

SEPTEMBER 1978

# world vision

Taiwan's  
Mountain  
People

**MORE  
THAN  
JUST  
SURVIVAL**



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PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, pp. 4-5,6 (top),7,8, Cheri Goodman; p. 6 (bottom), Robert C. Larson; pp. 10,11,13, Burt Singleton; p. 16, Ashley & Crippen; p. 17, Bob Baker; p. 19, Eric Mooneyham, pp. 20-21, James Greenelsh. COLLAGE: p. 15, material courtesy of the Salvation Army, assembled by Pat Bigler.

## world vision®

Volume 22, Number 9/September 1978

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Published by World Vision International, a nonprofit religious organization with business offices at 919 West Huntington Drive, Monrovia, California 91016. Subscription is free. Founded by Dr. Bob Pierce in 1950, the humanitarian organization is an interdenominational outreach of Christians concerned for the physical and spiritual needs of people throughout the world. It is dedicated to serving God by ministering to children and families, providing emergency aid, developing self-reliance, furthering evangelism, strengthening Christian leadership and challenging Christians to become involved in missions.

Submissions of informative, biographical and humorous material related to Christian missions are welcome. The editors assume no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or photos unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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*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 the address label from a current copy along with your new address.

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## Being everywhere at once

There aren't many magazines where an editorial staff of three persons can consistently publish 24 pages of reports and features encompassing the world. That we are able to accomplish this with *World Vision* is due to those persons throughout the organization who graciously accept writing assignments, especially when they travel.

For example, Cheri Goodman, manager of Public Information, visited the Far East in May on special assignment. It was her first overseas trip for *World Vision*, and she provides in this issue a fresh, overall perspective of our work in Taiwan.

In the past two months Burt Singleton, a member of our Evangelism and Research Division staff, has come to know how much water there is in the Gulf of Thailand and the South China Sea. He's "captain" of the floating grocery store that *World Vision* has provided to aid boat people who have escaped from Vietnam. During a home furlough last month, he took time to share the frustrations and joys of his unusual assignment.

Two months ago James Greenelsh, from our Media (audiovisual) Department, went to Asia and South America. Of all the sights and sounds and smells of his trip, children made the biggest impression on him. In Bogotá, Colombia, he was enchanted by a bunch of lonely kids. Recalling the experience for you was a labor of love for James, as you'll discover (page 20).

While in Singapore to participate in the launching and shakedown cruise of Operation Seasweep, Public Information's Jim Jewell found the time to look the town over and file the Dateline report on page 18.

No magazine can provide a large enough staff to be everywhere at once. But we come close by capitalizing on those who travel, those stationed overseas and upon some key friends like Dr. J.D. Douglas of Scotland, around the globe.

We think that this kind of variety, while permitting us to keep our magazine expenses at a minimum, provides our readers with fresh insights and eyewitness reports of what's happening around the world. We want to serve you with a monthly magazine that's the most informative, thought-provoking, pace-setting missions publication available.

We hope you will frequently share with us your thoughts and opinions concerning our progress.

# globe at a glance

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

## DANGER CONFRONTS RHODESIAN MISSIONARIES

Missionaries in Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) are facing increased pressures as several of their number have been killed amid political strife and government transition.

At least 33 Rhodesian missionaries and members of their families have been murdered in attacks since December 1976—15 in June of this year alone. Killings have been attributed to various guerrilla groups or a secret commando unit of the Rhodesian army.

Most missionary projects have remained relatively unchanged, but some remote areas have been evacuated and some personnel are commuting to outlying areas, returning to safe towns at night.

A somber but positive mood has been demonstrated by most of the missionary community in the wake of the tragedies. The Rev. Ronald Charman, director of the Elim Mission, where eight missionaries and four of their children were killed June 23, said, "We pray that God will be merciful to those who have perpetrated such an action of shame, that they might know grief and repentance and God's mercy."

In the face of the critical political situation, as the nation moves toward majority rule, a National Christian Leadership Assembly (NACLA) is being convened September 4-14. "NACLA will provide an opportunity for Christians of all different tribes and races to sit together at Jesus' feet, to learn His way to go forward in peace as a brotherhood into the new nation, Zimbabwe," said Michael Cassidy, director of African Enterprise.

## Asia

**DACCA, Bangladesh**—Government officials recently met with concerned missions spokesmen to explain that the country's existing visa regulations remain in effect. There is a general feeling among missionaries, however, that foreign-administered programs in Bangladesh must relate more clearly to Bengali nationals and institutions.

## Africa

**BAMAKO, Mali**—The government of Mali has opened the door to evangelical radio broadcasts, the Gospel Missionary Union reports. The Rev. Kassoum Keita, president of the Evangelical Protestant Church of Mali, has received approval from the Minister of Information for a half-hour weekly radio program. This gives the evangelical

church the same broadcasting privileges as the Roman Catholic and Islamic churches.

## Europe

**PRAGUE, Czechoslovakia**—More than 600 persons from 84 countries gathered here on June 22-28 for the Fifth All-Christian Peace Assembly. A "message" was drafted and issued by the conference urging Christians and others to "devote the next two decades for the implementation of a comprehensive program to achieve general and complete disarmament by the year 2000." The framers of the message also declared that "our faith in Jesus Christ, who laid down His life for all of humanity, impels us to seek solidarity with all people irrespective of differences in political views or ideological convictions."

## North America

**NEW YORK**—Food experts of the United Nations World Food Council have warned that a new global food crisis may be imminent unless adverse weather conditions improve and more reserve food is produced and distributed. Fairly good crops in the last three years have reduced the fears of famine caused by drought in Africa and other parts of the world in the early 1970s. The council reported, however, that drought has returned to Africa, and abnormal food shortages are now reported in Afghanistan, Indonesia, Laos, Lebanon and Nepal. Weather conditions, blight and insect damage have reduced the crops of many farmers, including those in North America. The council said that food production grew only slightly in 1977, far below the amount required to keep pace with global growth.

## PEOPLE

**Pope Paul VI**, church leader of the world's 709 million Roman Catholics, died at the papal summer residence in Castelgandolfo, Italy, on August 6 after suffering a heart attack. The 80-year-old pontiff had served since 1963.

**Dr. Chandu Ray**, an Anglican bishop and trainer of Third World evangelists, has been awarded the Gutenberg Award of the Chicago Bible Society. Dr. Ray is a faculty member and director of Third World outreach for the Haggai Institute for Advanced Leadership Training.

**Mabel Lossing Jones**, a pioneer Methodist missionary teacher in India and widow of the late E. Stanley Jones died at a nursing home June 23 at the age of 100. Mrs. Jones became a missionary to India in 1904 and served there for nearly 70 years as an educator.





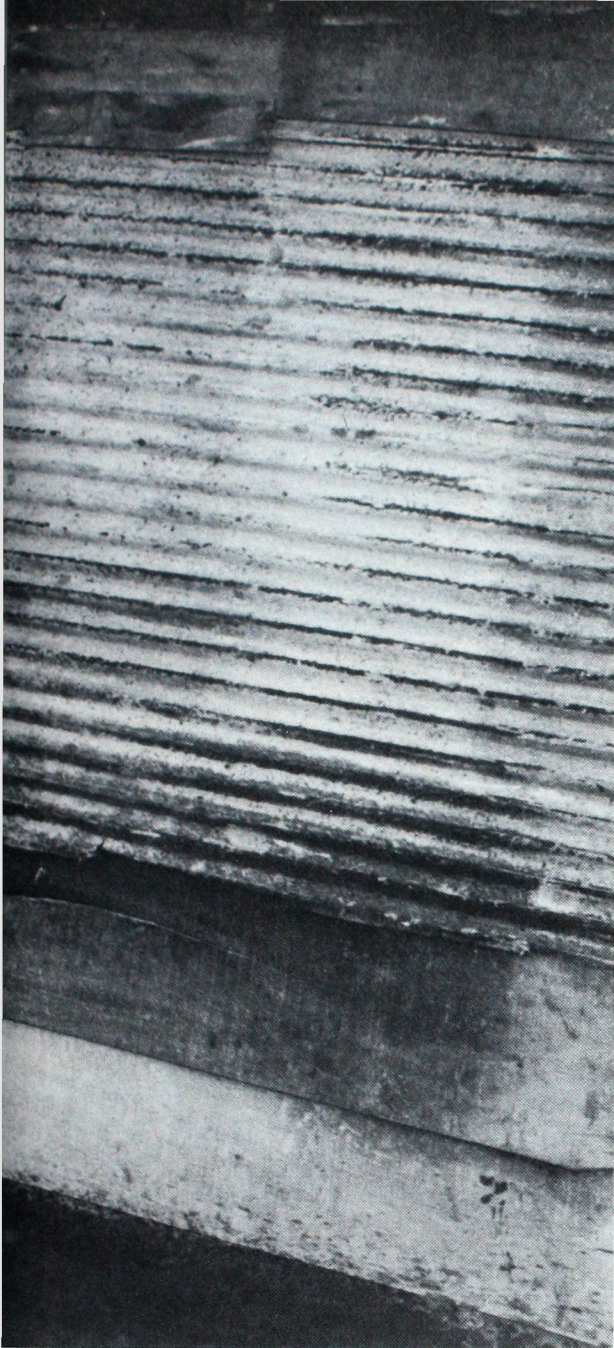
## Taiwan's Mountain People

# MORE THAN JUST SURVIVAL

by Cheri Goodman  
Manager, Public Information  
World Vision International

**T**he shadows were lengthening as we approached the little shack. Patched together from pieces of wood, corrugated iron, tar paper and bamboo, it seemed to me a dismal place to call home. A light rain was beginning to fall, and I wondered how much protection the tar-paper roof would offer the family inside. A pungent odor from garbage burning behind the house assaulted my senses as we knocked on the door.

Yue Mei, the oldest of four children in the family, answered the knock. Two younger ones crowded in behind her and I heard a baby crying farther back in the darkness of the hut. Their parents were both away working at odd jobs in the nearby city. Only eight years old,



Yue Mei was left in charge of the household.

She greeted us shyly and the childcare caseworker introduced us. I was glad to notice as we went inside that the tar-paper roof was keeping the house dry.

I found out during our short visit that Yue Mei's father was a farmer until he injured his leg in an accident last year. Since then, he hasn't been able to stand up straight and has had difficulty doing any kind of work. Now the family survives on what he and his wife can earn doing odd jobs—and on what World Vision provides for them through Yue Mei's sponsorship.

