

# WORLD VISION®

August/September 1988

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IN BROKENNESS**



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*Terry Madison*

JUDY WALKER



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# RESTORATION— MORE THAN A WITHERED HAND

**W**hen the Vietnam War Memorial was dedicated in 1982, it brought a wave of emotional memories to many Americans. And in the years since, visitors in endless lines have lovingly run their hands over the names of loved ones etched in that long black marble monument.

It was five years before I could bring myself to visit the Wall. I had served in Vietnam 20 years before, and I still had an aching place in my heart for the dead and missing men who had been my close friends. So you can imagine the emotions that ran rampant in me as I returned to that tragic land a few weeks ago.

Last issue I wrote about those emotions, and briefly mentioned the reconciliation process we are initiating with the Vietnamese. From senators like John McCain, a former POW, and Mark Hatfield, there have been encouraging words for what we are doing. And Christian aid agencies are working alongside us to formulate plans to meet the needs of the Vietnamese people.

The government of Vietnam has asked World Vision and other agencies to provide materials and equipment for artificial limbs for the 60,000 people disabled by the war.

As I traveled I read again the story of Jesus restoring the withered hand of a man in the synagogue. He told the man to stretch out his hand, "and it was *restored to normal*, like the other." (It was on the Sabbath, and it made the Pharisees furious.) In his compassion he illustrated the true meaning of restoration—making something new from something old, recreating the original.

The greatest example of restoration began at Calvary. The sacrifice of Jesus Christ on the cross not only reconciled us as sinners to a holy God, but started the process of restoration, of making all things new. The ultimate restoration will be completed within the power and the glory of the kingdom of our coming Lord.

Heavenly thoughts such as these, however, often give way to earthly realities. Restoration is not an easy process. On a human level we have major hurdles to overcome. For many Americans the war in Vietnam goes on. At the Wall, men in old military fatigues weep unashamedly for something they cannot articulate. I feel it with my

friends who are listed with crosses next to their names, signifying that they are still missing in action, symbols of a war without closure.

In Vietnam I watched the faces of young Amerasians as they looked at me and wondered about their American fathers. I heard the anger of a former South Vietnam officer who spent eight years in a "re-education" camp. He was systematically starved, worked, and humiliated to the point of death. And in North Vietnam I felt the despair of those who had won the war but lost the peace.

Now I believe we must continue reconciliation through ongoing acts of restoration. Most of us will need to transcend a considerable amount of pain. Yet it must be done.

Christ didn't worry about whom he offended when he restored the withered hand. He didn't wait for a "better time." Restoration carries its own sense of urgency. It takes place at the first opportunity. As Christians we need to take the lead in reconciliation and restoration. For restoration brings dignity and normality to that which was old. And it allows God to do a new work in each of us.

A man with a withered hand was used by Jesus to illustrate his desire to restore the old and make something new. In this issue, noted author Henri Nouwen tells a touching story about Adam,

Bob Seiple visits the Polio Center, Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam.



TERRY MADISON/WORLD VISION PHOTO

a severely handicapped man whose life has brought much spiritual restoration to his friends. It is to Adam, who reminds us of our need to be reconciled to the Maker, and the handicapped in Vietnam and elsewhere, who remind us that continual acts of restoration bring credibility to reconciliation, that this issue is dedicated. □

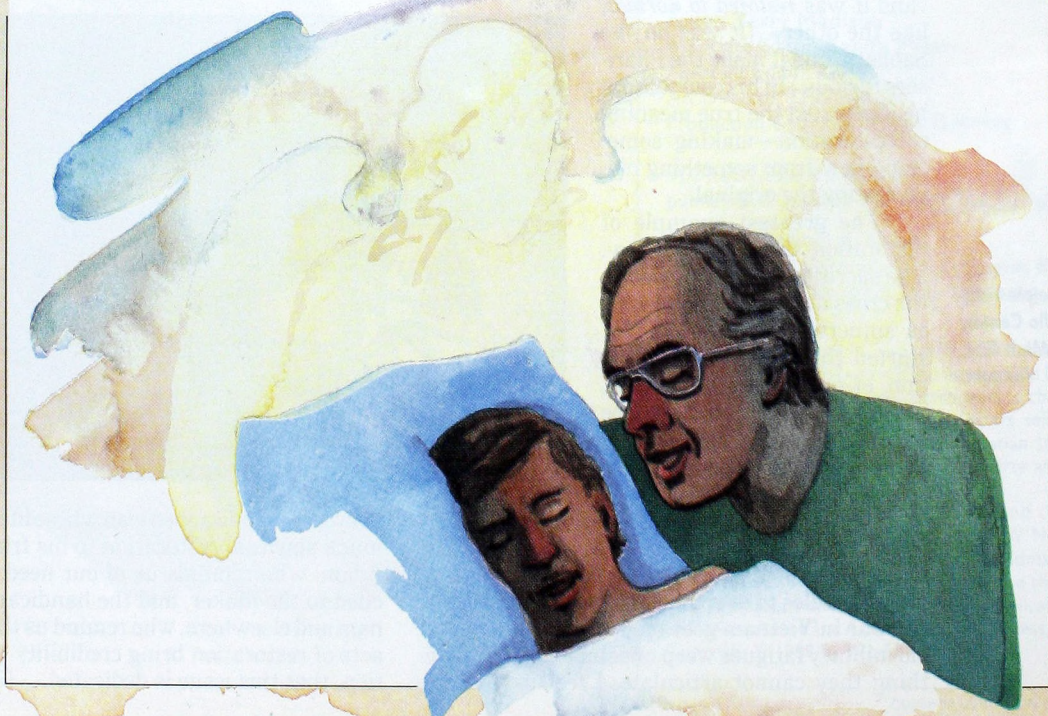


BY HENRI NOUWEN

**I**n the middle of this decade I moved from Harvard to Daybreak—from an institution for very bright people to a community for mentally handicapped ones.

