

WORLD VISION[®]

December 1988/January 1989

UNICEF'S JAMES P. GRANT

Making the World Safe for Children

BANGLADESH:

Through Deep Waters

Philip Yancey:

Five Dirty Words

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The Profit Prophet



4 Making the World Safe for Children

Nothing less than a world-wide conversion to the cause of child survival will satisfy UNICEF director James P. Grant. Here's what he's doing about it, and why.

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Pity, charity, condescend, patronizing and paternalism: they used to be good words. Noted author Philip Yancey explains their fall from grace.

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Bangladesh's devastating flood waters have receded, but the worst may lie ahead as disease and malnutrition spread across the nation. And it could all happen again.

19 The Profit Prophet

He makes money hand over fist and has a 33rd-floor office in downtown Chicago. He could be living in a penthouse, eating lobster for lunch, and driving a BMW. But he isn't. Why?

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Responding to UNICEF's worldwide challenge to governments and private organizations, World Vision in 1987 made Child Survival and Beyond one of its top priorities. A three-year goal was set for the immunization of 6 million children in project communities.

Today, one year later, World Vision operates 11 major child survival projects: eight in Africa, one in the Caribbean and two in Asia.

Thousands of lives have been saved. Yet the need remains overwhelming; we've only just begun.

Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

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DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

COVER PHOTO: ROBERT HERKO

NO PLACE TO GO

The Christmas season is upon us once more. The celebration of the birth of the Christ Child, with all of its ramifications, will be the focus of our attention in the next few weeks. We will have the opportunity to reflect again on that moment that changed history forever. It's as if God is giving us one more chance to get it all right, to truly understand what he had in mind with his rather unique introduction of the "Word made flesh."

For starters, I think that we should be somewhat concerned over the way we have romanticized the story of pregnant Mary and crowded Bethlehem. The fears and uncertainties, pain and suffering of that historic night often get lost in what has become a cozy manger scene, replete with clean animals, soft straw, gentle shepherds, soothing angel voices and no barn smells.

Joseph certainly would have set us straight. He would have been the first to tell us that this was no ordinary situation. His wife was pregnant and he hadn't even been the first to know! His first marital responsibility was to call ahead for a room. This hadn't gone well either and, as Mary labored to give birth, Joseph must have felt something like an irrelevant afterthought.

Recently I met another pregnant woman in an environment that will never be overly romanticized. She is Mozambican, and upon arriving at a crowded refugee camp, also found that there was "no room in the inn." She literally had no place to go.

This was a woman on the run from a war that was not of her making, but a war that had the potential to destroy her and her family.

I met her in a camp for the *deslocados*, those disinherited from their lands and now displaced by the savage war raging throughout Mozambique. She already had five children, four of whom had been "farmed out" wherever help was found. She carried one child on her back, obviously too small for anyone except Mom. The only relevant fact about her husband was that he was gone. She was pregnant and alone, humbled by the desperate nature of a tenuous existence.

There is little to romanticize in Mozambique, one of the poorest countries of the world. This is a country that also has one of the largest refugee populations, and certainly the fastest-growing. This woman is one of many who seem to have exchanged dignity for dependence somewhere along the way. She is a late arrival, a new addition and, without a husband, she is immediately one of the least important.

There is no shelter and no one to make one for

her. She is given a "space," a ten foot by ten foot piece of ground. This is where she sleeps, with her child, outdoors.

Her possessions include three small cooking utensils and the clothes on her back. Most of life's supports and all of life's comforts have been taken away. She is cautious, scared, solemn. Life is very tenuous, a fact she understands all too well.

This woman represents the vulnerability of Mozambique. Hopes and dreams are extremely fragile in the massive trauma of the moment. The country cannot solve its own problems. Within the country, there's no place for her to go to be safe. And as a vulnerable woman, carrying vulnerable life both on her back and in her womb, desperately poor, all alone and much afraid, she needs our help. Very simply, she will not be able to survive without support—food, shelter, clothing, medical aid.

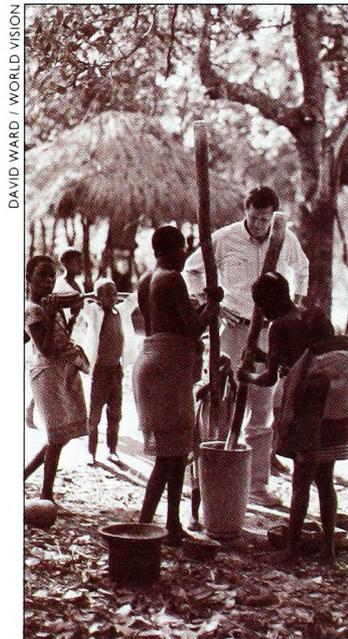
But in an eternal sense she also needs a place to go. She needs to know the voice of the One who

said, "Come unto me, all ye who are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She needs to feel the love of the One born outside of Bethlehem's inns, the One who identified with the poor and the oppressed of the world, the One who offers eternal hope for those with no place to go.

I don't think that we can truly relate to this Mozambican woman, identifying with

her need and responding to both the physical and the spiritual voids that exist in her life, without first responding to the Christ of Christmas. On that day, power was exchanged for love, a love that makes each one of us significant and special, a love that obligates us one toward another, a love that will be reunited with power when Christ comes again, giving each one of us who trust in him a place to go. □

Bob Seiple observes Mozambican deslocados pounding relief grain into flour.

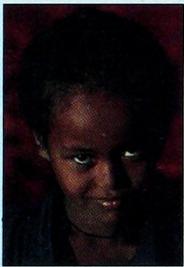


DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

BY BETH SPRING

UNICEF'S *James P. Grant* MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR CHILDREN

DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION



James P. Grant reaches into his pocket and fishes out a small packet full of a whitish, powdery substance. He always carries one with him.

Drugs? Hardly. But quite possibly the most potent formula in the world. It's a simple mixture of salt and sugar. Add it to clean water, and a few glasses full will prevent a child with diarrhea from dying of dehydration. Every day some 7,000 kids in the world die from diarrhea.

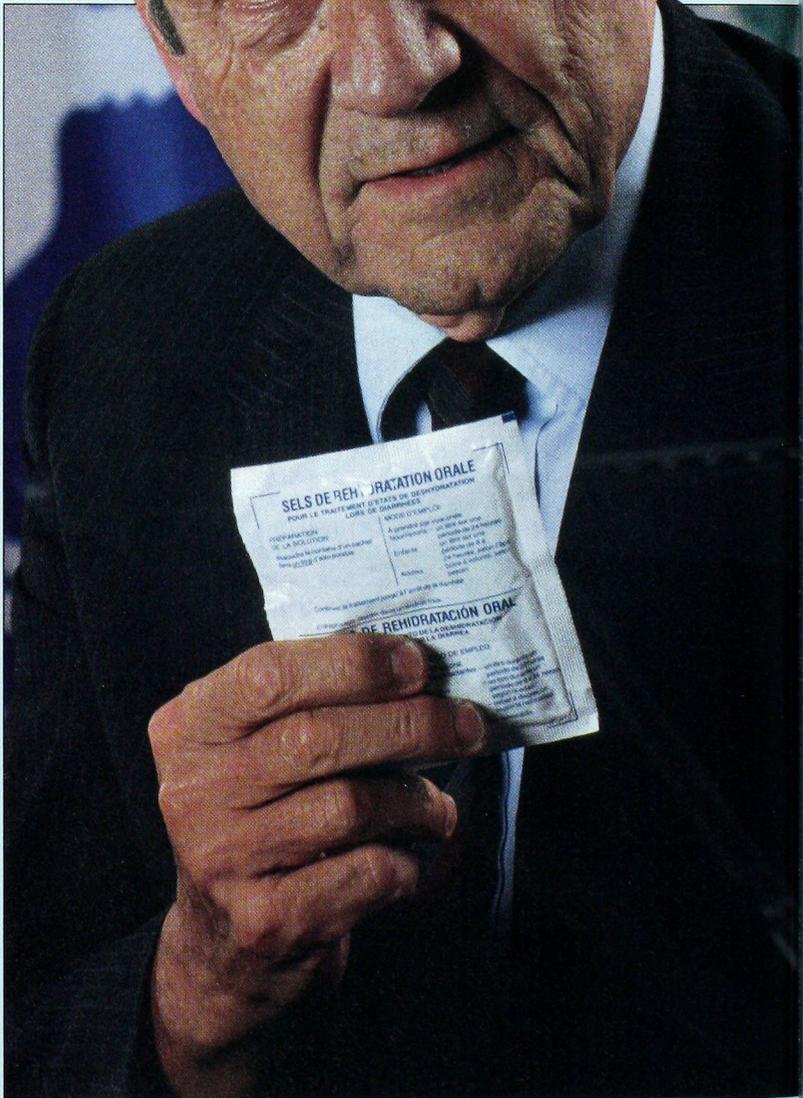
The executive director of the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) will try just about anything to get this stuff into the right hands. His dream is to see the priorities of the world shift so that preventable child deaths are simply no longer tolerated.

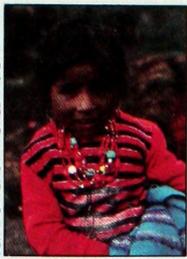
"When push comes to shove," he says, "it's women and children last, not first. We can turn that around now, if only we make up our minds to do it."

James Grant made up his mind to tackle world poverty before he turned 15. But then, it tended to run in the family.

If there were a "Who's Who in

ROBERT HERKO





Public Health," the Grant family would almost need a chapter of its own. James Grant's grandfather, sent out in 1888 by the University of Michigan and the Baptist

Foreign Mission Alliance, established China's first teaching hospital. He was a medical missionary not just because of the support system it offered, but "because he had a very strong feeling of accountability to God," says his grandson.

John B. Grant, James' father, took the torch and ran with it. He was one of the first master's degree graduates in the fledgling field of public health at Johns Hopkins University. Supported by the Rockefeller Foundation, John Grant's pioneering work in primary and preventive health care included setting up the first school of public health in China and the first in India.

Along the way, John Grant became absolutely convinced that even the pressing health needs in developing nations were overshadowed by the need for income and literacy. "He was the one," says James Grant, "who pushed me in the direction of economics and politics."

So Grant majored in economics. He returned to Asia—China and Burma—during World War II. Then he earned a Harvard law degree and went off to South Asia to work for U.S. aid programs.

By the time he sat behind the executive director's desk in UNICEF House, Grant had worked in the State Department, the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID) and its predecessor, and had headed the Overseas Development Council for 10 years.

If you wanted to follow the history of modern relief and development, Grant points out, those three generations of his family wouldn't be a bad case study. "The first international development was the work of Christian missions, and they remain a significant force. Then it spread to humanitarian groups such as the Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations. Then, after World War II, the government got involved. For a while, we all thought government would take over the job."

Grant, for one, is glad they were wrong. What the last 10 years have shown, he says, is the vital importance of interaction between government and private-sector humanitarians. It's the non-governmental organizations which

have pioneered most of the new approaches, such as those encouraging people's "ownership" and participation in their own development process.

And, Grant points out, it's the private bodies that keep pressure on the government to value people over politics.

People over politics. And above all, children. That has been the thrust of James Grant's campaign for child survival. He doesn't care how people get the message, as long as they get it.

In El Salvador, for example, it took some grim statistics. In 1984 it was discovered that more children had died that year for lack of 50 cents' worth of vaccine than everybody killed in all the fighting. So sobering was the realization that leaders on both sides of the fighting declared "three days of tranquility," each a month apart, to allow for the necessary vaccination series. It began in 1985 and has continued each year since.

Grant says leaders in Lebanon and Afghanistan picked up on the idea too. "It set a precedent that children are entitled to special measures even though their parents may be at great odds with one another."

In a world where Coca Cola has penetrated remote frontiers, James Grant's UNICEF has no qualms about using Madison Avenue to reach parents of children at risk. In countries at peace, the UNICEF message often rivals brand-name advertising. One of Grant's favorite examples is a 15-second Brazilian television spot featuring soccer superstar Pele. His mother looks up at him, her arm around him, and says, "Of course, he was a breastfed baby."

And then there are the countries, like Colombia, South America, where virtually every sector of society lines up for a blitzkrieg on child illness. Then-President Betancur himself showed up at an immunization site, took syringe in hand and gave child survival publicity a big shot in the arm. More than 10,000 radio spots aired over the course of a few months. Colombia's schoolteachers, Rotarians and political parties all threw their weight behind the campaign. Catholic priests giving premarital counseling began to discuss parental responsibility for the health of children. And every high school graduate now must log 100 hours as a "Health Scout": 20 hours of training and 80 hours of service.

It's stories like

these that keep James Grant going. UNICEF's child survival agenda faces steep uphill battles against the enormous daily death toll. Preventing child deaths is an uncertain business, highly vulnerable to political whims and natural disasters.

"It's a steady three steps forward and one step back," he says. "If I ever feel discouraged, I just think back to where we were 40 years ago. In 1950 there were 70,000 children dying every day. Now we have more children, and the death toll is down to 38,000. We're quite confident that by 1990, we'll get it down to 33,000."

Three steps forward, one step back. Seven thousand children continue to die daily from diarrhea because oral rehydration packets are not universally available, nor does everyone know how to use them. But Grant prefers to look at it this way: "In 1980, less than one percent of mothers knew about oral rehydration therapy and were using it. Today, the number is more than 20 percent. There are 600,000 children

who did not die last year because of this."

Grant is trying for nothing less than a world-scale conversion to the cause of child survival.

"I can remember a time," he says, "when empires and colonialism were assumed to be permanent. By the late 1940s and early 1950s, this had changed. We've had the same sort of 'conversion' about the environment, about civil rights in the U.S., about women."

Tomorrow's task, he says, is to build a committed constituency for development. Getting American young people out into "the field" in developing countries is essential for creating a lifelong reserve corps of globally aware people who give money, volunteer their time and lobby for better development assistance. Grant credits the Peace Corps and groups such as World Vision and Save the Children with offering some of these essential opportunities to young people.

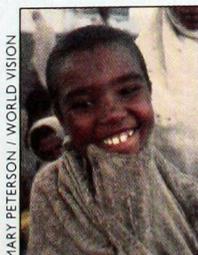
And the next generation of Grants? James Grant's eldest son works for USAID in India. Another pursues research at a university in Iowa. The third assists with the establishment of small business enterprises in developing countries.

It must run in the family. □

Beth Spring is a free-lance writer living in McLean, Va.



SEAN SPRAGUE / UNICEF



MARY PETERSON / WORLD VISION

BY JAMES P. GRANT
Executive director, UNICEF

approximately 4.5 million young lives each year—12,000 a day.

But in the last five years, as the child survival and development revolution has gained momentum, look at what's happened. Twenty-five developing countries now have a coverage level better than that of the United States just 10 years ago: at least 80 percent of children under 1 are protected against all six leading child-killing and -crippling diseases (measles, polio, tetanus, diphtheria, whooping cough and tuberculosis.)

More than 100 nations are accelerating their immunization programs toward the United Nations goal of universal coverage by 1990. As of August 1987, global coverage had risen to around 50 percent.

There is similar progress to report in the spread of oral rehydration therapy (ORT). That's the remarkably simple salt-and-sugar solution which counters the dehydration associated with diarrheal disease—still the greatest

There are two ways a country can show more attention to its children, its hope for the future. One way is to start from the top—if the leader of a country understands that a future built on sickly, disabled, stunted children is a house of cards. That leader—like former President Betancur of Colombia or President Soeharto of Indonesia—takes the lead, asserts the national priority, re-allocates the national budget and mobilizes the nation to protect and nurture its children and families.

The other way is to start from below, with those who are not in power but who are most affected by the problem. This is the path of the great progressive movements of modern history: for the abolition of slavery; for the enfranchisement of women; for the end of colonial empires; for the extension of civil rights to people of color; and for



ROBERT HERKO

WHY WE'RE TALKING

REVOLUTION

In 1982, UNICEF started talking revolution. We talked about "New Hope in Dark Times." We talked about the possibility of a virtual revolution in child survival and development.

Our proposition was simple: that the annual toll of some 15 million child deaths could be halved—*halved*—within 10-15 years. Tapping into today's new communications capacity, nations could for the first time reach most families with the knowledge of low-cost, life-saving techniques.

We said it could be accomplished at low financial cost even in economically difficult times—if only governments and national leaders could marshal the political will to try.

As the decade opened, immunization coverage of children in the developing world was less than 10 percent. Vaccine-preventable diseases claimed

killer of children in the modern world. As this decade started, less than three percent of the world's parents knew about and knew how to use ORT, which had been "invented" in the late 1960s. Today, the World Health Organization estimates that the parents of about half of the children under 5 have access to the therapy, including access to a trained health worker who can demonstrate its proper use.

Lives are being saved—to the tune of 6,000 a day—by these two techniques alone. Disabilities are being prevented on a comparable scale. This is the bottom line of the child survival and development revolution.

Surprisingly, saving children's lives has been associated with reduced population growth in many countries. As parents become more confident that they do, in fact, have some power to affect the health of their children, and as they become more confident that their children will survive, they are more willing to limit family size. As we look toward the end of the century, strange as it may seem, one of the principal means of slowing population growth will be to dramatically reduce child mortality rates.

the protection of the environment.

This path begins with people, like those involved in World Vision, who are taking a strong stance against apartheid and for child survival and for Third-World development, who find the poorest people in the world and work with them intelligently and compassionately. Gradually, ever so gradually, you are joined by more people, and then by more organizations, institutions and voices of authority and influence. And the movement grows. A "grand alliance" for children is emerging, and an increasingly great chorus can be heard.

The main task we share in this grand alliance—that of bridging the gap between health knowledge and those who need to know—has become more feasible in recent months with the release of *Facts for Life*. This milestone publication contains the most important information now available to help parents protect their children. It is knowledge on which there is worldwide scientific consensus; knowledge on which most parents can act; and knowledge which has the potential to drastically reduce child deaths and child malnutrition. It is therefore knowledge which rightfully belongs to all families everywhere.

Facts for Life packages this knowledge in easily understood messages about 10 topics: safe motherhood, breast-feeding, immunization, respiratory infections, malaria, diarrhea, AIDS, birth spacing, promoting child growth and home hygiene.

Although the ultimate recipients are the families who actually need the knowledge, we first need to get it into the hands of the communicators—the

teachers, broadcasters, health workers, local leaders—people who can help put the knowledge at the disposal of parents.

A century ago all this would have been unthinkable. Not just because of technical difficulties, but because children had long been considered the virtually disposable property of their parents. So drastically had the climate shifted by 1924 that the Geneva Declaration could state with assurance: "The

child deserves the best mankind has to give."

Since that watershed declaration, over 80 declarations, covenants and other documents have upheld children's basic rights. But what's been missing, until now, is a statement which holds the whole world accountable to the same standards. The nearly complete "Convention on the Rights of the Child" fills the bill. It would legally bind all endorsing nations to provide for their children, among other things:

- primary health care
- adequate nutritious foods and clean drinking water

GOD HEARS A CHILD'S CRY

BY TOM HOUSTON

"It is never the will of your Father in heaven that a single one of these little ones should be lost."

Jesus said this and meant it. I listened to four Imams, or Muslim priests, say something similar to parents in a five-minute television spot produced by World Vision in Mauritania, West Africa. They urged the audience to see that their children got the help that child survival provides "in order that they might have the health that it is the will of God for them to have."

There is something basic in the thought that children, who are the gift of God, should live and reach their potential.

Yet life is not always lived that way. The way people live often puts their children at risk.

It happened to Ishmael. His mother, Hagar, was driven out into the desert by the jealousy of Sarah, the mother of his half-brother Isaac. When the water was all gone, Hagar left the child under a bush and sat down herself about a hundred yards away. She said to herself, "I can't bear to see my child die."

While she was sitting there, the boy began to cry. God spoke to Hagar. "Don't be afraid. God has heard the boy crying. Get up, go and pick him up and comfort him. I will make a great nation out of his descendants." Then God

opened her eyes and she saw a well. She went and filled the leather bag with water and gave some to the boy. God was with the boy as he grew up.

It happened to Moses. Pharaoh,

afraid of the population growth of a minority people, was trying to have all the Hebrew boys drowned in the Nile. Moses' mother and sister complied with the cruel regulation and put him in the Nile, but in a basket and near where Pharaoh's own daughter came to bathe. She rescued the baby and Moses survived to be the deliverer of the nation of Israel, its lawgiver and guide through the desert of Sinai.

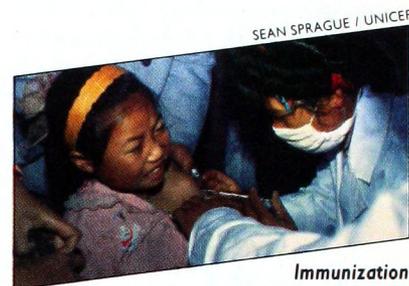
It happened to Jesus himself. Herod the Great was bent on massacre to prevent any rival growing up who would be a threat to his own dynasty. All the children under 2 around Bethlehem were put to the sword. Joseph and Mary, warned by God in a dream, escaped to Egypt until the peril was over. Jesus survived to become the Savior of the world—and the one who said that it never was the will of the Father in heaven that a single one of these little ones should be lost.

Who is better able to get involved in child survival than the Christian churches? They have the means of social mobilization which James Grant of UNICEF understands to be so important. They are in most communities. They have the reason for which the child should survive—to fulfill God-given potential. And they know the source of the dignity of the child—likeness to the Creator.

What will the parents of a community feel for those who give them their children back from death? This was a mark of Jesus that showed him to be the Messiah. He gave Jairus back his daughter. He gave the widow of Nain back her son.

It was the way the Master went. Should not the servants tread it still? □

Tom Houston is president of World Vision International.



SEAN SPRAGUE / UNICEF
Immunization reaches children in a remote Chinese village.

- information and support for parents in basic child health, sanitation and accident prevention.

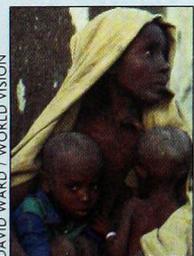
The convention won't be adopted automatically. People who care about the well-being of children will need to speak out, both for its adoption by the U.N. General Assembly and its ratification by individual nations.

The child survival and development revolution has created a hallway of open doors. The most important new opening for children is the simplest of all: the opportunity to develop as healthy individuals. But look beyond the door of good health.

The child survival approach empowers parents to control important events in their lives. It relieves much of the strain—emotional, financial, time-consuming—of dealing with recurring child illness and death. On another, more profound level, it affects the very sense of self. It does so because it rests upon one central belief: that people can and ought to be enabled to take far greater care of themselves.

Poised at the threshold of a new decade which itself stands at the brink of a new millennium, the legacy of our era is ours to define. It is a moment of opportunity, with the potential for immense breakthroughs which only a short time ago seemed out of reach.

It is a revolution in which we all have a stake. □



DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

BY PHILIP YANCEY

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO

CHAR

M

y wife, Janet, directs a senior citizens' program in one of Chicago's poorest neighborhoods. After one exhausting day, besieged by whiny, insistent demands for ever more help, Janet came across this quote: "The poor express their gratitude not by saying thanks but by asking for more." The quote, she said, proved strangely comforting.

That got me thinking about how difficult it is to give to people without somehow undermining their sense of dignity. The poor fail to express their gratitude mainly because of shame—shame over their need for help in the first place. Instinctively my reflections turned toward individual words, and before long I had a list of polluted words, each of which began as a beautiful expression of giving. Such words litter the English language; taken together, they offer a strong warning about the dangers inherent in giving and receiving.

I T

PITY

Deriving from the same root as "piety" and "pious," this word once denoted a high form of sacrificial love. God, a perfect being without needs, nevertheless chose to give of himself to his creatures. He had pity on needy people, such as the Israelites in bondage to Egypt; and, in the New Testament, Jesus was often moved with pity. Those who mimicked him—the rich having "pity" on the poor, for example—thus expressed God-like qualities.

That was the older meaning, at least. Eventually the emphasis shifted from the givers of pity to the recipients, who were seen as weak and inferior. Now we hear the taunt, "I don't want your pity!" One who shows pity is condescending, even unloving—the word has nearly reversed its meaning.

CHARITY

The IRS still recognizes the inherent goodness of this word (they grant tax exemptions to "charitable" organizations), but surely it too has lost some luster. Check 1 Corinthians 13 in the King James version of 1611 and you'll find "charity" used for the Greek *agape*, the most exalted form of human love. There, charity is rendered as patient, kind, forgiving, humble; it never fails to discern the best in people. But now no one wants to be a charity case; we accept charity only in desperation, as a last resort.

FIVE WORDS THAT HAVE FALLEN FROM GRACE



CONDESCEND

I read the entire Bible as a step-by-step history of God's condescensions. To Adam in the garden, to Moses in the burning bush, to the Israelites in the glory cloud, and finally to all of us in the person of Jesus Christ, God con-

descended, or "descended-to-be-with" us. A true Christian follows that example, as the apostle Paul clearly outlined: "Your attitude should be the same as that of Christ Jesus: Who, being in the very nature God, did not consider equality with God something to be grasped, but made himself nothing, taking the very nature of a servant, being made in human likeness. (Phil. 2:5-7)

And yet again, over time the word's meaning has leached away. We have lost the art of condescension. Who of us would welcome the remark, "You're so condescending!"?

PATRONIZING

I have a special fondness for this word, for artists, musicians, and, yes, authors, were once kept free from everyday anxieties about earning a living by the generosity of *patrons*. Nowadays, however, there are few patrons, and fewer still who would want to be called "patronizing." The modern dictionary defines "patronize" as "to behave in an offensively *condescending* manner toward."

PATERNALISM

Another fine word, tainted. The root comes from *pater*, or "father." In older days, a paternalistic person was like a father, caring for the needs of his children; now the image is more like an ugly tyrant who stoops down to his charges, reeking of superiority.

Why have these words changed? Each of them, once honorable and majestic, gradually melted, like a wax statue, into a sad lump barely resembling its former self. The words have changed because we have failed so often and so badly at the difficult task of giving. Perhaps an ancient Chinese proverb expresses it best: "Nothing atones for the insult of a gift but the love of the giver."

World Vision as it administers assistance programs in needy countries, my wife as she ministers one-on-one to senior citizens, I as I confront a beggar on the street outside my home—each of us confronts the vast and perilous gap between the giver and the receiver. Government programs established with the highest of motives often flounder for reasons hinted at by these polluted words. An institution cannot love; only people can love. And, as the proverb says, apart from love, giving becomes an insult.

It would be much easier for us to avoid the needy and hang around self-sufficient people all day. But there's one problem: reaching out to the needy is not an option for the Christian. It's a command. I wrote a book called *Where Is God When It Hurts?* The real answer to that question, the answer I see in the New Testament, is another question: Where is the church when it hurts? We—you, I—are part of the response of God to the massive needs in God's world. We are literally Christ's body.

When Jesus was here in a physical body, he spent time among the poor, the widowed, the paralyzed, even those with dreaded diseases. Leprosy victims, for example—the AIDS patients of ancient times—were required to cry out "Unclean! Unclean!" if anyone approached; but Jesus defied custom by going up to them and touching them. That has been God's consistent movement in all of history.

Apart from love, giving becomes an insult.

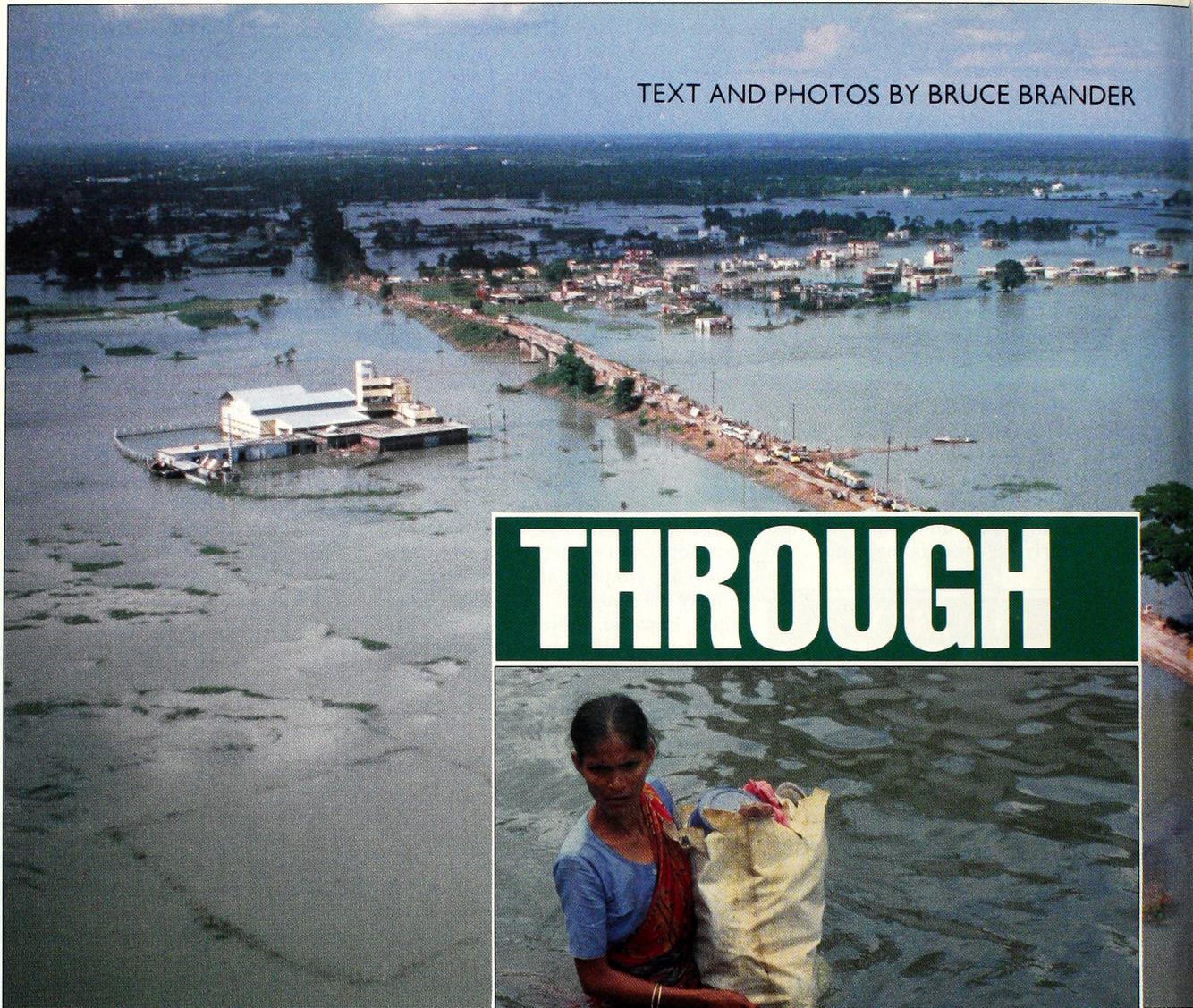
We in the church, God's body on earth, are likewise called to move toward those who suffer. We are, after all, God's means of expressing love to the world. That's why words such as pity and charity were originally religious words.

Can we reclaim these words, or if not the words, then at least the meaning behind them? I take some hope in the fact that all the words in the above list trace back to a kind of theological origin. There is a way to make pity God-like; charity can convey a high form of love; condescension may lead to unity, not separation; a patron may exalt, not demean, his or her subjects; paternalism may, in fact, remind us of our true state as children of a heavenly father.

Indeed, I know of only one way to eliminate the great gap between giver and receiver, and that is a humble recognition that all of us are needy beggars, sustained each moment by the mercy of a sovereign God. Only as we experience God's grace as pure grace, not something we earn or work for, can we offer grace and love with no strings attached, to another person in need. There is but one true giver in the universe; all else are his debtors. □

Philip Yancey is an author and editor-at-large for Christianity Today.

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY BRUCE BRANDER



THROUGH



F. D. HAIDAR / WORLD VISION

DEEP WATERS

The flood washed into Madhupur with a roar. "It was like doomsday," said Abdul Hakim, a 50-year-old schoolteacher. Mud- and bamboo-walled houses collapsed. Thousands of panic-stricken people fled to high ground with their cattle and whatever possessions they could salvage.

