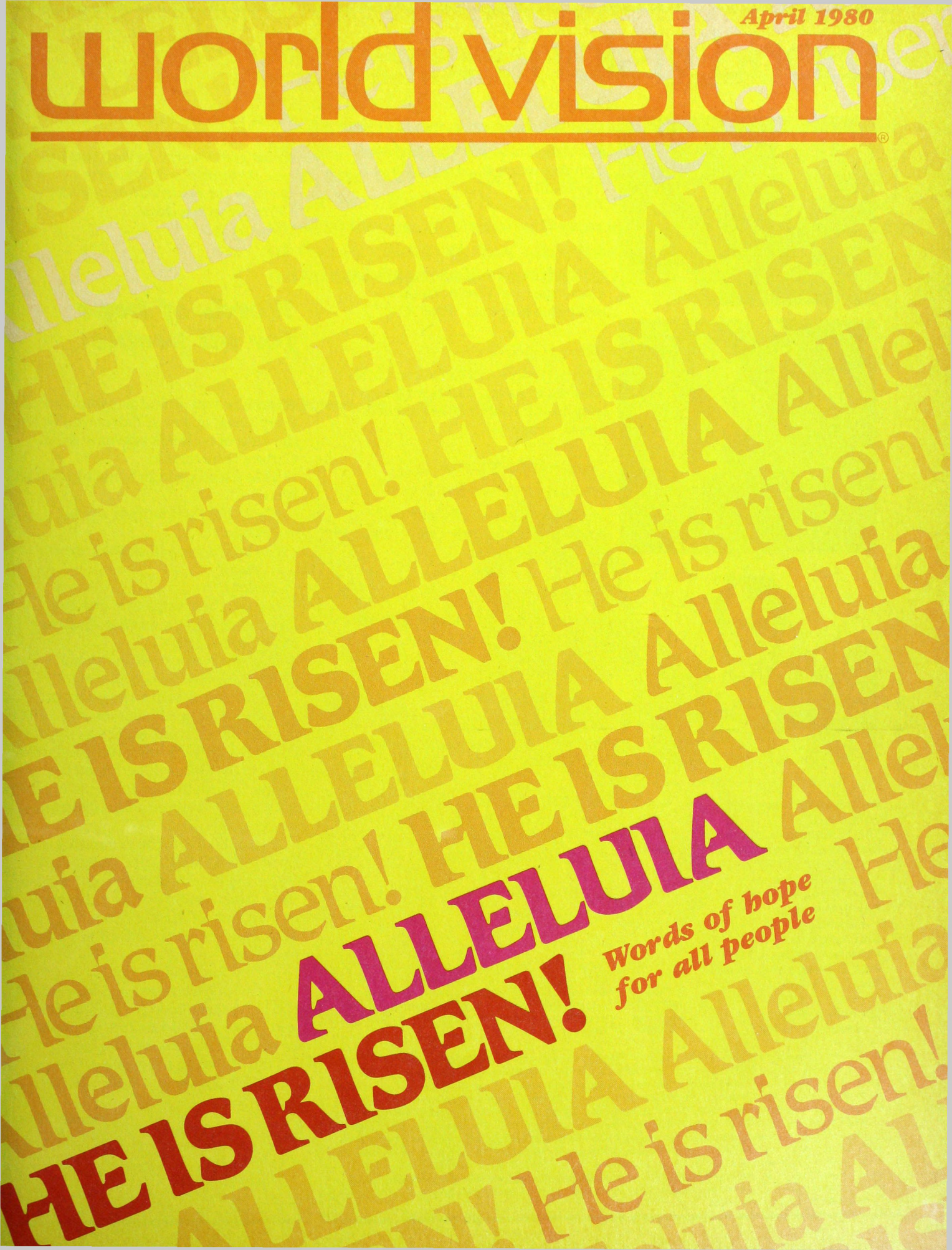


April 1980

World Vision



ALLELUIA
HE IS RISEN!

*Words of hope
for all people*



A circle around them

The Ashenincas of Peru have less than four years to prepare for "civilization." Page 3

World Vision's largest aid project

Rehabilitation in Kampuchea includes a new start for World Vision's pediatrics hospital. Page 8



Dear Nadia

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New life for the motherless babies

In Ghana, Sister Curtis and staff go on loving the little ones. Page 13



Until I met Mother Arnold

Recollections of a Chinese girl who disliked missionaries. Page 17

The truth about gardening

At first it seemed easy, says this WORLD VISION magazine reader. Then reality struck. Page 18

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PHOTOS—Eric Mooneyham: pp. 4,5,6-7,8 (top),9,10, Larry Nichols: p. 11. Phil Smith: pp. 13,14 (lower left). Barbara Kohl: p. 14 (upper center, lower right). Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors: p. 20 (center). ILLUSTRATIONS—Patricia Bigler: p. 3. Richard J. Watson: pp. 18,19.

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Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! In his great mercy he has given us new birth into a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

1 Peter 1:3, NIV

Words of hope for all people

Whether you attend worship services every week or just at Easter, you've felt the zing of a choir's *alleluias* about Christ's resurrection.

As in a 16th-century hymn by Michael Weisse:

Christ the Lord is risen again!

Alleluia!

Christ has broken death's strong chain!

Alleluia!

If your choir sings that one this Easter, you'll get a mission challenge in its final stanza:

Now He bids us tell mankind

How all may salvation find!

All mankind! That's the intended audience for the alleluia message. Did not the announcing angel say, on the day of His birth, "I bring you good news of great joy that will be for *all* the people"? And did not the risen Lord himself say, "Go and make disciples of *all* nations"?

Thanks to the faithful reporting done by Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, Peter and two thousand years' worth of their kind, a billion of us today know at least part of the big news, the alleluia news, the words of hope for all people.

But billions still do not.

We who have heard and have seized the hope must keep on finding more and better ways to deliver its impact to more of those who have not.

Only then can the word *all* be stretched, for them, to *alleluia*.

David Olson

The red clay mud thickened on the soles of my shoes until my feet were heavy with the clinging weight. *Talk about "feet of clay,"* I thought.

The men and women of Miraflores were less troubled by that problem. They had no shoes.

In one way, shoelessness was the ideal arrangement. Their barefooted children liked the cool wetness of the mud between their toes. It was a relief from the baking dust of the dry season. But shoelessness posed a different problem. Especially for the children. Because the cool

A circle around them

by Kenneth L. Wilson



mud was squirming with invisible hookworm larvae.

Lee Huhn, a pediatrician for 20 years and now World Vision's associate director for programs in South America, told me later what those larvae do. On contact they penetrate the soft places between the toes. The immediate discomfort is an unpleasant itching—but that's the least of it. The larvae work their way into the person's lymph and circulatory systems, and from there make it easily to the lungs—where they are coughed up and then swallowed. That gets them to where they wanted to go all along—the intestinal wall, where they lock on.

"One hookworm," said Dr. Huhn, "can suck out a tenth of a cubic centimeter of blood a day—and scores of them may inhabit each victim. So the child in effect slowly hemorrhages. Yellow skin and sometimes enlarged abdomens are the outward signs."

Then it hit me. Shy, smiling five-year-old Noorima, with whose mother and grandmother I had been talking at Miraflores, had the yellow skin.

Miraflores. The name means "Look at the flowers." There are few flowers to see and little time to look, in this or any other Asheninca village of east central Peru. Just surviving is a full-time job. The tangled forest at the headwaters of the Amazon demands its toll.

Illiteracy exacts an even higher toll.

Most of the people of Miraflores have no concept of sanitation. They don't know the basics of hygiene, nutrition, or medical treatment. How do you say to a malaria victim, "Take a pill every seven days," when the patient can count only "one, two, three, more-than-three"? How do you say anything when you don't know the language? How do you write directions when the people know of no such thing as writing?

And how to you prepare them for a highway already on the drawing board that will in four years deliver "civilization" to their riverbank? Already, scouts are showing up, looking for land along the project route. "Ready or not, here we come!" is the clear message. In this valley that's maybe 150 miles wide and 200 miles long, no one is ready.

Until recent years, the tribes have been remote, inaccessible, often hostile. That has changed. The modern way to get here from Lima is 300 miles north-east by jet, over a 16,000-foot pass in the Andes, to the paved airport at Pucallpa. Then south more than an

hour by Wycliffe's Jungle Aviation and Radio Service (JAARS) from their base at Yarinacocha, to the sometimes water-logged airstrip slashed out of the jungle. Except by plane, the only way out of Miraflores to the nearest hospital is by *peque-peque* (pronounced *pecky-pecky*), a log canoe powered by a one-cylinder, long-shafted motor named for the way it sounds. Lorenzo River to the Pichis River, to the Pachitea, to the Ucayali, and in a week you could be at Pucallpa.

