



world vision MAY 1981

**GENTLE
MIRACLES**

**IN A
CHILDREN'S
HOSPITAL**

**ALSO:
EYE TO EYE
WITH A
BOY IN MADRAS**



*Hospitalized child gets
in some fun reading. page 3*

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House of gentle miracles

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Meet Chap, Nichar and Ivonne

The boy on the cover of this magazine is Chap—the 12-year-old you'll meet in Stan Mooneyham's story of Phnom Penh's "house of miracles." Chap's parents, nowhere to be found, probably died under the rule of Pol Pot. Yet Chap has found a reason to smile.

The boy on page 10 is Nichar—a 10-year-old you'll meet in Ruth Chamberlin's account of her sponsor-family visit to India. Nichar has only his grandmother left to raise him. Yet he, too, has found a cause for joy.

The girl on page 18 is Ivonne—a 15-year-old you'll meet as Susan Dufenhorst tells of the visit she and her husband, Dick, took to El Salvador. Ivonne's mother and father, like those of so many children around the world, simply cannot give her the kind of material care they so desperately want to give. Yet Ivonne is content, even amid her country's perils.

Chap, Nichar and Ivonne know little or nothing of what we call Mother's Day. But they're grateful to God and to you for motherlike care in the name of Christ.

David Olson

House of gentle miracles

by **W. Stanley Mooneyham**

His name was Chap (pronounced *chop*), but the relief worker didn't find that out at first.

In fact, at first he couldn't find out anything about the wild, dirty and ragged child who would hang around the small, open food stall on one of Phnom Penh's side streets. When he tried to approach the boy, Chap would run away.

The woman who ran the stall could not help. She told the relief worker that no one bothered with the boy except the other children, who laughed at him. Twelve-year-old boys wandering alone in Kampuchea's capital city are not a rare sight. The country has thousands of orphans, one of the awful legacies of the genocidal Pol Pot.

But one day the foreign relief official got close enough to Chap to see that he was hiding a plastic bag under his ragged shirt and that in the bag were the boy's intestines.

He determined to bring the tragic case to the newly opened World Vision Pediatric Hospital, but he could never get close enough to Chap to talk to him. There were times when the boy would disappear for days. He was like a wild animal, hiding out in the deserted parks and abandoned buildings.

The woman at the food stall, one of the few Christian believers in Phnom

*Mothers stay with their children
while in the hospital.*



Penh, had compassion for the boy and agreed to help the relief workers catch him. They succeeded, and that's how I happened to see Chap during the three days I spent recently at the hospital.

When Dr. Josiane André examined Chap, she discovered that he had been operated on sometime before and the incision had not healed. His intestines had protruded through the hole.

But the boy would not talk—indeed, they believed he was unable to talk—in order to tell them what had happened to him. They could only surmise that he had been completely traumatized by the awful experiences of his young life, which probably include seeing his parents killed by Khmer Rouge soldiers and his being subsequently abandoned. He had retreated emotionally and psychologically to the only safe place he knew—inside himself.

He had lost the ability to relate to other human beings.

Chap required major surgery, and since the World Vision facility was still without a surgeon, Dr. André took him to another hospital in the city, where an East German surgical team agreed to operate.

While Chap waited for the operation, the World Vision medical team visited him every day. Most often he was not in his bed. One day they found him hiding in the huge expanse of woods

The staff saw Chap bending over a crib where a small baby lay. He . . . gently kissed the sleeping infant. Some of the staff cried.

which surrounded the hospital. Confinement had been too much for his animal instincts.

But he recognized his new friends and was happy to see them. It seemed that he had taken his first step toward becoming human again. They gave him a new shirt to hide his plastic bag and took him back to the hospital to await the urgently needed operation.

The surgery was successful, and after three days he was taken to the World Vision hospital for post-operative care and recovery from pneumonia. Having become used to the other hospital, Chap was not pleased to be transferred. So he regressed into his wild ways.

Gradually, under the loving care of the staff, he ran away less often. But he still couldn't communicate. The doctors and nurses tried everything to break into his life. It finally happened one day when vivacious Michele Jeanrichard, a nurse, was coaxing him to count in French. He started to say the numbers

after her, and was so pleased with himself, he smiled for the first time.

The next breakthrough occurred when the lab technician, Bette Smith, took Chap's picture. He loved that—and smiled all day.

Then when Dr. Marvin Raley went to visit his own family in Singapore, he brought back a wooden train from his son's toy box. At first Chap didn't want to look at it, but after a while he reached out and touched it with the tip of his toe. Before long, he was pulling it up and down the hospital corridors.

Each small venture into the outside world that met with acceptance seemed to encourage him to attempt another one. Soon the staff saw him bending over a crib where a small baby lay. He watched for a few minutes, then stooped down and gently kissed the sleeping infant.

Some of the staff cried.

Chap still doesn't talk, but he smiles a lot. Even the shelter, food and love at the hospital haven't yet subdued his wanderlust. The day before I arrived, someone found him wandering around the grounds of the Royal Palace in his hospital pajamas.

He had walked four miles to get there! Later in the day, he walked back by himself.

Every day, gentle miracles like Chap are taking place at the World Vision

More than 200 of these children are treated each day.



Pediatric Hospital, but the greatest miracle is undoubtedly the center itself.

Conceived in the early 1970s when Cambodia became a victim of the war in Vietnam, it was completed in 1975 at a cost of about \$750,000. Spending that much money for a capital investment in a country which seemed to have little or no future did not appear to be a very smart thing to do. I was frequently reminded of that by friends whose logic and reasoning was indisputable.

I could only answer, somewhat lamely, "But God has opened the door and we cannot fail to step through it." To me it was not insignificant that a Buddhist country, which had thrown pastors and evangelists into jail just three years before, had now given seven acres of choice land—just across the street from the National University—to a Christian organization as the site for a children's hospital.

Our involvement in the country's agony had brought many opportunities for Christian witness and evangelism. To back away in the face of uncertainty would have been to destroy our credibility and confirm us as only fair-weather friends.

Nonetheless, I felt I needed some sure word from the Lord that our costly venture had His blessing. Clearly, the Holy Spirit directed me to Ecclesiastes 11. The chapter begins with a challenge to risk: "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." I found assurance in verse four: "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." Or as the Living Bible paraphrases it: "If you wait for perfect conditions, you will never get anything done."

The events of April 1975 seemed to mock the promise. The hospital had been completed, equipment was in

place, staff had arrived in Bangkok—and then the country gave up to the Khmer Rouge. When we had to evacuate, the hospital had not been used even for one day.

It was a bitter blow.

My last sight of the hospital was three days before Phnom Penh fell. Using a chartered plane from Bangkok, we were flying daily into Pochentong Airport (even then it was under constant rocket attack) with five tons of milk powder for our nutrition centers. On the return flights, we were bringing out abandoned babies who had been left in our care.

On our last takeoff from Pochentong, with 21 babies aboard, I asked the

pilot to fly over the hospital which was near the airport. As I spotted the red tile roof glowing in the late afternoon sun, God gave me a supernatural peace which calmed my troubled spirit. He seemed to say, "Don't be anxious. Everything is under my control."

I can honestly say that, from that moment, I knew deep inside that we would one day use that hospital. I remembered 1 Corinthians 15:58: "... for you know that nothing you do for the Lord is ever wasted" (TLB).

The wait was four-and-a-half years. During that time, no visible evidence surfaced to support my faith. Then in 1979, the Vietnamese army drove out Pol Pot, we were allowed to return to the new Kampuchea, and the govern-



After nearing completion in late 1974 (above), the hospital is finally in service with foreign and Khmer staff.

ment of Heng Samrin—although it too was communist—offered to return the hospital to us.

Without doubt, it had been God's doing.

The hospital is still the newest building in Kampuchea's capital city; and while it had been stripped inside, the building itself had suffered no structural damage. It was, however, totally filthy, having been used by Pol Pot as a torture chamber for dissenting

intellectuals whom he had enticed, with false promises, to return from their exile in France.

After three steam cleanings, four months of construction work, and nearly a million dollars, the hospital opened in October 1980. The new cornerstone carries the words: *Jesus said: "Let the children come to me,"* and the refurbished hospital was

dedicated for the healing of children in His name.

The communist government approved five senior staff positions for World Vision personnel. From Switzerland came Dr. Josiane André and Michele Jeanrichard, while Australia provided the lab technician, Bette Smith. Great Britain is represented by Marion Hoogewys, a nurse. The United States sent Dr. Marvin Raley. They are supported by 70 Khmer medical, administrative and service personnel.

Dr. Raley, a pediatric physician trained also in administration, says: "Any town in the United States would be proud to have this facility. When you consider the level of medical care elsewhere in this country and then look at this hospital, it is an incredible achievement."

Earlier this year, I spent three days with the staff just to savor the fulfillment of an 11-year dream. The mothers started arriving with their babies before seven o'clock in the morning. By the end of the day, the doctors would have treated over 200 children. Since the people have nothing, no one is asked to pay either for the treatment or for the medicines.

