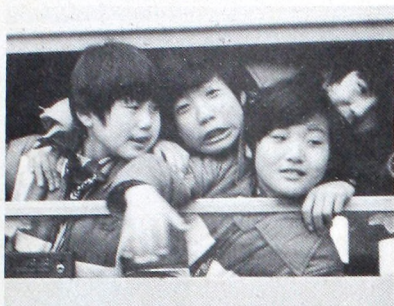


A VILLAGE CALLED SHALOM

**Where Borneo
headhunters
used to vie
for trophies**



*India on foot
The kids in the Korean choir
Poor but blessed
Escape from Uganda
Looking for trouble*



A village called Shalom

Enemies become friends in the jungles of Kalimantan. page 3

Raj Kushi

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My angels in Mickey Mouse T-shirts

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Poor but blessed

Why a 13-year-old boy says, for himself and his family, "We are happy." page 12

Escape from the country I love

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Remember the Batacs?

What's been happening. page 17



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Let the gods witness

"Let the gods witness that our villages shall forever be enemies." That's what a Borneo tribesman declared in a demonic ceremony early in this century.

For decades they fulfilled their vow by collecting each others' heads.

Yet today those very villages have become a peacefully united community they call *Shalom*. And they say the gospel made the difference.

To get the story for you, writer Kenny Waters journeyed up a treacherous river to their jungle village. In one of their simple homes he listened with a shudder as an old man who lived through the decades of enmity told Kenny, "You should be thankful we are Christians now. My fathers would have highly valued your head in a village vase."

Kenny talked also with the family whose picture you see on page 4—a family whose story is worth sharing with your own and with members of your church during this season of attention to family life.

Worth sharing also are the other family-related stories in this issue:

- the Nazareth-like life in villages along Sam Kamaleson's pathway in India
- a young man's month with Korean kids who live with no dad or mother
- a poignant memory of a Nepali mother and child
- the poor but happy Ricardo family in Colombia
- a Ugandan family's happy reunion after a harrowing escape
- changes in the life of a Philippine tribal family since you read about them here a year ago.

Let the gods witness what God is doing in receptive hearts around the world!

David Olson



A village called Shalom

by Kenny Waters

Special Correspondent,
World Vision International

BORNEO, sometime in the early 1900s— Stillness enveloped the sultry afternoon as a solemn line of Dyaks marched to the Tuba River for a grisly ceremony. Their village diviner had carefully chosen the time and place by listening to prophetic chirps of the *kitua* bird. Even as the villagers walked, the faint sound of a *kitua* could be heard above the cries of a monkey swinging through the thick jungle.

Reaching the site, the village leaders produced a white pig, a brown virgin dog and a frightened chicken.

First the villagers encircled the pig. One man, dressed only in a loincloth, jabbed a long knife under the swine's shoulder blade. With a quick lurch, he cut inward, severing its heart and spilling blood on the ground. With a muffled squeal, the pig died.

The man filled a vase with the pig's warm blood, took a drink, and passed it to the other villagers. Each took a draught. Then the executioner took more blood and sprinkled it through the air, calling forth demons to witness the sacrifice.

With a grunt, two men tossed the frightened canine above their heads. Using a sword, the executioner sliced its throat in midair. The dog crumpled to the ground. Again, the executioner drank of the blood and passed it to the other villagers. The remainder was,

again, thrown to the demons.

Next, the chicken was quickly beheaded, its neck snapped off by the hands of the executioner. The people drank of the chicken's blood and again threw a portion to the gods. Then the animals were cooked and solemnly eaten.

The people watched as another vase was brought forward. Holding it skyward for the demons to see, an old villager declared, "From this day forward our people are forever divided. The followers of Jaji shall cross the river and live in Batu Ahim. We, who have elected Tinduk our leader, shall form a new village called Lerak. Let the gods witness that our villages shall forever be enemies."

Like a sweeping monsoon, the winds of change have transformed Indonesian Borneo since that unsettling Dyak ceremony more than 70 years ago. Indonesians now call their section Kalimantan. The fierce head-hunting and demon rituals of the Dyaks have ceased, and the hand of God has come to rest on the villagers of Batu Ahim and Lerak. Today, these former enemies live in a united Christian community on the banks of the Sungai Kajang River. The people hope their village will be known as *Shalom*, Hebrew for "peace."

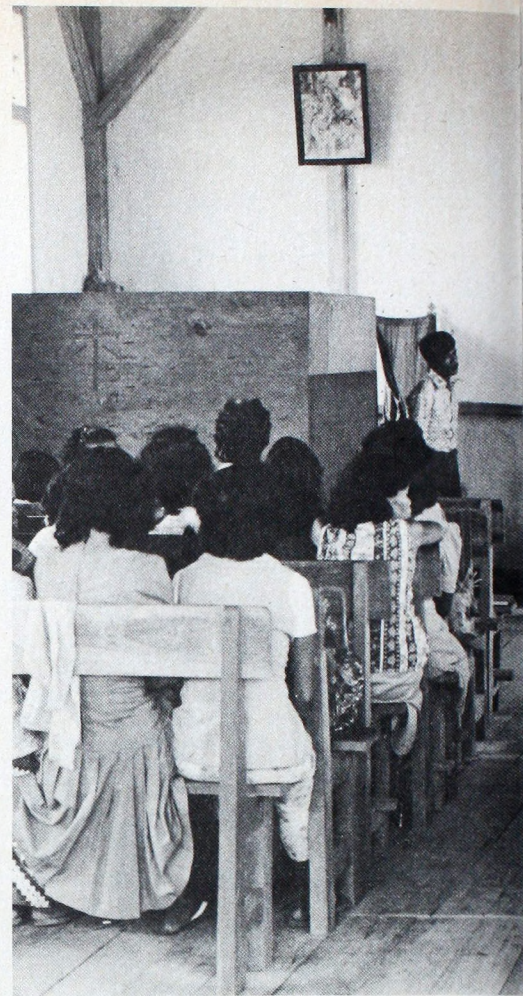
With World Vision's aid, they have constructed a church, an elementary school and a recreation area. They are learning advanced agricultural techniques, nutrition and preventive health care. And now, Dyaks in nearby villages are asking for help so they can experience the same physical and spiritual growth.

It was to see these changes that I went to the jungles of Kalimantan. With me were David Evans, then World Vision's Indonesian field director, and his wife Naomi; B. P. Ranti, project director for the West Kalimantan Society for Christian Service, a World Vision partner agency; Urbanus Jarung, its chairman, and James Tumbuan, World Vision relief and development associate for Kalimantan.

We were told to expect a four-hour ride in a small motor-powered canoe from Sambas, the subdistrict capital, to Sungai Kajang.

Ranti, a veteran of many such trips, entertained us with stories of how he almost died trying to make his way up the constantly rising and falling river. He told us about hundreds of blood-thirsty leeches that attack humans

Abel Bujang with his wife and four children in front of their house.



Christian villagers worship together at Sungai Kajang.

who step into the water to dislodge an entangled boat. He pointed out dangerous water snakes slithering along the muddy banks. And he talked of mosquitos carrying a strain of malaria for which no fully effective drug has been found.

By his account, our exhausting seven-hour journey was uneventful—only one broken prop and several extended stops to cut away logs and underbrush choking the stream. Needless to say, we lapsed into snoring comas minutes after arriving at our destination.

The next morning, Abel Bujang, a former Lerak villager, talked with Ranti and me as the sun crested the hill and sauna-like humidity soaked our clothes in sweat.

Abel was a former chieftain, one who dispensed advice, prophecy and fortunes by listening to the sounds of the kitua. Lerak villagers sought his counsel when planting crops, planning trips, contemplating marriage, or

whenever a decision was needed.

While Abel was village chieftain, his wife had 15 children. Thirteen died before their first birthdays. One daughter lived to be 17, then died while away at school.

"I knew I needed a new and better life," Abel said flatly, his emotions dulled by years of defeat and sorrow. "Obviously, my rituals weren't working."

In 1964, an Indonesian army chaplain, stationed near Lerak, preached to the villagers.

"I immediately felt I needed to be a Christian," Abel said. "I accepted Jesus and so did many of our people. Finally the empty old customs were replaced."

But the story doesn't end there.

"Since becoming Christians, we've had four children," Abel told me with excitement. "All are alive and well,



The fierce head-hunting and demon rituals of the Dyaks have ceased, and the hand of God has come to rest on the villagers of Batu Ahim and Lerak.

ment. "We've had a miracle baby and we're going to name him Ranti, in honor of your prayer."

Later, I met young Ranti at the church. He looked strong and happy as he sat next to his mother on the wooden pew.

After worship, four of us walked back to the old village of Lerak to see how life was before the move to Sungai Kajang.

Lerak was a chaotic collection of broken houses. The few people still living there probably will move soon to Sungai Kajang. We stopped briefly to talk to Aleng Bujang, Abel's one surviving child from the era when he was village prophet. Aleng cultivates rice and works with his father on their small rubber plantation.

We stood outside the remains of a 200- x 25-foot rectangular house. At one time, the entire village lived in the structure, called a bantang, which stands five feet off the ground.

The bantang is a remnant of head-hunting days. It offered protection during times of warfare, or when a young man from another village had to prove his manhood by bringing his future father-in-law the head of a neighboring villager.

After returning to Sungai Kajang, we learned more about the longhouses from Petrus Kaye, 32, a former Ahim villager. Kaye now lives in a nearly completed house with his wife, Yosia, and their three sons.

"There were 105 people living in our longhouse before we moved here two years ago," he said. "The population among that group now stands at 185 because death comes less frequently to our newborn children. When we lived together, if one person got sick, everyone got sick." Before the move, Petrus and Yosia had watched helplessly as three of their children died in infancy.

Such deaths have not been totally erased in the community of 60 families. Sungai Kajang is still in desperate need of a full-time doctor or nurse. Many of

the villagers have malaria, pneumonia or tuberculosis and need prolonged medical care.

"But at least we can talk about a future," Kaye told me as we sat on his wooden floor. "Yosia is enrolled in a child rearing workshop; I'm working on an experimental farm. We have fruit trees and a garden supplied by World Vision—and our two older boys are receiving an education."

For our final stop of the afternoon, Ranti and I visited an old man named Saiho. We sat in a small living room with a gas lantern casting a flicker on the faces of curious children gathered outside.

