

world vision

SEPTEMBER 1976

FFP: Helping Break Poverty's Cycle



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PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, pp. 4, 5, Eric Mooneyham; pp. 3, 6, 7, Dan Stearns; pp. 9, 10, Robert C. Larson; p. 12, Terry Staus; p. 13 (top), Jeff Phillips; p. 13 (bottom), Joost Guntenaar; p. 14, U.P.I.; p. 16, American Stock Photos; p. 20 (left), Olin A. Kinney; p. 22, Fabian Bachrach.

world vision®

Volume 20, Number 9/September 1976

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Don Aylard, art director
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Richard L. Watson, contributing editor
Kathryn A. Hinke, editorial assistant
Carl F. H. Henry, special correspondent

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

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

World Vision is a member of the Evangelical Press Association.

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

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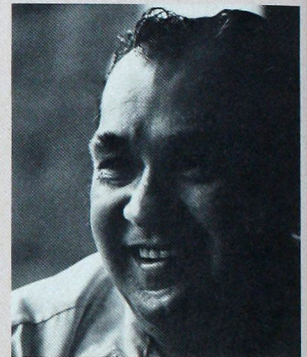
Behind our scenes . . .

Mel's Story

"If you don't see me very often, that's a good sign," an employer once told me. "It means you're doing a good job . . ."

That's the way it is with Mel Van Peurse, Director, World Vision of the Philippines (see "FFP: Helping Break Poverty's Cycle," beginning on page 3). Mel takes his work seriously, but he does his thing so well, with no fuss, that we just let him do it.

Like so many good men (and women), the Lord led Mel to his effective place of ministry by a very circuitous route—starting at age 13 driving a bulldozer. By the time he was 18, Mel was driving a truck, hauling frozen meat across the country.



A year or so later he began his four-year stint in the Army. And that's where his formal education really began. By studying nights and off-duty hours, he got his high school diploma (he never went to high school), along with a number of college courses—including Administration Logistics.

During his service years Mel spent a lot of time in Japan and Korea. "There," he says, "I saw the staggering spiritual needs. And I asked myself . . . and the Lord . . . 'What can I do?'"

The Lord provided an answer. He directed Mel to a church in Long Beach where Dr. Bob Pierce was preaching. Dr. Pierce described hunger, heartbreak, needs. And the children. The many, many children. Mel turned to Irene and said, "Honey, that sounds like a job for me."

That night he didn't sleep. "I prayed all night," he says. "The next morning I went to work—to the job I despised—but all day those pictures filled my mind."

When Mel got home that night he said to his wife, "Honey, I'm going to Vietnam."

Mel counseled with Dr. Pierce, who advised him to go over for a year to see if he liked it. "I went," Mel says, "and I've never regretted it."

Of course, there's much that doesn't show: long hours, disappointments, heartbreak, failures. But through it all there have also come successes. Many of them. Mel gives God the glory for that. Well, read the whole story, beginning on the next page.

Bob Owen

One afternoon two years ago in Sagip, Philippines, a 32-year-old woman answered a knock at her door to be informed that her husband had just been killed in a construction accident. Murmuring his regrets, the employer handed the widow her husband's pay for his few hours' work. Since Marco was unskilled and only a part-time worker, she was told there would be no insurance or widow's benefits.

Evangeline had no money herself and no skills. All she had was a sparsely furnished tin-and-cardboard squatter shack her husband had pieced together beside a mosquito-infested swamp—and three growing boys to provide for and raise.

- Ramil and his wife, Teresa, have 9 children, yet he is unable to provide for them because he had no education and can work only in the fields. Their parents before them were poor and Ramil and Teresa could scarcely hope for anything better than they. So the family exists on a substandard diet, with no medical attention even when the children become critically ill, as often happens.

An education for the children is out of the question, and they are doomed to a life of hopeless poverty and squalor. They can only dream of such luxuries as new clothing, dental care, or an occasional visit to the Manila Zoo and an ice cream cone.

- Mariano, like so many men in his circumstances, has eight children, loves them all, but wishes he could care for them better. He feels trapped. Though he has regular work, he feels he is going nowhere. He barely earns enough to keep food on his table, to say nothing of ade-

FFP: Helping Break Poverty's Cycle

by Mel Van Peurseem

Director,
World Vision of the Philippines



quately clothing or schooling his growing brood. He wishes he had more than a third-grade education, but knows it does no good to dream. His father before him, and his father's father, had life no better than he has.

Sometimes he lies awake at night after his wife and children are asleep. He tries to pray, but God seems far away. After all, who is he to ask God for a better life than his forefathers knew? When morning comes, Mariano is tired. It seems that he is always tired. He drinks a cup of weak tea, his only breakfast, and walks two miles to put in a 12-hour work day. He does not smile this day. He does not smile very often anymore. Why should he?

Evangeline . . . Ramil and Teresa . . . Mariano. Real people with insurmountable problems. There are thousands of people just like them. Millions. And their sad faces haunt us day and night. Can something be done for them? Anything? Can these families be given a chance in

life? Can they receive properly balanced diets? Learn to limit the size of their families?

When World Vision sent me to the Philippines a few years ago to survey the field, they asked me those questions, along with many others. What I learned was no surprise to any of us. What did surprise us, though, was the enormity of the need.

It was staggering. In nearly every barrio (community) that I visited, I saw malnourished children, eyes dull, lacking energy. There are over 2000 islands in the Philippines and I didn't cover them all. Obviously that was too huge a project to consider. But on the main islands I saw enough work to keep me busy for the rest of my life. And World Vision too.

I saw hopelessness and bitterness and despair. I saw people, and even whole barrios, that had completely given up all hope for a better life. People who had already lived this way for several generations.

Now they had reached a place—emotionally and physically, as well as economically and educationally—where they could see absolutely no single ray of hope, not even a faint thread of a chance for rising above the abject, completely deprived way of life they had finally succumbed to. *They had reached the end.*

The parents' apathy disturbed me. Most of them had tried every possible way of changing their hopeless situation. All to no avail. So they just simply gave up. What else could they do?

But it was the children that really got to me. I saw them when I ate (and lost my desire for food). I saw them as I tried to sleep (then would lie awake for hours). My work suffered. Their hopeless, hollow gaze seemed to reach into my soul.

I knew we had to do something about the situation. I knew we couldn't feed them all . . . or clothe them all . . . or educate them all. World Vision simply did not have enough money.

Besides, Filipinos are a proud people. They didn't want a free handout, and we, in turn, didn't want to make them dependent upon us. We wanted to provide them with a program that would give them a chance in life—just a fighting chance. So we finally came up with a plan that we now call the "Family-to-Family Project."

This program, that we often call FFP, is basically an assisting agency that provides a variety of services for a





family and its child or children. The ultimate goal of FFP is for the family to become a self-supporting member of the community.

To accomplish all this, we realized that certain functions were necessary, such as regular counseling by qualified childcare workers, child guidance, vocational training for parents/children, supportive subsidy assistance for schooling, food supply and other living costs.

In essence, we realized we would have to mobilize through FFP, the child's (and the family's) inner and spiritual capabilities, to use whatever resources and/or referrals available in the community, and to provide through World Vision subsidy and service whatever else was needed to make possible a better adjustment between the family and child and their total environment.

It was a huge task. And, as far as we were able to determine, had never been done before—at least not like we were proposing.

But we did it, with God's help, and it worked! It's working today. And nearly 25,000 underprivileged children now eat a protein-balanced meal at least once a day, wear new clothing when they need it and are getting an education—all through Family-to-Family Project.

"We are praising God for the wonderful things that have happened since FFP started in our area," Pastor Ranos of Cabanatuan City said. "It's amazing to see the changes which have been wrought in the lives of the



*(left) A typical, all too common sight.
(above) Director/author Van Peurse.*

members of these families. Where before there was hopelessness, bitterness and despair, there is now hope.

"And these people who before had lost all hope for a better life have now begun to have aspirations and dreams, especially for their children."

"I thank God," said a mother of eight children, "for giving me the chance to be one of the many families helped by this program."

Then, along with the blessings of food, clothing and education that FFP helps provide, Teresa Amistad praised the "... skills training that will give us some income, like flower-making, handicrafts, dressmaking and food preserving."

All of these areas, and more, have become a realization through Family-to-Family Project. Among them is the fact that spiritual needs are also being met. Another pastor, this one in San Fernando, notes "... the rapid change in the churches because of FFP. The neglected and impoverished lower class of people have been lifted to regain recognition in their locality.

"Their hopeless spiritual condition has now become a new dawn of hope."

City and village administrators have been amazed at the new attitudes they have seen. When FFP comes in—and this always takes place through and under the auspices of a local church—good things happen. One mayor said, "The change . . . I just don't understand it. The crime rate has gone down. The people have cleaned up their streets. They are dressing better, have fewer fights, less trouble. It's amazing!"

He just shook his head. "Something else, they seem to be concerned about their neighbors . . ."

All this is true, which is tremendous, because in a sense it's sort of a spin-off, a side effect. The initial purpose was to help the child. Then the family. Then the community—in that order. Oddly enough (though, perhaps not odd at all), everybody came out ahead. It has been an exciting, thrilling, very rewarding experience for me.