There they remained for more than two weeks, with no clean water and little food, without shelter under intermittent rain, sickening with intestinal and respiratory ills.

*The flood has receded,
but Bangladesh remains
awash with problems.*



lion people packed into an area about the size of Wisconsin. It also is one of the poorest. Half of the people are landless peasants and a greater number are uneducated and unskilled, accustomed to working for about \$1 a day when they can find work at all.

Neither are Bangladeshis unused to natural disasters. The past three decades have seen 13 devastating floods. Tidal waves also strike the country, sweeping up the Bay of Bengal with murderous force. So do typhoons; in 1970 a particularly violent storm killed more than 300,000 people. Drought and famine in the tropical land add to the frequent sieges of misery.

Yet for all the nation's tolerance for catastrophe, no one was prepared for the great flood of 1988.

When the deluge began around the middle of June, no one felt alarmed. Some degree of flooding is an annual event in Bangladesh. The country sprawls wide and flat with an average elevation of 30 feet, forming a vast delta

There was no dry land around even to bury him."

region for the mighty Ganges, Brahmaputra and Meghna rivers as they carry glacial runoff and monsoon rains from the Himalayas to the Bay of Bengal.

Normal flooding is a blessing

A normal flood comes as a blessing of nature. Its waters, covering about a third of the land to a depth of a few inches to perhaps six feet, lay down a fresh layer of fertile silt that nurtures sprawling paddies and great plantations to high productivity. The country depends upon the watery excess to hold its position as third among the world's rice producers and first among growers of jute, the glossy fiber used around the globe for twine, sacking, burlap and backing for carpets.

But this year the overflow that brings life to Bangladesh threatened to destroy the nation. When August dumped record monsoon rains on regions north of the country, a great bulge of water washed across the border and swept southward.

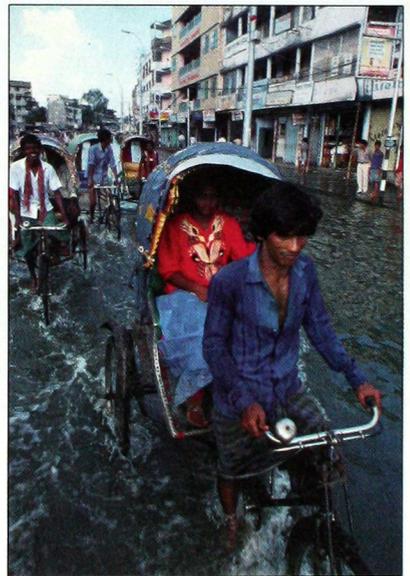
It drowned the north in the middle of the month. At the end of August it cascaded into Dhaka, bursting dikes along the Ganges and inundating 85 percent of the city of 5 million people. The flood flowed south until by mid-September all Bangladesh lay floun-

dering, paralyzed to an extent that few countries have experienced.

Roads were awash. Railways halted. Zia International Airport at Dhaka lay waterlogged and closed. The nation's half-dozen cargo helicopters airlifting relief supplies often could find no dry ground for landing. Even ferryboats plying the country's lacy network of waterways stopped running because their terminals were flooded.

Dhaka or Venice?

Dhaka looked like Venice, its broad avenues and snaking lanes turned to canals. Double-ended boats vied with bicycle rickshaws sloshing up to their hubs to taxi people between flooded homes and sodden businesses and markets. Only four-wheel-drive vehicles and tall Bedford and Hindustani trucks crawled along the submerged pavement with any confidence. Most residents with anywhere to go waded up to their knees, their waists, their



Rickshaws slosh along a Dhaka street.

The flood, the worst anyone could remember, engulfed at least three-fourths of the South Asian country. It left little more than treetops, the roofs of houses and broken dikes poking through the murky brown sea.

"There was no dry land around even to bury him," said a 60-year-old woman named Khodbanu who lives in the Phulpur district, 54 miles north of Dhaka, capital of Bangladesh. Her 6-year-old grandson had tumbled from a platform above his submerged house and drowned. Some people in the countryside kept their dead on rafts. Others, knowing the waters would not go down for weeks, launched them to float away.

Bangladeshis, most of them followers of Islam from the Bengali ethnic group, are no strangers to hardship. Normal daily life in the largely agricultural land grinds along as a challenge to survival. The country is one of the most crowded on earth, with 110 mil-

chests. "Pani, pani," lamented a man, repeating the Bengali word for water as he hoisted a bundle to his head and plunged up to his neck.

As food supplies ran low, the rate of child malnutrition doubled throughout Dhaka. More than a million washed-out citizens sought refuge in 476 relief camps around the city. Conditions there quickly grew crowded and unhealthy. At one community center, more than 1,000 people jammed into two large rooms. A girls' high school, rising from the waters like an island, crammed more than 5,000 flood refugees into its three stories, offering a courtyard full of green slime as their one latrine.

Thousands more packed classrooms and corridors at Dhaka Agricultural College, cooking on steps, hanging laundry from balconies, dipping into the flood for drinking water, sprawling on floors as illness struck and spread.

People in the countryside fared worse. Many perched on rooftops or bobbed on rafts made from stalks of banana plants, guarding possessions

The only water available for drinking, cooking and washing: polluted floodwater



and metal roofing sheets from looters. More fortunate families stayed under their roofs, though often hunched on tables or makeshift platforms as water swirled in and out of the doors. Some women stood waist-deep cooking on boards propped above the mucky flow.

Like birds on a wire

One World Vision boat carrying 35 tons of relief supplies to southern Bangladesh discovered some 65,000 people lined up like birds on a telephone wire along 30 miles of dike barely a dozen feet wide. Some crouched in makeshift shelters. Little food had been salvaged, and as the launch putted by, people stretched out hands or pointed to their mouths and stomachs in supplication.

They all had stories of devastation, loss, even death. In one region, floodwaters piled so much sand over fields that local farmers reckoned it would take years to regenerate their lands. Ali Ahmed, a 25-year-old farmer, lost home, crops and belongings, though he was smiling happily because he had saved his wife from their collapsing house as she went into labor to deliver their first child in a cowshed. A 10-year-old boy named Salim became an orphan when his house caved in on his widowed mother. Some people escaped the waters only to be killed by cobras or other venomous snakes which, like cows, buffalo, goats, ducks and chickens, also scurried for dry places.

With estimates of the homeless

ranging between 30 and 48 million, the international community rapidly responded with several hundred million dollars in aid. Huge cargo planes took off all over the globe with shipments of food and other emergency supplies. In a few intense hours, World Vision purchased three tons of life-saving medicines in Bangkok and loaded them aboard the first commercial aircraft to land at the reopened Dhaka airport. To transport supplies within the country, helicopters arrived from India, Britain, Saudi Arabia.

The government mobilized its 80,000-member army to distribute food and other goods among some 65,000 communities marooned in the nationwide sea. Hundreds of volunteer organizations, many local, some run by Christian missionaries, aided the massive effort. By mid-September, some 1,700 flood relief centers were operating around the country.

World Vision, with 163 permanent projects, had a ready-made network for looking after 30,000 sponsored children, their families and other people living in project areas. The agency also distributed tons of food in Dhaka and chartered a 60-foot ferryboat to carry rice, lentils, salt and other daily needs to the people it had found stranded on the dike.

Fully as important as the need for food was an urgent demand for nationwide medical care. Everywhere wells and pumps lay submerged, leaving only floodwater for washing, cooking and drinking. Health officials estimated that 40 million gallons of raw sewage were swirling into the streets of Dhaka every day. Throughout the country, one person's toilet became another's well. Tons of garbage eddying into the solution added to virulent pollution. This, combined with lack of shelter and rotting food stores in the isolated countryside, turned the nation into a tropical hothouse of disease.

Pestilential muck

Along with colds and fevers, diarrhea ran rampant, a dangerous affliction among malnourished people and a leading killer of children. At Dhaka hospitals, patients overflowed into hallways, some on cots, others on floors. One hospital recorded between 10 and 15 percent of new admissions suffering from dysentery. Dhaka's International Centre for Diarrheal Research reported cases of cholera, an especially deadly and wildly contagious form of diarrhea that can kill within 12 hours.

To meet the dismal health conditions that could only grow worse as receding waters layered the country

with pestilential muck, the government dispatched 5,000 medical teams nationwide. World Vision joined this effort as well, sending mobile teams of doctors, nurses and community health workers to projects and refugee centers.

By the end of September, farmers were straggling back to the wreckage of their homes facing a national crop loss of 2 million metric tons—twice the annual needs of Ethiopia during its great famine of the mid-1980s. Dhaka was drying out streets with the aid of motorized pumps and disinfecting buildings with bleaching powder. But only in October or November would all the country be free of excess water. And only then could the full cost of the great flood be counted.

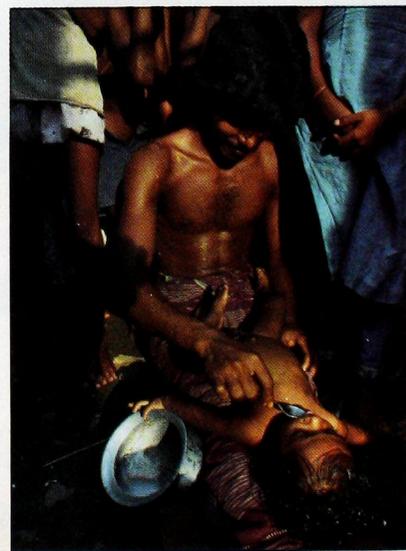
Progress down the drain

The loss to people of the land is, in a general sense, predictable. With every flood their assets diminish, keeping their economy perpetually depressed. The same is generally true for the nation as a whole. The flood of 1987 left between \$1.5 and \$2 billion in economic depredation. The latest deluge wiped away 17 years of hard-won development with its massive damage to transportation networks, dikes and buildings.

Rehabilitation work in months to come will begin to put the country back together. World Vision will assist here too, giving farmers seed and fertilizers, helping them rebuild their homes, initiating rural work programs to encourage the unemployed to stay on the land rather than migrate to already overcrowded cities.

But what of next year and years after that? Won't it all happen again?

Oral rehydration in action: the lifesaving remedy for diarrheal dehydration.



F. D. HAIDAR / WORLD VISION

Very possibly, says B.M. Abbas, a former Bangladesh minister of flood control and a renowned authority on water resources. He and other experts see a pattern of huge floods for both the near and distant future, brought on by deforestation in the Himalayas, flood controls in India that shunt waters southward, and silt-clogged riverbeds in Bangladesh that spread floods wide rather than carrying them away.

What can be done to tame the local rivers, which rank among the mightiest in the world? Abbas recommends several measures for his country: immediate construction of solid embankments between rivers and inhabited lands, installation of pumps to drain waterlogged areas during summer flood seasons, clearing of silt from river courses, dredging of their mouths so waters can flow freely into the Bay of Bengal. He also advises an improved flood warning system and local storage of construction materials to reinforce riverbanks during emergencies.

What of next year and years after that? Won't it all happen again? Very possibly.

But Bangladesh alone cannot control the floods any more than it can the weather. Only 7.5 percent of the total drainage area of the major rivers lies within its borders. The main source sprawls away to the north: the 600,000-square-mile watershed in Tibet and Bhutan, Nepal and India, where the rivers begin with spring snowmelt from the southern slopes of the Himalayas and swell into flood with runoff from the annual monsoons.

"Disaster knows no boundaries"

In mid-September, Bangladesh President Hussain Mohammed Ershad appealed to the Himalayan countries for a meeting on multinational flood control. He was strongly supported by the United Nations. "Disaster knows no boundaries," said the coordinator of the U.N. Disaster Relief Organization, M'Hamed Essaafi, who visited the country at the height of the tragedy.

It seems no easy task to bring so many countries into mutual agreement over solutions at once complex and enormously costly. Yet, as Essaafi points out, multinational management has proven successful for the Mekong River, which touches Tibet, China,



Parents with sick children await attention at a mobile medical clinic in Dhaka.

Burma, Laos, Thailand and Cambodia on the way to its delta in Vietnam. International cooperation also has worked for the Indus, which springs from Tibet, flows across northern India and empties through Pakistan into the Arabian Sea.

The plan to save Bangladesh from destruction by its neighbors begins on Himalayan mountainsides. There an end to excessive timber cutting for firewood and farmland, coupled with increased reforestation, would anchor soils to again absorb local waters.

The second and most effective flood control measure would be a chain of dams and reservoirs in India and elsewhere. Not only would these harness yearly torrents, they also would generate electric power for regions much in need of energy. To help this part of the plan into existence, the World Bank stands ready to conduct feasibility

studies for the dams as soon as countries involved agree to cooperate.

These are hopeful signs for the future, everyone agrees. Yet they do not take care of the present. Farmers need more seeds now, and families need houses, and children need medical attention. People need jobs because their livelihood has been destroyed. A destitute nation is poorer than ever and dependent on the world beyond for material aid.

"These people are going to have to try to rebuild their lives," says Julia Taft, director of the Office of U.S. Foreign Disaster Assistance, "and we have to stand by them. It is not hopeless," she adds in the face of almost overwhelming loss. "Whatever we do will make it easier." □

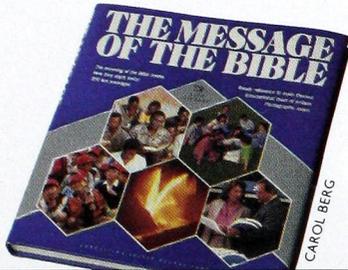
Bruce Brander is a media relations officer for World Vision.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written by Ginger Hope

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STAN SAKAI



JUDGE THIS ONE BY ITS COVERAGE

The *Message of the Bible* is a book with an identity problem, of sorts. It asks to be displayed on the coffee table, shelved with the reference works, and close at hand on the bedside table.

It's a primer for newcomers to the Bible. It's a probing, relevant commentary for experienced Bible readers.

But here's what really sets this one apart: its global perspective, its emphasis on current issues of both spirituality and justice. The photographs, in particular, reflect this, and their captions are some of the best reading in the book.

The Message of the Bible, edited by George Carey, is available from Lion Publishing, 1705 Hubbard Ave., Batavia, IL 60510, for \$26.95.



You could look at nothing but the pictures and still get the picture.

HOME, HOME ON THE RANCH

Shiloh Christian Children's Ranch doesn't have houseparents anymore. They're called *homeparents* now.

Nit-picking? Not really, says director Jay Craig. "Houseparent" sounds institutional—dormitories, cafeterias. What abused children and teens find at the ranch is a traditional family home, where they will be mothered and fathered and sistered and brothered by a welcoming "nuclear family." For most, this will be their family all the way through high school graduation.

Contact the ranch at P.O. Box 606, Shelbina, MO 63468.

Anna, Christy and Cassie with "lawn mower"



Help Wanted—Volunteers

BUILDERS FOR THE PHILIPPINES

Needed: men to help build camp ministry facilities in the Philippines.

I wonder what the work's like. Sheer manual labor, slogging through mud, sweating under blistering sun.

Hmm. Tempting.

Must have open heart, industrious spirit, flexible mindset, healthy body.

Don't ask for much, do they? Must be some benefits package.

Great chance to build faith, see missions firsthand, learn to relate to another culture, help bridge the gap between missionaries and homesiders.

That is some benefits package.

Contact Project Jabez, ACTION, P.O. Box 490, Bothell, WA 98041.

RIPE FOR HARVEST

Nine traveling teams in Youth for Christ's "Harvest" project report overwhelming response to their drama, music and media presentations at South African high schools.

The teams, which include members of all of South Africa's main ethnic groups, have seen many young people's racial stereotypes begin to dissolve. And the high school assemblies have resulted in a flood of decisions for Christ—over 15,000 in 1988.

The project is being extended through at least 1992, and the South

Africans are calling for North American Christians to join the traveling teams and their support staff for one-year terms.

For more information contact Harvest, Youth for Christ/USA, P.O. Box 419, Wheaton, IL 60189; (312) 668-6600.



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FYR911

“ There are many of you in this congregation who think to yourselves: ‘If only I had been there! How quick I would have been to help the Baby!’

You say that because you know how great Christ is, but if you had been there at that time you would have done no better than the people of Bethlehem.

Why don't you do it now? You have Christ in your neighbor. What you do to your neighbor in need you do to the Lord Christ himself. *(From a Christmas sermon by Martin Luther.)* ”

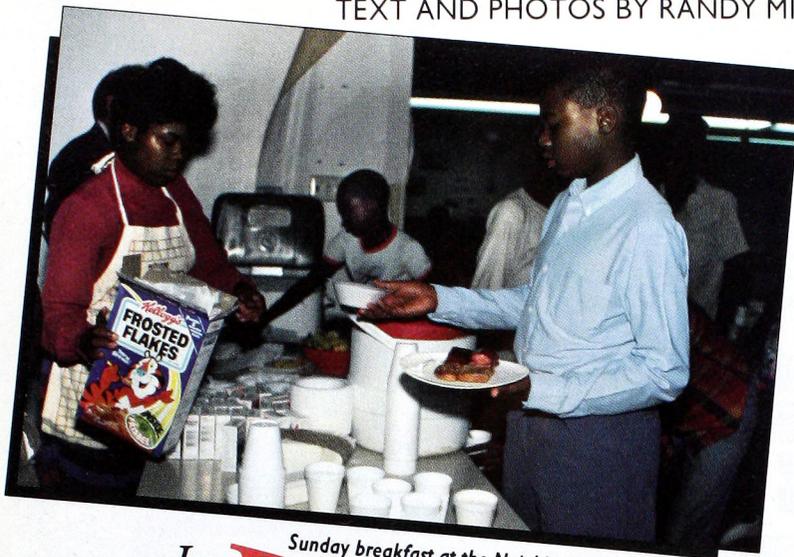
RUSSIAN BIBLE SHIPMENT GETS 'OK'



By Christmas, Soviet Christians should have in their hands the first installment of a million Russian-language New Testaments with Psalms.

There's currently one Bible for every 23 Christians in the Soviet Union, reports Open Doors, the nondenominational ministry distributing the Bibles in cooperation with the United Bible Society. On the underground market, Bibles sell for as much as two weeks' salary.

Open Doors also invites Christians in the Western world to send Bibles directly to a Soviet Christian. For information contact Open Doors, P.O. Box 27001E, Santa Ana, CA 92799; (714) 531-6000.



Sunday breakfast at the Neighborhood Christian Center

In Memphis **BREAKFAST** AND BEYOND

A down-to-earth ministry between Brook's Beauty Supply and Bill's Twilight Lounge.

Two-month-old Justin Blake Ballard is sleeping fitfully on a couch in a small back room of the North Neighborhood Christian Center in Memphis. JoeAnn, his adoptive mother, and Esther, his foster sister, eye him intently. He's usually a calm sleeper.

JoeAnn's concern is heightened when she notices a trace of blood on Justin's lips. Although she's helped raise 39 foster children and three of her own, it's been a long time since she's had one this tiny.

She looks over her shoulder to Esther, whose 2-year-old daughter Marisa is running in and out of the room. "Is this normal?" Esther peers into Justin's little face.

It's an unusual role for JoeAnn. Tall and confident, with a commanding presence, she's usually the one to whom everybody else turns for assurance.

"Do you think it could be internal?" she frets.

In the next room, Monroe Ballard, unaware of the drama unfolding with his son, supervises a small crew of cooks busy poking at fat sausage links sizzling on the kitchen stove. It's 7 o'clock, Sunday morning. In an hour, a stream of people from the surrounding neighborhood—the jobless, the homeless, the elderly on fixed incomes—will file in for a free breakfast, as they have done for several weeks. Boxes of cold cereal, pitchers of orange juice, toast, and a big steel urn of milk sit on the table.

By 8 o'clock, people begin to arrive.

suit and tie?" She gestures toward a nattily dressed young man who looks out of place in the breakfast line. "He got his clothes from the center's Clothes Closet. He can't fix his own breakfast and he doesn't have a job, but we're working with him. He's been coming to the center for two years. I think he's on the verge of looking for a job.

"And see that man over there? He's been in and out of mental institutions for a good part of his life. We gave him some help, and now he's the security guard for this center. He's been doing it for three years. He's one of the most responsible people I know. You could trust your life with him."

A young boy carries a plate of sausages and toast past JoeAnn and heads for an empty seat. "Now this child," she says, nodding toward the boy, "his father died 10 months ago. He's in the seventh grade and he takes care of all his brothers and sisters, makes sure they're dressed nicely and that their hair is combed. He has to do it; his mother is irresponsible."

JoeAnn and Monroe come to the center every Sunday to open its doors for breakfast. Volunteers from five churches take turns preparing and serving the food. The Ballards hope to round up 52 church groups so the responsibilities can be spread out over a year. But breakfast is only one of the services provided by the center. And the Ballards spend more of their time within its walls than just a couple of hours on Sunday morning. A lot more.

Sandwiched between Brook's Beauty Supply and Bill's Twilight Lounge in an economically depressed area of Memphis, the North Neighborhood Christian Center (NCC) is the primary center among six scattered throughout the city. Created by cosponsors Young Life, Youth for Christ and a local church, NCC provides low-income and jobless inner-city residents with services ranging from financial counseling and Bible study groups to emergency food and interim housing.

NCC is not some benevolent program bestowed on the needy by kindly outsiders. Its roots are in the community. And, especially since JoeAnn became executive director in 1982, it has become an organization that meets people at their point of need and steers them toward independence.

With no city, state or federal funds coming in, NCC relies on a fair amount of volunteer labor and on donations from churches and individuals to maintain a \$250,000 annual budget for the six centers. In time, JoeAnn would like

Huge fans blow humid air around the room on this already hot September morning. Over the din, metal chairs scrape along the black linoleum floor as children—always first in line—scoot up to the tables with their juice and milk and platefuls of food.

"How's the meat supply out there?" someone hollers from the kitchen. "Okay," Monroe calls back. "Nothing to brag about. Keep 'em coming."

JoeAnn, now at ease, having discovered that Justin's bleeding was only the result of a parched lip, sits down for a moment.

"There are two kinds of people who come in here," she explains. "There are street people and there are the people we're discipling. See that man in a

to see a local church standing behind each center, carrying a significant portion of the budget and filling a majority of the staffing needs with volunteers.

"If a church runs the program, they won't let it die," she feels. "And it will be good for the church." Friendship Church of the Nazarene, across the street from NCC North, already supports the program with funds and staff members.

Bessie Bunton sits patiently in one of the tiny office cubicles along the narrow main hallway at NCC North. Across from her, seated behind a small desk, NCC North director Rosette McKuhen, a member of Friendship Church, fills in a rental assistance application form as Bessie tells her story. At 40, she is separated from her husband and has four children, three of whom are still at home. Her oldest son, 21, has just been released from jail. Having to provide for her family with her income as an attendant at one of Shelby County's gas stations, Bessie is struggling just to get by.

Temporary low-cost housing, some furniture and financial guidance from NCC will not solve all her problems, but it will provide a safety net for her as she gathers the resources to reshape her life. Helping people take charge of their lives without creating dependency is NCC's intention. For the most part, that goal is being met. It was met in Rosette's case.

Rosette McKuhen didn't stride through the doors of NCC North and into the director's chair. She came as a client. Her husband, discharged after 15 years in the Army, was out of work, and they needed help meeting their payments and finding employment. Soon after they came into the center, Rosette volunteered to work there. Despite her lack of experience, her diligence paid off. When health problems forced the former director to step down, he recommended Rosette as his replacement.

Inviting the poor to take part in remedying their own predicaments is a key element in the NCC philosophy.

"Traditionally, society views the poor as being people who have nothing to offer," says JoeAnn. "But we invite them to be servants with us. That helps them realize that they have something they can offer."

JoeAnn Ballard



In many ways, what JoeAnn and Monroe are doing through NCC is simply an extension of the kind of social ministry they have been doing on a smaller scale since shortly after their marriage 22 years ago. But they didn't start out planning to have 39 foster children, let alone the 300 or so "weekenders" and "overnighters" whom they continue to help through rough times at home or in school.

After attending Bible college, JoeAnn settled in Memphis and began teaching Sunday school at an inner-city Nazarene church. Even though her rural upbringing in Lucedale, Miss., had acquainted her with poverty, she was shocked by not only the poverty, but the lack of discipline, direction and hope among the children she encountered in the city.

I started using my resources to buy food and clothing for some of these kids," JoeAnn recalls, "trying to help them out as best I could. Monroe had noticed the same kind of need at Douglas Elementary School among his sixth graders. After we got married, we continued helping these kids, using our own resources and taking donations of food and clothing from people in the community. It just grew from that."

Since those humble beginnings in the late sixties, Monroe and JoeAnn have opened their home to former prostitutes, drug addicts and abuse cases. They have replaced the anger and despair in these children with love and trust. Today, nearly all of their former charges have stepped out on their own. Some have families, some are in college, and all have found ways to support themselves.

"Several things were supposed to have happened, according to society's expectations," says Monroe. "They were supposed to have dropped out of school, or failed to get enough money, or slipped back into their old lifestyles. But none of it happened. From day one, when we started taking kids in, it has never regressed once. Things have been very positive and progressive, which still amazes me."

And even though the pace has slackened a little since the early days, the Ballards have no plans to close their doors.

"We can't foresee not doing this," JoeAnn says, smiling. "This is not a thing you retire from. I may retire from the Neighborhood Christian Center someday, but I will probably never retire from having kids in until I'm just too old to do it."

"We view ministry that way, too,"

she continues, explaining not only their philosophy at home, but at NCC as well. "It's not something you retire from either. When I became a Christian, I accepted a call to ministry, not a call to sympathy."

A young staff member pokes her head into JoeAnn's office at NCC North. "Mrs. Ballard, can you come out here? There's some trouble out front." JoeAnn leaves her desk and follows the woman to the front lobby. Outside, a middle-aged woman is stooping in the parking lot over the contents of her spilled purse. Her daughter, who has a history of mental illness, pokes her with a cane and unleashes a stream of obscenities. JoeAnn watches from the door for a moment. It's a little more than she cares to deal with by herself.

"Monroe!" Her clear alto voice cuts through the din and echos down the hallway. Monroe, whose after-school hours are usually spent at one center or



Monroe Ballard counsels a local resident.

another, strides into the lobby and looks through the plate-glass windows. The younger woman has headed toward the street, and Monroe unlocks the door and goes to help the shaken mother inside. With a few calming words, JoeAnn assures the woman that they'll do whatever they can to help her.

It's not a typical occurrence at the center. But it's not all that uncommon, either. Maybe it's for days like this that JoeAnn carries a bottle of Tums in her purse.

Back in her office, she adds a final thought about the ministry she shares with Monroe. "We realize we're not going to be able to help the masses through either our work with foster children or with NCC. But just because I know I can't conquer the world doesn't mean I shouldn't try to do what I can."

"I may not be able to help the world, but I can help 39 kids and encourage them to help others. And through the centers, maybe I can help a few people in our community, too." □

WHEN BEING RIGHT IS ALL WRONG

BY EDWARD R. DAYTON AND TED W. ENGSTROM

One of the biggest time wasters in business and personal life is the pastime of blaming, buck-passing and just plain "being right."

Quite a bill to pay

There is something in most of us (Americans, anyway) that finds satisfaction in being right about facts and figures. Facts are conversation stoppers. People use them as weapons. The quick mind, the facile tongue, seem to win out more often than slow, thoughtful discussion.

The trouble is that we tend to take being right very personally. It is as though our being were all wrapped up in what we know. To be "wrong" becomes a personal issue. It makes us feel bad. It makes us want to be *right*, and to fight back (if that's what it takes to be right).

The result can not only be a lot of time wasted in "discussing," but a lot of time spent in searching for facts that will serve no other purpose than to prove that we are right. Add to that the tremendous amount of emotional energy that is involved, and you have quite a bill to pay for the privilege of being right.

Some familiar words

"Do not think of yourself more highly than you should. Instead be modest in your thinking, and judge yourself according to the amount of faith that God has given you." (Romans 12:3)

"But the wisdom from above is pure first of all; it is also peaceful, gentle and friendly; it is full of compassion that produces a harvest of good deeds; it is free from prejudice and hypocrisy." (James 3:17)

We all know the words. But it is difficult at times to think of others more highly than ourselves, particularly when they are wrong! Oh, how unbelievably perverse we can be. We cry out with Paul, "Why can't I do the right I know I should?"

The advantage of not being right

Trying to be right about facts that are difficult to prove takes a lot of time, and *most of the time they don't make any difference to the problem at hand*. Why waste precious time digging in a worked-out mine?

Being right can be a losing proposition. If you are right all the time, you will intimidate people and make it all the harder for them to remember the facts or attempt to share them with you. People don't really believe you are right all the time. They just believe that you think you are.

Attempts to be right easily cut off the creative juices. Remember the rules of brainstorming sessions? Anything goes. No judgments. Build on one another's ideas. No idea too big, too small or too far out. In other words, no arguments, no concern about being right, just a concern to contribute to the dialogue.

Personal life too

The same thing is true in our personal lives. Parents need to be right, so they don't listen. Kids need to be right, which is evidently part of the maturing process. Too bad that so many of us, when we reach 21, are surprised by how much Mom and Dad have learned in the last 10 years.

What to do about it

Begin by listening to your discussions. Who does most of the talking? Does it appear that the people you are working and living with are getting a chance to say everything they want to say, or do they get cut off? If it helps, keep an inconspicuous scorecard on who speaks how often in your next meeting. Is it you?

Or perhaps you are one of those who lays back and waits for the final say. How many discussions are ended by your pronouncements?

How much time in your next few meetings or one-to-one discussions is taken in establishing facts? And how many of these facts were really important? Do you, or some of the people you work with, have to say something about everything?

People don't really believe you are right all the time. They just believe that you think you are.

Start the change process

With this information in hand, see what you can do to change the situation:

Begin by deciding that you have no need to be right. At first that may seem like a big order. But think a bit. If you are right, doesn't the situation usually turn out that way anyway? Will *your* being right change the course of history?

Second, resolve not to argue over things that have nothing to do with the situation at hand. We don't say eliminate all small talk. That is often the break that a meeting needs to steady it up or get it back on the track. Just don't worry about being right about incidentals.

Third, try active listening. Make sure you really understand by telling the person what you are hearing them say.

Fourth, ask for wisdom. "But if any of you lacks wisdom, he should pray to God who will give it to him; because God gives generously and graciously to all." (James 1:5)

Finally, focus on God's presence. It's surprising at times how trivial our discussions may sound to the maker of the universe. □

GARY GINTER wanted to build a spaceship.

The boy lived in the lush backwoods of Washington near the mile-wide Columbia River. Late-night stargazing into the black Northwest night sparked a four-year-long mission to design, build and launch his own homemade rocket.

Actually, Ginter had saved enough money to begin building his junior space chariot. He'd even secured a quote from an East-Coast machinist to fashion the projectile's all-important exhaust nozzle.

Then Gary learned about sacrificial giving. Two boys, both from low-income families, needed tuition for a Christian summer camp. Every saved nickel later, Gary's craft was grounded. But something just as extraordinary had been launched.

"That's where the giving began," reflects

Ginter in his 33rd-floor office in the heart of downtown Chicago. Today, three decades after the scrapped flight, Ginter sits atop the financial world both literally and figuratively. As one of four founding partners of Chicago Research and Trading Group, Ltd. (CRT), Ginter helps guide a multi-million-dollar futures and options trading firm which *Wall Street Journal* has dubbed "the envy of the industry."

Suffice it to say that these days Gary Ginter can afford all the exhaust nozzles he wants. Yet what sets Ginter apart from a board room stuffed with Italian suits is a lifestyle more akin to Sears than Saks. *(Continued on next page)*

God called him to make money...

THE PROFIT PROPHET

...but not to keep it.



JIM WHITNER

The Ginter family is the antithesis of the "if-you've-got-it-flaunt-it" credo. For the past half-dozen years or so—about the length of time CRT's profits have skyrocketed—Ginter and his wife Joanna have channeled millions of their personal dollars into a variety of missions causes and missions-enabling business entities.

There wasn't always money to give, however. This Wall Street whiz was once a would-be missionary with a knack for "hoops." He was seriously considering a career in sports evangelism in Bolivia.