Saiho was a small child when the village split. Shivers raced down my spine as he described the grisly custom of head-hunting. Then he and Sigon, a former village chief, detailed the gruesome ritual that severed relations in the old village.

"There was much hatred, a hatred only Jesus Christ could take away."

Saiho looked at me directly.

"You, too, should be thankful we are Christians now," he said with a smile. "My fathers would have highly valued your head in a village vase."

I gulped loudly as the children chuckled.

I thought about Saiho's statement the next morning as we left Sungai Kajang and trudged down a narrow path toward the river. We were soaking wet from dew and exhausted from watching the grass, wild orchids and ferns along the way for cobras, mamba snakes and tree leeches.

Once the people of Sungai Kajang lived in sickness, fear and hatred in this harsh but exotic land, sacrificing valuable food sources to appease their gods.

Then they heard about a different kind of sacrifice, the eternal, once-for-all sacrifice of Jesus Christ. That sacrifice brought hope, healing and *Sshalom*. □

Editor's note: After this story was written, Abel Bujang's wife died of tuberculosis. His son Aleng now does all the rubber tapping while Abel watches the children. Because the hospital bills must still be paid, Abel goes out hunting at night.

Abel is full of grief and pity for his small children who must do without their mother's loving care. But he is resolutely placing his family's needs in the hands of God, of whom he recently said: "He made us, we belong to Him and we return to Him."

including our youngest, a three-year-old boy—a miracle baby."

"Miracle baby?" I asked curiously.

Ranti explained. During one of his trips to Sungai Kajang, he was met at the village outskirts by Abel, anxious and distraught.

"My wife is very ill and having difficulty with delivery."

"I haven't much medicine and I'm not a midwife or doctor," Ranti replied, "but I can give your wife some painkiller and ask God to be her doctor."

Ranti accompanied Abel to his small temporary house and they prayed with Mrs. Bujang.

"I left early the next morning to visit surrounding villages," Ranti said. "When I returned that night, Abel met me again. I was expecting the worst."

"It's a boy!" Abel blurted with excite-

Three walks in India: number two

Raj Kushi—my personal privilege and joy

A walk through villages of western India, north of Bombay—with no planned speeches, no Western garb, cameras or luggage—gave two Indian Christian leaders a fresh perspective on the spread of the faith among the common people.



Dr. Kamaleson

“We went to be among them,” says Dr. Sam Kamaleson, vice-president-at-large for World Vision International, who did his walking and listening together with Mr. P. Samuel, director of Bethel Agricultural Fellowship, in March 1979. The two mingled with whomever they met, to be taught by them and to teach when occasions arose.

As he did for his first walk, Dr. Kamaleson wrote down lingering impressions which he shares here. In a later issue of the magazine he will tell of his third walk, one which took him through villages resistant to the gospel.

It is 4 A.M. in the teakwood forest—tiger country! The March night is cold just outside the hut of Manu Bhai, a leader in the local congregation. The bamboo walls are aglow with translucent light. Soon we are sitting around the welcome fire, and Manu Bhai pours hot tea.

The cattle are housed in this same hut. The children sleep just a step away, separated only by a low bamboo partition. Gently it dawns on one's mind how “natural” Jesus of Nazareth is within the world of Manu Bhai. The Nazarene needs little interpretation to be understood.

Our host indicates that we are to pray; so we talk with the One who is among us.

A young, strapping, handsome tailor sits at his sewing machine under the thatched porch of his house. We have walked all day to get here. Behind him on the wall is a message: “The father of death is sin.” Soon the tailor's neighbors gather for prayer and song. When we leave, people hasten to the edge of the path to touch hand with hand in parting.

In the next village, the headman is a believer. A little church building stands on a piece of ground donated by a Christian family. The elderly mother was the first to believe in the Nazarene. And now the entire family stands out to greet us.

The women in this part of Gujarat hold a great deal of influence over the rest of the family. As we walk away, we are talking about New Testament

characters: Eunice, Dorcas, Lydia and Priscilla.

A vigorous translation work is in progress here. Navasu Bhai and his family are the source of encouragement for the translators. Soon their phonetic language will be reduced to an alphabet, and they will be able to read the Word of God.

Wherever we went the response of the believing community was positive:

- “While I was attending the worship service, someone broke into my hut and stole all my belongings. But I did not leave Jesus. He has restored half of my goods.”

- “I have poor health but He is my Lord.”

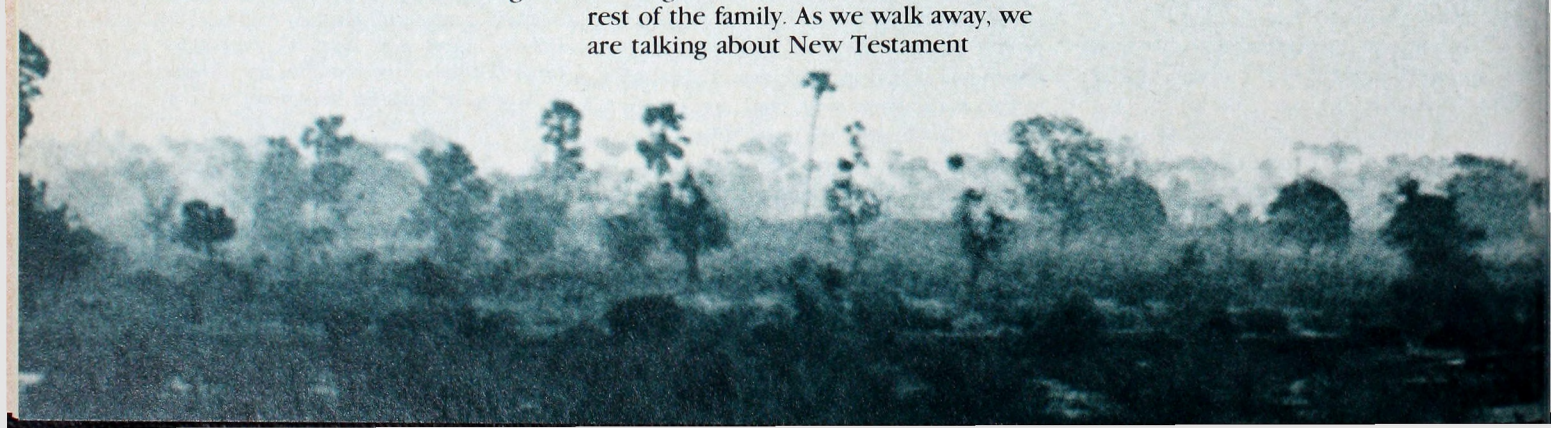
- “At twilight, still miles away from the village and inside tiger country, my bullocks fell down and refused to get up again. The convoy leader began to complain. What will your Jesus do now? I fell on my knees in the middle of the road and called on Him. Immediately after my prayer, the bullocks got up and led the convoy into the village smartly.”

The God who gave His own Son to deliver is a just God. And He has become their confidence.

The village of Mypure is just outside the city of Vyara. The believers here have built a church. The day we are with them is the day of dedication. It is the Lord's day. The headman had refused to give land where the church could be built. But the believing community prayed. Bhana Bhai's wife was among those who prayed. Then one night the headman's concubine was stung by a scorpion. The village *Bhagat* (medicine man) could not effect a healing.

The concubine had heard about the power of the prayers of the believing community, and Bhana Bhai's wife was called to pray. The Lord healed the woman! And now the believers have built a place of worship on the land grant that was made. Today is the day of dedication.

After the rejoicing and the dedication



service, we meet with the believers, one by one. The Lord has honored the Word this morning. In a miraculous way, language barriers have been overcome. And people can understand and relate to the message.

This is the story of the transforming power of Jesus Christ within the people's movement.

A few weeks before our walk in Gujarat, a large number of believers came from all over these districts. One report says there were thousands in attendance. An inquiry commission was sent out by the authorities. They were hesitant to come among thousands regarding whose activities they were to make inquiries, but the believers invited them. During the time of worship, young men and women and older people stood up and witnessed. They said Jesus Christ had broken the dreadful habit of alcohol in their lives. For the first time they had realized full humanity. And they shouted, "Hallelujah!"

The inquiry commission huddled together. Someone among them said, "If this is what Jesus does, maybe the government should spend its development funds to promote this Jesus!"

"But," they said, "What is this 'Hallelujah'? Is it an anti-government slogan?" When it was explained that the term means "Praise the Lord," one of them said, "If that is what it means, I want to stand with you and also say, 'Hallelujah!'"

These people are teachable and eager to learn. They had been suppressed and pushed out of the mainstream of society. Now in Jesus Christ they are finding they are a people.

Subtle economic pressures could be placed on them as the strength of the movement accelerates. Since they belong to the depressed social class and tribes eligible for government benefits, bamboo, the commodity they work with to produce salable articles, is available to them at a subsidized rate. But it could be interpreted that, once they have become Christians, they have left their class and hence are no longer eligible.

Among the simple, hospitable, loving people—within the huts, in the daily walk—the Nazarene is a "natural."

Also, education is lacking. Leaders of good quality are available, but they need training. The Spirit of the Lord is at work. There is a willingness among the participating groups to work together, which is highly commendable. Some competition exists within structures over matters of authority, power and finance, but none of these things have grown to large dimensions yet. The Nazarene dominates.

The morning we were there, the sun was warm and inviting. We stood on a little mound, and just below us was clear, still water—the result of recent rains. People were gathered at the edge of the water, waiting for baptism. A pastor of the Church of North India was questioning the inquirers. They witnessed for the crowd to hear. The missionaries who had worked with them were presenting them in order. There was rejoicing.

Late that afternoon Mr. Samuel and I were walking silently. Crowded thoughts came through with clarity:

- The language must be reduced to writing.
- Translation of the Word must be hastened.
- The missionaries must all master the language, and they should provide an orderly form of grammatical work. They were already doing an excellent job.
- There must be a continuing advance in missions. To fully evangelize "Jerusalem" before moving on is not the

New Testament pattern.

- As early as possible, the young church must be put into the charge of local leaders. This, too, is being done effectively. Such leaders are numerous. And, as we walked, we prayed for them each by name. Self-reliance rather than dependence is the goal.