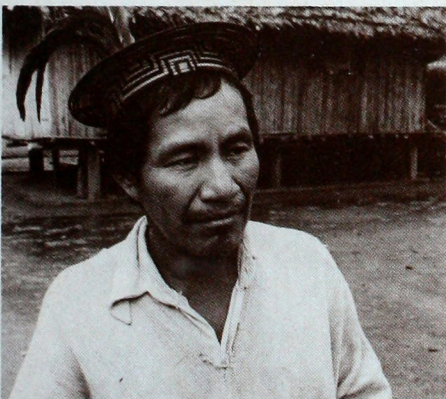
Miraflores is one of about 80

Asheninca Indian villages. There are 30,000 Ashenincas (sometimes known as *Campas*) altogether, speaking six dialects. One thing different about Miraflores is that most of the population of 50 are Christians, thanks to two generations of missionary work. The Christian witness has gained impetus, too, now that teams from the Instituto Linguístico de Verano (ILV), the Peruvian organization of Wycliffe Bible



The difficulty and dignity of life for Peru's Asheninca Indians shows in the face of Josepa (left), who hopes for better things for her daughter Ema and her granddaughter Noorima.

(below) Little Nathan Payne elicits smiles from his mother, Judy, co-translator Samuel Perez and other villagers. (at right) Javier Jumanca, 12, spends his days fishing with bow and arrow because there is no school in Miraflores.



Luctano Jumanca's headdress shows that he is chief of Miraflores.

Translators, are living here and working in the local language.

Though Spanish is the national tongue, most Indians in the remote tribes speak only their own dialect; 60 languages have been identified. To deal with this educational obstacle, the Peruvian government has set up decentralized "organisms for development"—regional offices that can move quickly and effectively, cutting across jurisdictions of separate government

bureaus where necessary. The aim is to give every child in the jungle the opportunity to learn to read in his or her own language first. Says Jim Daggett, ILV's Director of Tribal Affairs, "Peru is far ahead of other nations in bilingual education."

If children are to learn, they need teachers—not from the outside but from the inside. And written languages. And books.

Writing and books are ILV's commitments. Once having reduced a spoken language to writing, ILV pays special attention to translating the Bible. The availability of Scripture in one's own tongue is a powerful motivation for learning to read. Then, having discovered in one's own culture how reading works, it is easier to learn the national language.

When I asked Noorima's grandmother, Josepa, how she would like life to be different for the little girl than it had been for her, she said, "We hope there will be a school so she can learn to read. Life is changing. I don't want her to be cheated out of food

for her family." Her nephew translated her Asheninka into Spanish, and Dave Payne, an ILV worker who lives in Miraflores with his wife and baby, put that into English.

As Josepa and her 20-some-year-old daughter Ema talked about their lives, I began to understand why there were few smiles, except from Noorima who sat on Ema's lap.

Josepa was a small girl when her father died; she doesn't remember much about those years. When she married, she lived with her husband on one of the tributaries of the Pichis. He died "a long time ago," bitten by a snake.

Dave Payne explained, "There are two kinds of Asheninka time. Long ago, and more recently."

She went to live with her daughter Ema and her husband in another village up the main river. Soon after Noorima was born, Ema's husband was shot and killed by another man, "more recently than long ago." The women and child came to Miraflores to live, because the chief is another of Josepa's nephews and she has other relatives in the village. The nephew who was translating built her

house for her; she had woven the *cushma* he was wearing—the long, toga-like gown that serves the men as a garment by day and a blanket by night. The beige *cushmas* the men wear and the classic lines of the women's garment give the villagers the look of ancient Romans.

The two widows have to depend upon relatives for everything. Sometimes one of the men will share a part of his cleared *chacra* (garden), so that Josepa and Ema can plant a few seeds. In the old days, the *chacras* were close by and the village simply picked up and moved on when the land was exhausted. Now the village has been here eight years and it is the gardens that move farther and farther away. Most are at least an hour's walk each way, some three.

The biggest part of it is clearing the

land. Trees on a two- or three-acre patch are cut down, then left for a few months until the wood dries out. After the wet season is over, the dead wood is set afire and burned back to the green forest. The men do the clearing; the women and children do most of the gardening. Yuca, a variety of manioc, and bananas are the food staples.

"Ask her what it is like to be a widow in Miraflores," I requested Dave. After a lengthy exchange, he said, "She says she suffers a lot. But," he added, "I think *suffer* is too strong a word to translate what she means."

As I looked at Josepa, her face smeared with *achiote* to give it some color, and at Ema's drawn features, I wasn't so sure. *Suffer* might be a pretty good translation. Ema, holding Noorima

tightly, looked so forlorn, so without hope.

Then Josepa added something that shone like a small ray of sunlight. "When she and her daughter and granddaughter came here after their husbands died," Dave translated, "she didn't really know what to expect. But—and this is the way she put it—her relatives 'formed a circle around her.'"

Unlike his Aunt Josepa, Luciano Jumanca, the chief of the village, speaks some Spanish. He, his wife Lara and his 12-year-old son, Javier, welcomed us to their house across the muddy square. Luciano and I sat on the lid of a storage box holding his skillfully made bows and arrows, along one wall of their living platform.

Dave told me that Luciano thinks he's

Although he doesn't speak their dialect, the author converses with Noorima through the universal language of laughter as she sits with her mother and grandmother.



40, but this is only a wild guess—the calendar is simply not a relevant part of life in Miraflores. He was born far upriver. When he was small, he and his father and mother came down the river to this area, looking for work gathering rubber. His father died when Luciano was 14, and he had to take care of his mother and five brothers and sisters. He went out and worked rubber until he got enough money to buy an ax and was able to start clearing land to make a garden.

Luciano has been married about 25 years. After Javier, Lara could not have more children. Javier went to a mission school for a couple of years, but there is no school in Miraflores. He helps his father in the garden, hunts for

small game—usually without success, though sometimes one of the villagers brings in a wild boar, and helps his mother carry water from the river. The family has two chickens.

When I asked Luciano, as head man, what the village needed, a school was first on his list. Then a “health promoter.” Corrugated metal for roofs. “We used to be able to make a new palm leaf roof when we needed it, but now it’s harder to find the leaves.” Something to make fences to keep the nine beef cattle in the village away from the living area, where they add to sanitation problems.

Lara’s main concern is getting the yuca prepared and having enough pots to take care of her family. Their annual cash income of \$50 is average, but they are better off than tribespeople were under the *patrón* system, which in many areas still keeps Indians in financial bondage. *Patróns* come in with manufactured goods for which, one way or another, they create a market. (One threw some of a villager’s clay pots to the ground. “See, they break!” Then he threw his metal pots down. “See, they do not break!”) The goods are advanced on credit, which must be worked out on the *patrón’s* often unfair terms.

Because the Indians are illiterate in the ways of the outside world, some have lived in perpetual bondage. The government has helped to break up the *patrón* system by developing markets to which the Indians may bring their commercial produce (achiote, used as a base for lipstick, is one of them) and receive decent payment.

That word *suffer* came up also as Dave translated Luciano’s responses. I was sure that in Asheninca jungle country there could be so much less “suffering” with only a little more knowing. And a little more caring from Christian brothers and sisters beyond the mountains.

They are not starving to death in Miraflores. What’s lacking is hope—hope that Noorima and Javier and other young people will not have to “suffer” quite as much. Hope that they will be ready when the bulldozers push through from the west. Hope that they will become the alert, able leaders that with half a chance they can be. That’s where World Vision comes in, aiding ILV, working through and alongside some of Peru’s own agencies for development.

On the plane back to Lima, Dr. Lee Huhn was telling me some of the plans. “You can’t just go in and tell people to

improve waste disposal. An outsider wouldn’t be listened to. The need is to train one of their own. This health promoter would be given simple curative medicines to legitimize him. He would be taught how to give injections, how to deal with simple wounds.

“Then, because of his curative ability, people would listen to him as he directs them to the more important preventive methods, things like digging and using latrines, boiling water for the babies. Diarrhea—caused by contaminated water—is a leading contributor to infant death. This can be very simply treated by the mother, if she understands how to do it. It’s a matter of boiling water, adding salt and lemon juice, and constantly feeding this liquid into the child. They’ll listen to a health promoter they have learned to trust.”

As a starter, World Vision will pay for the training of 20 health promoters for 20 villages and will provide their medical kits.

Agricultural training, the developing of supplementary protein, is part of what it will take. Dave Payne had pointed out to me a mother hen clucking her way around Miraflores, followed by two chicks. “A few days ago, there were seven chicks. She just wandered out into the bush somewhere and lost five of them. All it would take is simple coops.”