One night God unmistakably, irrevocably called Ginter away from the mission field and into the business world in a voice that Ginter claims was as clear as if it were audible. "It was an unusual experience—one I would not expect to have again," says Ginter. He concluded from that call that he was to

What sets the Ginters apart is a lifestyle more akin to Sears than Saks.

stay home and go into stewardship: making all the money he could, living on as little as possible, and giving the rest away.

For the first 10 years of his business career, that pretty much summed up Ginter's stewardship *modus operandi*, even when it meant going in debt to give.

Ginter would be quick to agree that God's calling back then was made all the more unlikely by the floundering entrepreneur's admitted lack of business skill. On the heels of the "call" came a long stretch of academic and business flops. Ginter, an intellectual, never graduated from college.

During those early years, his record of business start-ups read like a proof text for Murphy's Law. When Joanna was pregnant with their first child, she thought to herself, "This guy is going to have to get a job, 'cause I'm quitting my nursing career when this baby comes."

People would pat Gary on the head and say, "Son, when you finally get your feet on the ground, come and tell me what you want to be when you

grow up."

The founding of CRT in April of 1977 signaled the beginning of the end of hard luck around the Ginter household. In little more than a decade, CRT's seed capital base of \$150,000 has burgeoned into a full-blown money machine, boasting resource capital in excess of \$250 million.

A big cash cow

What's more, Ginter is no longer the greenhorn. He has matured into a sophisticated, elegant operator. He negotiates and closes deals in a forthright manner that would spin the head of last year's movie villain, corporate raider Gordon Gecko of Paramount's "Wall Street." While other partners concern themselves with day-to-day trading decisions, Ginter—dressed in his trademark suspenders—busies himself with more visible CRT tasks. Much of his time is spent shuttling back and forth between Chicago and Washington, D.C. (where he maintains a separate office). Or Tokyo, where Ginter is part of a team nurturing CRT's trading relationships in Japan—a natural role for someone with Ginter's cross-cultural sensitivities.

The steady climb from a one-time bookkeeper who could "scarcely balance a checkbook" to the top of the corporate heap punctuates the authenticity of God's call on his life, says Ginter. "Even though I wasn't particularly gifted in business, God gave me a love for it. People develop skills in that which they love and do persistently, and indeed, that's been true in my case." Indeed.

The Ginters hold back what they need to meet modest living and household expenses. As Gary's and Joanna's giving has increased, out of necessity they have established a separate foundation—the Jubilee Foundation—through which their monies are channeled to missions entities.

Recently, for example, the Jubilee Foundation underwrote the entire marketing cost for the U.S. Center for World Mission's "Last \$1,000" campaign. The highly successful fundraising drive retired an \$8 million debt on the center's campus facility, home to more than 40 missions research, mobilization and sending organizations.

"CRT has been a big cash cow. It's enabled Joanna and me to give heavily to foreign missions. But by far, most of our giving doesn't appear on an IRS statement as giving," says Ginter. "Rather, we invest in *missionary corporations*, which we consider exactly what God wants us to be about." Of the Ginters' total giving, roughly 80 percent is invested in these missionary corporations.

Missionary corporations? Besides being a successful business professional, Ginter is also recognized as one of today's leading thinkers in the area of "tentmaking" mission work, a term borrowed from the apostle Paul's means of earning his keep. Tentmaking means using professional and technical skills in cross-cultural settings for the purpose of sharing the gospel. Along with some church friends and CRT partner Gaius Berg, Gary and Joanna founded the Midwest Center for World Mission, a center in Oak Park, Ill., organized

Gary and Joanna at home: "It's unreal! God has some sense of humor."



JOHN WIERICK

God has called me to make all the money I can, but live on as little as possible, and give the rest away."

expressly for research and training for such mission work. Mixing his finely honed entrepreneurial vision and talent with financial resources and a passion for missions, Ginter has whipped up some models which he calls *missionary corporations* and *kingdom companies*.

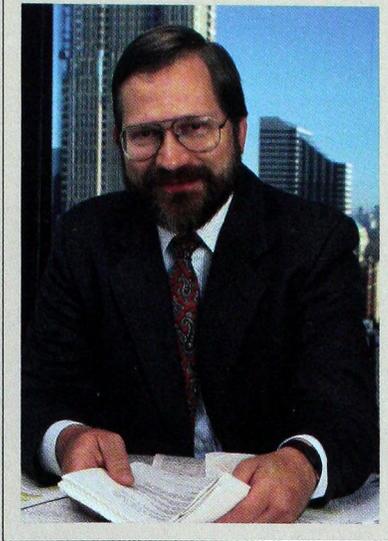
A kingdom company, he explains, is organized to achieve kingdom goals as opposed to financial goals. That doesn't mean it's not designed to break even in the long term. It's designed to do exactly that. But its motivation for drawing together human energy is not to maximize return on investment measured by dollars, but rather to maximize return on investment measured by kingdom standards. A missionary corporation is simply a kingdom company that operates in a cross-cultural setting, whether that be inner city to suburban, rich to poor, white to black or Africa to America—any type of cross-cultural situation.

Fishing flies from Kenya

Ginter has helped create or has provided venture capital for a number of kingdom companies and missionary corporations. Some have been more successful than others. Among the more successful is World Craftsmen, which imports and distributes hand-tied fishing flies from Kenya and Guatemala. In addition to providing a vehicle through which the gospel can be shared in overseas settings, World Craftsmen also provides jobs and development opportunities for some 140 Third-World people. Currently, World Craftsmen is among the top four fishing fly wholesalers in North America.

"Eighty percent of all unreached people in the world live in countries closed to the gospel by political or religious barriers," says Gary. "We have to have some other way for people to get there." A professional corporation

JIM WHITMER



"Walking by faith is never easy, especially if you're successful."

offering valued goods or services is more likely to penetrate a closed culture than a traditional missionary, Ginter suggests. Furthermore, the missionary corporation represents a cross-cultural outreach alternative which may well be more in keeping with coming economic realities.

"When it begins costing \$50,000 to send faith missionaries overseas, the well of faith missions supporters might start drying up," says Ginter. "Instead, these people are going to say, 'Hey, I'd much rather own stock in an oil trading firm in Jakarta seeking to reach Muslims.'"

Gary and Joanna Ginter maximize their own ability to give by living what they term a "warfare lifestyle"—simple, unpretentious, non-materialistic and in keeping with the demands of soldiers actively engaged in spiritual warfare. A few short miles and a world away from the first-class headquarters of CRT is the Ginter home, located in an economically marginal, westside-Chicago neighborhood called Austin. The community is home to 180,000 mostly black, mostly poor residents.

Only recently did the late-model Chrysler compact in the driveway replace "Red," Ginter's prized 1969 Chevy Nova with a snapped door-hinge and a quarter-million miles which eldest son Josh claims "was on the verge of explosion." Inside the Ginter home, no precious artwork adorns the walls, save the dogeared "Human Suffering Index" magazine foldout thumbtacked to the paneling, or the bright crayon

masterpieces of Ashley, the youngest of the four Ginter children. Out back, the family tomato plants are staked up with warped and broken snowshoe frames, castoffs from a Ginter enterprise called Viking Snowshoes.

The Ginters' commitment to the Austin neighborhood extends beyond their mere presence. Gary and Joanna have given much time and money to Circle Urban Ministries, a comprehensive Christian ministry that responds to the needs of low-income families in Austin. Gary was the founding chairperson of the board of the Circle of Christian Health Center, which today serves more than 1800 families in the Austin neighborhood.

Without question, the Ginters' way of life is far more a reflection of both Gary's and Joanna's modest upbringing than the astronomical business successes of recent years. "It's unreal!" says Joanna. "We were both humble folk growing up, and suddenly to be involved in this world-class operation? God has some sense of humor."

A pipe for God

Echoes Gary: "We've only really had money for the past four years, but even before then we invested a lot in God's work. Back then, we called it the 'Widow's Cruse of Oil' approach to stewardship. We decided to keep pouring out to the Lord what he had given us, and we'd trust him to keep putting more in.

"If we let our money collect in a pool, our faith begins to reside in the size of that pool, not in the Lord and his promise to provide. Joanna and I want to be a pipe through which God can channel money to strategic needs. That keeps us on the edge of faith better than safely storing away a million bucks to fall back on.

"Walking by faith is never easy, especially if you are successful in business and can insulate yourself from the normal fears of lack of money. But if you are to become an effective stewardly entrepreneur, then you need to learn how to walk in the midst of success without losing your faith's cutting edge.

"We certainly don't consider our lives to be normative for other people," says Gary. "We don't say that this is the way other people should live. It's just the way God has led us to live." □

John Wierick is a free-lance writer living in Montrose, California.

READERS' RIGHT

LIMITED EDITION GUARANTEED TO APPRECIATE



She may not look like a limited edition to you. But this child is one of a kind. More valuable than any artist's signed print or sculptor's statue.

She is a unique and priceless creation, lovingly crafted by the hand of God.

But she may not see herself that way. She is poor, hungry and hurting. She needs the loving care of a Childcare Sponsor.

When you give \$20 a month to help a precious creation like this live through childhood and become a productive adult, you get something valuable in return.

You get a child's deepest appreciation—because your gifts provide such important things as food, clothing, medical care, education, help for the child's community and the chance to know Jesus' love.

To take a child into your heart, clip and mail the coupon below. You'll receive the photo and story of a child who needs your investment of love...

...Love that lifts your precious child above the pain of poverty and hunger and in return, lets you feel your child's deep appreciation.

Help One Precious Child!

- Enclosed is my first \$20 payment. Please send me a photo and information about a boy girl from Africa Asia Latin America where most needed.
- I can't sponsor a child right now, but here's a gift of \$_____ to help needy children. (1000)

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Please make your check payable to World Vision. Mail to:

ABBVV7

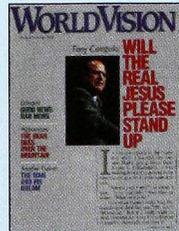
WORLD VISION
CHILDCARE SPONSORSHIP
Pasadena, CA 91131



According to Tony Campolo ("Will the Real Jesus Please Stand Up"), owning a BMW is a sin. Would he be kind enough to send me a list of the approved car models? I own a Honda, but it's fairly nice, so I'm afraid I might be living in sin by driving it.

I hope Campolo doesn't feel that Jesus was indulging in conspicuous consumption by allowing himself to be anointed with expensive perfume. The Bible says the perfume was worth over one year's wages, maybe even \$40,000 in today's money.

*Thomas E. Bearden
Littleton, Colo.*



I was stunned by Campolo's article. It is terrific, and ought to shock many Christians who are used to apologizing for one another's BMWs.

Keep on walking into enemy fire.

*Paul Hawley
Arcadia, Calif.*

I agree with the thrust of Campolo's article. However, it contains a factual error. Campolo writes, "I remember when Martin Luther King came marching out of Selma and met old Bull Connor."

Bull Connor was police commissioner in Birmingham (90 miles north of Selma) and was never associated with Selma. Also, on the Sunday in question, Martin Luther King was in Atlanta, not in Selma. A few days later he returned to Selma, led the march to Montgomery, and was not subjected to any violence.

*Cecil Williamson
Crescent Hill Presbyterian Church
Selma, Ala.*

My sister lives in Dakar, Senegal, and she has been talking about the water problem for years. Your example of someone who is making a difference ("Steve Tucker: A High Flier Digs In") has brought the desperate need to the attention of your readers.

*Bruce Barbour
Nashville, Tenn.*

It makes me sad that after such a great issue on women's ministries, especially the articles by Roberta Hestenes ("Is the Gospel Good News for Women?") and Ted Engstrom and Ed Dayton ("The Best Man for the Job. . ."), you still get letters showing that some readers have not learned anything ("Readers' Right").

*Denise Geiger
Lee Street United Presbyterian Church
Marion, Ohio*

I have two developmentally handicapped children and am aware of how the church has ignored the issue for years.

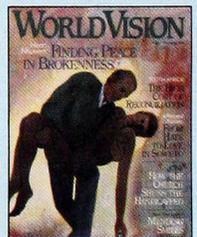
Henri Nouwen's article ("Adam's Peace") was wonderful. And my oldest son lives at Rainbow Acres, mentioned in Samaritan Sampler. Thanks for this issue. It was an encouragement to our family.

*La Vonne Foxx
Ridgway, Colo.*

We had just begun to see what could be done for the retarded citizens of our small community when your magazine arrived.

It was a blessing from the Lord. We read and re-read it and passed it around.

*Sister Ruth Speh
The Christian Service Center
Abbeville, La.*



WORLD VISION welcomes comments from readers and reserves the right to edit them for length. Letters may be addressed to: The Editor, WORLD VISION Magazine, 919 W. Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016.

ENCOUNTER WITH PRAYER

The leader of our recent World Vision day of prayer, Dick Eastman—author, speaker and head of Change the World Ministries—focused on several principles of prayer. I'd like to share two of them with you.

One: Prayer is God's way of involving the whole church in his total plan to establish Christ's kingdom on earth.

Two: Prayer is the weapon of the church which Satan most fears.

Nearly 2,000 years after Jesus gave the Great Commission, Eastman notes, half the world's 5 billion people still await the full message of Christ. And of 200 countries, 40 restrict almost all evangelistic activity and only 60 have true religious freedom.

So your ministry of prayer is absolutely essential if we are to penetrate the areas where Christian workers cannot go. Will you take on a prayer project, perhaps prompted by an article in this magazine, and go by prayer where only prayer can go?

Norval Hadley

Director, Prayer Ministries

There is a prayer request below for each day of the month. You'll pray through each item twice in the two months before the next issue reaches you.

PRAY FOR:

- A Christmas season which truly honors the one who offers abundant life to all.
- Ten volunteers who will begin a one-year internship with World Vision's U.S. Ministries.
- Dick Eastman, new president of World Literature Crusade (Every Home for Christ).
- Efforts of UNICEF, World Vision and other agencies on behalf of the health of the world's children (pages 4-7).
- Thailand: Ask God to protect World Vision's projects, partners, children and families.
- The Bible Literature Center in Chittagong, Bangladesh, where gospel material is printed in the Bengali and Chakma dialects.
- Sudan, where more than 3 million victims of war and drought face starvation.
- Garfield Jubilee Association's housing program in Pittsburgh, Penn., which restores homes in low-income areas.
- The merger of Love Inc. with World Vision, to enable U.S. churches to minister to the needy people around them.
- World Vision projects in Kenya, Senegal and Ethiopia providing clean water by drilling new wells and rehabilitating old ones.
- Holland, where Christians meet in great numbers to pray for revival for all of Europe.
- Bolivia, South America's poorest country. Ask God to have his healing way in this land.
- Peru, shaken by natural and social disasters. Pray for Christians to realize their important role there.
- World Vision's anticipated work in China, now in planning stages.
- Jerusalem's West Bank: Ask God for peace and for the effective ministry of World Vision projects and staff.
- Moms in Touch, small but growing groups of women who meet to pray for their children, teachers and schools.
- Haiti, that democratization will continue as promised by its leaders.
- People in the Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico areas still recovering from September's hurricane.

- Afghanistan: for the resettlement and safety of the world's largest refugee group.
- Our new President, and all those assuming new leadership positions in the government.
- Indonesia, where prayer groups are meeting to pray for revival.
- The ministry of Shiloh Christian Children's Ranch (page 16) and other homes for abused children.
- God's help in discovering and developing new gifts that you can offer to those around you.
- The work of Neighborhood Christian Centers in Memphis, Tenn. (pages 16-17), providing a fresh start to destitute people in the inner city.

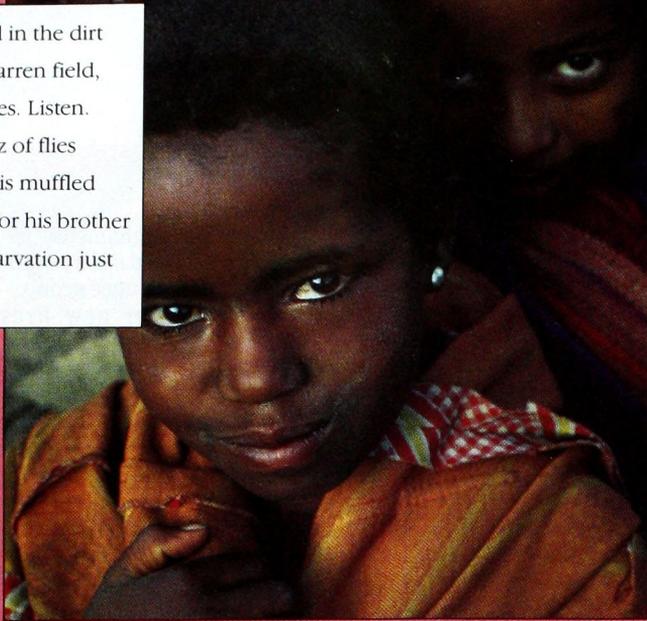


BRUCE BRANDER / WORLD VISION

- Bangladesh's recovery from severe flooding, and for permanent solutions to the recurring problems (pages 10-13).
- The release of hostages in Lebanon and for peace in that troubled place.
- Christians to take a leading role in bringing about reconciliation between embittered groups around the world.
- The Ginter family (pages 20-21) and others who answer God's call to a lifestyle of giving.
- Those who remain faithful to Christ at great cost to themselves and their loved ones.
- Increasingly honest and peaceful relations between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

WHEN I WAS HUNGRY...

Crouched in the dirt of the barren field, a small boy cries. Listen. Above the buzz of flies you can hear his muffled sobs. He cries for his brother who died of starvation just minutes ago.



When we think of hunger, we see again the vivid images of starvation from Ethiopia. But for most of the world's poor, hunger is more subtle. It works slowly. Poor diet and occasional days without food cripple the body's immune system. Diarrhea and other diseases, often carried by dirty drinking water, take hold and often lead to death.

Saddest of all, the world has enough food to feed itself. Drought, war, bad government economic policies and poor distribution are the real culprits.

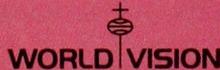
Is there hope? Indeed there is. The hope comes from Christians like you, who offer a cup of cold water in Jesus' name to people in need. Through

agencies like World Vision, working with local churches, emergency food, medicine and health care are provided as tangible expressions of God's love.

Your generosity today means life for hungry people. "For when I was hungry you gave me food," Jesus said in Matthew 25.

The brokenhearted little boy watering the parched earth with his tears can be saved. He can feel God's love in tangible ways. So can thousands of others—one child at a time.

Please join us in helping.



919 West Huntington Drive
Monrovia, California 91016



Yes, I Want To Help!

- \$100 will provide tools, seeds and rice to feed two families for a month.
- \$250 will feed two families for a year
- \$500 will provide tools, seeds and food so 15 families can start life anew.

Please choose country:

- Mozambique (2215)
- Ethiopia (2207)

Please make checks payable to World Vision. Thank you!

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WORLD VISION[®]

December 1988/January 1989

UNICEF'S JAMES P. GRANT

Making the World Safe for Children

BANGLADESH:

Through Deep Waters

Philip Yancey:

Five Dirty Words

GARY GINTER:

The Profit Prophet



4 Making the World Safe for Children

Nothing less than a world-wide conversion to the cause of child survival will satisfy UNICEF director James P. Grant. Here's what he's doing about it, and why.

8 Whatever Happened to Charity?

Pity, charity, condescend, patronizing and paternalism: they used to be good words. Noted author Philip Yancey explains their fall from grace.

10 Through Deep Waters

Bangladesh's devastating flood waters have receded, but the worst may lie ahead as disease and malnutrition spread across the nation. And it could all happen again.

19 The Profit Prophet

He makes money hand over fist and has a 33rd-floor office in downtown Chicago. He could be living in a penthouse, eating lobster for lunch, and driving a BMW. But he isn't. Why?

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Readers' Right	22
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Responding to UNICEF's worldwide challenge to governments and private organizations, World Vision in 1987 made Child Survival and Beyond one of its top priorities. A three-year goal was set for the immunization of 6 million children in project communities.

Today, one year later, World Vision operates 11 major child survival projects: eight in Africa, one in the Caribbean and two in Asia.

Thousands of lives have been saved. Yet the need remains overwhelming; we've only just begun.

Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

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NO PLACE TO GO

The Christmas season is upon us once more. The celebration of the birth of the Christ Child, with all of its ramifications, will be the focus of our attention in the next few weeks. We will have the opportunity to reflect again on that moment that changed history forever. It's as if God is giving us one more chance to get it all right, to truly understand what he had in mind with his rather unique introduction of the "Word made flesh."

For starters, I think that we should be somewhat concerned over the way we have romanticized the story of pregnant Mary and crowded Bethlehem. The fears and uncertainties, pain and suffering of that historic night often get lost in what has become a cozy manger scene, replete with clean animals, soft straw, gentle shepherds, soothing angel voices and no barn smells.

Joseph certainly would have set us straight. He would have been the first to tell us that this was no ordinary situation. His wife was pregnant and he hadn't even been the first to know! His first marital responsibility was to call ahead for a room. This hadn't gone well either and, as Mary labored to give birth, Joseph must have felt something like an irrelevant afterthought.

Recently I met another pregnant woman in an environment that will never be overly romanticized. She is Mozambican, and upon arriving at a crowded refugee camp, also found that there was "no room in the inn." She literally had no place to go.

This was a woman on the run from a war that was not of her making, but a war that had the potential to destroy her and her family.

I met her in a camp for the *deslocados*, those disinherited from their lands and now displaced by the savage war raging throughout Mozambique. She already had five children, four of whom had been "farmed out" wherever help was found. She carried one child on her back, obviously too small for anyone except Mom. The only relevant fact about her husband was that he was gone. She was pregnant and alone, humbled by the desperate nature of a tenuous existence.

There is little to romanticize in Mozambique, one of the poorest countries of the world. This is a country that also has one of the largest refugee populations, and certainly the fastest-growing. This woman is one of many who seem to have exchanged dignity for dependence somewhere along the way. She is a late arrival, a new addition and, without a husband, she is immediately one of the least important.

There is no shelter and no one to make one for

her. She is given a "space," a ten foot by ten foot piece of ground. This is where she sleeps, with her child, outdoors.

Her possessions include three small cooking utensils and the clothes on her back. Most of life's supports and all of life's comforts have been taken away. She is cautious, scared, solemn. Life is very tenuous, a fact she understands all too well.

This woman represents the vulnerability of Mozambique. Hopes and dreams are extremely fragile in the massive trauma of the moment. The country cannot solve its own problems. Within the country, there's no place for her to go to be safe. And as a vulnerable woman, carrying vulnerable life both on her back and in her womb, desperately poor, all alone and much afraid, she needs our help. Very simply, she will not be able to survive without support—food, shelter, clothing, medical aid.

But in an eternal sense she also needs a place to go. She needs to know the voice of the One who

said, "Come unto me, all ye who are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She needs to feel the love of the One born outside of Bethlehem's inns, the One who identified with the poor and the oppressed of the world, the One who offers eternal hope for those with no place to go.

I don't think that we can truly relate to this Mozambican woman, identifying with

her need and responding to both the physical and the spiritual voids that exist in her life, without first responding to the Christ of Christmas. On that day, power was exchanged for love, a love that makes each one of us significant and special, a love that obligates us one toward another, a love that will be reunited with power when Christ comes again, giving each one of us who trust in him a place to go. □

DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

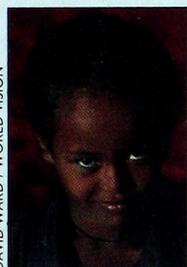


Bob Seiple observes Mozambican *deslocados* pounding relief grain into flour.

BY BETH SPRING

UNICEF'S *James P. Grant* MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR CHILDREN

DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION



James P. Grant reaches into his pocket and fishes out a small packet full of a whitish, powdery substance. He always carries one with him.

Drugs? Hardly. But quite possibly the most potent formula in the world. It's a simple mixture of salt and sugar. Add it to clean water, and a few glasses full will prevent a child with diarrhea from dying of dehydration. Every day some 7,000 kids in the world die from diarrhea.

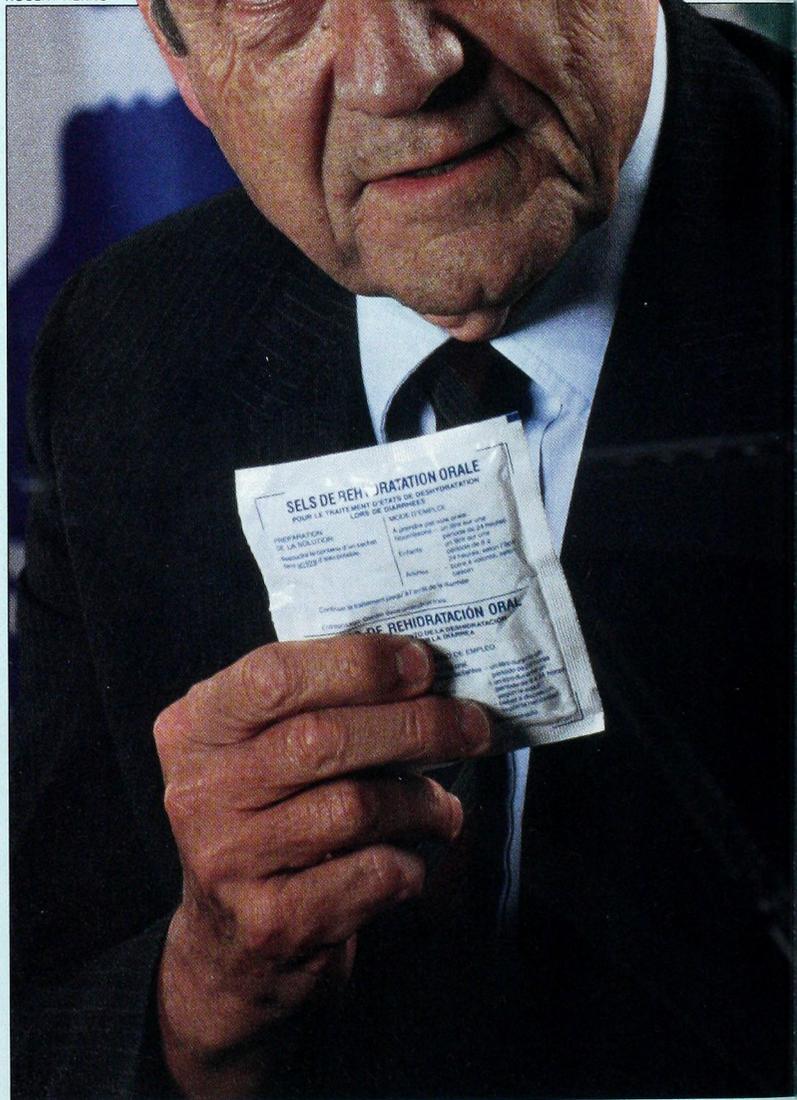
The executive director of the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) will try just about anything to get this stuff into the right hands. His dream is to see the priorities of the world shift so that preventable child deaths are simply no longer tolerated.

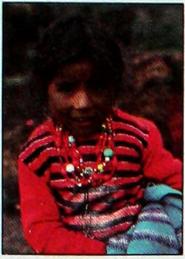
"When push comes to shove," he says, "it's women and children last, not first. We can turn that around now, if only we make up our minds to do it."

James Grant made up his mind to tackle world poverty before he turned 15. But then, it tended to run in the family.

If there were a "Who's Who in

ROBERT HERKO





Public Health," the Grant family would almost need a chapter of its own. James Grant's grandfather, sent out in 1888 by the University of Michigan and the Baptist

Foreign Mission Alliance, established China's first teaching hospital. He was a medical missionary not just because of the support system it offered, but "because he had a very strong feeling of accountability to God," says his grandson.

John B. Grant, James' father, took the torch and ran with it. He was one of the first master's degree graduates in the fledgling field of public health at Johns Hopkins University. Supported by the Rockefeller Foundation, John Grant's pioneering work in primary and preventive health care included setting up the first school of public health in China and the first in India.

Along the way, John Grant became absolutely convinced that even the pressing health needs in developing nations were overshadowed by the need for income and literacy. "He was the one," says James Grant, "who pushed me in the direction of economics and politics."

So Grant majored in economics. He returned to Asia—China and Burma—during World War II. Then he earned a Harvard law degree and went off to South Asia to work for U.S. aid programs.

By the time he sat behind the executive director's desk in UNICEF House, Grant had worked in the State Department, the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID) and its predecessor, and had headed the Overseas Development Council for 10 years.

If you wanted to follow the history of modern relief and development, Grant points out, those three generations of his family wouldn't be a bad case study. "The first international development was the work of Christian missions, and they remain a significant force. Then it spread to humanitarian groups such as the Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations. Then, after World War II, the government got involved. For a while, we all thought government would take over the job."

Grant, for one, is glad they were wrong. What the last 10 years have shown, he says, is the vital importance of interaction between government and private-sector humanitarians. It's the non-governmental organizations which

have pioneered most of the new approaches, such as those encouraging people's "ownership" and participation in their own development process.

And, Grant points out, it's the private bodies that keep pressure on the government to value people over politics.

People over politics. And above all, children. That has been the thrust of James Grant's campaign for child survival. He doesn't care how people get the message, as long as they get it.

In El Salvador, for example, it took some grim statistics. In 1984 it was discovered that more children had died that year for lack of 50 cents' worth of vaccine than everybody killed in all the fighting. So sobering was the realization that leaders on both sides of the fighting declared "three days of tranquility," each a month apart, to allow for the necessary vaccination series. It began in 1985 and has continued each year since.

Grant says leaders in Lebanon and Afghanistan picked up on the idea too. "It set a precedent that children are entitled to special measures even though their parents may be at great odds with one another."

In a world where Coca Cola has penetrated remote frontiers, James Grant's UNICEF has no qualms about using Madison Avenue to reach parents of children at risk. In countries at peace, the UNICEF message often rivals brand-name advertising. One of Grant's favorite examples is a 15-second Brazilian television spot featuring soccer superstar Pele. His mother looks up at him, her arm around him, and says, "Of course, he was a breastfed baby."

And then there are the countries, like Colombia, South America, where virtually every sector of society lines up for a blitzkrieg on child illness. Then President Betancur himself showed up at an immunization site, took syringe in hand and gave child survival publicity a big shot in the arm. More than 10,000 radio spots aired over the course of a few months. Colombia's schoolteachers, Rotarians and political parties all threw their weight behind the campaign. Catholic priests giving premarital counseling began to discuss parental responsibility for the health of children. And every high school graduate now must log 100 hours as a "Health Scout": 20 hours of training and 80 hours of service.

It's stories like

these that keep James Grant going. UNICEF's child survival agenda faces steep uphill battles against the enormous daily death toll. Preventing child deaths is an uncertain business, highly vulnerable to political whims and natural disasters.

"It's a steady three steps forward and one step back," he says. "If I ever feel discouraged, I just think back to where we were 40 years ago. In 1950 there were 70,000 children dying every day. Now we have more children, and the death toll is down to 38,000. We're quite confident that by 1990, we'll get it down to 33,000."

Three steps forward, one step back. Seven thousand children continue to die daily from diarrhea because oral rehydration packets are not universally available, nor does everyone know how to use them. But Grant prefers to look at it this way: "In 1980, less than one percent of mothers knew about oral rehydration therapy and were using it. Today, the number is more than 20 percent. There are 600,000 children

who did not die last year because of this."

Grant is trying for nothing less than a world-scale conversion to the cause of child survival.



SEAN SPRAGUE / UNICEF

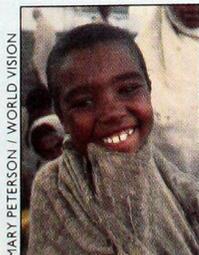
"I can remember a time," he says, "when empires and colonialism were assumed to be permanent. By the late 1940s and early 1950s, this had changed. We've had the same sort of 'conversion' about the environment, about civil rights in the U.S., about women."

Tomorrow's task, he says, is to build a committed constituency for development. Getting American young people out into "the field" in developing countries is essential for creating a lifelong reserve corps of globally aware people who give money, volunteer their time and lobby for better development assistance. Grant credits the Peace Corps and groups such as World Vision and Save the Children with offering some of these essential opportunities to young people.