One of the major concerns of those interested in FFP is that it could make recipients dependent upon World Vision. Thankfully, this has not been the case. In fact, a recent examination of the financial aspects of the program made it clear that just the opposite was true. *For every dollar World Vision put into the program, communities, other agencies, local and federal*



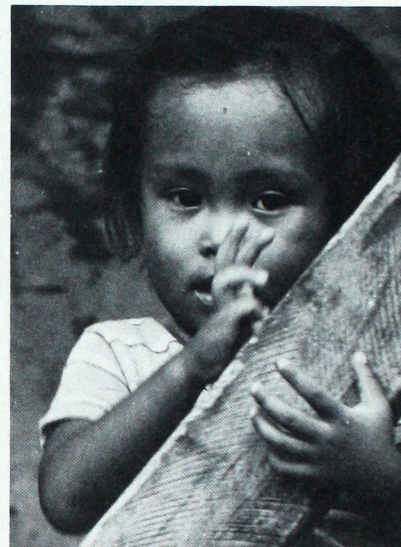
governments and the people themselves have put in three.

Despite all that's being done—in the Philippines and elsewhere—to supplement children and family needs, it is not enough. I was recently asked how big the program could possibly grow in this country. My answer, "If we had the staff, and the funds, it could easily become twice as large as it is now."

Some of the pictures on these pages will show you what I mean. At the present time World Vision is using the same program in other countries such as Taiwan, Ethiopia, Guatemala and Brazil. The rewards of seeing children and families "come alive" again when they receive adequate food are well worth all the effort and money we put into Family-to-Family Programs.

And just to walk into an FFP or Community Center (which is what they are called) and see children eagerly reading books (in the reading room), selecting clothing from the used clothing store, receiving medical attention, and perhaps even indulging in table games in the recreation room—makes me forget the scores of times I worked all day, then counseled till midnight.

One of the benefits the children receive that sort of



“puts the frosting on the cake,” at least for me, is the thrill of hearing a young girl talk about her new life. Her name is Celui Tabanao, one of six children in a family.

“My father’s earnings as a carpenter are not enough . . . so we can’t see and do beautiful things,” she said. “But, aside from my schooling, which I now receive through FFP, I have been able to see places that I have never seen before . . . like the Manila Zoo and Luneta Park. And that makes me very happy.”

One grateful mother talked about the good things the program had provided her family. Then she paused. “That’s not all,” she said. “We have fellowship with one another. We learn about the Bible . . . and Jesus.”

You can help us to continue breaking the cycle of poverty’...

How? Simply by becoming involved in their lives. That, too, is easy. Complete the coupon and mail it—with your gift. We will do the rest.

I would like to become involved by sponsoring a child. I prefer a boy a girl. Enclosed is my \$ _____ for _____ month(s), at \$14 per month.

4102 H68-005

Yes, I want to become involved with families in the Philippines. Enclosed is my gift of \$ _____.

4638 H68-004

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Identification number (See mailing label)

facts of a field

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

VITAL STATISTICS

Capital: Quezon City.

Area: 115,830 square miles (slightly larger than the size of Arizona). Consisting of about 7100 islands, of which only 2773 have names, and 462 have areas of one square mile or more.

Population: 44 million (1975 estimate).

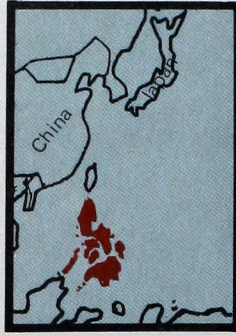
Population Growth: 3.1 percent annually.

Population Density and Distribution: About 337 per square mile, 95 percent of population and land area contained on 11 islands.

Languages: Ten regional languages; three major ones: Cebuano, Tagalog, and Ilocano. Pilipino (based upon Tagalog), English and Spanish are the official languages. Only US and UK have larger English-speaking populations.

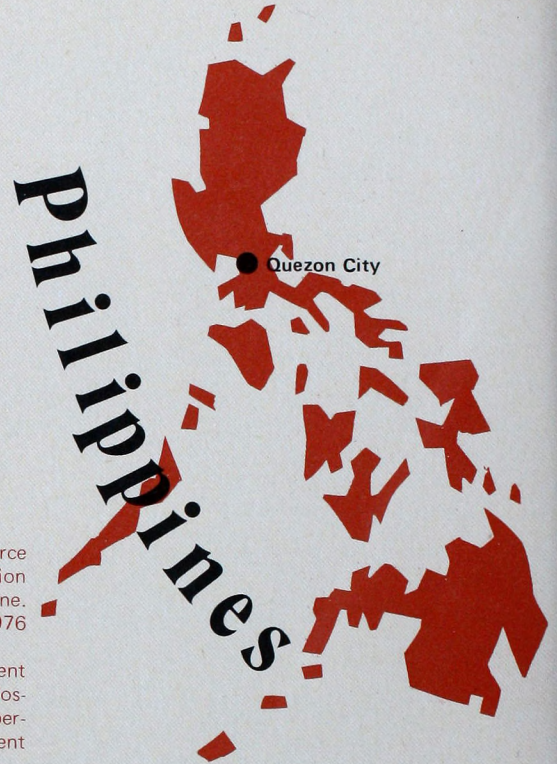
Government: Parliamentary republic (martial law administration since 1972).

History: Occupied by Spain 1521-1898; under US control 1898-1941; independent 1946 to present.



Economy: Over half the labor force is employed in agriculture, 12 million supported by coconut industry alone. Per capita income: US \$310 (1976 estimate).

Religion: Approximately 84 percent Roman Catholic, 5.0 percent Moslem, 5.0 percent Aglipayan, 3.0 percent Protestant and 3.0 percent other.



Church Growth: Following a period of intense evaluation and dedication, the Protestant church of the Philippines has established goals to plant *more new congregations in the next five years than have been planted in the last 75*. In troubled Mindanao alone, the Christian and Missionary Alliance, along with 600 existing churches, set a goal of 400 new churches. This is in addition to a goal of approximately 700 new churches set by two other organizations.

The converging of national and foreign missionary forces through the formation of "Christ the Only Way Movement" (COWM) led to establishing 17 district congresses throughout the country with full-time district coordinators. Through training seminars these district leaders reached many second-, third- and fourth-level leaders. Church leaders attending the Lausanne Conference in 1974 caught the vision to establish *at least one evangelical congregation in each of the 50,000 barrios in the Philippines by the year 2000*.

Filipino Christians are sending

their own missionaries into different parts of the world as well as to remote areas within the islands. As early as 1972, 13 Filipino sending agencies had sent 170 missionaries abroad. The Philippines has potential to become one of the great missionary-sending countries of Asia.

Current Status of Christianity: As a result of almost 400 years of Spanish rule, most of the Filipino people identify with the Roman Catholic Church, making the Philippines the most Christianized nation in Asia. There is freedom of worship and Christian activity in most of the country, a strong and growing indigenous Church and diverse missionary activities.

Since World War II, the movement of Filipino settlers into the frontier area of Mindanao and the neighboring islands of the Sulu Archipelago has aggravated the tensions with the Moslem peoples originally settled in this area before the Spanish conquest. Although a majority of non-Moslems are considered a part of

the Roman Catholic Church, Protestant churches have developed in the region.

Foreign Missions: Over 80 percent of all foreign missions serving in the Philippines are independent agencies of a generally conservative or fundamentalist orientation. Most of these missions have begun work in the Philippines since World War II. The largest Protestant mission agency is Wycliffe Bible Translators, engaged in Bible translation among primitive tribes, working mainly in northern Luzon, Palawan Island and on Mindanao. The second largest Protestant mission agency is Overseas Missionary Fellowship (OMF). The comity agreements of 1901 are still reflected in the distribution of major denominations, e.g. Methodists in Manila and north, plus parts of Mindanao, Southern Baptists in central Luzon, Cebu and Mindanao. In 1972, 90 North American Protestant missionary agencies reported ministries in the Philippines, with a total staff of over 1800.

To Be a Woman, Whole and Loved

by Kathryn A. Hinke

She looks so lost, standing on the roadside at the city's edge. Wearing the villager's toga-like *shamma*, she waits for a taxi that will take her to the address on the white card clutched tightly in her hand.

She is alone in this city she has walked almost 200 miles to reach. She is afraid, almost too much to hope that the miracle will really happen. But she has nowhere else to go.

Her name is Adissie. She is 15 years old. And she is an outcast.

She has a fistula condition, perhaps the cruelest injury nature can inflict on a woman.

A fistula is nature gone awry—an "abnormal body opening."

Many times it is caused by cancer. But the condition in uncouth Ethiopian girls is brought on only by their desire to live normal lives.

Adissie was born in a village 180 miles south of Addis Ababa, Ethiopia's capital. She is a small girl, and—like most Ethiopian women—she married very young. Her life's great desire was to have healthy children, so when her first one announced his arrival, she was content to wait for him through the hours of pain.

But the hours stretched into days.

There is no hospital or clinic in Adissie's village. No doctor, no nurse. Not even a midwife. And—like 90 percent of all Ethiopians—Adissie lives more than 10 miles from a road. She probably could not have gotten to a doctor in time even if she had known where to find one.

Finally . . . Adissie's husband sent for the *wogesha*, the village surgeon-herbalist. He examined her, gave her a bitter "medicine" to drink and shook his head. She must wait, he said. He could do nothing.

So she waited. Alone. She screamed her way through the pains and hoped that the ordeal would soon end.