Yue Mei is part of the Thankful Aboriginal Childcare Project, a Family-to-Family project on the outskirts of Hualien, a city on the

northeastern coast of Taiwan. Even though Yue Mei is the only one sponsored, the whole family benefits. The monthly support from Yue Mei's sponsor has given the family blankets, jackets, rice, noodles, cooking oil and a family first-aid kit. In addition, Yue Mei regularly receives school uniforms, shoes and school supplies. She can also go to the project activity center at the caseworker's house to enjoy crafts and games with other children and to attend Sunday school and special evangelistic meetings.

The love she has received—from her parents and from the World Vision project staff—was reflected in Yue Mei's face and in the loving, patient way she cared for her younger brother and sisters. The tin and tar-paper house didn't seem such a dismal place after all when I felt the love and harmony that prevailed there.

**T**he Thankful Aboriginal Childcare Project is just one part of World Vision's work among the "mountain people" of Taiwan—the original inhabitants of this semi-tropical island.

There are 10 aboriginal tribes, each with its own distinct language and culture. Most of them live in the rugged mountainous terrain that makes up two-thirds of the island. In contrast to the highly developed civilization of China, the mountain people have historically led rather primitive lives. Until about 75 years ago, many of the aboriginal people were headhunters. Ancient religious superstitions continue to affect their lives today.

During the Japanese occupation of Taiwan, the aboriginals were confined by law to the mountain areas. Today the tribal areas are protected by the government, in much the same way Indian reservations are protected areas in the United States. Visitors need special passes to enter 30 of the 50 remote tribal areas. Their historical, cultural and geographical isolation tend to reinforce their poverty. In the fast-developing Taiwanese economy, the mountain people have been left behind.

World Vision is helping the mountain people in their attempts to catch up. Presently 7000 needy aboriginal children are being helped through 40 Family-to-Family sponsorship projects. (One thousand other Taiwanese youngsters are receiving aid through World Vision's urban childcare centers.) Others are being trained in vocational skills, and an entire village is being relocated for a new start with the help of World Vision supporters.

Before it was moved, the village was called How Cha, meaning "good tea," but that was one of the few good things about it. The problems of isolation for the people of How Cha had become

extreme. They lived 26 kilometers (16 miles) from the nearest town, and a good part of that distance had to be covered on foot up a narrow twisting footpath. The ground was rocky, unsuitable for much farming. Even if they could have grown crops, there was no way to transport them to market. The people, who were some of the poorest in the area, petitioned the local government to help them relocate. The government agreed, and World Vision is assisting in the joint effort.

The village of 600 people is being moved 13 kilometers closer to Santimen, the nearest town. The cost of the project is being divided three ways between the government, World Vision and the village people.

I started out early one morning from the southwestern port city of Kaohsiung to visit the project with Paul Wei, the deputy director of World Vision in Taiwan. After an hour's drive we arrived in Santimen, where we met the young man who oversees the project for the government. After finding a taxi with a higher-than-normal suspension, we started up the narrow dirt road. We wound through semi-tropical underbrush that dropped off sharply toward the river far below, and I marveled that mango trees were being cultivated on the steep hillside. We slid our way through several muddy spots before we finally halted to put on tire chains. They helped us get as far as the river crossing, but there the taxi had to stop. We started walking, edged across a narrow suspension bridge (being careful to avoid the places where the boards were missing) and began a slow uphill hike. I was grateful when, a half-hour later, three men on motorcycles came down to pick us up.

Arriving at the village, I could see that a lot of



*"New brick houses in various stages of construction. . . ."*



work had already been done. New brick houses in various stages of construction were going up in organized blocks; pumps were bringing up water from the river for use in mixing cement. A temporary school and church nestled against the hillside on the other side of the village. Several mothers, children and older folk were waiting patiently in line outside a bright yellow tent that bore the words, "World Vision of Taiwan Medical Team." Paul Wei told me that the medical clinic is set up every two weeks—a welcome change for people who used to be at least a day's hike from the nearest doctor.

In addition to the medical team, Paul told me, World Vision's part in the project includes paying one-third of the cost of the people's houses, giving food relief until the people can start providing for themselves, supplying a water tank and piping for irrigation, making funds available to help the people start livestock raising and farm cultivation, and offering literacy materials. World Vision has also committed itself to providing the basics needed inside the houses, such as electrical wiring, water pipes, beds, tables, chairs and cooking utensils. In addition, World Vision is helping to build a church and is aiding the families of school-age children through the Chan Wan ("New Hope") Aboriginal Childcare Project. The government is providing funds for building roads, bridges and a water system and is paying one-third of the cost of the people's houses. The people are paying their share in cash and in labor.

During the first year of the project, efforts will be concentrated on building the houses. Next year, a church will be built and World Vision will help in pumping water up from the river for an irrigation system. The people will plant fruit trees and mulberry bushes and will also begin raising pigs. In the third year of the project,

*the medical clinic . . . for people who used to be  
ast a day's hike from the nearest doctor."*

when the mulberry plants have grown large enough to provide foliage, they will begin raising silkworms. The people will also start raising lambs and selling the pigs they raised the year before. In the fourth year of the project, they will be able to begin selling lambs and silkworm cocoons, and by the fifth year the fruit trees will begin bearing fruit. The village expects to be self-sufficient by that time, with income from livestock raising, silkworms and produce from the fruit trees.

One government worker I met told me that the people haven't decided on a name for their new village yet, but were considering naming it after World Vision.

Another way World Vision is helping the mountain people keep pace with modern Taiwan is through the Vocational Training Project in Taichung. Many poor children in the mountain villages find it difficult to continue their education past elementary or junior high school because of the distances they must travel and the tuition required for high school. Without a skill or a good education, it's hard for them to compete on the job market. The Vocational Training Project is intended to meet the needs

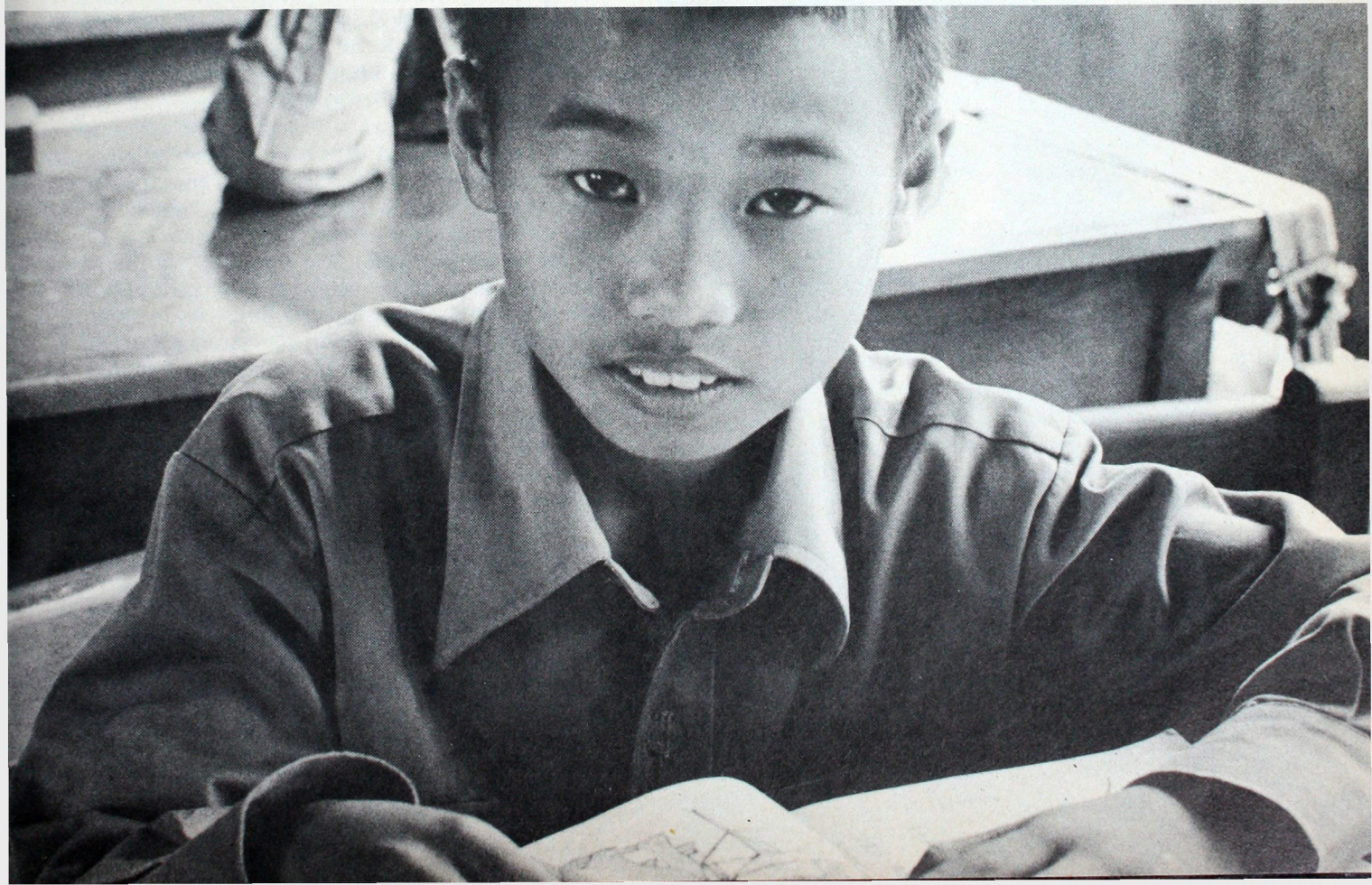
of mountain children—particularly those who have been in the World Vision childcare program. It is helping them gain marketable skills in either sewing (for the girls) or shoemaking (for the boys). Next year the school hopes to add a course in radio and television repair.

Seventeen-year-old Feng Feng Lan graduated in June as part of the first class of girls to complete the sewing course. She grew up in a remote mountain village in the northeastern part of Taiwan, the middle of three children. Her father worked as a farm hand. Though their income wasn't great, at least it was enough to keep the family alive.

Then something happened that pushed the family perilously close to the edge of survival: Mr. Feng got cancer of the liver. He was sick for a year and a half, and the family sank into debt.