And the next generation of Grants? James Grant's eldest son works for USAID in India. Another pursues research at a university in Iowa. The third assists with the establishment of small business enterprises in developing countries.

It must run in the family. □

Beth Spring is a free-lance writer living in McLean, Va.



MARY PETERSON / WORLD VISION

BY JAMES P. GRANT
Executive director, UNICEF

WHY WE'RE TALKING



ROBERT HERKO

REVOLUTION

In 1982, UNICEF started talking revolution. We talked about "New Hope in Dark Times." We talked about the possibility of a virtual revolution in child survival and development.

Our proposition was simple: that the annual toll of some 15 million child deaths could be halved—*halved*—within 10-15 years. Tapping into today's new communications capacity, nations could for the first time reach most families with the knowledge of low-cost, life-saving techniques.

We said it could be accomplished at low financial cost even in economically difficult times—if only governments and national leaders could marshal the political will to try.

As the decade opened, immunization coverage of children in the developing world was less than 10 percent. Vaccine-preventable diseases claimed

approximately 4.5 million young lives each year—12,000 a day.

But in the last five years, as the child survival and development revolution has gained momentum, look at what's happened. Twenty-five developing countries now have a coverage level better than that of the United States just 10 years ago: at least 80 percent of children under 1 are protected against all six leading child-killing and -crippling diseases (measles, polio, tetanus, diphtheria, whooping cough and tuberculosis.)

More than 100 nations are accelerating their immunization programs toward the United Nations goal of universal coverage by 1990. As of August 1987, global coverage had risen to around 50 percent.

There is similar progress to report in the spread of oral rehydration therapy (ORT). That's the remarkably simple salt-and-sugar solution which counters the dehydration associated with diarrheal disease—still the greatest

killer of children in the modern world. As this decade started, less than three percent of the world's parents knew about and knew how to use ORT, which had been "invented" in the late 1960s. Today, the World Health Organization estimates that the parents of about half of the children under 5 have access to the therapy, including access to a trained health worker who can demonstrate its proper use.

Lives are being saved—to the tune of 6,000 a day—by these two techniques alone. Disabilities are being prevented on a comparable scale. This is the bottom line of the child survival and development revolution.

Surprisingly, saving children's lives has been associated with reduced population growth in many countries. As parents become more confident that they do, in fact, have some power to affect the health of their children, and as they become more confident that their children will survive, they are more willing to limit family size. As we look toward the end of the century, strange as it may seem, one of the principal means of slowing population growth will be to dramatically reduce child mortality rates.

There are two ways a country can show more attention to its children, its hope for the future. One way is to start from the top—if the leader of a country understands that a future built on sickly, disabled, stunted children is a house of cards. That leader—like former President Betancur of Colombia or President Soeharto of Indonesia—takes the lead, asserts the national priority, re-allocates the national budget and mobilizes the nation to protect and nurture its children and families.

The other way is to start from below, with those who are not in power but who are most affected by the problem. This is the path of the great progressive movements of modern history: for the abolition of slavery; for the enfranchisement of women; for the end of colonial empires; for the extension of civil rights to people of color; and for

the protection of the environment.

This path begins with people, like those involved in World Vision, who are taking a strong stance against apartheid and for child survival and for Third-World development, who find the poorest people in the world and work with them intelligently and compassionately. Gradually, ever so gradually, you are joined by more people, and then by more organizations, institutions and voices of authority and influence. And the movement grows. A "grand alliance" for children is emerging, and an increasingly great chorus can be heard.

The main task we share in this grand alliance—that of bridging the gap between health knowledge and those who need to know—has become more feasible in recent months with the release of *Facts for Life*. This milestone publication contains the most important information now available to help parents protect their children. It is knowledge on which there is worldwide scientific consensus; knowledge on which most parents can act; and knowledge which has the potential to drastically reduce child deaths and child malnutrition. It is therefore knowledge which rightfully belongs to all families everywhere.

Facts for Life packages this knowledge in easily understood messages about 10 topics: safe motherhood, breast-feeding, immunization, respiratory infections, malaria, diarrhea, AIDS, birth spacing, promoting child growth and home hygiene.

Although the ultimate recipients are the families who actually need the knowledge, we first need to get it into the hands of the communicators—the

teachers, broadcasters, health workers, local leaders—people who can help put the knowledge at the disposal of parents.

A century ago all this would have been unthinkable. Not just because of technical difficulties, but because children had long been considered the virtually disposable property of their parents. So drastically had the climate shifted by 1924 that the Geneva Declaration could state with assurance: "The

child deserves the best mankind has to give."

Since that watershed declaration, over 80 declarations, covenants and other documents have upheld children's basic rights. But what's been missing, until now, is a statement which holds the whole world accountable to the same standards. The nearly complete "Convention on the Rights of the Child" fills the bill. It would legally bind all endorsing nations to provide for their children, among other things:

- primary health care
- adequate nutritious foods and clean drinking water

GOD HEARS A CHILD'S CRY

BY TOM HOUSTON

"It is never the will of your Father in heaven that a single one of these little ones should be lost."

Jesus said this and meant it.

I listened to four Imams, or Muslim priests, say something similar to parents in a five-minute television spot produced by World Vision in Mauritania, West Africa. They urged the audience to see that their children got the help that child survival provides "in order that they might have the health that it is the will of God for them to have."

There is something basic in the thought that children, who are the gift of God, should live and reach their potential.

Yet life is not always lived that way. The way people live often puts their children at risk.

It happened to Ishmael. His mother, Hagar, was driven out into the desert by the jealousy of Sarah, the mother of his half-brother Isaac. When the water was all gone, Hagar left the child under a bush and sat down herself about a hundred yards away. She said to herself, "I can't bear to see my child die."

While she was sitting there, the boy began to cry. God spoke to Hagar. "Don't be afraid. God has heard the boy crying. Get up, go and pick him up and comfort him. I will make a great nation out of his descendants." Then God

opened her eyes and she saw a well. She went and filled the leather bag with water and gave some to the boy. God was with the boy as he grew up.

It happened to Moses. Pharaoh,

afraid of the population growth of a minority people, was trying to have all the Hebrew boys drowned in the Nile. Moses' mother and sister complied with the cruel regulation and put him in the Nile, but in a basket and near where Pharaoh's own daughter came to bathe. She rescued the baby and Moses survived to be the deliverer of the nation of Israel, its lawgiver and guide through the desert of Sinai.

It happened to Jesus himself. Herod the Great was bent on massacre to prevent any rival growing up who would be a threat to his own dynasty. All the children under 2 around Bethlehem were put to the sword. Joseph and Mary, warned by God in a dream, escaped to Egypt until the peril was over. Jesus survived to become the Savior of the world—and the one who said that it never was the will of the Father in heaven that a single one of these little ones should be lost.

Who is better able to get involved in child survival than the Christian churches? They have the means of social mobilization which James Grant of UNICEF understands to be so important. They are in most communities. They have the reason for which the child should survive—to fulfill God-given potential. And they know the source of the dignity of the child—likeness to the Creator.

What will the parents of a community feel for those who give them their children back from death? This was a mark of Jesus that showed him to be the Messiah. He gave Jairus back his daughter. He gave the widow of Nain back her son.

It was the way the Master went. Should not the servants tread it still? □

Tom Houston is president of World Vision International.



SEAN SPRAGUE / UNICEF
Immunization reaches children in a remote Chinese village.

- information and support for parents in basic child health, sanitation and accident prevention.

The convention won't be adopted automatically. People who care about the well-being of children will need to speak out, both for its adoption by the U.N. General Assembly and its ratification by individual nations.

The child survival and development revolution has created a hallway of open doors. The most important new opening for children is the simplest of all: the opportunity to develop as healthy individuals. But look beyond the door of good health.

The child survival approach empowers parents to control important events in their lives. It relieves much of the strain—emotional, financial, time-consuming—of dealing with recurring child illness and death. On another, more profound level, it affects the very sense of self. It does so because it rests upon one central belief: that people can and ought to be enabled to take far greater care of themselves.

Poised at the threshold of a new decade which itself stands at the brink of a new millenium, the legacy of our era is ours to define. It is a moment of opportunity, with the potential for immense breakthroughs which only a short time ago seemed out of reach.

It is a revolution in which we all have a stake. □



DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

BY PHILIP YANCEY

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO

CHARI

M

y wife, Janet, directs a senior citizens' program in one of Chicago's poorest neighborhoods. After one exhausting day, besieged by whiny, insistent demands for ever more help, Janet came across this quote: "The poor express their gratitude not by saying thanks but by asking for more." The quote, she said, proved strangely comforting.

That got me thinking about how difficult it is to give to people without somehow undermining their sense of dignity. The poor fail to express their gratitude mainly because of shame—shame over their need for help in the first place. Instinctively my reflections turned toward individual words, and before long I had a list of polluted words, each of which began as a beautiful expression of giving. Such words litter the English language; taken together, they offer a strong warning about the dangers inherent in giving and receiving.

I T

PITY

Deriving from the same root as "piety" and "pious," this word once denoted a high form of sacrificial love. God, a perfect being without needs, nevertheless chose to give of himself to his creatures. He had pity on needy people, such as the Israelites in bondage to Egypt; and, in the New Testament, Jesus was often moved with pity. Those who mimicked him—the rich having "pity" on the poor, for example—thus expressed God-like qualities.

That was the older meaning, at least. Eventually the emphasis shifted from the givers of pity to the recipients, who were seen as weak and inferior. Now we hear the taunt, "I don't want your pity!" One who shows pity is condescending, even unloving—the word has nearly reversed its meaning.

CHARITY

The IRS still recognizes the inherent goodness of this word (they grant tax exemptions to "charitable" organizations), but surely it too has lost some luster. Check 1 Corinthians 13 in the King James version of 1611 and you'll find "charity" used for the Greek *agape*, the most exalted form of human love. There, charity is rendered as patient, kind, forgiving, humble; it never fails to discern the best in people. But now no one wants to be a charity case; we accept charity only in desperation, as a last resort.

FIVE WORDS THAT HAVE FALLEN FROM GRACE



CONDESCEND

I read the entire Bible as a step-by-step history of God's condescensions. To Adam in the garden, to Moses in the burning bush, to the Israelites in the glory cloud, and finally to all of us in the person of Jesus Christ, God con-

descended, or "descended-to-be-with" us. A true Christian follows that example, as the apostle Paul clearly outlined: "Your attitude should be the same as that of Christ Jesus: Who, being in the very nature God, did not consider equality with God something to be grasped, but made himself nothing, taking the very nature of a servant, being made in human likeness. (Phil. 2:5-7)

And yet again, over time the word's meaning has leached away. We have lost the art of condescension. Who of us would welcome the remark, "You're so condescending!"?

PATRONIZING

I have a special fondness for this word, for artists, musicians, and, yes, authors, were once kept free from everyday anxieties about earning a living by the generosity of *patrons*. Nowadays, however, there are few patrons, and fewer still who would want to be called "patronizing." The modern dictionary defines "patronize" as "to behave in an offensively *condescending* manner toward."

PATERNALISM

Another fine word, tainted. The root comes from *patēr*, or "father." In older days, a paternalistic person was like a father, caring for the needs of his children; now the image is more like an ugly tyrant who stoops down to his charges, reeking of superiority.

Why have these words changed? Each of them, once honorable and majestic, gradually melted, like a wax statue, into a sad lump barely resembling its former self. The words have changed because we have failed so often and so badly at the difficult task of giving. Perhaps an ancient Chinese proverb expresses it best: "Nothing atones for the insult of a gift but the love of the giver."

World Vision as it administers assistance programs in needy countries, my wife as she ministers one-on-one to senior citizens, I as I confront a beggar on the street outside my home—each of us confronts the vast and perilous gap between the giver and the receiver. Government programs established with the highest of motives often flounder for reasons hinted at by these polluted words. An institution cannot love; only people can love. And, as the proverb says, apart from love, giving becomes an insult.

It would be much easier for us to avoid the needy and hang around self-sufficient people all day. But there's one problem: reaching out to the needy is not an option for the Christian. It's a command. I wrote a book called *Where Is God When It Hurts?* The real answer to that question, the answer I see in the New Testament, is another question: Where is the church when it hurts? We—you, I—are part of the response of God to the massive needs in God's world. We are literally Christ's body.

When Jesus was here in a physical body, he spent time among the poor, the widowed, the paralyzed, even those with dreaded diseases. Leprosy victims, for example—the AIDS patients of ancient times—were required to cry out "Unclean! Unclean!" if anyone approached; but Jesus defied custom by going up to them and touching them. That has been God's consistent movement in all of history.

Apart from love, giving becomes an insult.

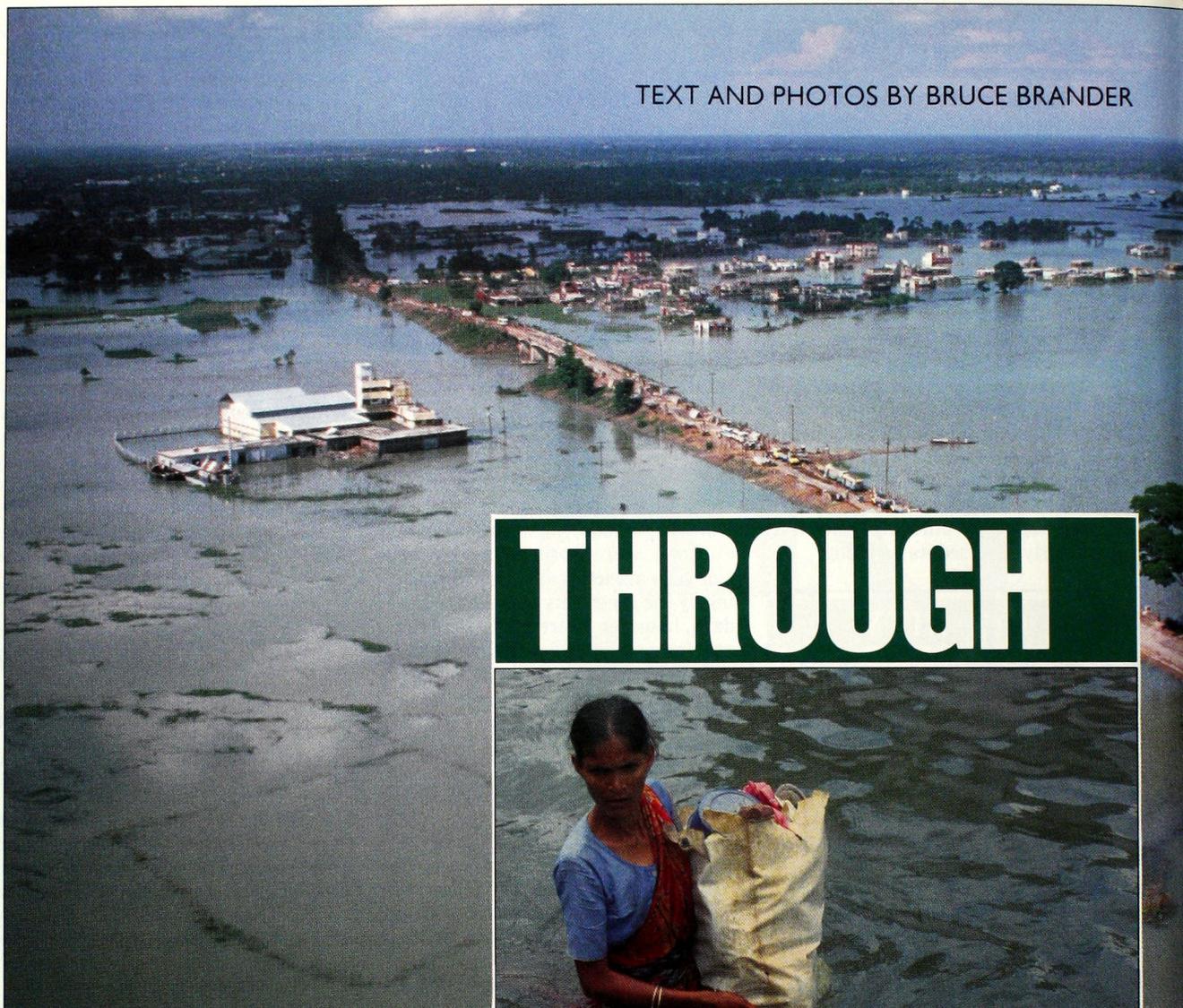
We in the church, God's body on earth, are likewise called to move toward those who suffer. We are, after all, God's means of expressing love to the world. That's why words such as pity and charity were originally religious words.

Can we reclaim these words, or if not the words, then at least the meaning behind them? I take some hope in the fact that all the words in the above list trace back to a kind of theological origin. There is a way to make pity God-like; charity can convey a high form of love; condescension may lead to unity, not separation; a patron may exalt, not demean, his or her subjects; paternalism may, in fact, remind us of our true state as children of a heavenly father.

Indeed, I know of only one way to eliminate the great gap between giver and receiver, and that is a humble recognition that all of us are needy beggars, sustained each moment by the mercy of a sovereign God. Only as we experience God's grace as pure grace, not something we earn or work for, can we offer grace and love with no strings attached, to another person in need. There is but one true giver in the universe; all else are his debtors. □

Philip Yancey is an author and editor-at-large for Christianity Today.

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY BRUCE BRANDER



THROUGH



F. D. HAIDAR /
WORLD VISION

The flood washed into Madhupur with a roar. "It was like doomsday," said Abdul Hakim, a 50-year-old schoolteacher. Mud- and bamboo-walled houses collapsed. Thousands of panic-stricken people fled to high ground with their cattle and whatever possessions they could salvage.

There they remained for more than two weeks, with no clean water and little food, without shelter under intermittent rain, sickening with intestinal and respiratory ills.

DEEP WATERS

*The flood has receded,
but Bangladesh remains
awash with problems.*



The flood, the worst anyone could remember, engulfed at least three-fourths of the South Asian country. It left little more than treetops, the roofs of houses and broken dikes poking through the murky brown sea.

"There was no dry land around even to bury him," said a 60-year-old woman named Khodbanu who lives in the Phulpur district, 54 miles north of Dhaka, capital of Bangladesh. Her 6-year-old grandson had tumbled from a platform above his submerged house and drowned. Some people in the countryside kept their dead on rafts. Others, knowing the waters would not go down for weeks, launched them to float away.

Bangladeshis, most of them followers of Islam from the Bengali ethnic group, are no strangers to hardship. Normal daily life in the largely agricultural land grinds along as a challenge to survival. The country is one of the most crowded on earth, with 110 mil-

lion people packed into an area about the size of Wisconsin. It also is one of the poorest. Half of the people are landless peasants and a greater number are uneducated and unskilled, accustomed to working for about \$1 a day when they can find work at all.

Neither are Bangladeshis unused to natural disasters. The past three decades have seen 13 devastating floods. Tidal waves also strike the country, sweeping up the Bay of Bengal with murderous force. So do typhoons; in 1970 a particularly violent storm killed more than 300,000 people. Drought and famine in the tropical land add to the frequent sieges of misery.

Yet for all the nation's tolerance for catastrophe, no one was prepared for the great flood of 1988.

When the deluge began around the middle of June, no one felt alarmed. Some degree of flooding is an annual event in Bangladesh. The country sprawls wide and flat with an average elevation of 30 feet, forming a vast delta

There was no dry land around even to bury him."

region for the mighty Ganges, Brahmaputra and Meghna rivers as they carry glacial runoff and monsoon rains from the Himalayas to the Bay of Bengal.

Normal flooding is a blessing

A normal flood comes as a blessing of nature. Its waters, covering about a third of the land to a depth of a few inches to perhaps six feet, lay down a fresh layer of fertile silt that nurtures sprawling paddies and great plantations to high productivity. The country depends upon the watery excess to hold its position as third among the world's rice producers and first among growers of jute, the glossy fiber used around the globe for twine, sacking, burlap and backing for carpets.

But this year the overflow that brings life to Bangladesh threatened to destroy the nation. When August dumped record monsoon rains on regions north of the country, a great bulge of water washed across the border and swept southward.

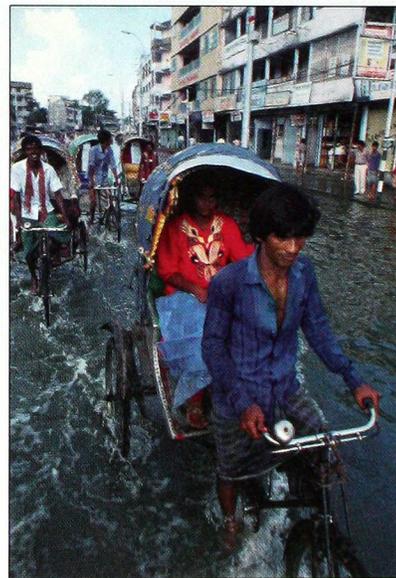
It drowned the north in the middle of the month. At the end of August it cascaded into Dhaka, bursting dikes along the Ganges and inundating 85 percent of the city of 5 million people. The flood flowed south until by mid-September all Bangladesh lay floun-

dering, paralyzed to an extent that few countries have experienced.

Roads were awash. Railways halted. Zia International Airport at Dhaka lay waterlogged and closed. The nation's half-dozen cargo helicopters airlifting relief supplies often could find no dry ground for landing. Even ferryboats plying the country's lacy network of waterways stopped running because their terminals were flooded.

Dhaka or Venice?

Dhaka looked like Venice, its broad avenues and snaking lanes turned to canals. Double-ended boats vied with bicycle rickshaws sloshing up to their hubs to taxi people between flooded homes and sodden businesses and markets. Only four-wheel-drive vehicles and tall Bedford and Hindustani trucks crawled along the submerged pavement with any confidence. Most residents with anywhere to go waded up to their knees, their waists, their



Rickshaws slosh along a Dhaka street.

chest. "Pani, pani," lamented a man, repeating the Bengali word for water as he hoisted a bundle to his head and plunged up to his neck.

As food supplies ran low, the rate of child malnutrition doubled throughout Dhaka. More than a million washed-out citizens sought refuge in 476 relief camps around the city. Conditions there quickly grew crowded and unhealthy. At one community center, more than 1,000 people jammed into two large rooms. A girls' high school, rising from the waters like an island, crammed more than 5,000 flood refugees into its three stories, offering a courtyard full of green slime as their one latrine.

Thousands more packed classrooms and corridors at Dhaka Agricultural College, cooking on steps, hanging laundry from balconies, dipping into the flood for drinking water, sprawling on floors as illness struck and spread.

People in the countryside fared worse. Many perched on rooftops or bobbed on rafts made from stalks of banana plants, guarding possessions

The only water available for drinking, cooking and washing: polluted floodwater



and metal roofing sheets from looters. More fortunate families stayed under their roofs, though often hunched on tables or makeshift platforms as water swirled in and out of the doors. Some women stood waist-deep cooking on boards propped above the mucky flow.

Like birds on a wire

One World Vision boat carrying 35 tons of relief supplies to southern Bangladesh discovered some 65,000 people lined up like birds on a telephone wire along 30 miles of dike barely a dozen feet wide. Some crouched in makeshift shelters. Little food had been salvaged, and as the launch putted by, people stretched out hands or pointed to their mouths and stomachs in supplication.

They all had stories of devastation, loss, even death. In one region, floodwaters piled so much sand over fields that local farmers reckoned it would take years to regenerate their lands. Ali Ahmed, a 25-year-old farmer, lost home, crops and belongings, though he was smiling happily because he had saved his wife from their collapsing house as she went into labor to deliver their first child in a cowshed. A 10-year-old boy named Salim became an orphan when his house caved in on his widowed mother. Some people escaped the waters only to be killed by cobras or other venomous snakes which, like cows, buffalo, goats, ducks and chickens, also scurried for dry places.

With estimates of the homeless

ranging between 30 and 48 million, the international community rapidly responded with several hundred million dollars in aid. Huge cargo planes took off all over the globe with shipments of food and other emergency supplies. In a few intense hours, World Vision purchased three tons of life-saving medicines in Bangkok and loaded them aboard the first commercial aircraft to land at the reopened Dhaka airport. To transport supplies within the country, helicopters arrived from India, Britain, Saudi Arabia.

The government mobilized its 80,000-member army to distribute food and other goods among some 65,000 communities marooned in the nationwide sea. Hundreds of volunteer organizations, many local, some run by Christian missionaries, aided the massive effort. By mid-September, some 1,700 flood relief centers were operating around the country.

World Vision, with 163 permanent projects, had a ready-made network for looking after 30,000 sponsored children, their families and other people living in project areas. The agency also distributed tons of food in Dhaka and chartered a 60-foot ferryboat to carry rice, lentils, salt and other daily needs to the people it had found stranded on the dike.

Fully as important as the need for food was an urgent demand for nationwide medical care. Everywhere wells and pumps lay submerged, leaving only floodwater for washing, cooking and drinking. Health officials estimated that 40 million gallons of raw sewage were swirling into the streets of Dhaka every day. Throughout the country, one person's toilet became another's well. Tons of garbage eddying into the solution added to virulent pollution. This, combined with lack of shelter and rotting food stores in the isolated countryside, turned the nation into a tropical hothouse of disease.

Pestilential muck

Along with colds and fevers, diarrhea ran rampant, a dangerous affliction among malnourished people and a leading killer of children. At Dhaka hospitals, patients overflowed into hallways, some on cots, others on floors. One hospital recorded between 10 and 15 percent of new admissions suffering from dysentery. Dhaka's International Centre for Diarrheal Research reported cases of cholera, an especially deadly and wildly contagious form of diarrhea that can kill within 12 hours.

To meet the dismal health conditions that could only grow worse as receding waters layered the country

with pestilential muck, the government dispatched 5,000 medical teams nationwide. World Vision joined this effort as well, sending mobile teams of doctors, nurses and community health workers to projects and refugee centers.

By the end of September, farmers were straggling back to the wreckage of their homes facing a national crop loss of 2 million metric tons—twice the annual needs of Ethiopia during its great famine of the mid-1980s. Dhaka was drying out streets with the aid of motorized pumps and disinfecting buildings with bleaching powder. But only in October or November would all the country be free of excess water. And only then could the full cost of the great flood be counted.

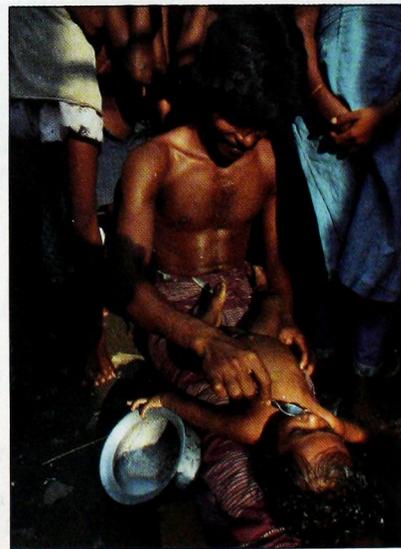
Progress down the drain

The loss to people of the land is, in a general sense, predictable. With every flood their assets diminish, keeping their economy perpetually depressed. The same is generally true for the nation as a whole. The flood of 1987 left between \$1.5 and \$2 billion in economic depredation. The latest deluge wiped away 17 years of hard-won development with its massive damage to transportation networks, dikes and buildings.

Rehabilitation work in months to come will begin to put the country back together. World Vision will assist here too, giving farmers seed and fertilizers, helping them rebuild their homes, initiating rural work programs to encourage the unemployed to stay on the land rather than migrate to already overcrowded cities.

But what of next year and years after that? Won't it all happen again?

Oral rehydration in action: the lifesaving remedy for diarrheal dehydration.



Very possibly, says B.M. Abbas, a former Bangladesh minister of flood control and a renowned authority on water resources. He and other experts see a pattern of huge floods for both the near and distant future, brought on by deforestation in the Himalayas, flood controls in India that shunt waters southward, and silt-clogged riverbeds in Bangladesh that spread floods wide rather than carrying them away.

What can be done to tame the local rivers, which rank among the mightiest in the world? Abbas recommends several measures for his country: immediate construction of solid embankments between rivers and inhabited lands, installation of pumps to drain waterlogged areas during summer flood seasons, clearing of silt from river courses, dredging of their mouths so waters can flow freely into the Bay of Bengal. He also advises an improved flood warning system and local storage of construction materials to reinforce riverbanks during emergencies.

What of next year and years after that? Won't it all happen again? Very possibly.

But Bangladesh alone cannot control the floods any more than it can the weather. Only 7.5 percent of the total drainage area of the major rivers lies within its borders. The main source sprawls away to the north: the 600,000-square-mile watershed in Tibet and Bhutan, Nepal and India, where the rivers begin with spring snowmelt from the southern slopes of the Himalayas and swell into flood with runoff from the annual monsoons.

"Disaster knows no boundaries"

In mid-September, Bangladesh President Hussain Mohammed Ershad appealed to the Himalayan countries for a meeting on multinational flood control. He was strongly supported by the United Nations. "Disaster knows no boundaries," said the coordinator of the U.N. Disaster Relief Organization, M'Hamed Essaafi, who visited the country at the height of the tragedy.

It seems no easy task to bring so many countries into mutual agreement over solutions at once complex and enormously costly. Yet, as Essaafi points out, multinational management has proven successful for the Mekong River, which touches Tibet, China,



Parents with sick children await attention at a mobile medical clinic in Dhaka.

Burma, Laos, Thailand and Cambodia on the way to its delta in Vietnam. International cooperation also has worked for the Indus, which springs from Tibet, flows across northern India and empties through Pakistan into the Arabian Sea.

The plan to save Bangladesh from destruction by its neighbors begins on Himalayan mountainsides. There an end to excessive timber cutting for firewood and farmland, coupled with increased reforestation, would anchor soils to again absorb local waters.

The second and most effective flood control measure would be a chain of dams and reservoirs in India and elsewhere. Not only would these harness yearly torrents, they also would generate electric power for regions much in need of energy. To help this part of the plan into existence, the World Bank stands ready to conduct feasibility

studies for the dams as soon as countries involved agree to cooperate.

These are hopeful signs for the future, everyone agrees. Yet they do not take care of the present. Farmers need more seeds now, and families need houses, and children need medical attention. People need jobs because their livelihood has been destroyed. A destitute nation is poorer than ever and dependent on the world beyond for material aid.

"These people are going to have to try to rebuild their lives," says Julia Taft, director of the Office of U.S. Foreign Disaster Assistance, "and we have to stand by them. It is not hopeless," she adds in the face of almost overwhelming loss. "Whatever we do will make it easier." □

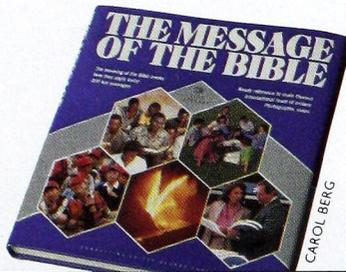
Bruce Brander is a media relations officer for World Vision.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written by Ginger Hope

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STAN SAKAI



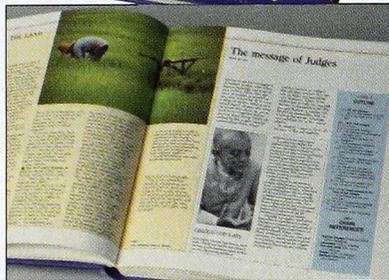
JUDGE THIS ONE BY ITS COVERAGE

The *Message of the Bible* is a book with an identity problem, of sorts. It asks to be displayed on the coffee table, shelved with the reference works, and close at hand on the bedside table.

It's a primer for newcomers to the Bible. It's a probing, relevant commentary for experienced Bible readers.

But here's what really sets this one apart: its global perspective, its emphasis on current issues of both spirituality and justice. The photographs, in particular, reflect this, and their captions are some of the best reading in the book.

The Message of the Bible, edited by George Carey, is available from Lion Publishing, 1705 Hubbard Ave., Batavia, IL 60510, for \$26.95.



You could look at nothing but the pictures and still get the picture.

HOME, HOME ON THE RANCH

Shiloh Christian Children's Ranch doesn't have houseparents anymore. They're called *homeparents* now.

Nit-picking? Not really, says director Jay Craig. "Houseparent" sounds institutional—dormitories, cafeterias. What abused children and teens find at the ranch is a traditional family home, where they will be mothered and fathered and sistered and brothered by a welcoming "nuclear family." For most, this will be their family all the way through high school graduation.