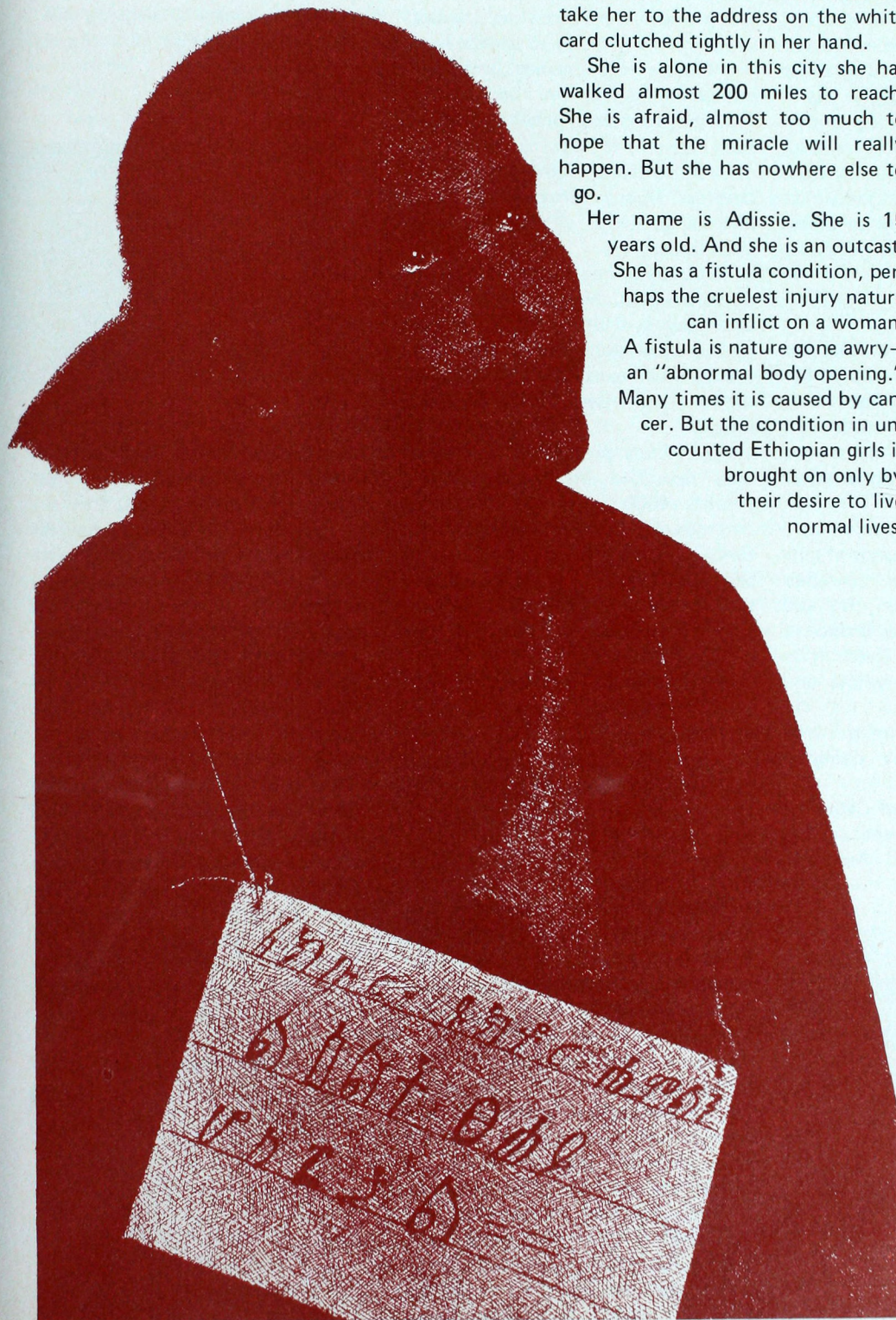
Five days later, it did. The stabbing pain was gone. But her eagerly awaited first son was stillborn. Dead.

The reality of her situation soon intruded on her mourning. Through the long days of trying to give birth, Adissie had developed a fistula—tissues and muscles torn beyond repair. She would never bear another child. She could not even be a wife to her husband.

Her life as a woman was over almost as soon as it had begun.

Adissie's husband turned his back on her, forcing her to leave their home. Even her parents would not take her in; she was no longer a "salable commodity" on the marriage market. Relatives, friends and even strangers—all avoided her.

Because she could not control her body functions, Adissie was sent to live in a hut near the edge of the village. She was allowed to work only in the fields, and then at a distance



from other laborers. She could only exist—on the edge of life as on the edge of the village.

She ate. She slept. She worked. And she dreamed of the laughing, running child she would never have.

Until a girl from the next village met her in the field and gave her a white card with some writing on it. With the white card came whispered directions about a doctor . . . and the hope that she, too, could live again.

The next day, clutching a thin blanket and the precious white card, Adissie set out on her journey back to life. It took her almost five weeks to walk the rugged roads to Addis Ababa, and now she waits nervously for the taxi.

She is afraid. Afraid of what lies at the end of the white card in her hand, of the unknown. But she is more afraid that the miracle will never happen—for her. And always the laughing, running child is in her mind.

What is a miracle made of?

For Adissie and thousands of girls like her, it is an operation: the repair of torn tissues with skin, fat and muscle grafts. It is another chance to have a living, healthy child. It is being a woman again, whole and loved.

Who are the workers of this miracle—and what are they doing in Ethiopia?

They are Reginald and Catherine Hamlin, obstetrician-gynecologists from New Zealand and Australia.

They came to Addis Ababa in 1959; they are still there today.

They say simply, "We felt that our skills were needed here more than at home."

The Hamlins were originally on the staff of the Princess Tsehail Hospital. But they discovered the fistula victims—and embarked as medical pioneers in a ministry to change lives.

"Fistula is a serious problem," explained Dr. Hamlin and his wife. "If a girl has a small pelvis and a large baby, or if the baby is not in the correct position, complications can develop. If she can be taken to a hospital quickly, doctors can save both lives.

"A woman in a remote village has no such help. She can spend day after day in fruitless labor, and the mother who survives the ordeal often wishes she hadn't. Untreated, her miseries are utter, lonely and lifelong."

The fistula problem is an ancient one, described in Egyptian court records 4000 years ago. It was a common condition in America a century ago. It is still happening today—in Nepal, in Haiti, in Indonesia. And here in Ethiopia. Anyplace where the roads are few and the people far from them.

So the Hamlins began to meet the need, first in the general hospital. But fistula patients realized that their incontinence was offensive to others and were extremely uncomfortable in this situation. Even here they were outcasts.

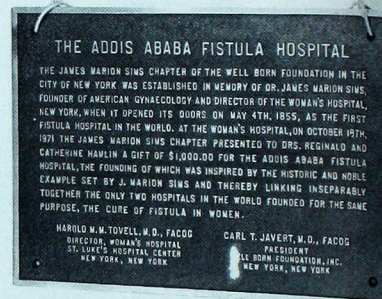
Thus, with land donated by the Ethiopian Government and building funds from New Zealand and private agencies like World Vision—along with much personal support from the Hamlins themselves—the Addis Ababa Fistula Hospital came into being. Located on the edge of the city, the hospital compound also houses pre-operative and recovery hostels, as well as living quarters for visiting doctors from other countries.

The patients beat a steady path to the Hamlins' door. It is not an easy trip; nothing is ever easy in Ethiopia. They come on foot, by horse, by bus, by traders' trucks. They usually

sell everything they own to make the journey and arrive penniless, patiently waiting for an available bed . . . and the miracle.

"We can't turn away from these fistula pilgrims," said Dr. Reginald Hamlin. "They arrive daily at our doorstep. They come with shattered lives, and they leave on dancing feet."

The doctors realize that preven-



tion is the ideal "cure" for the fistula problem, but progress is slow. When patients leave the hospital, they are told where to find a doctor for future births. The Ethiopian Government is also setting up community health centers in remote areas and training village women to detect obstructed labor. But all of this takes time in a fourth-world country the size of France, Spain and Portugal. Meanwhile, the Hamlins carry on, creating new miracles.

And each operation is a miracle. Professor Chassar Moir of Oxford University sums it up: "A woman comes—wearing by constant pain . . . depressed . . . humiliated. Desperate, knowing that her very presence is an offense to others.

"Then she suddenly finds that life has been given anew, and that she has again become a citizen of the world. Her gratitude knows no bounds."

What better reward could there be?



Greg drove up the winding driveway to his lovely home. The day was hot and the smog hurt his eyes. But the hope welled up in him that his long, long search was past.

Two days later the note came. "It was a pleasure to meet you . . ." it read. The next evening, though—the night the visitors came—brought an end to Greg's aching quest of several years.

When the bell rang, Greg himself opened the door. Two men and a teenage girl smiled a greeting. One extended his hand. "Hi, Greg. I'm Jack. We're from the church you visited last Sunday. May we come in?"

Inside Jack introduced the others. "We came to thank you for visiting our church . . ."

Unaccountably Greg felt a surge of excitement. He ushered the trio into his spacious living room and seated them. Then, for an hour they chatted. About Greg's home. His profession. His interests. Within minutes they all felt at ease with each other, like friends of many years.

During a lull, Jack spoke again, "Greg, we have a second reason for visiting you . . ."

Again Greg felt that excitement. He raised his eyebrows. "Another reason?"

"Yes, Greg. We wanted to get acquainted with you. But the other reason—even more important—is this: We want to ask you a couple of very personal questions."

The words hung in the air. Greg looked from one to another, suddenly realizing that within those questions would lie the answer to his own questions.

