

world vision

OCTOBER 1979

Also:

- URBAN REALITIES
- HAILE AT A HUNDRED
- THROUGH VILLAGES OF INDIA ON FOOT
- PIECE OF MIND
- NICARAGUA TODAY
- THEY'LL NEVER BE THE SAME

AT THE ANAMBAS ISLANDS

*Seasweep's
new mission*





Seasweep's new mission

A close look at the Anambas refugee situation, with traveling writer Ken Wilson and photographer Jon Kubly. Page 3

Missions face urban realities

A panorama of Earth's exploding metropolitan centers, with COWE study group coordinator Raymond J. Bakke. Page 8

He is among them

A quiet, observant walk through Christian villages of southern India, with world minister Sam Kamaleson. Page 12

Dateline Nicaragua

A glimpse of Managua's new optimists, as seen by Latin America relief/development associate Lee Huhn. Page 18

Those other worlds

A poignant view of contrasting worlds, with poet Johnny Giesbrecht. Page 19

They'll never be the same

A follow-up perspective on your childcare sponsorship, with World Vision/India director Bhaskar Sojwal. Page 21

PERSONALITY PROFILE 11

PIECE OF MIND 15

PEOPLE AND PROJECTS 16

MONTHLY MEMO 20

READERS' RIGHT 20

GLOBE AT A GLANCE 22

WORDS ON THE WAY 23

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Who serves whom

"O God," prayed World Vision founder Bob Pierce, "we ask not that you bless what we do, but that we do what you bless."

The difference between the two attitudes is immense. It amounts to who serves whom. And only the doing of what God blesses is a guarantee of the kind of results that will matter forever.

Today, as certainly as when Bob Pierce uttered that prayer, all who claim to be disciples of Christ Jesus need:

—to crave to do what our God blesses, rather than even the loftiest work our own small minds and hearts may dream of;

—to discover what God blesses, as revealed in His Word and by His wise, guiding Spirit;

—to do it, come what may.

O God, we ask not that you bless what we do, but that we do what you bless. *Dave Olson*



In this month's cover photo cameraman Jon Kubly captured the emotional moment in which Seasweep's cook, August, embraced a nephew he found among the boat refugees.

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Seasweep's new mission

by Kenneth L. Wilson

On an outcropping of land you won't find on your map, in the Anambas Islands of Indonesia where outsiders do not come unless they are in trouble, I saw 4000 boat people clinging desperately to life. All they had left was their will to live, and each other.

Refugees from Vietnam, many were also refugees from Malaysia, where they had hoped to escape the sea only to be forced back into it. Some had been attacked on the way by Thai "fisherman" who raped, murdered and pillaged their helpless victims in the most vicious outbreak of piracy in modern times.

Now the refugees were living—a shameless word for it—under giant boulders, in shacks clinging to every precarious perch on hills so steep a climber needed handholds, and in makeshift shelters on stilts over the water.

They were facing an emergency as dire as when,

Here at Terempa they had food enough for only a few days. No clean water. No medical care.



a few months earlier, they had huddled in small boats, betting their lives on the hope of a future for their children. Here at Terempa they had food enough for only a few days. No clean water. No medical care. No United Nations processing. No ship to transport food in—or people out.

On top of that, the monsoons were due in a month. Lashing waves, torrential rains and high winds that begin the middle of September and last until March would wipe everything—and everybody—off the precipitous slopes and shoreline.

Two days before, at the regional headquarters of the Indonesian Navy in Tanjung Pinang, Commodore Koento Wibisono had painted that dismal picture for Dr. Stan Mooneyham and Paul Jones, formerly World Vision's acting director for Thailand, now assigned to the Philippines. *Seasweep*, anchored offshore, was fresh from provisioning in Singapore, poised for action. Typhoon Hope, strangely named, had raged northwestward into Taiwan and Hong Kong, most surely sinking any small boats in its wide swath. No boats had been sighted by Italian or United States naval vessels in the week since. It appeared that just now the neediest of the needy were not on the high seas, but in the Anambas Islands. "We will help," Dr. Mooneyham pledged.

Within a few days *Seasweep* had moved 830 of the Terempa refugees and their few possessions to a more habitable place seven miles away on a more accessible island of the Anambas group. The ship delivered 12 tons of food and supplies valued at

Being a refugee is being in a mass of people shuffled from one point to another, not knowing what you have to do next or where you are going.

\$35,000 and gave 316 medical treatments ashore and on shipboard. Malnutrition, malaria, anemia, scabies and infections were the main problems—conditions that go with being unwanted and uncared for.

Kuku, the camp to which *Seasweep* took the refugees, is one of four (Berhala, Tulai and Air Raya are the others) on the more centrally located island of Jemaja. The camp, population 12,000, was only two months old when we were there in August. But in that short time, the camp leadership had worked wonders. There were "streets" actually wide enough for walking, houses that might not be much by suburban standards but were spacious to people from jam-packed Terempa.

There was a bakery and a miniature shopping center where stalls could be engaged by those with something to sell. In one, a jeweler had opened a repair business, complete with ingeniously juryrigged bellows for his soldering torch. Another enterprising resident

Dr. Chander (left) said, "Without treatment, she would have died during the night."



had set up a little outdoor cafe offering simple refreshments. One refugee was in the salt business, getting it by evaporating seawater, the smoke from his fire going up a chimney made of tin cans.

The camp is organized by function, with 12 working groups in charge, under the direction of a retired South Vietnamese army colonel. A former engineer heads the administrative group, a lawyer is in charge of liaison, a former journalist heads up information, and a doctor heads health care. There is even a group labeled on the organizational chart as legal affairs and reconciliation—to handle disputes among residents. Each of the 40 boats represented in the population has its own spokesman and its own section of town, keeping families and boatmates together.

Twenty-four Vietnamese doctors and two dentists were ready to provide care, but medical supplies had been nonexistent. The *Seasweep* medical staff, headed by Dr. T. N. Chander, assisted by nurses Regina Loh and Rosemary Ng, delivered two badly needed sets of dental equipment, held a crowded clinic and made a survey of medical needs.

The reception committee was ready for the newcomers from Terempa. Housing assignments had been made in advance and a heartwarming welcome readied for those who have been unwelcome so long. Before they arrived, a start had been made on housing for the Terempa transfers, paid for by World Vision. The cost in Indonesian money sounds enormous—4.5 million rupiahs. But that translates to only \$7500 U.S., modest tab for 600 houses. Each family left *Seasweep* with a basic kit for immediate needs, including bamboo poles, plastic sheeting, binding material, a blanket and food parcel.

A church building already in progress had no roof. Dr. Mooneyham gave \$250 on the spot to take care of that. At the request of Protestants in camp—there are at least 30—he also presented 50 Bibles on the second *Seasweep* visit.

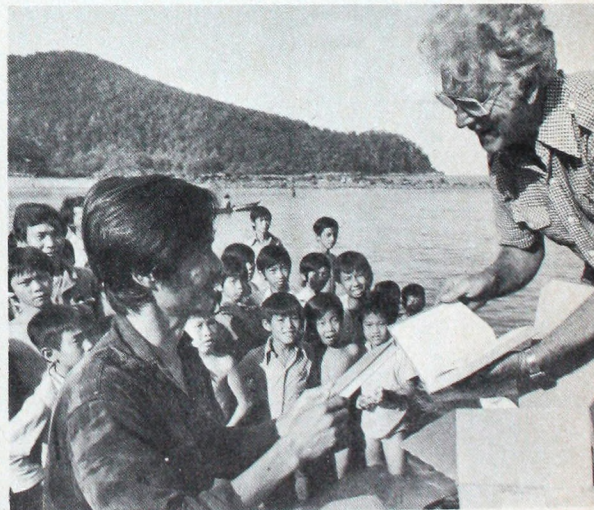
One afternoon the ship was lying off Letong, Jemaja's major town, while Dr. Chander and Regina were ashore at Berhala. Ted Agon, in charge of *Seasweep*, suddenly put down the walkie-talkie he had been using and shouted, "We've got a dying woman coming aboard! Let's save her!" As if mustered for battle, crew members ran to the litter and prepared it for lowering. Presently a small boat came alongside and the patient was carefully hoisted up over the rail, then carried quickly to the hospital quarters.

Dr. Chander told me about it later. The woman, 21 years old and five months pregnant, had been visiting her father at Berhala with her husband, though they lived at Kuku camp. She had been in the clinic line on Berhala, where Dr. Chander diagnosed malaria and beriberi, treating her accordingly. Two hours later she was back in line, going into cardiac arrest. That was when the radio call came in and she was rushed to the ship. Dr. Chander said, "Without treatment, she would have died during the night."

Three days later I saw her walk off the ship, her color good, her steps firm, and I thought of the "what ifs" that God had gently taken out of her path.