Contact the ranch at P.O. Box 606, Shelbina, MO 63468.

Anna, Christy and Cassie with "lawn mower"



Help Wanted—Volunteers

BUILDERS FOR THE PHILIPPINES

Needed: men to help build camp ministry facilities in the Philippines.

I wonder what the work's like. Sheer manual labor, slogging through mud, sweating under blistering sun.

Hmm. Tempting.

Must have open heart, industrious spirit, flexible mindset, healthy body.

Don't ask for much, do they? Must be some benefits package.

Great chance to build faith, see missions firsthand, learn to relate to another culture, help bridge the gap between missionaries and homesiders.

That is some benefits package.

Contact Project Jabez, ACTION, P.O. Box 490, Bothell, WA 98041.

RIPE FOR HARVEST

Nine traveling teams in Youth for Christ's "Harvest" project report overwhelming response to their drama, music and media presentations at South African high schools.

The teams, which include members of all of South Africa's main ethnic groups, have seen many young people's racial stereotypes begin to dissolve. And the high school assemblies have resulted in a flood of decisions for Christ—over 15,000 in 1988.

The project is being extended through at least 1992, and the South

Africans are calling for North American Christians to join the traveling teams and their support staff for one-year terms.

For more information contact Harvest, Youth for Christ/USA, P.O. Box 419, Wheaton, IL 60189; (312) 668-6600.



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Monrovia, CA 91016

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(800) 451-8024 inside CA



Name _____

Address _____

Zip Code _____

Telephone (_____) _____

Best Time to Call _____

Date of Birth _____ day _____ month _____ year

FYR911



There are many of you in this congregation who think to yourselves: 'If only I had been there! How quick I would have been to help the Baby!'

You say that because you know how great Christ is, but if you had been there at that time you would have done no better than the people of Bethlehem.

Why don't you do it now? You have Christ in your neighbor. What you do to your neighbor in need you do to the Lord Christ himself. *(From a Christmas sermon by Martin Luther.)*



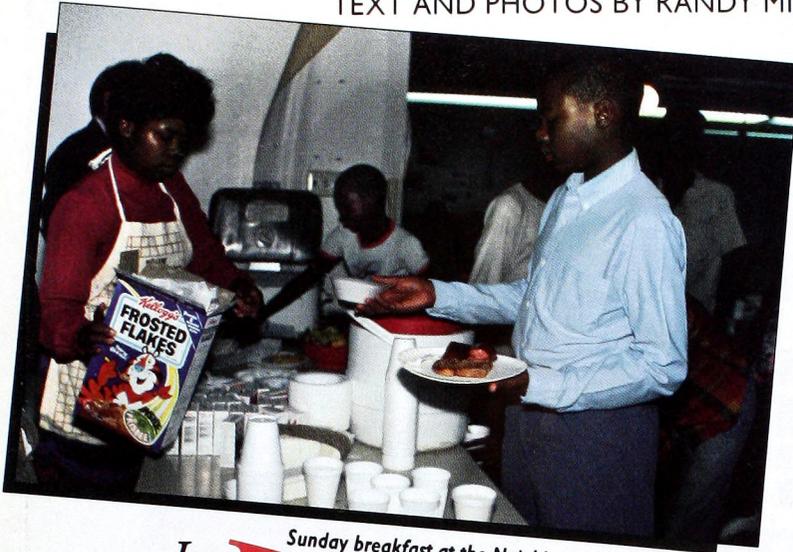
RUSSIAN BIBLE SHIPMENT GETS 'OK'



By Christmas, Soviet Christians should have in their hands the first installment of a million Russian-language New Testaments with Psalms.

There's currently one Bible for every 23 Christians in the Soviet Union, reports Open Doors, the nondenominational ministry distributing the Bibles in cooperation with the United Bible Society. On the underground market, Bibles sell for as much as two weeks' salary.

Open Doors also invites Christians in the Western world to send Bibles directly to a Soviet Christian. For information contact Open Doors, P.O. Box 27001E, Santa Ana, CA 92799; (714) 531-6000.



Sunday breakfast at the Neighborhood Christian Center

In Memphis **BREAKFAST** AND **BEYOND**

A down-to-earth ministry between Brook's Beauty Supply and Bill's Twilight Lounge.

Two-month-old Justin Blake Ballard is sleeping fitfully on a couch in a small back room of the North Neighborhood Christian Center in Memphis. JoeAnn, his adoptive mother, and Esther, his foster sister, eye him intently. He's usually a calm sleeper.

JoeAnn's concern is heightened when she notices a trace of blood on Justin's lips. Although she's helped raise 39 foster children and three of her own, it's been a long time since she's had one this tiny.

She looks over her shoulder to Esther, whose 2-year-old daughter Marisa is running in and out of the room. "Is this normal?" Esther peers into Justin's little face.

It's an unusual role for JoeAnn. Tall and confident, with a commanding presence, she's usually the one to whom everybody else turns for assurance.

"Do you think it could be internal?" she frets.

In the next room, Monroe Ballard, unaware of the drama unfolding with his son, supervises a small crew of cooks busy poking at fat sausage links sizzling on the kitchen stove. It's 7 o'clock, Sunday morning. In an hour, a stream of people from the surrounding neighborhood—the jobless, the homeless, the elderly on fixed incomes—will file in for a free breakfast, as they have done for several weeks. Boxes of cold cereal, pitchers of orange juice, toast, and a big steel urn of milk sit on the table.

By 8 o'clock, people begin to arrive.

Huge fans blow humid air around the room on this already hot September morning. Over the din, metal chairs scrape along the black linoleum floor as children—always first in line—scoot up to the tables with their juice and milk and platefuls of food.

"How's the meat supply out there?" someone hollers from the kitchen. "Okay," Monroe calls back. "Nothing to brag about. Keep 'em coming."

JoeAnn, now at ease, having discovered that Justin's bleeding was only the result of a parched lip, sits down for a moment.

"There are two kinds of people whocome in here," she explains. "There are street people and there are the people we're discipling. See that man in a

suit and tie?" She gestures toward a nattily dressed young man who looks out of place in the breakfast line. "He got his clothes from the center's Clothes Closet. He can't fix his own breakfast and he doesn't have a job, but we're working with him. He's been coming to the center for two years. I think he's on the verge of looking for a job.

"And see that man over there? He's been in and out of mental institutions for a good part of his life. We gave him some help, and now he's the security guard for this center. He's been doing it for three years. He's one of the most responsible people I know. You could trust your life with him."

A young boy carries a plate of sausages and toast past JoeAnn and heads for an empty seat. "Now this child," she says, nodding toward the boy, "his father died 10 months ago. He's in the seventh grade and he takes care of all his brothers and sisters, makes sure they're dressed nicely and that their hair is combed. He has to do it; his mother is irresponsible."

JoeAnn and Monroe come to the center every Sunday to open its doors for breakfast. Volunteers from five churches take turns preparing and serving the food. The Ballards hope to round up 52 church groups so the responsibilities can be spread out over a year. But breakfast is only one of the services provided by the center. And the Ballards spend more of their time within its walls than just a couple of hours on Sunday morning. A lot more.

Sandwiched between Brook's Beauty Supply and Bill's Twilight Lounge in an economically depressed area of Memphis, the North Neighborhood Christian Center (NCC) is the primary center among six scattered throughout the city. Created by cosponsors Young Life, Youth for Christ and a local church, NCC provides low-income and jobless inner-city residents with services ranging from financial counseling and Bible study groups to emergency food and interim housing.

NCC is not some benevolent program bestowed on the needy by kindly outsiders. Its roots are in the community. And, especially since JoeAnn became executive director in 1982, it has become an organization that meets people at their point of need and steers them toward independence.

With no city, state or federal funds coming in, NCC relies on a fair amount of volunteer labor and on donations from churches and individuals to maintain a \$250,000 annual budget for the six centers. In time, JoeAnn would like

to see a local church standing behind each center, carrying a significant portion of the budget and filling a majority of the staffing needs with volunteers.

"If a church runs the program, they won't let it die," she feels. "And it will be good for the church." Friendship Church of the Nazarene, across the street from NCC North, already supports the program with funds and staff members.

Bessie Bunton sits patiently in one of the tiny office cubicles along the narrow main hallway at NCC North. Across from her, seated behind a small desk, NCC North director Rosette McKuhen, a member of Friendship Church, fills in a rental assistance application form as Bessie tells her story. At 40, she is separated from her husband and has four children, three of whom are still at home. Her oldest son, 21, has just been released from jail. Having to provide for her family with her income as an attendant at one of Shelby County's gas stations, Bessie is struggling just to get by.

Temporary low-cost housing, some furniture and financial guidance from NCC will not solve all her problems, but it will provide a safety net for her as she gathers the resources to reshape her life. Helping people take charge of their lives without creating dependency is NCC's intention. For the most part, that goal is being met. It was met in Rosette's case.

Rosette McKuhen didn't stride through the doors of NCC North and into the director's chair. She came as a client. Her husband, discharged after 15 years in the Army, was out of work, and they needed help meeting their payments and finding employment. Soon after they came into the center, Rosette volunteered to work there. Despite her lack of experience, her diligence paid off. When health problems forced the former director to step down, he recommended Rosette as his replacement.

Inviting the poor to take part in remedying their own predicaments is a key element in the NCC philosophy.

"Traditionally, society views the poor as being people who have nothing to offer," says JoeAnn. "But we invite them to be servants with us. That helps them realize that they have something they can offer."

JoeAnn Ballard



In many ways, what JoeAnn and Monroe are doing through NCC is simply an extension of the kind of social ministry they have been doing on a smaller scale since shortly after their marriage 22 years ago. But they didn't start out planning to have 39 foster children, let alone the 300 or so "weekenders" and "overnighters" whom they continue to help through rough times at home or in school.

After attending Bible college, JoeAnn settled in Memphis and began teaching Sunday school at an inner-city Nazarene church. Even though her rural upbringing in Lucedale, Miss., had acquainted her with poverty, she was shocked by not only the poverty, but the lack of discipline, direction and hope among the children she encountered in the city.

I started using my resources to buy food and clothing for some of these kids," JoeAnn recalls, "trying to help them out as best I could. Monroe had noticed the same kind of need at Douglas Elementary School among his sixth graders. After we got married, we continued helping these kids, using our own resources and taking donations of food and clothing from people in the community. It just grew from that."

Since those humble beginnings in the late sixties, Monroe and JoeAnn have opened their home to former prostitutes, drug addicts and abuse cases. They have replaced the anger and despair in these children with love and trust. Today, nearly all of their former charges have stepped out on their own. Some have families, some are in college, and all have found ways to support themselves.

"Several things were supposed to have happened, according to society's expectations," says Monroe. "They were supposed to have dropped out of school, or failed to get enough money, or slipped back into their old lifestyles. But none of it happened. From day one, when we started taking kids in, it has never regressed once. Things have been very positive and progressive, which still amazes me."

And even though the pace has slackened a little since the early days, the Ballards have no plans to close their doors.

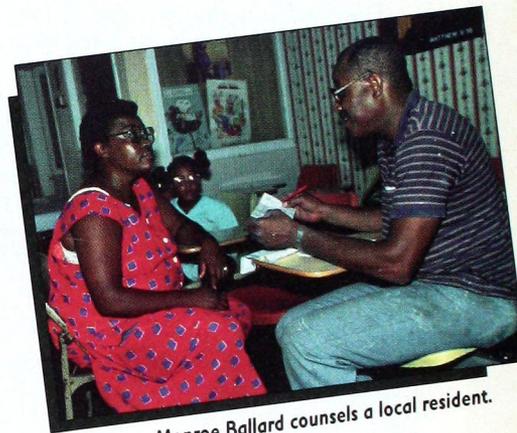
"We can't foresee not doing this," JoeAnn says, smiling. "This is not a thing you retire from. I may retire from the Neighborhood Christian Center someday, but I will probably never retire from having kids in until I'm just too old to do it.

"We view ministry that way, too,"

she continues, explaining not only their philosophy at home, but at NCC as well. "It's not something you retire from either. When I became a Christian, I accepted a call to ministry, not a call to sympathy."

A young staff member pokes her head into JoeAnn's office at NCC North. "Mrs. Ballard, can you come out here? There's some trouble out front." JoeAnn leaves her desk and follows the woman to the front lobby. Outside, a middle-aged woman is stooping in the parking lot over the contents of her spilled purse. Her daughter, who has a history of mental illness, pokes her with a cane and unleashes a stream of obscenities. JoeAnn watches from the door for a moment. It's a little more than she cares to deal with by herself.

"Monroe!" Her clear alto voice cuts through the din and echos down the hallway. Monroe, whose after-school hours are usually spent at one center or



Monroe Ballard counsels a local resident.

another, strides into the lobby and looks through the plate-glass windows. The younger woman has headed toward the street, and Monroe unlocks the door and goes to help the shaken mother inside. With a few calming words, JoeAnn assures the woman that they'll do whatever they can to help her.

It's not a typical occurrence at the center. But it's not all that uncommon, either. Maybe it's for days like this that JoeAnn carries a bottle of Tums in her purse.

Back in her office, she adds a final thought about the ministry she shares with Monroe. "We realize we're not going to be able to help the masses through either our work with foster children or with NCC. But just because I know I can't conquer the world doesn't mean I shouldn't try to do what I can.

"I may not be able to help the world, but I can help 39 kids and encourage them to help others. And through the centers, maybe I can help a few people in our community, too." □

WHEN BEING RIGHT IS ALL WRONG

BY EDWARD R. DAYTON AND TED W. ENGSTROM

One of the biggest time wasters in business and personal life is the pastime of blaming, buck-passing and just plain "being right."

Quite a bill to pay

There is something in most of us (Americans, anyway) that finds satisfaction in being right about facts and figures. Facts are conversation stoppers. People use them as weapons. The quick mind, the facile tongue, seem to win out more often than slow, thoughtful discussion.

The trouble is that we tend to take being right very personally. It is as though our being were all wrapped up in what we know. To be "wrong" becomes a personal issue. It makes us feel bad. It makes us want to be *right*, and to fight back (if that's what it takes to be right).

The result can not only be a lot of time wasted in "discussing," but a lot of time spent in searching for facts that will serve no other purpose than to prove that we are right. Add to that the tremendous amount of emotional energy that is involved, and you have quite a bill to pay for the privilege of being right.

Some familiar words

"Do not think of yourself more highly than you should. Instead be modest in your thinking, and judge yourself according to the amount of faith that God has given you." (Romans 12:3)

"But the wisdom from above is pure first of all; it is also peaceful, gentle and friendly; it is full of compassion that produces a harvest of good deeds; it is free from prejudice and hypocrisy." (James 3:17)

We all know the words. But it is difficult at times to think of others more highly than ourselves, particularly when they are wrong! Oh, how unbelievably perverse we can be. We cry out with Paul, "Why can't I do the right I know I should?"

The advantage of not being right

Trying to be right about facts that are difficult to prove takes a lot of time, and *most of the time they don't make any difference to the problem at hand*. Why waste precious time digging in a worked-out mine?

Being right can be a losing proposition. If you are right all the time, you will intimidate people and make it all the harder for them to remember the facts or attempt to share them with you. People don't really believe you are right all the time. They just believe that you think you are.

Attempts to be right easily cut off the creative juices. Remember the rules of brainstorming sessions? Anything goes. No judgments. Build on one another's ideas. No idea too big, too small or too far out. In other words, no arguments, no concern about being right, just a concern to contribute to the dialogue.

Personal life too

The same thing is true in our personal lives. Parents need to be right, so they don't listen. Kids need to be right, which is evidently part of the maturing process. Too bad that so many of us, when we reach 21, are surprised by how much Mom and Dad have learned in the last 10 years.

What to do about it

Begin by listening to your discussions. Who does most of the talking? Does it appear that the people you are working and living with are getting a chance to say everything they want to say, or do they get cut off? If it helps, keep an inconspicuous scorecard on who speaks how often in your next meeting. Is it you?

Or perhaps you are one of those who lays back and waits for the final say. How many discussions are ended by your pronouncements?

How much time in your next few meetings or one-to-one discussions is taken in establishing facts? And how many of these facts were really important? Do you, or some of the people you work with, have to say something about everything?

People don't really believe you are right all the time. They just believe that you think you are.

Start the change process

With this information in hand, see what you can do to change the situation:

Begin by deciding that you have no need to be right. At first that may seem like a big order. But think a bit. If you are right, doesn't the situation usually turn out that way anyway? Will *your* being right change the course of history?

Second, resolve not to argue over things that have nothing to do with the situation at hand. We don't say eliminate all small talk. That is often the break that a meeting needs to steady it up or get it back on the track. Just don't worry about being right about incidentals.

Third, try active listening. Make sure you really understand by telling the person what you are hearing them say.

Fourth, ask for wisdom. "But if any of you lacks wisdom, he should pray to God who will give it to him; because God gives generously and graciously to all." (James 1:5)

Finally, focus on God's presence. It's surprising at times how trivial our discussions may sound to the maker of the universe. □

GARY GINTER wanted to build a spaceship.

The boy lived in the lush backwoods of Washington near the mile-wide Columbia River. Late-night stargazing into the black Northwest night sparked a four-year-long mission to design, build and launch his own homemade rocket.

Actually, Ginter had saved enough money to begin building his junior space chariot. He'd even secured a quote from an East-Coast machinist to fashion the projectile's all-important exhaust nozzle.

Then Gary learned about sacrificial giving. Two boys, both from low-income families, needed tuition for a Christian summer camp. Every saved nickel later, Gary's craft was grounded. But something just as extraordinary had been launched.

"That's where the giving began," reflects

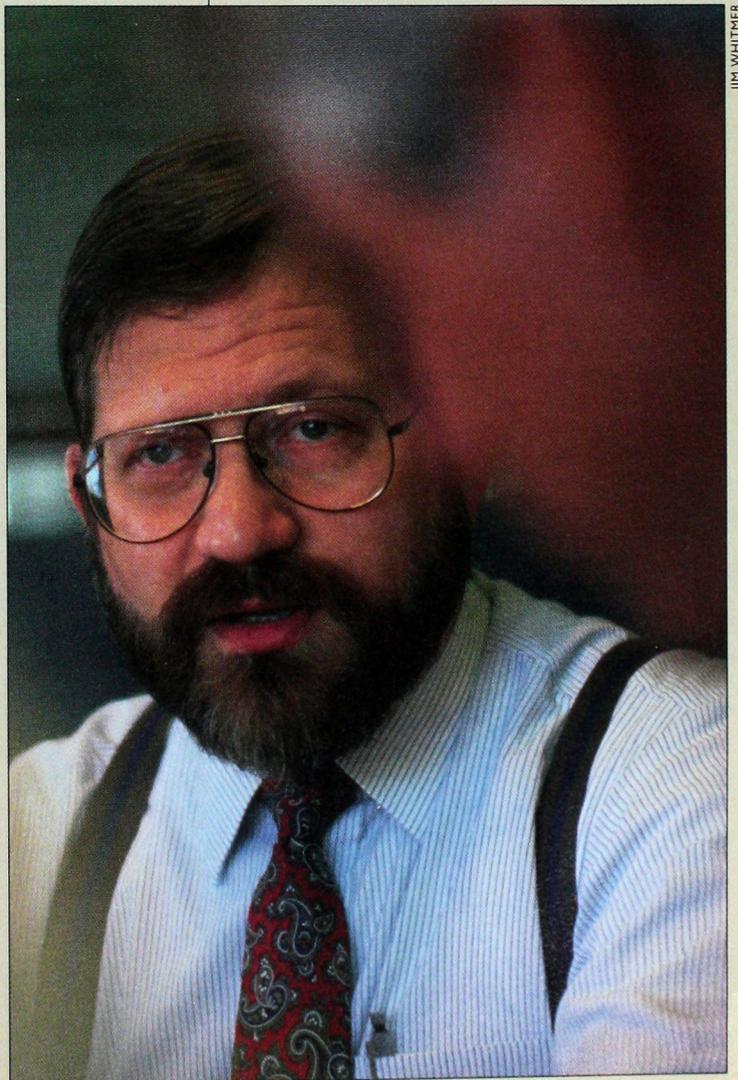
Ginter in his 33rd-floor office in the heart of downtown Chicago. Today, three decades after the scrapped flight, Ginter sits atop the financial world both literally and figuratively. As one of four founding partners of Chicago Research and Trading Group, Ltd. (CRT), Ginter helps guide a multi-million-dollar futures and options trading firm which *Wall Street Journal* has dubbed "the envy of the industry."

Suffice it to say that these days Gary Ginter can afford all the exhaust nozzles he wants. Yet what sets Ginter apart from a board room stuffed with Italian suits is a lifestyle more akin to Sears than Saks. *(Continued on next page)*

God called him to make money...

THE PROFIT PROPHET

...but not to keep it.



JIM WHITMER

The Ginter family is the antithesis of the "if-you've-got-it-flaunt-it" credo. For the past half-dozen years or so—about the length of time CRT's profits have skyrocketed—Ginter and his wife Joanna have channeled millions of their personal dollars into a variety of missions causes and missions-enabling business entities.

There wasn't always money to give, however. This Wall Street whiz was once a would-be missionary with a knack for "hoops." He was seriously considering a career in sports evangelism in Bolivia.

One night God unmistakably, irrevocably called Ginter away from the mission field and into the business world in a voice that Ginter claims was as clear as if it were audible. "It was an unusual experience—one I would not expect to have again," says Ginter. He concluded from that call that he was to

What sets the Ginters apart is a lifestyle more akin to Sears than Saks.

stay home and go into stewardship: making all the money he could, living on as little as possible, and giving the rest away.

For the first 10 years of his business career, that pretty much summed up Ginter's stewardship *modus operandi*, even when it meant going in debt to give.

Ginter would be quick to agree that God's calling back then was made all the more unlikely by the floundering entrepreneur's admitted lack of business skill. On the heels of the "call" came a long stretch of academic and business flops. Ginter, an intellectual, never graduated from college.

During those early years, his record of business start-ups read like a proof text for Murphy's Law. When Joanna was pregnant with their first child, she thought to herself, "This guy is going to have to get a job, 'cause I'm quitting my nursing career when this baby comes."

People would pat Gary on the head and say, "Son, when you finally get your feet on the ground, come and tell me what you want to be when you

grow up."

The founding of CRT in April of 1977 signaled the beginning of the end of hard luck around the Ginter household. In little more than a decade, CRT's seed capital base of \$150,000 has burgeoned into a full-blown money machine, boasting resource capital in excess of \$250 million.

A big cash cow

What's more, Ginter is no longer the greenhorn. He has matured into a sophisticated, elegant operator. He negotiates and closes deals in a forthright manner that would spin the head of last year's movie villain, corporate raider Gordon Gecko of Paramount's "Wall Street." While other partners concern themselves with day-to-day trading decisions, Ginter—dressed in his trademark suspenders—busies himself with more visible CRT tasks. Much of his time is spent shuttling back and forth between Chicago and Washington, D.C. (where he maintains a separate office). Or Tokyo, where Ginter is part of a team nurturing CRT's trading relationships in Japan—a natural role for someone with Ginter's cross-cultural sensitivities.

The steady climb from a one-time bookkeeper who could "scarcely balance a checkbook" to the top of the corporate heap punctuates the authenticity of God's call on his life, says Ginter. "Even though I wasn't particularly gifted in business, God gave me a love for it. People develop skills in that which they love and do persistently, and indeed, that's been true in my case." Indeed.

The Ginters hold back what they need to meet modest living and household expenses. As Gary's and Joanna's giving has increased, out of necessity they have established a separate foundation—the Jubilee Foundation—through which their monies are channeled to missions entities.

Recently, for example, the Jubilee Foundation underwrote the entire marketing cost for the U.S. Center for World Mission's "Last \$1,000" campaign. The highly successful fundraising drive retired an \$8 million debt on the center's campus facility, home to more than 40 missions research, mobilization and sending organizations.

"CRT has been a big cash cow. It's enabled Joanna and me to give heavily to foreign missions. But by far, most of our giving doesn't appear on an IRS statement as giving," says Ginter. "Rather, we invest in *missionary corporations*, which we consider exactly what God wants us to be about." Of the Ginters' total giving, roughly 80 percent is invested in these missionary corporations.

Missionary corporations? Besides being a successful business professional, Ginter is also recognized as one of today's leading thinkers in the area of "tentmaking" mission work, a term borrowed from the apostle Paul's means of earning his keep. Tentmaking means using professional and technical skills in cross-cultural settings for the purpose of sharing the gospel. Along with some church friends and CRT partner Gaius Berg, Gary and Joanna founded the Midwest Center for World Mission, a center in Oak Park, Ill., organized

Gary and Joanna at home: "It's unreal! God has some sense of humor."



JOHN WIERICK

God has called me to make all the money I can, but live on as little as possible, and give the rest away."

expressly for research and training for such mission work. Mixing his finely honed entrepreneurial vision and talent with financial resources and a passion for missions, Ginter has whipped up some models which he calls *missionary corporations* and *kingdom companies*.

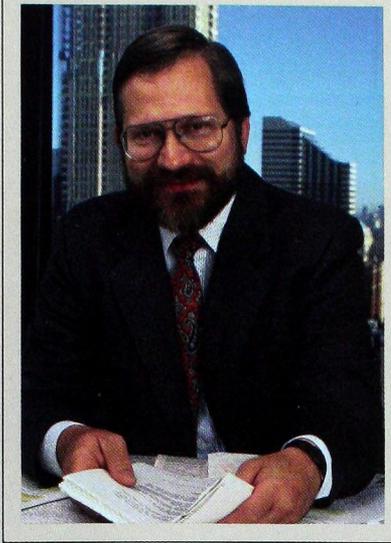
A kingdom company, he explains, is organized to achieve kingdom goals as opposed to financial goals. That doesn't mean it's not designed to break even in the long term. It's designed to do exactly that. But its motivation for drawing together human energy is not to maximize return on investment measured by dollars, but rather to maximize return on investment measured by kingdom standards. A missionary corporation is simply a kingdom company that operates in a cross-cultural setting, whether that be inner city to suburban, rich to poor, white to black or Africa to America—any type of cross-cultural situation.

Fishing flies from Kenya

Ginter has helped create or has provided venture capital for a number of kingdom companies and missionary corporations. Some have been more successful than others. Among the more successful is World Craftsmen, which imports and distributes hand-tied fishing flies from Kenya and Guatemala. In addition to providing a vehicle through which the gospel can be shared in overseas settings, World Craftsmen also provides jobs and development opportunities for some 140 Third-World people. Currently, World Craftsmen is among the top four fishing fly wholesalers in North America.

"Eighty percent of all unreached people in the world live in countries closed to the gospel by political or religious barriers," says Gary. "We have to have some other way for people to get there." A professional corporation

JIM WHITMER



"Walking by faith is never easy, especially if you're successful."

offering valued goods or services is more likely to penetrate a closed culture than a traditional missionary, Ginter suggests. Furthermore, the missionary corporation represents a cross-cultural outreach alternative which may well be more in keeping with coming economic realities.

"When it begins costing \$50,000 to send faith missionaries overseas, the well of faith missions supporters might start drying up," says Ginter. "Instead, these people are going to say, 'Hey, I'd much rather own stock in an oil trading firm in Jakarta seeking to reach Muslims.'"

Gary and Joanna Ginter maximize their own ability to give by living what they term a "warfare lifestyle"—simple, unpretentious, non-materialistic and in keeping with the demands of soldiers actively engaged in spiritual warfare. A few short miles and a world away from the first-class headquarters of CRT is the Ginter home, located in an economically marginal, westside-Chicago neighborhood called Austin. The community is home to 180,000 mostly black, mostly poor residents.

Only recently did the late-model Chrysler compact in the driveway replace "Red," Ginter's prized 1969 Chevy Nova with a snapped door-hinge and a quarter-million miles which eldest son Josh claims "was on the verge of explosion." Inside the Ginter home, no precious artwork adorns the walls, save the dogeared "Human Suffering Index" magazine foldout thumbtacked to the paneling, or the bright crayon

masterpieces of Ashley, the youngest of the four Ginter children. Out back, the family tomato plants are staked up with warped and broken snowshoe frames, castoffs from a Ginter enterprise called Viking Snowshoes.

The Ginters' commitment to the Austin neighborhood extends beyond their mere presence. Gary and Joanna have given much time and money to Circle Urban Ministries, a comprehensive Christian ministry that responds to the needs of low-income families in Austin. Gary was the founding chairperson of the board of the Circle of Christian Health Center, which today serves more than 1800 families in the Austin neighborhood.

Without question, the Ginters' way of life is far more a reflection of both Gary's and Joanna's modest upbringing than the astronomical business successes of recent years. "It's unreal!" says Joanna. "We were both humble folk growing up, and suddenly to be involved in this world-class operation? God has some sense of humor."

A pipe for God

Echoes Gary: "We've only really had money for the past four years, but even before then we invested a lot in God's work. Back then, we called it the 'Widow's Cruse of Oil' approach to stewardship. We decided to keep pouring out to the Lord what he had given us, and we'd trust him to keep putting more in.

"If we let our money collect in a pool, our faith begins to reside in the size of that pool, not in the Lord and his promise to provide. Joanna and I want to be a pipe through which God can channel money to strategic needs. That keeps us on the edge of faith better than safely storing away a million bucks to fall back on.

"Walking by faith is never easy, especially if you are successful in business and can insulate yourself from the normal fears of lack of money. But if you are to become an effective stewardly entrepreneur, then you need to learn how to walk in the midst of success without losing your faith's cutting edge.

"We certainly don't consider our lives to be normative for other people," says Gary. "We don't say that this is the way other people should live. It's just the way God has led us to live." □

John Wierick is a free-lance writer living in Montrose, California.

READERS' RIGHT

LIMITED EDITION
GUARANTEED TO
APPRECIATE

She may not look like a limited edition to you. But this child is one of a kind. More valuable than any artist's signed print or sculptor's statue.

She is a unique and priceless creation, lovingly crafted by the hand of God.

But she may not see herself that way. She is poor, hungry and hurting. She needs the loving care of a Childcare Sponsor.

When you give \$20 a month to help a precious creation like this live through childhood and become a productive adult, you get something valuable in return.

You get a child's deepest appreciation—because your gifts provide such important things as food, clothing, medical care, education, help for the child's community and the chance to know Jesus' love.

To take a child into your heart, clip and mail the coupon below. You'll receive the photo and story of a child who needs your investment of love...

...Love that lifts your precious child above the pain of poverty and hunger and in return, lets you feel your child's deep appreciation.

Help One Precious Child!

- Enclosed is my first \$20 payment. Please send me a photo and information about a boy girl from Africa Asia Latin America where most needed.
- I can't sponsor a child right now, but here's a gift of \$_____ to help needy children. (1000)

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Please make your check payable to World Vision. Mail to:



WORLD VISION
CHILDCARE SPONSORSHIP
Pasadena, CA 91131

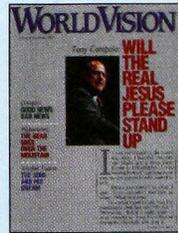


According to Tony Campolo ("Will the Real Jesus Please Stand Up"), owning a BMW is a sin. Would he be kind enough to send me a list

of the approved car models? I own a Honda, but it's fairly nice, so I'm afraid I might be living in sin by driving it.

I hope Campolo doesn't feel that Jesus was indulging in conspicuous consumption by allowing himself to be anointed with expensive perfume. The Bible says the perfume was worth over one year's wages, maybe even \$40,000 in today's money.

*Thomas E. Bearden
Littleton, Colo.*



I was stunned by Campolo's article. It is terrific, and ought to shock many Christians who are used to apologizing for one another's BMWs.

Keep on walking into enemy fire.

*Paul Hawley
Arcadia, Calif.*

I agree with the thrust of Campolo's article. However, it contains a factual error. Campolo writes, "I remember when Martin Luther King came marching out of Selma and met old Bull Connor."

Bull Connor was police commissioner in Birmingham (90 miles north of Selma) and was never associated with Selma. Also, on the Sunday in question, Martin Luther King was in Atlanta, not in Selma. A few days later he returned to Selma, led the march to Montgomery, and was not subjected to any violence.