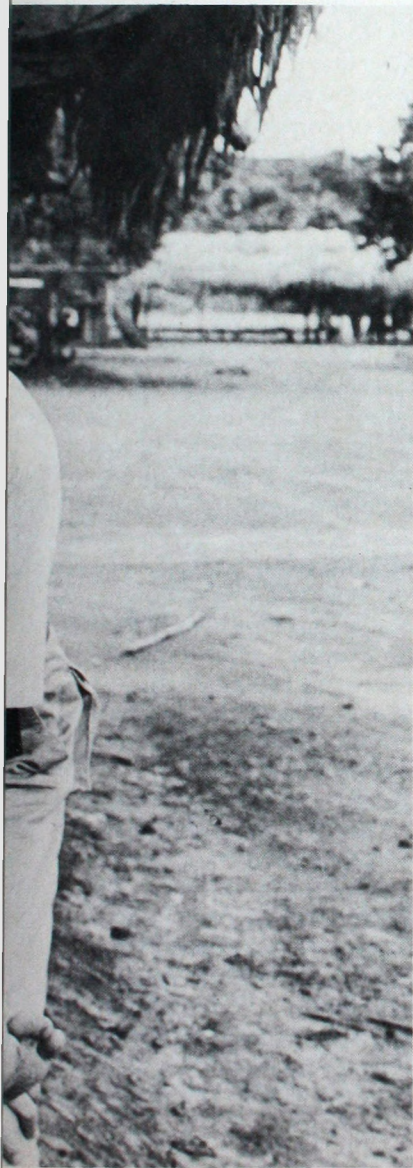
Teaching is a part of what it will take. Once schoolteachers are trained, the government will pay their salaries. What a difference twenty, fifty, a hundred bilingual schools will make to all the Javiers and the growing Noorimas! The Ministry of Education and ILV will train the teachers, World Vision will help underwrite the cost, and the villages will build the schools.

The ministry of the gospel, giving meaning to all the rest, is the cornerstone. Committed young Christians like Dave, Judy and the Ron Anderson family are already there, able, willing. They have the backup of the remarkable ILV center at Yarinacochoa.

As Don Scott, World Vision’s regional director for Latin America, puts it, “Civilization is not just getting a pair of shoes, though that may be important. It’s coping. Functional literacy is what we’re talking about.”

There is also another way to put what we’re talking about, I thought, remembering Josepa, who had nothing to give but the gift of gratitude.

In Christ’s name, we need to “form a circle around them.” □



World Vision's largest aid project

Eager hands unload supplies from the transport plane.



A few weeks ago Dr. Stan Mooneyham announced World Vision's largest-ever undertaking—a proposed \$17 million rehabilitation program for people of Kampuchea.

The proposal includes health care, food production and timely aid for the thousands of homeless young people. Approval for most of the programs has been granted by the Kampuchean government. The \$17 million figure included the \$1 million that World Vision had already spent on emergency food shipments and assistance to the fishing industry.

The largest single element of the proposal is the renovation and re-equipping of the pediatrics hospital that World Vision erected in 1975, just weeks before the Khmer Rouge overran Phnom Penh. "We hope to have the hospital fully operational with 150 beds in six months or less if the government approves our plan for equipping and staffing," said Dr. Mooneyham.

World Vision's president noted that the hospital will also be made available to the medical college in Phnom Penh as a teaching hospital for the 738 students now enrolled there. If funding can be found, the medical school will also receive aid for new equipment, training materials, classroom supplies and other related materials. Currently, fewer than 50 doctors serve all of Kampuchea. Classes are held with the medical students sitting on benches they salvaged from the streets.

The Heng Samrin government has delayed a decision on World Vision's proposal to operate two mobile medical units in the provinces. "This is a high priority because I have seen the provincial hospitals and they aren't worthy of the name hospital," said Mooneyham. "They are merely places where people go to die. They have limited facilities and medicines."

Several areas of food production are



Hospital built by World Vision, as it looked in 1975. The Kampuchean government has now granted permission for us to rehabilitate it.

Dr. Mooneybam and Paul Jones check inventory as they fly with bags of chicken laying mash for World Vision's animal feed project.



(at left) Outside a poorly equipped provincial hospital, an infant receives a meal of rice. (above) At Siemreap Orphanage a young amputee gains courage.



slated for immediate World Vision action. The agency will resupply a condensed milk factory in Phnom Penh. Two Australian engineers are now studying and surveying the extent of the need at the factory.

World Vision will also supply more than \$1.5 million worth of seed rice and irrigation equipment for farmers. Kampuchean can produce multiple rice crops if enough seed and water are available. Many of the irrigation systems used primarily for dry season farming

are now standing idle because spare parts are unavailable.

Small animal husbandry is an essential element for food production. During the next few months, World Vision will be supplying 3000 chickens and 300 breeding boars and sows to animal projects in Phnom Penh. The cost of this project is estimated at \$667,000. An additional project is the attempt to raise more than \$800,000 to rehabilitate an animal feed factory in the Kampuchean capital.

"It is the aim of all the voluntary

agencies active in Kampuchea, especially World Vision, to help the country become self-sufficient in food production by 1981," Mooneybam said. "The people of Kampuchea can accomplish this if the rest of the world will supply them with the materials and seeds they currently lack."

Thousands of children and young adults are homeless in Kampuchea. World Vision plans to equip and

Lacking motorized transportation, Kampucheans form bicycle convoys to deliver merchandise from Thailand.

supply eight orphanages serving more than 2500 children. Aid will include educational materials, clothing and nutrition supplements. "On my last visit to Kampuchea I visited many orphanages and saw that the anemia rate is around 50 percent," said Dr. Mooneyham. "That is why vitamin and mineral supplements are now a large part of our aid to the orphanages." This phase of the World Vision effort will cost \$861,000.

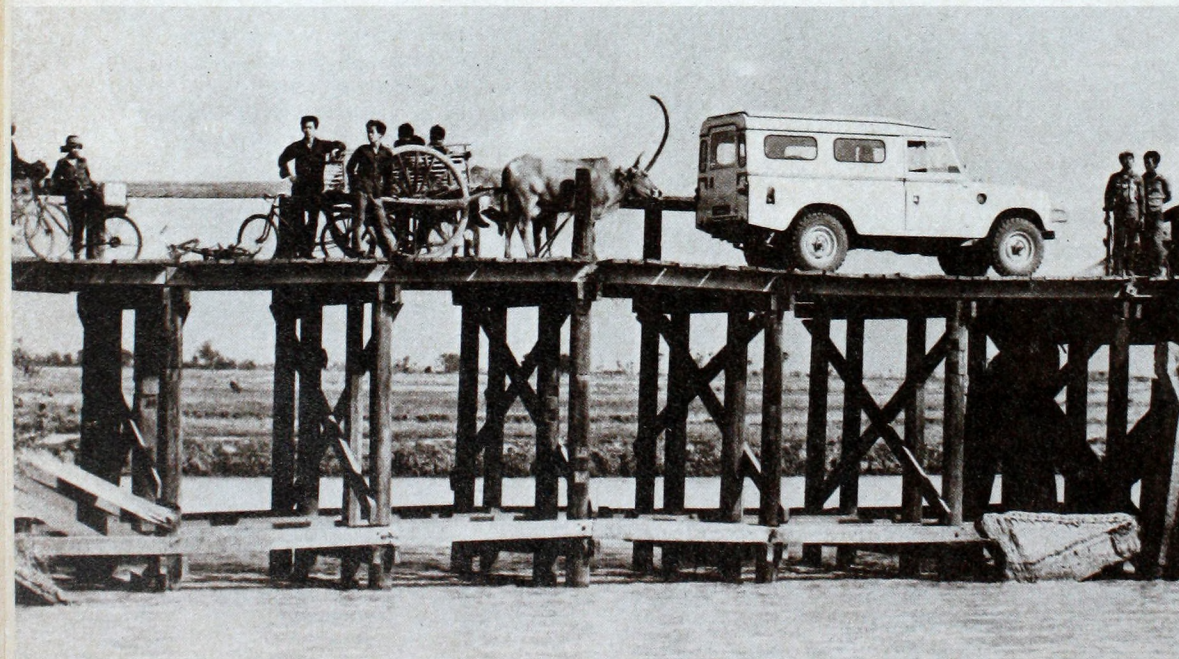
World Vision will also undertake a pilot program to provide a reception center/youth hostel for people 15 to 21 years of age who return to Phnom Penh but have nowhere to go. Site of the hostel will be a former military barracks. The project, which will initially accommodate 100 youths before expanding to accommodate 500, will cost approximately \$109,000.