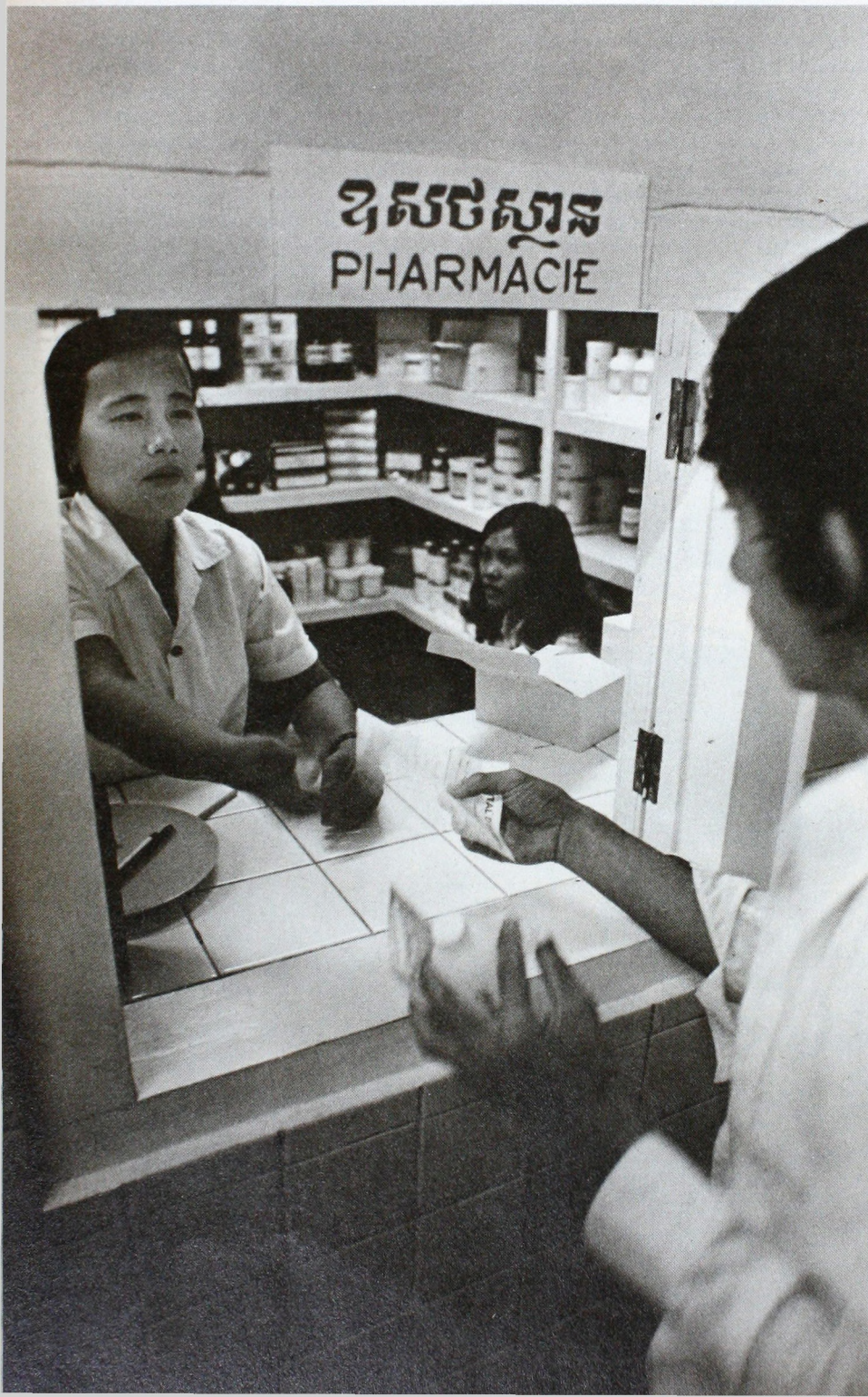
Ten very sick children had to be admitted as bed patients the first day I was there. Dr. Raley remarked, "If we

When we had to evacuate, the hospital had not been used even for one day. It was a bitter blow.

don't get some discharges this afternoon, we'll be putting beds out in the hallway." Every bed has been full almost every night since the hospital opened.

By mid-afternoon, one bed was empty, but it wasn't the kind of discharge the medic had in mind. I stepped into a ward where doctors and nurses were working frantically over the body of a child, using oxygen and heart massage in a vain attempt to restore life to the small girl who had stopped breathing. After 10 or 15 minutes, the oxygen was removed and

Already more than 15,000 outpatients have received medicine and doctors' attention from the hospital.



a nurse pulled a sheet over the still form.

The parents sobbed inconsolably. Two other brothers clung to the weeping mother as she breast-fed a tiny infant. Other mothers in the ward, standing protectively over their own sick children, shed sympathizing tears. Sorrow filled us all.

The child who died was four years old and weighed only 15 pounds. I felt empty as the father gathered up the tiny bundle wrapped in a sheet, and the sobbing family followed him down the hallway and out the door.

One of the Khmer nurses had fainted when the child died, so the medical staff turned their attention to her. It was not the first time, Dr. Raley told me. He can find nothing wrong with the woman. He suspects that, as a result of her having seen so much death during the times of Pol Pot, her mind and emotions simply refuse to accept any more suffering. The little girl's death had triggered once again the pent-up hysteria with which she had lived for over four years.

The doctor told me he has seen other severe psychological problems among the hospital staff. At first, several of the nurses were apathetic about the patients. Their activity was mechanical, as if they didn't care whether the children lived or died. Dr. Raley is convinced that these problems have their roots in the insane years of the nation's genocide when an estimated two million people were killed or callously allowed to die.

One of the senior nurses lost her entire family, except a younger brother and the nurse's two daughters, six and nine. Her husband was a graduate medical student. Two brothers were professors and three more were prominent merchants.

When she came to work at the hospital, the doctor first had to treat her and her children for anemia and malnutrition. One day she came to him and complained about not being able to sleep.

"All the time I think about my family," she said. "You know, doctor, for me it's finished—it's finished. There is no hope and nothing to live for."

Dr. Raley felt he was getting a clue which helped explain the nurse's apathy. He talked to her about her two children and how she had to live for them. His regular talks with her, and some medication, started her on the road to recovery. Gradually, he watched her and the other nurses go

through a transformation from automations into caring people. Later, his senior nurse had insisted on working during a three-day national holiday. He tried to get her to stay home just to rest, if not to celebrate.

She declined, saying, "No, my work is here. This is where I can help my people." She has accepted a Gospel of John and is reading it. The doctor believes a spiritual experience will also help her take another step toward complete psychological recovery.

Rarely does the hospital staff have the luxury of treating children who have only one disease. Take measles, for example. This children's disease, fairly routine in most of the world, is a

deadly killer here. As he examined a five-year-old girl who had measles—*Kampuchean* measles, he emphasizes—Dr. Raley explained why.

"Malnutrition is the villain that turns measles into a killer," he told me. "Since almost all the children we see are first of all malnourished, they have a lot of complications. This girl came in at the point of death from profound pneumonia. Her lungs were full of fluid and infection. She had purulent conjunctivitis, profound anemia and pharyngitis, and her liver was enlarged from an overwhelming load of parasites. In this case, it was hookworm.

"Frequently, a child also will have meningitis and/or malaria. Then if they have tuberculosis on top of that, as many do, they simply die. We just can't cope with those combinations compounded by malnutrition," Dr. Raley continued.

"Fortunately, it looks like we're ahead of this girl's problems, but if we didn't have this hospital, and if the mother had simply taken her to one of the local dispensaries, she would have been given maybe three tetracycline tablets and a couple of aspirin to treat the pneumonia. Eventually, the other



(left) Dr. Marvin Raley examines an infant.
(below) Donated toys help lift a child's spirit.



untreated diseases would likely have killed her," he concluded.

So this hospital, the most modern one in the country, which might be just one of several options available to parents in any developed nation, stands here in Kampuchea as the last hope before death for thousands of children.

For some who arrive too late, and some do, it is the last stop on their way to an unmarked grave. At 5:45 in

This hospital . . . stands here in Kampuchea as the last hope before death for thousands of children.

the evening, almost 11 hours after the staff started to treat the first patient, two boys were brought in from Prey Veng, about 60 miles from Phnom Penh. Dr. André checked them over quickly and sent them to two different wards. A man, the father of 12-year-old Chhlonh, had brought them both. His son was terribly swollen, and the father said he had been sick for five months.

Dr. Josiane André (left) shares a mother's love for her child.



I asked Dr. Raley what he thought might be wrong with the boy. He rattled off a string of eight or ten different medical terms. When I asked for a layman's translation, he said, "It could be thyroid failure, pancreatic failure, rupture of his lymph vessels, rupture of his bladder or some sort of leakage problem from his kidneys, or renal failure. Whatever else is wrong, I know he has severe kwashiorkor (protein deficiency resulting from malnutrition).

"If this boy were at a hospital in the States, the workup alone would be massive. His initial orders would have included \$3000 worth of laboratory tests. But since we're limited here, I have to go almost totally on my clinical impressions. I think he has a condition called nephrotic syndrome, in which protein seeps out through a malfunctioning kidney. You would probably call it kidney failure. I don't give him more than a 50/50 chance."

I went to search out the other boy. Chhlonh's father told me the boy was an orphan, 11 years old, and his name was Pros. Dr. André told me Pros had

severe kwashiorkor and bad burns on his legs. The rest of the diagnosis would have to be done the next day. That's all we knew about him.

Pros was lying on his ragged mat with a dirty pillow under his head. The mat had been placed on a bed. His eyes were open but unmoving, and I couldn't see him breathing. There was no pulse, and his hand was cold.

I called a nurse over. She also tested the vital signs, then looked at me and shook her head. Pros was finally at peace, I thought, after having gone through the hell of Pol Pot. But I was sorry he had to die before he could live. I took the filthy old blanket which had accompanied him and covered the body.

Even though no one was going to record the time of his death, instinctively I looked at my watch. It was a quarter past six in the evening. Outside it was getting dark.

I go to find one of the doctors. Dr. Raley is in the ward with the infants—"0 to 6 months" the sign says. With two nurses, he is working on a tiny baby only three months old. A light has been turned directly on the crib, and by its glow Dr. Raley is trying to find a vein to continue the intravenous feeding on which the infant's life depends.

