happen, we believe that family planning and population growth limitations will begin to take effect. From a Christian viewpoint, and as people who care, we cannot accept the idea that higher death rates should be encouraged as a way to limit population.

One of the misleading analogies that I often hear is the so-called “lifeboat ethic.” It compares each country to a lifeboat. Some of these “lifeboats” have their capacities strained to the limit. When the boat is full, the fortunate ones on board are faced with the terrible task of pushing away others, who are doomed to drown.

But the analogy won’t work. Each country is not a lifeboat. Rather, the human family is on one large ship which is slowly sinking in the stern. What happens to one affects all the others. We cannot ignore or turn our backs on millions of fellow passengers.

I see two choices.

Those of us in the first class section can pretend nothing is wrong and ignore what is happening down in steerage, with fatal results.

Or we can get busy and help man the pumps.

Even though we owe something to those in steerage who have helped make it possible for us to enjoy the comforts of first class, it isn't just a matter of saving their part of the ship. Global cooperation in this task is also a matter of enlightened self-interest.

Our approach at World Vision is threefold: Keep people alive through short-term feeding and relief programs; participate in medium-range and long-range development programs, with related family planning assistance, which help people provide for themselves both for now and in the future, and inform and motivate affluent Westerners to become concerned and involved.

I believe, along with others, that the world can be fed. More food can be grown. Yields per acre can be increased. Marketing and distribution systems can be improved. The U.S.A. and other affluent nations are not being asked to shoulder the whole responsibility. The less-developed nations themselves have a major part of

the task of feeding themselves. They have the land; they have the people, and they have the motivation. They do not always have the knowledge or money. That's where we can help. And that's all we are being asked to do.

For the longer term, many experts point to evidence that suggests that population growth will be slowed as living conditions improve. Development expert Lester R. Brown says, "Birthrates do not normally drop voluntarily in the absence of an assured food supply, reduced infant mortality rates, literacy and at least rudimentary health services. Thus, despite their critical importance, family planning services alone, even if made universally available, will not be enough."

With better health, employment and improved social conditions people will tend to have smaller families. Therefore, family planning and population programs must be part of integrated social and economic improvement for the world's poorest.

I have described a complex situation that does not allow for simplistic "solutions." But despite the complexity, what can we do? I am asked that question frequently, and I am encouraged by it. It tells me that Americans are concerned, interested and willing to become involved in grappling with this global challenge.

At World Vision, we believe in the power of one. Each person and each organization can do something. The lady who wrote me said she and her grown children had all decided to limit the size of their families. More and more people are making that decision. She also said that she was active in her church and in local organizations, giving them her support. This, too, can multiply your efforts.

I believe that as citizens of the most affluent nation in the world, we have a special responsibility to look at our own ways of life, our lifestyles, to see if we are wasting God's resources and provision. The way we live has an impact on how people in other nations live. What we save can be shared with others.

The policies of our government, which we can influence through our elected representatives, also have a direct bearing on how well or how poorly others will live. More and more legislators are sensitive to these issues and would welcome your support and comments, particularly in such areas as food aid and population planning.

In a recent editorial in *World Vision* magazine, Dr. Paul Rees described some of the responses that Christians can make and then he concluded with a word that can put our efforts into perspective: "All this is to be undertaken in the certain knowledge that there is no adequate solution of our human ills that does not embrace that faith in Christ which brings believers into His new creation—forgiven, reconciled, made whole."

In dealing with such a complex task, only as we care in Christ's name can we hope that our efforts will be worthwhile—for the present and for eternity.



“ Each country is not a lifeboat. Rather, the human family is on one large ship which is slowly sinking in the stern. What happens to one affects all the others. ”

'In spite of myself

Why don't you retire and come to Manila?" Sadie Sieker, herself near retirement age yet serving as a house-mother to missionary children, wrote me from the Philippines. "Wycliffe personnel need a place to stay when they come to the city to have medical checkups, to buy supplies or just to enroll their children in school. They also need someone to be hostess in the home set aside for this purpose. If you don't do it, another translator will have to be called in from her job for this assignment. You could free her to continue the work she came here to do."

I *couldn't* come. At 63 I liked my job; I didn't want to leave my adopted family or my church. But the Lord soon made me so miserable I knew I was out of His will. Still I fought it.

One day I could stand it no longer. "Lord," I prayed, "I am so miserable. Just let the next letter from Sadie Sieker be the criterion of whether I should go or not." I had told Sadie all the reasons I could not come, so I thought she would say in her next letter, "I understand," and that would be that. On the contrary, two days later Sadie wrote, "You are disobeying the will of God. We are praying you won't continue this way." That was putting it bluntly! But it was my answer.

I sent in the application blank to Wycliffe and my resignation to the board of education not knowing whether Wycliffe would accept me or not. Several weeks went by with no word. Finally I called the main of-

Before going to the Philippines, Mary Granaas worked for 21 years in various positions with the Burbank, California school district. In 1959 she spent six months of a sabbatical in India as Dean of Women of the Hindustan Bible Institute.

Marilou Weaver has served with Wycliff Bible Translators in the Philippines for the past 14 years.



Mary Granaas in front of the "Manila House"

fice. The letter they had sent two weeks before had been mislaid, but they told me by phone to make plans to go to Manila.

Even though I wanted to obey the Lord, I was homesick and heartsick at the thought of leaving family and friends. The verse the Lord gave me as I prayed was Job 23:10, "...he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." I said, "Oh Lord, please don't give me a verse in Job!" But in everything that has happened since, I have gone back to that verse, and it has comforted me.