*Cecil Williamson
Crescent Hill Presbyterian Church
Selma, Ala.*

My sister lives in Dakar, Senegal, and she has been talking about the water problem for years. Your example of someone who is making a difference ("Steve Tucker: A High Flier Digs In") has brought the desperate need to the attention of your readers.

*Bruce Barbour
Nashville, Tenn.*

It makes me sad that after such a great issue on women's ministries, especially the articles by Roberta Hestenes ("Is the Gospel Good News for Women?") and Ted Engstrom and Ed Dayton ("The Best Man for the Job..."), you still get letters showing that some readers have not learned anything ("Readers' Right").

*Denise Geiger
Lee Street United Presbyterian Church
Marion, Ohio*

I have two developmentally handicapped children and am aware of how the church has ignored the issue for years.

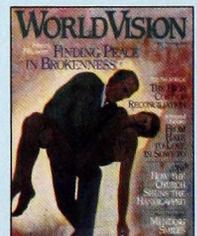
Henri Nouwen's article ("Adam's Peace") was wonderful. And my oldest son lives at Rainbow Acres, mentioned in Samaritan Sampler. Thanks for this issue. It was an encouragement to our family.

*La Vonne Foxx
Ridgway, Colo.*

We had just begun to see what could be done for the retarded citizens of our small community when your magazine arrived.

It was a blessing from the Lord. We read and re-read it and passed it around.

*Sister Ruth Speth
The Christian Service Center
Abbeville, La.*



WORLD VISION welcomes comments from readers and reserves the right to edit them for length. Letters may be addressed to: The Editor, WORLD VISION Magazine, 919 W. Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016.

ENCOUNTER WITH PRAYER

The leader of our recent World Vision day of prayer, Dick Eastman—author, speaker and head of Change the World Ministries—focused on several principles of prayer. I'd like to share two of them with you.

One: Prayer is God's way of involving the whole church in his total plan to establish Christ's kingdom on earth.

Two: Prayer is the weapon of the church which Satan most fears.

Nearly 2,000 years after Jesus gave the Great Commission, Eastman notes, half the world's 5 billion people still await the full message of Christ. And of 200 countries, 40 restrict almost all evangelistic activity and only 60 have true religious freedom.

So your ministry of prayer is absolutely essential if we are to penetrate the areas where Christian workers cannot go. Will you take on a prayer project, perhaps prompted by an article in this magazine, and go by prayer where only prayer can go?

Norval Hadley

Director, Prayer Ministries

There is a prayer request below for each day of the month. You'll pray through each item twice in the two months before the next issue reaches you.

PRAY FOR:

- A Christmas season which truly honors the one who offers abundant life to all.
- Ten volunteers who will begin a one-year internship with World Vision's U.S. Ministries.
- Dick Eastman, new president of World Literature Crusade (Every Home for Christ).
- Efforts of UNICEF, World Vision and other agencies on behalf of the health of the world's children (pages 4-7).
- Thailand: Ask God to protect World Vision's projects, partners, children and families.
- The Bible Literature Center in Chittagong, Bangladesh, where gospel material is printed in the Bengali and Chakma dialects.
- Sudan, where more than 3 million victims of war and drought face starvation.
- Garfield Jubilee Association's housing program in Pittsburgh, Penn., which restores homes in low-income areas.
- The merger of Love Inc. with World Vision, to enable U.S. churches to minister to the needy people around them.
- World Vision projects in Kenya, Senegal and Ethiopia providing clean water by drilling new wells and rehabilitating old ones.
- Holland, where Christians meet in great numbers to pray for revival for all of Europe.
- Bolivia, South America's poorest country. Ask God to have his healing way in this land.
- Peru, shaken by natural and social disasters. Pray for Christians to realize their important role there.
- World Vision's anticipated work in China, now in planning stages.
- Jerusalem's West Bank: Ask God for peace and for the effective ministry of World Vision projects and staff.
- Moms in Touch, small but growing groups of women who meet to pray for their children, teachers and schools.
- Haiti, that democratization will continue as promised by its leaders.
- People in the Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico areas still recovering from September's hurricane.

- Afghanistan: for the resettlement and safety of the world's largest refugee group.
- Our new President, and all those assuming new leadership positions in the government.
- Indonesia, where prayer groups are meeting to pray for revival.
- The ministry of Shiloh Christian Children's Ranch (page 16) and other homes for abused children.
- God's help in discovering and developing new gifts that you can offer to those around you.
- The work of Neighborhood Christian Centers in Memphis, Tenn. (pages 16-17), providing a fresh start to destitute people in the inner city.



BRUCE BRANDER / WORLD VISION

- Bangladesh's recovery from severe flooding, and for permanent solutions to the recurring problems (pages 10-13).
- The release of hostages in Lebanon and for peace in that troubled place.
- Christians to take a leading role in bringing about reconciliation between embittered groups around the world.
- The Ginter family (pages 20-21) and others who answer God's call to a lifestyle of giving.
- Those who remain faithful to Christ at great cost to themselves and their loved ones.
- Increasingly honest and peaceful relations between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

This Christmas, make a friend who will love you forever.

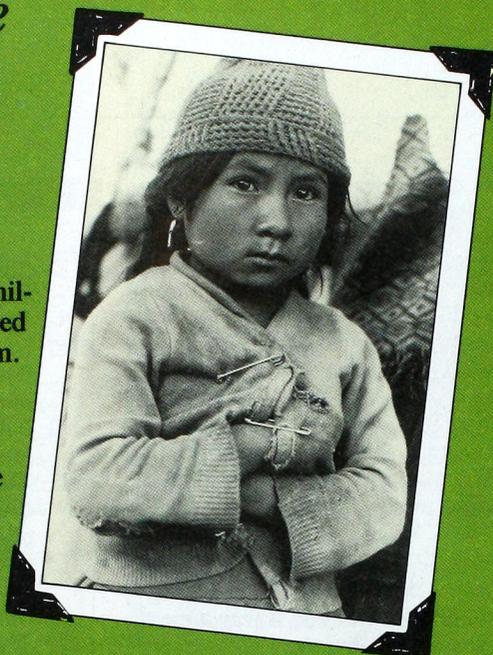
This is Maria. This Christmas, Maria and millions of children like her need caring friends to love them.

Some are orphans.

Many are malnourished.

All of them struggle with poverty.

They'll spend this Christmas like they spend most of their days—cold, hungry and afraid.



How you can make a friend.

For more than 35 years World Vision has been finding friends for needy children. We make it possible for you to sponsor one of these children for only \$20 a month.

By becoming a sponsor now you can provide things like food, clothing, medicine and a Christian education for a child like Maria in time for Christmas. You will also be helping your child's family, and even their community.

You'll be able to write to your child. You'll receive letters as well — letters full of hope

and thanks and love.

This Christmas, open your heart extra wide and give a special gift.

Add a needy child like Maria to your Christmas list. And make a friend who will love you forever.



WORLD VISION

World Vision is a Christian relief and development organization, helping the poor in the name of Christ in over 80 countries throughout the world.

WORLD VISION CHILDCARE SPONSORSHIP

- Please send me information and a photograph of a child who needs my help.
- I prefer to sponsor a child living in:
 - Africa Asia Latin America Where most needed
 - Enclosed is my first month's payment of \$20.
 - I will send my first month's payment of \$20 within 10 days of receiving the materials, or I will return them so someone else can help.
- I can't sponsor a child now, but here's a special gift of \$_____ to help care for a needy child. 1000

Your gifts are tax deductible and you will receive a receipt. Please make checks payable to World Vision.

Thank you!

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

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WORLD VISION[®]

December 1988/January 1989

UNICEF'S JAMES P. GRANT

*Making the World
Safe for Children*

BANGLADESH:

*Through
Deep
Waters*

Philip Yancey:

*Five
Dirty
Words*

GARY GINTER:

*The
Profit
Prophet*



4 Making the World Safe for Children

Nothing less than a world-wide conversion to the cause of child survival will satisfy UNICEF director James P. Grant. Here's what he's doing about it, and why.

8 Whatever Happened to Charity?

Pity, charity, condescend, patronizing and paternalism: they used to be good words. Noted author Philip Yancey explains their fall from grace.

10 Through Deep Waters

Bangladesh's devastating flood waters have receded, but the worst may lie ahead as disease and malnutrition spread across the nation. And it could all happen again.

19 The Profit Prophet

He makes money hand over fist and has a 33rd-floor office in downtown Chicago. He could be living in a penthouse, eating lobster for lunch, and driving a BMW. But he isn't. Why?

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Responding to UNICEF's worldwide challenge to governments and private organizations, World Vision in 1987 made Child Survival and Beyond one of its top priorities. A three-year goal was set for the immunization of 6 million children in project communities.

Today, one year later, World Vision operates 11 major child survival projects: eight in Africa, one in the Caribbean and two in Asia.

Thousands of lives have been saved. Yet the need remains overwhelming; we've only just begun.
Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

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DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

NO PLACE TO GO

The Christmas season is upon us once more. The celebration of the birth of the Christ Child, with all of its ramifications, will be the focus of our attention in the next few weeks. We will have the opportunity to reflect again on that moment that changed history forever. It's as if God is giving us one more chance to get it all right, to truly understand what he had in mind with his rather unique introduction of the "Word made flesh."

For starters, I think that we should be somewhat concerned over the way we have romanticized the story of pregnant Mary and crowded Bethlehem. The fears and uncertainties, pain and suffering of that historic night often get lost in what has become a cozy manger scene, replete with clean animals, soft straw, gentle shepherds, soothing angel voices and no barn smells.

Joseph certainly would have set us straight. He would have been the first to tell us that this was no ordinary situation. His wife was pregnant and he hadn't even been the first to know! His first marital responsibility was to call ahead for a room. This hadn't gone well either and, as Mary labored to give birth, Joseph must have felt something like an irrelevant afterthought.

Recently I met another pregnant woman in an environment that will never be overly romanticized. She is Mozambican, and upon arriving at a crowded refugee camp, also found that there was "no room in the inn." She literally had no place to go.

This was a woman on the run from a war that was not of her making, but a war that had the potential to destroy her and her family.

I met her in a camp for the *deslocados*, those disinherited from their lands and now displaced by the savage war raging throughout Mozambique. She already had five children, four of whom had been "farmed out" wherever help was found. She carried one child on her back, obviously too small for anyone except Mom. The only relevant fact about her husband was that he was gone. She was pregnant and alone, humbled by the desperate nature of a tenuous existence.

There is little to romanticize in Mozambique, one of the poorest countries of the world. This is a country that also has one of the largest refugee populations, and certainly the fastest-growing. This woman is one of many who seem to have exchanged dignity for dependence somewhere along the way. She is a late arrival, a new addition and, without a husband, she is immediately one of the least important.

There is no shelter and no one to make one for

her. She is given a "space," a ten foot by ten foot piece of ground. This is where she sleeps, with her child, outdoors.

Her possessions include three small cooking utensils and the clothes on her back. Most of life's supports and all of life's comforts have been taken away. She is cautious, scared, solemn. Life is very tenuous, a fact she understands all too well.

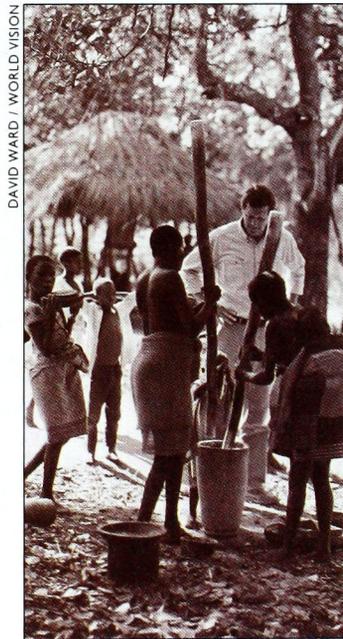
This woman represents the vulnerability of Mozambique. Hopes and dreams are extremely fragile in the massive trauma of the moment. The country cannot solve its own problems. Within the country, there's no place for her to go to be safe. And as a vulnerable woman, carrying vulnerable life both on her back and in her womb, desperately poor, all alone and much afraid, she needs our help. Very simply, she will not be able to survive without support—food, shelter, clothing, medical aid.

But in an eternal sense she also needs a place to go. She needs to know the voice of the One who

said, "Come unto me, all ye who are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She needs to feel the love of the One born outside of Bethlehem's inns, the One who identified with the poor and the oppressed of the world, the One who offers eternal hope for those with no place to go.

I don't think that we can truly relate to this Mozambican woman, identifying with

her need and responding to both the physical and the spiritual voids that exist in her life, without first responding to the Christ of Christmas. On that day, power was exchanged for love, a love that makes each one of us significant and special, a love that obligates us one toward another, a love that will be reunited with power when Christ comes again, giving each one of us who trust in him a place to go. □



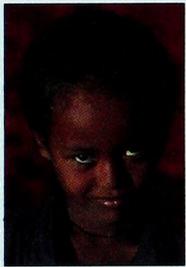
DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

Bob Seiple observes Mozambican deslocados pounding relief grain into flour.

BY BETH SPRING

UNICEF'S *James P. Grant* MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR CHILDREN

DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION



James P. Grant reaches into his pocket and fishes out a small packet full of a whitish, powdery substance. He always carries one with him.

Drugs? Hardly. But quite possibly the most potent formula in the world. It's a simple mixture of salt and sugar. Add it to clean water, and a few glasses full will prevent a child with diarrhea from dying of dehydration. Every day some 7,000 kids in the world die from diarrhea.

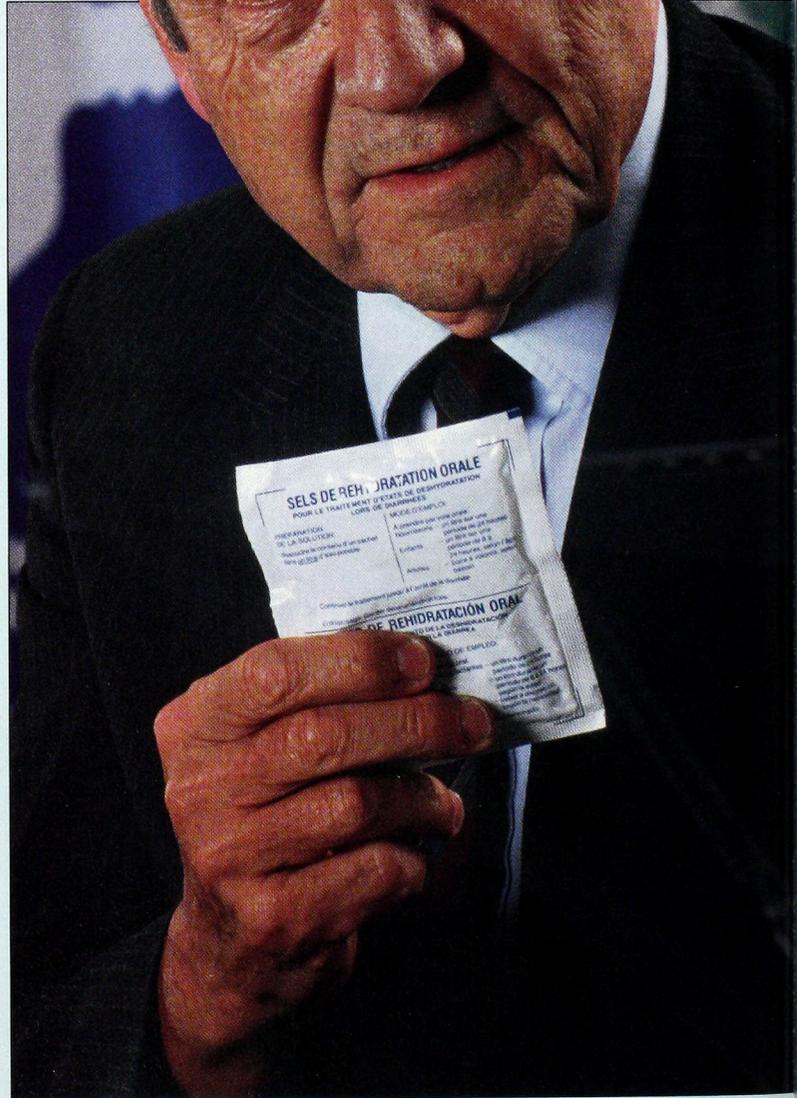
The executive director of the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) will try just about anything to get this stuff into the right hands. His dream is to see the priorities of the world shift so that preventable child deaths are simply no longer tolerated.

"When push comes to shove," he says, "it's women and children last, not first. We can turn that around now, if only we make up our minds to do it."

James Grant made up his mind to tackle world poverty before he turned 15. But then, it tended to run in the family.

If there were a "Who's Who in

ROBERT HERKO





Public Health," the Grant family would almost need a chapter of its own. James Grant's grandfather, sent out in 1888 by the University of Michigan and the Baptist Foreign Mission

Alliance, established China's first teaching hospital. He was a medical missionary not just because of the support system it offered, but "because he had a very strong feeling of accountability to God," says his grandson.

John B. Grant, James' father, took the torch and ran with it. He was one of the first master's degree graduates in the fledgling field of public health at Johns Hopkins University. Supported by the Rockefeller Foundation, John Grant's pioneering work in primary and preventive health care included setting up the first school of public health in China and the first in India.

Along the way, John Grant became absolutely convinced that even the pressing health needs in developing nations were overshadowed by the need for income and literacy. "He was the one," says James Grant, "who pushed me in the direction of economics and politics."

So Grant majored in economics. He returned to Asia—China and Burma—during World War II. Then he earned a Harvard law degree and went off to South Asia to work for U.S. aid programs.

By the time he sat behind the executive director's desk in UNICEF House, Grant had worked in the State Department, the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID) and its predecessor, and had headed the Overseas Development Council for 10 years.

If you wanted to follow the history of modern relief and development, Grant points out, those three generations of his family wouldn't be a bad case study. "The first international development was the work of Christian missions, and they remain a significant force. Then it spread to humanitarian groups such as the Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations. Then, after World War II, the government got involved. For a while, we all thought government would take over the job."

Grant, for one, is glad they were wrong. What the last 10 years have shown, he says, is the vital importance of interaction between government and private-sector humanitarians. It's the non-governmental organizations which

have pioneered most of the new approaches, such as those encouraging people's "ownership" and participation in their own development process.

And, Grant points out, it's the private bodies that keep pressure on the government to value people over politics.

People over politics. And above all, children. That has been the thrust of James Grant's campaign for child survival. He doesn't care how people get the message, as long as they get it.

In El Salvador, for example, it took some grim statistics. In 1984 it was discovered that more children had died that year for lack of 50 cents' worth of vaccine than everybody killed in all the fighting. So sobering was the realization that leaders on both sides of the fighting declared "three days of tranquility," each a month apart, to allow for the necessary vaccination series. It began in 1985 and has continued each year since.

Grant says leaders in Lebanon and Afghanistan picked up on the idea too. "It set a precedent that children are entitled to special measures even though their parents may be at great odds with one another."

In a world where Coca Cola has penetrated remote frontiers, James Grant's UNICEF has no qualms about using Madison Avenue to reach parents of children at risk. In countries at peace, the UNICEF message often rivals brand-name advertising. One of Grant's favorite examples is a 15-second Brazilian television spot featuring soccer superstar Pele. His mother looks up at him, her arm around him, and says, "Of course, he was a breastfed baby."

And then there are the countries, like Colombia, South America, where virtually every sector of society lines up for a blitzkrieg on child illness. Then President Betancur himself showed up at an immunization site, took syringe in hand and gave child survival publicity a big shot in the arm. More than 10,000 radio spots aired over the course of a few months. Colombia's schoolteachers, Rotarians and political parties all threw their weight behind the campaign. Catholic priests giving premarital counseling began to discuss parental responsibility for the health of children. And every high school graduate now must log 100 hours as a "Health Scout": 20 hours of training and 80 hours of service.

It's stories like

these that keep James Grant going. UNICEF's child survival agenda faces steep uphill battles against the enormous daily death toll. Preventing child deaths is an uncertain business, highly vulnerable to political whims and natural disasters.

"It's a steady three steps forward and one step back," he says. "If I ever feel discouraged, I just think back to where we were 40 years ago. In 1950 there were 70,000 children dying every day. Now we have more children, and the death toll is down to 38,000. We're quite confident that by 1990, we'll get it down to 33,000."

Three steps forward, one step back. Seven thousand children continue to die daily from diarrhea because oral rehydration packets are not universally available, nor does everyone know how to use them. But Grant prefers to look at it this way: "In 1980, less than one percent of mothers knew about oral rehydration therapy and were using it. Today, the number is more than 20 percent. There are 600,000 children



SEAN SPRAGUE / UNICEF

who did not die last year because of this."

Grant is trying for nothing less than a world-scale conversion to the cause of child survival.

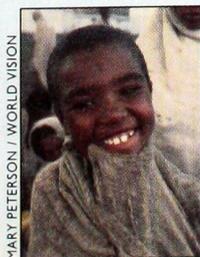
"I can remember a time," he says, "when empires and colonialism were assumed to be permanent. By the late 1940s and early 1950s, this had changed. We've had the same sort of 'conversion' about the environment, about civil rights in the U.S., about women."

Tomorrow's task, he says, is to build a committed constituency for development. Getting American young people out into "the field" in developing countries is essential for creating a lifelong reserve corps of globally aware people who give money, volunteer their time and lobby for better development assistance. Grant credits the Peace Corps and groups such as World Vision and Save the Children with offering some of these essential opportunities to young people.

And the next generation of Grants? James Grant's eldest son works for USAID in India. Another pursues research at a university in Iowa. The third assists with the establishment of small business enterprises in developing countries.

It must run in the family. □

Beth Spring is a free-lance writer living in McLean, Va.



MARY PETERSON / WORLD VISION

BY JAMES P. GRANT
Executive director, UNICEF

approximately 4.5 million young lives each year—12,000 a day.

But in the last five years, as the child survival and development revolution has gained momentum, look at what's happened. Twenty-five developing countries now have a coverage level better than that of the United States just 10 years ago: at least 80 percent of children under 1 are protected against all six leading child-killing and -crippling diseases (measles, polio, tetanus, diphtheria, whooping cough and tuberculosis.)

More than 100 nations are accelerating their immunization programs toward the United Nations goal of universal coverage by 1990. As of August 1987, global coverage had risen to around 50 percent.

There is similar progress to report in the spread of oral rehydration therapy (ORT). That's the remarkably simple salt-and-sugar solution which counters the dehydration associated with diarrheal disease—still the greatest

There are two ways a country can show more attention to its children, its hope for the future. One way is to start from the top—if the leader of a country understands that a future built on sickly, disabled, stunted children is a house of cards. That leader—like former President Betancur of Colombia or President Soeharto of Indonesia—takes the lead, asserts the national priority, re-allocates the national budget and mobilizes the nation to protect and nurture its children and families.

The other way is to start from below, with those who are not in power but who are most affected by the problem. This is the path of the great progressive movements of modern history: for the abolition of slavery; for the enfranchisement of women; for the end of colonial empires; for the extension of civil rights to people of color; and for



ROBERT HERKO

WHY WE'RE TALKING

REVOLUTION

In 1982, UNICEF started talking revolution. We talked about "New Hope in Dark Times." We talked about the possibility of a virtual revolution in child survival and development.

Our proposition was simple: that the annual toll of some 15 million child deaths could be halved—*halved*—within 10-15 years. Tapping into today's new communications capacity, nations could for the first time reach most families with the knowledge of low-cost, life-saving techniques.

We said it could be accomplished at low financial cost even in economically difficult times—if only governments and national leaders could marshal the political will to try.

As the decade opened, immunization coverage of children in the developing world was less than 10 percent. Vaccine-preventable diseases claimed

killer of children in the modern world. As this decade started, less than three percent of the world's parents knew about and knew how to use ORT, which had been "invented" in the late 1960s. Today, the World Health Organization estimates that the parents of about half of the children under 5 have access to the therapy, including access to a trained health worker who can demonstrate its proper use.

Lives are being saved—to the tune of 6,000 a day—by these two techniques alone. Disabilities are being prevented on a comparable scale. This is the bottom line of the child survival and development revolution.

Surprisingly, saving children's lives has been associated with reduced population growth in many countries. As parents become more confident that they do, in fact, have some power to affect the health of their children, and as they become more confident that their children will survive, they are more willing to limit family size. As we look toward the end of the century, strange as it may seem, one of the principal means of slowing population growth will be to dramatically reduce child mortality rates.

the protection of the environment.

This path begins with people, like those involved in World Vision, who are taking a strong stance against apartheid and for child survival and for Third-World development, who find the poorest people in the world and work with them intelligently and compassionately. Gradually, ever so gradually, you are joined by more people, and then by more organizations, institutions and voices of authority and influence. And the movement grows. A "grand alliance" for children is emerging, and an increasingly great chorus can be heard.

The main task we share in this grand alliance—that of bridging the gap between health knowledge and those who need to know—has become more feasible in recent months with the release of *Facts for Life*. This milestone publication contains the most important information now available to help parents protect their children. It is knowledge on which there is worldwide scientific consensus; knowledge on which most parents can act; and knowledge which has the potential to drastically reduce child deaths and child malnutrition. It is therefore knowledge which rightfully belongs to all families everywhere.

Facts for Life packages this knowledge in easily understood messages about 10 topics: safe motherhood, breast-feeding, immunization, respiratory infections, malaria, diarrhea, AIDS, birth spacing, promoting child growth and home hygiene.

Although the ultimate recipients are the families who actually need the knowledge, we first need to get it into the hands of the communicators—the

teachers, broadcasters, health workers, local leaders—people who can help put the knowledge at the disposal of parents.

A century ago all this would have been unthinkable. Not just because of technical difficulties, but because children had long been considered the virtually disposable property of their parents. So drastically had the climate shifted by 1924 that the Geneva Declaration could state with assurance: "The

child deserves the best mankind has to give."

Since that watershed declaration, over 80 declarations, covenants and other documents have upheld children's basic rights. But what's been missing, until now, is a statement which holds the whole world accountable to the same standards. The nearly complete "Convention on the Rights of the Child" fills the bill. It would legally bind all endorsing nations to provide for their children, among other things:

- primary health care
- adequate nutritious foods and clean drinking water

GOD HEARS A CHILD'S CRY

BY TOM HOUSTON

"It is never the will of your Father in heaven that a single one of these little ones should be lost."

Jesus said this and meant it.

I listened to four Imams, or Muslim priests, say something similar to parents in a five-minute television spot produced by World Vision in Mauritania, West Africa. They urged the audience to see that their children got the help that child survival provides "in order that they might have the health that it is the will of God for them to have."

There is something basic in the thought that children, who are the gift of God, should live and reach their potential.

Yet life is not always lived that way. The way people live often puts their children at risk.

It happened to Ishmael. His mother, Hagar, was driven out into the desert by the jealousy of Sarah, the mother of his half-brother Isaac. When the water was all gone, Hagar left the child under a bush and sat down herself about a hundred yards away. She said to herself, "I can't bear to see my child die."

While she was sitting there, the boy began to cry. God spoke to Hagar. "Don't be afraid. God has heard the boy crying. Get up, go and pick him up and comfort him. I will make a great nation out of his descendants." Then God

opened her eyes and she saw a well. She went and filled the leather bag with water and gave some to the boy. God was with the boy as he grew up.

It happened to Moses. Pharaoh,

afraid of the population growth of a minority people, was trying to have all the Hebrew boys drowned in the Nile. Moses' mother and sister complied with the cruel regulation and put him in the Nile, but in a basket and near where Pharaoh's own daughter came to bathe. She rescued the baby and Moses survived to be the deliverer of the nation of Israel, its lawgiver and guide through the desert of Sinai.

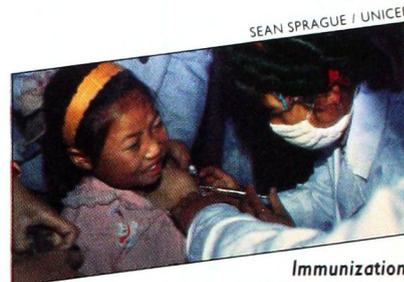
It happened to Jesus himself. Herod the Great was bent on massacre to prevent any rival growing up who would be a threat to his own dynasty. All the children under 2 around Bethlehem were put to the sword. Joseph and Mary, warned by God in a dream, escaped to Egypt until the peril was over. Jesus survived to become the Savior of the world—and the one who said that it never was the will of the Father in heaven that a single one of these little ones should be lost.

Who is better able to get involved in child survival than the Christian churches? They have the means of social mobilization which James Grant of UNICEF understands to be so important. They are in most communities. They have the reason for which the child should survive—to fulfill God-given potential. And they know the source of the dignity of the child—likeness to the Creator.

What will the parents of a community feel for those who give them their children back from death? This was a mark of Jesus that showed him to be the Messiah. He gave Jairus back his daughter. He gave the widow of Nain back her son.

It was the way the Master went. Should not the servants tread it still? □

Tom Houston is president of World Vision International.



SEAN SPRAGUE / UNICEF
Immunization reaches children in a remote Chinese village.

- information and support for parents in basic child health, sanitation and accident prevention.

The convention won't be adopted automatically. People who care about the well-being of children will need to speak out, both for its adoption by the U.N. General Assembly and its ratification by individual nations.

The child survival and development revolution has created a hallway of open doors. The most important new opening for children is the simplest of all: the opportunity to develop as healthy individuals. But look beyond the door of good health.

The child survival approach empowers parents to control important events in their lives. It relieves much of the strain—emotional, financial, time-consuming—of dealing with recurring child illness and death. On another, more profound level, it affects the very sense of self. It does so because it rests upon one central belief: that people can and ought to be enabled to take far greater care of themselves.

Poised at the threshold of a new decade which itself stands at the brink of a new millenium, the legacy of our era is ours to define. It is a moment of opportunity, with the potential for immense breakthroughs which only a short time ago seemed out of reach.

It is a revolution in which we all have a stake. □

BY PHILIP YANCEY

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO

CHARI

My wife, Janet, directs a senior citizens' program in one of Chicago's poorest neighborhoods. After one exhausting day, besieged by whiny, insistent demands for ever more help, Janet came across this quote: "The poor express their gratitude not by saying thanks but by asking for more." The quote, she said, proved strangely comforting.

That got me thinking about how difficult it is to give to people without somehow undermining their sense of dignity. The poor fail to express their gratitude mainly because of shame—shame over their need for help in the first place. Instinctively my reflections turned toward individual words, and before long I had a list of polluted words, each of which began as a beautiful expression of giving. Such words litter the English language; taken together, they offer a strong warning about the dangers inherent in giving and receiving.

PITY

Deriving from the same root as "piety" and "pious," this word once denoted a high form of sacrificial love. God, a perfect being without needs, nevertheless chose to give of himself to his creatures. He had pity on needy people, such as the Israelites in bondage to Egypt; and, in the New Testament, Jesus was often moved with pity. Those who mimicked him—the rich having "pity" on the poor, for example—thus expressed God-like qualities.

That was the older meaning, at least. Eventually the emphasis shifted from the givers of pity to the recipients, who were seen as weak and inferior. Now we hear the taunt, "I don't want your pity!" One who shows pity is condescending, even unloving—the word has nearly reversed its meaning.

CHARITY

The IRS still recognizes the inherent goodness of this word (they grant tax exemptions to "charitable" organizations), but surely it too has lost some luster. Check 1 Corinthians 13 in the King James version of 1611 and you'll find "charity" used for the Greek *agape*, the most exalted form of human love. There, charity is rendered as patient, kind, forgiving, humble; it never fails to discern the best in people. But now no one wants to be a charity case; we accept charity only in desperation, as a last resort.

FIVE WORDS THAT HAVE FALLEN FROM GRACE



CONDESCEND

I read the entire Bible as a step-by-step history of God's condescensions. To Adam in the garden, to Moses in the burning bush, to the Israelites in the glory cloud, and finally to all of us in the person of Jesus Christ, God con-

descended, or "descended-to-be-with" us. A true Christian follows that example, as the apostle Paul clearly outlined: "Your attitude should be the same as that of Christ Jesus: Who, being in the very nature God, did not consider equality with God something to be grasped, but made himself nothing, taking the very nature of a servant, being made in human likeness. (Phil. 2:5-7)

And yet again, over time the word's meaning has leached away. We have lost the art of condescension. Who of us would welcome the remark, "You're so condescending!"?