The doctor has been at the hospital 12 hours and has been working over this child for almost an hour, but his hands are still steady.

He senses my presence and starts to talk while probing with the needle: "This baby, named Bora, has sepsis," he says, "which means that bacteria have blown out the blood vessels and capillaries. His blood pressure is so low that I can't find a vein, but I might not be able to anyhow since he's so puffy.

"He was operated on for a blocked intestine by the East German team. It is very sophisticated surgery, especially on a child this small. He went into cardiac arrest and had to be resuscitated. They brought him back here in shock, and we had to resuscitate him again. We didn't expect him to live more than three or four hours, but it's been nine days.

"It looks like they'll need to do remedial surgery tomorrow, so I've got to keep this kid hydrated tonight. I thought I had a vein in the scalp a few minutes ago, but it wouldn't take the drip. We've used every one of his veins, and I really don't want to cut down on his wrist (a procedure where

*Chap is on his way
to recovery.*

tissue is cut to expose a vein) because that may be the only lifeline the doctors have during the operation.

"So I've got to resort to an emergency measure. I learned it in the Amazon with dehydrated babies, because the hospitals were too dirty and there were too many flies to do cutdowns. It's a primitive procedure that would never be done in a hospital in the United States, because the surgeon would simply do an incision and put a central line right into the heart.

"But since I'm not a surgeon, I'll try something else. We'll pray that it works."

I watch fascinated, praying all the while.

Dr. Raley feels along the baby's leg with a doctor's educated touch. Finding the right place, he takes a needle and pushes it into the leg below the kneecap. He keeps pressing and turning the needle until it stands rigid. He attaches a syringe and draws a few drops of blood.

The needle has penetrated the bone into the marrow!

"The bone marrow is the most vascular part of the body and will absorb very easily," he tells me. "Given this baby's problems, a possible infection from this procedure is a very small risk."

The IV tube is attached and the drip starts. The leg is splinted and we leave little Bora for the night. The next morning, his blood vessels have expanded and the German team comes early to repair the surgery.

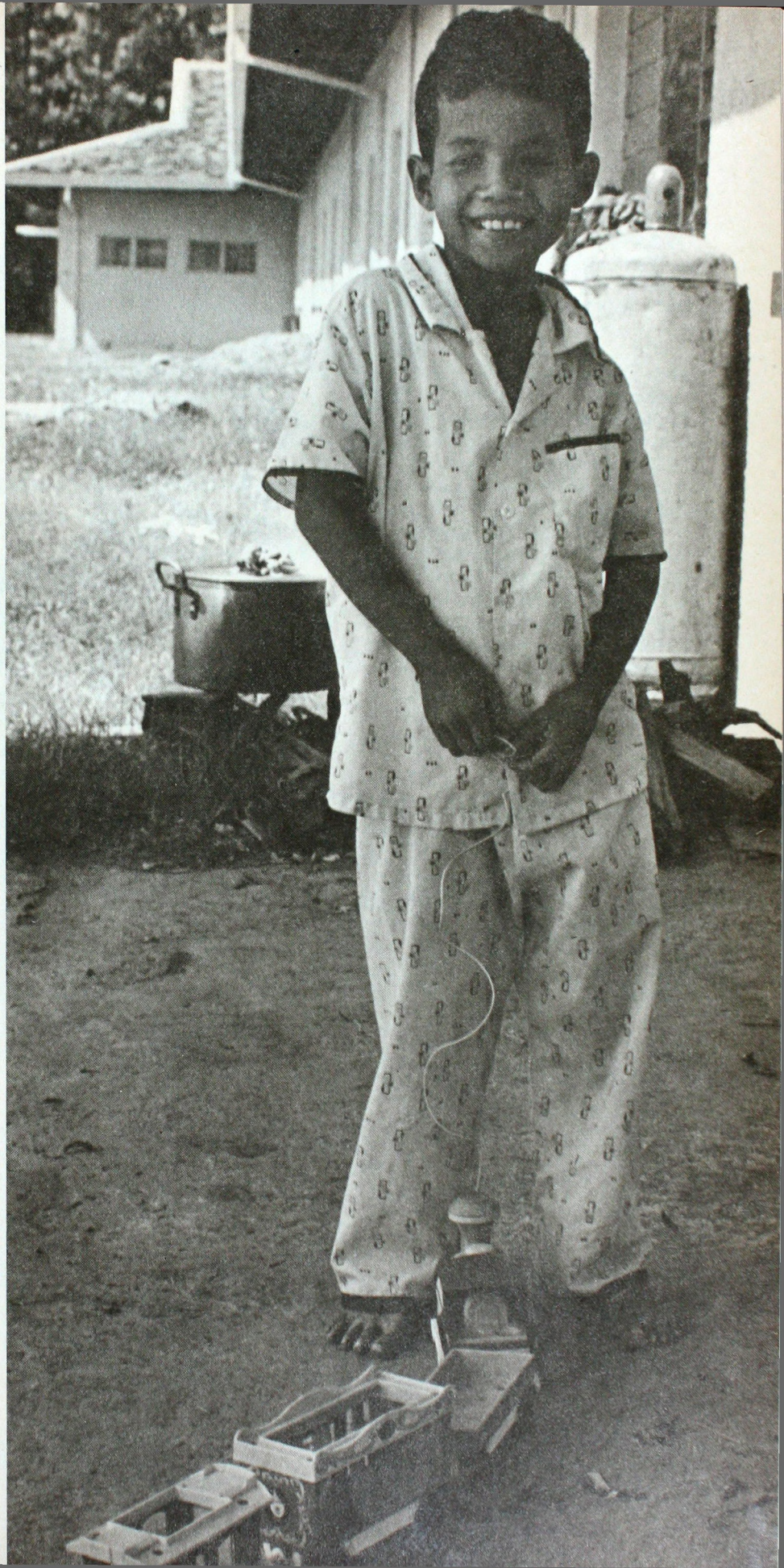
Our photographer, Jon Kubly, gets a chance to give a pint of his type O blood before he shoots the operation. His pictures include one showing his own blood dripping into the infant.

As we prepare to leave the house of healing and hope a couple of hours after the surgery, baby Bora is holding his own. Medical skill, compassion and prayer have all combined to give him a fighting chance. Considering his capacity for survival, the doctors think that chance is better than even.

On my way out, I go to say good-bye to our other survivor, Chap. He is still pulling his toy train up and down the hallway.

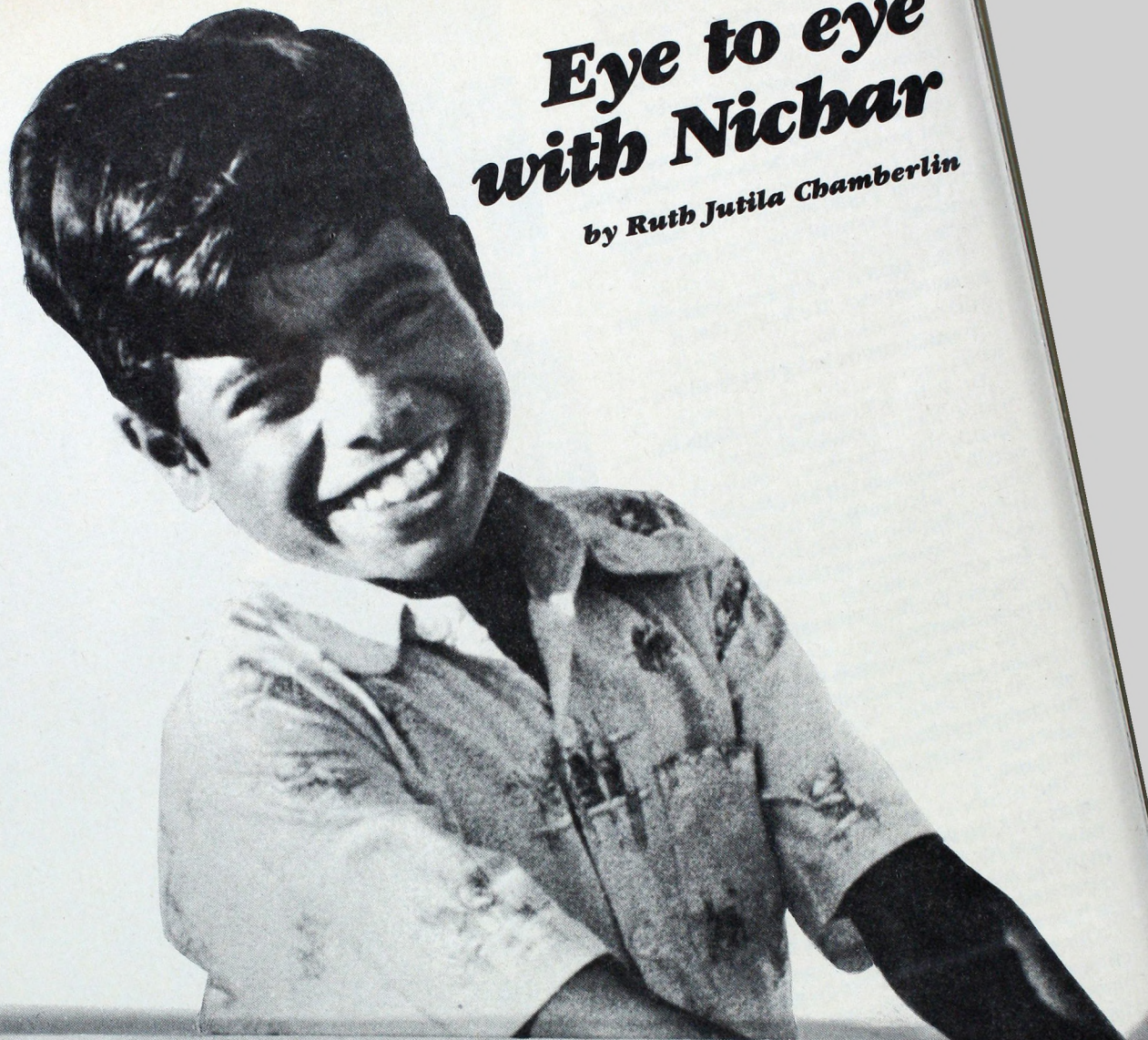
As I turn to leave, I wave.