I did go to Manila. And I was so

homesick I made a calendar and marked off the days each morning until the year would be up and I could go home.

After I got to Manila I went to Nasuli, the Wycliffe base in the southern Philippines. I had never liked country living, and here there were no phones, no newspapers and no paved roads. The electricity was turned off at 9:30 every night. I wanted to go home. But the Wycliffe director looked me straight in the eye and said, "You can go home. But when you do, remember that we'll have to call in a translator to be hostess. She will be out of her tribal

allocation for a year. She'll lose facility in the language. The tribal people will have no contact with her, and it will take much longer than it would have to give those people the Bible in their own language." That really made me stop and think.

A week after arriving at Nasuli, I visited my first tribal allocation where one of the Wycliffe team, Clarice Strong, lived and served the Tigwa Manobo tribe through medical work and Bible translation.

We flew into Tigwa in a small, one-motored Helio Courier airplane. As soon as I was buckled into the plane and we took off, I closed my eyes. But the pilot kept pointing out things of interest along the way. All at once he said, "Mary, that's where we're going," and he pointed out a place the size of a football field.

"Oh no," I said, "You can't!"

"Oh yes I can," he said, and all at once we were down. I looked about me and saw some native men, all with sharp knives, *bolos*, watching us impassively.

With Clarice leading the way, we started off down the path. The mud covered our legs to above our ankles, and we were walking through tall cane. The area seemed like a jungle to me. At last we came to the river which we crossed seven times on the way to her house. As we were wading through it, we looked up to see a group of men with spears. Clarice greeted them in Manobo, but I wasn't very happy about that because they were all well armed. Soon we began climbing a hill, sliding back down with each step. When we finally reached the top we met a medicine man, his hair knotted at the top of his head and a *bolo* in his hand.

"Clarice," I asked, "why are all

the people in this place armed?"

"This is raw country, Mary," she answered.

As we walked through the town perched on the hilltop, a man came out of his house and told us his baby was sick. Clarice said we must go and look at the child. This was my first experience with a notched-pole ladder up into a bamboo house built about eight feet off the ground on stilts. I looked at that single pole going straight up and decided to stay at the bottom. But the Lord said to me, "You're quite a Christian, aren't you? You aren't willing to go up to a sick child and pray for him!" Well, I looked at that pole again and somehow managed to climb it.

I had heard my adopted daughter, a pediatrician, repeat the symptoms this child had over the phone to anxious parents many times. I knew the diagnosis was pneumonia, and I said as much to Clarice. She agreed. But the carriers had gone on to her home with her medicine and she had nothing with her. So we each prayed for the child. When we had finished, the child raised up as if someone had touched him, then lay back down again. "I think he'll get well," I said. Clarice nodded.

The next day the father came to tell us the child was better. I believe that God, through this sick child, let me know that despite my fears, despite my not wanting to be there, He was with me. He gave me a joy I'll never forget.

We went on to Clarice's home on the bank of a river and found a man waiting for us. "There was a raid here about a year ago," Clarice told me. "A little girl was disembowelled on the beach."

"Is there any danger of a raid tonight?" I asked nervously.

"Well, this man is a neighboring chief who has sent word he is going to kill our chief," Clarice answered.

"Would you go and ask him if he is here as friend or foe?" And she did! He laughed and said he had heard Clarice had come back and had just come on a friendly visit.

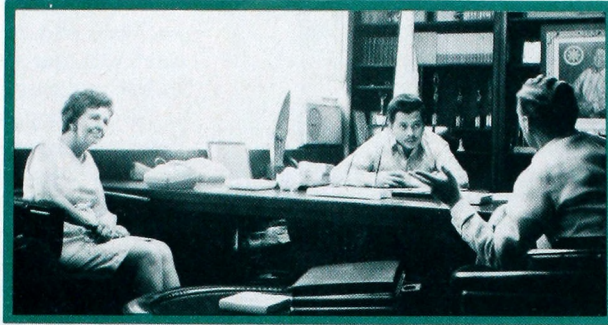
During the four days I spent among these Tigwa Manobo people with Clarice who loved them, God delivered me from wanting only the easy way. He gave me a willingness to accept what might be the hard way in serving Him. I couldn't get the experience out of my mind.

One day during that time I ran into my bedroom and said, "Oh Lord, isn't there another way? Is it really necessary for Clarice to live among people always armed, in such a remote, lonely area with none of the conveniences of life? Couldn't you make life a bit easier?" But the Lord just spoke two words to me: "My Son." I got up from my knees, got my Bible and read every account of Christ on His way to Calvary and what He gave up for me. I read what it had cost Him to come to earth: to be spit upon, to suffer insult after insult, to be tempted in every way as we are. He must have been homesick and lonely, just like me. Then I would come back to the verse He had given me in Job and I would say, "Lord, you know the way that I take. . . ."

Not many weeks later, I returned to Manila and took over as house-mother of the "Manila House." I thought being a hostess meant standing at the top of the stairs, welcoming people and bringing them into the house. Little did I know how much more it involved.

It's making the menus and ordering the food. Since people come

Mary Granaas and John E. Kyle of Wycliffe
Bible Translators in the office of Joseph Estrada,
mayor of San Juan, Rizal, Philippines



from almost every area of the United States as well as other parts of the world and have different tastes in food, it's hoping there is something prepared that they will enjoy as though they were at home.

It's hoping and praying when Friday rolls around that you have stayed within the budget.

It's sharing with others in their joy and sorrow. Two babies have been born and two Wycliffe members have lost their fathers in the last few months.