- The intuitive, inherent, native sources must be fully drawn out. These believers must become missionaries to their own people. How wonderfully the Spirit of God is performing this already. Witnessing over the fence in the backyard, witnessing through the practice of the lordship of Jesus Christ, witnessing while plowing or building a home—how effectively this is happening already!

So we talked; so we praised God as we walked.

We saw no evidence of any open hostility against the believers. There had been inquiries. When the people were questioned as to why they became followers of Jesus Christ, when they were asked if anyone had persuaded them against their will, forced them, threatened them or enticed them, their answer was "Raj Kushi," which means, "No, this is my personal privilege and joy!"

That night was declared a prayer night. In the cold evening, they gathered around an open fire. And the prayer went on. At about five in the morning, the song was about the grain of wheat falling into the ground and dying. The Lord came upon us and in brokenness we opened our hearts and minds to Him. It seemed quite appropriate, for joy is a fruit of the Spirit. If brokenness is an evidence of weaning from improper dependence, then there is a relationship between brokenness and "Raj Kushi."

And so we walked where the Nazarene is walking, where in naturalness there seems to be little or no need for interpretation. Among the simple, hospitable, loving people—within the huts, in the daily walk—He is a "natural."

Why have they believed in Him? It is a personal privilege and joy! □



My angels in

When I was asked to help the World Vision Korean Children's Choir during their recent visit to the United States, I jumped at the opportunity. I had heard stories from others who worked with the choir and knew it would be a privilege.

My temporary assignment was to accompany the choir to NBC Studios in Burbank where they would rehearse and tape their part of the television special "Hand in Hand." Then I was to travel with them to various church performances in the Southern Cali-

fornia area. After a month, they would return to Korea.

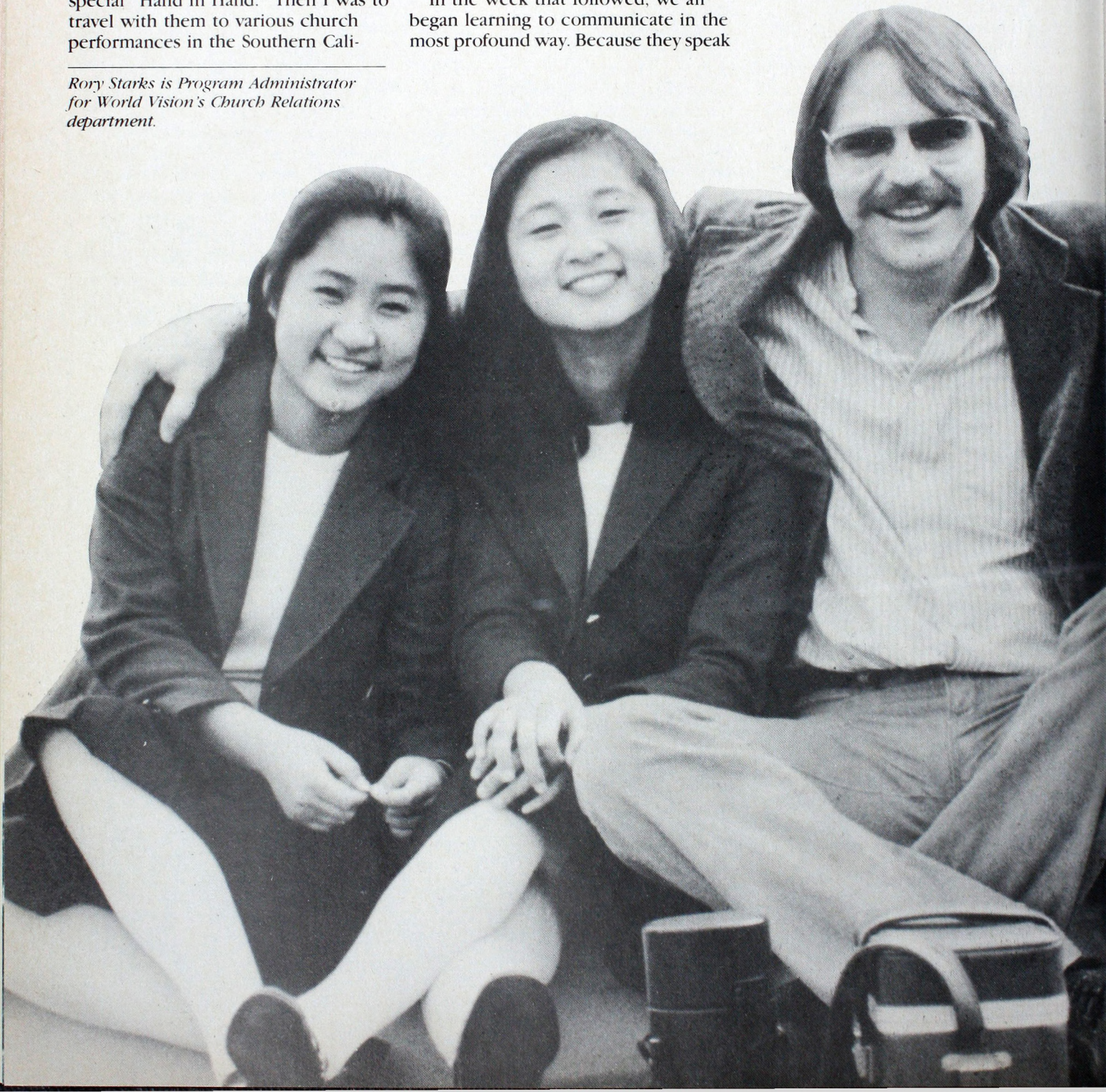
At the end of our first day together, as we walked to the bus which took us to and from NBC, I felt exhausted, as did the children. But then I received a dose of the best tonic imaginable. Eun Joo, a precious little girl with sparkling eyes, reached up and put her delicate hand in mine. All was well.

In the week that followed, we all began learning to communicate in the most profound way. Because they speak

little English, and my Korean leaves something to be desired, we joked, laughed and experienced a communication of heart and soul, reaching out with our eyes to say what words could not.

I remember how amazed I was one evening as I sat reflecting over what had been a long day. It dawned on me

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Mickey Mouse T-shirts

by **Rory Starks**

that we had spent an entire day together using only a handful of mutually understood words, yet had not lacked for communication in the least.

When we met, the children and I had felt an almost immediate affection for one another. By now a very special relationship was developing. Then something unexpected drew us closer still. One of the girls got chicken pox.

Little Hai Kyung was immediately isolated. The other children were told

of her condition and warned not to approach lest they catch the disease.

Sitting by herself in a corner of the large rehearsal hall, Hai Kyung felt rejected, confused and deeply hurt. She began to cry. I shared her pain. Drying her tears, I stroked her hair, comforting her with soft-spoken English. She didn't understand my words, but it didn't matter. She knew I cared.

Until that time, I'd thought of the children as being somewhat angelic. Now, as I looked into Hai Kyung's tender tear-filled eyes, I realized she was not an angel, but a child. A child who misses home. Who cries. Who gets chicken pox. I turned and looked at the concerned faces of the other children. They, too, are not angels. They are loving, caring children.

Rory and four of the 1980 choir members in a moment of relaxation between rehearsals and performances.



One evening after I'd battled a minor case of flu, several of the children rode in my car back to their quarters. With the exception of an occasional whisper, they were absolutely quiet. I noticed one of the boys, Chung Il, staring intently at me. Quietly he said something to me in Korean. I asked an older girl to translate. She replied, "He's

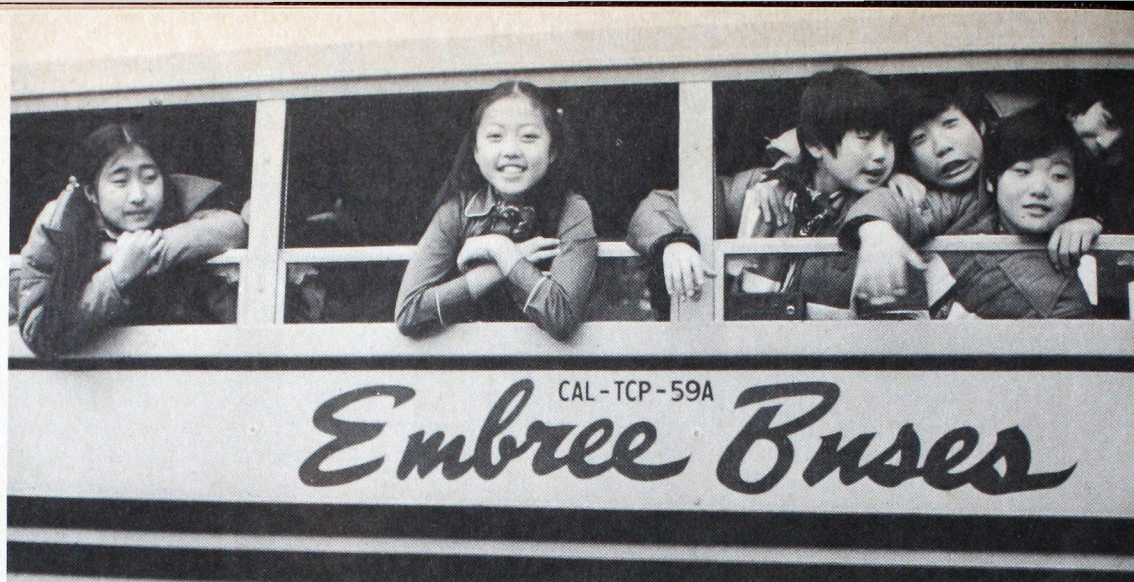


Members of the 1969 choir.

The World Vision Korean Children's Choir was formed in 1957 when founder Bob Pierce discovered remarkable music talent among the Korean children in World Vision orphanages. He established an institute where selected orphans could come to live as a big family and develop their singing abilities.

Today, the 35-voice choir lives, studies and works at World Vision's music institute in Seoul, Korea. The children were chosen from among the 15,000 disadvantaged Korean youngsters in World Vision's childcare program. Each choir member has a sponsor in the United States, Canada, Australia or New Zealand.

Late last December, choir director Yoon Hac Won brought his group to the U.S. to film a television special and participate in the Rose Parade. The choir has toured many countries over the years, earning a well-deserved reputation as "singing ambassadors of Korea" and as missionaries singing on behalf of needy children everywhere.



worried about you. He said he loves you.”