Chap smiles. □



Eye to eye with Nichar

by Ruth Jutila Chamberlin



Personal History

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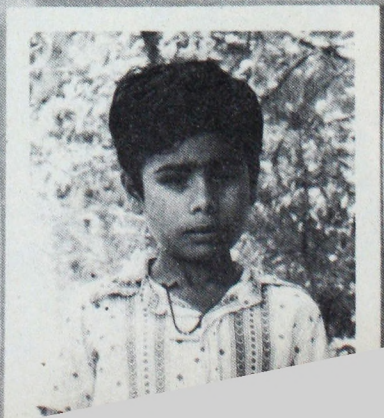
Subject: Tamil
(Regional language)
Fair

Satisfactory

Animal care

Group Games

Introducing



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Nichar had written to us in the curly Tamil language (translated by a World Vision aide) and we had one photo of him. So we knew he was ten years old, he liked peacocks and festivals, and he had knowing eyes beneath a man-sized shock of shiny hair. Would we understand each other? Would Nichar and my four children become friends, and would Nichar have a good time? I hoped so.

We flew to Madras, India, at night, planning to meet Nichar the next day. Madras was our ninth stop in five weeks, and I was exhausted. But exhaustion is no excuse for the gaffe I made when we arrived.

The group that met us in the airport nearly felled us with smiles. Three young adults, all World Vision staff people, smiled with movie-star ease yet with humility. The woman, Marina David, wore a sari and sparkled standing still. The men, V. Satyamurti and Ramesh Landge, looked typecast for Omar Sharif and Errol Flynn roles. All three were courteous to the letter.

Behind their legs stood a small boy. I couldn't see him very well, but he looked to be about seven years old. I guessed he was someone's nephew. I bent down to him and asked, "And who is this?"

Satyam said politely, "This is Nichar."

Nichar?! (I'd expected to see him the next day! And this boy couldn't be ten years old!) I apologized and saw, too late, the distinctive hair and wise eyes. Also too late, I remembered that Indian children usually look small next to giant American children. I sighed. I'd seen Nichar through my Western eyes and Western assumptions. After coming to Madras just to meet him, I

Satyam doted over Nichar, held onto him in traffic, joked with him. . . . The two were obviously fond of each other.

might have *known* who this boy was.

The other introductions came out more gracefully. Marina, Satyam and Ramesh still lit up the place with smiles, and my children got Nichar onto a baggage cart and zoomed him around the airport.

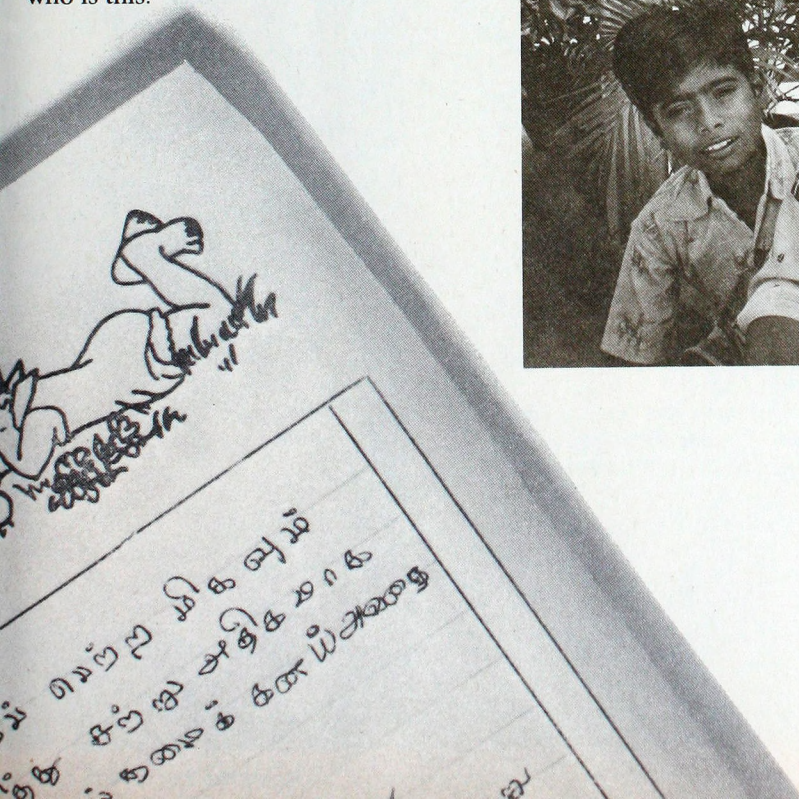
The nine of us spent most of three days together, Marina and Ramesh going to their homes at night, Satyam and Nichar to a hotel, my children and I to the YMCA. Wherever we went, Satyam doted over Nichar, held onto him in traffic, joked with him, ordered hot sweet milk for him (Nichar doesn't like cold foods). The two were obviously fond of each other.

Satyam is Nichar's social worker in Marandhahalli, 200 miles inland from Madras in India's southern triangle. Nichar lives there with his grand-

Ruth Chamberlin is a freelance writer who lives in Atlanta, Georgia.



Nichar and Satyam



Enjoying the ocean are (lower left) Marina, Ramesh, Satyam, (right) the author's son Jordan and Nichar.



Life of Jesus—in hopes that I'd buy his suggestions. And at the Trade Fair, a crowded, twinkling nighttime carnival like all carnivals that promise you much and leave you wanting more, Nichar's eyes danced reflections of beckoning colored lights. He tugged Satyam from one dusty pathway to the next.

No? Yes!



Though we had English in common, we four adults worked on understanding subtle differences in language and cultures. I never knew, from country to country, whether or not I was offending someone by speaking too openly, shaking hands or not shaking hands, touching or not touching. Fram Jehangir of World Vision had coached me, but I'd forget which went where.

I soon learned, after some puzzling moments, that Indians and Americans put different meanings on a common gesture—shaking the head. Ramesh and Satyam, as chivalrous a twosome as could be found anywhere, punctuate conversation with an animated head motion, side to side, dipping a little. The motion looked to me like “No, no, no,” even when the words being spoken were “Yes, yes, yes.”

Even after I realized that it didn't mean no, I had to remind myself of it before responding to what I *thought* was being said. For instance, before leaving California, I'd arranged to pay for Nichar's trip expenses. In Madras one day, I asked Satyam for the total costs so I could pay him. He smiled broadly and shook his head. In the United States that could mean, “No, you don't have to pay!” I started to protest when I realized he was saying, “Yes, of course. We'll do it later.” □

Ruth Chamberlin

mother, tends cattle daily and walks half a kilometer to the village school. According to a World Vision letter, “The strength of the school is more than 1000,” making it something other than a tiny rural school. World Vision provides Nichar and other sponsored children with school uniforms and warm “bedsheets”; the Marumalarchi Center also presents Christmas pageants and ongoing programs to the larger community. Muslim in background, Nichar and his grandmother were recently baptized as Christians.

This was Nichar's first trip to a big city, the first time he'd ridden elevators or seen trains or tall buildings. He loved it all. He met Madras with impetuous bravery, and one day almost saw more of the city than he'd bargained for.

The nine of us were standing at a bus stop deciding whether to walk or take the bus. A bus pulled up, Nichar stepped onto it, and the bus roared off down the street with an accidental passenger aboard. Satyam looked up,

This was Nichar's first trip to a big city, the first time he'd ridden elevators or seen trains or tall buildings.

saw that Nichar was gone and, carrying his ever present briefcase, sprinted after the bus. The driver saw him in the rearview mirror, stopped, and delivered a bewildered Nichar to a relieved Satyam. From then on, no one needed to remind Nichar to hold onto Satyam's hand.

But his enthusiasm was not quelled. At a bookstore, Nichar silently brought me book after book—*Aesop's Fables*,



Madras has a long, lovely coastline bordered by parks and promenades and a parade of college campuses. We went to the beach one day. My children, who grew up on beaches and love them, were no more thrilled to be at the beach than was Nichar, who had never seen the ocean before. The children chased sea gulls and dug in the sand, surrounded by local residents who stood by watching, hands behind backs.

Nichar hardly ever spoke, not even in Tamil. Maybe he felt shy. But now and then, he and my children would try to say words in the other's language, collapsing in giggles at their own attempts. I shouldn't have worried about how the children would get along. As children tend to be, they were far more casual than we adults were about this historic visit. They found ways of communicating. They made faces, they pantomimed, or they fell silent without embarrassment.