It's sharing in prayer when possible danger lurks—like the day one of our pilots radioed in that he could not see one clear spot in the clouds to break through to land. He was over a small airstrip on one of our outlying islands, after flying over many miles of water. His passengers were four young girls representing four different missionary families. I was among those who prayed, and in only minutes he radioed, "I see a hole. I'm going to land." And he did. Safely.

It's picking up a radio message asking me to seek entrance into a hospital for a native man who has blown off both hands with a stick of dynamite.

It is listening to translators tell how the work is going. Last week the wife of our translator on Coron Island said, "We are greatly encouraged for we have found a break-

through with the young people. All we have to do is say, 'Come for Bible study,' and they are there." Last night I listened to two of the women who have just finished translating Luke and Acts. "There were over 300 people at the dedication service and over 77 copies were sold in one day," they said.

When I hear words like these it makes my heart glow with thankfulness that God has permitted me to be a co-laborer, for it enables people such as these to stay at their posts.

Yes, I like my work. But something our assistant director, John Kyle, said to me one day made me wonder if I might not have a wider area of service than I had realized.

"Mary, what about our Filipino neighbors?" John asked. "Even though our primary ministry is to our Wycliffe members, shouldn't we also seek to serve the Filipino people around us?" I agreed with him, but at the same time wondered how we could show Christ's love to neighbors we seldom saw who lived almost secluded behind high walls. I began to pray that the Lord would provide an opportunity. I didn't know then that He would use a near disaster to answer our prayers.

Typhoons during the summer months are a common occurrence in Manila. But on September 1, two in succession dumped tons of water on the city. Swollen rivers overflowed,

and many people had to be evacuated from their homes.

The Wycliffe home is perched high on a hill, so I didn't realize the extent of the flood until 3:00 a. m. when our director's wife called. She needed help to evacuate her and their five children from their house where the water was already waist deep.

During the next two days, even though we were without gas and electricity, we housed and fed over 100 people brought by firemen in boats from the surrounding area. We cooked outside under shelter on a wood fire. Amazingly, the food, especially the rice and coffee, held out. We shared what we had with the very young, the very old and the many in-between who came wet and bedraggled.

A Christian Filipino who came to Manila for the President's birthday celebration but was unable to attend, first because of picketing and then the flood, stayed with us during that time. On Wednesday night, when we usually have a prayer meeting, our neighbors gathered with us. This man, vice-governor of one of the northern provinces, spoke of God's love for each one of them.

At night we used all the available beds, then spread quilts on the floor—upstairs, downstairs and even in the laundry room. I am still amazed at the lack of tension; a deep peace settled over the group at night as even small children were lulled to sleep.

When the waters had subsided, our new friends thanked us with tears in their eyes as they left to return to their homes. And this is just the beginning. How thankful I am that God brought me here, in spite of my resistance and my fears—in spite of *myself*.

How about you? Will you let God use *you* on the mission field?



THE



SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

One of the longest-term members of World Vision's team, Jim Franks takes the occasion of our 25th anniversary year to recall some of his early days with World Vision and how they were vitally affected by prayer. We plan to highlight this anniversary in our December issue, closing out a very significant year.

by Jim Franks,

Director, Midwest Area Office, World Vision International

MYSTERY OF PRAYER

In this day of technological advance and jet transportation, prayer seems to many to be something mystical from the Dark Ages. Seemingly, mankind has delved into so many areas of life that we have an explanation or a theory about everything. Our volume of knowledge has increased to such a degree that students are hard pressed to grasp that which is given to them. Many times this knowledge is surpassed by new discoveries even while they are learning the present information. Against this background of scientific and educational advance, I want to give examples of some of my experiences with prayer.

Prayer. What is it? How do you analyze it? How does it affect man's destiny, his desires and his everyday living experiences?

In August 1952 our little nine-month-old daughter Joyce was operated on for a heart ailment in the Children's Hospital in Chicago. I leave to your imagination the trauma, despair and anxiety of the diagnosis and the days living in a strange city. By some unusual quirk, I was given a doctor's gown each day and allowed to roam the corridors of the hospital. On the day of the operation, I was standing opposite the operating room amphitheater. Just across the hall were small rooms

where parents waited during the operations. Our doctor, Dr. Willis Potts, famed heart surgeon, strode into the area and went to one of the rooms where two mothers were awaiting their children's operations. Dr. Potts said, "I don't know your religious backgrounds, but I want you to pray for me. We have done everything humanly and technically possible for your children, but your prayers will make the difference. Please pray for me and for your children." One of the ladies was Catholic and the other was Protestant. Both knelt without hesitating and began to pray as if they were alone.

Watching this scene, I began to pray for our child whose operation was scheduled just a bit later. In my prayer I promised God that if He would heal our child, I would take care of little children. I had no reason for making this very general promise; I wasn't especially interested in little children. Suffice it to say, though, that the Lord wonderfully healed our daughter. She is a vivacious young lady today.

A year later my wife and I saw a film on Korean children that I had gotten for our local Bible club. My wife had to drag me to the showing. At that time we began sponsoring a Korean orphan boy, Lee Yi Bai, who

was nine years old. He wrote the most wonderful letters and sent us beautiful paintings. We started talking to customers who came into our flower shop, and before long we had found sponsors for some 50 children. These were people who saw the letters and paintings from our boy. Through this lad, our children learned to love and share with a child from another culture. They learned, above all, to pray for him.