What if she had not been visiting her father that day?

What if Dr. Chander had not been at Berhala at that moment?



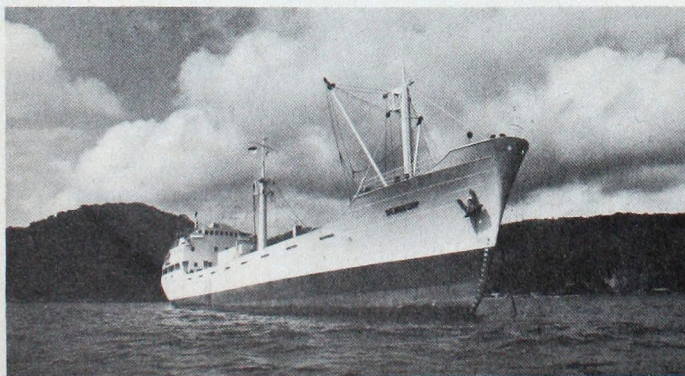
(left) Young people pass the time in Kuku. (above) Dr. Mooneyham presents 50 Bibles to refugees on Jemaja.

What if *Seasweep* had not come?

Back on the day when the first group from Terempa came aboard, we first ferried a man with an abscessed arm to the ship's hospital. His elbow, perforated in an accident, had become infected. Then someone had tried acupuncture on him, worsening the swelling. For four days he had suffered, his arm becoming twice normal size. Then Dr. Chander found him, drained the abscess and bandaged the arm, bringing relief. The doctor was living out his morning devotional from Psalm 84: "As they pass through the valley of weeping, they make it a place of springs."

On the second trip to Kuku, Rosemary tapped at my cabin door in the night. "We have an interesting case," she said, and I dressed and hurried to the hospital. Refugees were still lined up outside the hospital door, waiting their turn for treatment. Inside, a woman was sitting in a chair, her small son by her side. She lifted her sleeve, and I saw a scar on her upper right arm. On the inside of the arm was a corresponding scar. With Regina interpreting, she explained that the marks were from a bullet wound. The bullet had gone completely through her arm and entered her chest. Now it was lodged painfully in her lung where, Dr. Chander said, it would have to stay the rest of her life.

She had been shot during an earlier attempt to escape Vietnam. This time she and her family had made it.



Lying on a bed in the hospital room was a tiny dehydrated baby, its arms and legs matchstick thin. Dr. Chander was beginning treatment. Another life saved. Not a faraway refugee in a *Newsweek* photograph, but a whimpering baby I could reach out and touch.

Every time we went ashore, outstretched hands held letters for relatives and friends in other countries. Communication was expensive and uncertain but we promised to mail every letter. By the time we left, they numbered 5000. At Kuku, two men in the camp office sorted the letters by country, tying them into neat bundles and putting all into a plastic bag. Back on the ship, I noticed a tag fastened to the top, written in Vietnamese. Our *Seasweep* cook, August, translated: "Refugees Kuku sincerely to World Vision thank you very much everyone." The \$2500 it would cost to mail those letters in Singapore would be a small price.

As I stood the two-to-four watch Saturday night, looking down from the bridge of the ship at men, women and children sleeping on the starboard deck and seeing the faint light from the hold where others slept during their transfer to Kuku, I began to understand what it is to be a refugee.

Being a refugee is being a name and a number on lists. It is being in a mass of people shuffled from



When you're a refugee, hope is the last thing you dare let go.

Being a refugee is being a child fearful you will be separated from your parents. It is being an elderly woman too weak to walk without help but not too weak to smile luminously at a small act of kindness.

one point to another, not knowing what you have to do next or where you are going. It is being a child fearful you will be separated from your parents. It is being an elderly woman too weak to walk without help but not too weak to smile luminously at a small act of kindness. It is having faith to believe that wherever you go will be better than where you have been. When you're a refugee, hope is the last thing you dare let go.

World Vision's mission in the Anambas Islands is not finished. Adequately furnished and supplied prefab hospitals are needed in both Kuku and Air Raya, the camps to which the rest of the outlying refugees will be moved. Warehouses are needed to store food that must be brought there. Children, who make up a third or more of the population, must have educational materials. Just to treat existing malaria will take 25,000 tablets of *fansidar*, at a cost of \$8250. Preventive measures will include spraying the camp with

insecticide. Flies settle in clouds on anything that attracts them, such as a baby's face—part of the brutal penalty for poverty and remoteness. Among the supplies that *Seasweep* delivered were two large spray pumps and 20 gallons of insecticide that takes only about a tablespoon per gallon of water to do the job.

And this is only a waystation, while governments debate and legislate and lag as if they were dealing with words rather than with hurting human beings.

On Sunday we put ashore the last of the people to be moved to Kuku, signaled a temporary good-bye on the ship's thunderous whistle, and moved out to sea. Afterward we sat together in the wardroom, trying to sort out all that we had seen and heard. Dr. Mooneyham read aloud a chapter of the Bible. Then he turned the pages to Luke 9:48: "Your care for others is your measure of greatness" (TLB).

Somewhere in Kuku a man had borrowed my pen and a piece of paper to write down a San Diego telephone number. On my first night back in California, I called the number. The person at the other end listened intently, savoring every scrap of information I could give.

"Thank you for bringing me news from my brother," the husky voice said.

By then, he was my brother too. □

To help World Vision minister to refugees, use the return envelope between pages 12 and 13.

Seasweep moved 830 refugees to the safer camp and expects to move thousands more.



Missions face urban realities

by
Raymond J. Bakke

Today 175 cities in the world have populations of more than a million persons. And these cities are now growing at an average annual rate of 7.2 percent. Two-fifths of the 4.2 billion people in the world live in cities. Virtually every aspect of life as we know it is being challenged—and often dramatically changed—by these facts.

Mission strategists report that of the three billion unreached people in the world today, 2.4 billion live outside the evangelistic sphere of any existing church. Contrary to the perceptions of many, the vast majority of these people may be hidden in huge and rapidly growing cities—but that is not where we find most of the mission expertise or resources of the

church today, either in the United States or elsewhere.

When the Consultation on World Evangelization (COWE), sponsored by the Lausanne Committee for World Evangelization, convenes in Thailand next June, some 650 participants, selected from all parts of the world, will address the task of reaching the three billion. Meanwhile, in the pre-consultation phase, COWE's evangelization study and strategy groups are being developed in major cities around the world.

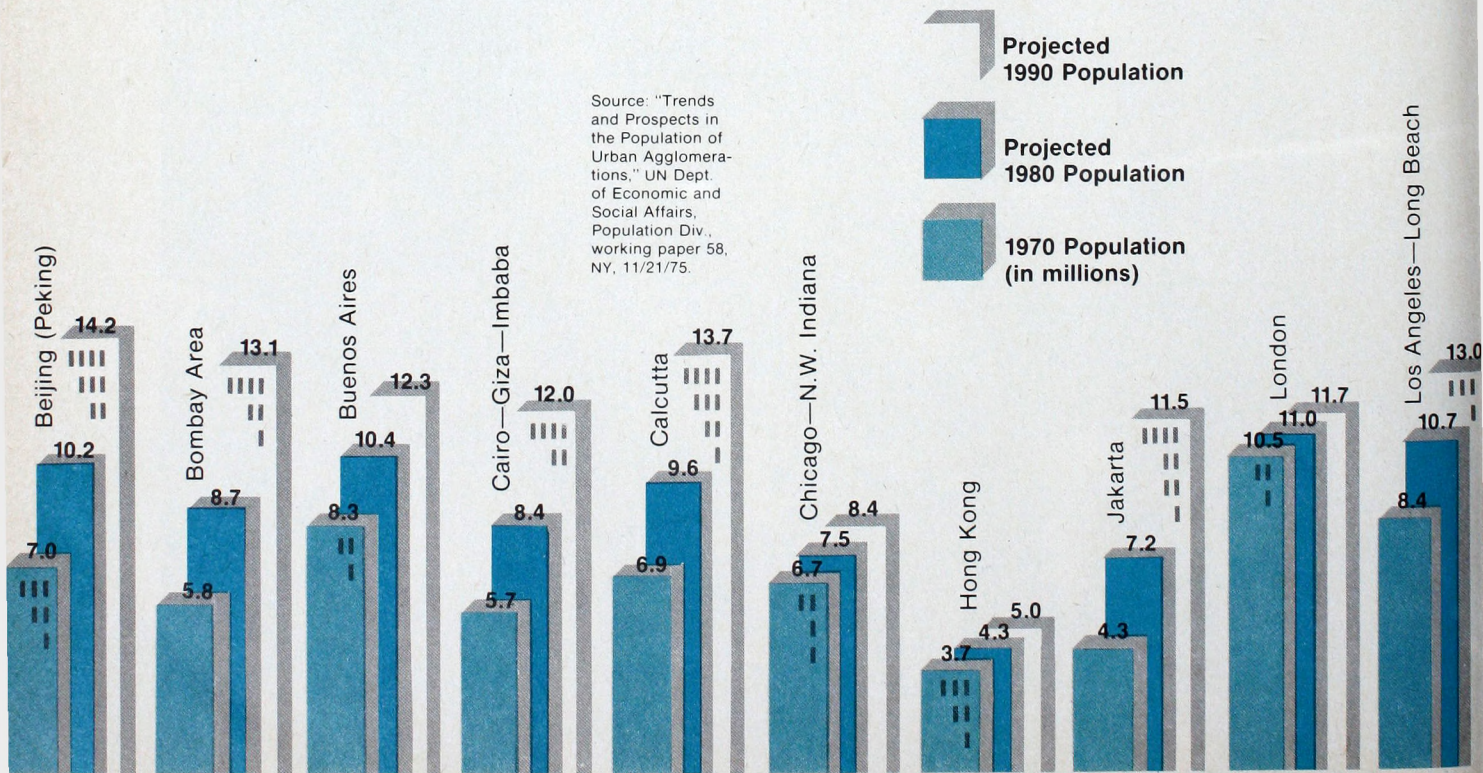
Near the center of Chicago is the Circle Campus of the University of Illinois, where Pierre de Vise, an