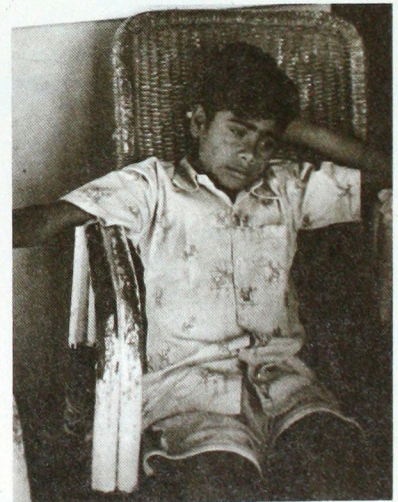
Late on the last day of our visit, Nichar fell asleep on a YMCA bench, my children scattered to play, and Marina, Satyam and I (Ramesh had another appointment) sat on porch chairs and talked. Twilight fell, Nichar woke up; it was time for them to go. Marina turned to me and said, "It was such a surprise when we met! I expected to meet a sponsor . . . and I met a friend!" She leaned elbows to knees and sobbed into her hands.

He and my children would try to say words in the other's language, collapsing in giggles at their own attempts.

That was a surprise. With a few words, Marina had moved us from safe ground ("others/out there") to risky ground ("you and I/here"). We all felt the shift. Satyam sat straight, eyes brimming. I ached the way I used to ache at weekend camp when I'd made new friends and it was time to go home.

Then, suddenly, in a whoosh of tears that relieved the ache, God's love washed over us, penultimate of common languages, a Spirit-tide sending wave upon wave of joy, sweeping aside differences and tiredness and distance, leaving us washed and elated. Without words, without moving from our chairs, we communed. We heard, as though spoken aloud, the Father's words: "You will meet again. I love you. I have a place prepared for you."

As we said good-bye, Nichar didn't say a word. His eyes, however, said a great deal. □



Weary but content, Nichar thinks back on his day, which included a lighthearted attempt to learn some English from his new friends, Jamie and Jordan.

Looking up to Mary Brown

by Ruth Monson

Mary Brown. Quite a common name. But it belongs to a special person.

Mary works at World Vision in the Written Response group of the Personal Services department. She proofreads and handles outgoing correspondence, and does research relating to sponsorship accounts.

But it's Mary's ministry of appreciation and encouragement that makes her special to so many people. She often sends notes assuring staff members of her support and prayers.

"Mary considers World Vision her extended family," says her department manager, Phyllis Noble.

"These 17 years at World Vision," says Mary, "have been the richest of my whole life. Working here is wonderful, because I can be involved in the Lord's ministry. If you listen, you can hear God's heartbeat—it's here.

"From my angle (all three feet ten inches of me), everyone appears to be a giant. However, some really *are* giants . . . because their lives have had such an influence on mine. Without their even knowing, they fill many of my needs."

Last fall some of Mary's World Vision family arranged to fulfill one of her life-long dreams—to have her picture taken in the Los Angeles Dodgers' dugout with her favorite baseball players, Steve Garvey and Derrel Thomas. "It was the nicest surprise," she says. "I told them, 'If I am dreaming, please don't wake me up!'"

Mary was born in a small town in west Texas. Her family spent a few years in California, but she grew up mainly in Texas, Arkansas and Okla-

Dodger fan and great-grandma, Mary poses with Derrel Thomas—and feeds her great-grandson while her daughter, granddaughter and mother look on.



homa as her parents—migrant farm workers—followed the harvest. Because of their frequent moves, Mary was able to attend school only about three months a year through junior high.

In 1935 the family moved again to California, where Mary has lived since, except for the summers she and her husband spent singing and dancing with various carnivals and circuses throughout 46 states.

In 1943 they quit traveling so their daughter could attend school. But Mary's husband soon became ill, and in 1945 he died. She got a job washing dishes at a restaurant, 12 hours a day, 7 days a week, for \$10 a week plus one meal a day for her and her daughter.

Mary's next job was with a printing company in Los Angeles, where she hand-collated printed materials for twelve years and operated the switchboard for four. She rode the bus to work each day. One of the posters in the bus quoted Psalms 27:1-2, and Mary, who was not a Christian, would nonetheless meditate on that verse. "The Word of God itself draws us to Him," she says.

During this time, Mary's mother met the Lord. She invited Mary to visit her church. Many people were praying, but Mary knew only one prayer—one

"From my angle (all three feet ten inches of me), everyone appears to be a giant. . . ."

which her grandmother had taught her: "Now I lay me down to sleep." She accepted the pastor's invitation to go forward and talk with the Lord, and she asked Him into her life. "Others around me were praying, some of them aloud, but I was not aware of anything except the presence of the Lord and His communication with me. I knew something had happened, and since that time He has become very real and precious to me."

The printing company went bankrupt following the death of the owner, and Mary lost her job. She visited a nearby church to ask if they needed volunteer help. The pastor suggested she contact World Vision, which was then located on Colorado Boulevard in Pasadena. She had never heard of World Vision, but arranged an interview and got a job in the hand-mailing department. "Everything was really done by hand in those days!" she says.

El Salvador's conflict rages on, displacing more citizens within the country and forcing many to flee across its borders. Here are some facts regarding World Vision's involvement as of the beginning of April:

■ Three of World Vision's 50 child-care projects have been temporarily turned into emergency relief centers where food, blankets, mattresses and utensils are distributed in cooperation with local churches.

■ Needy people in El Salvador are receiving \$1.5 million in aid from World Vision donors this year, not including aid to Salvadoran refugees in Honduras.

■ Those refugees now total around 46,000, up 50 percent from our report last month. The Honduran government, officially recognizing the problem, has asked World Vision to take a leading role in assisting the refugees.

■ Four World Vision staff members in the Honduran town of Colomoncagua have supervised the establishment of five refugee camps and two mini-hospitals. The open marketplace,

roofed temporarily, now serves as a hospital/clinic. Eight more camps are planned for construction in the first half of April.

■ While World Vision sets up camps, builds roads and supplies water, the University of Honduras provides medicine and doctors, and Caritas distributes food and clothing. Many other organizations also are there.

■ More refugees are streaming into the Guarita area of Honduras, and other areas of refugee need are developing along that same border.

Continue to pray for relief workers and church leaders in El Salvador and Honduras. A top Lutheran World Relief official recently said conditions in El Salvador "make it impossible to continue with programs to help poor communities." He explained that such assistance is judged by extremists as a political act. Nevertheless, World Vision staffers are continuing to help those in need, sometimes working as many as 16 hours a day. □

Favorite great-grandma

J. D. Douglas, widely known Christian writer of St. Andrews, Scotland, thinks of Mary Brown as one of his special friends. In his familiar jocular vein, Douglas recently wrote to Mary:

"Greetings! I am delighted to know that the steady stream of greetings I convey to you through sundry lesser World Vision luminaries does in fact reach you. Let me tell you how I impress it on their minds whenever in the course of my travels I encounter someone from headquarters, as I did Hal Barber and Sam Wilson within the last three months. When they start to talk, I invariably interrupt them by saying, 'Never mind about Stan Mooneyham or Uncle Ted. First things first. How's Mary Brown?'"

At the end of May this year, Mary plans to retire from World Vision. She hopes to spend more time with her family. Her mother, almost 90, lives in Buena Park, California, with Mary's sister. Her daughter and son-in-law, three grandchildren and one great-grandson, 18 months, live in Reseda.

She would also like to fulfill another longtime dream and travel to Victoria, B.C., Canada, accompanied on the train trip by her 12-year-old grandson. "Oregon and Washington are the only states I did not visit when we were traveling with the circus. I would like to see God's beauty and majesty in that part of the country. After my trip I would like to give myself as a gift to World Vision, volunteering my services wherever I may be needed in the organization." □

The American Festival of Evangelism

This July, Christians from all over the nation will converge on Kansas City to take a fresh look at evangelism. Planners of the "American Festival of Evangelism" hope that all will come away better equipped to share the gospel in their communities. The need is urgent; it is believed that some 156 million Americans do not have a relationship with Jesus Christ.

The July 27-30 meetings will include: 1) large "celebrations" where possibly 20,000 participants will hear such speakers as Jill Briscoe, Jerry Kirk, Adrian Rogers, Luis Palau and Billy Graham; 2) core seminars led by Howard Ball, Bill Bright, James Kennedy, Gordon MacDonald and others; 3) more than 75 workshops daily that zero in on specific aspects of evangelism and discipleship, such as "Equipping for Inner-City Evangelism," "Evangelizing Youth," and "Developing

Body Life in the Church"; 4) elective sessions where leaders of 36 "parable churches" tell how their congregations have realized evangelistic growth.

In Lausanne, Switzerland, 1974, an International Congress on World Evangelization drew together 4000 people from 150 nations. An outcome of that gathering was the formation of the Lausanne Committee for World Evangelization. It was the North American Lausanne Committee who recommended to a group of national church leaders that an American gathering on evangelization be held. These leaders have planned the American Festival of Evangelism.

The festival is open to anyone who is concerned about reaching non-Christians in America. For more information, write American Festival of Evangelism, Box 1981, Kansas City, MO 64141, or call (816) 756-0008. □

Not for sale

So You Wanna Go Back to Egypt, stereo album by Keith Green, Pretty Good Records, Box 9, Lindale, TX 75771. Reviewed by Danny Smith, a London journalist.

How some people can live under the shadow of starvation while others live oblivious to anyone else's needs is a complex issue, difficult to resolve. Woody Allen is troubled by it; that's evidenced by his latest film, *Stardust Memories*. Alexander Solzhenitsyn has written that the rich man cannot comprehend the problems of the beggar; clearly hunger is a distant reality for the majority of the sophisticated world. Bob Dylan wrote, before his conversion, that if Jesus Christ returned to earth Christianity would start all over again.

How Christians should live in an age of increasing global hunger has been the subject of books, seminars, articles and sermons. It is a difficult area that most people would prefer to answer solely by writing a check.

Troubled by these kinds of questions, Keith Green, an outstandingly talented musician, has shown another way of being within the sophisticated structures that have come to define our existence. Green became concerned about those preoccupied with the marketing and merchandising of the gospel. He resolved to make a personal statement with his lifestyle and his music.