He nodded. "Go ahead."

"Obviously, since you visited our church," Jack began, "you are interested in spiritual things."

"Yes. That's right. Very interested. In fact, for over two years now I have been searching . . ."

"Searching?" Jack said.

"Yes. But go ahead with your questions."

"Okay. The first is this: Greg, have you come to the place in your spiritual life where you can say for certain that if you were to die tonight you would go to heaven?"

Within himself Greg said, *This is it! This is why I've been searching . . .*

He shook his head. "No, Jack. And I'm so glad you came. So glad you have asked me that question. Because I know that I have no assurance of going to heaven. And I'd *like* to have it . . . very much."

Jack moved closer and spoke with great simplicity. "Greg, in the next few minutes I'm going to share with you the best news you have ever heard . . ."

"And the first part of that good news is this: Heaven is a free gift. It's not earned. It's not deserved. It's already provided for . . . and it's yours for the asking . . ."

Warmly, easily, as though he knew exactly what he was doing, as though he sensed he had been destined to make this visit, Jack shared his faith with Greg.

And Greg listened. Totally. Knowing what nobody else knew (not even his family and closest friends)—that his days were numbered. His time was running out. Now and then Greg stopped Jack with a question. But mostly he just listened. And responded positively when he was asked.

Thirty minutes later Jack leaned back. No one spoke for a moment. The air was electric with a presence, a feeling that Greg had never felt before. Jack leaned toward him again.

"Greg, does this make sense to you?"

"Yes. Yes, it really does!"

"Would you like to receive the gift of eternal life? Now? Tonight?"

With no hesitation Greg answered. "Yes," aware that tears were streaming down his cheeks. But for some reason he wasn't embarrassed.

"Then let me lead you in a simple prayer," Jack was saying. Greg nodded, his heart too full for words. Already, he was feeling a warmth, a love, a newness within him he had never known before.

Almost mechanically Greg followed Jack's words—asking Jesus to forgive his sins and to take over his life as Savior and Lord. And even as he prayed, the loneliness . . . the guilt . . . the pain . . . the utter emptiness of life . . . they were gone.

And in their place was the sweetest peace he had ever known. Greg looked into Jack's face. "Jack, I have searched for this moment for years. I didn't know exactly what I was looking for. But now I've found it. Rather, I have found *Him*: Jesus. I feel like a brand new person."

"That's exactly what you are," Jack answered, tears in his eyes, too. "You have just been born again. You have just received new life from God, through Jesus—the free gift of heaven, eternal life . . ."



(Note: In this true account, Greg's life took on a vitality he had never known before. Apparently in good health, he died suddenly a month ago, just six weeks after he met Jesus in this personal encounter. His last days were the happiest he had ever known. Editors.)

The End of the Quest

For a truck driver in Cleveland, the moment of decision came when he turned on the TV set just before dinnertime. What he saw took his appetite away. He could not eat till he shared his own good fortune with those who are starving. He stopped and called in a pledge... then enjoyed his meal. Thoughtfully. Thankfully.

A family of five, living on welfare, was watching the recent World Vision hunger special on TV. They suddenly realized how fortunate they are. They all decided to go without one meal a week in order to give \$5 a month to help feed starving people.

During a local showing of "What Will We Say to a Hungry World," an elderly Texas woman called to make a pledge. But, she explained, since she was blind, someone would have to pick up the check at her apartment. A World Vision representative happily responded and waited as the blind lady laboriously wrote a check for \$100.

They Quit 'Just Talking' about Hunger

These people are examples of a special concerned group that is rapidly increasing across the United States: the new hunger fighters. They are tired of merely talking and hearing about the problems of worldwide hunger. Now they are joining forces with others to do something about it. In each of the above instances, the World Vision hunger TV special was the media that moved them into action.

In these five-hour-long TV specials, "What Will We Say to a Hungry World," President Stan Mooneyham shows viewers the plight of thousands of families affected by hunger and malnutrition. The program graphically portrays the fact that between 10,000 and 12,000 people die *every day* because of hunger and hunger-related causes.

As the program comes on the air, viewers are encouraged to, "Call some of your neighbors and friends. Invite them to watch the program. Call a teacher or professor. Because what you are about to see is very educational.

"Call a Sunday school teacher... your pastor... because this program is very inspirational. Call a relative or a friend, because this program is very personal."

The program is hardly on the air before the phones begin ringing, and the toll-free phone lines are often jammed with callers. From that moment on, till the program goes off the air five hours later, the special World Vision Hunger Crisis Center in Pasadena, California, looks and sounds like a swarming beehive.

During the 16 months since the first viewing of the program, it has been shown in over 100 major cities across the United States and Canada, with over 150,000 people responding financially to help feed hungry people.

The World Vision hunger television special was created in order to bring before the public the overwhelming needs of a hungry world. And to provide practical ways for

individuals to respond to those needs. To do this, World Vision knew that it would be necessary to both educate minds and awaken consciences.

At the outset, when discussing the hunger problem, Dr. Mooneyham commented that the media was no longer saying much about hunger. "That does not mean that the crisis is over," he said. "I truly wish I could tell you it is—but it isn't. If anything, it's now worse than ever!"

Viewers are informed of persistent food shortages in Angola, Gambia, Mali, Mozambique, Senegal, Somalia—to name just a few of the countries that are seriously affected in Africa alone. Now, in just Africa there are presently over one million refugees who are displaced by political upheavals and drought conditions... more than any other are under the responsibility of the United Nations.

There and elsewhere—the viewers learn—diseases such as influenza, measles, dysentery and cholera are widespread and often fatal because of prolonged malnutrition.

The response World Vision telephone operators receive is overwhelming and gratifying. And often startling. One operator answered the call to hear a woman weeping. "Thank God somebody is finally doing something about hunger!" she heard, when the caller regained control of her voice.

"How can I help?" is the usual question asked. "Do I have to give every month?" "May I make a one time gift?" "Is it all right to give only \$5 a month?"



(below left) Dr. Mooneyham: "We are doing everything in our power to help as many as we can." (below) Dr. Engstrom and Pastor Jim Andrews in the midst of a hunger TV special.



To these questions the operators reply, "You can give any way you like. You can pledge to give \$10 a month, or more. You can give one-time gifts if you prefer. You can give only \$5 a month—or \$1, or \$50 . . . whatever you can and want to give."

Other questions come, too. Like, "What does World Vision do with all the money that is given?"

The answers are not long in coming. "In dozens of ways," the operator says, "you are helping to fight hunger and misery around the world through your gifts to World Vision."

To name a few: In Bogota, Colombia, 1.2 million people live in tiny shacks made of tin, cardboard, canvas and lumber scraps. The city is 8600 feet above sea level and suffers biting cold winds that blow right through the flimsy homes.

World Vision is helping to finance a house-building co-operative in which slum dwellers contribute about \$2.20 a month toward a materials fund and then work together to build one house at a time.

In Korea, at the Sun Myung leprosy resettlement village, 620 families (2200 individuals) are trying to become economically independent

through farming and pig-raising. World Vision is helping them this year by providing \$9600 to purchase pigs and construct breeding houses.

In the Philippines (see "FFP: Helping Break Poverty's Cycle" on pages 3-7 of this issue), World Vision recently distributed 57,000 pounds of relief goods to needy people in a four-week period.

Providing food . . . providing money to dig wells . . . providing materials to build shelters . . . to fight privation, suffering and death caused by hunger—all of this, and more, World Vision is doing with the funds entrusted into its care.

In a recent "World Hunger Bulletin" published by World Vision (available at no cost, for the asking), Dr. Mooneyham wrote, "It was in the village of Singhali in the drought-plagued state of Gujarat, India, that I met Daruben, a mother of four. The rains had failed for the fourth year and now there was no more food.

"Tears filled her eyes and wet her cheeks as she told me, 'The children cry much of the time because they are hungry. It is hard for us not to weep with them . . . For the next crop we will have to wait one more year.'"

Can you imagine the heartbreak of knowing you will not be able to feed your children a decent meal for at least a year?

Fortunately, World Vision was able to help this stricken family and their village. We bought grain. And to provide water, we worked with a local relief committee to dig and deepen wells. But Singhali is only one village of many that need help . . .

"Sad as it is," said Dr. Mooneyham, "I know we cannot help them all. But we are doing everything in our power to help as many as we can."

In Bangladesh, one of the most stricken areas of the world in recent years, a desperate mother in a refugee camp watched helplessly as her only remaining child slipped closer and closer to death.


What words are there to express her joy at seeing the first sparkle of health return to her child's eyes? That was the result of a nutrition clinic made possible through gifts . . . and pledges—made during a hunger television special.

Is "thank you" really enough?

Probably not. But that was all she could say. And as you pledge and give in response to this hunger TV special, we will send you a receipt. And we will tell you, "Thank you." We will say it sincerely.

But the real thanks comes when you realize that *your gift* (large or small) may have been the one that gave a child a chance to live.

Thank you!

(Watch for announcements of future telethons in upcoming issues.) 