TOKYO



MEXICO CITY



urban geographer, declared in 1974, "America's cities are sick, if not dying." Earlier Ashley Montague, a Princeton University anthropologist, had arrived at the same campus to tell its students, "I see no hope for big cities; there is no reason they should continue to exist . . . [they are] disaster areas where human beings cannot be fulfilled."

A Gallup poll indicated in 1978 that 36 percent of all American city dwellers agree with those conclusions, citing crime and overcrowding as the primary reasons they want to leave cities. For a variety of reasons, Christians and churches have been among the first to leave.

The in-migration of the rural poor to the cities stimulated the out-

migration of the middle and upper classes to the suburbs—pejoratively termed "white flight and white fright." These trends are sometimes said to represent middle-class rejection of cities and their values. But better studies of both city and suburb suggest that the opposite is true. Suburbs represent the expansion and ultimate acceptance of cities by all society. We are seeing the production of a new and completely urban national life

In America the same free enterprise policies that produced and shaped our aging and pathological cities are now developing and resegregating our suburban and rural lives as well. Suburbs are extensions of—not an escape from—the consequences of urban life. Church and mission strategists must reckon with

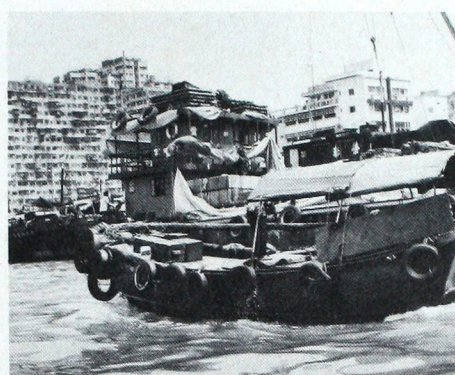
these realities and deal not merely with urbanization's symptoms, but with its diseases.

The problems of cities are worldwide and inescapable. Cities make visible the problems of societies everywhere. We ignore them at our peril. It is a grievous error for mission strategists to view cities as either rural areas writ large or as isolated, rather insignificant places.

Unlike the steadily decentralizing urban centers in the developed countries, Third World cities are growing at a phenomenal pace. Jakarta, Calcutta and Cairo, among



MOSCOW



HONG KONG



SÃO PAULO



others, have doubled in this generation. Millions of immigrants are flowing into Asian, African and Latin American cities every year.

More than 40 percent of all persons in the developing world live in absolute poverty, at levels below the "poverty curtain" level. For example, by 1965, squatters already constituted 45 percent of Ankara and at least 25 percent of most Latin American cities. The ever-more-crowded urban *favellas*, *barriadas*, *tugurios* or *banda de miserias*, as they are called in various countries, highlight the increasingly intolerable gap between the richest and poorest of peoples in a shrinking world knit together by modern communications, material inter-dependencies and the rising, often totally unrealistic expectations of a volatile generation aged 15-30 that is expected to "crest" in the 1980s. Daniel Arap Moi, current president of Kenya, reflecting on the sky-rocketing rate of African male urban unemployment, called the situation a social time bomb.

Yet, even these sordid facts are viewed differently by knowledgeable observers of Third World cities. Many report remarkable evidence of vigor, satisfaction and adaptive creativity on the part of those same port-of-entry urban residents. One's view of the problems inevitably conditions one's attitudes, actions and evangelization strategies. The COWE urban consultation will represent a wide range of views on these issues. This is both necessary and significant.

Broadly speaking, urban ministry includes resources that are biblical, historical, geographical and congregational. Each of these kinds of resources must be rigorously examined and applied. Both the Scriptures and the cities must be exegeted if effective evangelization strategies are to be discovered, designed and implemented. Direct verbal witness to the gospel, both with individuals

and with mass audiences, is but part of the church's urban tool kit. Strategies for education and urban discipleship, revitalization and renewal, age groupings, institutions, language groups, vocational groups, media, economic development, new church planting, direct political involvement and a host of para-church sodalities will be required if complex cities are truly to hear the gospel.

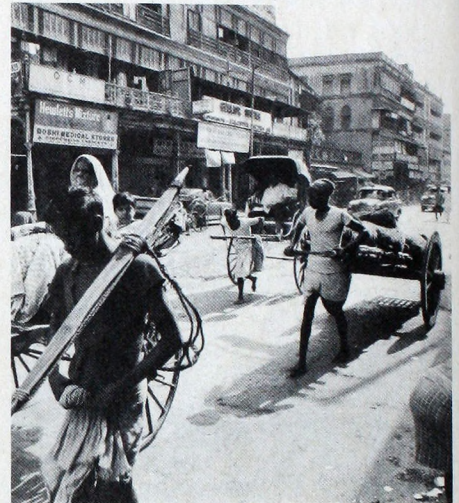
What Donald McGavran said recently applies to all cities everywhere: "True church multiplication in the cities will have to be intelligent, meet today's conditions, solve urban problems and operate in a rapidly changing Africa."

Obviously the COWE urban consultation must be only the beginning of a massive worldwide reordering of church and mission priorities that should include a long-term commitment to recycle personnel and other resources into the major urban areas of the world—but it is a beginning. This commitment, interestingly, is not a new or novel commitment. Speaking in the second century about the urban life and role of Christians, an unknown writer of the "Letter to Diognetus" writes: "It is to no less a post than this that God has ordered them, and they dare not try to evade it." □



Dr. Bakke, international coordinator of COWE's study and strategy groups on urban evangelization, is assistant professor of ministry at Northern Baptist Theological

Seminary. He is also founder of the Seminary Consortium for Urban Pastoral Education (SCUPE), centered in Chicago. He, his wife Corean and three teenage sons have lived in a turbulent urban area of Chicago since 1965. He pastored an inner-Chicago church from 1969 to 1979.



CALCUTTA



NEW YORK CITY

Hale 'n' hearty at a hundred

by Joyce Donaldson Minor



John Terry takes 50 vitamin pills a day plus large doses of lemon juice, prune juice and olive oil.

He never eats meat or milk, always walks for exercise, and says vehemently, "I have no use for doctors or hospitals."

On October 19 he'll be 100 years old.

But if you ask John Terry the secret to his long life you won't get a speech on his style of living; you'll get a sermon on his reason for living: the Lord Jesus Christ.

"If I lived like anybody else, I'd have been dead a long time ago. But I leave everything to the Lord."

John Terry lives alone in a one-room apartment in a downtown Los Angeles building which used to be a hotel. It is now run by the government housing authority as a senior citizens' residence. A twin bed, a dresser, two chairs and two tables are included for the \$77 a month rent.

Mr. Terry has no car or TV set. In fact, his only personal belongings are

a few clothes, some family keepsakes and several Bibles.

"I spend most of my time just reading the Bible and praying. See that Bible right there? I've read that one through over 40 times. I don't read the newspaper. Why should I waste my time with that when I'd rather be reading the Bible?"

"The Bible says pray without ceasing. Now that doesn't mean one continuous prayer; it means day after day. So that's what I do. I prayed my two sisters into heaven."

John Terry's prayers also resulted in his becoming a regular donor to World Vision.

Though his only income is \$350 a month from Social Security, Mr. Terry lives so simply he always has a little to spare. So he asked God to reveal a way for that money to be used in His service.

The next day Finley Randolph, stewardship representative for World Vision, was at Mr. Terry's door on the recommendation of a friend. Since

then, John Terry's donations have averaged \$200 every other month.