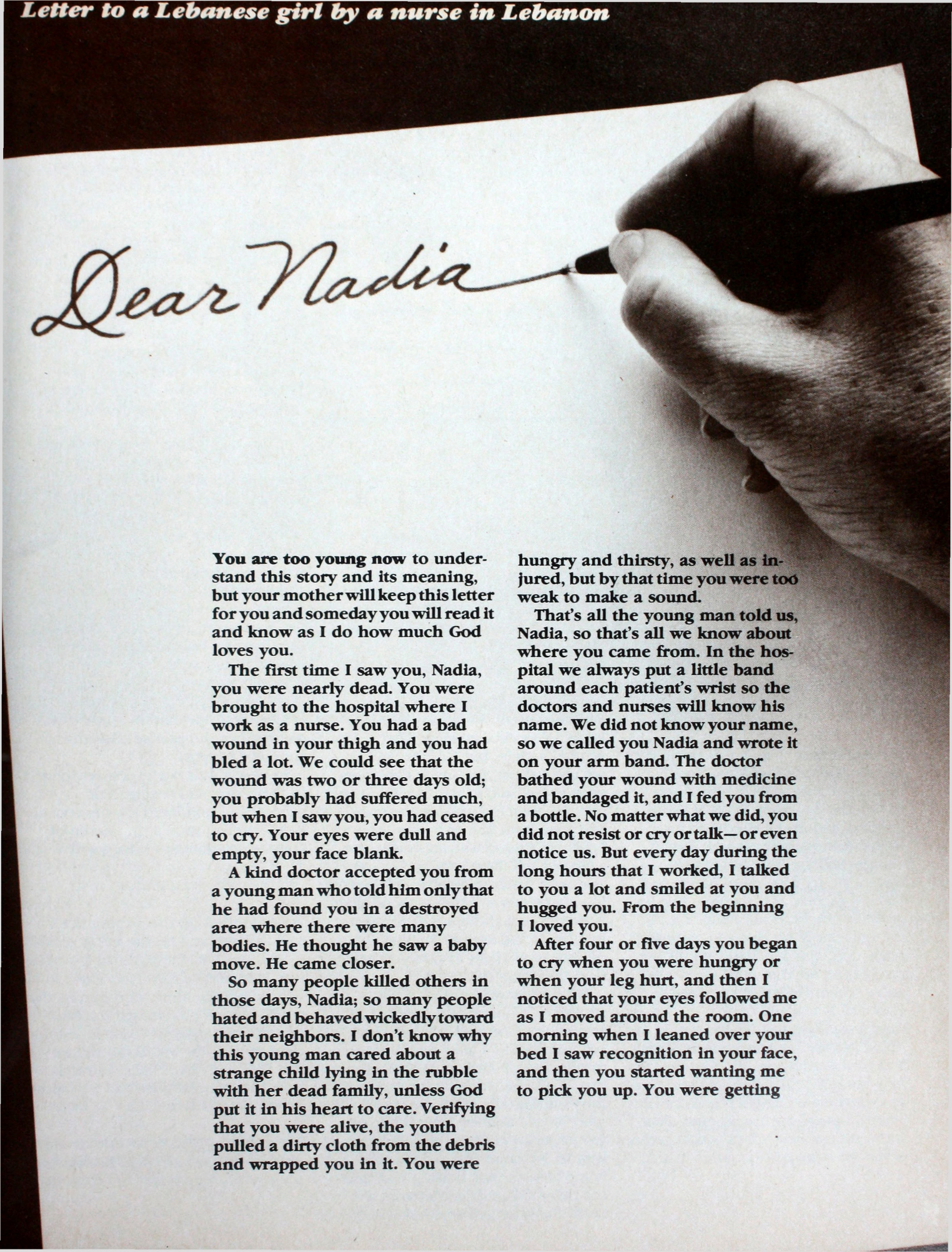
In February Mooneyham returned from his third visit to Kampuchea in as many months. While there, he finalized the \$17 million aid proposal, discussed distribution procedures with government officials, and talked with fishermen already helped by the 33.8 metric tons of fishing nets, hooks, floats and motors that World Vision had already supplied to the Kampuchean Bureau of Fisheries. Record catches have been reported since the fishermen began using the new equipment. □



Siemreap Orphanage life includes a healthy balance of schoolwork.

Rice deliveries to the provinces must pass over rickety bridges.



A black and white photograph showing a close-up of a hand holding a pen, writing the words "Dear Nadia" in a cursive script on a white sheet of paper. The hand is positioned on the right side of the frame, and the pen is in the process of finishing the word "Nadia". The background is dark, making the white paper stand out.

Dear Nadia

You are too young now to understand this story and its meaning, but your mother will keep this letter for you and someday you will read it and know as I do how much God loves you.

The first time I saw you, Nadia, you were nearly dead. You were brought to the hospital where I work as a nurse. You had a bad wound in your thigh and you had bled a lot. We could see that the wound was two or three days old; you probably had suffered much, but when I saw you, you had ceased to cry. Your eyes were dull and empty, your face blank.

A kind doctor accepted you from a young man who told him only that he had found you in a destroyed area where there were many bodies. He thought he saw a baby move. He came closer.

So many people killed others in those days, Nadia; so many people hated and behaved wickedly toward their neighbors. I don't know why this young man cared about a strange child lying in the rubble with her dead family, unless God put it in his heart to care. Verifying that you were alive, the youth pulled a dirty cloth from the debris and wrapped you in it. You were

hungry and thirsty, as well as injured, but by that time you were too weak to make a sound.

That's all the young man told us, Nadia, so that's all we know about where you came from. In the hospital we always put a little band around each patient's wrist so the doctors and nurses will know his name. We did not know your name, so we called you Nadia and wrote it on your arm band. The doctor bathed your wound with medicine and bandaged it, and I fed you from a bottle. No matter what we did, you did not resist or cry or talk—or even notice us. But every day during the long hours that I worked, I talked to you a lot and smiled at you and hugged you. From the beginning I loved you.

After four or five days you began to cry when you were hungry or when your leg hurt, and then I noticed that your eyes followed me as I moved around the room. One morning when I leaned over your bed I saw recognition in your face, and then you started wanting me to pick you up. You were getting

well. When I held you, you clutched my dress and snuggled against me, and I felt sad and scared, knowing that you had no mother but me, and I was too old to be your mother.

We tried to guess your age. Because of your size and the number of teeth you had, we decided that you were about one year old, old enough to walk and to learn words. The doctor told me that you had no permanent damage to your leg; the bone and the vital arteries were unhurt. But you must walk on it, he said, or the muscles would stiffen and you would be partially crippled. So I began teaching you to walk. You did not want to walk, because every step hurt. But I knew that someday you would want to be a poised and graceful woman, so I forced you to walk. You cried as you tottered toward me. I suffered with you, but the leg grew strong and limber.

In a few months you were completely well, Nadia, and the hospital is not for well people. But we did not know where to send you, because we did not know who you were. In my heart I knew that you were someone special. I knew that God had not saved you to be thrown out again. I felt somehow that He had entrusted you to me, though I did not know at first what to do with you. My own children are grown up. It was not easy for me to start over and bring up another child when I was already a grandmother.

Nevertheless, I took you home with me. My husband loved you, too. I hired a woman to take care of you during the day when I was at the hospital, and in the afternoon my husband and I enjoyed finding a chubby, smiling little girl in our house. We let you call us Mama and Baba. It seemed that the ugly war had given us one beautiful thing. Yet all the time we knew that you were not really ours, that we were only taking care of you for Him until we would know whom He had chosen to be your real Mama and Baba.

In those days that we had you in our home, the feeling became very strong that God was in your life. We could not help but notice how sensitive you were to everything we taught you about Him. Several times I put you in your chair for meals and held your hands together while we thanked God. After that

whenever we put you in your chair you folded your hands. At the end of the prayer, you would always say "Amen." As young as you were, you would sit still on my lap while I read brief stories from the Bible story book. You stared at the pictures and put your little finger on things that attracted your attention and made whatever noises seemed appropriate to go with

I know that when you are old enough to read this, you will understand.

the pictures. As you played at my feet in the evenings, sometimes I would think of you lying injured and starving near the bodies of your family, and I would marvel at how God had reached down and saved you. Sometimes I would pull you to me and say, "Nadia, God loves you so much and God has a plan for your life." And the warmth on your face and in your black eyes made me feel that you understood.

One day God gave me an idea. I remembered a young couple I know in another country. They wanted a child, but God had not yet given them one. Once the young woman had said to me that she would adopt a homeless child if she could have one from her own country—Lebanon. I wrote them a brief letter. I did not tell them anything except that your family had apparently been killed in the war. I did not send them a picture or tell them that you were intelligent and lovable, because I did not want them to take you unless God told them to.

When they read my letter they agreed with one another not to talk to anyone but God about it, not even each other. Right after that, the young man had to go away on a business trip. While he was gone he prayed all the time, and the more he prayed the more he wanted the little homeless girl in Lebanon. He could hardly wait to get home and tell his wife. At home his wife was praying, too, and the more she prayed, the more she loved the little girl whom she had

never seen and the more she felt that God had given her that little girl. When the husband came home, they ran toward one another saying, "Let's take her."

Adopting a baby is complicated and expensive. Your new father had to get permission to leave his job for more than a month so that both he and his wife could come to Lebanon. It cost them a lot of money, as they had to have papers made by the church officers, and they had to pay the governmental authorities.

While we waited for them to come, I almost dreaded their arrival, because it meant that I would lose you. But I knew that I had played my role in God's plan to save you, and now I must give you up so that He could finish His purpose. I was happy, too, because I knew your new parents would teach you to love God.

When they came, what happened was like a kind of beautiful miracle. They looked at you and they were stunned and could not speak, because they loved you so much. Without having seen you before, or knowing anything about you, they were overwhelmed by the love they suddenly found in their hearts. I watched them as they started to get acquainted with you, and I could see that they both wanted to clasp you tight but were trying hard to wait and give you time to accept them. I could see that God had really given you to one another, and it was another proof to me of how much He cared for you.

In only a little while you responded to their love, and seeing their happiness, I pondered the mystery of how God had used a tiny victim of man's wickedness to bring joy to all of us.