During the weeks that followed, nothing quite as earth-shattering as chicken pox befell us. Aside from a few trips to the drugstore and a visit to the dentist (one of the girls needed a root canal), things went relatively well.

In spite of the long hours of hard work that go into making a television show, we made sure there was time for a heaping handful of Southern California's popular attractions, including Disneyland. With 35 kids, we nearly bought the place out of Mickey Mouse T-shirts. The kids will never be the same. Then again, neither will Disneyland.

At the end of a long month, with a successful television special and many church performances behind them, the children were about to return home. We all were torn with emotion at the thought. They longed for family and friends, yet had grown as deeply fond of many of us as we had of them during that month of virtually living together.

As we rode the bus to the airport, there was none of the enthusiastic singing that had become a tradition on our many excursions. The air was permeated with the awareness that it was time to part. I glanced about the bus attempting to memorize faces I might never see again.

We arrived at the airport and the children waited to board their plane. We all tried desperately to make those last few minutes count. Some of the children gripped my hands, almost refusing to let go.

At the sound of the boarding call, we were overcome. Through tears we said, “I love you. I'll remember you always,” and held each other close for the last time. □



(upper left) Choir director Yoon Hac Won. (directly above) George Habn, World Vision's hospitality man, walks hand in hand with some choir members.

More than a child's voice

by Mildred Tengbom



We would have handled it differently if we had realized how serious the situation was. But wouldn't you have thought that they'd send the message by an adult, not just a child?

The whole affair had been so tragic. With my colleague, a registered midwife, I had scrambled down the Himalayan mountainside three days earlier, following closely a man who had come to get us. His wife was having trouble giving birth to a child, he had said, twisting his cloth cap in his hands. Would we come?

He should have called us earlier—much earlier. The young Nepali woman, who lay on her wooden platform bed, was clearly exhausted. And though the baby was born soon after we came, it was too late. The child never breathed.

We had bathed and cared for the young mother and tried to comfort her in her weary sorrow. Her own mother had come to be with her. She assured us that she would stay until her daughter had regained her strength. So we had trudged back up the mountainside to our own shabby shack, tired and sad that the little one had not made a safe arrival.

Three days later we received a summons from the police headquarters in the neighboring city. We were expecting additional workers for our mission work, and the police had some questions they wanted answered regarding the missionaries' visa applications. Now, if you live as a guest in another country,

when you are summoned by the police, you go. We hurriedly picked together a few things. When the little girl came, we were already on our way out the door to find transportation into town.

The girl spoke so softly we could hardly hear her. Her mother, who had given birth to the dead baby, had a bad cold, she said.

The grandma wondered if we had some medicine for a headache.

My colleague suddenly felt uneasy. She wanted to cancel our trip to town and hurry down the mountainside. I, on the other hand, was worried about keeping the police waiting.

"Surely if she is really sick her husband would have come," I said. "They wouldn't send a child. And the child says it is just a headache."

We stood debating. Finally I won out. My colleague brought aspirin and told the little girl how they should be taken. Then we hurried off to town to catch the last taxi of the day into the city.

We returned two days later. As soon as a neighbor lady noticed that we were home again, she came over—visibly upset.

"Have you heard about the little mother?" my colleague asked the neighbor.

The lady lowered her head and drew her scarf over her face.

"What is it?" I asked sharply.

"She's dead," she said simply. "She died yesterday."

It wasn't your fault, you say. How could you have known it was that serious? It was just a child who brought the call. And you did have other work to do. Don't feel bad, you say. Doctors here have this happen, too. Don't feel guilty. It wasn't your fault.

Maybe so. I don't know.

I do know that for days we walked around the house unable to speak to each other or to anyone else. Each of us was thinking, "*It could have been different.*"

That little mother still haunts me. And she still reminds me of the uncared-for thousands. Street dwellers of Calcutta. Flood victims of Bihar. Africa's persecuted refugees. Lonely Christians of the Near East. Poverty-stricken South Americans. Malnourished millions in and around Cambodia. Pushed-off-into-a-corner old people of my own land.

I'm grateful that I cannot forget that little mother. I don't want to. Nor do I want to forget the others. But they need more than the hesitant voice of a child. They need my voice shouting, and your voice shouting, and all our voices shouting until people understand that unless we do something about it, people will die.

People *are* dying now, because we have not paid enough attention to their calls for help.

But if we do hear and respond, we can change things. That hope—the hope that we will make things different—makes me grateful for the pain I still feel in my heart whenever I think of that little mother. If hurting will motivate me to help, then, dear God, I want to hurt. □

THE AUTHOR ADDS: *One of the most effective ways I know to shout is through Bread for the World (BFW), a Christian citizens' movement in the U.S.A. BFW members (of whom I am one) find out the facts about government policies that affect the basic causes of hunger. BFW staff members contact government officials about specific issues that vitally affect hungry people. And they get results—not always, but often.*

If you can read, write or talk on a phone, you can help in a significant way. For further information write Bread for the World, 207 East 16th St., New York, NY 10003.

Mildred Tengbom speaks and writes on various issues concerning the Christian life. She is the author of Is Your God Big Enough?, The Bonus Years, A Life to Cherish, When Joy is Touched by Pain and other books.



Grinding maize for cereal is a family affair for Roberto, his mother Maria (holding baby), sister Rudi, 18, and father Alcides.

Poor but blessed

When 13-year-old Roberto Ricardo takes a shower each morning, he carefully avoids swallowing any water. Since the water in which he showers is contaminated, one gulp could be deadly.

Roberto never dallies in the shower, either. He sings no stanzas of his favorite tune. Instead, he ladles a little of the water on his head, lathers, rinses quickly, and gets out fast. To take a leisurely shower would be wasteful; the more water Roberto uses, the more trips he must make to the river with buckets. Roberto's showers come only from a holding tank that he fills each

night with cold river water.

For breakfast, Roberto usually eats some fried bananas or cassava, a local root. Sometimes he eats leftovers of beef heart or intestines, remaining from the previous night's dinner.

By the time Roberto has showered and breakfasted, it is a few minutes past seven. He says good-bye to his mother, father and seven brothers and sisters, and leaves for work.

Walking to work each morning takes Roberto through the heart of the barrio



(above) Roberto works on a language assignment at Camino de Vida Christian School. (right) After school, Roberto sharpens his soccer skill.



of Santander, on the outskirts of Monteria, Colombia. The slum is called an "invasion," because it is an area that thousands of poor people literally invaded as squatters when they were unable to find housing elsewhere.

Only vaguely can Roberto remember when his family came to live in this migrant city of wood and adobe huts, malnourished children, high crime, undrinkable water and stagnant, mosquito-breeding puddles.

Passing through Santander, Roberto enters downtown Monteria, a city of 100,000 people located in northwestern Colombia. Even though it is early in the morning, Roberto is already sweating from the oppressive humidity.

Downtown, he buys oranges from a local street vendor. Then he begins walking the streets himself, selling them to anyone who will buy them. Occasionally he stops at a street corner to rest and talk to passersby.

If a day is particularly slow, or if there are no good oranges to buy, Roberto goes to the local lumberyard and assists his father. He measures boards and marks them with chalk so his father can make more accurate cuts with the saw.

For his daily labors, Roberto makes about \$1.30. His earnings are combined with those of his father and his 18-year-old sister. Still, the family has difficulty buying enough food to keep all ten members healthy. Colombia's inflation rate, well over 20 percent, promises to further erode the Ricardos' buying power in months ahead.

In the early afternoon Roberto and his

11-year-old sister, Rode, go to school. They attend a Christian school called *Camino de Vida*, the "Road of Life." Christians have established elementary schools throughout Colombia. Many of the children—like those at *Camino de Vida*—are sponsored through World Vision's childcare program.

Roberto is one of these children. The monthly contribution from his World Vision sponsor helps Roberto by providing educational materials, recreational supplies, a hot lunch and clothing—especially shoes. Shoes are highly valued in Santander because they have learned that many diseases are transmitted to children who play barefoot in the stagnant ponds.

Roberto, a third grader, likes school. "I like to come very much," he says, "because I learn many things that I still don't know. I like to learn about discoveries and also about heroes in history."

How long does he want to go to school? "I would like to go as long as God wants me to," he replies, adding that he would like to be a bus driver when he grows up. "I have an uncle who has been letting me know a few things about driving and about cars. I would like to be a driver."

Besides studying at school, Roberto plays "football" (soccer) and runs on the cross country team. "We have football here at school. Sometimes we get together with other schools and have sports days. We lost the football championship last year but we played well. I also participated in the cross country competition and came in second."

Roberto says that on the weekend his routine changes. He sells oranges all day Saturday. In the evening he attends a youth meeting at his church.

On Sunday the entire Ricardo family attends church. Roberto also goes to Sunday school.

"I like to learn the stories they teach us," he says of Sunday school. "I also like to learn things to be able to explain to people because some of our neighbors do not believe in Jesus. They believe some other religion. In their house they have statues of lions and eagles. They say Jesus isn't real. It is a bunch of lies. I would like to explain to them."

Each evening in Roberto's house, his father blesses the food that Roberto's mother has prepared, and the family eats together. After dinner, there is a family devotional.

"It says in Scripture that the apostles prayed daily, asking for the Lord's guidance," Alcides Ricardo explains to his children. "As the apostles prayed, they received many blessings. We must do the same." Prayer has played a significant role in his life. He tells of having been imprisoned for four years during a political struggle in Colombia, in the early 1950s. During his incarceration, a friend told Mr. Ricardo about a story in *Reader's Digest* detailing the miraculous release of a man unjustly condemned to die. The man prayed to God for deliverance and the Lord answered that prayer.

"The story had a great effect on me," Mr. Ricardo recalled. "When I was released, I read a small booklet on Luke. That, along with the story, firmed my decision to become a Christian."

Mr. Ricardo has passed on his spiritual dedication to his children, especially to Roberto. Even Roberto's view of his poverty is influenced by his faith. When a visitor recently asked him if he considered himself poor, Roberto replied with an insight uncommon for a boy his age. "Yes, we are poor," he said. "We have a little house, a very humble place. But God has blessed us. Therefore we are happy." □

Currently, more than 200,000 children who have no parents or whose parents cannot provide for them are getting help from sponsors through World Vision. Meanwhile, more children need such help. Eighteen dollars a month provides for a child's basic needs. To sponsor a child, please use the attached envelope.