"I try to live as cheaply as I can, 'cause I want to give all I can to the Lord. I tell the barber to cut my hair real short. That way I don't have to go so often and I save money—money I can give World Vision for the children."

Mr. Terry's only living relative is a niece in Canada, so since that first call, Finley Randolph has visited him every month. Randolph does his banking for him, pays his rent, helps him with shopping and other needs. Twice he has found Mr. Terry a new apartment and helped him move when circumstances made it necessary.

John Terry worked as a tailor until, at the age of 90, his eyesight failed due to cataracts. When he told Finley Randolph how it grieved him that he could not read the Scriptures, Randolph arranged for him to see an ophthalmologist and stayed with him through the surgery that restored Mr. Terry's vision.

John Terry has written a book on tailoring but needs the help of a Christian tailor to prepare it for publication. If these can ever be accomplished, he says, the royalties will go to World Vision.

He has also written a tract based on his personal testimony. Until it is printed, he buys other gospel tracts by the pound and folds them himself.

With his jaunty straw hat and trusty cane, John Terry takes a walk along the streets of Los Angeles nearly every day, always with a pocketful of tracts to give away.

His step is slow but determined. When people ask how he's doing, the jovial answer is always, "I'm still wigglin' around."

In eight years Mr. Terry has given over \$12,000 to World Vision. His money is at work saving lives and souls, yet it is available to him, with interest, if he should ever need it.

But John Terry doesn't anticipate that.

"I'm just waiting for the Lord to take me home. And when I go to meet Him I want to go with nothing in my hand."

Actually, Mr. Terry doesn't think much about death, because he doesn't plan on dying, just awakening in the presence of his Lord someday.

Like King Solomon, he never asked for long life, just wisdom for living. And because of that he has been blessed with both. □

Three walks in India: number one

He is among them

A seven-day walk, 15 to 20 miles each day, through “ordinary” Christian villages of southern India—with no speaking engagements, no advance notification of their arrival, no Western garb, cameras or luggage—gave two Indian Christian leaders a fresh view of village life last January.



Dr. Kamaleson

“We went to listen,” says Dr. Sam Kamaleson, vice-president-at-large for World Vision International, who did his walking and listening together with the director of Bethel Agricultural Fellowship. The two mingled with whomever they met along the way.

On these pages Dr. Kamaleson shares lingering impressions—and one dominant realization. In a winter issue of this magazine he will share impressions from a second walk, in a different set of villages. And next spring the magazine will carry his report on a third walk, which will take him and other Indian Christians into villages resistant to the gospel.

The jungle-haunting tiger that slays the wild cow refuses to eat and passes by what has fallen (of itself) in its path.

So the excellent, though the wide realms of heaven were within their reach, would not desire them, if to be obtained (only) by the loss of honour.

—Naladiyar, chapter 30, verse 10
(Third Century A.D. Tamil literature)

It was 6:30 in the evening when we walked down the main street of Mudalur. Located in the Tirunelveli district of the Tamil people's area of India, Mudalur was founded by Sundaranathan David in 1801 as India's first Christian village, on a piece of land paid for by an Englishman, Captain Everest.

We could see the tall spire of the church. We heard the bells pealing out an invitation to the evening service. We responded with deep feelings. We had come to spend a few days walking on this “sacred soil” where a vigorous people's movement had taken place during the 19th century. We had come to learn, to stay where invited, to eat what we were offered, to speak to those who would listen. But we had come mostly to listen.

At every location we found great,



warm hospitality. Often we were accepted as guests to eat the simple food the family ate. One time we were given milk instead of water to quench our thirst. When we objected that the milk was meant for the children, we were told, "Today it is for you; tomorrow it will be for the children." From then on we found other sources of drinking water.

When we talked with the children and adults along the road, we touched the palpable dignity of a very ancient civilization.

They knew their roots. Early converts and the missionaries who had led them to Christ were a frequent subject of our conversation. The agony of persecution that shaped the people's movement and the zeal of leaders like Sundaranathan David (1772-1806), who was said to be like Gideon and who died a martyr's death, were still fresh in their memories.

One of the early Christians, Kovilpillai, was a palmyra tree climber who came to know the Lord in his later years. They told me Kovilpillai learned to read Tamil in order to know God's Word. He refused to harvest trees on Sundays, and went out preaching instead because he had to "make good for lost time." Even on weekdays he would carry a Bible on his person when he climbed, and if a "message

from the Lord" would come to him, he would seek out people with whom he could share it immediately.

Kovilpillai's preaching was direct and persuasive. His equipment was a staff, a lantern and a mat woven of palmyra leaves. He spread the mat on the sandy soil as a seat for "the King of Kings," who was always present. He drove the staff into the loose soil and hung the lantern on it. The message from "the King" was an invitation, through the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, to every hearer to leave the kingdom of the Devil and to enter the Kingdom of God. Kovilpillai, we were told, "knew there was no man's kingdom in between."

"Tell us," they often asked, "what is God doing around the world?" Then they sat talking and listening until the early hours of the morning.

Some groups among them were participating in direct missionary outreach to otherwise unreached areas of India. As we talked about God's action around the world, they made notes to follow up in prayer.

Among the group that remained to pray, a few still wore on their foreheads the mark that indicated they were Hindus. One of them talked with me at length and told me he believed in the Lord as his Savior and was awaiting the Lord's leading for baptism.

The believers I met in Mudalur displayed a strong experiential knowledge of Jesus Christ, a hunger for the Word of God, a consistent intercessory prayer life and a deep,

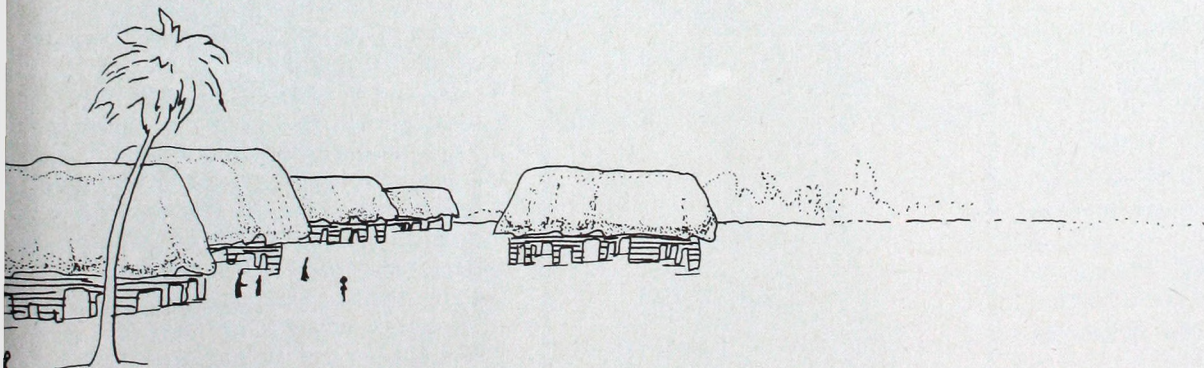
practical concern for unbelievers.

In an area where luxury and affluence were uncommon, the believers lived a very simple style of life. In the midst of this style, which was nearly universal, we had to make particular inquiries to find out who was university educated and who was professionally employed. Most of them were farmers.

A number of men rode bicycles to neighboring townships to ply their trade of carpentry. Thus, the groups who met with us during the daytime were predominantly made up of women. We sensed that these women were keen Bible students and (as they described themselves) stubborn "prayer warriors."

Mudalur has many Christian congregations and a number of majestic church buildings. About the early beginnings of the church in these parts, it is said, "Tirunelveli Christians of the first generation were equals in piety, spirituality, sacrificial living and giving to Christians anywhere else in the world. The foundations were laid strong and deep, and there is no reason to think people were baptized in a hurry without adequate preparation and proper understanding of the faith" (*Chosen Vessels* by Rajaiah D. Paul, p. 48).

Leadership talent was clearly evident. Education was highly valued. Because children were needed for help with chores at home, they



could seldom acquire all the knowledge they aspired for. Boys and girls were shy and yet very inquisitive. Along the road they would, in time, talk freely and eagerly. They were happy and rather naturally assumed responsibility for the younger ones among their company.

With the people's movement now stabilized for many years, the church has assumed an institutionalized posture. And where institutional leadership has turned to the formalism of an appointive system, there situational leadership has emerged and flourishes.

Early or late, it was always time for prayer. One little boy came running after us and, panting for breath, requested us to retrace our steps to come to his home and pray. I asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up. His reply startled me. "I want to be like you!" "Oh, far better than that," I stammered. We prayed for his mother.

Prayer for healing was a frequent request. After visiting a home for

prayer, I saw a woman standing in the shade of the thatched roof of a neighbor's house. I greeted her. She was hesitant. Then: "Will you come to *anyone's* home to pray?" So we prayed in her home.