Feng Lan dropped out of school after graduating from junior high so she could find a job to help her family. She was just 15 when she went off by herself to Taipei, the capital city, to make some money. She found a job as a cook in a factory kitchen and also worked as a housemaid. While she was in Taipei, her father died. Feng Lan then went back home to be with

*Sponsored child attending school at the Ta Min Aboriginal Childcare Project.*

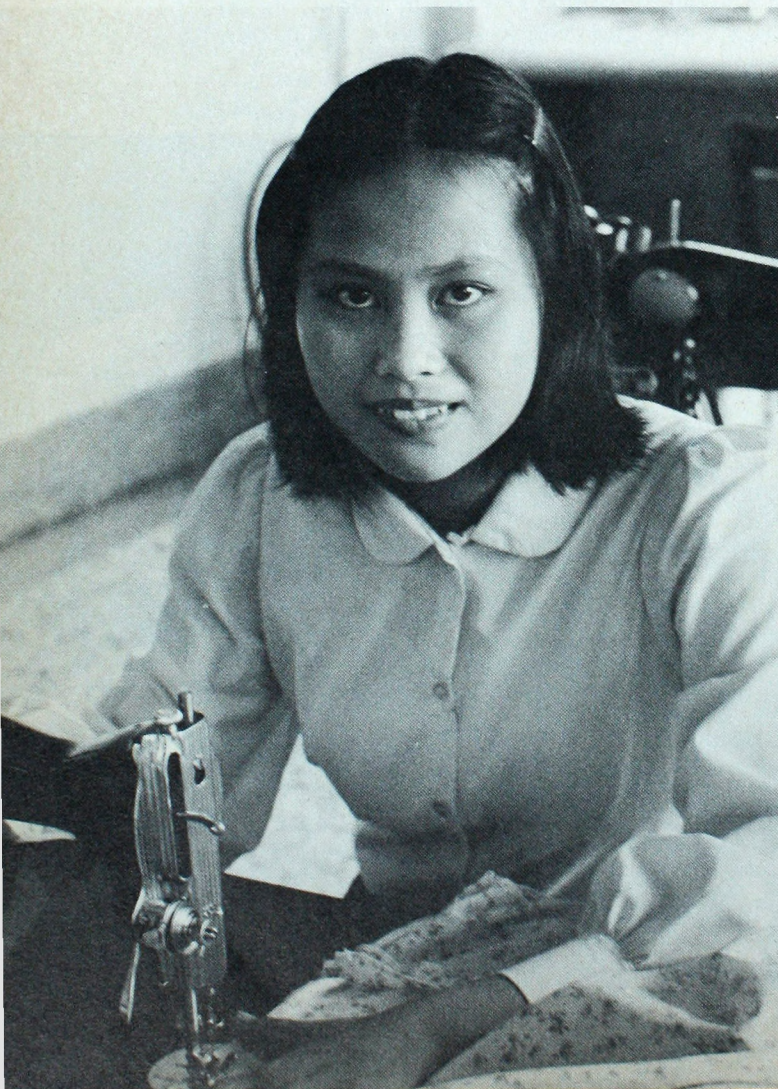


her mother and to help pay off the family's debts. That's when she heard about the Vocational Training Project. She applied, was accepted, and began classes last January.

I spoke with Feng Lan shortly before her graduation. She was planning to go back to her village and start a business with her brother, who was working as a tailor. But that is not her ultimate goal. After their business brings their family into a more stable financial condition, she wants to return to school to study nursing. She has been given a chance for a productive, happy life, and she feels that serving others as a nurse could be her way of saying "thank you."

Unfortunately, for every Feng Lan who manages to find a place of productivity there are thousands of other mountain people whose lives hang in the balance. Will someone give them a chance to break out of their poverty and isolation, or will they be consigned to a continual struggle for survival, cut off from help

*"Feng Lan . . . has been given a chance for a productive, happy life."*



in their remote mountain homes?

I think of Lai Chun Shung, an eight-year-old boy whose father died when he was only three months old. He was raised by his grandparents and now lives alone with his 79-year-old grandfather. Together they survive on the grandfather's social security income, which amounts to \$18 a month, and the help Chun Shung receives from his World Vision sponsor. Without that help, the grandfather said, the boy would not be able to go to school, nor would he have adequate food or clothing. Without that help, he would have no chance for a successful future.

**O**r what about Tin Yuet Shou? She isn't sponsored by World Vision, but her younger sister is. Even though Yuet Shou likes school very much, her mother didn't want her to go to junior high. Because her sister's caseworker cared about the welfare of the *whole* family, he was able to convince the mother to allow Yuet Shou to continue her education. Now she's in the ninth grade and is planning to go to high school. Because of the loving encouragement of someone who cared, she now has a chance for a better life.

And then there's the Chan family. The father was a carpenter, but drank heavily and couldn't hold a job. Three of the five children died from neglect and abuse. Then young Chan Sau Mai was sponsored by World Vision. She and her brother started going to World Vision activities, and it wasn't long before they learned that Jesus loved them and promised to answer their prayers. In simple faith, they began praying that God would change their father.

One night the father came home, drunk as usual. As he entered the house, he saw his children kneeling beside the bed—praying for him! He was astounded. And ashamed. Two days later he went to church and told the people that he wanted God to change his heart. That was the beginning of the family's transformation. He stopped drinking and started working to support his wife and children. Last April he finished building a new house as a visible expression of his changed heart. "It was the prayers of the children that saved our whole family," he said.

But what if someone hadn't cared enough to sponsor that little girl? What if she had never learned to pray? Where would that family be?

Right now, there are many other mountain people in Taiwan who are looking for their chance to catch up to a world that has left them behind. Just a little help can often make the difference between a life of dignity and self-reliance, and the humiliation of ignorance and poverty.



# facts of a field

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

## VITAL STATISTICS

**Capital:** Taipei.

**Population:** 16.9 million.

**Population Growth Rate:** 2.1 percent annually.

**Urbanization:** 63 percent (compared to U.S. 74 percent).

**Ethnic Composition:** Chinese, 98 percent; aborigines, 2 percent.

**Languages:** Mandarin (official language), Taiwanese, Hakka dialects, Japanese, English.

**Literacy:** 85 percent.

**Economy:** Second highest GNP in East Asia.

**Agriculture:** Employs 29 percent of labor force to produce rice, sweet potatoes, sugar cane, pineapples and bananas.

**Industry:** Electrical equipment, chemicals, textiles, clothing.

**Natural Resources:** Coal, natural gas, gold, copper, sulphur, oil.

**Religion:** Buddhism, 30 percent; Christianity, 5 percent; other: Taoism, Confucianism, Islam.

**History:** Migration from mainland China began in sixth century; majority arrived in the 17th century.

Chinese rule first established over Taiwan during Manchu dynasty. Loss of Sino-Japanese War forced China to cede Taiwan to Japan, who kept control until the end of World War II.

Taiwan's government considers itself the only legitimate governing body for all of China (to which only 23 nations agree).



## Current Status of Christianity:

There are 800,000 Christians in Taiwan, constituting about five percent of the total population. More than 40 denominations and mission-related churches are operating.

Church growth in the 1960s was slow, but there has been some recovery in recent years. The greatest growth has occurred through the efforts of lay leadership in two major indigenous denominations, the True Jesus Church and the Little Flock Church. Their combined church membership is 50,000 and growing rapidly.

**Churches:** After 1949, many mainland Chinese migrated to Taiwan, and of these about 19 percent were Christians. Economic and political upheaval during the 1950s saw phenomenal growth in the established churches. Subsequent prosperity and increased migration to the cities has led to a drifting away from most mainline churches. Two encouraging notes during this decline in church membership have been

the responses to the Billy Graham Crusade in 1975 and the more recent Campus Crusade for Christ campaign.

The churches that are growing in Taiwan are those that are termed by the Taiwan Church Growth Committee as evangelical, conservative and often independent.

Taiwan-based churches having international headquarters have been embroiled in disputes stemming from the international political status of Taiwan. One of these disputes ended in the severing of ties between the Methodist Church of Taiwan and the Board of Global Ministries of the United Methodist Church in 1977.

**Missions:** Although the Dutch Protestant missionaries in the 17th century were able to establish a church that numbered almost 6000 Christians, the entire group was wiped out when the island was taken over by marauding pirates and subsequently by the Chinese Manchu dynasty. Catholic and Protestant missionaries reestablished

work in 1859 and 1865, respectively. The first Protestant missionaries, who were from the Presbyterian Church, started the first hospitals and schools on the island. Conversions were steady but slow until the 1930s when a Chinese evangelist, John Sung, visited the island. His presence and message won many to Christ. During World War II all Western missionaries were expelled. Following the war, the growth rate of the Christian community was tremendous due to the return of many missionaries and the influx of those fleeing mainland China.

In recent years, missions have tended toward more autonomy and indigenization. There are at present about 115 mission and service organizations at work, and of these over 70 belong to the local Taiwan Missionary Fellowship. A few of these agencies are the Christian and Missionary Alliance, Mustard Seed Inc., Overseas Missionary Fellowship, Salvation Army, Taiwan Leprosy Relief Association and World Vision of Taiwan.



**A**s we neared the small vessel, it became clear these were refugees in need of our help. Squeezed into a 20-foot riverboat were 21 men, women and children, trying to shade their gaunt, scorched bodies from the sun as they gazed hopefully at our vessel. A tattered shirt hung from a bamboo pole as a distress signal.

Their worried eyes brightened and the boat buzzed with voices as they learned that we were a mercy ship dedicated to taking care of their needs. We represented World Vision in "Operation Seasweep," a relief mission to refugees escaping Vietnam by boat on the South China Sea.

As we viewed the condition of the wave-racked boat, it was plain why many of these boats never make it to land. The boat had a thin hull, with practically no rise in the bow—designed strictly for running the river.

Two and a half days away from shore, they had just two ounces of water left and about four hours' worth of fuel.

It was an emotional sight, but at that point our months of planning took over. We immediately brought on board several children who were severely dehydrated, to be treated by our staff doctor. Food and water were distributed, and our nurses treated people for dehydration and skin problems.

This was our second encounter with a refugee boat on Operation Seasweep. The first was with a 30-foot boat, holding 55 persons. We supplied them with personal items, food and water while the doctor treated nine people. The boat was not really seaworthy, so we ran alongside for a time,

then sent it on toward Malaysia. Later, I talked to a United States official in Kuala Lumpur, who had just returned from a refugee camp. He said a man from the boat had brought him my World Vision card—so we know they made it to shore.

These contacts were the culmination of a long period of waiting for the entire Seasweep staff, and the commencement of a vital ministry to these people desperately in need.

The operation began on May 17 with a two-week shakedown voyage out of Singapore. On board with me was Dr. T.N. Chander, a Singaporean Christian who resigned his position as a leading physician in a government hospital to join the project.

Aiding the doctor were two nurses from the Singapore

Christian Nurses Fellowship who gave up their vacations for this ministry.