PATRONIZING

I have a special fondness for this word, for artists, musicians, and, yes, authors, were once kept free from everyday anxieties about earning a living by the generosity of *patrons*. Nowadays, however, there are few patrons, and fewer still who would want to be called "patronizing." The modern dictionary defines "patronize" as "to behave in an offensively *condescending* manner toward."

PATERNALISM

Another fine word, tainted. The root comes from *pater*, or "father." In older days, a paternalistic person was like a father, caring for the needs of his children; now the image is more like an ugly tyrant who stoops down to his charges, reeking of superiority.

Why have these words changed? Each of them, once honorable and majestic, gradually melted, like a wax statue, into a sad lump barely resembling its former self. The words have changed because we have failed so often and so badly at the difficult task of giving. Perhaps an ancient Chinese proverb expresses it best: "Nothing atones for the insult of a gift but the love of the giver."

World Vision as it administers assistance programs in needy countries, my wife as she ministers one-on-one to senior citizens, I as I confront a beggar on the street outside my home—each of us confronts the vast and perilous gap between the giver and the receiver. Government programs established with the highest of motives often flounder for reasons hinted at by these polluted words. An institution cannot love; only people can love. And, as the proverb says, apart from love, giving becomes an insult.

It would be much easier for us to avoid the needy and hang around self-sufficient people all day. But there's one problem: reaching out to the needy is not an option for the Christian. It's a command. I wrote a book called *Where Is God When It Hurts?* The real answer to that question, the answer I see in the New Testament, is another question: Where is the church when it hurts? We—you, I—are part of the response of God to the massive needs in God's world. We are literally Christ's body.

When Jesus was here in a physical body, he spent time among the poor, the widowed, the paralyzed, even those with dreaded diseases. Leprosy victims, for example—the AIDS patients of ancient times—were required to cry out "Unclean! Unclean!" if anyone approached; but Jesus defied custom by going up to them and touching them. That has been God's consistent movement in all of history.

Apart from love, giving becomes an insult.

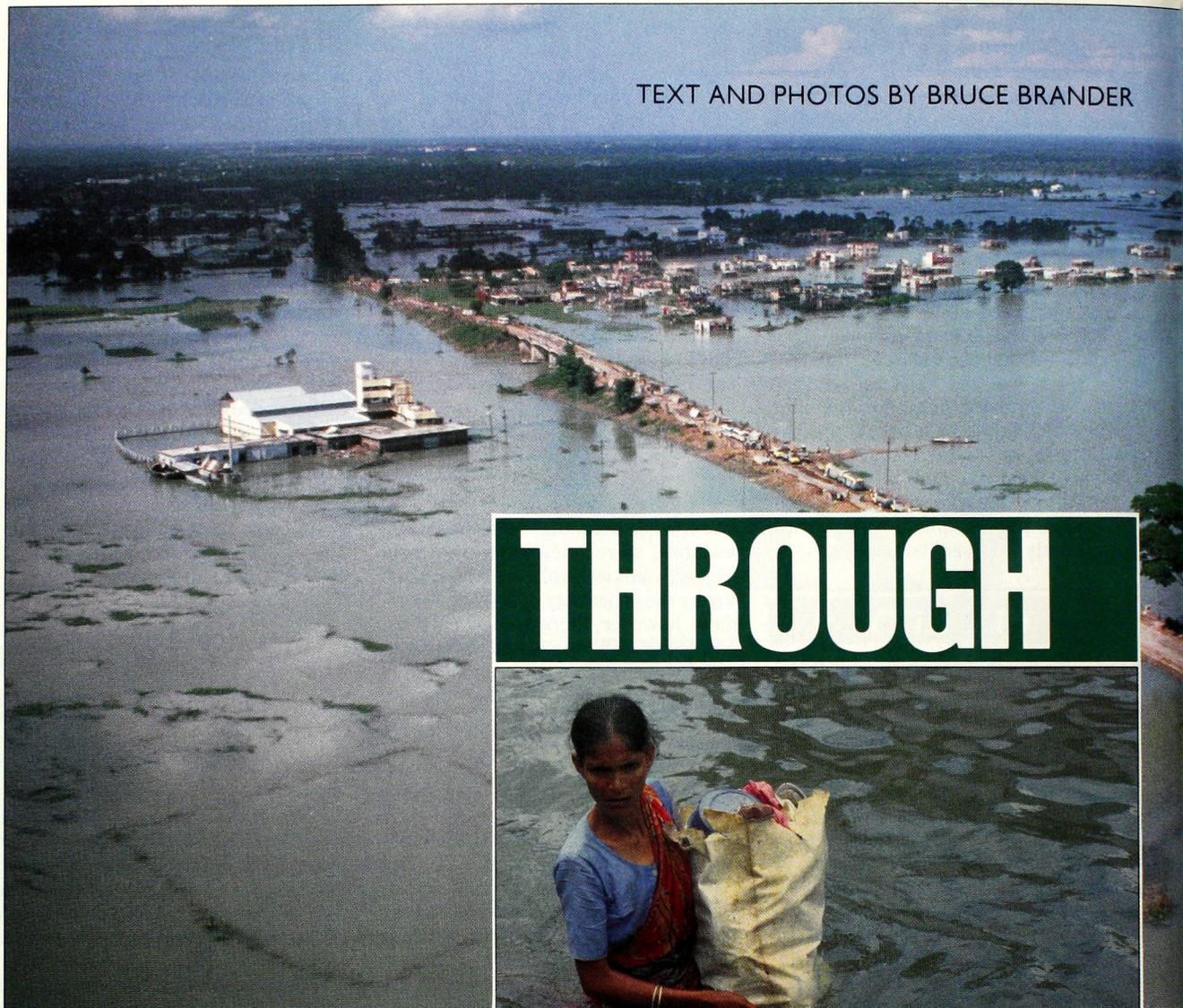
We in the church, God's body on earth, are likewise called to move toward those who suffer. We are, after all, God's means of expressing love to the world. That's why words such as pity and charity were originally religious words.

Can we reclaim these words, or if not the words, then at least the meaning behind them? I take some hope in the fact that all the words in the above list trace back to a kind of theological origin. There is a way to make pity God-like; charity can convey a high form of love; condescension may lead to unity, not separation; a patron may exalt, not demean, his or her subjects; paternalism may, in fact, remind us of our true state as children of a heavenly father.

Indeed, I know of only one way to eliminate the great gap between giver and receiver, and that is a humble recognition that all of us are needy beggars, sustained each moment by the mercy of a sovereign God. Only as we experience God's grace as pure grace, not something we earn or work for, can we offer grace and love with no strings attached, to another person in need. There is but one true giver in the universe; all else are his debtors. □

Philip Yancey is an author and editor-at-large for Christianity Today.

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY BRUCE BRANDER



THROUGH



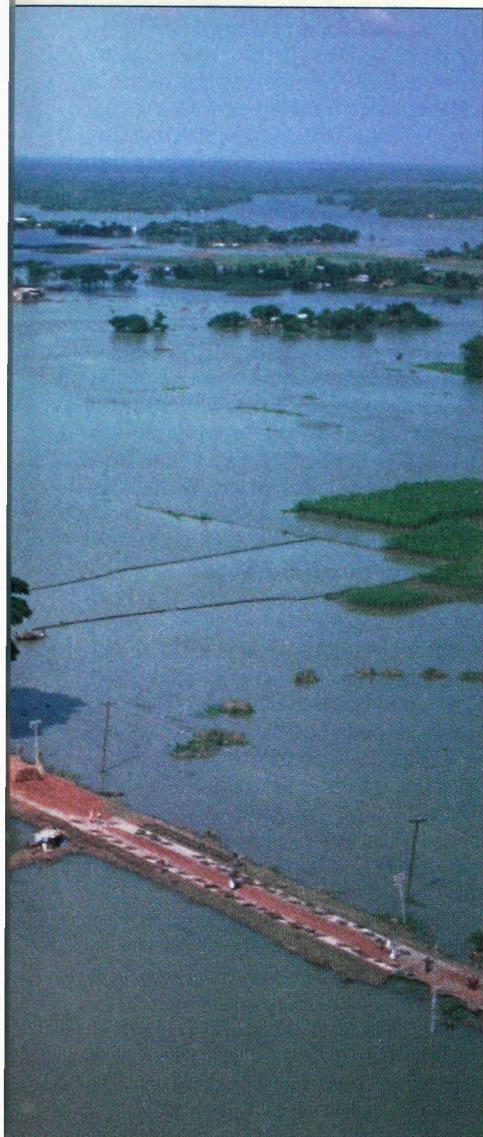
F. D. HAIDAR /
WORLD VISION

The flood washed into Madhupur with a roar. "It was like doomsday," said Abdul Hakim, a 50-year-old schoolteacher. Mud- and bamboo-walled houses collapsed. Thousands of panic-stricken people fled to high ground with their cattle and whatever possessions they could salvage.

There they remained for more than two weeks, with no clean water and little food, without shelter under intermittent rain, sickening with intestinal and respiratory ills.

DEEP WATERS

*The flood has receded,
but Bangladesh remains
awash with problems.*



The flood, the worst anyone could remember, engulfed at least three-fourths of the South Asian country. It left little more than treetops, the roofs of houses and broken dikes poking through the murky brown sea.

"There was no dry land around even to bury him," said a 60-year-old woman named Khodbanu who lives in the Phulpur district, 54 miles north of Dhaka, capital of Bangladesh. Her 6-year-old grandson had tumbled from a platform above his submerged house and drowned. Some people in the countryside kept their dead on rafts. Others, knowing the waters would not go down for weeks, launched them to float away.

Bangladeshis, most of them followers of Islam from the Bengali ethnic group, are no strangers to hardship. Normal daily life in the largely agricultural land grinds along as a challenge to survival. The country is one of the most crowded on earth, with 110 mil-

lion people packed into an area about the size of Wisconsin. It also is one of the poorest. Half of the people are landless peasants and a greater number are uneducated and unskilled, accustomed to working for about \$1 a day when they can find work at all.

Neither are Bangladeshis unused to natural disasters. The past three decades have seen 13 devastating floods. Tidal waves also strike the country, sweeping up the Bay of Bengal with murderous force. So do typhoons; in 1970 a particularly violent storm killed more than 300,000 people. Drought and famine in the tropical land add to the frequent sieges of misery.

Yet for all the nation's tolerance for catastrophe, no one was prepared for the great flood of 1988.

When the deluge began around the middle of June, no one felt alarmed. Some degree of flooding is an annual event in Bangladesh. The country sprawls wide and flat with an average elevation of 30 feet, forming a vast delta

There was no dry land around even to bury him."

region for the mighty Ganges, Brahmaputra and Meghna rivers as they carry glacial runoff and monsoon rains from the Himalayas to the Bay of Bengal.

Normal flooding is a blessing

A normal flood comes as a blessing of nature. Its waters, covering about a third of the land to a depth of a few inches to perhaps six feet, lay down a fresh layer of fertile silt that nurtures sprawling paddies and great plantations to high productivity. The country depends upon the watery excess to hold its position as third among the world's rice producers and first among growers of jute, the glossy fiber used around the globe for twine, sacking, burlap and backing for carpets.

But this year the overflow that brings life to Bangladesh threatened to destroy the nation. When August dumped record monsoon rains on regions north of the country, a great bulge of water washed across the border and swept southward.

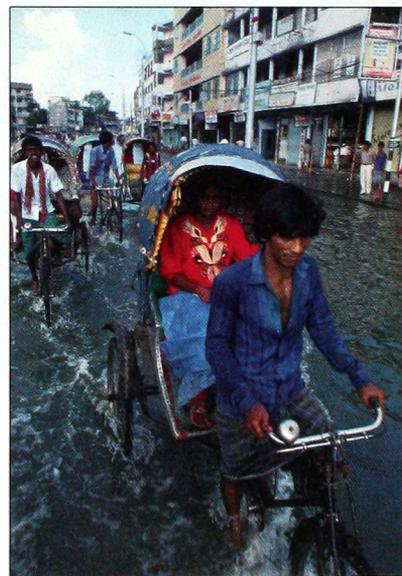
It drowned the north in the middle of the month. At the end of August it cascaded into Dhaka, bursting dikes along the Ganges and inundating 85 percent of the city of 5 million people. The flood flowed south until by mid-September all Bangladesh lay floun-

dering, paralyzed to an extent that few countries have experienced.

Roads were awash. Railways halted. Zia International Airport at Dhaka lay waterlogged and closed. The nation's half-dozen cargo helicopters airlifting relief supplies often could find no dry ground for landing. Even ferryboats plying the country's lacy network of waterways stopped running because their terminals were flooded.

Dhaka or Venice?

Dhaka looked like Venice, its broad avenues and snaking lanes turned to canals. Double-ended boats vied with bicycle rickshaws sloshing up to their hubs to taxi people between flooded homes and sodden businesses and markets. Only four-wheel-drive vehicles and tall Bedford and Hindustani trucks crawled along the submerged pavement with any confidence. Most residents with anywhere to go waded up to their knees, their waists, their



Rickshaws slosh along a Dhaka street.

chests. "Pani, pani," lamented a man, repeating the Bengali word for water as he hoisted a bundle to his head and plunged up to his neck.

As food supplies ran low, the rate of child malnutrition doubled throughout Dhaka. More than a million washed-out citizens sought refuge in 476 relief camps around the city. Conditions there quickly grew crowded and unhealthy. At one community center, more than 1,000 people jammed into two large rooms. A girls' high school, rising from the waters like an island, crammed more than 5,000 flood refugees into its three stories, offering a courtyard full of green slime as their one latrine.

Thousands more packed classrooms and corridors at Dhaka Agricultural College, cooking on steps, hanging laundry from balconies, dipping into the flood for drinking water, sprawling on floors as illness struck and spread.

People in the countryside fared worse. Many perched on rooftops or bobbed on rafts made from stalks of banana plants, guarding possessions

The only water available for drinking, cooking and washing: polluted floodwater



and metal roofing sheets from looters. More fortunate families stayed under their roofs, though often hunched on tables or makeshift platforms as water swirled in and out of the doors. Some women stood waist-deep cooking on boards propped above the mucky flow.

Like birds on a wire

One World Vision boat carrying 35 tons of relief supplies to southern Bangladesh discovered some 65,000 people lined up like birds on a telephone wire along 30 miles of dike barely a dozen feet wide. Some crouched in makeshift shelters. Little food had been salvaged, and as the launch putted by, people stretched out hands or pointed to their mouths and stomachs in supplication.

They all had stories of devastation, loss, even death. In one region, floodwaters piled so much sand over fields that local farmers reckoned it would take years to regenerate their lands. Ali Ahmed, a 25-year-old farmer, lost home, crops and belongings, though he was smiling happily because he had saved his wife from their collapsing house as she went into labor to deliver their first child in a cowshed. A 10-year-old boy named Salim became an orphan when his house caved in on his widowed mother. Some people escaped the waters only to be killed by cobras or other venomous snakes which, like cows, buffalo, goats, ducks and chickens, also scurried for dry places.

With estimates of the homeless

ranging between 30 and 48 million, the international community rapidly responded with several hundred million dollars in aid. Huge cargo planes took off all over the globe with shipments of food and other emergency supplies. In a few intense hours, World Vision purchased three tons of life-saving medicines in Bangkok and loaded them aboard the first commercial aircraft to land at the reopened Dhaka airport. To transport supplies within the country, helicopters arrived from India, Britain, Saudi Arabia.

The government mobilized its 80,000-member army to distribute food and other goods among some 65,000 communities marooned in the nationwide sea. Hundreds of volunteer organizations, many local, some run by Christian missionaries, aided the massive effort. By mid-September, some 1,700 flood relief centers were operating around the country.

World Vision, with 163 permanent projects, had a ready-made network for looking after 30,000 sponsored children, their families and other people living in project areas. The agency also distributed tons of food in Dhaka and chartered a 60-foot ferryboat to carry rice, lentils, salt and other daily needs to the people it had found stranded on the dike.

Fully as important as the need for food was an urgent demand for nationwide medical care. Everywhere wells and pumps lay submerged, leaving only floodwater for washing, cooking and drinking. Health officials estimated that 40 million gallons of raw sewage were swirling into the streets of Dhaka every day. Throughout the country, one person's toilet became another's well. Tons of garbage eddying into the solution added to virulent pollution. This, combined with lack of shelter and rotting food stores in the isolated countryside, turned the nation into a tropical hothouse of disease.

Pestilential muck

Along with colds and fevers, diarrhea ran rampant, a dangerous affliction among malnourished people and a leading killer of children. At Dhaka hospitals, patients overflowed into hallways, some on cots, others on floors. One hospital recorded between 10 and 15 percent of new admissions suffering from dysentery. Dhaka's International Centre for Diarrheal Research reported cases of cholera, an especially deadly and wildly contagious form of diarrhea that can kill within 12 hours.

To meet the dismal health conditions that could only grow worse as receding waters layered the country

with pestilential muck, the government dispatched 5,000 medical teams nationwide. World Vision joined this effort as well, sending mobile teams of doctors, nurses and community health workers to projects and refugee centers.

By the end of September, farmers were straggling back to the wreckage of their homes facing a national crop loss of 2 million metric tons—twice the annual needs of Ethiopia during its great famine of the mid-1980s. Dhaka was drying out streets with the aid of motorized pumps and disinfecting buildings with bleaching powder. But only in October or November would all the country be free of excess water. And only then could the full cost of the great flood be counted.

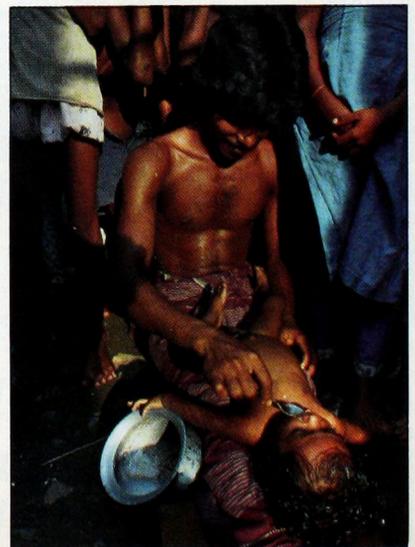
Progress down the drain

The loss to people of the land is, in a general sense, predictable. With every flood their assets diminish, keeping their economy perpetually depressed. The same is generally true for the nation as a whole. The flood of 1987 left between \$1.5 and \$2 billion in economic deprecation. The latest deluge wiped away 17 years of hard-won development with its massive damage to transportation networks, dikes and buildings.

Rehabilitation work in months to come will begin to put the country back together. World Vision will assist here too, giving farmers seed and fertilizers, helping them rebuild their homes, initiating rural work programs to encourage the unemployed to stay on the land rather than migrate to already overcrowded cities.

But what of next year and years after that? Won't it all happen again?

Oral rehydration in action: the lifesaving remedy for diarrheal dehydration.



F. D. HAIDAR / WORLD VISION

Very possibly, says B.M. Abbas, a former Bangladesh minister of flood control and a renowned authority on water resources. He and other experts see a pattern of huge floods for both the near and distant future, brought on by deforestation in the Himalayas, flood controls in India that shunt waters southward, and silt-clogged riverbeds in Bangladesh that spread floods wide rather than carrying them away.

What can be done to tame the local rivers, which rank among the mightiest in the world? Abbas recommends several measures for his country: immediate construction of solid embankments between rivers and inhabited lands, installation of pumps to drain waterlogged areas during summer flood seasons, clearing of silt from river courses, dredging of their mouths so waters can flow freely into the Bay of Bengal. He also advises an improved flood warning system and local storage of construction materials to reinforce riverbanks during emergencies.

What of next year
and years after
that? Won't it
all happen again?
Very possibly.

But Bangladesh alone cannot control the floods any more than it can the weather. Only 7.5 percent of the total drainage area of the major rivers lies within its borders. The main source sprawls away to the north: the 600,000-square-mile watershed in Tibet and Bhutan, Nepal and India, where the rivers begin with spring snowmelt from the southern slopes of the Himalayas and swell into flood with runoff from the annual monsoons.

"Disaster knows no boundaries"

In mid-September, Bangladesh President Hussain Mohammed Ershad appealed to the Himalayan countries for a meeting on multinational flood control. He was strongly supported by the United Nations. "Disaster knows no boundaries," said the coordinator of the U.N. Disaster Relief Organization, M'Hamed Essaafi, who visited the country at the height of the tragedy.

It seems no easy task to bring so many countries into mutual agreement over solutions at once complex and enormously costly. Yet, as Essaafi points out, multinational management has proven successful for the Mekong River, which touches Tibet, China,



Parents with sick children await attention at a mobile medical clinic in Dhaka.

Burma, Laos, Thailand and Cambodia on the way to its delta in Vietnam. International cooperation also has worked for the Indus, which springs from Tibet, flows across northern India and empties through Pakistan into the Arabian Sea.

The plan to save Bangladesh from destruction by its neighbors begins on Himalayan mountainsides. There an end to excessive timber cutting for firewood and farmland, coupled with increased reforestation, would anchor soils to again absorb local waters.

The second and most effective flood control measure would be a chain of dams and reservoirs in India and elsewhere. Not only would these harness yearly torrents, they also would generate electric power for regions much in need of energy. To help this part of the plan into existence, the World Bank stands ready to conduct feasibility

studies for the dams as soon as countries involved agree to cooperate.

These are hopeful signs for the future, everyone agrees. Yet they do not take care of the present. Farmers need more seeds now, and families need houses, and children need medical attention. People need jobs because their livelihood has been destroyed. A destitute nation is poorer than ever and dependent on the world beyond for material aid.

"These people are going to have to try to rebuild their lives," says Julia Taft, director of the Office of U.S. Foreign Disaster Assistance, "and we have to stand by them. It is not hopeless," she adds in the face of almost overwhelming loss. "Whatever we do will make it easier." □

Bruce Brander is a media relations officer for World Vision.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written by Ginger Hope

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STAN SAKAI



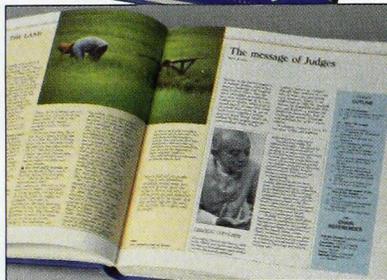
JUDGE THIS ONE BY ITS COVERAGE

The *Message of the Bible* is a book with an identity problem, of sorts. It asks to be displayed on the coffee table, shelved with the reference works, and close at hand on the bedside table.

It's a primer for newcomers to the Bible. It's a probing, relevant commentary for experienced Bible readers.

But here's what really sets this one apart: its global perspective, its emphasis on current issues of both spirituality and justice. The photographs, in particular, reflect this, and their captions are some of the best reading in the book.

The Message of the Bible, edited by George Carey, is available from Lion Publishing, 1705 Hubbard Ave., Batavia, IL 60510, for \$26.95.



You could look at nothing but the pictures and still get the picture.

HOME, HOME ON THE RANCH

Shiloh Christian Children's Ranch doesn't have houseparents anymore. They're called homeparents now.

Nit-picking? Not really, says director Jay Craig. "Houseparent" sounds institutional—dormitories, cafeterias. What abused children and teens find at the ranch is a traditional family home, where they will be mothered and fathered and sistered and brothered by a welcoming "nuclear family." For most, this will be their family all the way through high school graduation.

Contact the ranch at P.O. Box 606, Shelbina, MO 63468.

Anna, Christy and Cassie with "lawn mower"



Help Wanted—Volunteers

BUILDERS FOR THE PHILIPPINES

Needed: men to help build camp ministry facilities in the Philippines.

I wonder what the work's like. Sheer manual labor, slogging through mud, sweating under blistering sun.

Hmm. Tempting.

Must have open heart, industrious spirit, flexible mindset, healthy body.

Don't ask for much, do they? Must be some benefits package.

Great chance to build faith, see missions firsthand, learn to relate to another culture, help bridge the gap between missionaries and homesiders.

That is some benefits package.

Contact Project Jabez, ACTION, P.O. Box 490, Bothell, WA 98041.

RIPE FOR HARVEST

Nine traveling teams in Youth for Christ's "Harvest" project report overwhelming response to their drama, music and media presentations at South African high schools.

The teams, which include members of all of South Africa's main ethnic groups, have seen many young people's racial stereotypes begin to dissolve. And the high school assemblies have resulted in a flood of decisions for Christ—over 15,000 in 1988.

The project is being extended through at least 1992, and the South

Africans are calling for North American Christians to join the traveling teams and their support staff for one-year terms.

For more information contact Harvest, Youth for Christ/USA, P.O. Box 419, Wheaton, IL 60189; (312) 668-6600.



Love Loaf

- Fortified: By the Word
- Enriched: From the Heart
- Necessary: To Save Lives

Thousands of churches across our nation have already received the blessings and growth that come from giving freely from the heart.

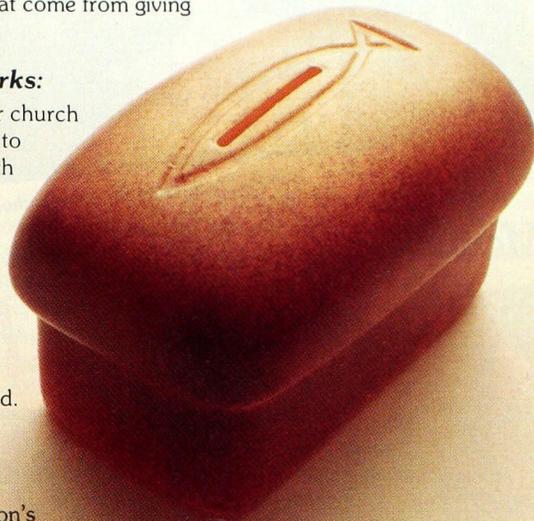
Here's how it works:

- Each family in your church receives a Love Loaf to take home and fill with loose change.
- Place it on the dinner table—the kids love it!
- A month later, everyone gathers to break the loaves and offer them to the Lord.

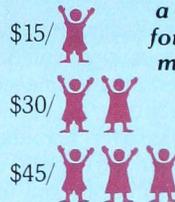
The funds will be used to alleviate physical and spiritual hunger in World Vision's ministries around the world. After the program, the families can stay involved by sponsoring a child through World Vision's sponsorship program.

We will provide the loaves, posters, and all materials at no cost to you—everything to help build enthusiasm for your Love Loaf program.

To order your Love Loaves, just fill out the coupon and send to World Vision today!



You can help save the life of a child for one month.



There are many of you in this congregation who think to yourselves: 'If only I had been there! How quick I would have been to help the Baby!'

You say that because you know how great Christ is, but if you had been there at that time you would have done no better than the people of Bethlehem.

Why don't you do it now? You have Christ in your neighbor. What you do to your neighbor in need you do to the Lord Christ himself. (From a Christmas sermon by Martin Luther.)



RUSSIAN BIBLE SHIPMENT GETS 'OK'



By Christmas, Soviet Christians should have in their hands the first installment of a million Russian-language New Testaments with Psalms.

There's currently one Bible for every 23 Christians in the Soviet Union, reports Open Doors, the nondenominational ministry distributing the Bibles in cooperation with the United Bible Society. On the underground market, Bibles sell for as much as two weeks' salary.

Open Doors also invites Christians in the Western world to send Bibles directly to a Soviet Christian. For information contact Open Doors, P.O. Box 27001E, Santa Ana, CA 92799; (714) 531-6000.

Yes, we want to participate in the Love Loaf program.

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Please send us _____ loaves (one per household)

We plan to distribute the loaves on (date) _____

(Please allow four weeks for delivery of materials) JC9LS1

Please send us STEPS OF FAITH with Bob Wieland.

Date: Choice 1 _____

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Check one: 16mm film
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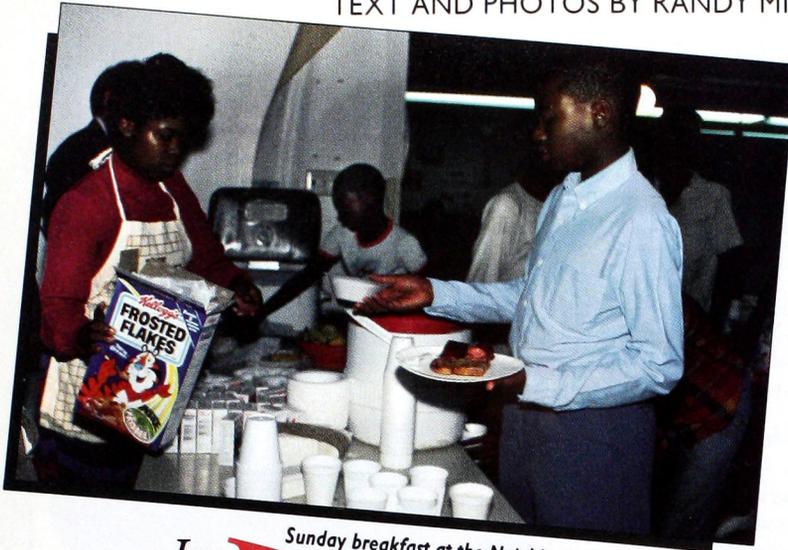
I have a question. Please call me at: Home Work

We need more information before we can make a decision.



WORLD VISION Special Programs
919 W. Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016





Sunday breakfast at the Neighborhood Christian Center

In Memphis **BREAKFAST** AND **BEYOND**

A down-to-earth ministry between Brook's Beauty Supply and Bill's Twilight Lounge.

Two-month-old Justin Blake Ballard is sleeping fitfully on a couch in a small back room of the North Neighborhood Christian Center in Memphis. JoeAnn, his adoptive mother, and Esther, his foster sister, eye him intently. He's usually a calm sleeper.

JoeAnn's concern is heightened when she notices a trace of blood on Justin's lips. Although she's helped raise 39 foster children and three of her own, it's been a long time since she's had one this tiny.

She looks over her shoulder to Esther, whose 2-year-old daughter Marisa is running in and out of the room. "Is this normal?" Esther peers into Justin's little face.

It's an unusual role for JoeAnn. Tall and confident, with a commanding presence, she's usually the one to whom everybody else turns for assurance.

"Do you think it could be internal?" she frets.

In the next room, Monroe Ballard, unaware of the drama unfolding with his son, supervises a small crew of cooks busy poking at fat sausage links sizzling on the kitchen stove. It's 7 o'clock, Sunday morning. In an hour, a stream of people from the surrounding neighborhood—the jobless, the homeless, the elderly on fixed incomes—will file in for a free breakfast, as they have done for several weeks. Boxes of cold cereal, pitchers of orange juice, toast, and a big steel urn of milk sit on the table.

By 8 o'clock, people begin to arrive.

Huge fans blow humid air around the room on this already hot September morning. Over the din, metal chairs scrape along the black linoleum floor as children—always first in line—scoot up to the tables with their juice and milk and platefuls of food.

"How's the meat supply out there?" someone hollers from the kitchen. "Okay," Monroe calls back. "Nothing to brag about. Keep 'em coming."

JoeAnn, now at ease, having discovered that Justin's bleeding was only the result of a parched lip, sits down for a moment.

"There are two kinds of people who come in here," she explains. "There are street people and there are the people we're discipling. See that man in a

suit and tie?" She gestures toward a nattily dressed young man who looks out of place in the breakfast line. "He got his clothes from the center's Clothes Closet. He can't fix his own breakfast and he doesn't have a job, but we're working with him. He's been coming to the center for two years. I think he's on the verge of looking for a job.

"And see that man over there? He's been in and out of mental institutions for a good part of his life. We gave him some help, and now he's the security guard for this center. He's been doing it for three years. He's one of the most responsible people I know. You could trust your life with him."

A young boy carries a plate of sausages and toast past JoeAnn and heads for an empty seat. "Now this child," she says, nodding toward the boy, "his father died 10 months ago. He's in the seventh grade and he takes care of all his brothers and sisters, makes sure they're dressed nicely and that their hair is combed. He has to do it; his mother is irresponsible."