Early one morning I heard a mother praying in an otherwise empty sanctuary. She was crying. Aloud—she could not help it—she wept and prayed on behalf of a wayward son. I prayed too, remembering another mother who prayed so very often during my teenage years. God answered this mother's prayers, even this morning at Mudalur.

You walk. It is hot. You are ashamed of the blisters on your feet. Suddenly you see him: the only other human being on the road. He is bearing a huge bundle of dry wood. In fact, the bundle is larger than the man. He walks slowly. As you observe him and his movements, he watches you just as closely. Fifteen minutes pass before you arrive within recognizing distance. There are no automobiles,

not even bullock carts—just you and he. So you cannot ignore or pass by a human being in indifference.

Now your eyes meet. He is old, wrinkled, looking very wise, very experienced. You take the lead, for you must respect *him*, and you always do. "Vanakam, Aiyah" ("Greetings to you, sir.") Suddenly his face lights up; the wrinkles change their pattern and outline rugged handsomeness. "Vanakam, Aiyah" ("Greetings to you also, sir").

We have met; we are human; we are content. I walk lightly. Far down the road we break the silence. The man with the bundle of wood is now out of sight. We walk off the path into a grove of trees—tamarind trees—and select a shady spot to sit down, my companion Sam and me. We pray; we share; we sharpen our insights; we pray some more. Then we read from the Word.

It is now evening. We remember faces—many of them—eager, loving, wise, waiting. We know that *He* is among them. We weep! □

The people's movement in Tirunelveli

The earliest European missionaries to contact the people of Tirunelveli District, where Mudalur is located, were Jesuits. But the people's movement in the Mudalur area was a result of Protestant effort.

Anglican missionary work in Tirunelveli began in 1771, as an offshoot of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge

"Where the palmyra abounds, there Christian congregations and schools abound also."

(an English mission) in Tanjore and Tiruchirappalli. In 1791 a resident missionary took charge of the district, but before that, the work was conducted entirely by catechists such as Sundaranathan David.



Early converts faced strong opposition. After the formation of Mudalur as a Christian village, David was allegedly killed by poisoning. After his death the number of conversions in Tirunelveli began to decline.

In 1836 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts sent its first English missionary to the district.

In 1841 a Scottish missionary, Robert Caldwell, went to Tirunelveli. For 50 years, until his death, Caldwell lived and worked among the people of Tirunelveli and influenced history. About the time of Caldwell's arrival, a people's movement began. Entire villages were converted. By 1849 nearly 40,000 had become Christians in Tirunelveli alone.

This people's movement was followed by another period of great missionary activity. By the end of the century Tirunelveli had the greatest number of Christians in the Province of Madras.

Zealously witnessing palmyra tree climbers played a special role in that gospel outreach. Lecturing in London in 1857, Bishop Caldwell said, "Christianity and the palmyra have appeared to flourish together. Where the palmyra abounds, there Christian congregations and schools abound also. And where the palmyra disappears, there the signs of Christian progress are rarely seen." □

Christ is not divided. Why are we?

by Dilhan Muttukumaru

We live in a troubled world. The earth's population figure has passed the 4 billion mark. By the year 2000, just twenty-one years away, our planet will hold 6.2 billion people, and according to World Bank projections *nine out of every ten human beings will live in the Third World.* The great tragedy is that the vast majority of these people will be condemned to a subhuman existence unless something radical is done.

My own living in certain parts of the world has convinced me that this fragile planet of ours is now in worse political, economic, social and spiritual turmoil than ever before. I am further convinced that if any single institution can truly minister to the physical and spiritual needs of this hungry, thirsty, weary and lonely world, it is the church—the church centered and deeply rooted in the boundless love and compassion of the revolutionary Jesus of the Gospels, the Word made flesh.

The two opening words of the Lord's prayer, "Our Father," should sensitize all Christians to the agonies and struggles of our brothers and sisters both nearby and abroad. It should make unthinkable a divided church or a divided Christ. Yet the Christian church is one of the most divided institutions today, and this to me is another of the great tragedies of our times.

The unity of the church finds its root in the heart of God Himself. "God so loved the world that He gave His only Son." The fact that the Son of God shed His blood for every one of the 4 billion human beings living today is mind-boggling. How heartbreaking to Him is a divided Body!

Too long have theologians debated little differences that tear

apart the Body of Christ. When the impoverished and oppressed people of the world cry out for bread and for the Bread of Life, what really matters is the lordship of Jesus Christ.

Evangelism and social action are two equally vital dimensions of the same gospel. We must minister to this troubled world as one church under one Lord. I do not wish to be misunderstood on this point. I believe that Christ's virgin birth, atoning death and resurrection are doctrines that all true Christians must hold to. But so is the doctrine

"The Christian church is one of the most divided institutions today, and this to me is another of the great tragedies . . ."

Dilhan, a Sri Lankan, lives in Azusa, California.



of the oneness of the Body.

In a remote Indonesian village I saw a practical example. The devastation of an earthquake deprived the villagers of food. A Protestant minister there had access to emergency supplies donated by various agencies, but he refused to release the food to the people until they attended a time of praise at his church.

A Jesuit arrived on the scene, however, and sensed what was going on. He went to the minister.

As soon as the minister opened his door, and before any words could be exchanged, the Jesuit embraced his brother in Christ. The minister was speechless. The Jesuit then introduced himself and after a brief conversation said, "My brother, let us forget the little differences between us, and remember that you and I serve the same Lord. Let us ask ourselves what Jesus would have done in this situation."

The minister stared at the floor for a while, then lifted his eyes and said to the Jesuit, "My brother, I never thought of it this way. Come, let us go to the people with the food."

Our model is the Suffering Servant. All of us in the Body of Christ must come closer together, recognizing that we all serve the same Suffering Servant, the now risen Lord and Savior. Jesus said of Himself, "Even the Son of Man did not come to be served, but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many" (Mark 10:45, NIV). And when He sent forth His disciples, He said, "As the Father has sent me, even so I send you" (John 20:21). The servant role, modeled on Christ, must be the unifying element in the church as we seek in our troubled world to fulfill the Master's prayer "that they may be one as we are one." □

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In the aftermath of Hurricane David

Hurricane David created a serious situation in the Dominican Republic, reports Dr. Lee Huhn, World Vision's relief and development coordinator for Latin America. The northern coast was isolated by the devastation, with hundreds drowned and thousands homeless. From a plane, Huhn observed much flooding in the northwestern provinces of Dajabon and Montecristi.

An ad hoc consortium of relief agencies worked to bring aid to part of the stricken north coast. The consortium included (besides World Vision) Christian Literature Crusade, Compassion, Food for the Hungry, Latin America Mission and World Relief. Several planeloads of food and other needed items were flown

to Santiago in the northwestern part of the nation. The DC-3 cargo plane was supplied by Jungle Aviation and Radio Service (JAARS) and flown by a Christian Aviation Fellowship pilot. From Santiago, the supplies were trucked north to three refugee camps to which 2600 people had fled from the flooding.

Miami churches also contributed some supplies to the relief effort. World Vision's share in the program cost \$10,000.

Thailand camps aided

The United Nations High Commission on Refugees (UNHCR) asked World Vision of Thailand to assist in preparing for the arrival of 5000 new Khmer (Cambodian) refugees in the Klong Yai Displaced Persons Camp. Within two weeks, World Vision con-



Water for people and animals

In Kenya, where domestic cattle are extremely important in dry areas, the water delivery system is designed for both people and cattle. A hand-driven pump sends water to spigots for people who bring containers, and also to a trough for cattle. Proper well covers and good, practical pumps are keys to the success of this system. These photos are from a World Vision project.

structed 40 living quarters, 80 latrines, two small security houses and 20 wells. In addition, an electrical system and other essential administration facilities were provided. Food was procured and distributed.

UNHCR also approved a World Vision proposal to establish an emergency nutrition program for approximately 1500 malnourished children in the Ban Vinai Displaced Persons Camp in northern Thailand. UNHCR provided an initial \$20,000 for the program.

Relief for Hong Kong

Relief supplies were flown to crowded refugee camps in Hong Kong in a joint effort between World Vision of Canada and the Canadian government. The government flew in many tons of medicine, soap and powdered milk purchased by World Vision at a cost of \$132,500.

Hong Kong has demonstrated a humanitarian attitude toward the Vietnamese refugees, who now number over 66,000 in the small colony. Only one refugee in twelve has been cleared for resettlement in another country.

Blind children helped

A fire recently destroyed the school building of a World Vision childcare institution for impoverished blind children in Korea. The Incheon Lighthouse Vocational Training School has taught skills to 219 blind children since its inception. The school is being rebuilt at a cost of \$200,000, most of which is being raised locally or contributed by the Korean government. World Vision has committed \$20,000 to the rebuilding.