It wasn't long before World Vision sent a representative to call on me wanting to know if I would like a job with them. I replied that I wouldn't, but would work part-time without pay. So for four years my wife and I showed films and spoke at churches and clubs on behalf of Korean children. In the fall of 1957, we left the florist business to work full-time with World Vision.

My first assignment was to raise funds for World Vision's overseas programs. At the same time, I was arranging speaking engagements for Dr. Wei Ping Chen, Chiang Kai-shek's pastor. I decided to call on a leading chemical company known to be philanthropic and generous in its giving. I did research on its overseas interests and World Vision's involvement in those countries. I took Dr. Chen along when I met with its international board. The head man was a former attorney and connected at one time with the Nuremberg trials. At one point in his interrogation regarding my request for funds, he asked when I had been to the Orient, and I replied that I had never been there. Then he said, "In other words, everything you have told us is what you have read; you have not seen these things for yourself." Needless to say, I was turned down and became very depressed and disillusioned. Arriving home, I attempted to analyze what had gone wrong. I remembered that I had not prayed at all about this request. I had forgotten what prayer had done for our little girl and for our decision to take part in the ministry of World Vision.

Just after this failure, I got a cable from Dr. Bob Pierce asking that I



Dr. Lew and his nurse working with a leprosy patient at the skin clinic

raise \$1000 for a proposed leprosy research center in Seoul, Korea. Here I was—a failure—with another request to raise money. I went to the Lord in prayer, mindful of Jeremiah 33:3, "Call to me and I will answer you, and will tell you great and hidden things which you have not known" (RSV). At the same time, I received a letter from the World Vision office asking if I could find a place to obtain vitamins wholesale. They were having to pay \$2000 per month for vitamins for our children in Korea. At the time I was praying for these requests, I picked up a copy of the *Los Angeles Times*. In it was an article regarding the Episcopal Church. A group in the church had conducted an experiment in prayer using trays of seeds. They used the same seeds, same soil, same temperature, same amount of water. They prayed over one group but didn't pray over the other. There was a 30 percent difference in the germination of the seeds. Often in the past and less frequently now, a community's crops are prayed for by the church as they are planted. With my work in the field of horticulture, this experiment was of particular significance to me.

I began to pray more earnestly for God's direction as to where to get the funds and vitamins. At that time I attended a banquet and sat alongside a distinguished

psychologist. We discussed the matter of prayer. He said he believed that answers to prayer were 90 percent coincidence and 10 percent reality. I was soon to remember this statement vividly.

As I prayed on one occasion, I thought of the Upjohn Company and its large manufacturing facilities for drugs and vitamins. I drove to Kalamazoo with no appointment or preparation other than prayer. I was greeted by the receptionist in the waiting room. I told her I wanted to see whoever would give away money, and I wanted vitamins wholesale. She said that Mr. Harold Allen, secretary, was the only one who could do that, but he generally saw people by appointment only. I asked for just five minutes, saying I was desperate to see him. She put me in touch with Mr. Allen, and I asked, successfully, for the five minutes of time.

As I walked into the spacious office, I was greeted by a pleasant middle-aged gentleman. I told him I would like to ask for all the vitamins I could get wholesale and for \$1000 for a leprosy research institute in Korea. He laughed, because I hadn't preceded my remarks with even a comment about the weather. He asked me to be seated, saying, "I have a very important letter from one of our

largest stockholders." After reading its contents he said, "This is a most unusual coincidence." I remembered the words of the psychologist and the 90 percent—10 percent. Then he asked if I knew the writer of the letter, a lady from New Jersey. I didn't know her. Apparently, she had heard Dr. Pierce speak over the radio about a leprosy research center he wished to start building in Seoul, Korea, and she wanted Upjohn's board to give World Vision \$1000. I was amazed and humbled by God's answer to prayer. Mr. Allen decided to take the proposal up with the board. Then I reminded him about the vitamins. He asked how many children we had, and I told him 9000. He did some figuring and concluded that he would give us \$3700 worth of vitamins and send


them free of charge to Korea packed by experts. I went home rejoicing and feeling 10 feet tall.

But that's only one part of the story. Dr. Joon Lew, leprologist and scientist, had felt burdened for the lepers in Korea for years. At that time they were being shut off from society on an island off the coast of Korea or were put in jail. The psychological trauma and suffering were tremendous. Dr. Lew's heart was broken by seeing their need. He felt sure he could help the lepers. He was convinced that leprosy was not as contagious as the world believed. He made proposals for a research center to his denomination, his government and every agency he could think of, but to no avail.

One day someone asked if he had ever tried Bob Pierce for help; they

said he was a man who helps orphanages and hospitals, an evangelist. Dr. Lew contacted Dr. Bob on his next trip to Korea. World Vision's founder responded in 15 minutes saying, "I'll do it." It was then that I received the telegram asking for the \$1000.

As soon as Dr. Lew received the funds he began to disseminate information on leprosy. A little booklet went to every public building, school and church telling people how to recognize skin diseases. It told them to come for free treatment to the new skin clinic being built. The work continued to grow, achieving wonderful results. In the first 10 years the incidence of leprosy in Korea was cut 50 percent.

Even in such a fast-moving world the miracle of prayer holds true. 

'Bread for the World'

Enlists aid for the hungry


Bread for the World, which calls itself a "Christian citizen's movement in the U. S. A.," has published a call for a nationwide "offering of letters" from U. S. churches this November, on behalf of hungry people. The letters are to ask members of Congress to vote in favor of a resolution asserting "the right to food"—the right of every person in the world to a nutritionally adequate diet—as a cornerstone of U. S. policy.