And so through this experience I saw the love and mercy and grace of God at work in the midst of a vicious war. It made me love Him more and believe in Him more. And I know that when you are old enough to read this, you will understand. You will see that He is able to do wonderful things, that He loves You, Nadia, and that from the beginning He had a purpose for you in this world. □

The identity of this letter's writer and of its recipient are withheld because of the continuing danger in Lebanon.



A trio of the Mompong Babies Home residents

When the twins Abena and Kwabena were born, in the bush country of Ghana, their mother knew she needed medical help quickly.

Since there was no doctor or midwife in the village, the young mother began walking, that very day (New Years Day 1976) toward a maternity hospital 15 miles away.

For nine of those fifteen miles she walked down a winding bush path, fording a creek and braving the hot African sun. Six miles short of the hospital she climbed into a lorry for the remainder of the trip. Somewhere along the way, she died.

Little Kwabena died two days later. And in Ghana, where child mortality is

30 percent, there would normally be little hope for tiny Abena. But today Abena is a healthy, cheerful little girl, mainly because of the work of the Mompong Babies Home.

Abena was brought to the home shortly after she arrived at the maternity hospital. At Mompong she was taken care of by the nurses and staff of the home. At the age of two, she went home to live with an aunt.

The director of the Babies Home is a soft-spoken New Zealander, Sister Marion Curtis, a member of the Anglican Order of the Holy Paraclete.

Sister Curtis was a lay missionary in the Solomon Islands, working as a psychiatric and childcare nurse, prior to joining the Holy Paraclete order.

"I was in my 40's when the Lord unmistakably called me to join the order,"

In Ghana, where child mortality is 30 percent, there would normally be little hope for tiny Abena.

New life for the motherless babies

by Kenny Waters

she remembers. "Needless to say, my decision was met with surprise by both my family and my friends."

For several years Sister Curtis lived at the order's headquarters in Yorkshire, England. Then she was asked to go to the West African nation of Ghana, where she became Sister-in-charge of the Babies Home.

"Currently, 27 babies live in the home," she says. "Our 'capacity' is 24, but you just can't turn babies away when they need help."

All the children in the home have lost their mothers. Some of the fathers are still alive, but are unable to provide adequate care for their children. Extended family members normally seek to help, but often are unable. Sometimes the females in the extended families are already nursing children; at other times unsafe health conditions in the village would mean almost certain death for an infant fed baby's formula mixed with contaminated water.

So the babies are brought to Mompong. When they reach the age of two, they will be given to extended family members such as grandparents or aunts and uncles.

During the children's two years in the home, they are looked after by a staff of 20 nurses who have passed rigorous training programs in health and nutrition. These nurses not only provide care while the children are in the home, but occasionally visit the children in their new environment to check on health conditions and to deliver toys and other gifts from the Home.

The Babies Home recently moved into new quarters constructed specially for the children. "Our benches are six

inches high," Sister Marion notes. "Also, the building is made to resemble a typical Ghanaian village home. Thus when the child moves in with an extended family member there will be less adjustment because they have already been raised in an environment similar to their new one. We try to do things in Ghanaian style."

That the Babies Home exists at all is something of a resurrection miracle. Sister Marion explained that in 1973 the government decided to take over the old building that had housed the home.

"At the time we had only \$15 in the bank," she says. "I advised the parents they would have to take their babies. I told our staff to look elsewhere for jobs. But both parents and staff refused to give up."

So Sister Marion went to the Anglican Bishop of Ghana and requested his aid

in persuading the hospital people to allow the home to stay.

"We were successful there, but we still had an acute shortage of money," Sister Marion said. "I wrote an article for church papers in New Zealand and that raised \$300."

But the article in the New Zealand paper also caught the attention of Geoff Renner, executive director of World Vision of New Zealand. "Geoff wrote me and said that our home sounded like a project World Vision could undertake through its childcare ministry," Sister Marion recalls. "A few months later, our children were all enrolled in the childcare program and receiving help from World Vision's donors."

When the Home built new facilities, World Vision made construction grants totaling \$75,000.

The dedication of the new home came only six months before a revolution in Ghana that overthrew the government and resulted in several executions. The political upheaval, however, has not hampered the work of the home or the status of expatriates.

"We have good relations with the government," Sister Marion says. "In fact, all the Christians in Ghana have been united by recent events. There is great cooperation among us." □

*Sister Marion Curtis:
"You just can't turn babies
away when they need help."*



*Inside the new building,
Nurse Evelyn Mensab displays
little Asana and Osumani.*



*Outside the inadequate old
structure, nurses display eight
of the tiny former residents.*





The renewing and communicating of our emphasis on world evangelism continues to be a high priority for World Vision in 1980. We are, for example, evaluating how well we are providing opportunities for people to receive the Lord Jesus Christ into their lives.

Activities in which we are under-scoring evangelism include the ministry to our 220,000 sponsored children. We want them all to know of Christ's love and concern for them. Each of our childcare-related projects is monitored not only with regard to health and educational care, but also with regard to the sharing of the gospel.

Special personnel in our evangelism and Christian leadership ministries are assisting our field directors in their evangelism concerns. Our relief and development project submission forms are also designed to help us identify the evangelism element in each instance.

Besides these measurable activities, we are seeing positive changes in attitude. God Himself seems to be breathing fresh enthusiasm into the hearts of our staff members. In this we rejoice.

But we have so much more to do! The task of world evangelization is immense! We must continually learn how to increase our effectiveness in helping to reach unreached peoples for Christ. We must keep our hearts warm regarding this emphasis. We must keep communicating this to our growing staff. We must continue to help our field staff to be accountable not only as professional managers but as people involved in evangelism.

We are grateful for the way so many of you, our partners, demonstrate your concern for our total ministry to needy people throughout the world, including this ministry of helping them to experience life everlasting in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Do you trust the risen Lord?

You're confronted by big *ifs* when you read St. Paul's "resurrection chapter" (1 Corinthians 15).

■ "If Christ has not been raised, your faith is futile; you are still in your sins" (verse 17).

■ "If only for this life we have hope in Christ, we are to be pitied more than all men" (verse 19).

Although these *ifs* sound rather negative, their intent is positive: to provoke you to faith in the risen Lord Jesus who alone can change your eternal destiny from that of the lost to that of the found.

In another of Paul's letters you find an *if* that expresses the same challenge in a more positive form: "If you confess with your mouth, 'Jesus is Lord,' and believe in your heart that God has raised

him from the dead, you will be saved" (Romans 10:9).

What a statement!

To honestly acknowledge Jesus' Lordship is no small acknowledgement. It implies letting Him be *your* Lord. And to believe in your heart that God has raised Him—that's no small act of faith. It implies trusting Him with your eternal destiny. But it's the path to peace with God, to a new life, and to hope beyond the grave.

If you have not yet made that acknowledgement and that heart response, we at World Vision urge you to read, with open mind and open heart, the Bible's four crucifixion/resurrection accounts (Matthew 26-28, Mark 14-16, Luke 22-24, John 18-20), plus Paul's resurrection chapter (1 Corinthians 15).

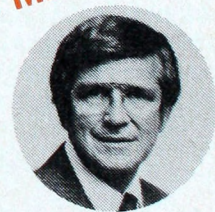
Seek counsel, too, from believers near you. And please write the editor of WORLD VISION magazine if you'd like helpful literature on trusting the risen Lord. □

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Traverse City, MI April 28

Ted W. Engstrom
Executive Vice-President

Search for a place

As I devour our WORLD VISION magazine each month, I search for a place where you might need people whose only qualifications are love, compassion, kindness, a willingness to work under any circumstances, and a deep, abiding commitment to Jesus Christ. Pray for my husband and me that we might find a humble way to serve our Lord.

Ruth Connors
Bloomington, Minnesota

What I'd always wanted to do

Three years ago I read about a man who dared to give up his job to start other work he'd always wanted to do. Well, I got to thinking of what I'd always wanted to do, and realized it was to support a child overseas with money I would earn myself.

One by one, I took on three children. In those three years it has been amazing how God has provided. The jobs I sought were character-building jobs, broadening jobs. But more than half the jobs came to me when no one knew I was wanting to earn money. Dog care, cat care, house care, cleaning, selling, registration work, convention work, tutoring, chauffeuring, baby sitting, jury duty . . . and money just handed me!

My husband and I have been with Mission Aviation Fellowship for 30 years, but that has nothing to do with it. I was responding to a need as many housewives would, giving my desire to the Lord for Him to fulfill in His way.

Phyllis Berry
Placentia, California

To "Nobody's Child"

After watching the TV special, *Come Love the Children*, I had to write to "Nobody's Child":

Oh, my darling child, I would take you in my loving arms if only I could. I would give you the food of the earth, the food of the sea, the food of my love. Tender, caring love. The food from God Almighty.

Mildred Hickman
Madison Heights, Virginia

Birthday gift

This [enclosed contribution] is a birthday gift. I asked the guests coming to my birthday party to bring a gift for Cambodia, not for me. One did. So this is for a hungry child from two women who bemoan the tragic state of children.

Elizabeth Brittaun
Tazewell, Virginia

Migrants give too

Migrants and a few minimum wage people who make up the entire membership of the Ruskin Cumberland Presbyterian Church send the enclosed check [\$80.46] to help the suffering Cambodians.