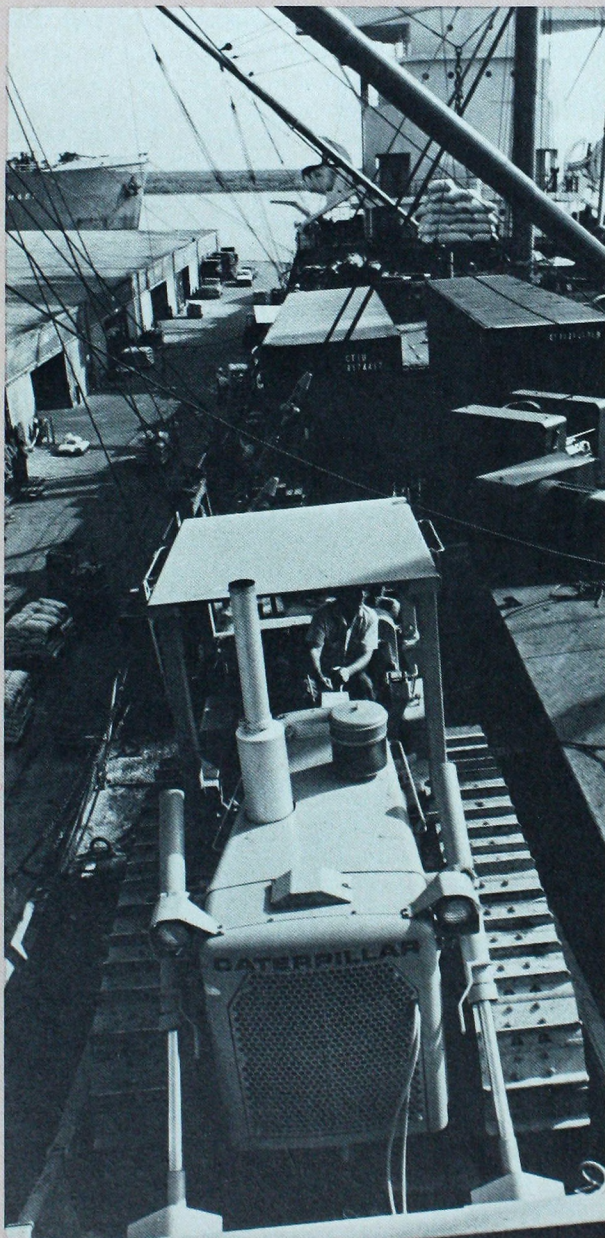
Gifts to World Vision help change many scenes like this.

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.



ETHIOPIA: The Ogaden Desert



One of the myths some people believe is that it is impossible to produce enough food to feed the present world population, much less any more mouths. However, many knowledgeable people disagree. Roger Revelle, a population scientist and president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is one of these. He argues persuasively that 50 to 60 billion people—more than 10 times the present number—could live on this planet and have an adequate diet. World Vision also believes that more farming land is available and that even deserts can be turned into gardens. In fact, during the next two years in Ethiopia's Ogaden Desert, World Vision will be striving to do just that.

The project, which has already begun, involves the leveling of 2000 acres of desert land located between Gode and Kelafo along the Wabi Shebele River. Water from the river, which flows year-round, will be pumped into gravity-fed irrigation canals. Since the project's success hinges upon proper leveling and grading of the land, World Vision has recently purchased and shipped to Ethiopia this 37,000-pound, 140-horsepower tractor-bulldozer.

Once the land has been leveled and the irrigation canals cut, a labor-intensive program involving more than 1000 Somali workers will get under way to cultivate the land. World Vision will also be providing seeds and basic farming equipment. In all, 800 Somali families—some 4000 persons—will benefit from the program. With each family receiving two and a half acres of land, they will soon be able to produce all of their own food as well as a small cash crop of cotton or sesame seed.

This two-year, \$1.4 million project is being carried out by World Vision with the approval of the Relief and Rehabilitation Commission of Ethiopia. The hunger funds are being provided by caring Christians in the United States as well as in Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Thank you for your concern and support in behalf of hungry people the world over.



D-6 Caterpillar tractor-bulldozer aboard the freighter Alex Stephens in Galveston, Texas before its departure for Ethiopia.

On this page: Special news and announcements from the World Vision Area Offices. For your information, the addresses and telephone numbers of these offices are listed below.

in your area



Pacific/South

Major Eva den Hartog to Speak

For the past 17 years, Salvation Army nurse Eva den Hartog has served thousands of suffering and needy people in the Congo, India, Vietnam and Bangladesh. She is presently involved in a several-months-long speaking tour for World Vision, mainly in the West and Midwest.

California residents will have an opportunity to meet and hear this lovely, talented lady at two World Vision banquets: Santa Barbara, October 8, and Bakersfield, October



14. Major den Hartog is presently the officer in charge of all Salvation Army projects in the disaster-wracked country of Bangladesh.

Soloist Sings for World Vision

Bruce Cripe's ministry of music has led him throughout Europe, the Orient, the Caribbean and to most of the 50 states—with the Continental Singers and New Hope. With these groups he has appeared in concert with Pat Boone, Anita Bryant, Bob Hope, Gloria Roe and Ethel Waters. He has also appeared with Senator Mark Hatfield, former Governor Ronald Reagan and Hal Lindsey.

Bruce now shares the story of

World Vision International at church services, banquets, fellowship gatherings and retreats. His ministry challenges audiences, giving them opportunity to share the joy that comes when someone in the world of plenty reaches out in the name of Christ to care for someone in the world of need.

Pacific/North



The Rev. Donald Irwin (above) has been named Church Relations Associate for this area office. A Presbyterian minister, Mr. Irwin resides in Menlo Park and is serving northern California. He is available for pulpit supply, mission conferences, resource information and counseling with pastors and churches regarding their mission needs. He can be contacted at the office address and phone below.

Southeast

New Events Coordinator

The Rev. Wayne Gardner has completed his move from the Northeast Office to Atlanta, where he will be coordinating events for the southeastern states. The first of these will be an MYT Seminar in Charlotte, N.C., September 16-17, and fellowship dinners in Charlotte, Greensboro and Raleigh-Durham on September 20, 21 and 23.

Northeast

Fall Festival Conference

The Northeast Area announces a first: a Fall Festival in the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country, that promises to be a musical and spiritual feast. Sharing in the ministry will be Dr. Sam Kamaleson, Dr. Carlton Booth, the Rev. W. Herbert Scott, and Hei Kyung Hong, former soloist with the Korean Children's Choir.

The festival will be held October 21-24 at the Host Farm Corral in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and the public is invited to all sessions except the area-wide banquet on Saturday, which is by reservation only. Further information and reservations may be obtained at the area office (phone and address below).

Midwest

Area Fellowship Dinners Scheduled

Three special fellowship dinners featuring Maria Hirschmann (Hansi), author of the best-selling *Hansi: The Girl Who Loved the Swastika*, and gifted vocal artist Cathy Barrow are being hosted by World Vision later this month.

The first is Thursday, September 23, in Kalamazoo, Michigan, followed by another on Saturday, September 25, in Lansing. The third is Tuesday, September 28, in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Further information may be obtained from the area office.

In addition to her appearances at the fellowship dinners, Cathy Barrow will be one of the hostesses at the World Vision Booth, October 13 and 14, at the Minnesota Sunday School Convention.



1 Pacific/South Area Office
919 W. Huntington Drive
Monrovia, California 91016
(213) 357-1111

2 Pacific/North Area Office
425 Mayer Building
1130 S.W. Morrison
Portland, Oregon 97205
(503) 227-1588

3 Midwest Area Office
P.O. Box 209
Grand Haven, Michigan 49417
(616) 842-5220

4 Northeast Area Office
45 Godwin Avenue
Midland Park, New Jersey 07432
(201) 652-5580 or 652-5583

5 Southeast Area Office
Verre Centre, Suite 302
1835 Savoy Road
Atlanta, Georgia 30341
(404) 455-6109

*The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er—
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On a wild New England shore.*

Exiles they were. All of them. They had cut themselves loose from everything they possessed: home, security, comfort. And for what? One word answers that question—freedom.

They had totally burned their bridges. They had cast off from familiar shores. They had sold or given away all their possessions—with no certainty they would ever set foot on land again. They had crammed themselves into tiny, cramped, smelly staterooms; into stinking, noisy steerage compartments; forced their way into the already overcrowded hold—finding places to sleep and eat as best they could.

Why? What did they hope to gain from all this pain and privation? They hoped for freedom. They had prayed for freedom. They had gambled their very lives that in this new land they would shake off the yoke of bondage and fear they had always known . . . *and that here they would become free men and women.*

They had been at sea a very long time. Sixty-five days to be exact. And the *Mayflower* was too small for such a long journey. They were tired. Hungry. Hungry for fresh food. But even hungrier for a glimpse of their new land. The trip had been hard. Misfortune had dogged every mile of their passage.

Now . . . land was in sight.

The journey's end was at hand.

Soon they would face new lives . . . and dangers . . . and perhaps even death. How did they react to this knowledge?

*Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;—
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;—
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.*

"With their hymns . . ." Who were these exiles anyway? Were they fugitives? Criminals? Neither of these. They called themselves "Pilgrims." They believed so firmly in freedom of the soul that they had left home and country . . . because they refused to be imprisoned by rules that prevented free, personal access to God.

So passionately did they believe in certain basic freedoms that they were willing to suffer for them. To die if need be. Yes—they were even willing to die for their beliefs, their faith!

Threat of punishment had not deterred their escape.


Nor threat of imprisonment . . . death . . .

None of these forces was sufficient to hold them back. They had to be free . . .