Green's disquiet covered a spectrum of areas, from the cost of records and tickets for gospel concerts, to the proliferation of various Christian products commonly referred to as Jesus Junk. (You can even buy ashtrays with Bible texts.) In his opinion, the whole concept of selling, for profit, things containing the gift of God's



“Quit trying to make gods out of music ministers, and quit desiring to become like those gods.”

truth and love, is in error. And he's determined to show that another way is possible.

The issue for Christians is not how much they give away, but how much they keep for themselves, says Green, who asks, "Do you really believe that we're living in the very last times? Then why do you spend more money on gospel records and concerts than you give to organizations that feed the poor, or to the missionaries your church is supporting?"

Green is careful to make a distinction between a person's vocation or skill and his or her ministry gift. He says, "Some have argued, 'What's the difference between a Christian plumber charging for his services, and singers or speakers charging for theirs?' They say, 'Don't you think the Apostle Paul charged for his tents?' . . . But Paul made tents for a living so he wouldn't

have to charge for the gospel (Acts 20:33-35). After all, tents are tents and ministry is ministry."

Green's gift and ministry is clearly his music, which has established him as one of Christian music's distinctive and leading artists. In keeping with his ideals, Green has produced a new album with talented musicians such as Bob Dylan, Ralph Carmichael and Kelly Willard. The record is not available from any record shop or mail-order list. It is not for sale, at any price, but it is available on request from Green's Texas office and will be sent for whatever you can afford, even if that's nothing.

This is a dramatic gesture on a stage where celebrity excesses (even among Christians) are commonplace. The album *So You Wanna Go Back To Egypt* is probably Green's best work and has direct bearing on how Christians should live in contemporary society. The title track is catchy and inviting, but the song that stands out is "Pledge My Head to Heaven," which speaks of the singer's commitment.

Green is an exciting musician who confronts situations up front, and who returns a significant message that the church-at-large should heed. His music has a message, and the commitment of the messenger shines through. He writes, "Quit trying to make gods out of music ministers, and quit desiring to become like those gods. My piano is not my cross, it is my tool. I'd never play the thing again if God would show me a more effective tool for proclaiming His totally demanding gospel."

Revolutions have been kindled not by the masses but by individuals—those who have turned from tradition, respectability, the status quo, to make a bold, challenging commitment of the heart. Keith Green's gesture is just that kind of spark. □

Samaritan sampler

Here are some ways people are helping others in the name of Christ. And some ideas for your own possible involvement.

Anyone blind can now hear Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship's *HIS* magazine on tape. Every month the magazine's staff members read the current issue onto cassettes which you can get for \$20 a year (nine issues). Write *HIS* on Tape, 5206 Main St., Downers Grove, IL 60515.

Disabled persons can obtain copies of Scripture from the American Bible Society (ABS) in almost any form they want. Blind and visually handicapped people can get cassettes, records and Braille Bibles. Those with impaired hearing may obtain Bible portions in Signed English, a pictorial presentation of the narrator highlighting the signs and providing oral cues through facial expressions.

This year, declared by the United Nations to be the Year of the Disabled, marks the

147th anniversary of ABS's work with the blind. Write ABS at 1865 S. Broadway, New York, NY 10023.

Missionary medicine will be the subject of the ninth international convention sponsored by MAP International on May 30-June 2. Held at the Billy Graham Center of Wheaton College, the triennial conference will address the economic, social and political difficulties involved in improving health in underprivileged nations. For information, write: MAP International, Box 50-M, Wheaton, IL 60187.

Scrum Dendo. A summer ministry program of Language Institute for Evangelism (LIFE). *Scrum* is a rugby term for an offensive play in which players lock arms; *dendo* a Japanese word meaning evangelism. Translated "arm-in-arm evangelism," the phrase describes this ten-week program in which American teachers and students teach English to Japanese people, many of whom are highly motivated to learn it as a second language. LIFE sees this as an opportunity to minister to their spiritual needs as well.

Responsible for raising his or her own support, each missionary is assigned a Japanese teammate, and classes are conducted within the framework of a Japanese church.

Although the deadline has passed for applications for this summer's program, infor-

mation can be obtained about Scrum Dendo and CORE, a one-year program, from LIFE, P.O. Box 200, Alhambra, CA 91802.

Haystack '81, sponsored by Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, will spend July 28-August 2 preparing American college students for overseas missionary work. The conference site is Williams College in Williamstown, Massachusetts, where the first American students volunteered for foreign missions 175 years ago.

Among the conference speakers are: Ralph Winter, Warren Webster, Robert Munger, J. Christy Wilson, David Howard and William Cameron Townsend. Attendance is limited to students who plan to serve as overseas missionaries.

The relationship between evangelism and social involvement will be discussed at a June 1982 consultation in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Sponsors are the World Evangelical Fellowship and the Lausanne Committee for World Evangelization (LCWE). They hope that a consensus will emerge from that gathering on what has been a source of controversy among evangelicals. The consultation will be preceded by study groups around the world that focus on scriptural considerations, church history, modern theology and contemporary case studies. Gottfried Osei-Mensah, executive secretary of LCWE, has commented, "Those who earnestly desire to live under the authority of Scripture should not be divided on a matter of such importance."

Teaching English as a Second Language (TESL) has become such an important means of helping refugees now settling in this country that a growing number of American Christians are taking TESL training in the Institute for International Studies (IIS) at William Carey International University's small California campus. Special features of the school's TESL program include direct experience tutoring refugees in the area, practice teaching in one of Los Angeles' burgeoning public ESL schools, and optional field experience in Mexico. For information on IIS summer or school-year programs, write William Carey University at 1539 E. Howard St., Pasadena, CA 91104.

World Refugee Survey is a 64-page report on 16 million refugees around the world, free from U.S. Committee for Refugees, 20 W. 40th St., NYC 20028.

Beautiful handcrafted gifts such as copper napkin holders, wooden plates, bone pendants and jute sikas, made by skilled but poverty-stricken persons in Peru, the Philippines, Bangladesh and Haiti, are being sold for them in America by Christian volunteers who handle the items at no profit to themselves. For a small, new catalog of items available this summer by mail order, or for information on becoming a non-profit seller in your community, send a self-addressed long envelope bearing 35¢ postage to Jubilee Crafts, 300 W. Apsley St., Phil., PA 19144.



Hearing-impaired boy reads in Signed English about the birth of Jesus.



Business and ministry

World Vision is both a business and a ministry. We seek to keep a healthy, creative tension between these two emphases.

In recent months you may have seen much about the business side of World Vision—our stand for open financial disclosure, our Annual Report's inclusion of functional accounting, our desire for efficiency and low overhead, and much else. This month I want to highlight for you an aspect of the *ministry* side of World Vision—our commitment to searching for and applying the truth from God's Word.

This year the staffs of our support offices (such as those in the U.S., Canada and Australia) have taken the Epistle of James as our focus of study. During a special week of individual study, small-group discussion and reflection on corporate application, each employee spent a total of nine hours listening to what God was saying to us through His Word. What an exciting, convicting and moving time together this proved to be. It revealed many practical areas of personal and corporate application, which we are now trying to implement.

The staffs of our field offices (such as those in Kenya and the Philippines) are also giving extended time to studying God's Word. For example, earlier this year our African Regional executive staff and our African field and program office directors met together in Nyeri, Kenya, for a five-day conference in which there was Bible study and discussion for five hours each day. They had selected the book of Acts for study, and reports came back telling how mightily the Holy Spirit worked both personally and corporately.

We feel that such Bible study is important to our effectiveness. It helps us maintain the fine balance between being a ministry and being a sizable business, both strongly influenced by the guidance of the Holy Spirit. We are grateful for you, our partners, who share with us in this ministry in which we seek constantly to honor Christ. Thank you and God bless you.

Ted W. Engstrom
Executive Director

We visited little Ivonne in El Salvador

Ivonne



When hearing and reading so much in the news about the political violence in El Salvador this past year, I have felt tears come to my eyes. My husband and I have many fond memories of our journey about a year ago to that tiny country. It was a once-in-a-lifetime visit that made us realize how fortunate we are to have so much and how we take it for granted.

Before going to El Salvador, we happened to see a World Vision special on television and decided to sponsor a child. We asked for a girl from any country in need of help. Would you believe, out of all the countries in the world, the girl assigned to us was from El Salvador, the smallest country in Central America. She was 15-year-

old Ivonne. We got to know and love her through her letters.

While in El Salvador we had a chance to visit her. We'll never forget walking into the World Vision office that day in San Salvador. Our Ivonne was just waiting for us, and ran to hug and kiss both my husband and me. A small girl, no taller than our 10-year-old

Are you seeking inner peace?

You can have peace of mind and heart in spite of all the causes of anxiety around you. That's a promise Jesus makes to all who give themselves to Him.

Shortly before His ascension to heaven, 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 promise is His discourse on the Holy Spirit, whom He calls the Comforter, the Counselor. And it's as dependable for us today as it was for those who heard it from His lips.

If you lack—but seek—real inner peace, we at World Vision recommend that you change the focus of your quest. Instead of merely seeking peace, *seek God through Jesus Christ*. For only in that way can you find the inner peace you crave.

For more light on this subject, read today the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of John. And then why not the entire Gospel? We urge you also to talk with a pastor or other member of a Christ-centered church in your community. And please feel free to write us at WORLD VISION magazine if you would like to receive brief, helpful, free literature on knowing Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior. □

Child sponsorship in context

son, with little in material possessions, but with much love to share. She was so happy to have her family healthy and to be able to attend school as a result of our monthly payment—and most of all to know Jesus. Oh, how much we take for granted!