One of the members, seeing on TV of the terrible conditions, suggested this offering. So from our suffering migrants comes this check with their love and prayers for the much more suffering Cambodians. Keep up the good work.

John Lovelace
Ruskin, Florida

Beauty

Beauty, beauty—what is beauty? The majestic mountains, stark against the horizon, their fingers pointing to the heavens?

The dark doors of an Auschwitz swinging wide, never to close their hands again over the heart, soul and spirit of man.

The sun shining brilliantly through a cathedral window, from high, high in a bonnet blue sky?

The gray light of life, flowing once again through the loosely fitting bandages of our sore and weeping eyes.

The warm wind of a spring day as it gently caresses the new bloom upon the winsome prairies?

The soft breathing of a small child upon our breast, her once loud cries fading away to a rhythm of bliss.

The dancing music of a small stream after an early summer rain, as it waltzes its way down to the sea?

The clanging of the chains, the snap of the lock, as racism is removed from our arms and our ankles.

The cornucopia in its fullness?
The deep red of a freshly picked apple?
The blush and perfume of aged wine?

*A hungry boy eating a loaf of bread.
The smiling, ruddy face of a young girl.
A very old lady in a warm, clean garment.*

Beauty, Beauty—love is beauty.
Christ Jesus, Beauty, Love Incarnate,
teach us to love—to create beauty!

Charles Goering
Montevideo, Minnesota

Green stamp idea

While glueing S&H stamps shortly after reading your magazine, I received an idea that might help get extra assistance for World Vision. Such stamps are redeemable for large items such as vans, or for cash. If 10,000 readers each responded with one book of stamps, you could redeem them for \$30,000. I believe heartily in the work you are doing. You are in our prayers.

Mrs. Michael Doyle
Nacogdoches, Texas

Leaner diet

I read a friend's copy of WORLD VISION and it thoroughly motivated me to adhere more closely to a leaner diet of the world's resources.

Randy Koper
Gainesville, Florida

Firsthand look

While vacationing in the highlands of Irian Jaya [in Indonesia] I saw a community development project sponsored by World Vision, and read a volume of your magazine. I'm deeply impressed by World Vision's goals and efforts.

Jacob Kruidhof
Sentani, Irian Jaya, Indonesia

Best yet

The January issue is the best one I've seen yet. We especially appreciated the articles "Doesn't God Write in My Language?", "Missions in the 80s," "Evangelicals in India Confront Social Inequities" and "How to Get There from Urbana."

Ron Severns
Eugene, Oregon

Missionaries are egoists I said.
They go abroad to be kings among Orientals.
This prejudice stayed with me . . .

...until I met Mother Arnold

by Marina Koo

As a Chinese girl living in Taiwan after growing up in Shanghai and Hong Kong, I bore for many years a prejudice against missionaries. Being familiar with their personal lives, I made a sarcastic definition of missionaries. "They're egoists," I said, "who can't get along with their own people so they come here to be kings among Orientals."

I'd noticed that missionaries drove comparatively big cars, lived in comparatively fancy houses and in some instances employed servants. Such a life, I felt, probably would be impossible for them in their homeland. And I believed that the Chinese people's respect for foreigners tended to reinforce the missionaries' superiority complex.

This prejudice stayed with me until the day I met "Mother Arnold."

I remember it was a cold winter morning. When I walked downstairs to go to school, I saw a little old Caucasian lady cleaning our public yard. Her silver white hair was shining in the dim sunlight. She smiled and told me that she was my new neighbor.

Her fluent use of the Chinese language surprised me. I wondered why she didn't send her maid to clean the yard.

Gradually I found out that she lived alone, went out every morning and came back late every afternoon. And every night many young people went to visit her. Later she invited me and my sisters to join their prayer meeting. I followed the others in calling her "Mother."

Mother Arnold was a Norwegian

nurse. Her husband had been a doctor. They had spent thirty-five years in Tibet, Turkestan and Mongolia, where they lived in a simple tent and served among the tribes as a missionary doctor-and-nurse team.

When her husband passed away, Mother continued the mission until the Communists took the mainland and she was sent back to Norway. At that time she was already over seventy, but she had good health and longed to be with Chinese, so she left her people and came to Taiwan with her little retirement money.

She did all her housework and laundry. She always went out by foot, no matter how great the distance was. Every morning she went to the hospital to serve the patients, sometimes buying them fruit and other food. Though she lived frugally, she treated others with generosity. In the afternoon she usually visited members of the Upper Room family who needed help with baby-sitting or with clothes mending. In the evening, different groups came to her house for prayer and Bible study.

Mother Arnold wiped many tears and eased many pains. She did more work than most of the missionaries, though her name was not even listed in the missionary directory. She changed my prejudice and gave me a good example of the motto, "Life is to give, not to take." □



To honor their plucky "mother" (holding bouquet), these students put on a Mother's Day celebration to which Mrs. Arnold responded, characteristically, with Psalm 100: "Shout for joy, all the earth . . . for the Lord is good and his love endures forever; his faithfulness continues through all generations." The author (front row, second from right) now works in World Vision's California headquarters.

The truth about gardening

by Robert H. Campbell



It's gardening time—one of my favorite times of the year.

Each year as I till and plant, I remember my first garden and the profound lesson God taught me. We had moved in February from an apartment to our house and I could hardly wait for the thawing of the last frost so I could begin working in the backyard garden plot.

After a kind neighbor came over with his power tiller and broke up the ground for me, I went to the Farm and Garden Store and bought enough plants and seeds for 40 acres. For weeks I spent every evening in the garden,

planting, watering, fertilizing, hoeing, pulling weeds and just watching. Soon we were eating radishes, lettuce and little green onions. Then came the first few cabbages, squash and cucumbers.

It was at this point that I became convinced: "God never intended for anyone to starve."

It was so easy to grow food. Just throw some seeds into the ground, wait a few weeks, then begin to eat. Why all the talk of world hunger?

But before long, reality struck like lightning. The broccoli plants were beautiful but not edible. Worms bore into the cabbage, which began to rot faster than we could eat it. The sun baked the red clay so hard I couldn't hoe. Busy at other things, I skipped

working the garden. Overnight, weeds hid the plants. My belated attack with the hoe produced blisters on my hands and sunburn on my back, but nothing to show at the county fair.

When good luck finally came along again, we had more tomatoes than we could eat. So did all the neighbors. And beans! Because we could not afford a pressure canner, the beans had to cook for hours. I set the clock alarm and got up in the middle of the night to turn the canner off. Then squash! We picked dozens of them. The freezer compartment could hold only a few.

Canning had to be limited that year because of a shortage of jar lids. We thought the shortage was jars, and bought several dozen only to find we couldn't find lids for them. Of corn on the cob—my favorite food—we had more than plenty. Well, we and the squirrels had plenty. No one had told me that all the corn would ripen in such a short time. We ate corn every day for about three weeks; then it was gone.

By the time harvest was over, I was glad our crops had not been more plentiful. While the frost was on the pumpkin (actually pumpkin was one of the few vegetables we didn't attempt to grow), I began to clear away the debris in preparation for the next spring.

As I burned corn stalks and tomato vines and spread leaves for mulch, I did a little meditating. I still believed that God never intended for anyone to starve, but now I knew also that starvation prevention is anything but easy.

I began to total up my costs. A hoe, a rake, a shovel. What I really needed was a power tiller like the neighbor's. Then there were the packages of seed—and the plants in the little cups. There had been two or three bags of fertilizer, plus a special nutrient for tomatoes. I had been too late to save the cabbage, but I'd waged all-out war on bugs with sprayer and an expensive chemical with stern warnings on the label. Then the jars—lots of jars—and a few lids, freezer boxes and bags. Oh, yes, we just



have to have a freezer if we are going to be serious about this.

If. That was the key. I had not been serious about this. It had been merely a diversion. Our real source of food was my job. I worked in the garden only after



eating a supper supplemented with frozen food, milk, bread, eggs and meat.

It had been so easy because it had been only a game. A game played with the very resources required for the real thing. Factories mass-producing tools. Agricultural chemicals. Gasoline-powered transportation. Handy packets of seeds and plants with germination guaranteed. Electricity to run the stove and the freezer. Even the earth was part of the game. The previous owner had hauled in truck loads of top soil and manure.

No, God never intended for anyone to starve. I know this not because I found gardening to be easy, but because I know God. For the earth to yield its fruit requires hard labor and the expenditure of considerable resources. It was mankind's sin that brought the "sweat of the brow" situation upon us all, and it is mankind's selfishness and neglect that keeps distribution of the resources so uneven.

I recommend simple gardening as a means of identifying with the world's hungry people. The African tribesman in the parched sub-Sahara has no neighbor with a tiller, no Farm and Garden Store on the corner, no hose that attaches to a city water line. He may only have *us*. But I still say God never intended for him to be hungry. When you're on your knees placing seed in the ground, remember your brother doing the same thing on the other side of the same earth. But remember that to him it is no game. □

QUESTIONS PEOPLE ASK

Why does World Vision work in a Communist nation like Kampuchea?