AT WHAT PRICE FREEDOM?

by Bob Owen, Acting Editor




*Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free;
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:—
This was their welcome home!*

Home! What a word. It conjured up pleasant scenes. Of glowing fireplaces. Pungent kitchens. Feather beds. Familiar streets and shops. Churches. Safety . . .

Now all that was behind. The coastline they now beheld was strange, rough, foreign. No villages appeared on the landscape. No tall factory chimneys. No welcome harbor traffic. No sign of habitation. Yet this was to become their home.

Home . . .!

They would have to carve it out of the rugged wilderness. But this was . . . would become . . . home.



*There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.*


The old would find New England's winters very difficult: the winds sharp, chilling, killing. The snow deep, relentless. Many of the older ones would not last out this first cold season. Some younger ones, too, would not see the trees leaf out in the springtime. And the frozen ground would resist the efforts of those who chipped out shallow graves . . .

Babies would find the struggle too much for them . . .

Mothers would broken-heartedly watch some of their children succumb to strange, unknown fevers. Their home remedies would have no effect. Little ones would die. Some fathers, too.

Only the strongest would survive.

But none of them wasted much time thinking about these things. They were soon to set foot upon what was to become their new homeland. Some gazed at the tree-lined shore with wildly beating hearts. Some soberly made plans . . . as best they could . . .



*What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They left unstained what there they found
Freedom to worship God!*

So that was it: *freedom*. But, of course.

Not freedom in the ordinary sense of the word . . . not *mere* freedom. Freedom to be and to become. Freedom to be responsible for their own destinies. Freedom to choose their own elected leaders. Freedom

from taxation without representation. Freedom of speech . . .

Freedom to worship God!

Ahh! That was it . . . *that was it!*

That was the cause for which they had given everything: "Freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience . . ."

That was why they had come.

And those Pilgrims carved out a nation, a great nation, the greatest the world has ever known. Based on God's love for man. And man's love for God.

And man's love for man.

No civilization has ever existed like the one they founded. The one they gave their blood to bring forth. ". . . freedom to worship God."

Or—not to worship God.

Freedom of choice.

What blessed freedom. What glorious freedom!

Freedom for which most of the world's peoples are willing to die—and some of them are doing just that, simply to obtain the freedom . . . that we handle so lightly.

". . . freedom to worship God."

Families and homes are founded on that freedom. Children hear prayers: from their parents, their church leaders, their nation's leaders . . . and they are comforted and warmed by the knowledge that they need never be afraid to call upon God. To call upon Jesus. Freely. Openly . . .

". . . freedom to worship God."

Our system of justice is founded upon that freedom.

Our concern for an oppressed, hungry, frightened, poverty-stricken world is founded upon that freedom.

Our very freedom to be free is based upon that freedom.

". . . freedom to worship God."

In New York City harbor our tireless ambassador—the Statue of Liberty—shouts that message of freedom to the world . . . that concern . . . that love that has made our people great:

*"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"*

". . . freedom to worship God."

As Americans, this freedom is our right. Precious right. Vital right, one that has made our nation great.

Our past history was founded upon that freedom. Our present revels in that freedom. *Our future depends upon that freedom!*

Yet there are those who would wrest this freedom from our hands and hearts—deeming their own freedom to do so as greater than this one that God—and our forefathers—gave to us.

Dare we lose this freedom? Our ". . . freedom to worship God"?

Could we lose it?

To the latter question the answer is yes. We *could* lose it. By sheer apathy. Or ignorance. Or both. (cont.)

Dare we lose it? This precious freedom to worship God?

No. We dare not lose it.

For with the loss of this freedom would go our God-given concern for a hungry, hurting, frightened world.

With the loss of this freedom would go the loss of our other freedoms. We would lose them one at a time. Our defenses (our bulwarks from the inside) would crumble. All our walls would tumble down.

Our great nation would no longer be great.

Two hundred years—and more—of greatness would go down the drain. Down the tubes.

Of course our nation is not perfect. Because it's made up of people. And people, including you and me, are not perfect. But the foundation upon which our great land has rested for these two centuries *is* perfect: God's great love, that's perfect.

When they first came to these shores, those Pilgrim Fathers . . . and mothers, and sons and daughters . . . they came proudly. They carried their heads high. There was resolve and certainty in what they did. Their motives were right. Their priorities were right. And they knew it. They exulted in their rightness, their strength. The strength that comes from goodness.

But somewhere along the line our nation has lost some of that . . . that certainty . . . that "head-held-high-ness." A stumbling has become noticeable here and there. A fumbling. An unsureness. It's apparent in the eyes of the people, the governed.

It's also apparent in the eyes and voices of the ones who govern, the ones who lead. Or, rather, the ones who *should* lead.

Sadly we must admit that our leaders don't always lead well. Neither do the followers follow well. Perhaps they are marching to the sound of a different drummer. Perhaps they aren't marching at all. Or even listening. Perhaps the drummer himself is ceasing to provide the beat . . .

Now, as we move into our Third Century, we must honestly face some hard questions. And honestly answer them.

For instance: Are we nearing the end of the American Dream? Our Fathers' dream? Our country's dream? Our very own dream?

God forbid!

Are we becoming more concerned about possessing things? And losing the vision? Our national pride? Sir Walter Scott asks a similar question in his poem, "Love of Country."

*Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land"?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?*

What is your answer? What is my answer?
Two hundred years . . .

Will we make it for another century? Longer? Will we continue to be great—in every sense of the word—or will

we succumb to the deadly gnawing of the hidden termites of moral, spiritual collapse . . . secure in outward appearances, till we are eaten out at the core? From the heart?

We can almost hear the auctioneer's call: "Two hundred once . . . two hundred twice. Two hundred and who'll make it three? Going once . . . going twice. Going and gone . . . for *two!*"

What will it be?

Freedom?

Or loss of freedom? And death?

Two hundred years ago, when our baby nation wavered (in fact, even before it became a nation), Patrick Henry arose and spoke words that changed the course of history. During the Second Revolutionary Convention, held in St. John's Church, Richmond, Virginia—March 23, 1775—he spoke so forcefully, so passionately for freedom . . .

"Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

Tremendous words from a tremendous American. And he was right. There was no middle ground that day.

There is no middle ground this day.

We are at the crossroads . . .

History has shown that two hundred years is about the outside limit for the length of a civilization.

We have come two centuries.

Can we last a third?

Of course we can. But only by reaffirming our freedoms. Only by taking the hand of the One Who made us great. Only by marching to the sound of the right drummer . . .

" . . . freedom to worship God."

As Americans, we still possess our basic freedoms. All of them . . . or most of them.

We can keep them. *We must keep them!*

*. . . and the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er—
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On a wild New England shore.*

*What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They left unstained what there they found
Freedom to worship God!*

May God grant it shall ever be so!

(Not the end: a new beginning!)

globe at a glance

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

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION SAPPING SOVIET VITALITY

Apparently for the first time in the history of this country, Christian leaders from six denominations have signed a 15-page appeal listing their grievances and asking the Soviet Government for a thorough revision of the law on religion.

Christianity has never enjoyed an easy destiny in Russia, said the 28 signatories who represent the Pentecostal, Adventist, Baptist, Church of Christ, Roman Catholic and Russian Orthodox faiths. They point out that discrimination against Christians is firmly imbedded within Soviet law. Atheism is a compulsory part of Soviet education in all fields and, thus, no sincere Christian can be a teacher. Even students whose parents are Christian are placed in an extremely difficult position. Religious teaching is also forbidden as is religious literature; property cannot be owned by religious organizations, nor can they engage in welfare activities. These and other persecutions of the Church, state the leaders, are a sickness that is sapping the vitality of the state.

The appeal also points out that the present attitude of the state to religion was developed more than a half century ago when "the total destruction of faith in God was proclaimed as a realistic goal. But life has demonstrated the illusory nature of these hopes . . . religion is spreading . . . (and) we must not cling to points of view which life has totally refuted."

Although the writers point out that they are only expressing their personal opinion, they say they hope it "corresponds with the views of the majority of our brethren in the faith." And they invite those who wish to do so to add their names to the appeal after its publication.

A somewhat similar appeal to the Government in 1971 by Lithuanian Catholics succeeded in gathering more than 17,000 signatures. Observers felt the number would have been far greater but for KGB interference. Now, under a united appeal of six denominations, it will be interesting to see how many signatures are gathered and what action, if any, the Government will take.

Asia

VIENTIANE, Laos — According to knowledgeable sources, religious liberty here is being carefully, but surely eliminated. The Government has expropriated all schools, orphanages, churches and other buildings owned by the Roman Catholic Church. Only two of six Catholic churches are allowed to open for a Sunday service each week. Protestant churches are probably similarly restricted, as are Buddhists, who now have only two of 87 places of worship remaining open. The Pathet Lao Government has also expelled all foreign missionaries.

KATMANDU, Nepal — A recent decision by the Government of this country not to renew a contract with the Summer Institute of Linguistics has essentially expelled nearly 100 SIL personnel from the country. No

specific explanation was given for the action to SIL personnel who have been teaching English to Nepalese teachers and producing language books, children's books and tourist information in Nepal for the past 10 years.

Africa

BULAWAYO, Rhodesia — In an attempt to determine the Church's proper role in the tense racial situation here, religious and political leaders from all races and denominations recently met and issued a "call" to the churches and nations of southern Africa. The call urges Christians to give "urgent attention to the task of evangelism" and calls on both white and black governments professing to be Christian to "embrace Christian principles rather than expediency in lawmaking; to scrap discriminatory

legislation, and to move towards real togetherness in government." The call also accuses the World Church of "inconsistency" in its approach and . . . "implicit support to violence and bloodshed." It points out that it is not who is right, but what is right that ultimately matters. It challenges one and all to build a free and peaceful social order in which the Christian gospel can make progress for the greatest good of all.