A Ugandan looks back

Escape from the country I love

At this time last year, news reporters everywhere were focusing attention on Ugandan dictator Idi Amin's overthrow by Tanzanian troops. One family especially interested in the news was the Adoniya Kirinda family, who fled Uganda in 1974 after Adoniya found himself high on Amin's list of those to be killed. The Kirindas were in the United States when writer Phyllis Alsdurf got the story.

In matter-of-fact tones 40-year-old Adoniya Kirinda recalled the chilling circumstances surrounding his and his wife's escape from Uganda:

"Our friends booked us on a midnight flight to Kenya—the last British Airways flight to leave Uganda, I believe. We went to the airport and, because of the searching, waited in the taxi outside for the last call.

"Many people died at Entebbe Airport trying to escape. The soldiers would identify you and wait for you to walk out in the open, out to the plane. Just when they got a very nice target, they would cut you down with bullets. Many people trying to escape never made it out of Entebbe.

"When they gave the last call, my wife and I got out of the taxi and went to the plane. It was the longest walk. It was like I was already dead; I knew that at any time we were going to be killed. I fell down about three times. My wife—at that point I appreciated her strength—dragged me."

As co-pastor of a large church in Kampala and director of the World Literature Crusade in Uganda, Adoniya was high on Idi Amin's list of those to be killed. Indeed, on a day when Amin had met with Christian leaders telling them that they were free to meet with their congregations, he dispatched his men to kill Adoniya. A prayer meeting was being held at the Kirinda home when soldiers rushed in. They shot and killed a bank official, mistaking him for Adoniya.

Even then, Adoniya and his wife, Margaret, did not believe that the government was responsible for the break-in and murder. "We thought they were thieves," Adoniya said. "We

could not believe it was the government. You know, we love our country. We tried to call the police for help, but they weren't responding."

The next day Adoniya went to the military headquarters in Kampala to report that thieves had broken into his home, killed his friend and stolen his car. "The man who was in charge said, 'No, they killed Adoniya.' I said, 'No, my name is Adoniya.' They thought I was drunk and just ignored me. They were very sure I was dead."

Upon discovering their mistake, Amin's men returned to the Kirinda residence to finish their job. Adoniya, Margaret, their five children and numerous friends who had gathered at their house ran to a forest on the outskirts of Kampala. "You know, I can trace God's hand in everything—because Kampala is not a big city and there is no place to run," said Adoniya. "Besides, you can't run faster than a bullet. My wife and I, we were separated from each other and from the children. It took me two weeks to find my wife."

For a month, Adoniya and Margaret hid in the homes of Christian friends, having no contact with their children, who ranged in age from 2 to 11 years at the time. Many times the couple escaped only by minutes from the soldiers who searched for them and who would then invariably torture their friends.

"When we saw these friends being tortured, we said, after much prayer, 'Let us leave the country.' But where to pass? There were many road blocks. We prayed continually and decided to fly to Kenya after we received the assurance that we would be able to go through this door."

Without being able to tell their children that they were leaving, Adoniya and Margaret departed from Uganda,

planning to stay in Kenya until the situation in Uganda improved. "As soon as we arrived in Kenya, we called the Ugandan government," Adoniya said. "My intention was to release pressure on the torturing of Christians. I wanted Idi Amin to know that I was out of the country so that they need not carry on torturing other people to see where we were hiding."

But within hours, Adoniya and Margaret realized that they still were not safe—they were on the list of Ugandans to be abducted from Kenya. A hotel receptionist informed them that they had "visitors" from Uganda who had insisted on renting a room opposite them. The visitors, it was discovered, were colonels in Idi Amin's army. With that warning, the Kirindas hid in the home of a friend in Nairobi.

Because Adoniya had a sister studying at a Bible college in Springfield, Missouri, the Kirindas decided they should go to the United States. But they had no money for air fare. "Any money we had was frozen in Uganda," Adoniya said. "Fortunately, my wife and I had passports—but no money and no children. We went to prayer and said, 'Lord, since this place is unsafe, we want to go to America.' We even set a date—August 28, and we thanked the Lord and waited."

On August 26, a rich Ugandan businessman found the Kirindas in their place of hiding. He was intent upon buying the burned-out wreckage of an old car the Kirindas had in Uganda, to use for parts. He offered them \$2000. "Here the government couldn't find us but he did!" exclaimed Adoniya. "At first my wife and I were ashamed to take the money because we knew the car was out of repair and nobody would dare repair it. But the money was exactly enough for Margaret and me to

On a day when Amin had met with Christian leaders telling them that they were free to meet with their congregations, he dispatched his men to kill Adoniya.



The Kirindas (seated left to right: Margaret, Timothy, Adoniya, Becky, Jane. standing: Ruth, Suzan) review family album in North Hollywood shortly after last year's change in the Ugandan government.

travel from Nairobi to Springfield."

Once in the U.S., Adoniya and Margaret were safe. But they had "mountains after mountains" to overcome. They had no luggage and no money. Their English was poor. They found they could not enter Bible school and there was no place for them to stay in Missouri. Finally, an acquaintance through the World Literature Crusade in North Hollywood, California, made a garage apartment available to them.

But the absence of their children grieved the Kirindas. "We were always praying and fasting for our children. My wife would cry throughout the night about them. And I even said, 'God, I think I will never preach again, because how can I stand up and say God is good when the children are not here?' The children up to this time never even knew we were out of the country."

Though "everything looked dark," Adoniya said he and Margaret reached a point where they felt assured that God had answered their prayers for their children. "My wife had a dream," Adoniya said, "a talking dream. She was greeting the children and said to our youngest, 'How are you, Timothy? How was your journey from Africa to here?' She was asleep and I was awake. It was after midnight and I was reading the Bible where it says, 'My sheep hear My voice and I know them and they follow Me.' And here was my wife greeting the children. She continued in her sleep until I woke her and said, 'Margaret, God has answered our prayer. Our children are coming.'"

In the days and weeks that followed, waiting for that dream to become a reality was one of the most difficult experiences in his Christian walk, Adoniya confessed. "During that time I

doubted. I thought that maybe God had never spoken. We even tried to arrange ways to get our children; we wanted to help God. It was another valley. I wanted to say that the dream wasn't of the Lord, that dreams were for old days."

Finally, about a month after Margaret's dream, Pan American Airlines called the Kirindas, informing them that an anonymous woman from Amsterdam had purchased five excursion tickets for the children from Nairobi to Los Angeles and one round-trip ticket for someone to go from Los Angeles to Nairobi to get them. Thinking that he was being tricked by the Immigration Department (because he and Margaret had visas to study in Missouri and were instead living in California), Adoniya hung up the phone. The next

day he received a second call.

"I looked at my wife and said, 'Margaret, God has done it too soon. We have only one bed. We don't have room. And who is going to Kenya again? I can't. They want to kidnap me.' We forgot our fasting and the nights Margaret had cried, because God had answered us—and answered us unexpectedly."

But eventually, Adoniya decided he must return to Kenya to find his children. With 11 cents in his pocket, he started his difficult journey. "I was going to pick up the children and we did not know if they were alive. I was going with no money and I was going to a place where death was waiting. I was going to bring the children back to nowhere. Everything looked very foolish, but sometimes this is how God works."

When Adoniya got to Nairobi, he was met unexpectedly at the airport by a large group of friends, waiting there for a missionary from the U.S. who had missed his flight. They provided for him, and in time helped him locate a Kenyan who smuggled the children, one by one, out of Uganda.

Miraculously, Adoniya and his children were allowed to fly to Los Angeles even though they had no visas—a fact that astounded immigration officials here. "Immigration could not believe it," Adoniya laughed. "They said, 'How did you do it? This is incredible!' Finally they gave us each

30 days to find schools and apply for student visas. This is how the Lord opened up ways we never dreamed of."

To contemplate a return to Uganda, Adoniya said, is to remember with great pain that many friends and relatives will not be there to greet them. "I am not going back to see people, but to work," he said. "My mother—an old woman—was tortured, almost killed. She will be

"I even said, 'God, I think I will never preach again, because how can I stand up and say God is good when the children are not here?'"

blind in one eye because of the kickings. My father was killed. They said it was an accident but I don't believe it. My wife's parents are gone. Whom is there to see?"

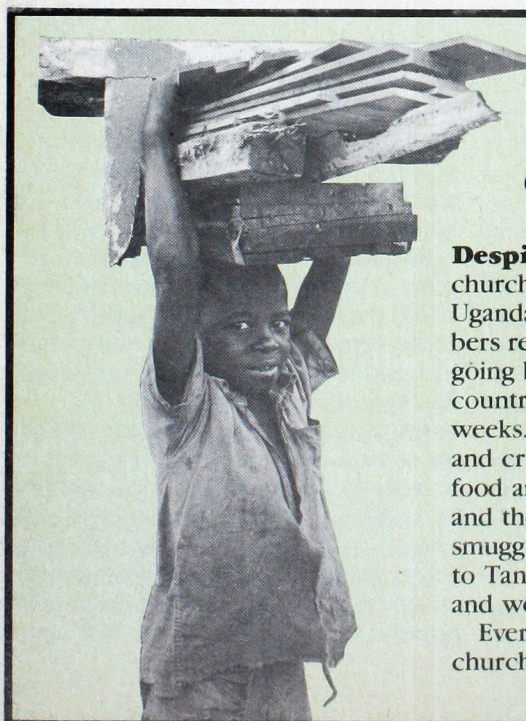
What has Uganda learned from Amin's gruesome reign? "The body of Christ was very much divided in Uganda," Adoniya concluded. "I think we have learned from Amin and now we are closer, whether Anglicans, Baptists or whatever. Missions were attacked, churches broken into and shot through, and the rest of the Christians never cared. It's like when you hear that

California is having a gas crisis and you live in New York. You say, 'Californians, that is their trouble.'

"Amin began by killing a very prominent Catholic editor, a learned man, and we never said a word. We knew Amin had killed him and we never even raised a finger. Then they attacked the Pentecostals, but the other Christians did nothing. It was far away; it was their trouble. Finally the time came when the Anglican archbishop was killed. We let it go so far for so long by being indifferent.