Also on board was a Vietnamese interpreter, a mechanic to fix small boat engines and a Filipino and Indonesian crew.

As the modern skyline of Singapore disappeared from sight, we were surrounded by the endless body of blue that was to be our only scenery for the entire summer.

Only the crackly radio assured us of our support in Singapore. They awaited word of our contact with some of the approximately 5000 refugees that were known to be floating in the vast sea. But for 13 days on that first venture, we had nothing to report.

It was a frustrating experience, to go the entire time without the



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*Burt Singleton, associate director of World Vision's Evangelism and Research Division, is serving as the operations officer for Operation Seasweep.*

# OPERATION SEASWEEP

## Our First Encounters

by Burt Singleton

sight of a refugee boat. But on the next voyage, when we came upon the refugees, we realized some of the redeeming value in that first frustration.

Our identification with these people had grown so very much as the vast sea swallowed us up and we experienced its dangers.

The torrid equatorial sun beat down upon us. The rough waters, churned by a storm in the Gulf of Thailand, tossed our

300-ton ship mercilessly.

At times, fear crept through our cabin doors in the dark of night. We were occasionally very close to the gunboats of Vietnam, and always unsure of the thundering seas. Pirates, known to be roaming the waters we traveled, posed a constant threat.

Then, in mid-July, we came upon the fragile 20-foot boat I mentioned at the beginning. These people were still afloat

only because the South China Seas had for three days been much calmer than usual. After doing all that we could, we saw that the boat was still in bad shape, and now the weather was beginning to build the waves.

We decided to stay with the little boat and make sure it could reach shore. We wished we could pick up the people and take them to a port, but government policies prohibited this solution. We ran alongside the boat for about four hours, but the problems were getting worse. The sea became rougher and the boat began leaking around the propeller shaft. Soon the craft collected a foot of water.

We began towing the boat, hoping that the leak would slow if the engine was not running. We brought the women and children aboard, and six men



(left) First encounter with refugee boat, which carried 55 people. (above) Asian crew distributes relief goods.

remained in the small craft to bail out the water.

On the second night of towing, as I awoke to take my turn at watch, one of the crew rushed in to tell me that the boat had signaled for us to pull it alongside. By the time I got to the stern they were pulling out survivors! The boat had sunk in less than two minutes.

We pulled the six men aboard, and, quite unintentionally, we had 21 refugees as passengers.

The task, then, was to find a spot to land them. After a week of on-shore diplomacy, arrangements were made for their landing in Thailand and future resettlement in France and the United States.

Two days after the rescue, the wife of the refugee captain accepted Christ as her Savior. It was a beautiful conversion! Here was a person who, two days before, could very easily have been lost at sea, and now

was saved for eternity.

One night I had a talk with the refugee captain after his boat had sunk. I said to him, "From your experience with boats, you knew that your riverboat was going to come apart in the open sea. You didn't have enough water or enough fuel. Why did you do it?" His answer was straightforward. "Well, we figured if we made it—fine," he explained. "But even if we died at sea we would still be better off

## One Family's Ordeal

They passed the final Vietnamese government guardpost with ease. Their 60-foot boat, built in secret, was designed to look like a Communist craft. They were dressed in the black garb of the Communist party and carried wooden guns painted to resemble government-issue weapons.

Many of the 64 people on board were hidden under the deck—with all 42 children tucked out of sight. Arousing no suspicion, they navigated the last bend in the river and the vast sea opened before them.

The tension of the river escape was relieved, and their pounding hearts surged with the prospect of freedom.

For Dr. Truong Van Minh\*, his wife, four children, and their many companions, the journey had only begun. The danger would increase before it subsided, and a January

crossing of the South China Sea would prove to be a terrible risk.

When Saigon fell in 1975, Dr. Truong was among those who elected to remain in Vietnam. After many years of war, he wanted to stay and help rebuild the torn nation. He realized that the old regime was very corrupt, and he hoped the Communists would reunify the country and improve horrible social and economic conditions.

Contrary to what he expected, very little improved. In fact, things got worse for the Truongs. Dr. Truong had a flourishing practice as a pediatrician before the fall. As the new government moved in, private practice was eliminated and Dr. Truong was sent to a Communist indoctrination camp for seven months.

After his return, he joined one of the many anti-Communist cells in his city. In early 1977, several members of his underground group were caught and taken away. From that time on, he and his associates planned their escape.

They did an in-depth study of conditions, recording the habits of guards and the movements of Communist agents. No little detail was

unimportant because one wrong move would be disastrous.

Finally, they were ready. The boat was prepared and they awaited the right moment. It was January 1978, the midst of the monsoon season, but on Sunday, the eighth, everything looked right. Even the weather seemed surprisingly calm for that time of year. They decided to go.

Working in the cover of a bustling midday, several small boats slowly followed the main escape vessel down the river amid routine daily traffic. Occasionally, one of the boats would unload its human cargo onto the escape boat. To the casual observer, it all looked quite natural. When all were aboard, they began the daring journey past the guard posts toward the sea.

Many people try to escape



*Graves of those who died at sea.*



Author Burt Singleton  
with a refugee child.

than if we stayed in Vietnam.”

We rejoice that we have been able to help these people in extreme need. Yet there are so many more, and we continue to look. In October, we will have to suspend the relief project as the monsoon season sets in and the number of escaping voyagers decreases drastically.

Our dependence on God is underscored as we search for the little boats bobbing in the vast sea.

We are on the waters to express His love and the love of so many concerned people around the world to these people who may be denied another chance for life.

After a rescue I asked one of the refugees, “Do you know what organization sent this ship?”

“Yes,” he said. “God.” In a very real sense, he was right. Pray with us that His hand may be on the helm.



from South Vietnam by boat. According to some sources, those who are caught are shot. Of those who escape, nearly half are lost at sea.

The January waves made each hour hair-raising. Even in the absence of a major storm, the generous swells swayed the little boat without mercy. But then, on the third day of their journey, a storm hit. In a boat several miles ahead of them, nine people lost their lives in the ocean fury. Life was just inches away from death for the Truongs.

But their boat proved trustworthy and they soon sighted land. As they neared the shore they were not sure where they were. They hoped and prayed it was not Cambodia, but the stormy seas eliminated any certainty of their whereabouts.

It was a small Thailand village, just north of the Malaysian border. Unfortunately, they were not allowed to land. The Thai police told them to leave, but finally agreed to let them anchor in the harbor until the storm-churned waves lessened.

The Thai authorities were kind enough to supply them with gas, water and rice, and

after two days escorted them out of Thai waters.

They headed south, and once again faced stormy conditions. They struggled to another village—this time on the northern coast of Malaysia. The Coast Guard there proved less hospitable; they waved their guns and threatened to shoot if the boat did not turn back to sea. The Vietnamese turned back.

By this time, Truong says, they were near the point of emotional collapse. They were in constant fear of capsizing and drowning. Once, their engine broke down and the future looked doubtful—but it was repaired. “When these people kept turning us back to sea even when we were tired and hungry and it was storming,” explained Truong, “we felt sad for humanity. And we felt rejected.”

The sadness continued for several more days, as the boat was turned away from yet another Malaysian port. Finally, they reached the location of a refugee camp for over a thousand boat people. The frustration remained, however, as the authorities still would not let the refugees land. They bobbed off-shore, while Vietnamese on land waved

them in and authorities shooed them away. When nightfall came, one young man swam ashore and contacted the U.S. representative in the camp. Landing arrangements were made for them the next day. It ended a frightening, uncertain journey . . . a time these people will never forget. Land never felt so good.

From January 18 through July 18, the Truong family lived in the refugee camp where, because of insufficient food, they lost a lot of weight and the children contracted some skin diseases. Amidst all their problems, however, their overall feeling was that the camp was better than being in Vietnam.

Through correspondence with Dr. Truong's sister in California, it was arranged for a family to sponsor the Truongs; they made it to the United States in late July.

For this family the saga had a pleasant ending. But for many of their comrades, the journey across the sea meant the end of their lives. A feeling of intense courage flows from these people who were willing to face that choice and strike out for a better tomorrow.



*\*Actual name withheld to protect relatives still living in Vietnam.*

**L**ondon's Albert Hall was crowded with 7000 soldiers to hear their general. Eighty-three and all but blind, he was still on active service.

"While women weep as they do now," he told that vast audience, "I'll fight. While little children go hungry as they do now, I'll fight. While men go to prison, in and out, in and out, I'll fight. While there yet remains one dark soul without the light of God, I'll fight—I'll fight to the very end!"

It was to be his farewell speech. A few weeks later, his daughter Eva, home from America, sat by his bedside and described for him the glory of the evening sunset. "I cannot see it," said the old warrior, "but I shall see the dawn." Then one day his staff arrived at London headquarters to read in the window the simple message: "The General Has Laid Down His Sword."

The year was 1912. The general was William Booth. His troops were the Salvation Army. With mingled joy and sorrow they crammed into Olympia, 40,000 of them, for the funeral service. Those of the highest station joined with representatives of that submerged tenth of humanity to which Booth had dedicated his life. Queen Mary, arriving from Buckingham Palace, found herself sitting next to a modern Mary Magdalene. Shyly she told the queen how much she owed to the Salvation Army and to William Booth who, she said wonderingly, "cared for the likes of us."

London had not always honored William Booth. The former pawnbroker's assistant who became a Methodist pastor had become uneasy with his thousand-strong congregation in industrial Gateshead. "Why am I here," he asked himself, "with this crowded chapel of people who *want* to hear the message? Why am I not outside, bringing the message of God to those who *don't* want it?"

So in 1865 with a few helpers he began in London his Christian Mission, a rescue operation going "straight for these sinking classes." Renamed the Salvation Army in 1878, it marched forward until in this centenary year it is found in more than 80 countries and has nearly three million soldiers. In its early days the Army was shunned by the establishment, and roughly handled by the very deprived classes that were its special concern. In 1882 alone, 669 Salvationists were brutally assaulted. "Why don't you people stop in your buildings and let the streets alone?" demanded one police superintendent furiously.

That was precisely what the Army would not do. They knew who the enemy was and where he was located. They went into places the church never knew existed, seeking the castaways, ex-

posing vice, providing homes and food and employment and medical care, reconciling families, and giving unwelcome publicity to frightful social conditions which no authority would tackle.

They made their presence felt by marching through the streets, holding open-air meetings, and singing in the liveliest way words adapted to worldly tunes; thus, proclaiming the gospel and poking fun at the enemy commander-in-chief:

"The old devil's crown has got to come down,  
And that with a hullabaloo!"