I felt like I had known Ivonne all my life. She was obviously proud as she read signs to show us what she had learned. We had fun trying to communicate using our Spanish-English dictionary. I remember having lunch where, later, two Americans were gunned down. We thought all teens liked hamburgers and french fries. Well, she left her food, embarrassed because she didn't know how to use silverware. She chose to play with our baby, whom she adored.

We went to shop, and she giggled as we tried to show her how to use the escalator. We shared ice-cream cones and just enjoyed being and walking together. She had on probably the only dress and shoes she owned, but she was beautiful. Later we learned that she had bought the dress and shoes with the money sent for her birthday. When I think back, it's like a dream to have been with her.

Such a beautiful but poor people. Women carrying cardboard on their heads to build a new house when the rains wash their present cardboard house away. Children in rag-torn clothes. Many orphanages. We must pray for the people of El Salvador; pray that the children may resume their schooling, which means so much to them.

Thank you, World Vision, for all that you are doing for people—especially for children—around the world. Thank you for opening our eyes to what is important in life!

*Susan Dufenhorst
Boise, Idaho*

Some of your articles about sponsorship speak of helping the child's family. I thought I was sponsoring a child, not his or her family.

A major goal of World Vision is to help parents care for their own children. That's part of what we call a "holistic" approach. While making sure the child's immediate needs are met first, we also strive to help the child's family and/or community to become self-sufficient. By raising the quality of life in the home and community, a cycle of poverty, illiteracy and frustration can, we hope, be broken. Thus we can assure that future generations of children won't need to be sponsored.

For example, Marilou Pineda and her family were both aided by World Vision sponsors. The Pinedas live in Bouacue, near Manila, capital of the Philippines. Marilou is one of nine children. They are poor, sharing a house with her uncle's family. Before World Vision linked Marilou and her brother with a sponsor, her three oldest brothers and sisters had to drop out of school to help support the family. When Marilou and her brother Angelito became sponsored children, her two older brothers and two younger sisters were able to attend

school too, because sponsorship decreased the family's living expenses.

World Vision's holistic ministry also reached Marilou's parents. Through an interest-free loan, the Pinedas were able to obtain a good and steady supply of produce for their fruit vending business. Their sales increased; now, not only are they paying back the loan, they are also saving to buy a home of their own. Part of their savings was reinvested in a motorized rickshaw. Two of the older sons operate it as a taxi.

Because World Vision assisted Marilou and her family, she was able to finish high school. Now she is a first-year student of social work at the Philippine Women's University. Because a portion of Marilou's sponsorship went to aid her family as well, all nine Pineda children were able to complete school, and the whole family now enjoys a better standard of living.

You've also mentioned aid to communities. How does World Vision improve the quality of life in communities?

Besides helping sponsored children and their families, World Vision helps others living in the village or neighborhood. Whole communities have been assisted in building roads so that produce can be taken to market, or in constructing dams to improve irrigation. Naturally, this upgrades the quality of life for the children, who have better food to eat and live under better economic conditions.

Child sponsorship projects vary from country to country, and even from project to project, according to the communities' needs. By helping residents find pure water, World Vision is helping the children and adults in one aspect of that community. This type of community development project has been especially effective in the Philippines and Africa.





Somali refugees draw precious water from Las Dure's reservoir.

Mixed blessing in Somalia

Water continues to be a serious problem for refugees in Somalia. In a *Life* magazine (April '81) story, the Somali refugees' daily quota of water in one camp was said to be only three teaspoonfuls. Four large water tanks have arrived at World Vision's Las Dure camp, and workers are considering hauling water from a source seven kilometers away.

Rain fell for two days in Las Dure. While it recharged the shallow wells, it also washed down human excrement from surrounding hills and into the water supply. Now World Vision's medical team is coping with an outbreak of hepatitis in the camp.

Seasweep at work

World Vision's ship, *Seasweep*, has been very busy since being overhauled during Christmas. On January 30, the vessel carried some 20 tons of freight to Kuku Camp (Anambas Islands) for use by refugees. Then it took aboard refugees for transport to Indonesia's Galang Regional Processing Center. From there the refugees go to other countries for permanent resettlement. On February 9, *Seasweep* departed for Bangkok, and on February 18 loaded 338 Vietnamese refugees (266 adults and 72 children) for a trip to Galang. In late February it took 350 Kampuchean refugees to Galang.

People are still escaping from Vietnam. Nearly 10,000 left in January, and an increase was expected in the months following as weather conditions improved.

Mooneyham finds tragedy in Ethiopia

On his latest trip to Ethiopia, World Vision's president discovered an area near the Sudan border where the people were even worse off than the Bume tribe described in the February issue of this magazine. Drought victims in one camp alone were dying at the rate of 10 to 12 each day. World Vision sent in seeds immediately as the rains were beginning to fall. Watch WORLD VISION magazine for further reports.

Singing in Taiwan

Two World Vision-sponsored children

in Taiwan captured first prize in a singing contest on Taiwan television. Tao Sau-chen, 15, and Or Yuk-Wai, 12, plan to save their prize money for their education. World Vision of Taiwan encourages music training in most of its projects. For children in the mountain tribes, like Tao and Or, singing and dancing play an important role in life.

New World Vision offices

Malawi and Zambia are the sites of two new World Vision offices. These two nations are among the poorest in Africa. Zambia has suffered an ongoing drought and famine while being affected by conflict in surrounding countries.

Currently World Vision helps a school for the blind in Malawi and an evangelism project in Zambia. Having an office in each country will facilitate expansion into medical, agricultural and other development programs. Many children in Malawi and Zambia will likely receive sponsors.

Middle East study

A six-month Middle East study is being conducted to determine a World Vision strategy for ministry there and in the Muslim world. The researcher is Leonard Rogers, who has worked with Youth for Christ in the Middle East for over 20 years, the last 17 as director of its work there.

Childcare is World Vision's primary form of involvement in the Middle East today. Sponsors support 4200 children in Israel, Jordan, Lebanon, Syria, Egypt and other Middle Eastern countries. Most of these boys and girls are Christian Arabs who receive help through Christian schools and homes for children.

Egyptian pastors to gather

Alexandria, Egypt, will be the site of a World Vision Pastors' Conference scheduled for August 4-10. Featured speakers will be Samuel Kamaleson, Paul Rees and Robert Coleman. The theme is "Here I Am—Send Me."

World Vision has held 131 pastors' conferences—dating back to 1953—with a total attendance of 78,000 pastors in 48 countries.

MANAGING YOUR TIME

A two-day seminar for pastors and Christian leaders



Ted Engstrom
Executive Director
World Vision



Ed Dayton
Vice-President
Mission and Evangelism
World Vision Int'l.

Mall to:

Norval Hadley/MYT, World Vision, 919 West Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016

(Check one. \$125 covers all costs. Make checks payable to **Managing Your Time.**)

- May 14-15, Anaheim, CA
 Sept. 24-25, Dallas, TX
 Nov. 5-6, Hartford, CT
 Dec. 3-4, Atlanta, GA

- Send complete details.
 I enclose \$25 now, the balance of \$100 to be paid at the seminar.
 I enclose the entire \$125.

Name _____
 Church or Org. _____
 Org. address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____
 Telephone () _____

Kenya food relief

Two more projects have begun to feed drought victims in Kenya. One is helping the African Inland Mission (AIM) feed 5000 children and elderly people. They are part of the Rendille tribal group, whom AIM has been reaching with the gospel. The other project, also conducted through AIM, is supplying 4000 persons near Kenya's northern border with a six-month stock of maize, beans and milk powder. These people have not been exposed previously to the Christian message.

Jesus '81 rally

An ecumenical benefit rally for Mother Teresa and World Vision will be an all-day affair on May 16 in Anaheim, California. Speakers will include World Vision President Stan Mooneyham and Father Michael Manning. The audience is expected to fill a sizable part of the 77,000 seat Anaheim Stadium.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Personnel manager to manage World Vision's complete personnel function. Prefer five years experience minimum, with a background in benefits planning.

Finance director to provide overall financial leadership for day-to-day operations. Prefer significant previous experience.

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

Cassettes in Guatemala

Quiché Indians in the highlands of Guatemala will soon be able to hear the New Testament on cassettes. World Vision is participating in the program alongside the Summer Institute of Linguistics, the Bible Society and 30 local denominations. The cassettes, expected to be made available to 78,000 people, will contain the entire New Testament, plus a bilingual course of Bible stories, hymns, and selected topics in nutrition, cooking, agriculture and hygiene. Cassette distributors will also receive training.

Please pray for:

- **the medical staff** at the Phnom Penh hospital as they work tirelessly to save children's lives.
- **Christians** in Uganda, that they may be effective peacemakers in that troubled society.
- **refugees** in Southeast Asia still waiting for resettlement after months and years of feeling uprooted.
- **relief workers** in East Africa who find it hard not to despair over drought and political conditions there.
- **church leaders** in volatile Central American countries.
- **handicapped** persons, that they may receive lasting benefit from this "International Year of the Disabled."

Is God calling you . . .

to use your gifts and technical skills in direct Kingdom work? Consider these needs of World Vision International, and then call Mary Ann Williams, (213) 357-7979, for an application.

MANAGER, MANAGEMENT DECISION SYSTEMS

Need for an experienced manager who desires a challenging position requiring solid conceptual and systems skills coupled with a keen interest in making electronic information processing support World Vision's management decision-making process. Will help create an effective data base information system, participate in the development of an international data model, and assist in the study and development of organizational standards for systems and communication networks. Will manage the EDP function using our new HP-3000 and help plan and implement "office of the future"

concepts such as electronic mail, facsimile, electronic filing and word processing.