The primary aim of the resolution is that the right to food become a fundamental point of reference in the formation of legislative and administrative decisions regarding trade, foreign aid, monetary reform,

military spending and other areas. Another aim of the resolution is that development assistance and food assistance, including help given through private, voluntary agencies, increase over a period of years until such assistance has reached the target of one percent of our total national product (GNP). At the present time U. S. aid to alleviate hunger totals less than one-half of one percent of the GNP. That is a proportional dollar amount which is surpassed by the aid programs of 13 other non-Communist countries. Although the resolution would not be legally binding, it would cut new ground in U. S. policy.

Bread for the World is inviting Christians to contribute letters in support of this resolution to their Senators and/or Congressmen as an act of worship and as an offering for the hungry on one of the last three Sundays in November. The assumption is that an avalanche of personal letters descending on Congress could do much to reverse the government's policy of designating less and less of our nation's GNP to policies which

would help alleviate world hunger.

Bread for the World was organized in 1974 to encourage Americans to become more involved in our government's decision-making, especially in regard to policies dealing with world hunger. Its members maintain that by creating us and redeeming us through Jesus Christ, God has shown us a love that will not turn away in the face of world need. His body is called to communicate this love. The organization, therefore, provides information to its members on U. S. policies affecting world food supply so they can contact their government representatives with intelligent opinions on the subject. The non-profit organization is headed by Eugene Carson Blake. It's executive director is Arthur Simon, and its 31-member board of directors includes such people as Norman E. Borlaug, Owen Cooper, Frank E. Gaebelein, Mark O. Hatfield and Paul S. Rees. 

Churches or individuals interested in the offering of letters should contact Bread for the World, 235 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y. 10017.

“...tonight would be different. . . .
Tonight the struggle would be in the stands—
in the hearts of Surabayans. . . .”

'Surabaya, I love you.'

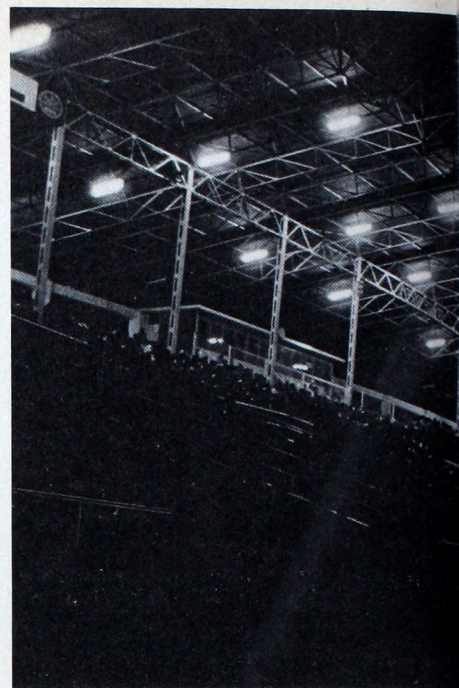
The aroma was the first thing that hit you: a strange concoction of Honda fumes, kerosene smoke and a wide assortment of Indonesian food set out on little carts that lined the entrance to the huge cement structure. Two policemen stood casually nearby in the glow of early evening. Sandwiched among pedestrians, pedicabs and taxis, they tried to bring some sort of sense to the chaos of a Surabaya traffic jam. Young, barefoot vendors weaved through the crowd. The wooden boxes strapped in front of them held Chiclets and chocolate. Business was slow for the boys, so they were more persistent than usual in selling their wares to the people who climbed the steps leading into the stadium.

At 5:30 the sun disappeared. It was almost as if that was a silent signal for the real action to begin. Hundreds at first, then thousands jammed the gateway of Surabaya's Gelora stadium, the 50,000-seat arena where the local team, Persibaya, does regular battle with other soccer squads from throughout Indonesia.



But tonight would be different. It would be another kind of confrontation. The noise would not be the shrill of the ref's whistle. The battle wouldn't be on a patch of green turf between 22 men going for broke. Tonight the struggle would be in the stands—in the hearts of Surabayans, inhabitants of Indonesia's second largest city.

The "Jesus People Band" played vigorously. The huge yellow banner hoisted high over the platform shouted the theme of the meetings: *AKULAH JALAN DAN KEBENARAN DAN HIDUP*—"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life." As night fell, many Moslems appeared in the shadows on the running track. The audience sang from mimeographed song sheets. Even before the meeting started, a few small children had fallen asleep in the arms of their parents. The mellow Indonesian *kulintang*—a marimba-like instrument—and the 150-voice choir performed to the delight of the 8000



Stan Mooneyham and Stephanus Damaris

people now assembled in the stands.

The platform was at mid-field, right on the foul line. Far in the background the scoreboard read local team—0, visiting team—0.

Stephanus Damaris walked briskly to the stage. At his side was Stan Mooneyham. Together they would share the good news of Jesus Christ. As they spoke, it was obvious that God had prepared the hearts of the people. It probably wouldn't have mattered who had preached. God's work would have been done in Surabaya that night and in the two nights that followed. The message



Dr. Mooneyham with some of Surabaya's Christian leadership



A stand outside Gelora stadium



was simple, clear: Jesus died because He cared for you so very much. And tonight He says, "Surabaya, I love you. I love you!"

Numbers alone are always shoddy "proof" of success. The fact that some 21,000 Indonesians attended the three meetings is neither good nor bad. It is merely a number. Those involved in counseling and follow-up thanked God that more than 1000 acknowledged their need for Christ in their lives. But, again, it is not the *number* that is significant.