Very much in control was William Booth. A writer who went to interview him said he expected to meet a visionary and saint, and found instead the astutest businessman in the city. "You feel," said the interviewer, "if he had applied himself to winning wealth instead of to winning souls, he would have become the Rockefeller of England. . . . When he passes the Stock Exchange, he must say, 'There but for the grace of God goes William Booth.'"

This was no armchair general, but one always in the thick of the fight. And what a preacher! Not long ago a 92-year-old friend at whose father's home Booth had been a house guest told me of having heard the general preach in Brixton Theatre. "He gripped you by his dominating personality. His piercing eyes seemed to look right through you, and his long white beard made you think of the rugged prophets of old. The

# AN ARMY CIRCLING THE WORLD

by J.D. Douglas

general preached that night on the Flood, and his very appearance almost made one think that Noah himself had returned to warn us of judgment to come. I can see him now describing the breaking of the storm and the men beating on the door of the ark and in their anguish crying out, "My God, it's shut!"

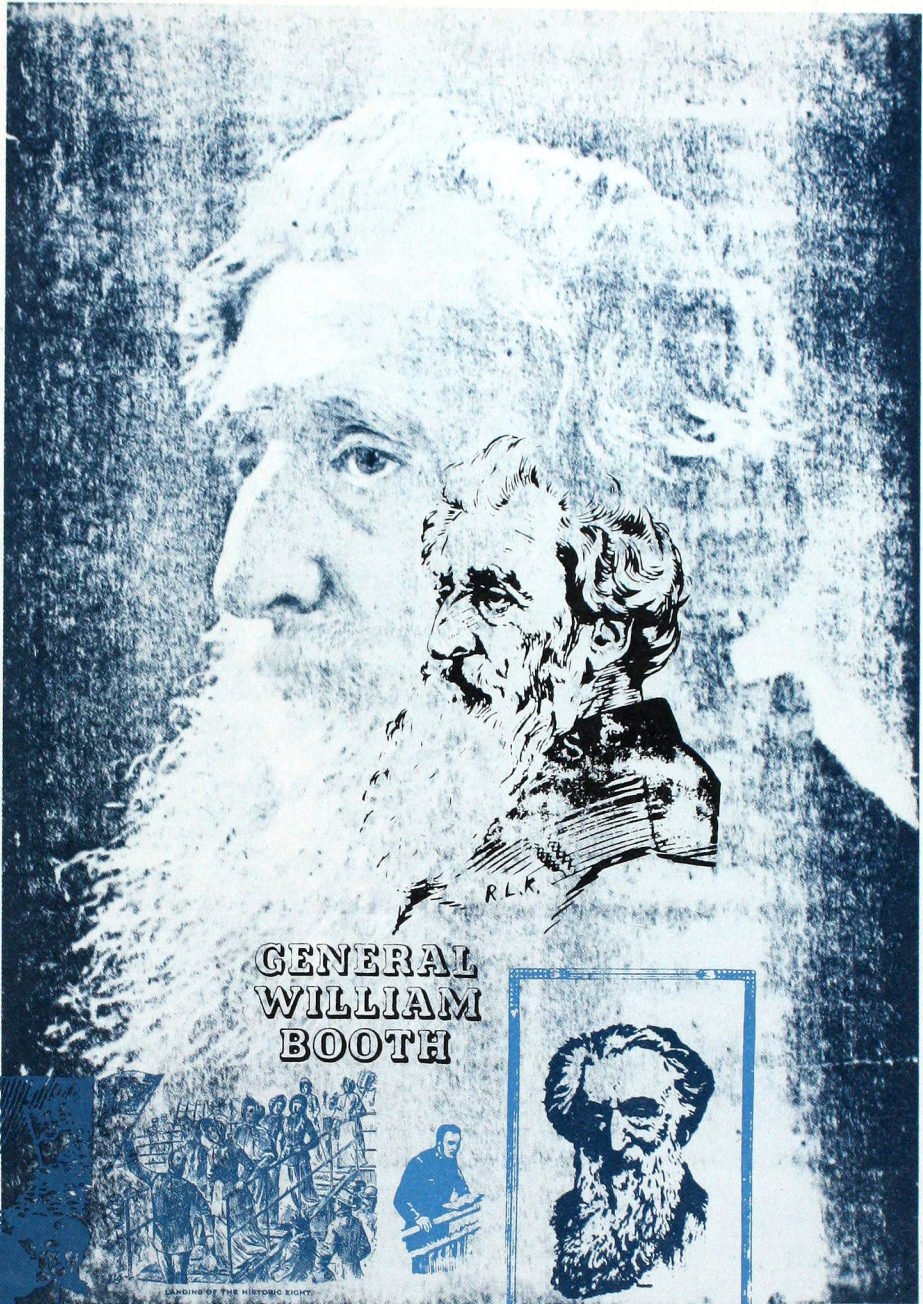
He was more than a bit of a showman, and made a noise in the world, it was said, not only because it served a perfectly righteous purpose, but because it was his nature to attract attention and arouse interest. He used to say he liked his tea as he liked his religion—hot.

In 1880 an enterprising theater manager in New

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

In this centenary year of the Salvation Army, J.D. Douglas looks back on the beginnings of a movement founded in 1865 by William Booth and known as the Christian Mission.



## GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH



York's Bowery enlisted the aid of newly-arrived Salvationists, having seen in them a new act for his Sunday night program. Billboards announced: "The Salvation Army will attack the kingdom of the Devil at Harry Hill's Variety Theater on Sunday, March 4, 1880, commencing at 6:30 P.M. sharp. After which the panorama of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Admission 25 cents."

The Army's fundamental belief in democracy challenged local authorities who arrested its members for holding open-air meetings, and led

to appeals upheld in higher courts. So great was the threat that one Minnesota saloon-keeper made formal (and unsuccessful) application for protection against the Army. When thugs in a California town pelted them with onions and potatoes, the Salvationists rejoiced, for a dime's worth of steak these made a splendid breakfast.

In Australia some shopkeepers found a market even for rotten eggs—selling them cheaply as missiles at Salvation Army marches. In Sweden officers went to prison for eight days for continuing a meeting after eight o'clock at night—a restriction finally ended after an appeal to the Swedish king. In Denmark they were regarded as a threat to public order, and police were sent to keep the peace—and a compulsory levy laid

on the Army for so much per officer per hour.

In England itself by the end of 1884, 600 Salvationists had been jailed in defense of the right to preach the gospel. Four went to prison for three days for kneeling to pray in public. In the cathedral city of York, a girl lieutenant was jailed for a month for singing in the market place—and served half the sentence before the Home Secretary ordered her release.

Booth was afraid of no man, and the agnostic biologist T.H. Huxley was stung when his evolutionist theories were scoffed at in a public address. Booth explained evolution to a rapt audience. The whole thing began, he told them solemnly, in a patch of mud. After "ages and ages *and ages*" there came out of the mud a fishy creature like a shrimp. Ages and ages *and ages* later the shrimp became a monkey. And more ages and ages *and ages* passed "before the monkey turned into—an infidel!"

Slowly Britain took notice. In 1882 an influential magazine asked Randall Davidson, later Archbishop of Canterbury, to account for the Army's success. His explanation: nothing succeeds like success; the new movement put its converts to work; the personal testimony of those converts was an effective method of evangelism; and preaching and teaching were given in language people could understand.

The general constantly called for such sim-

licity in preaching. He himself was a master of communication. Here he is, electrifying an audience, talking about Judas, seeing him in his mind's eye. "What is this man doing?" he asks. "He is—*counting*. And whispering, 'See, see, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, twenty, thirty!' Then like a lost soul he cries out, 'Ah! That was what I sold heaven for—that was what I sold my soul for. There is the gate of heaven, there is the throne of God, shining in the faraway distance. Ah, for this I sold it all.' That is Judas, the prince of backsliders. And if ever you got to hell, he will come to you, and count his silver over in your ears—and you will show him the price you paid for your soul too!"

**T**he Army has grown since those days until now, fulfilling an old dream of William Booth's, its arms reach right round the world. At its Sixth International Congress last summer in London it was honored by leaders of church and state. One of the speakers was Prince Charles, heir to the British throne. William Booth's Army had marched a long way from those early days, but one thing has remained the same. Undaunted by the presence of rulers temporal and spiritual, the big drum was still up to its old game of deafening the devil.



## Affirming Our Global Partnership

The formation of a new international board of directors was finalized by World Vision recently after nearly three years of planning. The board is intended to create a closer and more productive unity between the various entities of World Vision International around the globe.

The new governing body consists of 11 representatives from World Vision's support countries (Australia, Canada, New Zealand and the United States) and six members from major receiving nations (India, Indo-

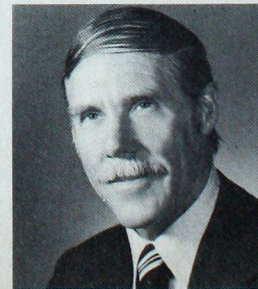
nesia, Philippines, Thailand, Korea and Taiwan) where the organization is active. The board cuts across cultural, political, national and ecclesiastical barriers.

Elected as chairman of the new body was Mr. Alex Fisher of Hamilton, Ontario. Mr. Fisher has been board chairman of World Vision of Canada since 1976. He retired recently as vice-president of Corporate Planning and Research for the Steel Company of Canada, and he devotes much of his time to serving Christian organizations.

Members of the international board from the major support countries are, from the United States, Dr. Stan Mooneyham, president; Dr. Ted W. Engstrom, executive vice-president; the Rev. Richard C. Halverson, chairman of the U.S. board; Winston Weaver; Herbert Hawkins and Dr. Paul S. Rees. From

Canada, also, is Mr. Stanley Mackey. From Australia, Geoffrey Fletcher and Bruce Ogden. From New Zealand, Mr. John Calder, board chairman of World Vision of New Zealand.

In addition to the new board, a new International Advisory Council was also formed. This larger body of members, also from support and receiving countries, will meet every three years. Its task will be to assess the agency's manifold ministries and make recommendations to the international board.



Alex  
Fisher





# Do Christians Really Believe in Forgiveness?

by Bob Baker

One of the really grand truths of the Christian faith is that we stand forgiven in Jesus Christ. I can get spiritual goose bumps reveling in that reality. I know, and I think that other believers know, that God is the God of the second chance. Not only the second, but the third and fourth, et cetera, et cetera, on to glory.

Except, every now and again (really quite often these days), I find myself wondering if Christians really do believe in forgiveness. The Bible says “. . . forgiving each other just as God in Christ also has forgiven you” (Eph. 4:32).