"We still haven't completely learned to live with one another, but I think we're now ready to move toward it. I look at the Christian work in Africa as cumulative. Everybody must contribute to bring many to the Kingdom of God. It must not be competitive. The Bible says that David reached the people of his generation. We are responsible for this generation. We must cover as much ground as we can, knowing that tomorrow will never be the same." □

Phyllis Alsdurf, editor of Family Life Today magazine, interviewed Adoniya Kirinda in North Hollywood, California, last August. The Ugandan Christian leader was then completing a Ph.D. in theology at the California Graduate School of Theology, after earning degrees at Azusa Pacific College and Fuller Theological Seminary. He and his wife, Margaret, and their children are remaining in the United States until improved conditions in Uganda allow them to return.



Uganda today

Despite rallying cries of Ugandan church leaders last May for a "new Uganda," World Vision field staff members report that the nation seems to be going backwards. Security in the torn country has deteriorated in recent weeks. Political turmoil, tribalism and crime are rampant. Shortages of food and other materials are acute, and the situation is worsened by the smuggling of goods out of the country, to Tanzania, Rwanda, Zaire, Sudan and western Kenya.

Ever since Idi Amin was deposed, church leaders have been correctly

predicting that moral and spiritual reconstruction would be Uganda's greatest need. In February, Ugandan President Godfrey Binaisa asked Christian ministers to conduct evangelistic crusades throughout Uganda. This is being done.

While attempts to work at the capital city would likely lead to disappointment, World Vision plans to proceed with a community development project in the Karamoja area of north-eastern Uganda, where it can help villagers become self-reliant. □

Remember the Batacs?



of land to farm. In September, Primitivo harvested more than double the rice and root crops of previous years.

Other Batac farmers have also received carabaos, tools, improved seeds and instruction in better farming methods. Vegetable gardens have been planted and barrio mothers are receiving instruction in nutrition. A few cows and other animals have also been supplied, along with training in animal husbandry. Eventually the animals will be the source of meat and milk now lacking in the Batac diet.

A World Vision nurse now visits the barrio regularly and the people are being taught proper health habits and sanitation.

At World Vision's request, the Philippine government has immunized and dewormed all the Batac children. The government has also provided a teacher who visits the barrio once a week to hold classes in reading and arithmetic for both children and adults.

Blackboards, pencils and paper are distributed in return for work improving the village. World Vision has provided clothing, blankets and

mosquito netting on the same materials-for-labor basis. Roofing materials and nails were supplied by World Vision to barrio families who did the labor themselves to prepare their homes for the rainy season.

Weekly Bible study groups are being conducted for adults and children by a Baptist pastor from the nearby lowland area.

World Vision is also working to train the people in leadership and self-government, including efforts to integrate them with the lowlanders and gain representation for the Batacs in provincial government.

Finally, negotiations are underway with the Philippine government to form a permanent land reserve for the Batac people so they can never again be forced from their own land.

Dominga, Primitivo and the other Batac people are grateful to those who gave, through World Vision, toward their needs. "We consider World Vision our parents," said Dominga's mother a year ago. Those whose gifts constituted World Vision's help may feel satisfied that they have acted as loving parents should. □

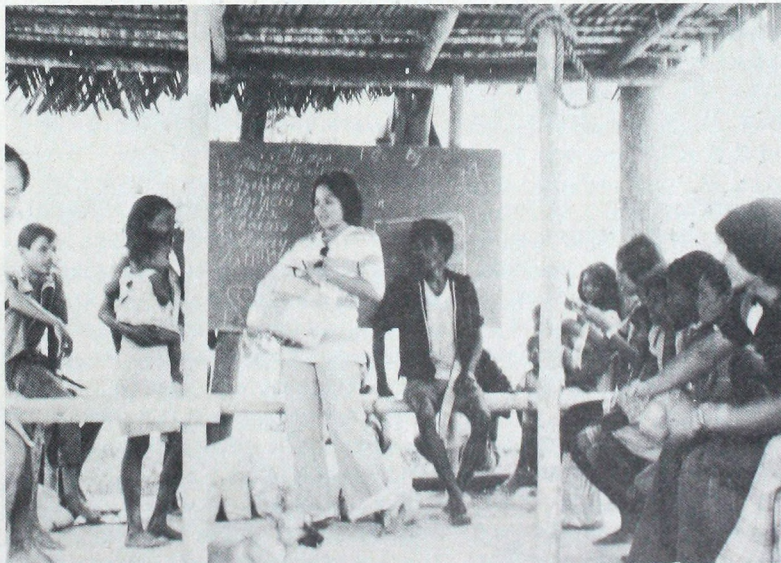
In the April 1979 issue of WORLD VISION, Dr. Mooneyham told of the pathetic plight of the Batac tribal people on Palawan Island in the Philippines, who are facing starvation and possible extinction. As a result of exploitation by outsiders, the Batacs have been gradually forced from their ancestral land.

The story centered on one family, that of Primitivo and Dominga Rodriguez and their baby daughter, Elizabeth.

Dominga was already pregnant again and considering an abortion because they could not afford to feed another child. World Vision offered to supply milk for baby Elizabeth. Thus, Dominga was spared the agony of deciding to kill her unborn child.

Since then, Dominga has suffered a natural miscarriage due to her severe malnutrition. When this happened, World Vision arranged for Dominga and Elizabeth to be taken to the provincial capital for complete medical checkups at a hospital. There, they were given multi-vitamins and a year's supply of milk and sterile bottles for Elizabeth.

World Vision has supplied the father, Primitivo, with a carabao (Filipino version of a water buffalo) and a plow, and has given him a plot



Dominga Rodriguez, holding Elizabeth, receives supplies while the Batac community looks on.

Reader's right

Weeping—but thanks

I've just finished reading your March issue and I'm weeping. And I thank you for it. The picture of the little children in Mexico brushing their teeth, the martyrdom of Minh Voan, the suffering in Phnom Penh—it is all so sad, and yet, praise the Lord, it is so filled with hope. Your magazine and your ministry are examples of how the love and light of Jesus Christ penetrate the evil and darkness of Satan. *E. H. Clark
Crozet, Virginia*

Off to the library

I always read your magazine the day it arrives and take it to the Scottsdale Public Library the next day, where it is sold for 10¢ as are all current issues of magazines, from Forbes to the National Geographic. I am a library

volunteer. My purpose in passing it on is to get people acquainted with the work of World Vision. The March issue was hard to part with!

*June McLaughlin
Scottsdale, Arizona*

Can't believe it

Although the March issue was very inspiring and informative, I object to the quote by Dr. Megalit saying that Asians feel that Western Christians are but the tools of American imperialism. I cannot believe that our missionaries have evangelization as their sole concern without regard to healing, feeding, teaching the people skills, etc.

*Gene Westheimer
Austin, Texas*

Shares magazine, finds sponsors

WORLD VISION magazine is just what I need to move me out of an all-too-easy

state of apathy and unconcern for the suffering in the world. Each month, after reading it, I prayerfully consider where the Lord might want me to take the magazine so some friend will learn of the work of World Vision. Several times I have found new sponsors this way.

*Renate Linsey
Piedmont, California*

Interact with us!

The editors welcome letters from WORLD VISION readers, agreeing, disagreeing, adding to or inquiring about anything on our pages. Short letters or excerpts may be printed on the "Reader's Right" page of a future issue. Write WORLD VISION magazine, 919 W. Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016.

REVIEW

The go-between God

The Go-Between God: The Holy Spirit and the Christian Mission

by John V. Taylor, Oxford University Press, New York, 1979, 244 pp. Reviewed by David W. Ewart.

"Excessive devotion to books," says the author of Ecclesiastes, "is wearying to the body." Most Americans, it seems, believe that books, sermons and doctrines are wearying to the body. And unfortunately many weary people have turned to the solipsism of Eastern religions.

The Christian who has no desire to flee from words but rather wishes to see words breathed on by the Spirit of God, will find the reading of *The Go-Between God* rewarding. Had this been merely a book about the Holy Spirit, it would have been just another book. I see it as a book of the Spirit, in which the

Spirit speaks. It is scholarly, beautifully written, biblical, and in no way "wearying to the body."

Of the annunciation phase of the Spirit's work, the author says: "'Ground of our being' has always seemed to me too static a concept of God. 'Ground of our meeting' is nearer the mark, and I think of the Holy Spirit as the elemental energy of communion itself, within which all separate existences may be made present and personal to each other. The first essential activity of the Spirit is annunciation. It is always He who gives one to the other and makes each really see the other."

The Holy Spirit causes us to see. Ananias says to Saul of Tarsus, "The Lord Jesus has sent me to you so that you may recover your sight and be filled with the Holy Spirit" (Acts 9:17). Says Taylor: "It is no different for us. Our interchange between church and church, our massive programs of aid,

our technical skill, even our compassion, are no part of the Christian mission until and unless some of those who take part in them have known that miraculous opening of the eyes whereby the figure of Jesus in history and in the church encounters us as the living Christ."

Missionaries will be interested in the consistency with which John Taylor, Bishop of Winchester, England, insists on the supremacy of the Holy Spirit and warns against the tendency of first-generation churches to lapse into legalisms. He knows that there are risks in the daring enterprise of following the Spirit. In this book, he himself takes many risks by his frank examination of cross-cultural and theological problems.

Missionaries and pastors will find that the chapter on ethics offers fresh and biblical insights into "situational ethics," a term which often carnally describes a compromising and ungodly relativism, but which should in reality describe the work of the Spirit calling forth various responses in various situations.

Taylor has written thoughtfully out of his experiences as a missionary, churchman and student of world cultures. He has provided a book worth thoughtful reading. □



It may surprise you that the average single gift to World Vision is approximately \$25, and that eight out of ten gifts are from individuals or families.

If you have read our recently published 1979 Annual Report (copies available upon request) you will have noticed that last year's income totaled nearly \$47 million, approximately 80 percent of which was gifts from individuals. We gratefully acknowledge the faithfulness of each person who makes this ministry possible.

World Vision had its beginning when Bob Pierce decided that simply because he could not do everything, he would not sit by and do nothing. And coupled with this conviction has been the challenge to each supporter to focus on helping one child, one family, or one critical need. While you may not be able to help a whole country, region or village, you *can* have a vital part in *one* life. And the many helping hands add up to an unbelievable impact as God multiplies, by His grace, the combined efforts.