What *is* meaningful is the way God continues to pour out His blessing on the Indonesian church and its leadership, particularly in East Java. Prawiromaruto, Sutanto, Damaris, Octavianus, Natan and Tanuseputra are hardly household names in the West. But it's these people and others who have provided the kind of leadership in Indonesia that has made the difference. It has

been their deep commitment to Jesus Christ that has brought thousands of Indonesians to an awareness of God's deep love for them.

East Java itself is not as heavily Moslem as other parts of Indonesia, so there is less resistance to the gospel there than elsewhere. But it's still not easy. During the first of the three meetings a teenager beat up his younger brother because he had invited Christ into his life. Often, this is part of the price to be paid in a Moslem society.

But the meetings were not without their light moments. Erich

Natan, head of the follow-up team, said that three married sisters responded to the invitation one evening with one primary prayer request. None of them was able to have children, and they asked if the workers would pray that the three sisters would become pregnant. Erich suggested that the really important thing was that they receive Christ into their lives. Then, he suggested, the other prayer might be in order. At this writing we have no report on the effects of prayer number two.

Gelora stadium has once again been turned over to the sportsmen. But for the men and women who encountered Jesus Christ during those three meetings, it will always be more than a soccer stadium. It will remain the place where they found that Jesus really is the Way, the Truth and the Life. 



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

MANAGING

Feb. 5, 6 in Portland, OR
Feb. 26, 27 in Pittsburgh, PA
May 6, 7 in Pasadena, CA

YOUR TIME

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

It is conducted by two of today's most outstanding authorities on the subject of time management.

For the past 12 years Dr. Engstrom, co-author of the best-seller *Managing Your Time*, has been executive vice-president of World Vision International. Before this he was editorial director for Zondervan Publishing House.

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world vision people's projects

Sermon Contest

The winners of World Vision's 25th anniversary essay/sermon contest were to have been announced in this issue. We are sorry to report, however, that due to unusual circumstances the judging has not been completed. We ask for your patience, especially from the large number of you who entered the contest. Please watch for the results and excerpts from the winning essay in our December anniversary issue.

Bermuda Festival

World Vision's Bermuda Festival of Missions will begin this month, but there is still time for you and your family to consider participating. The program for the entire festival week, October 24-31, has been designed to stimulate spiritual renewal, mental refreshment and physical recreation.

Speakers for the festival are Dr. Carlton Booth, Dr. Ted Engstrom, Dr. Richard Halverson, Richard and Ethel Hamilton and Dr. Samuel Kamaleson. Several outstanding musicians will also be sharing in the program: Cathy Barrow, Ted Cornell, Robert Riedel and Jean Shaw. Why not join them in beautiful Willowbank?

For more information, please call

the Rev. Richard Hamilton, World Vision's East Coast area director, at (201) 652-5580.

Television Special

Those in the areas of Chattanooga, Tennessee and Cleveland, Ohio will have an opportunity to watch World Vision's new television special, "What Will We Say to a Hungry World?" this month. It will appear in Chattanooga on Tuesday, October 21 from 7 p.m. to 12 midnight on station WRCB-TV (Channel 3). In Cleveland it will be aired over station WUAB-TV (Channel 43) on Thursday, October 23 from 7 p.m. to 12 midnight. The special presents a careful analysis of many of the causes of the world hunger problem, describes the problem and suggests guidelines on how it can be overcome.



Employment Needs

WV Overseas Openings:

Program Director—Ethiopia: To head up community development program. Experience in agricultural projects and team direction helpful.

Project Manager—Central African Republic: To plan, manage and control a number of agricultural development projects. Must speak French.

Well Digging Specialist—Central African Republic: To drill water wells in association with agricultural improvement projects. Must speak French.

Coordinator—R & D—Bangladesh: To coordinate relief and development programs. Initially, the assignment will involve rehabilitation of 5000 families in a major refugee resettlement camp at Demra.

Openings at WV headquarters in Monrovia, California:

Senior Programmer/Analyst: Experience in general business systems and large data base desirable. Should be proficient in COBOL and DOS.

Intermediate Programmer: Must have experience in COBOL with knowledge of DOS.

Employment Coordinator: To coordinate headquarters and expatriate staffing with additional personnel administrative assignments.

Printer/Foreman: Working supervisor to manage sizable print shop. Must have lithographic printing experience.

Overseas Accounting Coordinator: Broad accounting experience with foreign exchange exposure desired.

Management Information Systems Specialist: Should have technical experience in information systems with education in information theory and design.

If you know of anyone interested, please have them contact the Personnel Department at (213) 357-1111, ext. 255.



GAMBIA

The half-million people who live in Gambia (4003 square miles) each earn only about \$140 annually. Although the nation is located on Africa's west coast, drought is sometimes a problem, and poor nutrition and tropical diseases combine to limit the life expectancy of the people to a mere 40 years.

Food Supplement Distribution

To help combat malnutrition and improve the health of young children, World Vision is purchasing \$10,000 worth of milk, iron additives and vitamins. These supplies are being distributed through clinics operated by the World Evangelistic Crusade (WEC).

Preventative Medicine

World Vision is sponsoring two additional programs through the WEC that will help Gambians build for the future. In connection with the distributions mentioned above, \$62,351 is being provided to train 70 men and women in preventative medicine. They'll go into the more rural areas of the country to teach better health, nutrition and sanitation practices.

Egg and Poultry Production

In the second program, World Vision is investing \$25,665 over a 2½ year period to help establish an egg and poultry producing business. These protein-rich foods will help to combat malnutrition significantly. By April 1978 the program, which also includes training nationals to take it over, will be self-sustaining. The funds for these ministries are coming primarily from concerned Christians in the U. S., Australia and New Zealand. Thank you for caring.