Europe

FREDERICIA, Denmark — The Bible Camp, with morning Bible studies, afternoon sessions for children and evening tent meetings, is growing in popularity here. Launched in 1969 with only 35 camping spaces, the Fredericia site now has 366 spaces with room for nearly 1500 persons. It has been practically full during its camping season, and there are now 23 other campsites. The growing movement is a project of Inner Mission, which is associated with the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Denmark.

Dr. John Erickson, deputy general secretary of the American Bible Society, has been named World Service Officer of the United Bible Societies.

Dr. Erling G. Hestenes, the first American Lutheran Church medical missionary to the Zulu people in South Africa in 1948, has died in that country at the age of 63. Also dead, at 61, is Dr. Oliver Boyce Greene, fundamentalist Baptist radio evangelist and founder of "The Gospel Hour" radio program.

The Rev. G. Daniel Little has been elected executive director of the United Presbyterian General Assembly's Mission Council.

Dr. J. Herbert Kane, professor of missions at Trinity Evangelical Divinity School, Deerfield, Illinois, has been elected president of the American Society of Missiology.



Aboriginal Outreach

"Many children who had never set foot in a church before now enjoy going there as much as their classroom," came the report on Taiwan's aboriginal childcare projects. "Each project holds evangelical meetings



several times a year, and 24 children in one project were baptized early this year," said Mr. Roy Challberg, Director of World Vision Hong Kong, Taiwan and Burma.

Mr. Challberg noted that "the children and their families are unanimously grateful to sponsors for their love," and this influence is showing the true meaning of Christianity to many Taiwan mountain parents.

Some projects have set up school choirs and reading rooms for the students. And some children are so eager to praise the Lord that they take hymnbooks home so their families can learn the songs, too.

Dacca Cultural Festival

History was made in a Christian sense in Bangladesh this past June with the successful conclusion of the World Vision of Bangladesh-sponsored Cultural Festival in Dacca. Organized by Samar Das, Music Director of Radio Bangladesh and a strong Christian, the festival featured foremost Bengali musical talent.

With financial assistance from World Vision of New Zealand, the program was held in Dacca's largest hall and attended by many of the country's leaders. Its aim was "to use the highly developed culture of Bang-

ladesh as a vehicle for making a Christian impact on Moslems and other non-Christians" in a tactful manner. As Mr. Das noted in his speech to the gathering, "In the fulfillment of the ideals of Jesus Christ, culture has a vital part to play . . ."

Pastors' Conferences

Please pray for these upcoming Pastors' Conferences, that they might span the globe to uplift all who attend: Ethiopia, September 13-19; Guatemala, November 15-19, and South Seas, on Suva, Fiji Islands, January 8-13, 1977.

The Guatemala Pastors' Conference holds a special place of concern, as these pastors will come together for the first time since the severe earthquake in their country on February 4. They have worked long hours for their people and badly need the time of prayer and fellowship that the conference will offer.

Communications Director Appointed

World Vision is pleased to announce the appointment of Mr. Richard L. Watson as Director of Communications. He will supervise and coordinate all media activities and personnel. Mr. Watson came to World Vision in 1972 and has served as Director of Public Information since that time, as well as being a contributing editor to *World Vision* magazine.

Ambulance Grant

Among recent grants made by World Vision was one to the Madras Christian College in India toward the purchase of a diesel ambulance van for their Family Life Institute. Mr. D. Daniel Sundararaj, Coordinator of Relief and Development activities for World Vision of India, reports the following acknowledgement of the gift:

"It is very kind of World Vision to

make this contribution," came the letter from the bursar of the college. "You will be glad to know that the ambulance van has been purchased and has been sent for registration. Please convey our thanks to the Board of World Vision . . ."

Philippines Update

As reported in the July/August issue of *World Vision* magazine, the Philippines was hit in late May by Typhoon "Didang" (Olga), now said to be the most destructive in its history.

As communications and transportation became possible again, World Vision stepped in to assist with relief efforts. Evacuation centers were set up to help people from low-lying areas of Luzon Island. World Vision provided food for these families, as well as donating 10,000 cases of



EMPLOYMENT NEEDS

Opening at World Vision Headquarters:

Personnel Administrator, International Relations: Experienced, preferably in international aspects.

Overseas Opening:

Medical Doctor, Thailand: Needed for approximately 15 months.

If you know of anyone interested, please have him contact the Personnel Department, 919 W. Huntington Dr., Monrovia, California 91016.

baby food for a helicopter airlift into the island's interior.

Volunteers from many denominations spent long hours packing food into plastic bags for distribution—rice, sardines, milk, matches and biscuits. By June 12, World Vision had helped an estimated 25,000 families.

Warehouse Addition

With a great deal of help from the Zion Reformed Church of Grandville, Michigan, the World Vision Midwest Area Office has built a new addition onto its warehouse. The



new 3600-square-foot space and cement loading dock were dedicated on May 2, with 100 members of the church and their pastor attending the ceremony.

Also present was Mr. Roger Hommes from the Anville, Kentucky Reformed Church school, which receives large amounts of used clothing from the Midwest Area Office. Part of the new addition will be used as a collection point and sorting center for local churches to assist this worthwhile project in Appalachia.

Love Loaf Adopted

During the annual Church of God conference at Anderson, Indiana, Dr. Paul Tanner, director of the church's World Service relief arm, announced that over \$200,000 had been raised in a special church-wide appeal.

Because the Love Loaf has been officially designated as the church's tool to fight hunger, about 35 percent of the total amount was given

through World Vision for use in hunger-related ministries.

India Flood Relief

When flood waters of the Ganges River cascaded through the east India town of Patna in late August 1975, it was completely cut off from everything. As access to the city again became possible, World Vision was one of the agencies offering help to the flood victims. Relief supplies—including medicines and food packets containing dry milk, sugar, fish and rice—were distributed through the Rev. J. A. Shaw at Christ Church House in Patna. In addition, Sustacal was given to children and expectant mothers.

The Rev. Shaw recently wrote to World Vision of India, enclosing letters of appreciation which had come to him. Among these was one from a Moslem, who wrote, "I, being a Moslem, never had a chance to see the love of Christ's people. I thank you and all those who work with you in such a great work of charity."

The Rev. Shaw closed his report saying, "Since August 1975, I am in touch with World Vision and I do appreciate their work. I am especially thankful to all the donors for rendering their help to their needy brothers in Christ.

"The pains that they take to put



their love into concrete form and action will be definitely appreciated by us and will be rewarded by God."

Lifesaving Biscuits

High-protein Civil Defense biscuits shipped to India in late 1975 have been reported as "literally saving lives." Because heavy rains had ruined the crops there, the 76,000 pounds of cracker-like biscuits ar-



rived just in time to prevent a great deal of suffering.

Other shipments of the food went to Bangladesh (41,963 pounds) and to the Philippines (95,657 pounds). They were distributed in refugee camps there, as well as in other hunger-stricken areas.

Have You Moved?

If you plan to move or have already done so, make sure that *World Vision* magazine moves with you! To help us keep your magazine coming and cut postal charges on returned issues, please notify us of your new address. Fill out and mail the coupon below, giving both your old and new addresses, as well as your eight-digit account number from the magazine's mailing label.

.....

Name _____

Old Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

New Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Identification number (see mailing label)

monthly memo



Good stewardship has always been of major concern to us at World Vision. Knowing that so many of our partners give sacrificially to help the needy of our world, we are constantly mindful of our great responsibility before God to wisely use the funds entrusted to us.

What does it mean to be a good steward? It is commonly thought to mean accountability—keeping good records and avoiding waste. But according to our Lord Jesus Christ, simple accountability falls far short of good stewardship.

In Matthew 25 we read the familiar story of the man who entrusted various sums of money to his servants while he went away on a journey. When he came back, he rewarded the servants who had invested the money, doubling the

amount. They had made the most of what was given to them.

But he rebuked the servant who had simply kept the money safe. The servant hadn't squandered the money. In fact, he kept good account of it, but that wasn't good enough! By failing to put the money to work where it could be most effective, he earned the epitaph of "wicked and slothful servant."

In the same way, we at World Vision believe our responsibility goes far beyond simple accountability. We are interested in the "stewardship of results." As we consider each project, we ask ourselves, "How can what we do be multiplied to help the most people? How can this be used by

God redemptively?" With care and diligence we try to select the personnel and the projects that will be truly significant at the grass-roots level and that will encourage similar efforts by those we help. We cannot possibly accomplish all that needs to be done, so we want our "little bit" to count a great deal.

Thank you for entrusting World Vision with your expressions of love and concern for a lost and needy world. Your partnership is so meaningful to us. We pledge before God to stretch each dollar to the limit as He gives us wisdom and discernment. For when our Lord returns, we—with you—want to be counted as His "good and faithful servants."

Ted W. Engstrom

Ted W. Engstrom
Executive Vice-President

unreached peoples

Unfavorable economic rains have fallen on the Chinese in Burma. A "flash flood" of refugees has spilled their misery out onto other countries. More than 10,000 are to be found in the Portuguese colony of Macao alone, a short hydrofoil ride away from Hong Kong.