To boost evangelism

World Vision sent a \$20,000 grant in September to the Lausanne Committee for World Evangelization. The Lausanne Committee was formed as a result of the International Congress on World Evangelization that was held in Lausanne, Switzerland, in July 1974. It aims to further the total biblical mission of the church with special emphasis on evangelizing unreached peoples.



Olga Robertson talks with prisoners at Bilibid.

Love Loaf in prison

Inmates at the Philippines' Bilibid Prison—largest prison in the world—responded favorably when Christian worker Olga Robertson talked to them about World Vision's Love Loaf program. Olga has been serving as friend and spiritual counselor to the prisoners for over 20 years.

When the "bread-breaking" ceremony was held in June, Olga was amazed at the prisoners' sacrificial giving. She said, "I could not help but think of Dr. Bob's [World Vision founder Bob Pierce] favorite saying: 'They that have so much do so little and they that have so little do so much.'"

Milestone in childcare

The number of children currently benefiting from World Vision's childcare program exceeded 200,000 this summer. Sponsors have been found for 183,000. World Vision is now helping children in 50 countries: Africa, 13; Asia, 10; Central America, 8; Europe, 3; Middle East, 8, and South America, 8.

Correction

The age of the dam whose bursting left 100,000 residents of western India homeless, was seven years, not the 70 years stated in last month's People and Projects news item.

Please pray for:

- **pastors in Poland** who met last month in a World Vision pastors' conference, the story of which will appear in next month's WORLD VISION magazine.
- **some 20,000 children** under World Vision's care who are in need of caring sponsors.
- **refugees in the Anambas Islands.** Pray that the Christians among them may be strong examples of hope to their fellow refugees. Pray that *Seasweep* may successfully transfer refugees to safer camps before monsoons arrive.
- **Cambodians** by the hundreds of thousands who have little or no food. Pray that political barriers to emergency relief work will be removed.
- **Christian leaders** involved in evangelism and other church ministries work in the world's major cities.
- **victims of Hurricanes David and Frederic** who need food, housing and a new beginning.

dateline Nicaragua

by Lee Huhn

Relief & Development Associate
for Latin America
World Vision International

Aglow with victory

"Why, the difference is like night and day!" I found myself thinking as I wound my way through the crowded airport in Managua. The people were smiling, their faces filled with anticipation and excitement. Even the soldiers, both bearded young men and unadorned young women, in spite of their rag-tag variety of uniforms and the awesome array of lethal weapons that they carried with the confidence of veterans, were happy, still aglow with newfound victory.

Yes, night and day was a good way to describe the change that had occurred in the atmosphere of this crowded, bubbling airport since my departure just seven, short (yet long) weeks before, on the eve of the paralyzing general



Sandinista troops guard a joyful Managua airport.

strike that marked the beginning of the end for the hated Somoza family's 43-year reign.

Then, as now, I had come at the request of a remarkable group of Christians operating under the rubric CEPAD (Comité Evangélico Pro-Ayuda y Desarrollo). Earlier they had called World Vision to an important meeting, along with a number of other Christian friends, to hear CEPAD's plans for bringing relief to literally hundreds of thousands of their starving countrymen

in the war-ravaged Central American state. But now their plans could go beyond relief to a completely new dimension of exciting development.

On the ride into the city from the airport, my colleagues and I saw nothing but devastation—complete devastation of the once-proud industrial heart of the country. Here had raged some of the most intense fighting between the dynasty's National Guard, U.S. equipped and battle embittered, and the desperate legions of guerrillas, self-recruited from the disillusioned, hurt youth of this oppressed country. Now the crucial productive capacity of the nation lay in a mass of ruins, a series of gutted corpses along the torn-up highway. Our way was repeatedly blocked by young militia checking car registrations to control theft.

These checkpoint encounters did not leave me with the same anxious knot at the pit of my stomach as had similar confrontations with efficient National Guardsmen of the previous regime. The youngsters with their motley variety of uniforms and arms, always with some evidence of the black and scarlet of the revolutionary forces were earnestly concerned that they do a good job, but were not menacing and had a ready grin if one chose to joke with them.

Night and day. The destruction was more in evidence this time, with the skeletons of factories and the ripped-up paving blocks, used in street fighting to form barricades against the tanks and jeeps of the Guardia. But the light of the day was now in the faces and actions of the people. Everywhere these people showed a willingness to put behind the memories and despair of past years and look ahead to the future. They were cleaning their blocks, repairing the streets, organizing their government, starting fresh. They have a motto: "Fortunate in war, generous in defeat." That seems to be a fair

evaluation of their intentions. They want justice, but are not vindictive.

This spirit of giving generous assistance to one's neighbor, but without making him indebted and dependent, is exemplified in CEPAD. The organization was founded as a coordinated effort on the part of the evangelical churches in Nicaragua to respond to the devastating earthquake of 1972. It has since matured into the dedicated work of "releasing" development through church and community participation. They have been steadfast throughout the war year, channeling aid to the most needy with the blessings of the former government and, now, with the present government. They received and distributed tons of high-quality food sent by World Vision during the dark days of June and early July. They, along with CONFER, a Catholic group, are serving as the principal distributors of relief food throughout the country.

Because of CEPAD's undisputed



World Vision's Stu Willcuts helps to load dry milk in Guatemala for shipment to Nicaragua.

acceptance by church and government alike, we have chosen to channel all our relief and development efforts through them. They are charged up about the future. It is an inspiration talking to their prime mover, Dr. Gustavo Parajón. His optimism is contagious, and with reason. A recent meeting was called for a hundred pastors—three hundred came! Nearly all these pastors have a shining faith in the bright future of the Lord's work in Nicaragua. Only one, in a sort of comic relief, offered his dire view of impending disaster.

How like our Christian expectation is this faith in the Lord's redemptive grace. The CEPAD leaders see the future as a God-given opportunity to start afresh after a long period of repression. They are ready to participate in the formation of a new state and not await events in a passive, condemning stance that would isolate or alleviate them from the great movements and renewals going on all around. Now is the time to have a voice and to place a Christian moderation in the formation of the new, free Nicaragua.

Placing our confidence in CEPAD and recognizing that our help can be crucial in this most exciting point in Nicaraguan history, World Vision is considering ways to channel more aid to the Christian brethren and all the needy of this suffering land.

Many, many problems face this infant nation in spite of the military victory. Even that is at times challenged by sporadic outbursts of firing at night and persistent rumors that an invasion force is organizing in Honduras. However, the people are facing these problems with the new light of hope engendered by their release from the pervasive darkness of the past.

It is truly the dawning of a new day for the people of Nicaragua and an exciting opportunity for Christians everywhere to rejoice and share in the awakening. □

Those other worlds

by Johnny Giesbrecht

**There are worlds of hollow pain
Where stick-legged babies look like pregnant dwarfs.**

**There are worlds of violent noise,
Of rocket fire and blood,
Where angry men destroy each other's dreams.**

**There are worlds of walking dead
Whose present ant-minds, once by God for freedom made,
Now cower before the god called State.**

**There are worlds of sand and sea
And palm trees waving peacefully
Over voodoo drums and hearts that know no peace.**

**There are worlds of hollow needles
Puking poison into ruptured veins;
And souls, marked up with needle tracks,
Float in and out from shores of paradise to shores of hell,
And now and then cry out for help.**

**There are worlds of shoulder-padded polyester suits,
And women's hemlines changing every year,
Where credit cards are wielded
With an awesome power, like Merlin's wand.**

**Does the hungry child believe
That somewhere out there gleams a world of food
And warmth and pretty neon lights?**

**Do people torn by war from birth to death
Believe there is, somewhere and far away,
Some Shangri-la of peace?**

**Do human puppets
Moved about by strings of steel
Believe there is a world where all are free?**

**Does the voodoo witch believe
A world exists where magic spells are scorned?**

**Does the creature with the needle scars
Look past the cockroach crawling through a plaster crack
And see, beyond, a world where men are masters of their minds?**

**And does that man in suit and vest,
Sixth pew from the front,
Whose bank account and will and lawn
Are all kept tidy as a robin's nest—
Does he see, in the message with its mission theme,
Those worlds where hunger, pain, and fear run wild?
He looks, he reads, he hears,
Then speaks with sorrow in his voice of all those tears.
But does he, in his heart,
Believe those other worlds exist?**

**There are many worlds where Jesus is not known,
Nor is the peace He gives,
But only darkness waiting for the Light.**

monthly memo



A significant event for and by evangelicals occurred this past month: the launching of the newly formed Evangelical Council for Financial Accountability (ECFA).

Representatives from nearly 200 Christian charities met in Chicago on September 11 for the inaugural meeting of the ECFA. This meeting climaxed nearly two years of planning and developing standards of financial disclosure. The work was started in December 1977, by World Vision's president, Stan Mooneyham, and the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association's executive vice-president, George Wilson.