What you are saying to a hungry world



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.



monthly memo

I have often written in this space of our deep appreciation for our praying, concerned and generous friends. Without you there simply could not be the compassionate ministry of World Vision.

One of our great blessings is the mail which comes to our headquarters office. What an encouragement your letters of confidence are to us. Let me share with you portions of three delightful letters which came within the last several days:

"I suffered a paralyzing stroke in 1972 while working for the U.S. Air Force in Japan. I spent six months taking physical therapy in a rehabilitation hospital in Honolulu. I still haven't regained the use of my left arm and hand. . . . Fortunately, I had enough time on Federal Civil Service to retire. I am now on a fixed income and only make enough to meet my living expenses plus a few dollars to spare. I feel that I am more fortunate than a lot of people in this world. . . . Being a Christian I feel I should do my share in helping other



people who are in dire need of help. Enclosed you will find \$15 to help one family get started."

"This check for \$1000 is fulfilling my part of an agreement with God. I had sold a house and was waiting for the deal to close when I was notified that the people had changed their minds. I was disappointed, and as I was sitting at my desk at work I said a little prayer, 'Lord, if you want \$1000 for the hungry people I saw on World Vision's television program, hold this deal together.' I had hardly finished praying it and the phone rang. The couple had decided to keep the house. So here is the check to be used to feed the hungry. I hope it will be of some help. Keep up the good work. God bless you."

"I am just getting started in business (I am a potter) and I am still on welfare and unemployment because since March I haven't been earning enough to support myself. But I know even someone on welfare can afford \$12.00 a month to sponsor one child. I told the Lord

that in addition to my tithe, of which 90 percent goes to World Vision, I would give 20 percent of the sale of each pot I sell to the Love Loaf program. This is in addition to the money I have put in from missing meals and other things I am tempted to spend money on. Since I have been doing this the money has been coming in very nicely to where I believe I will be able to get off welfare very soon. The Lord is faithful if we will trust Him."

I am often reminded that God is in the business of multiplying the gifts and efforts of His children. Remember the lad's lunch of five loaves and two fish which Jesus blessed to feed the 5000? Think of how He has multiplied in untold measure the gift of the widow's mite.

Be assured that God wonderfully and redemptively multiplies your loving gift in behalf of others. We in World Vision simply serve as a channel between those like the ones who wrote the letters above and those who are destitute of almost everything in our world today.

Ted W. Engstrom
Ted W. Engstrom
Executive Vice-President

dateline Vienna

by J.D. Douglas

"If you really must fall sick," it used to be said, "then do it in Vienna." So I did, falling literally and fracturing a wrist in one of the partly excavated streets where the city's new subway will run. And it's all true about Austrian medicine, even in the feverish activity of the *Krankenhaus's* late-night casualty section.

Another kind of pitfall lies in wait for any reporter rash enough to imagine that a two-week sojourn is sufficient to analyze Austria and its 7½ million people. Much of the following comes therefore from Austrian friends; the fault is mine alone if something vital is lost through compression.

Slightly smaller in area than Maine, this mountainous country with permanently neutral status lies strategically astride Europe's Eastern and Western political alignments. Its historical role as part of a once great empire has been impressive, its contributions to culture no less so. To touch on just one aspect: for a long time Vienna and music were virtually synonymous because of the city's associations with Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Bruckner and many more, including that Strauss who conned the world into thinking the Danube was blue. And, of course, in our own time there is the inimitable Vienna Boys' Choir.

From a religious viewpoint, Austria is a land of paradoxes. The church is widely regarded as an indispensable national institution, but in the same category as firemen, police and ambulance service—responding to crisis calls but with no necessary relevance to everyday living. Approximately 87.7 percent Roman Catholic, Austria nonetheless has one of the world's highest suicide rates; this, too, although there is an inordinate preoccupation with and fear of death. Only about 25 percent of Catholics go to Mass, yet the overwhelming majority of others continue to pay substantial church taxes. They could opt out of the latter (a growing number have done so in recent years), but this is considered a serious step, not just for religious reasons, but because it would place the individual in a minority group. Austrians imperfectly understand minorities: they imply a strong stand about something. Ideologies and sharp distinctions are likewise suspect; it is enough that one believes in God. This philosophy may explain why in a German-speaking country the more systematic ways of neighboring Germany are disliked. The New Theology would find no acceptance in an Austria in which pastoralia is regarded above exegesis.

In a lecture given recently to an ecumenical working group, Catholic professor Wilhelm Zauner shared some whimsical thoughts about his fellow countrymen. In

them he sees an attitude called "minimalism" which he summarizes in four parts: (1) There is no conflict. (2) If there is, it's not as bad as you say. (3) If it is, then let the authorities make the decisions. (4) Anyway, it will work itself out in the end. Referring to "the a-religious religiosity of the Austrians," Zauner sees it as bound up with the maintenance of the status quo. An echo of this is quaintly reflected in my guidebook on Austria: "Remained has her original, undeniable love for tradition sometimes shading into a seeming lethargy and permanent melancholy." This tendency toward inactivity was perhaps seen in a poll wherein 89 percent of Austrians voted religion to be something private that the individual felt in himself.