I see us all accepting forgiveness from God with great glee. But where is the overflow? The forgiving . . . just as . . . forgiven? The flowing, crashing, white-water stream of God’s forgiveness of us gets diverted somehow and seems to emerge as an intermittent drip from our blocked pipes.

For the unbeliever, the Cross is the stumbling block, the rock that trips the feet. I think that for the believer the call to extend forgiveness becomes the stumbling block. We are too often like Shylock and not enough like Jesus. I’ve been a pastor for 23 years, but how seldom have I seen, in myself or others, the same rush to forgive that I see in the life of Jesus?

I’m talking about forgiveness extended because one person has deeply hurt either us or someone we know. I mean real hurt, now; we wouldn’t have to extend forgiveness if the hurt were not real. Too often, we want to extract payment of some kind—proof of repentance, change, visible sorrow, apology, sometimes all of the above—before we will forgive.

God’s forgiveness stands 180 degrees away from our stance. It is extended from grace and for that reason is redemptive, life-changing. What proof did the prodigal’s father (a model of

the Father) have that the boy would stick around? How could he be sure that the boy wanted more than just a square meal before heading back to the far country?

Redemptive forgiveness asks no payment, no guarantees, and for that reason sets the forgiven one free to change. The tragedy is that Christians (who are not perfect, just forgiven) want to wait for change or nurse the grudge just a little while longer. “Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.”

Don’t do it as we do it, Lord, or we’re in trouble.

One more thing. Increasingly, I suspect that there are certain areas that are less forgivable than others. We seem to think that sexual transgressions, divorce and remarriage are areas not open to the “God of the second chance.” We like to clarify to friends of other religious persuasions that there are no grades of sin in God’s eyes. Are there in ours?

After writing and rewriting, I find I’m caught in my own trap. I can see in my mind’s eye all those who have put sexually fallen, divorced and remarried Christians under the interdict. I get hot under the collar at the atmosphere of unforgiveness and bitterness I find in the church. But if I believe what I say, I need to forgive all the unforgiving. And, God forgive me, at that point I find in myself a terrible reluctance.

Ultimately, real forgiveness sets not only the hurt free, but me as well. I am set free, when I forgive, from bitterness and hurt and cancerous grudges. I am set free to forgive again and again as often as my rebellious mind dredges up the memories of hurts past. I am set free to walk the road to forgetting, which is instantaneous in God but a process in me, when I forget as a forgiven human. Not that this portion of my mind is excised. But when a memory reluctantly plays on the screen of my mind, it no longer resurrects the hurt; the emotions I feel toward the hurt are ones of love and acceptance. That kind of freedom is what we all can have in Christ if we forgive.

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*Bob Baker, pastor of Glendora Congregational Church in Glendora, California, has served pastorates in Massachusetts and California for 23 years. He and his wife are black belts in Judo and enjoy backpacking with their five children.*

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# dateline Singapore

by Jim Jewell

Staff Writer, Public Information  
World Vision International

**I**n the 11th century, legend says, an ancient prince sailed upon a plush island in the south Asian waters. Nearing its shores, he was confronted by a half-lion, half-mermaid which emerged from the sea. The island was subsequently named Singapura, Sanskrit for the "Lion City," and eventually became Singapore.

Approaching the island from the sea today, the voyager is greeted by a much different sight than that of the early explorer. But he is still met by a large statue of the "mer-lion," a modern-day symbol for the progressive Asian city that became a republic.

Singapore Island dangles on the end of the Malaysian peninsula, separated from Malaysia only by the three-quarter-mile Johore Strait. The island, together with several adjacent islets, makes up the 225-square-mile Republic of Singapore. More than two million people crowd into the tiny country, making it one of the most densely populated areas in the world.

Its modern skyline of towering office buildings, apartment complexes and modern hotels is contrasted in the streets below by the open markets of "Chinatown," the bicycle rickshaws still in operation and the old-time vegetable carts. The colonial architecture, still prominent from 41 years as a British colony, provides an interesting addition to the conflict of old and new. The government of Lee Kuan Yew has initiated housing developments and urban renewal programs to relocate people from overcrowded areas into high-rise apartment blocks. Extreme poverty and unemployment have been greatly reduced.

In such a setting, the largest challenge to government, education and the Christian church is posed by the great diversity of the people. The Chinese predominate, forming 76 percent of the total; Malays are another 15 percent; Indians, 7 percent; and Europeans and all others about 2 percent.

A half-hour stroll takes you from "Chinatown," with its Buddhist and varied Chinese temples, past a Hindu shrine and an Islamic mosque to the Anglican church beside the remaining colonial government buildings.

The Christian population is currently about eight percent, equally divided between Catholics and Protestants. A characteristic of church life is that very few of the 200 Protestant congregations are multilingual, so the multiplicity of

languages tends to hamper inter-church cooperation.

The greatest growth in the church is occurring through the English language, among the young. Although this is a good sign, it is tending to seal off the older people who do not speak English. It remains a challenge to the young Christians with non-Christian parents as well as to churches involved in evangelism.

Another area of concern is that most Christians in Singapore are middle or upper-class by local standards. As a result, the church is reaching only a few of the factory workers, unskilled laborers, tradesmen and shopkeepers who constitute a large part of the population.

**P**robably the most promising trend in the wake of the population growth on the limited-space island is the emphasis on "house churches." Huge apartment blocks (one holds 250,000 people) house about one-half of Singapore's population. But these huge numbers didn't discourage the Reverend James Wong, minister at Good Shepherd Anglican Church. Since land was so expensive, it was impractical to build churches for every block of apartments. So Pastor Wong and his congregation brought churches to the apartments. He asked members of his church who lived in the apartment flats to host worship services and Bible studies. Their goal—"a house church on every block of flats." Since 1974, membership has grown over 100 percent and there are dozens of house churches across the city.

Describing the atmosphere of their services, Pastor Wong said, "All of our services are informal. I may even dispense with the liturgy; people will share or testify, while others will ask for prayer."

Officials project that by the year 1980, over 75 percent of Singapore's people will be living in high-rise apartments. Mr. Wong estimates that 2000 house churches will be required to meet the spiritual needs of those outside the boundaries of the traditional church. With courage and conviction, the Good Shepherd Anglican Church is strategizing to meet the needs of a rapidly growing Singapore. They are turning what seems like an obstacle into an exciting opportunity to reach thousands for Jesus Christ.

# monthly memo



The beautiful little island of Sri Lanka, directly south of the subcontinent of India, is better known in the West by its former Western name—Ceylon. Famous for its tea, rubber, pineapples and elephants, Sri Lanka is likewise the home of 14 million lovely, gentle people. A strongly Buddhist nation, only about one percent of its people are Christians.

It was to this island that I recently accompanied Dr. Sam Kamaleson, our vice-president-at-large who directs Pastors' Conferences, and Dr. J.T. Seamands, professor of missions at Asbury Seminary in Wilmore, Kentucky, to minister

in our 116th Pastors' Conference. What a blessed time it was! Over 200 keen pastors and Christian workers from practically every Christian group in that island nation met together in Kandy for five days.

From the opening to the closing session, there was a sense of the presence and moving of God's Holy Spirit that intensified throughout the week of seminars, study groups, prayer times and preaching occasions. There was such an openness, and eagerness to learn, and a hunger for God and His Word within these leaders.

They believe that God is going to do "a new thing" (Isaiah 43:19) in their ministries and in their country.

World Vision's Pastors' Conference ministry is not often heralded. But, in my judgment, it is one of the most significant contributions we can make to national Christian leadership around the globe. Many of you, our supporters and partners, pray so faithfully and give so generously to this aspect of our ministry. Please know that it pays off a thousandfold. We believe the church in Sri Lanka has been immeasurably strengthened and encouraged because of these days. Thank you for showing your concern for them in such a tangible way.

Ted W. Engstrom  
Executive Vice-President

## UNREACHED PEOPLES

### Singapore's Malays: Not Interested

How can a few words capture the hurly-burly, hustle-bustle of an Asian boom town? Singapore is an economic success story with few rivals.

While the Chinese dominate that success story, there are a number of other groups jostling for a piece of the action. The 350,000 Malays are the largest minority group, but they lag far behind most of the others in their participation in the competitive world.

The present Malay community centers in maze-like Kampong Melayu, an exclusive Malay reservation on the edge of what is now Paya Lebar Airport.

A few Malays live in other *kampongs* scattered about the island, on the coast, or even in the off-lying islets. Malays are associated with the police (one-half of the force) and military, and many others work as drivers, clerks, machine operators and servants.

The Malays in Singapore are firmly Muslim. A separate Muslim educational system has in the past provided for only three or four years of inferior education for a minority of the children. Efforts have been made to improve the school system and include Malays more equitably in job placements and social life. But the Malays have not tended to work in the new factories, to mix well with the Chinese or, least of all, to live a competitive life.

The Malays have been hostile to open propagation of the

gospel. Non-Muslims are by definition non-Malays. To be Malay is to be Muslim. Hence, they feel they lose their ethnic identity when they change their religious allegiance. Completely new approaches to evangelizing the Malays must be developed if they are to come to faith.

The Malays of Singapore need your love, your prayers and concern if they are to be reached with the gospel. You can have a part in their evangelization through caring, understanding their need and praying for them. World Vision's MARC Division has prepared a brief prayer folder that includes 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.



by James Greenelsh

Media Productions Associate  
World Vision International

**W**hat is an orphan anyway? Just another unfortunate little boy or girl who happened to miss out on mom and dad? Perhaps, but not for Enrique and Mercy Abadia.

For them, an orphan is a kind of treasure. Someone worth giving up a good job in the States in exchange for a bear hug. Someone worth leaving a nice house in Connecticut and traveling 5000 miles just to tuck in bed. Someone worth swapping time and money for a happy face.