We are grateful also for gifts, large and small, from churches, businesses and corporations (amounting to approximately 7 percent of our total income), and for supplies of needed goods, gifts-in-kind, from a number of sources. But we recognize with heartfelt thanks that the individual gifts of \$18 per month from a childcare sponsor, or \$20, or \$25, make up the majority of income to help others, coming from people who deeply and genuinely care and who use their gifts as a tangible expression of their concern.

Thank you for the continuing, strategic share so many of you have in extending this ministry, in Christ's name, to millions of hurting people.

Ted W. Engstrom
Ted W. Engstrom
Executive Vice-President

Is God's peace yours?

Global and personal causes of anxiety being what they are, peace of mind and heart easily eludes us.

That's the bad news. The good news is that Jesus Christ promises inner peace to all who choose to be truly His.

After His resurrection, Jesus told His disciples: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give to you. Not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid" (John 14:27). The context of that statement is His promise of the Holy Spirit, whom He calls the Comforter, the Counselor. And that promise is as dependable for us today as it was for those who heard it from the Lord's lips.

If you are one of the many who lack—but seek—real inner peace, we at World Vision recommend that you change the focus of your quest from mere peace-seeking to God-seeking through Christ. For it is only through Him that you can find the kind of peace you crave.

For more light on this subject, read today the fourteenth chapter of John. And then why not the entire Gospel of John?

We urge you also to make your spiritual need known to a pastor in your community, or to write WORLD VISION for a helpful pamphlet. □

Through the eye of a camel



A famous film star confessed he was at a loss to explain his success. "All my life," he said, "I've been waiting for a little man to tap me on the shoulder and tell me I've been found out." I know what he means.

Unpredictable responses like that always delight me. Like that of David Livingstone when he was attacked by a lion. Asked about his thoughts during that frightening experience, he answered, "I was thinking what part he would eat first."

The unexpected reply can sometimes express profound truth. There was the case of the former archbishop of

Canterbury whose ecumenical world tour was more precedent-breaking than that of any other Church of England head since the Reformation.

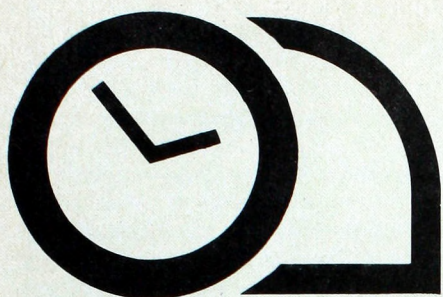
Back in London airport, he faced a barrage of press cameras. "What is the most vivid memory of your tour?" asked one newsman. There was a hush and a pause. Then the archbishop said: "Of a camel that looked at me with most ineffable scorn." That camel obviously had the root of the matter in him, said my Scottish Presbyterian heart. But so too had the archbishop who made an effective point by coming at things from an unusual angle.

I think too of the very aristocratic English lady who was told that an old friend of hers had died suddenly on a train. Her comment was regarded as astounding and against all convention. "I have no sympathy with her whatsoever," she declared. "Anyone who takes a ticket from London to Southend and ends up in Paradise is doing very well indeed."

Children can well repay listening ears. One of our British politicians tells how at the end of World War II he explained to his little niece that there would be no more air raids on London, so the windows would no longer have to be blacked out at night. "I know it doesn't matter now about the light getting out," she said, "but how do we stop the dark getting in?"

And that, as they say, is worth a ponder or two. *J. D. Douglas*

People & projects



MANAGING YOUR TIME

A TWO-DAY SEMINAR

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- Nov. 6-7, King of Prussia, PA

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Strength from the Beatitudes

When 77-year-old Kem Bophar Kapom fled Kampuchea in November 1979, he had to travel light and was unable to bring his Bible with him. To partially make up for his loss, he asked someone to letter the Beatitudes on cardboard in the Khmer language. He reads them daily. While a patient in the World Vision hospital ward at Khao I Dang refugee camp in Thailand, he shared his treasure with Stan Mooneyham, president of World Vision.

Still vigorous in his faith, Mr. Kem said he became a Christian in 1939 when a missionary visited his hometown, Battambang. He is the only survivor of 25 family members, 12 of whom were killed when the Khmer Rouge captured his country in 1975. Three more died during the Vietnamese invasion early in 1979. The other nine were lost during the escape attempt into Thailand.

Asked how he managed to survive, the haggard patriarch said: "God helped me have strength to keep going each day. Although I have no one left, I know I will see my family in heaven."

Rhodesian villagers return to nothing

A substantial relief effort is under way to help people in Zimbabwe-Rhodesia

who are returning to their homes after being released from dismantled "protected villages." The "protected" semi-detention camps were set up in 1974 ostensibly to safeguard villagers against guerrilla violence, though many believe that it was more a government attempt to stop people from aiding the guerrillas.

Now that the war is ended, people are returning to their homes but have no means of survival. A severe drought in eastern Zimbabwe-Rhodesia is compounding the problem.

World Vision is supplying 21,000 people near the Mozambique border with food, medicine, blankets, hoes, seeds and fertilizer. The aid may amount to as much as \$100,000 over the next few months.

Handicapped "Hopers" help the hungry

Over 100 mentally handicapped people, ages 16 to 64, meet every Thursday night at Hope Presbyterian Church in Richfield, Minnesota, for fun and fellowship. The "Happy Hopers" group began eight years ago when Ruth Connors wanted to do something to relieve the loneliness of her own handicapped son.

At first the meetings were only for children, but soon handicapped adults asked to be included. Today the group has evolved into a ministry that brings

cheer to many who hear them sing in local churches. Says Ruth Connors, "These people have learned much about love and caring for others, and about the Lord as their Savior. . . . They return unconditional love for even the slightest favor."

The group, which now meets under the direction of Mrs. Barbara Larsen, has become so concerned about the problem of world hunger that they have sent several large contributions to World Vision for feeding people less fortunate than themselves.

Latest word on Seasweep

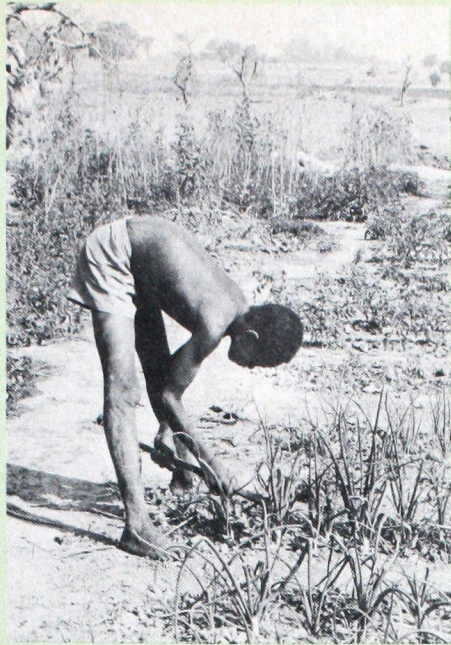
Plans call for World Vision's ship *Seasweep* to continue operations on the South China Sea throughout 1980. During the winter months, *Seasweep* was busy transporting prefabricated hospital units, medical supplies, food and personnel for ministry among Vietnamese refugees encamped on several Indonesian islands. Six thousand refugees in the Anambas Islands were expected to benefit from a program of disease treatment, nutritional feeding, inoculation and health education.

Book on boat people

"The number of boat refugees fleeing Vietnam has picked up again after a lull," says Dr. Stan Mooneyham, and it is believed that fewer of them are making it safely to land than ever before. Calling attention to a major problem that dropped out of the world headlines but never went away, Dr. Mooneyham has written a book, *Sea of Heartbreak*, that tells the boat people's story. It is based on actual interviews with some of the refugees. The paperback is published by Logos International and is now available at bookstores. A chapter from *Sea of Heartbreak* will appear in a forthcoming issue of WORLD VISION magazine.

Bible study in the Philippines

In the Philippines, small group Bible studies are continuing to reach people with the gospel. World Vision Filipino staff members write the lessons and instruct volunteers in becoming Bible study leaders. These trainees are then motivated to organize their own study groups. During the first quarter of 1980, 772 persons committed their lives to Jesus Christ, mostly as a result of these Bible studies.



Garden farmer

While homeowners in America train hoses on their newly-planted gardens, most farmers in West Africa have to sit out the dry season. In Sassa, Upper Volta, a young man (pictured at left) is more fortunate. His family is one of 100 families benefiting from a joint project of World Vision and evangelical churches in Upper Volta. A dam has been built, wells dug and a cooperative formed to make vegetable gardening possible in the dry season.

ACMC in new location

The fast-growing Association of Church Missions Committees has moved its offices to larger quarters. The new address, announced by ACMC's executive director, Donald Hamilton, is 1620 S. Myrtle, Monrovia, California 91016. The new phone: (213) 357-5021.

Faithful servant

At the National Association of Evangelicals' annual meeting, NAE's Social Action Commission presented its first "Faithful Servant" award to Dr. Paul S. Rees, member of World Vision's international and U.S. boards, who, before his semi-retirement, was WVI vice-president-at-large and, earlier, editor of this magazine. In making the presentation, Dr. Richard V. Pierard told Rees, "Your stand for compassion and justice in all areas of life marks you as one who understands the full meaning of the gospel message."

Please pray for:

- **families you know**, Christian and non-Christian, who are struggling to stay close together while society's values militate against the home.
- **Afghan refugees** in Pakistan needing food, medicine and shelter after Soviets destroyed their villages.
- **fellow Christians** in Uganda, El Salvador, Rhodesia, Iran and other troubled countries.
- **the already poor** who suffer most when prices go up.
- **resettled** Indo-chinese refugees who are finding the adjustment difficult, and others still waiting in Asian camps for a permanent home.

1980 SPONSOR TOUR

You can see missions in action!

The 1980 World Vision Sponsor "Tour with a Purpose" is scheduled for August 4-21, 1980.

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

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

Employment opportunities

Is God speaking to you about using your vocational skills in Christian work?

World Vision may be able to help you respond to His leading.

We're looking for persons to serve in the following positions:

- Manager of Stewardship**
- Manager of Photo Services**
- Church Relations Associate—Georgia**
- Trust Specialist**

Send resumes to John Minor, World Vision Personnel Office, 919 W. Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016.