I believe that evangelicals have shown great maturity in forming this self-regulating agency. It has not been easy to agree on the problem, establish disclosure standards, locate respected leadership and actually launch this council, but it has happened! The benefits in building credibility and confidence are well worth the effort. I hope that increased credibility for ECFA members will

enable all of us to focus our attention more fully on the tasks and ministries to which God has called us. Moreover, growing confidence will encourage increased giving by people whose hearts have been touched by the needs that member organizations are meeting.

Olan Hendrix, executive director of ECFA, predicts that in three or four years, up to 1000 evangelical organizations will be members of ECFA. Seven standards have been established to which these member organizations must comply.

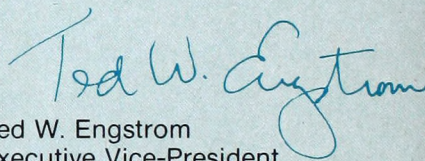
They are:

- An annual audit with financial statement performed in accordance with generally accepted accounting standards and principles.
- Audited financial statements available to anyone upon request.
- An active audit committee, a majority of whom are not employees/staff, established by the governing board of the organization.

- An active, responsible governing board, a majority of whom together are not employees/staff or immediate family members, which meets at least semiannually, having policy-making authority.
- Highest standards of business integrity and avoidance of conflicts of interest.
- A clearly defined statement of faith consistent with the evangelical Christian perspective.
- Consistence of the organization's programs and activities with its stated purposes and objectives, the donated funds being applied for the purposes for which they were raised.

The dominant focus of ECFA concerns truthful reporting. Truth about finances. Truth about governing boards. Truth about one's Christian stand as indicated in a clear statement of faith. Truth about the use of funds for stated purposes and objectives.

I'm grateful for World Vision's strong involvement with this Council which aims to make "full disclosure" a reality. We want you, our partners, to have full information from us at all times.


Ted W. Engstrom
Executive Vice-President

Adjectivitis

I like the article "Adjectivitis." Many Christians feel so insecure without a handle, that it is about all they know or recognize.

One way to deal with the problem would be to drop all the labels and to care enough for our brothers and sisters in Christ to accept one another in a spirit of meekness and love even as Christ has already accepted us, because he has "made us accepted in the beloved, in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace" (Ephesians 1:6b,7).

*R. E. Aune
Aroma Park, Illinois*

Stories too often missed

Your magazine has opened my eyes to the work of God going on in

the world—stories too often missed by the regular news media.

*Marsha Woolery
Parsons, Kansas*

Letters bring joy

You will never know how much the recent progress report and photo of our little boy in India meant to my husband and me. We thank our Lord for Shaji's precious letters. We also sponsor a girl in Thailand, whose letters likewise fill us with joy.

It is comforting to know that Shaji and Janya are being well taken care of and are learning about our wonderful Lord and Savior. We

are thankful to World Vision for caring about people as you do, and we love you for it.

*Mrs. Bill Robertson
Beckley, West Virginia*

Reading ties it up

Your magazine is the finest Christian periodical that comes across my desk. I usually read it from cover to cover. Unfortunately, my reading ties it up and does not give it the circulation it needs.

*(Rev.) William M. Gaydos
Killingworth, Connecticut*

Perspective

Here in this materialistic, affluent bubble (Japan), your magazine gives me much-needed perspective and information on needy places.

*Judith E. Bevan
Kyoto, Japan*

readers' right

They'll never be the same

by **Bhaskar Sojwal**

Executive Director,
World Vision of India

In the time I have been associated with World Vision's childcare program, I have come to believe that its most beautiful feature is the relationship between sponsor and child.

I have met many different kinds of sponsors, but you all have one thing in common: your deep-rooted affection for that sponsored child. You're happy when your child succeeds; you worry when he or she is ill. You feel satisfied and grateful when your child successfully completes studies and enters a vocation.

Sponsors whose children have grown up often ask, "What is my child doing since leaving school? Is he equipped for life? Could we have done something more than we did?"

In essence, I believe you want to know: "Does my help make a real difference in this child's life?" To answer this question I will tell you of two Indian children—children whose lives were never again the same after they came into contact with World Vision and the sponsorship program.

Solomon was nothing more than a frail, ragged bundle of humanity when the gypsies brought him to the Anderson Home that day. His mother had died at childbirth and his father, unable to care for him any longer, had simply walked away. The people at the Home gave him his name—Solomon, for they felt that his eyes held a hidden wealth of wisdom.

Solomon grew up and went to school, proving to be very intelligent. Throughout his education he was at the top of his class. But more important, he learned to love the Lord, even in the early days of primary school. He was an excellent witness, both at the home and among his school friends, and he led many to the Lord.

In 1972, Solomon graduated from high school and went to college on a merit scholarship, majoring in liberal arts. Shortly after he entered college he became burdened for others in his country. The home director was not surprised when Solomon told him that he wanted to become a full-time minister of the gospel.

In essence, I believe you want to know: "Does my help make a real difference in this child's life?"

Solomon graduated from college in 1975 and will soon complete his post-graduate theological training. He is quite anxious to get out into the field.

But if it had not been for the children's home and his sponsor, Solomon's life would have been totally different from what it is now. God is returning a hundredfold all the efforts made for him.

And then there is Ruth.

Ruth lost her father when she was eight, and came under World Vision sponsorship at the Ling Liang Chinese Orphanage and Boarding School in Calcutta. After she finished high school, she was hesitant to go on to college, as her mother was the family's only wage earner and made very little money. But the school's directors urged Ruth to continue her education, and her sponsor continued to support her. She graduated with English honors and recently went to Hong Kong to work with the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association there. Dr. Samuel Jones, the association's local director, wrote to

Ruth's school: "Ruth's knowledge of languages, as well as her training in your school and your church, is extremely beneficial to us."

Ruth is very grateful to World Vision and to her sponsor. Without their help she could not have become the person she is today.

So, we are back to your original question: Does sponsorship really work? The lives of Solomon, Ruth and countless others—not only in India, but around the world—ring out a resounding yes. They'll never be the same. On behalf of them, I thank you. By what these children are passing on to their fellowmen, your sponsorship makes a difference to many persons for all eternity.

Currently, more than 180,000 children whose parents are too poor to care for them are getting help from sponsors. Meanwhile, more children need such help. Eighteen dollars a month provides for a child's basic needs. To sponsor a child, please use the reply envelope between pages 12 and 13. □



Little Vijaya, whose mother has no hands or legs, is a sponsored child at Children's Home of Hope in Madras.

globe at a glance

NEWS BRIEFS FOR YOUR
INFORMATION AND INTERCESSION

The international refugee crisis "shows no signs of abating," according to a Library of Congress report. The report predicted that the refugee flow around the world will continue and that the number of refugees will probably rise markedly over the next few years. Estimates show the total number of refugees worldwide to be as high as 13 million.



Millions of children are among the world's refugees today.

Nicaragua's needs continue to be assessed as the torn nation recovers from its civil war. Giovanni D'Ciotalo, the government-appointed coordinator of relief efforts, estimates that Nicaragua's major crop, cotton, will be about one-fifth its normal size this year. Because of the war, almost no food crops were planted. "Most schools and hospitals have been destroyed," D'Ciotalo said. As many as 20,000 children may have been orphaned by the war.

A bill of rights has been established by Nicaragua's new Junta of National Reconstruction. Proclaiming a broad range of liberties for all citizens, the bill guarantees religious freedom and prohibits the use of compulsory methods of changing thought or religious belief. It bars discrimination based on race, sex, religion or "any other social condition."

Ugandan reconstruction remains slow, as the new government struggles to put together the shattered economy and control rampant lawlessness. Although a number of nations and aid agencies have sent more than \$140 million in loans and grants to Uganda, analysts say much more is needed.

Six Haitian boat refugees drowned in August when panicky smugglers forced them overboard in rough seas near the Florida coast. About 9000 undocumented Haitians are believed to be in the south Florida area. Whether they are ideological or economic refugees is the subject of a legal dispute.

Sharply dropping birthrates in many Third World countries have been revealed in a preliminary report from the World Fertility Survey. The only Third World nations that did not show declining fertility were Pakistan, Ban-

ladesh and Nepal. Researchers found that among those people desiring fewer children were poorly educated, rural parents who have traditionally sought large families.

Mother Teresa, founder of the Missionaries of Charity, has opened a house in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, bringing to 68 the number of countries in which the group works among the poor. The home for the abandoned has received full support and encouragement from Yugoslavian government authorities, according to Vatican Radio. Mother Teresa was born in 1910 in Skopje, now a city in Yugoslavia, then a part of Albania.