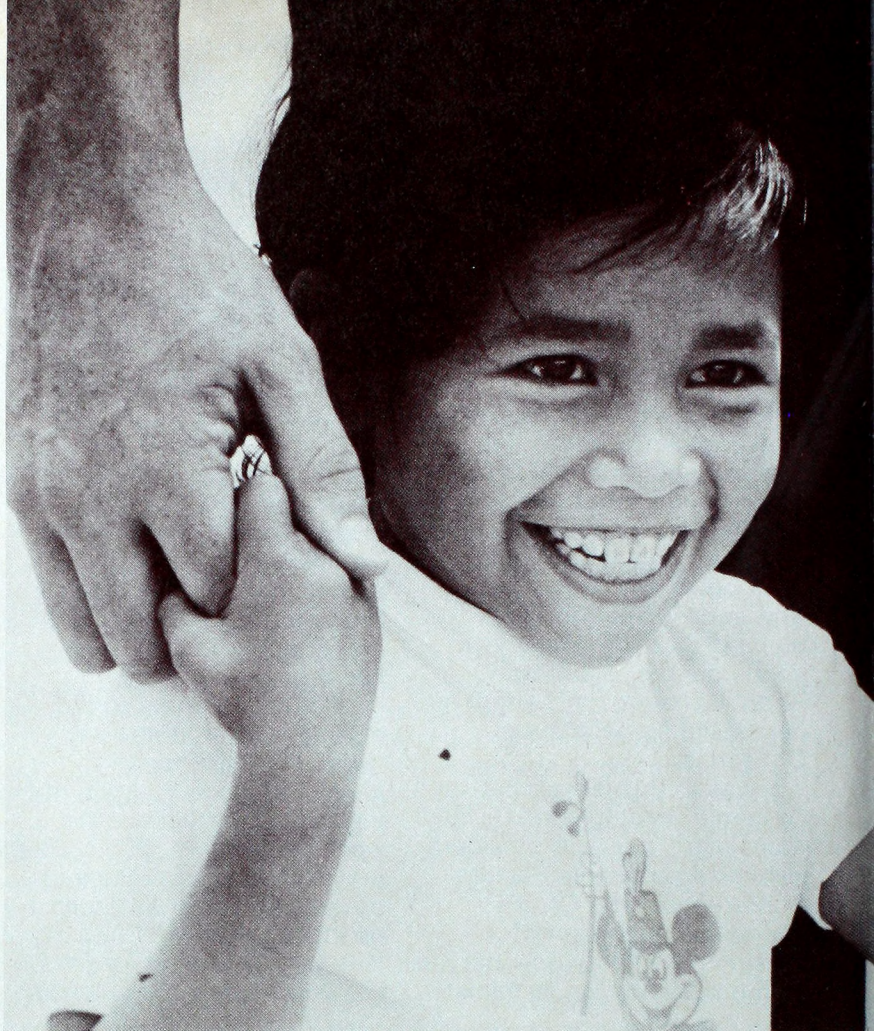
Where do you find such treasure? Enrique and Mercy found it high in the Andes mountains of Latin America.

Both originally from Colombia, Enrique and Mercy met in New York. Enrique was struggling to get an education—working full-time in a factory, going to school at night. At that time, he had only three desires: to make Mercy his wife, to get a good job, and to live in the States for the rest of his life.

Then he met Jesus, and the plan began to change. Oh, he still married Mercy; he even landed a good job with IBM. But when it came to settling down, the road changed direction—southbound—toward Latin America, toward the abandoned children of Colombia.

Enrique and Mercy didn't have a sophisticated plan or even a clear direction. All they had was an old memory and a new love. The old memory was of city streets where children walk alone with no food to eat and no place to go. The new love was from Jesus and it was for those children.

I met Enrique and Mercy at the



## Little Hands That Won't Let Go

airport in Bogotá, the capital city of Colombia. They and their young daughters, Pillar and Tanya, welcomed me.

Tanya, about nine years old, took me by the hand.

"You're gonna like the children," she said, bouncing along beside me. "They're like my brothers and sisters."

We walked to Enrique's van and piled in. We were on our way to the Future Youth Refuge, a home for abandoned and orphaned children.

On our way out of Bogotá, Enrique told me that over a million abandoned children roam the city streets of Latin America. They steal to eat,

fight to live, and hope to survive. They have nothing. In Bogotá they are called *gamins*—"street children."

But childhood is a luxury the gamins have never known. The cold facts of reality force them to grow up too soon. Scarred by rejection before they are 10 years old, they sleep in doorways with newspaper blankets and empty stomachs. Some hide from police in cemeteries and sewers.

Enrique motioned to a little boy sitting along the roadside. "One day, when we first arrived and were still unsure about what to do, Pillar, our oldest girl, saw a little boy sleeping in the



it from ever happening," he said. Then he pointed to Marita. Her little face sparked a grin. He picked her up. "It won't ever happen to her," he said, "though it could have."

When Marita's mother committed suicide, explained Enrique, her father went insane. Her five brothers and sisters were separated. She was left alone. Authorities believe she is the only one who found a home. The others are in the street somewhere. He put Marita down, then turned to me and said, "Some parents die, some just run away and leave the children behind. Others throw them out of the house into the streets. Some of the children have been beaten and abused terribly. They know what it means to be unwanted."

He pointed to an eight-year-old boy sitting alone under a tree. "Alberto over there came home one day to an empty house. His parents were gone—no explanations, no good-byes. He is very insecure and troubled. One day I found him lying on his bed, crying in his sleep. When I picked him up, he said, 'I was dreaming that I was with my mother.' Then he turned and asked me, 'Where is my mother?'"

I learned that the children hate to be called orphans. It hurts too much. Others hate to admit that their mother and father just don't care about them. Many have deep emotional problems.

It was approaching noon and the sun was hot, so we sat in the shade to watch three boys playing catch. The oldest boy was 16 years old. His name was Fabio, but he was the smallest of the three. I asked why.

"Fabio just stopped growing when he was 11 years old; that was when his parents rejected him," replied Enrique. "Psychiatrists say he's afraid to grow up. His two younger brothers are taller than he and further along in school.

His fear is actually preventing his body and mind from developing."

"Is there any hope for a cure?" I inquired.


Enrique smiled and said, "The only cure is the kind of love that just never gives up, God's kind of love."

For Fabio, Alberto and Marita that's all that matters. Hugs and kisses? Yes! But more. They need love that's deep . . . penetrating . . . faithful.

Enrique likes to say, "We are not just taking care of kids. We are building lives."

These little ones won't end up in the streets. They will become strong men and women who are educated, skilled—ready to take on the world. When they leave here, they leave secure in the knowledge that God is their Father. They are no longer orphans, no longer abandoned.

I spent the rest of the day with the children. I held hands with Marita, poked Jose in the tummy, carried Maria on my shoulders, tossed Manuel in the air. We had a great time.

I discovered that you can learn a lot about life from a little hand that just won't let you go. It was the truth all over again—the truth that the whole world needs to hear—crying out at me from big brown eyes. So simple. So incredibly simple. They need love, God's love. Nothing else really matters. 

*If you would like to enter into a special, one-to-one relationship with a needy child through sponsorship, please see the instructions on the business reply envelope between pages 12 and 13.*



Jose is no longer abandoned.

streets. She turned to me and said, 'Papa, didn't we come to help the children?' That was the beginning."

Now Enrique and Mercy direct two homes for children.

We rounded a final curve and the two girls sang out together, "Here we are!" As we drove up a long dirt driveway, little legs ran out to meet us. Happy faces, giggles and Spanish greetings colored the scene. We stopped. I took out my camera, opened the door of the van and stepped out into the lives of 34 children.

Enrique and Mercy met the kids like proud parents. Pillar and Tanya blended in playfully. And before I knew it, I had two little amigos, one hanging on each arm. Enrique told me that these children would have become gamins if it hadn't been for the Future Youth ministry.

"You see, we are helping to solve the problem by preventing

# readers' right

## Response to Operation Seasweep

Sir: I am very touched when reading what you are doing for the Vietnamese refugees. You informed the American people of the miserable situation of our "boat people" in seeking for freedom. I sincerely thank you for organizing a floating aid station for refugees adrift in the South China Sea and the Gulf of Thailand.

I am a Vietnamese refugee who has been luckier than my compatriots. I don't have much yet to help, but I hope my little gift will constitute a part in the program.

Again, please receive my gratefulness. We the Vietnamese people who are already in the United States will always remember your concern and generosity.

Mr. H.D.  
Bellingham, Washington

Sir: I am a nurse and have a burden for the boat people, and

I would like to be of service in the field of nursing someday. Anyway, I was thrilled and blessed to find out about the boat. I will diligently pray for this work.

Ms. M.B.C.  
New Wilmington, Pennsylvania

Sir: I must confess your front covers on *World Vision* nearly "turned me off." The fact is, I pitched one copy without even opening it! I did sit down last night however, and read the June issue.

The article "Distress on the High Seas" makes us so thankful for the many blessings God has given to us. We want to be of some help

for those less fortunate than ourselves.

Mr. & Mrs. D.K.  
New Palestine, Indiana

Sir: I sincerely share your concern for our poor brothers and sisters, the "boat people." I thank God someone cares about them and is willing to aid them.

But we must somehow shed more public light on these poor creatures. We must somehow start a vigorous campaign to draw immediate attention to their horrible existence. We can't be afraid of the delicacy involved between governments. We must consider their urgent needs.

Please continue your help. Financially, I'll send you what I can, and spiritually, I will pray for them.

God bless you for helping the "boat people."

Mrs. C.S.  
South Ozone Park, New York

## New Donor Receipts Are Designed for Faster Response

Beginning this month, gifts to the ministries of World Vision will be acknowledged by a special new receipt form. The form

has been carefully designed to save time and reduce administrative costs.

The new receipt form is similar in appearance to the one previously used in that it still has two parts. The shorter, left side is the official tax-deductible receipt for the donor's records. The special right side of the form can be "read" by a sensitive optical scanning instrument that

works fast and efficiently.

When the right-hand portion of the form is sent back to World Vision with the donor's next gift, the administrative time needed to process the gift is significantly reduced. The savings in time will have two benefits: More funds will be available for ministry, and donor accounts will be updated and a new receipt mailed in just a few days.

<p>YOU GAVE FOR</p> <p>30.00 37-363-2928 AHMAD, HELENE PLEDGE STATUS: 15/MON PAID THRU MAY 78 5.00 37-363-1928 BIRTHDAY FOR AHMAD, HELENE 10.00 0000 WHERE MOST NEEDED</p> <p>45.00 TOTAL OF THIS RECEIPT</p> <p>WORLD VISION INTERNATIONAL PASADENA, CALIFORNIA 91131</p> <p>Thank You FOR YOUR GIFT!</p> <p>MR MRS W V FRIENDS 1234 GREAT ST EVERYWHERE, US 65432</p> <p>YOUR PERSONAL NUMBER 7434-0183 09-MAY-78 12912345</p> <p>PLEASE KEEP THIS TAX - DEDUCTIBLE RECEIPT FOR YOUR RECORDS.</p> <p>Receipt</p>	<p>YOU NOW DESIRE TO GIVE FOR</p> <p>30.00 37-363-1928 AHMAD, HELENE PLEDGE STATUS: 15/MON PAID THRU MAY 78 10.00 0000 WHERE MOST NEEDED</p> <p>WORLD VISION INTERNATIONAL PASADENA, CALIFORNIA 91131</p> <p>OUR PERSONAL NUMBER 7434-0183 MR MRS W V FRIENDS RECEIPT NUMBER 1234 GREAT ST 12912345 EVERYWHERE, US 65432</p> <p>DATE 09-MAY-78</p> <p>WORLD VISION'S ADDRESS ON THE REVERSE OF THIS FORM FITS THE WINDOW OF THE RETURN ENVELOPE PROVIDED. - PLEASE MAKE ANY COMMENTS ON THE REVERSE SIDE.</p> <p>743401832236329280003000100000010006</p> <p>IMPORTANT: PLEASE RETURN THIS FORM WITH YOUR NEXT GIFT. THANK YOU.</p>
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Keep this for your records.