World Vision has always worked to alleviate human suffering around the world, regardless of race, religion or political affiliation. World Vision was heavily involved in assisting Kampuchea before the Khmer Rouge takeover in 1975. We have a deep respect and concern for the Kampuchians, who have been caught between political maneuvers. Although it is not our policy to work directly with a government, we have made an exception in this case because it is the only way we can help these suffering people. We will continue this aid as long as we can do so without compromising our organization's integrity. Our presence in Kampuchea is a strong source of encouragement to the Christians who have lived through a half-decade nightmare.

Dave Toycen

Director, International Communications

Why does World Vision use expensive promotional methods and materials? Are World Vision's fund-raising costs high?

We recognize that our television programs, films, brochures and other materials must compete for attention against many commercial efforts. So, to alert our friends to the many aspects of our ministry, we believe it is important to produce promotional materials that are attractive and effective. However, that does not always mean expensive. To produce quality TV productions and to air the programs in good time periods does cost money. However, in terms of the large number of people it reaches, it is one of the most inexpensive means available to us.

Obviously, some promotional programs are more effective than others. We keep track of all program costs and incomes. Those that are

not cost-effective are either changed or eliminated. Also, we do about 98 percent of our own printing and mailing, to reduce costs. As a result, World Vision has succeeded in keeping its fund-raising costs consistently low—just 11.9 percent in 1979.

Marty Lonsdale

Director, Mass Media Programs

After reading your February magazine my wife and I feel moved to ask just how we can get more involved in dealing with the hunger problems so many people face today. What avenues of volunteer service are available?

World Vision has a staff of volunteers who are "on call" to assist us in a variety of work situations at our California headquarters, ranging from clerical work to a multitude of special projects. Individuals from virtually every age group and from many walks of life have assisted us in our ministry. The need for volunteers extends to our five U.S. area offices also.

Anyone interested in doing volunteer work for World Vision should contact our church relations office at 919 W. Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016. Our phone number is (213) 357-7979, extension 323.

Rory Starks

*Program Administrator
Church Relations Department*



Toycen

Lonsdale

Starks

Send your question on any aspect of World Vision ministry to the editors of WORLD VISION magazine, 919 W. Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016.



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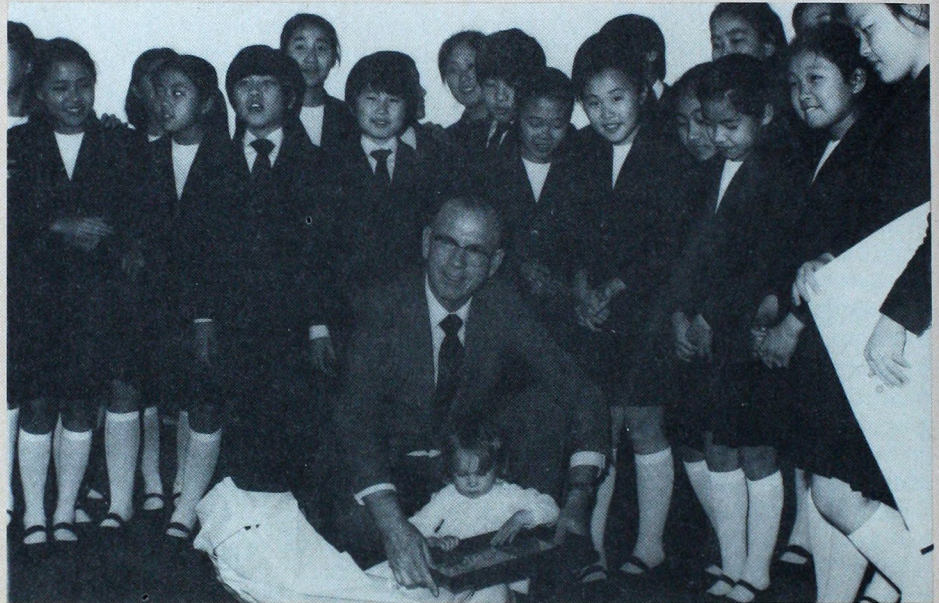
Korean choir in Los Angeles

On a clear and sunny California afternoon, members of the World Vision Korean Children's Choir were guests of senior Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors member Kenneth Hahn, who gave the young musical ambassadors a County certificate of appreciation (along with a decidedly un-Korean lunch of hamburgers and french fries)

for their musical visit to the County headquarters.

Also enjoying the visit was Supervisor Hahn's 18-month-old granddaughter, Katy.

Hahn, who has served on the County board longer than anyone else in Los Angeles history (1952 to present), is a brother of George Hahn, WorldVision's official tour host.



Hahn, Katy and Choir members in Los Angeles County building

Fire strikes refugee camps

When fire drove 20,000 Laotians from the Nong Khai refugee camp in Thailand, World Vision was able to help with 2000 blankets, 2000 mosquito nets, 3000 cooking pots, 1000 sarongs, and other items such as baby blankets and soap. Also helping were Tear Fund of England, Food for the Hungry, the Christian & Missionary Alliance and Catholic Relief Services.



MacDonald



Lazarian



Hestenes

New board members

A pastor, a businessman and a seminary professor have been named to the U.S. board of directors of World Vision. The appointments were announced recently by board chairman Dr. Richard C. Halverson.

The Rev. Gordon MacDonald is pastor of Grace Chapel, Lexington, Massa-

chusetts, and an adjunct professor at Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary. He has traveled widely in Africa, Asia, Europe and Latin America. Married and the father of two, he is also a book author and a frequent contributor to Christian and secular periodicals.

Mr. Stephan Lazarian, owner and president of Essco Electric Service and Supply Co., Pasadena, California, is an active layman at Lake Avenue Congregational Church, where he currently

serves as building committee chairman. He is married and the father of five.

The Rev. Roberta Hestenes, an associate minister at La Canada Presbyterian Church, La Canada, California, is also a faculty member and doctoral candidate at Fuller Theological Seminary. Married and the mother of three, she serves on the Social Action Committee of the National Association of Evangelicals.

Stockpile for El Salvador

The unstable political situation in El Salvador has prompted World Vision's Latin America regional staff to establish a stockpile of emergency provisions in neighboring Guatemala. A grant of \$45,000 has been approved for the purchase and storage of 8100 gallons of vegetable oil, 30 tons of beans and 15 tons of powdered milk.



Kamaleson



Perkins



Samuelson

member, was honored by the Mississippi Religious Leadership Conference for his work in race relations and with the poor through Voice of Calvary, of which he is founder and president.

Builder Jack Samuelson received plaques for himself and his brother Bob in appreciation for the company's non-profit construction of offices in Monrovia for World Vision's entire Creative Resources division.

Thailand border update

The situation in refugee camps along Thailand's Kampuchean border has shown a dramatic improvement since the mass influx of refugees began last October. Dean Sexton, World Vision's Thailand director, reported that the real emergency needs were met by the end of 1979. Now many agencies are there to help, and the movement of refugees is being handled in a much more orderly manner. New arrivals at the camps have clearly benefited from border feeding and health programs.

In January, the total Kampuchean refugee population was reported to be 137,000. The number of hospital patients at the Sa Kaew camp was decreasing. Active Christian witness is evident in some of the camps, often initiated by Christians who themselves are refugees.

Urban ministry congress

Dr. Sam Wilson, associate director of MARC ministries, is among the program participants for the Congress on Urban Ministries which will draw American and Canadian urban church leaders to Chicago, April 24-26. The event is sponsored by SCUPE (Seminary Consortium for Urban Pastoral Education), a cooperative extension of eight evangelical seminaries.

ECFA membership grows

In its first year of existence, the Evangelical Council for Financial Accountability (ECFA) has approved for membership 45 nonprofit organizations whose practices of financial disclosure meet the Council's standards. The self-

regulatory group turned down six applications and provided the affected organizations with suggestions for change in order that they may later qualify.

ECFA Executive Director Olan Hendrix estimates that by the end of 1980, several hundred organizations will have begun displaying the ECFA seal of approval in fund-raising appeals. (See seal on page 2 of this magazine.)

World Vision's Ted W. Engstrom is chairman of ECFA's board of directors.

Bibles recycled

World Vision headquarters employees recently gave 150 of their personal Bibles and Testaments to Bill Considine (programmer/analyst in the systems development department) to send to English-reading persons in countries where severe Bible shortages exist. Bill is also encouraging local churches to contribute good used Bibles for this purpose. They should be sent postpaid to World Home Bible League, 16801 Van Dam Road, South Holland, IL 60437.



Juan Talion, Paul Van Oss and Dr. T. N. Chander (left to right) prepare to board cargo flight from Singapore to Phnom Penh.

Arcadia to Kampuchea

Members of Arcadia Presbyterian Church in Arcadia, California, contributed over \$29,000 to World Vision for a shipment of vital supplies to Kampuchea. Materials flown to Phnom Penh from Singapore included: 9 boat motors (for the fishing industry), 25 boat spare parts, 600 pounds of vegetable seeds, 2 electric welders, 500 pounds of sugar and 2000 pounds of milk powder. The sugar and milk powder were delivered to two orphanages in the Phnom Penh area. Accompanying the shipment was World Vision's director of communications, Paul Van Oss, who is also chairman of the church's mission committee.