Requires at least five years experience managing an EDP department and some experience as a data base administrator. Experience with an HP-3000 and some knowledge of COBOL would be helpful. Experience in "office of the future" technology and systems support for management decision-making would be a definite asset.

SENIOR PROGRAMMER/ANALYST

Need an experienced and creative senior programmer/analyst with extensive experience in COBOL and BASIC. Applicant should also have experience in systems design, and be able to work effectively and in harmony with end users. Will help develop "office of the future" applications and be part of an international systems development team. Must have experience in data base design, as we are embarking on a program to develop an international information system based on data base management.

SPONSOR TOUR OF THE ORIENT

August 3-21, 1981

The chance of a lifetime! Visit the special child you've been sponsoring—and the beautiful Orient. Join World Vision's sponsorship excursion to the Far East, making stops in Tokyo and Osaka, Japan; Seoul, Korea; Hong Kong; the Philippines and Hawaii.

Tour Director George Hahn, an experienced traveler and guide, will lead you on an exciting journey through this unique and fascinating part of the world. For more information and a travel brochure, write: Tour Director, Box O, Pasadena, California 91109.



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a program designed by financial experts to help you manage your money and other resources in a God-honoring way. If you would like more information, please mark your areas of interest and mail this coupon to World Vision.

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WORLD VISION
Attention: Trust Department
919 West Huntington Drive
Monrovia, CA 91016

Globe at a glance

NEWS BRIEFS FOR YOUR INFORMATION AND INTERCESSION

A deluge of refugees threatens the world in the 1980s, according to a Worldwatch Institute report. Half of today's 16 million refugees are children. The report said that the ancient themes of human greed, betrayal of popular will, lust for power and ethnic hatred are teaming up with economic problems "to ensure that the '80s will be a 'decade for refugees' unless great foresight and cooperation are brought to bear."

Violence in southern Lebanon is increasing as United Nations peacekeeping troops display less ability to cope with artillery exchanges between Israeli and Palestinian forces. According to Ralph Miller, a Mennonite representative in Lebanon, many innocent civilians are being killed.

Concerned about human rights, 271 American religious leaders signed a letter requesting a meeting with President Reagan to talk about his recent policy. The leaders said they oppose human rights violations wherever they occur, but are particularly concerned about nations where the United States has extensive economic, political and military involvement.

Evangelicals in Mexico are excited about the repercussions of Billy Graham's Mexico City crusade in early March. Capacity crowds and extensive media coverage made for an unprecedented airing of the gospel in Mexico. Church leaders also see evidence of greater cooperation among denominations, and hope for a better relationship with the government.

Proceedings against Haitian refugees who arrived in the U.S. after October 10 have been ordered by the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS). A Lutheran Immigration and Refugee Service official called the directive "a breach of faith with the voluntary agencies who have been carrying out established resettlement plans." Last summer a federal court ordered the INS to treat Cuban and Haitian refugees equally.

Civil unrest in Uganda has risen sharply since Milton Obote took office in December. Feeling the election was unfair, many young people have taken guns and attacked soldiers and police. Meanwhile, starved government troops in northern Uganda went on a rampage in February, burning huts and killing hundreds of old men, women and children.

Thailand camps still hold as many as 300,000 Kampuchean, but most are expected to return someday to their country. Half of Khao I Dang's 57,000 refugees are under the age of 17. Some of the unaccompanied minors are being kidnapped or recruited by the Khmer Rouge.

Doctors in underprivileged nations are moving to the West after receiving their training. Fifteen thousand doctors have deserted India, and about 2400 nurses leave the Philippines each year. The World Health Organization says such nations should train more paramedics to work in villages, rather than

train so many doctors and nurses, because most people cannot afford hospital or private care.

Child slavery flourishes in Thailand, according to a report in *Asiaweek* magazine. Children of poor parents in northern Thailand arrive in Bangkok and are purchased to work in factories or brothels. Those in factories often work long hours in dark, dirty and unsafe surroundings without pay.

Dangerous pesticides banned in the United States are being sold in underdeveloped countries. In *Circle of Poison* (published by the Institute for Food and Development Policy), David Weir and Mark Schapiro document how the chemicals poison 500,000 farm workers annually overseas, then come back to American tables in imported coffee, bananas and beef.

A mass sterilization program in Bangladesh this summer will try to slow that country's population explosion. The government, estimating Bangladesh's current population at 90 million, will look for 100,000 volunteers a month in the program. Except for tiny Singapore and Malta, Bangladesh is the most densely populated nation in the world.

About 1000 congregations, representing 46 denominations, are functioning in Cuba, say Mennonite Central Committee workers. They also report finding six or seven seminaries and Bible institutes. Churches in Cuba are free to conduct meetings only within their own walls.

Vietnamese refugees fleeing their homeland in January numbered almost 10,000. More than half escaped by boat. In the same period, another 10,000 Vietnamese already in holding camps were permanently resettled elsewhere. A legal emigration scheme allowed 840 people to leave Vietnam in January. Two-thirds of them came to the U.S.

Prisoners in the U.S. constitute a greater percentage of the national population than their counterparts in any other



Inmates of Los Angeles' Sybil Brand institution attend a religious service conducted by Christian Jail Workers, Inc.

country except South Africa and the Soviet Union. Yet the crime rate keeps going up, and people are clamoring for more prisons. Florida Circuit Judge Harry W. Fogle says that "50 to 80 percent of the people in prison should not be there." He and others believe the most change-producing punishment is not locking people up, but putting them to work.

It's me, it's me, it's me, O Lord

When we evangelicals sing these words to confess we are "standing in the need of prayer," it is a personal and therapeutic admission. But today's concentration upon "me" has gone far beyond humility. We evangelicals these days seem to be interested not so much in confessing as in possessing. We have become too introspective for our own—or anybody else's—good.

Not many years ago Christians were distressed by the "me generation"—those people, mostly young, whose only concern was themselves. If it felt good, it was good (no matter how it made someone else feel). "What's in it for me?" was the one question worth asking.

After that era—and growing out of it—something called self-awareness came along. "Self-absorption" might be a better name for it. The idea was to look within oneself, be "open," be "natural," "let it all hang out," and then one would be "fulfilled" and problems would disappear. The *process* of experiencing was thought to be more important than *what* one was experiencing. One of the key words was "interiorizing." Scores of self-help books, courses, and large and small groups emerged.

If all this had stayed in "the world"—the world which Christians *expect* to be self-centered—there would be little reason for surprise. But like so many trends, fads and foibles that evangelicals tend to legitimize about 20 years later, we gradually developed our own brand of me-ness.

Tune around the Christian radio dial and listen to what is being offered. Watch religious television. Interiorizing is going on all over the place. We are told how to be more successful, more powerful, better liked, how to make more money, how to cope with guilt, loneliness, divorce, singleness, ill health, old age, middle age, youth. Look through the religious magazines and see the books that are being advertised. Immediacy and introspection predominate. Such books are advertised because that is what evangelicals are buying. We are buying because it is what a lot of us are interested in. Listen to our gospel songs; is "self-centered" too strong an adjective? We are well into our own me-generation.

Success is better than failure—but whose measuring stick are we using, and how long is it? Coping is better than not coping, but we do not cope in a vacuum. No Christian is an island. We are bound up with neighbors, as Jesus dramatically made clear in the parable of the Good Samaritan. We live in communities and nations and hemispheres and in a world. I doubt that it is possible to cope individually or without considering those with whom we have relationships in the body of Christ.

A tribe in East Africa may understand this better than most of us. When the first greeting of the day is exchanged, one person asks another, "Are you well?" The response is, "I am well if you are." Among this group, individual well-being is not possible apart from the wholeness of the community.

This seems to be closer to what Jesus taught than most of what is being practised by His followers today.

We're accepting the wrong things as evidence of achievement. "Faith is the evidence of things *not* seen." We have become less inquisitive and more acquisitive. "Supposing that gain is godliness," we aim for gain (1 Timothy 6:5). Believing that someday we shall reign with Him, many of us are in no mood to wait. But a quick look at 2 Timothy 2:12 will tell us the correct order of events on that one: "*If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.*"

Christ is passing out no kingships now, only crosses. Christ teaches us how to give more, not how to get more; how to suffer, not how to escape; the importance of sharing, not the necessity for hoarding; how to be a servant, not how to demand special privilege; how to handle a towel, not a scepter.

In a sense, "me" is the place where things must begin: "Just as *I* am, without one plea, but that Thy blood was shed for *me*." But it shouldn't end there. How many times a day do we have to check our spiritual blood pressure?

Christ teaches us how to give more, not how to get more; how to suffer, not how to escape.

Me-ism is eloquently summarized in a television commercial featuring Billie Jean King, who is advertising a brand of vitamins. She could as well be promoting some of the current brands of evangelicalism when she concludes her endorsement: "... because you can never do enough for yourself."

Then there's Chester Bitterman, the Wycliffe translator taken hostage in Colombia and murdered when his organization would not pay ransom for his release. Bernie May, Wycliffe's U.S. director, soliciting prayer for Chester shortly before his body was found, wrote: "Chet knew when he joined Wycliffe that it was risky business. But following Christ is always that—for all of us. It is mandatory as we move from Gethsemane toward Calvary that we know who we are and where we stand when the torches light the garden at midnight."

When we can say, "*Use me, Lord—use even me,*" that's a me-generation worth belonging to.

President, World Vision International

This label is to be used on the enclosed envelope.

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 14,000 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 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 \$_____ 1001-H51-101

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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