The rich and daring wager their wealth on the spin of the roulette wheel in Macao's gaming houses. The Chinese "refugees" from Burma are gambling their future with long hours and child labor.

Although they were born in

Burma and speak and live as other Burmans, these Chinese are not Burmese citizens. Under the "Burmese Way to Socialism," a non-citizen cannot work for the state. With most of the enterprises nationalized and run by the state, to be Chinese is to be without a job.

So they come to Macao and crowd into its poorer sections. Ninety-nine percent are yet to be reached with the gospel. Because they are distinctively different in life style and language, they form a special community of need among

their other Chinese kinsmen. They do not know whose hand controls their future.

Chinese refugees from Burma are symbolic of the thousands of people groups around the world who are yet to be reached. You can become a part of reaching these people by learning more about them—and the hundreds of unreached peoples around the world.

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

Chinese Refugees from Burma

Inherent: 'Existing in... Belonging to'

In 1950 colonial India, having gained its independence from Great Britain, was debating the terms of its new Constitution as a republic. On the question of freedom of religion, the drafters of the Constitution proposed that each citizen "has the right to profess, practice and propagate his faith." The word "propagate" called for serious discussion on the floor of the National Legislature. Remarkably enough, it was a Hindu legislator, arguing the inclusion of "propagate," who declared:

To the Christian it is inherent to propagate his faith. If he is faithful to his faith, he must propagate it. So if you do not allow him to propagate his faith, you do not allow him to profess and practice his faith.

When finally adopted, the Indian Constitution included the right to propagate. I suggest, however, that we reach back and pick up that important word "inherent." "To the Christian it is inherent to propagate his faith." Take the verb form "inhere." Rather abstractly but very significantly the dictionary tells us that the word means *to exist in, to belong to*. Whatever is inherent, in whatever it is you are talking about, is not an appendix, an addendum, a tack-on, like tinsel on a Christmas tree. On the contrary, it is sap and fiber and stuff. It *exists in* and *belongs to* the reality that is under consideration.

Let the Hindu go to the head of the class. He was right—insightfully, unmistakably, unassailably right! Witnessing to the faith that has its burning center in the crucified and risen Jesus is inherent in that faith. It belongs. It is an essential, not an extra.

But this propagation, we must realize, is something concretely and convincingly more than propaganda. American propaganda, or Baptist or Lutheran or Pentecostal, or fundamentalist, or evangelical, or neo-evangelical—you name it! We have become wordmongers, swollen with satisfaction if we have correctly verbalized the gospel. We have turned the costly magnificence of incarnation into the tawdry ease of "verbification." Jesus was the Word made flesh (John 1:14); our

behavior takes flesh and turns it into word. Jesus was the Word really embodied; we are the Word rhetorically embalmed. Many of us—many more than we now have—should cease to embalm the gospel in correct creed and begin to embody it in glowing deed.

George Macleod of Scotland, admittedly off base in some things he has said, is bang on target when he thunders, "What we must do . . . for modern man is not to demythologize the Bible but to rehumanize the area and content of our salvation."

What is that *rehumanizing* if it is not taking the eternal Word of God in the gospel of Jesus Christ and putting it into everyday clothes and everyday shoes to walk our streets, teach in our schools, toil in our factories, make decisions in our boardrooms, care for our sick, show concern for our poor, legislate in halls of government and pursue justice in courts of law? And all of this, together with our spoken witness, as a form and force of living that is *inherent* in our Christian faith!

A faith that lifts us *on* Sundays and leaves us *between* Sundays is a sham and a snare. Its brief hour of display is religiously decorative but its effect is delusive and destructive. It fulfills the poet's chilling analysis:

Faultily faultless,
Icily regular,
Splendidly null.

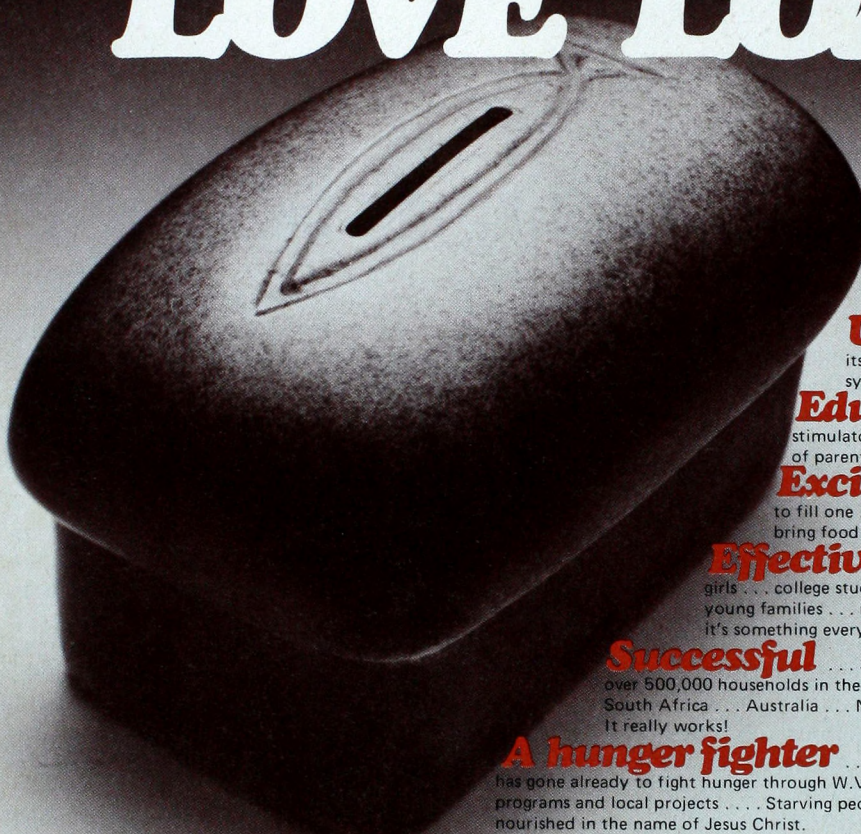
From this flesh-made-word, with all of its sterilities, good Lord, deliver us!

But the Word-made-flesh—how different is that! Our verbal witness and our vital service held together in a living blend, with Christ himself at the point of fusion—that's the faith in which propagation takes place because it is *inherent*. It *exists in* and *belongs to* that faith.

Paul Speer

This label is to be used on the enclosed envelope.

LOVE LOAF:^{*}



Tangible ... on the meal table ... touchable ... visible ... quickly and clearly understood ... practical.

Unique ... its difference ... its shape ... its purpose ... its symbolism ... its impact.

Educational ... family devotions stimulator ... teacher of compassion by the example of parents ... scripturally based ... positive.

Exciting ... to receive one ... to fill one ... to break one ... to see the money bring food to starving people.

Effective ... men ... women ... boys ... girls ... college students ... single adults ... young families ... retired people. Everyone likes it and ... It's something everyone can do to fight hunger.

Successful ... 3500-plus churches ... over 500,000 households in the U.S.A. ... Canada ... South Africa ... Australia ... New Zealand are helping. It really works!

A hunger fighter ... over one million dollars has gone already to fight hunger through W.V.I. denominational programs and local projects ... Starving people are being nourished in the name of Jesus Christ.

The Love Loaf program works like this:

The Love Loaf is based on the biblical account of the loaves and fish. Jesus took five small loaves and two fish, blessed them, broke them and fed thousands of hungry people. As a result many said, "Surely, Jesus is the Son of God." This is often the response today when Christians share food with the starving.

A penny in our economy hardly buys bubble gum. But recently:

One penny sent 33 cents' worth of vitamins to families suffering from malnutrition.

One dime sent 36 cents' worth of high-protein food to undernourished children. One quarter sent \$15.25 worth of prescription medicines to an epidemic area.

One Love Loaf often contains enough money to give food to a needy family for a whole week.

FOR INDIVIDUALS/FAMILIES

World Vision supplies you or your family one Love Loaf (without charge). You place it on your meal table and fill it with your coins.

The Love Loaf is then blessed, broken and the money is sent to World Vision for specific emergency relief projects.

The money contained in one full Love Loaf (an average of \$10 per loaf) can feed a family of five in Bangladesh for one week, for example. Your fight against hunger

makes a big difference to a hungry mother, father, son or daughter.

FOR CHURCHES

World Vision supplies your church one Love Loaf per household (without cost). Later, at a Love Loaf breaking ceremony/celebration, all of the loaves are brought to the church, blessed and broken with great excitement. Yes, you actually break them! It's noisy and everyone enjoys it.

The Love Loaf church program allows your church to designate up to 60 percent of the proceeds to any project (including denominational projects) which meets

physical as well as spiritual needs in the name of Jesus Christ.

The remainder goes to very specific emergency relief projects through World Vision.

YOU MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

Daily in World Vision's emergency relief programs, "pocket change" buys enough food to make the difference between life and death.

You can bring nourishing food to hungry mouths. Starting today!

Churches

Please send our church the full Love Loaf details as soon as possible.

Name of Church _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Senior Minister _____

Church Phone (including area code) _____

Person Requesting Materials _____

Phone (including area code) _____

Individuals/Families

Please send me a "Love Loaf Pak." (The Pak includes one Love Loaf.) I/We will fill the loaf and return all money directly to World Vision to care for the needy in Christ's name.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____



Love Loaf

Mail to: World Vision International, c/o Love Loaf, Box O, Pasadena, California 91109