JoeAnn and Monroe come to the center every Sunday to open its doors for breakfast. Volunteers from five churches take turns preparing and serving the food. The Ballards hope to round up 52 church groups so the responsibilities can be spread out over a year. But breakfast is only one of the services provided by the center. And the Ballards spend more of their time within its walls than just a couple of hours on Sunday morning. A lot more.

Sandwiched between Brook's Beauty Supply and Bill's Twilight Lounge in an economically depressed area of Memphis, the North Neighborhood Christian Center (NCC) is the primary center among six scattered throughout the city. Created by cosponsors Young Life, Youth for Christ and a local church, NCC provides low-income and jobless inner-city residents with services ranging from financial counseling and Bible study groups to emergency food and interim housing.

NCC is not some benevolent program bestowed on the needy by kindly outsiders. Its roots are in the community. And, especially since JoeAnn became executive director in 1982, it has become an organization that meets people at their point of need and steers them toward independence.

With no city, state or federal funds coming in, NCC relies on a fair amount of volunteer labor and on donations from churches and individuals to maintain a \$250,000 annual budget for the six centers. In time, JoeAnn would like

to see a local church standing behind each center, carrying a significant portion of the budget and filling a majority of the staffing needs with volunteers.

"If a church runs the program, they won't let it die," she feels. "And it will be good for the church." Friendship Church of the Nazarene, across the street from NCC North, already supports the program with funds and staff members.

Bessie Bunton sits patiently in one of the tiny office cubicles along the narrow main hallway at NCC North. Across from her, seated behind a small desk, NCC North director Rosette McKuhen, a member of Friendship Church, fills in a rental assistance application form as Bessie tells her story. At 40, she is separated from her husband and has four children, three of whom are still at home. Her oldest son, 21, has just been released from jail. Having to provide for her family with her income as an attendant at one of Shelby County's gas stations, Bessie is struggling just to get by.

Temporary low-cost housing, some furniture and financial guidance from NCC will not solve all her problems, but it will provide a safety net for her as she gathers the resources to reshape her life. Helping people take charge of their lives without creating dependency is NCC's intention. For the most part, that goal is being met. It was met in Rosette's case.

Rosette McKuhen didn't stride through the doors of NCC North and into the director's chair. She came as a client. Her husband, discharged after 15 years in the Army, was out of work, and they needed help meeting their payments and finding employment. Soon after they came into the center, Rosette volunteered to work there. Despite her lack of experience, her diligence paid off. When health problems forced the former director to step down, he recommended Rosette as his replacement.

Inviting the poor to take part in remedying their own predicaments is a key element in the NCC philosophy.

"Traditionally, society views the poor as being people who have nothing to offer," says JoeAnn. "But we invite them to be servants with us. That helps them realize that they have something they can offer."

JoeAnn Ballard



In many ways, what JoeAnn and Monroe are doing through NCC is simply an extension of the kind of social ministry they have been doing on a smaller scale since shortly after their marriage 22 years ago. But they didn't start out planning to have 39 foster children, let alone the 300 or so "weekenders" and "overnighters" whom they continue to help through rough times at home or in school.

After attending Bible college, JoeAnn settled in Memphis and began teaching Sunday school at an inner-city Nazarene church. Even though her rural upbringing in Lucedale, Miss., had acquainted her with poverty, she was shocked by not only the poverty, but the lack of discipline, direction and hope among the children she encountered in the city.

I started using my resources to buy food and clothing for some of these kids," JoeAnn recalls, "trying to help them out as best I could. Monroe had noticed the same kind of need at Douglas Elementary School among his sixth graders. After we got married, we continued helping these kids, using our own resources and taking donations of food and clothing from people in the community. It just grew from that."

Since those humble beginnings in the late sixties, Monroe and JoeAnn have opened their home to former prostitutes, drug addicts and abuse cases. They have replaced the anger and despair in these children with love and trust. Today, nearly all of their former charges have stepped out on their own. Some have families, some are in college, and all have found ways to support themselves.

"Several things were supposed to have happened, according to society's expectations," says Monroe. "They were supposed to have dropped out of school, or failed to get enough money, or slipped back into their old lifestyles. But none of it happened. From day one, when we started taking kids in, it has never regressed once. Things have been very positive and progressive, which still amazes me."

And even though the pace has slackened a little since the early days, the Ballards have no plans to close their doors.

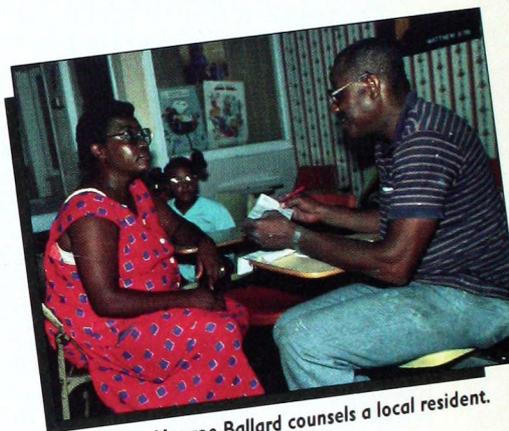
"We can't foresee not doing this," JoeAnn says, smiling. "This is not a thing you retire from. I may retire from the Neighborhood Christian Center someday, but I will probably never retire from having kids in until I'm just too old to do it.

"We view ministry that way, too,"

she continues, explaining not only their philosophy at home, but at NCC as well. "It's not something you retire from either. When I became a Christian, I accepted a call to ministry, not a call to sympathy."

A young staff member pokes her head into JoeAnn's office at NCC North. "Mrs. Ballard, can you come out here? There's some trouble out front." JoeAnn leaves her desk and follows the woman to the front lobby. Outside, a middle-aged woman is stooping in the parking lot over the contents of her spilled purse. Her daughter, who has a history of mental illness, pokes her with a cane and unleashes a stream of obscenities. JoeAnn watches from the door for a moment. It's a little more than she cares to deal with by herself.

"Monroe!" Her clear alto voice cuts through the din and echos down the hallway. Monroe, whose after-school hours are usually spent at one center or



Monroe Ballard counsels a local resident.

another, strides into the lobby and looks through the plate-glass windows. The younger woman has headed toward the street, and Monroe unlocks the door and goes to help the shaken mother inside. With a few calming words, JoeAnn assures the woman that they'll do whatever they can to help her.

It's not a typical occurrence at the center. But it's not all that uncommon, either. Maybe it's for days like this that JoeAnn carries a bottle of Tums in her purse.

Back in her office, she adds a final thought about the ministry she shares with Monroe. "We realize we're not going to be able to help the masses through either our work with foster children or with NCC. But just because I know I can't conquer the world doesn't mean I shouldn't try to do what I can.

"I may not be able to help the world, but I can help 39 kids and encourage them to help others. And through the centers, maybe I can help a few people in our community, too." □

WHEN BEING RIGHT IS ALL WRONG

BY EDWARD R. DAYTON AND TED W. ENGSTROM

One of the biggest time wasters in business and personal life is the pastime of blaming, buck-passing and just plain "being right."

Quite a bill to pay

There is something in most of us (Americans, anyway) that finds satisfaction in being right about facts and figures. Facts are conversation stoppers. People use them as weapons. The quick mind, the facile tongue, seem to win out more often than slow, thoughtful discussion.

The trouble is that we tend to take being right very personally. It is as though our being were all wrapped up in what we know. To be "wrong" becomes a personal issue. It makes us feel bad. It makes us want to be *right*, and to fight back (if that's what it takes to be right).

The result can not only be a lot of time wasted in "discussing," but a lot of time spent in searching for facts that will serve no other purpose than to prove that we are right. Add to that the tremendous amount of emotional energy that is involved, and you have quite a bill to pay for the privilege of being right.

Some familiar words

"Do not think of yourself more highly than you should. Instead be modest in your thinking, and judge yourself according to the amount of faith that God has given you." (Romans 12:3)

"But the wisdom from above is pure first of all; it is also peaceful, gentle and friendly; it is full of compassion that produces a harvest of good deeds; it is free from prejudice and hypocrisy." (James 3:17)

We all know the words. But it is difficult at times to think of others more highly than ourselves, particularly when they are wrong! Oh, how unbelievably perverse we can be. We cry out with Paul, "Why can't I do the right I know I should?"

The advantage of not being right

Trying to be right about facts that are difficult to prove takes a lot of time, and *most of the time they don't make any difference to the problem at hand*. Why waste precious time digging in a worked-out mine?

Being right can be a losing proposition. If you are right all the time, you will intimidate people and make it all the harder for them to remember the facts or attempt to share them with you. People don't really believe you are right all the time. They just believe that you think you are.

Attempts to be right easily cut off the creative juices. Remember the rules of brainstorming sessions? Anything goes. No judgments. Build on one another's ideas. No idea too big, too small or too far out. In other words, no arguments, no concern about being right, just a concern to contribute to the dialogue.

Personal life too

The same thing is true in our personal lives. Parents need to be right, so they don't listen. Kids need to be right, which is evidently part of the maturing process. Too bad that so many of us, when we reach 21, are surprised by how much Mom and Dad have learned in the last 10 years.

What to do about it

Begin by listening to your discussions. Who does most of the talking? Does it appear that the people you are working and living with are getting a chance to say everything they want to say, or do they get cut off? If it helps, keep an inconspicuous scorecard on who speaks how often in your next meeting. Is it you?

Or perhaps you are one of those who lays back and waits for the final say. How many discussions are ended by your pronouncements?

How much time in your next few meetings or one-to-one discussions is taken in establishing facts? And how many of these facts were really important? Do you, or some of the people you work with, have to say something about everything?

People don't really believe you are right all the time. They just believe that you think you are.

Start the change process

With this information in hand, see what you can do to change the situation:

Begin by deciding that you have no need to be right. At first that may seem like a big order. But think a bit. If you are right, doesn't the situation usually turn out that way anyway? Will *your* being right change the course of history?

Second, resolve not to argue over things that have nothing to do with the situation at hand. We don't say eliminate all small talk. That is often the break that a meeting needs to steady it up or get it back on the track. Just don't worry about being right about incidentals.

Third, try active listening. Make sure you really understand by telling the person what you are hearing them say.

Fourth, ask for wisdom. "But if any of you lacks wisdom, he should pray to God who will give it to him; because God gives generously and graciously to all." (James 1:5)

Finally, focus on God's presence. It's surprising at times how trivial our discussions may sound to the maker of the universe. □

G

ARY GINTER wanted to build a spaceship.

The boy lived in the lush backwoods of Washington near the mile-wide Columbia River. Late-night stargazing into the black Northwest night sparked a four-year-long mission to design, build and launch his own homemade rocket.

Actually, Ginter had saved enough money to begin building his junior space chariot. He'd even secured a quote from an East-Coast machinist to fashion the projectile's all-important exhaust nozzle.

Then Gary learned about sacrificial giving. Two boys, both from low-income families, needed tuition for a Christian summer camp. Every saved nickel later, Gary's craft was grounded. But something just as extraordinary had been launched.

"That's where the giving began," reflects

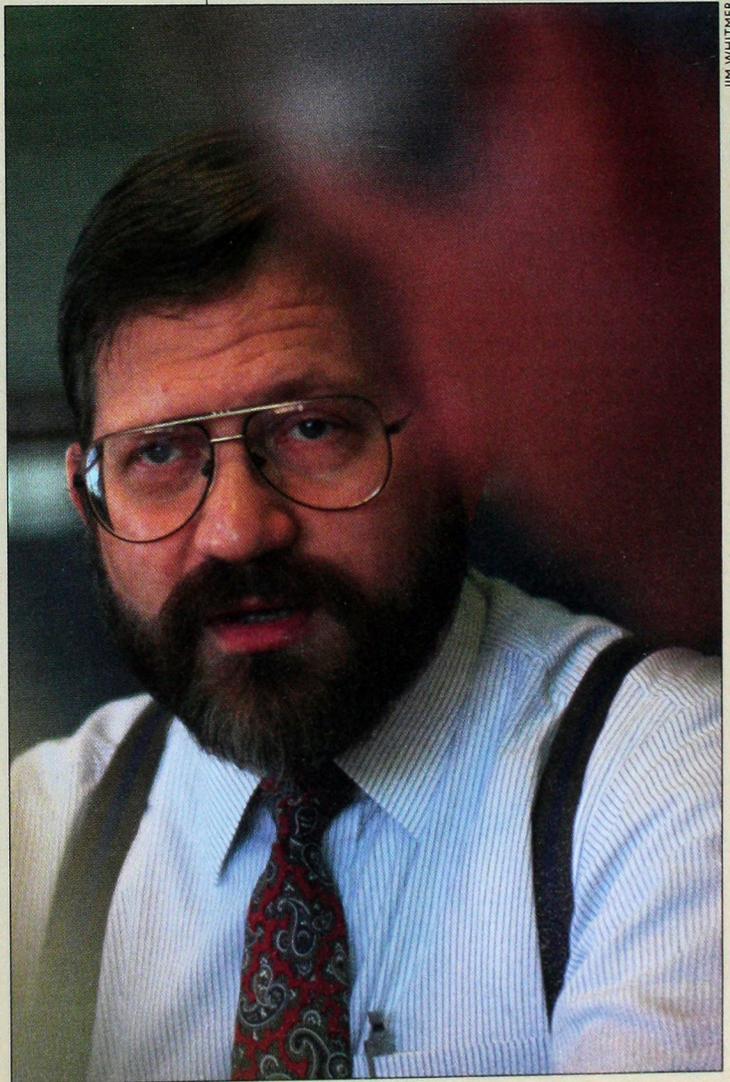
Ginter in his 33rd-floor office in the heart of downtown Chicago. Today, three decades after the scrapped flight, Ginter sits atop the financial world both literally and figuratively. As one of four founding partners of Chicago Research and Trading Group, Ltd. (CRT), Ginter helps guide a multi-million-dollar futures and options trading firm which *Wall Street Journal* has dubbed "the envy of the industry."

Suffice it to say that these days Gary Ginter can afford all the exhaust nozzles he wants. Yet what sets Ginter apart from a board room stuffed with Italian suits is a lifestyle more akin to Sears than Saks. (Continued on next page)

God called him to make money...

THE PROFIT PROPHET

...but not to keep it.



JIM WHITNER

The Ginter family is the antithesis of the "if-you've-got-it-flaunt-it" credo. For the past half-dozen years or so—about the length of time CRT's profits have skyrocketed—Ginter and his wife Joanna have channeled millions of their personal dollars into a variety of missions causes and missions-enabling business entities.

There wasn't always money to give, however. This Wall Street whiz was once a would-be missionary with a knack for "hoops." He was seriously considering a career in sports evangelism in Bolivia.

One night God unmistakably, irrevocably called Ginter away from the mission field and into the business world in a voice that Ginter claims was as clear as if it were audible. "It was an unusual experience—one I would not expect to have again," says Ginter. He concluded from that call that he was to

What sets the Ginters apart is a lifestyle more akin to Sears than Saks.

stay home and go into stewardship: making all the money he could, living on as little as possible, and giving the rest away.

For the first 10 years of his business career, that pretty much summed up Ginter's stewardship *modus operandi*, even when it meant going in debt to give.

Ginter would be quick to agree that God's calling back then was made all the more unlikely by the floundering entrepreneur's admitted lack of business skill. On the heels of the "call" came a long stretch of academic and business flops. Ginter, an intellectual, never graduated from college.

During those early years, his record of business start-ups read like a proof text for Murphy's Law. When Joanna was pregnant with their first child, she thought to herself, "This guy is going to have to get a job, 'cause I'm quitting my nursing career when this baby comes."

People would pat Gary on the head and say, "Son, when you finally get your feet on the ground, come and tell me what you want to be when you

grow up."

The founding of CRT in April of 1977 signaled the beginning of the end of hard luck around the Ginter household. In little more than a decade, CRT's seed capital base of \$150,000 has burgeoned into a full-blown money machine, boasting resource capital in excess of \$250 million.

A big cash cow

What's more, Ginter is no longer the greenhorn. He has matured into a sophisticated, elegant operator. He negotiates and closes deals in a forthright manner that would spin the head of last year's movie villain, corporate raider Gordon Gecko of Paramount's "Wall Street." While other partners concern themselves with day-to-day trading decisions, Ginter—dressed in his trademark suspenders—busies himself with more visible CRT tasks. Much of his time is spent shuttling back and forth between Chicago and Washington, D.C. (where he maintains a separate office). Or Tokyo, where Ginter is part of a team nurturing CRT's trading relationships in Japan—a natural role for someone with Ginter's cross-cultural sensitivities.

The steady climb from a one-time bookkeeper who could "scarcely balance a checkbook" to the top of the corporate heap punctuates the authenticity of God's call on his life, says Ginter. "Even though I wasn't particularly gifted in business, God gave me a love for it. People develop skills in that which they love and do persistently, and indeed, that's been true in my case." Indeed.

The Ginters hold back what they need to meet modest living and household expenses. As Gary's and Joanna's giving has increased, out of necessity they have established a separate foundation—the Jubilee Foundation—through which their monies are channeled to missions entities.

Recently, for example, the Jubilee Foundation underwrote the entire marketing cost for the U.S. Center for World Mission's "Last \$1,000" campaign. The highly successful fundraising drive retired an \$8 million debt on the center's campus facility, home to more than 40 missions research, mobilization and sending organizations.

"CRT has been a big cash cow. It's enabled Joanna and me to give heavily to foreign missions. But by far, most of our giving doesn't appear on an IRS statement as giving," says Ginter. "Rather, we invest in *missionary corporations*, which we consider exactly what God wants us to be about." Of the Ginters' total giving, roughly 80 percent is invested in these missionary corporations.

Missionary corporations? Besides being a successful business professional, Ginter is also recognized as one of today's leading thinkers in the area of "tentmaking" mission work, a term borrowed from the apostle Paul's means of earning his keep. Tentmaking means using professional and technical skills in cross-cultural settings for the purpose of sharing the gospel. Along with some church friends and CRT partner Gaius Berg, Gary and Joanna founded the Midwest Center for World Mission, a center in Oak Park, Ill., organized

Gary and Joanna at home: "It's unreal! God has some sense of humor."



JOHN WIERICK

God has called me to make all the money I can, but live on as little as possible, and give the rest away."

expressly for research and training for such mission work. Mixing his finely honed entrepreneurial vision and talent with financial resources and a passion for missions, Ginter has whipped up some models which he calls *missionary corporations* and *kingdom companies*.

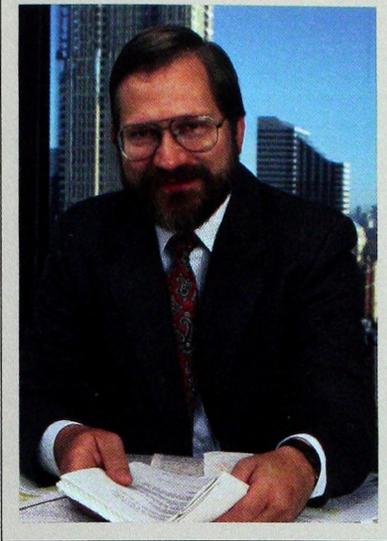
A kingdom company, he explains, is organized to achieve kingdom goals as opposed to financial goals. That doesn't mean it's not designed to break even in the long term. It's designed to do exactly that. But its motivation for drawing together human energy is not to maximize return on investment measured by dollars, but rather to maximize return on investment measured by kingdom standards. A missionary corporation is simply a kingdom company that operates in a cross-cultural setting, whether that be inner city to suburban, rich to poor, white to black or Africa to America—any type of cross-cultural situation.

Fishing flies from Kenya

Ginter has helped create or has provided venture capital for a number of kingdom companies and missionary corporations. Some have been more successful than others. Among the more successful is World Craftsmen, which imports and distributes hand-tied fishing flies from Kenya and Guatemala. In addition to providing a vehicle through which the gospel can be shared in overseas settings, World Craftsmen also provides jobs and development opportunities for some 140 Third-World people. Currently, World Craftsmen is among the top four fishing fly wholesalers in North America.

"Eighty percent of all unreached people in the world live in countries closed to the gospel by political or religious barriers," says Gary. "We have to have some other way for people to get there." A professional corporation

JIM WHITMER



"Walking by faith is never easy, especially if you're successful."

offering valued goods or services is more likely to penetrate a closed culture than a traditional missionary, Ginter suggests. Furthermore, the missionary corporation represents a cross-cultural outreach alternative which may well be more in keeping with coming economic realities.

"When it begins costing \$50,000 to send faith missionaries overseas, the well of faith missions supporters might start drying up," says Ginter. "Instead, these people are going to say, 'Hey, I'd much rather own stock in an oil trading firm in Jakarta seeking to reach Muslims.'"

Gary and Joanna Ginter maximize their own ability to give by living what they term a "warfare lifestyle"—simple, unpretentious, non-materialistic and in keeping with the demands of soldiers actively engaged in spiritual warfare. A few short miles and a world away from the first-class headquarters of CRT is the Ginter home, located in an economically marginal, westside-Chicago neighborhood called Austin. The community is home to 180,000 mostly black, mostly poor residents.

Only recently did the late-model Chrysler compact in the driveway replace "Red," Ginter's prized 1969 Chevy Nova with a snapped door-hinge and a quarter-million miles which eldest son Josh claims "was on the verge of explosion." Inside the Ginter home, no precious artwork adorns the walls, save the dogeared "Human Suffering Index" magazine foldout thumbtacked to the paneling, or the bright crayon

masterpieces of Ashley, the youngest of the four Ginter children. Out back, the family tomato plants are staked up with warped and broken snowshoe frames, castoffs from a Ginter enterprise called Viking Snowshoes.

The Ginters' commitment to the Austin neighborhood extends beyond their mere presence. Gary and Joanna have given much time and money to Circle Urban Ministries, a comprehensive Christian ministry that responds to the needs of low-income families in Austin. Gary was the founding chairperson of the board of the Circle of Christian Health Center, which today serves more than 1800 families in the Austin neighborhood.

Without question, the Ginters' way of life is far more a reflection of both Gary's and Joanna's modest upbringing than the astronomical business successes of recent years. "It's unreal!" says Joanna. "We were both humble folk growing up, and suddenly to be involved in this world-class operation? God has some sense of humor."

A pipe for God

Echoes Gary: "We've only really had money for the past four years, but even before then we invested a lot in God's work. Back then, we called it the 'Widow's Cruse of Oil' approach to stewardship. We decided to keep pouring out to the Lord what he had given us, and we'd trust him to keep putting more in.

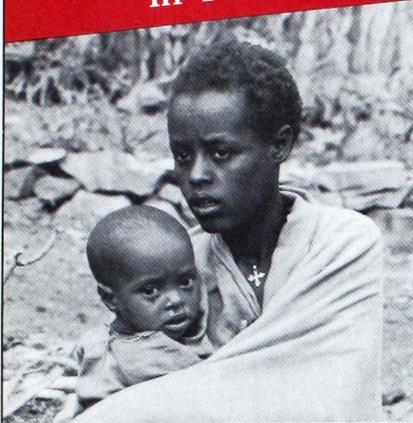
"If we let our money collect in a pool, our faith begins to reside in the size of that pool, not in the Lord and his promise to provide. Joanna and I want to be a pipe through which God can channel money to strategic needs. That keeps us on the edge of faith better than safely storing away a million bucks to fall back on.

"Walking by faith is never easy, especially if you are successful in business and can insulate yourself from the normal fears of lack of money. But if you are to become an effective stewardly entrepreneur, then you need to learn how to walk in the midst of success without losing your faith's cutting edge.

"We certainly don't consider our lives to be normative for other people," says Gary. "We don't say that this is the way other people should live. It's just the way God has led us to live." □

John Wierick is a free-lance writer living in Montrose, California.

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than what they read
in *Time*



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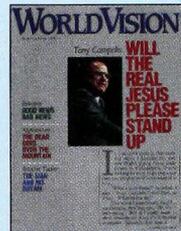
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READERS' RIGHT

According to **Tony Campolo** ("Will the Real Jesus Please Stand Up"), owning a BMW is a sin. Would he be kind enough to send me a list of the approved car models? I own a Honda, but it's fairly nice, so I'm afraid I might be living in sin by driving it.

I hope Campolo doesn't feel that Jesus was indulging in conspicuous consumption by allowing himself to be anointed with expensive perfume. The Bible says the perfume was worth over one year's wages, maybe even \$40,000 in today's money.

*Thomas E. Bardeen
Littleton, Colo.*



My sister lives in Dakar, Senegal, and she has been talking about the water problem for years. Your example of someone who is making a difference ("Steve Tucker: A High Flier Digs In") has brought the desperate need to the attention of your readers.

*Bruce Barbour
Nashville, Tenn.*

It makes me sad that after such a great issue on women's ministries, especially the articles by Roberta Hestenes ("Is the Gospel Good News for Women?") and Ted Engstrom and Ed Dayton ("The Best Man for the Job. . ."), you still get letters showing that some readers have not learned anything ("Readers' Right").

*Denise Geiger
Lee Street United Presbyterian Church
Marion, Ohio*

I was stunned by Campolo's article. It is terrific, and ought to shock many Christians who are used to apologizing for one another's BMWs.

Keep on walking into enemy fire.

*Paul Hawley
Arcadia, Calif.*

I agree with the thrust of Campolo's article. However, it contains a factual error. Campolo writes, "I remember when Martin Luther King came marching out of Selma and met old Bull Connor."

Bull Connor was police commissioner in Birmingham (90 miles north of Selma) and was never associated with Selma. Also, on the Sunday in question, Martin Luther King was in Atlanta, not in Selma. A few days later he returned to Selma, led the march to Montgomery, and was not subjected to any violence.

*Cecil Williamson
Crescent Hill Presbyterian Church
Selma, Ala.*

I have two developmentally handicapped children and am aware of how the church has ignored the issue for years.

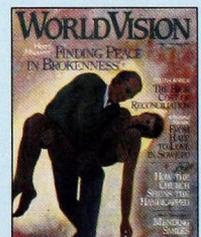
Henri Nouwen's article ("Adam's Peace") was wonderful. And my oldest son lives at Rainbow Acres, mentioned in Samaritan Sampler. Thanks for this issue. It was an encouragement to our family.

*La Vonne Foxx
Ridgway, Colo.*

We had just begun to see what could be done for the retarded citizens of our small community when your magazine arrived.

It was a blessing from the Lord. We read and re-read it and passed it around.

*Sister Ruth Speth
The Christian Service Center
Abbeville, La. □*



WORLD VISION welcomes comments from readers and reserves the right to edit them for length. Letters may be addressed to: The Editor, WORLD VISION Magazine, 919 W. Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016.

ENCOUNTER WITH PRAYER

The leader of our recent World Vision day of prayer, Dick Eastman—author, speaker and head of Change the World Ministries—focused on several principles of prayer. I'd like to share two of them with you.

One: Prayer is God's way of involving the whole church in his total plan to establish Christ's kingdom on earth.

Two: Prayer is the weapon of the church which Satan most fears.

Nearly 2,000 years after Jesus gave the Great Commission, Eastman notes, half the world's 5 billion people still await the full message of Christ. And of 200 countries, 40 restrict almost all evangelistic activity and only 60 have true religious freedom.

So your ministry of prayer is absolutely essential if we are to penetrate the areas where Christian workers cannot go. Will you take on a prayer project, perhaps prompted by an article in this magazine, and go by prayer where only prayer can go?

Norval Hadley

Director, Prayer Ministries

There is a prayer request below for each day of the month. You'll pray through each item twice in the two months before the next issue reaches you.

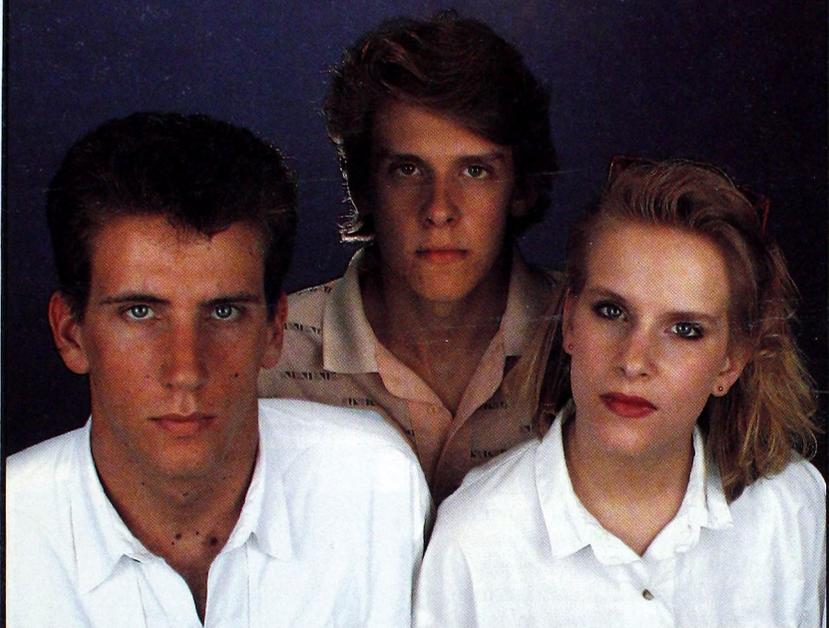
PRAY FOR:

- A Christmas season which truly honors the one who offers abundant life to all.
- Ten volunteers who will begin a one-year internship with World Vision's U.S. Ministries.
- Dick Eastman, new president of World Literature Crusade (Every Home for Christ).
- Efforts of UNICEF, World Vision and other agencies on behalf of the health of the world's children (pages 4-7).
- Thailand: Ask God to protect World Vision's projects, partners, children and families.
- The Bible Literature Center in Chittagong, Bangladesh, where gospel material is printed in the Bengali and Chakma dialects.
- Sudan, where more than 3 million victims of war and drought face starvation.
- Garfield Jubilee Association's housing program in Pittsburgh, Penn., which restores homes in low-income areas.
- The merger of Love Inc. with World Vision, to enable U.S. churches to minister to the needy people around them.
- World Vision projects in Kenya, Senegal and Ethiopia providing clean water by drilling new wells and rehabilitating old ones.
- Holland, where Christians meet in great numbers to pray for revival for all of Europe.
- Bolivia, South America's poorest country. Ask God to have his healing way in this land.
- Peru, shaken by natural and social disasters. Pray for Christians to realize their important role there.
- World Vision's anticipated work in China, now in planning stages.
- Jerusalem's West Bank: Ask God for peace and for the effective ministry of World Vision projects and staff.
- Moms in Touch, small but growing groups of women who meet to pray for their children, teachers and schools.
- Haiti, that democratization will continue as promised by its leaders.
- People in the Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico areas still recovering from September's hurricane.
- Afghanistan: for the resettlement and safety of the world's largest refugee group.
- Our new President, and all those assuming new leadership positions in the government.
- Indonesia, where prayer groups are meeting to pray for revival.
- The ministry of Shiloh Christian Children's Ranch (page 16) and other homes for abused children.
- God's help in discovering and developing new gifts that you can offer to those around you.
- The work of Neighborhood Christian Centers in Memphis, Tenn. (pages 16-17), providing a fresh start to destitute people in the inner city.
- Bangladesh's recovery from severe flooding, and for permanent solutions to the recurring problems (pages 10-13).
- The release of hostages in Lebanon and for peace in that troubled place.
- Christians to take a leading role in bringing about reconciliation between embittered groups around the world.
- The Ginter family (pages 20-21) and others who answer God's call to a lifestyle of giving.
- Those who remain faithful to Christ at great cost to themselves and their loved ones.
- Increasingly honest and peaceful relations between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.



BRUCE BRANDER / WORLD VISION

Last night these young Americans came closer to starvation. And closer to God.



They were stretched by a 30-hour weekend fast. Together with planned activities. Games. Films. Discussion. Prayers. Bible study. And songs. These young Christians felt what it's like to be hungry. And they raised money to help feed hungry families around the world. They shared an unforgettable night and day of fellowship and fun. Hunger and joy. They shared an experience that brought them closer to each other. Closer to a starving world. And closer to God. That's the World Vision Planned Famine program. Share it with the young people of your church. And let them share their feelings with a hungry world.

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Please send me materials needed to organize our Planned Famine today. We are considering the date: _____
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