Returning this portion will save time and money.

## What Happens if the Sound Goes Off?

There was giggling in the family room. Something had gone wrong with the television—the picture was there but the sound was missing. It turned out that our canine family member, Tam O'Shanter, had clinked his name tag against his rabies shot tag and the sound was exactly the same pitch as the automatic sound button on the set. He had rendered the actors mute.

They were still making earnest mouth movements, but nothing came out. It was funny because the characters were taking themselves so seriously without communicating anything.

I began wondering if Christians might look as ludicrous if our "sound" got turned off. Would our actions be enough to validate our testimony? Or do we depend too much on words?

Consider this: To prove our orthodoxy, we draft a statement of beliefs. We debate it, amend it, and finally adopt it. After which everyone goes home proud of having been on the firing line of faith. Now I'm not against statements of faith. World Vision has one—a good one. I just wonder why it is that usually we measure orthodoxy by what we say or sign rather than by what we do?

For one thing, I guess, it is easier to say something than it is to do or be something. For another, we are a word-oriented society. Christians especially put a lot of emphasis upon passing resolutions and signing statements that are supposed to add credibility to our ministry.

I get a fair share of opportunities to append my name to one kind of statement or another. For the most part, I pass them by—not because I disagree with the statement or think resolutions are unimportant or that words have no significance.

I'm just bothered that too many judgments are made solely on the basis of whether a person has signed the right combination of words or has endorsed a resolution that speaks to "the pressing issue of the day." Words alone don't make a Christian authentic any more than "In God We Trust" makes a coin genuine. Counterfeit coins carry the same words. Content, not words, determines authenticity.

In 1974, I signed the Lausanne Covenant. It's a good document—a cogent, challenging declaration of evangelical commitment. But I expressed my concern then that this statement—drawn purely as a mutual affirmation of biblical faith—would likely become the new litmus test of evangelical belief.

And indeed it has. Frequently now I hear it asked, "Has so-and-so signed the Lausanne Covenant?" What was supposed to have been an

expression of unity is in danger of becoming an instrument of division.

Yet I suppose it was totally predictable. Look at the reports coming out of church conventions. Almost without exception, the emphasis is upon what was *said*—and we describe these exercises in verbosity as "actions!" Recently I read such a story describing the actions of a convention in terms of four resolutions that—it's true, so help me—"denounced," "supported," "opposed" and "deplored" various issues. And it all happened without anyone leaving his seat in the convention hall.

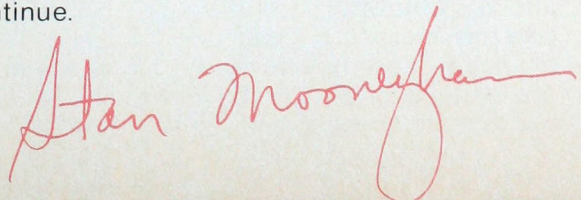
Talk is still cheap. And so much of faith has become a talk show. If I seem to minimize the verbal expression of Christian faith, it is only because I am weary of seeing word replace deed. It takes both to authenticate the witness. John said the Word was made flesh so that we might behold the glory of the Father. We need the continuing incarnation for the same reason.

Sometime ago I was in Africa with a couple of my evangelical brothers. I think it is not an injustice to say that they have a special passion for the symbolism of statements and resolutions. We were returning from a project that had to do with the social and spiritual development of one of Africa's most primitive people. I think they liked what they saw, but they wondered why we weren't making more statements about poverty, justice, human dignity, etc. They felt we were short on words.

I told them: "What you have seen *is* our 'statement' and you'll see us making those same statements all over the world." I confess now that it seemed like an inadequate answer, even though I knew it was the truth.

Only later did I recall that Jesus said essentially the same thing when John's disciples asked Him if He was the real Messiah. Jesus didn't resort to a ringing declaration of divinity. He simply said: "Go and tell John what you have seen . . . the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, the poor have the good news preached to them."

What an utterly convincing statement! What more would mere words have added? Truth was authenticated by the deed. When that happens, even if the "sound" goes off, the witness will continue.

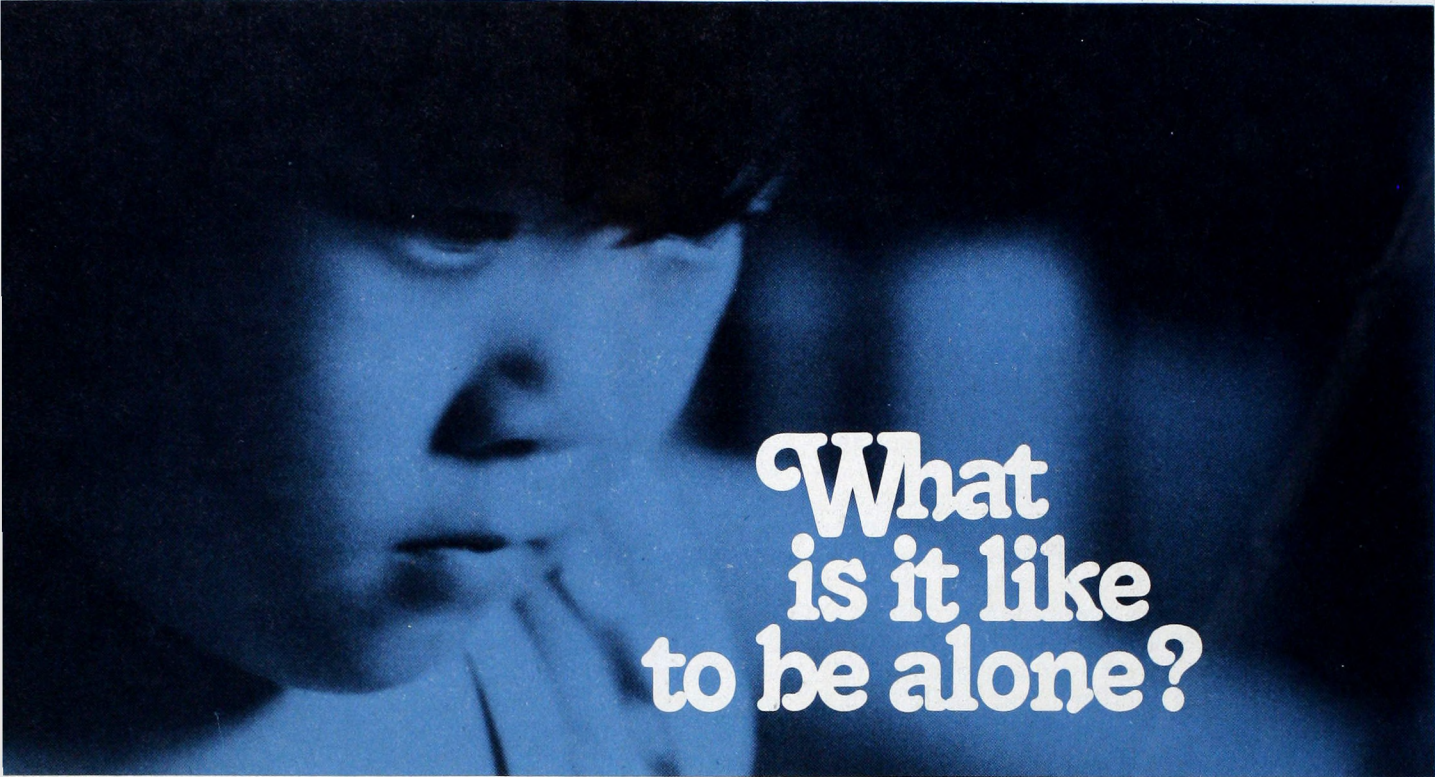


**world vision**

Published by  
World Vision International  
P.O. Box O  
Pasadena, California 91109

Nonprofit Organization  
U.S. Postage  
**PAID**  
Monrovia, California  
Permit No. 30

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# What is it like to be alone?

## Nancy Kim can tell you.

Her father died in a waterfront accident two years ago.

Her mother couldn't face the near-impossible task of trying to raise six little children on her own, so she found the simple way out. She remarried, abandoning Nancy and the five other little ones, because her new husband would not accept another man's children.

Nancy Kim was found abandoned in a Korean marketplace. She was hungry, cold and afraid. Two of her sisters were also found, but the others have disappeared.

Today, Nancy enjoys the comfort of a warm bed in a Christian orphanage. She receives good food, new clothes and lots of loving attention. She has friends. She has a chance to learn how to read and write, and later on she may get to learn vocational

skills in a World Vision training program. Most important, Nancy is learning about Jesus.

### Sponsorship makes a difference.

All of this has been made possible by Nancy's sponsor, who gives \$15 a month for her care. Nancy exchanges letters and photos with her sponsor in a bond of affection.

We know of 6100 other children like Nancy who need someone to be their sponsor and friend.

### Will you say yes today?

Right now, about 150,000 children around the world are getting help through World Vision's childcare program. Over 5000 of them still need someone who will single them out for special concern and support.

Think about Nancy Kim. For just \$15 a month, you can be the one who shows a child like Nancy what Jesus' love is all about.

Listen to your heart and say yes today!

**World Vision International**  
Box O, Pasadena, California 91109

**Yes, I want to sponsor a needy child. I understand my \$15 a month helps provide food, clothing, shelter, medical care, education and spiritual guidance. Please send me the name, a photo, the personal history and mailing address of my child.**

I would like to sponsor  
 a needy girl  a needy boy.

Enclosed is my first month's check for \$15. A98-W11

I will send my first month's sponsorship after I receive the information about my child.

Please send me more information about sponsoring a child.

I understand that sponsorship is for at least a year, but that I may cancel my sponsorship if I should ever need to.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

In Canada write: Box 781-B,  
Willowdale, Ontario.