Another pointer about Austria is the close link between church and state. Since the Counter-Reformation, Roman Catholicism has been enforced by the secular authority. And it has become a religion often measured by its aesthetic value, with truth in danger of being subordinated to beauty. With the latter comes a commitment to Mariolatry (notably in Lower Austria), but Zauner indicates that even this emphasis has decreased since Vatican II. While new ideas of any sort are slow to filter into the remoter districts, the Bible Society is here and there finding that Catholics are willing to share in the work of Bible distribution—a startling breakthrough in a land where prayer books have far outnumbered Bibles.

Of the 12.3 percent non-Catholic segment of the population, 5.7 percent are attached to the Evangelical (Lutheran) Church which, despite its name, is manifestly not committed to a strong evangelistic program. A further 4.3 percent specifically state that they have no church affiliation. "Unknowns" account for 0.5 percent. There are Old Catholic (0.4 percent), Reformed (0.3 percent) and Jewish (0.1 percent) minorities. The remaining one percent (some 76,000 souls), belong to "international" churches or cults (Baptist, Methodist, Salvation Army and so forth or Mormons and Jehovah's Witnesses).

I have deliberately detailed these figures (kindly supplied by the Rev. Wilhelm Nausner of Linz) so that Austria can be seen indeed to be one of Europe's neediest mission fields. Christian workers from a number of different countries and societies carry on a significant ministry in meetings, camps and personal work, both among Vienna's 1.6 million and in the nine provinces. Such workers aim, of course, at building up the indigenous (truly Christian) Church. At the present time they are greatly encouraged particularly by the enthusiasm and growing numbers of Austrian youth giving themselves to Jesus Christ and to the task of the waiting abundant harvest.

J. D. Douglas is editor of The New International Dictionary of the Christian Church. He serves as editor-at-large for Christianity Today and formerly lectured in church history at St. Andrews University in Scotland.

The Freeing Up of the Hung-Up Part I

For people who have mission hang-ups there's nothing like a good dose of the Book of Acts. In his "Translator's Preface" to Acts J. B. Phillips wrote:

...this surely is the Church as it was meant to be. It is vigorous and flexible, for these are the days before it ever became fat and short of breath through prosperity, or muscle-bound by overorganization.

Last summer, at a large missionary meeting in England, I heard the Rev. John V. Taylor, until recently the general secretary of the Church Missionary Society and now the Bishop of Winchester, tell of a day when he, as a young man, stood up to signify that he was a missionary volunteer. He soon developed a fixation on a certain country in Africa where he wanted to serve. As it turned out, he lived to see the hand of God in his being assigned to another country. "I was hooked on *geography*," said the bishop, "and God was interested in *availability*."

Availability

This is one of the guidelines that appear repeatedly in Acts. Consider what happened in the church at Antioch:

While they were worshiping the Lord and fasting, the Holy Spirit said, "Set apart for me Barnabas and Saul for the work to which I have called them." Then after fasting and praying they laid their hands on them and sent them off (13:2, 3, RSV).

Did they go armed with a manual of strategy? Not at all. Think of all the things which, at that point, they did not know: (1) how the issue would be resolved as to whether Gentiles would be required to become Jews (be circumcised) in order to be accepted as Christians, (2) that Peter would turn out to be eminently the apostle to the Jews while Paul, with even greater eminence, would be the apostle to the Gentiles, (3) that Paul would attempt an evangelizing foray first into Asia and then into Bithynia, only to have the Holy Spirit veto both plans (16:6, 7) and (4) that when the second proposal was aborted, the arrival in Troas would become the scene of that momentous vision in response to which the gospel for the first time would spill over into Europe.

What if Paul had been hung up on geography? It was his flexibility and availability that the Spirit of God used to carry the good news of Jesus to those areas where its impact would be the greatest.

The fixed models and methods of missions so familiar in the last half of the 19th century and up to the time of World War I, began to come apart at the seams after the

guns of August 1914 broke loose. With the second World War, the collapse of colonialism and the sealing off of China, missionaries by the thousands had to be re-grouped, retrained and redeployed. We are now much nearer the pattern of fluidity that we see in first-century missions. Thus it comes to pass that availability is one of the benchmarks of today's missionary.

Speciality

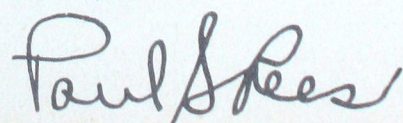
To those who consult him, Webster suggests that "speciality" means "a particular aptitude or skill; a special occupation." Availability and mobility for their own sakes are never enough. There must be a zeroing in at this point or the other. Thus by the Holy Spirit's use of events Paul was given a special mission to the Gentiles, though this did not exclude his continuing concern for the Jewish community. The day came when the Jews in Pisidian Antioch turned violently against the gospel. It was a signal to Paul, to which he responded by saying:

... "It was necessary that the word of God should be spoken first to you. Since you thrust it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of eternal life, behold, we turn to the Gentiles" (13:46, RSV).

We must see that the other, and complementary, side of availability is particularity. It was Paul's speciality to strike out for the important centers of population and plant a church there; to put great trust in the new converts and rapidly develop them into servant-leaders; to break the rhythm of his rushing itinerating by spending a long time in building up a congregation which he felt would carry strategic responsibilities; to support himself by tent-making (even while subscribing to the principle of congregational support for pastors) when this could be used as a sign to certain kinds of unbelievers.

From availability to speciality is a flow of action needed now. It may take place through pre-service training or through in-service insights and discipline. If it doesn't take place, there will be a lot of sterility over which to weep.

To finish where we began, the Book of Acts offers us a priceless antidote for old hang-ups. It is a peerless summons to freedom of action under the guidance and control of the Holy Spirit.



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