Recognitions

Dr. Sam Kamaleson, World Vision's vice-president at large, was named "evangelist of the year" by the Association of United Methodist Evangelists.

John Perkins, World Vision board

Please pray for:

- **the Asheninca** tribal people of Peru. Pray for efforts to assist them in agriculture, education and health care.
- **medical personnel** in Kampuchea who will be operating World Vision's reopened hospital.
- **urban ministry leaders** who will be conferring in Chicago this month.
- **refugees in Somalia** badly in need of attention.

1980 SPONSOR TOUR

You can see missions in action!
The 1980 World Vision Sponsor "Tour with a Purpose" is scheduled for August 4-21, 1980.

The tour will visit many unique facets of World Vision ministries in Mexico, Guatemala, Ecuador, Colombia and Haiti.

For complete information and a tour brochure, please write Mr. George Hahn, Tour Director, P.O. Box O, Pasadena, California 91109.

Globe at a glance

NEWS BRIEFS FOR YOUR INFORMATION AND INTERCESSION

East Africa's Somalia now has the largest refugee concentration of any nation in the world, with thousands pouring in daily from Ethiopia's Ogaden province and elsewhere. While fighting continues between Ethiopian forces and Somali nomads, the refugee population in Somalia has reached 1.2 million. Ninety percent of them are women and children; the men remain behind in the Ogaden to fight. The UN High Commission for Refugees is stepping up aid to the refugees.

Refugees from Soviet-occupied Afghanistan are streaming into Pakistan through the Khyber Pass, reports Loel Callahan, Pakistan director of Church World Service (CWS). Callahan says that 500,000 Afghan refugees are already registered with the Pakistani government. CWS, the relief arm of the National Council of Churches, sent 90,000 pounds of blankets, clothing and medicine to Pakistan in January for refugees there.

Nearly 350,000 Jews immigrated to Israel in the 1970s, with 45 percent of them coming from the Soviet Union and 13 percent coming from North America. The Central Bureau of Statistics says that Israel's population increased during the decade by 900,000, for a total of 3.8 million.

Illegal aliens in the United States number fewer than five million, according to a new Census Bureau report, rather than 8-12 million as previously believed. Also contrary to popular opinion, less than half of the aliens are from Mexico. More likely to be here without authorization, says the report, are persons from such places as Europe, South America and the Philippines who stay on American soil after their visas expire.

Translations of at least one book of the Bible had been published in 1685 languages by the end of 1979, according to the American Bible Society. Showing an increase of 26 languages over the 1978 count, the total included new translations in six languages of Papua New Guinea, four of Nigeria, three of Mexico, three of Ethiopia and two of the Soviet Union. The complete Bible has been published in 273 languages, Testaments in 472 more, other portions in 940.

Pacifists may not withhold tax money that is used for military spending, ruled the U.S. Supreme Court in support of lower court decisions. Attorneys for three pacifists involved in the case argued that "the teaching of Jesus... mandates that a Christian cannot kill another person for any reason" and that this "includes the refusal to pay for killing, in the form of taxes for war."

Argentina is the worst human-rights violator in Latin America, according to a report by the Council of Hemispheric Affairs (COHA). While "disappearances" of people have declined, says COHA, no effort has been made to account for the fate of 15,000 people thought to have been arrested—and

probably killed—by the military government since 1976. The council said that several nations are guilty of similar crimes.

The tiny Samaritan community in Israel has announced plans to establish an institute for Samaritan studies in Holon, a suburb of Tel Aviv. Only 500 adherents remain in the sect that once claimed a million members. Half of them live in Holon; the other half live on the slopes of Mt. Gerizim, which they still believe to be God's true dwelling place (as in John 4:20-26).

Overseas Christians concerned for the imprisoned have prompted Prison Fellowship, the ministry headed by Charles Colson, to form an international organization. Prison Fellowship International will be a catalyst in the formation of new groups of Christians ministering to the imprisoned, and a help to groups on four continents asking for assistance.

Zero population growth is the announced 20-year goal of China, which currently has 960 million people. Economic rewards will go to couples with only one child, and heavy taxes will be imposed on couples with more than two.

Over 7000 pacemakers have been donated to Missionary Assistance Programs (MAP) International for distribution among heart patients in developing nations. Third World doctors have occasionally asked for the pacemakers, says Ken Konig, MAP director of corporate relations. But the high cost—as much as \$2400 per device—has probably stopped many doctors from even asking. The Christian agency is now expecting an increase in requests.

A deadlock between rich and poor nations occurred recently at a United Nations conference on industrializing the Third World. A resolution proposed by a coalition of developing nations and supported by Communist countries called upon the rich nations of the West to hand over \$300 billion by the year 2000. Among Western leaders rejecting the declaration, U.S. Ambassador John McDonald said it unfairly blamed the West "for all the evils of the world."

Most Indochinese refugees in the United States live "in marginal circumstances," according to a recent government study. They speak little English, are trapped in the secondary job market or on welfare, and live in overcrowded, ghetto-like housing. The study expresses concern that refugee assistance may further deteriorate under the strain of increased immigration quotas.

Among the detente projects stalled by the souring of relations between the United States and the Soviet Union, is a joint textbook revision effort to correct historical distortions each of the superpowers has perpetrated on the other.

United we fall

From an early perspective in this election year, it seems that politics stands a good chance of replacing inerrancy as the issue most likely to divide evangelicals in 1980.

The fact that this is the year we elect a President has something to do with it. But what has more to do with it is that evangelicals, who are growing in numbers and strength to majority status, are sensing their clout. Television and other media have provided loyal and massive audiences for a number of Christian leaders. The names of some have become household words. There appears to be an increasing feeling that it would be a shame not to use just a little of all that accumulated visibility and influence for political purposes.

The strange thing about this is that less than two decades ago religious conservatives were scathingly critical of religious liberals who were political activists. Public pronouncements by clergymen, denominations and ecumenical committees were regularly denounced and disowned. When the "liberal" National Council of Churches issued a statement with political overtones—as it frequently did—embarrassed conservatives in and out of the Council's constituency rushed to say, "They don't speak for me!"

Now one wonders if evangelicals are little more than liberals-come-lately.

Political power has long been recognized as a seductive secular temptation. It also must be seen as a seductive religious temptation. It requires no biblical language expert to paraphrase into our modern evangelical mood the words of Israel in 1 Samuel 8:19-20: "We will have a king over us, that we also may be like all nations." Simply substitute "President . . . congressman . . . senator . . . governor" for "king," and translate "all the nations" into "power blocs."

I sense that is the mood of some of my fellow evangelicals in 1980, and it scares the daylights out of me. The Israelites discovered, after they got what they wanted, that power, even with anointed beginnings, has an unfortunate way of turning in upon and magnifying itself. I see little to convince me that evangelical power—past or present—is less immune to that kind of misuse than any other kind of power.

Failure to adopt a hard-line political position—right or left—and to mobilize behind the appropriate party or candidate seems to have become the evangelical cardinal sin. I know I already have alienated friends on both sides by declining invitations to endorse their respective positions. It is no longer enough, I have learned, to support a candidate who is simply a Christian. He or she must also carry the

appropriate modifier of "liberal" or "conservative."

Fragmentation is sure to occur as support of a particular political position or candidate becomes more the litmus test of Christian authenticity than the Apostles' Creed. Surely Jesus' prayer for His disciples and for us that we might all be one did not necessarily mean pulling the same voting machine lever.

There is a subtle but real danger in this grasp for Christian power and influence, not only for those of us who are being pushed but for those doing the pushing (and who, presumably earn prestige credits and maybe more if their candidate wins). During Jesus' temptation in the wilderness, the devil, playing kingmaker, offered "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them." I used to think this temptation to raw power left Jesus cold. But maybe not. Maybe He was tempted to rationalize a positive answer in the same way that some of His followers today can make it all sound so reasonable and right.

One difference between then and now is that Jesus recognized who the tempter was.

I am as scared of an evangelical power bloc as I am of any other. Worldly power in religious hands—Islamic or Christian—has hardened into more than one inquisition. That God has delivered us from the hands of zealous but misguided saints is all that has saved us at times.

Although it is not impossible to harmonize the two in some situations, there is actually a basic conflict between Christian commitment and political power. The strength of faith is in its avalanche of powerlessness, its tidal force of love. If politics is the art of achieving the possible, faith is the art of achieving the impossible. Politics says, "Destroy your enemies." Christian faith says, "Love your enemies." Politics says, "The end justifies the means." Christian faith says, "The means validates the end." Politics says, "The first shall be first." Christian faith says, "The last shall be first."

I plan to vote, and I hope you will. I will vote with care and a sense of responsibility, as I believe you will. That is all that either of us has the right, as Christians, to request of the other.

And when I go to church, I expect to be looking up at the pulpit for pastor, teacher, friend. Not for a ward heeler.

Stan Mooneyham

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