Globe at a glance

NEWS BRIEFS FOR YOUR INFORMATION AND INTERCESSION

Changing American values are reflected in a recent survey of college freshmen by the American Council on Education. Materialism and ambition were rated higher than in a similar survey conducted ten years ago; fading values included raising a family and keeping up with politics.

El Salvadorean Archbishop Oscar Romero's public assassination has worsened the political tensions in that tiny Central American country in which the ruling junta has been severely opposed from both the conservative and the liberal sides, resulting in deaths by shooting and fear of widespread civil war.

East and West German Lutherans have begun permanent "dialogue," relations having been severed 11 years ago. At that time the East German Evangelical Church was forced by the Communist government to leave its Western counterpart. Recently, the government pledged to end discrimination against Christians in East German education and employment, and has allowed Lutherans to resume religious broadcasting.

Zimbabwe (formerly Rhodesia) needs massive outside help to recover from its seven-year civil war. Salvation Army officials say 850,000 people are homeless, 10,000 are disabled, 100,000 are unemployed, 483,000 children are out of school, and 20,000 are dead as a result of the fighting. Newly elected Prime Minister Robert Mugabe has chosen a cabinet, including two whites, designed to bridge black rivalries and foster unity in the polarized nation.

Christians in Nigeria are training to take full advantage of developing television technology in the oil-rich nation. The Evangelical Churches of West Africa (ECWA) are conducting a video training project to prepare for the 1981 satellite linking of Nigeria's 19 television stations. ECWA has been providing programs to government-owned stations for the past seven years.

Seven Finnish missionaries working in Namibia have been refused reentry visas by the South African government, administrators of the territory. The executive committee of the Evangelical Lutheran Ovambokavango Church criticized the action and claimed that a new policy of expatriate exclusion is being applied to the detriment of the church.

The UN World Food Council's estimate of the number of people who starve to death annually is 5 million, not the 50 million erroneously reported in *World Press Review* and in *WORLD VISION* magazine. But that's still 5 million more than necessary, according to research that indicates the earth is capable of producing enough for everyone if we just learn to use our resources wisely and fairly.

Mission outreach to developing nations is still necessary, observed the new head of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Monseigneur William J. McCormack. But he thinks that the day will come when Christians in those lands—with their traditional strong family ties and support of neighbors—will be reaching out to the people of Western nations whose highly competitive, materialistic culture has caused them to lose sight of these values.

Christians in sub-Saharan Africa have increased by 60 million, or 42 percent, in the last ten years. The Center for World Evangelization, in Kenya, reports that African Christians total 203 million and are increasing by 6.2 million annually. Natural growth in the Christian community accounts for 4.7 million; the other 1.5 million are conversions from traditional African religions.



Angolan refugees gather at an evangelist's home.

The number of refugees who can be admitted annually to the United States has increased from 17,500 to 50,000 under a new act signed by President Carter. An additional 50,000 may be admitted in emergencies such as the present Indochinese situation. The act, replacing a 1952 law, also authorizes \$200 million a year during 1980-82 for refugee services including English language training, health care and job training.

The "wheel people," a new flood of Vietnamese refugees, are fleeing to Thailand on a dangerous overland route through Kampuchea. They ride rice trucks, cars and motorcycles; some walk. More than 1600 Vietnamese have fled this year through Kampuchea, compared with about 3000 who have escaped by boat, relief officials report.

Scripture distribution in Asia and the Pacific has more than doubled in the last decade, according to the American Bible Society. More than 12 million Bibles were distributed in the 1969-1979 period by the 64 member organizations of the United Bible Societies. Nevertheless, Scripture shortages exist in many parts of Asia.

Astronaut James Irwin, who walked on the moon in 1971 and now heads a Christian outreach, gave a boost to Mexico's Christians in his recent visit to Mexico City. His comments on spiritual change received extensive press coverage. Rev. Juan M. Isais, director of *Prisma* magazine said, "In Mexico City, mention of evangelicals in the press is rare, so this was very exciting for us."

Asking for trouble

Nobody in his right mind, we say, goes around asking for trouble. Along with the pursuit of happiness, the avoidance of trouble whenever possible is held to be one of our inalienable rights. We've even given noninvolvement a quasi-legitimacy by affirming it in maxims and proverbs: "Let well enough alone," "No news is good news," "Ignorance is bliss" and "What you don't know won't hurt you."

They sound so authoritative and indisputable, don't they? Added together, they say, "Don't go around asking for trouble." It's a kind of mind-your-own-business, I'll-take-care-of-me-and-mine syndrome.

True, if a troubling need suddenly confronts us and looks us in the eye, we usually do something about it, with whatever degree of resignation. But as a lifestyle—even a Christian lifestyle—we tend to insulate ourselves against any involvement that impinges on our comfort, our conscience, our convenience.

I used to think that the priest and the Levite who saw the beaten man on that road which "went down from Jerusalem to Jericho" crossed over the road to the safe side. But now I'm not so sure. The story says only that they "passed by on the other side."

Maybe they were already on the other side. Could their sin have been not that they walked away from trouble, but that they didn't walk toward it? Perhaps they said, with self-justification, "Why go asking for trouble? Let well enough alone. What I don't know won't hurt me."

If that sounds disturbingly familiar, it could be because that is how we, too, rationalize our noninvolvement. But that is not what the good Samaritan did. He went asking for trouble.

So did Jesus. Peter says of Him, "He went about doing good" (Acts 10:38, NEB). That had always seemed to me to be a pleasant, certainly true, but not particularly dynamic text—until I realized the shattering implications for all Christians. For not only did Jesus *do* good, but He *went about* doing good.

In other words, Jesus went looking for trouble.

He sought out troubled people—those who were hurting, those who carried crushing burdens, those who knew the numbing experience of grief, those who were hungry, those who were sick, those who were dispossessed. He didn't wait for trouble to come to Him. He asked for trouble.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," is the way He put the invitation. Not "Come unto me, all ye who have no problems, no worries, no cares." Not "Come all ye who are sanitized, deodorized, clean, well-fed, nicely adjusted." Not "Come, ye who are self-supporting, financially solvent and trouble free." Jesus asked for life's problem people. He asked for trouble. If we take Him seriously, that is what we do, too.

When World Vision first projected the idea of *Seasweep*, a ship equipped to pick up or aid refugees in peril on the South China Sea, one government representative after

another advised me, "Don't do it. You'll be asking for trouble." They feared it might be a monkey wrench in the wheels of international bureaucracy. Governments, even more than individuals, dislike anything which disrupts the status quo.

Following the example of the Master, we felt compelled to "ask for trouble." And to go out with *Seasweep* looking for it until we found it. Find it we did, and that story has been told. Hundreds of men, women and children are alive at this moment, many of them already resettled in lands of new beginnings, because a smitten conscience wouldn't allow us to listen to the professional advice of comfortable people.

If ignorance is bliss, pray tell me for whom? Not for those caught in the middle of tragedy, whether across the street or across the world. Not for those dying and helplessly watching the dying. Not for the children whose bellies are bloated and arms shrunk by malnourishment. Not for those trying to scratch a crop from rock-hard soil. There's precious little bliss at that end of the line, I can testify; and the more willful ignorance there is at our end, the less bliss at theirs.

There's something else that needs to be said, too. If those of us capable of changing the world do not go looking for trouble, sooner or later trouble will come looking for us. When it does, it often comes with gun in hand.

Though spawning their own inequities and suffering, revolutions and violence are usually caused by festering infections that were not lanced, sudden volcanic release of grievances that were never heeded, pent-up pressure of injustices never redressed. We failed to go looking for trouble, satisfied instead to live the safe, comfortable life in our evangelical cloisters. So trouble came looking for us—from Africa, from Latin America, from the Middle East, make your own list.

We didn't do enough "going about." What we chose not to know did hurt us and is hurting us and will hurt us. No news may be bad news.

And as for letting well enough alone, where on this wracked and shaken planet can we find anyone well enough? The church was not commissioned to preserve the status quo, but to challenge it and change it. And when the church speaks with a prophetic voice and does prophetic deeds, it can expect the denunciation that comes to prophets. King Ahab assured Elijah he was "the worst troublemaker in Israel!" (1 Kings 18:17, TEV).

Go ahead and look for trouble. Then do something about it.

Stan Mooneyham

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Meet Flora.

*She's poor,
but she
has great
possibilities.*

Flora is the youngest of nine children. Her father used to be a high school janitor. But as hard as he worked, it seemed like there was never enough to go around. Never quite enough food, never enough money for school supplies, or clothes, or needed repairs for their bamboo hut.

To make matters worse, one of Flora's sisters was born blind and needed special care. That meant extra expenses. Flora and the other children often had to do without.

Then Flora's father had a stroke. It left him almost paralyzed on one side of his body, and unable to work.

But when Flora became part of the World Vision family of sponsored children, the impossibilities of her life began to change to possibilities.

The sponsorship program helped Flora with such things as school fees, books and clothes (new, not hand-me-downs, for a change!). Her whole family is helped with rice, lumber for house repairs and emergency medical care. And Flora's parents are learning about nutrition, sanitation and basic health care.

Best of all, the entire family has come to know Jesus Christ as Savior and attends a weekly Bible study. Flora enjoys going to Sunday school and helping in the church office. She says her "favorite part" of the World Vision program is learning how to pray.

Flora and her family are still poor, but now they can see a chance for a better life ahead. Flora likes school, and wants to become a nurse when she grows up. Because of the consistent care of Flora's sponsor, the whole family has renewed hope in life—and new possibilities for the future.

Right now, World Vision knows of more than 17,000 children who need sponsors. For just \$18 a month, you can help one special child like Flora.

Think of the possibilities!



World Vision International

Box O, Pasadena, California 91109

Yes! I'll sponsor a child.

I understand that my \$18 a month helps provide food, clothing, medical care, education and spiritual guidance. Please send me the name, a photo, the personal history and mailing address of my child. I understand that sponsorship is for at least a year, if possible, and that my donations are tax deductible.

I would like to sponsor

a boy a girl either.

I would like to send in my gift

yearly (\$216) quarterly (\$54) monthly (\$18)

Enclosed is my first gift of \$_____ 100-A5A-W23

I cannot be a sponsor at this time, but I want to do what I can. Here's my gift of \$_____ to help a needy child. 1000

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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