Religious freedom in China continues to show modest gains, with several new developments in the government's religious policy as reported by the New China News Agency. Plans include new editions of both the Bible and the Koran. The agency also reports the renovating and reopening of Canton's Roman Catholic cathedral, Protestant church and Buddhist monastery.

Death by starvation threatens 2.25 million Cambodians caught in a desperate food shortage. Only five percent of Cambodia's rice-growing plains are under cultivation, say United Nations and International Red Cross representatives. A report that international aid agencies and the Heng Samrin regime had reached an "initial agreement" to begin a \$100 million emergency relief program was apparently premature. Meanwhile, Catholic Relief Services convoys succeeded in bringing food and medicine to emaciated Cambodian refugees in isolated regions along the Thailand border. *See next month's WORLD VISION magazine for a major article on the history and hope of World Vision ministry to Cambodians.*

Seven hundred million people may languish below subsistence income levels by the end of the century if developing nations cannot increase the current rate of economic growth, the World Bank reports. In the next 20 years, Third World nations will be faced with the task of feeding an additional 2.6 billion people and finding jobs for another 500 million.

Zimbabwe Rhodesia will become just Zimbabwe, says Prime Minister Abel T. Muzorewa. The former British colony had been named "Rhodesia" for Cecil John Rhodes, a South African-based English politician and businessman. "Zimbabwe" is the Bantu name of an ancient ruined city in the southern area of the country that is regarded as a symbol of the nation's precolonial past.

Nor things to come

Pessimism may be the psychological plague of the late 20th century—and Christian believers have found that not even faith provides immunity. Some of the most successful books on the evangelical market have been cheerless previews of apocalypse. Even a just-out motion picture plays on the theme. I have met young people immobilized by fear of the future. Nothing seems worth doing, because the world may fall apart in the middle of the doing. A dedicated Christian couple told me recently, “We’re not going to have children. We don’t want to bring them into a world that may self-destruct.”

Authors are building financial security for themselves by selling uncertainty to others. Preachers’ gloomy predictions of things to come, though well-intentioned, are not only scaring hell out of unbelievers, but heaven out of believers. Christians are more shaken than they have any right to be. Faith equates with confidence, not with fear. Scripture does not authorize Christians to cringe or cower.

For one thing, there is no stormproof shelter that offers physical security. Where would you take cover to escape apocalypse?

For another, there is the magnificent conclusion of Romans 8. You remember how Paul said it:

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

This passage has always been a favorite of mine—a shelter in the time of storm, a beacon in darkness, an encouragement in despair. But only recently I rediscovered what I think is one of its most important and most neglected phrases.

Nor things to come.

This is not something to be read only at funerals. It means things to come at any time. After death? Sure. But before death, too. Things like an energy shortage. Inflation. International turmoil. The feeling we’re being outnumbered by lawbreakers, domestic and international. Things that happen in Washington, Moscow, Teheran, Riyadh, wherever. Things that happen on our own street, in our own family, on our own job.

Nor things to come.

Word to be written over our fears! Emblazoned over the lintel of tomorrow! Embedded in our hopes!

Things to come, whatever they may be, hold no paralyzing terror for those whose Lord is Christ Jesus. God’s love does not come and go. He will not let anything get in its way.

Which means getting back to our Father’s business-as-usual. Living with an unquenchable confidence, not so much knowing what or when or where, as Who. Not being utterly wiped out if the temperature goes as high as 78 or as low as 65, or if we have to make substantial adjustments in our way of living.

The sin in fear is that it causes us to hold back, to hoard our talents or resources or life itself. It is the enemy of sharing, cautioning us to hold on to that crust of bread rather than to cast it on the waters. Too risky, fear says.

But faith says, “*Nor things to come.*”

Four little words that restore our perspective, cool our feverish self-centeredness, unclench our fists, straighten our backs, get us going again.

Nor things to come.

Always it is the future that we worry about most. Things present we somehow cope with, however distressing. Nine-tenths of fear hides in the future tense. Fear lives not in the known but in the unknown. Not in what is already here but in what hasn’t yet arrived. But see: “Neither . . . things present, *nor* things to come.”

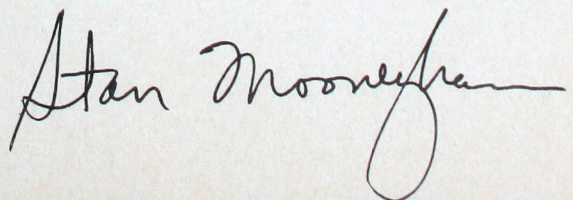
Faith is always for the unexplored place, the experience we have not yet had. “A man who already has something doesn’t need to hope and trust that he will get it” (Romans 8:24, TLB). Or not get it. Faith is the force that starts our blood circulating, our juices flowing, our thoughts and feet and hands moving. Abraham “went out, not knowing whither he went.” What he did know was with Whom he went. That was enough.

From Genesis to Revelation the good word is, “Fear not.”

Neither things present.

Nor things to come.

That doesn’t turn a Christian into a twittering Pollyanna. But it should make one an unwavering optimist. It’s the believer’s birthright.



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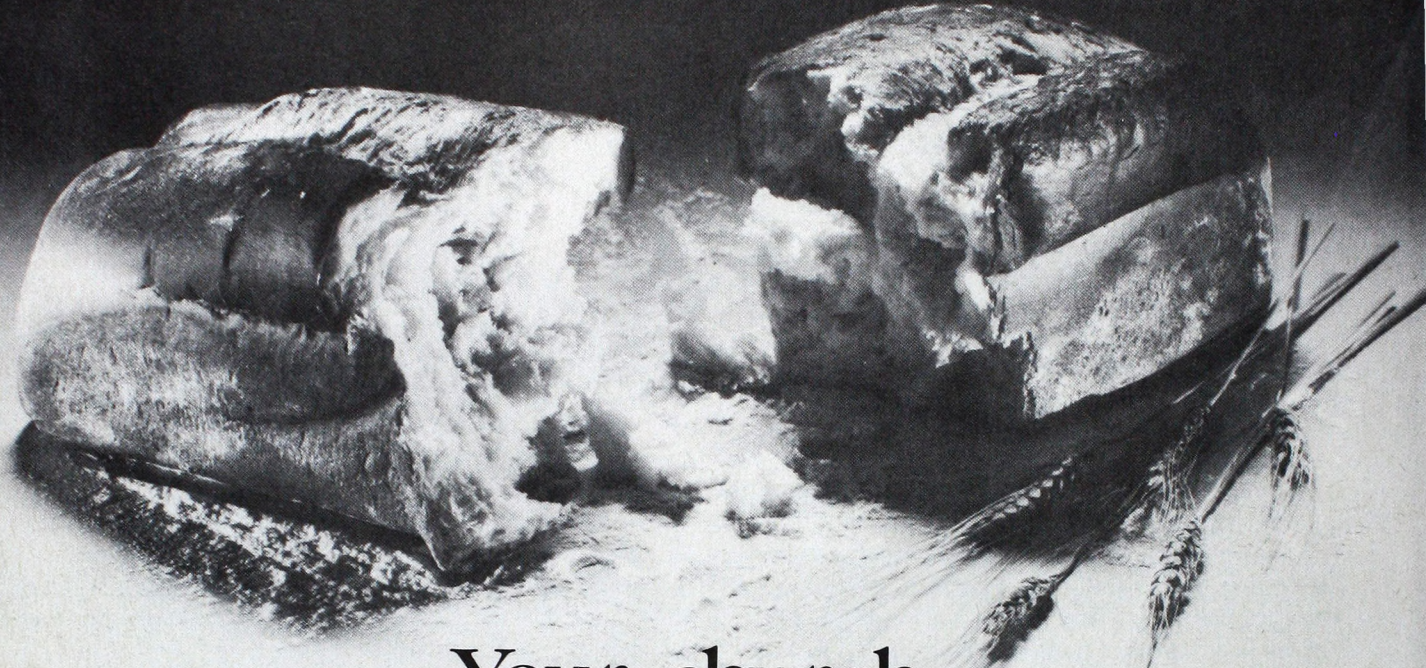
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Your church can break bread with the hungry

We live on this earth with nearly a billion hungry neighbors. In their part of the world, even when harvests are good, five people share the amount of bread one American has for himself. Unmercifully, hunger and malnourishment steal life and vitality from these valuable individuals made in the image of God.

Jesus told us through His life and words to share with the poor and hungry, comfort the oppressed, and translate love into action. The Love Loaf program gives your church the opportunity to be His hands of help to those in need, to break bread with the hungry.

Love Loaf is a simple and effective way for your church to show its compassion and give out of its abundance. The program is motivational, and up to 60 percent is available for denominational hunger programs, with the rest used for World Vision International hunger relief projects.

Love Loaf is a channel to the hungry. Plan to have your church break bread with the hungry and help fill the channel with vital morsels of life.

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