Daybreak, situated near Toronto, is part of an international federation of communities called l'Arche—the Ark—where mentally handicapped men and women and their assistants try to live

# ADAM'S PEACE



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JUDY WALKER



together in the spirit of the beatitudes of Jesus.

I live in a house with six handicapped people and four assistants. We live together as a family. None of the assistants is specially trained to work with people with a mental handicap, but we receive all the help we need from nearby professionals.

When there are no special crises we live just as a family, gradually forgetting who is handicapped and who is not. All have their gifts, all have their struggles. We eat together, play together, pray together and go out together. We all have our own preferences in terms of work, food and movies, and we all have our problems getting along with someone in the house, whether handicapped or not. We laugh a lot. We cry a lot too. Sometimes both at the same time. That is l'Arche, that is Daybreak, that is the family of ten I live with day in and day out.

**W**hen asked to return to Harvard to speak about peace, I suddenly realized that speaking about peace from this tiny family is not like speaking about peace as a professor. I need a new perspective and a new sensibility, a new language. It is not easy. It is even quite painful. I feel so vulnerable and so naked. But I will tell you the story of Adam, one of the ten people in our home, and let him become the silent witness for the peace that is not of this world.

Adam is the weakest person in our family. He is a 25-year-old man who cannot speak, cannot dress or undress himself, cannot walk alone, cannot eat without much help. He does not cry or laugh. Only occasionally does he make eye contact. His back is distorted. His arm and leg movements are twisted. He suffers from severe epilepsy and, despite heavy medication, sees few days without grand-mal seizures. Sometimes, as he grows suddenly rigid, he utters a howling groan. On a few occasions I've seen one big tear roll down his cheek.

It takes me about an hour and a half to wake Adam up, give him his medication, carry him into his bath, wash him, shave him, clean his teeth, dress him, walk him to the kitchen, give him his breakfast, put him in his wheelchair and bring him to the place where he spends most of the day with therapeutic exercises.

I tell you this not to give you a nursing report, but to share with you something quite intimate. After a month of working this way with Adam, something happened to me. This deeply handicapped young man, who is considered by many outsiders a vegetable, a distortion of humanity, a

useless animal-like creature who shouldn't have been born, started to become my dearest companion.

As my fears gradually lessened, a love emerged in me so full of tender affection that most of my other tasks seemed boring and superficial compared with the hours spent with Adam. Out of his broken body and broken mind emerged a most beautiful human being offering me a greater gift than I would ever offer him: Somehow Adam revealed to me who he is, and who I am, and how we can love each other.

When I carried him into his bath, made big waves to let the water run fast around his chest and neck, rubbed noses with him and told him all sorts of stories about him and me, I knew that two friends were communicating far beyond the realm of thought or emotion. Deep speaks to deep, spirit speaks to spirit, heart speaks to heart. I started to

realize that ours was a mutual love based not on shared knowledge or shared feelings, but on shared humanity. The longer I stayed with Adam the more clearly I saw him as my gentle teacher, teaching me what no book, school or professor could ever teach me.

The gift of peace hidden in Adam's utter weakness is a gift not of this world, but certainly for this world. For this gift to become known, someone has to lift it up and pass it on. That may be the deepest meaning of being an assistant to handicapped people: helping them to share their gifts.

Adam's peace is first of all a peace rooted in being. Being is more important than doing. How simple a truth, but how hard to live.

**A**dam can do nothing. He is completely dependent on others. His gift is purely being with us. Every evening when I run home to take care of Adam—to help him with his supper and put him to bed—I realize that the best thing I can do for him is to be with him. And indeed, that is the great joy: paying total attention to his breathing, his eating, his careful steps; noticing how he tries to lift a spoon to his mouth or offers his left arm a little to make it easier for me to take off his shirt.

Most of my life has been built around the idea that my value depends on what I do. I made it through school. I earned my degrees and awards and I made my career. Yes, with many others, I fought my way up to a little success, a little popularity and a little power. But as I sit beside the slow and heavy-breathing Adam, I start to see how violent that journey was. So marked by rivalry and competition, so pervaded with compulsion and obsession, so spotted with moments of suspicion,

*Adam,  
the weakest  
among us,  
is our true  
peacemaker.*



jealousy, resentment and revenge.

Oh sure, most of what I did was called ministry, the ministry of justice and peace, the ministry of forgiveness and reconciliation, the ministry of healing and wholeness. But when those who want peace are as interested in success, popularity and power as those who want war, what then is the real difference between war and peace? When the peace is as much of this world as the war is, the choice is between a war which we euphemistically call pacification and a peace in which the peacemakers violate each other's deepest values.

Adam says to me: Peace is first of all the art of being. I know he is right because, after four months of being a little with Adam, I am discovering in myself the beginning of an inner at-homeness that I didn't know before.

**W**hen I cover him with his sheets and blankets, turn out the lights and pray with Adam, he is always very quiet. It's as if he knows my praying voice from my speaking voice. I whisper in his ear: "May all the angels protect you," and often he looks up to me from his pillow and seems to know what I am saying.

Ever since I've been praying with Adam I've known better than before that praying is being with Jesus, simply "wasting time" with him. Adam keeps teaching me that.

Adam's peace is not only a peace rooted in being, but also a peace rooted in the heart. Somehow through the centuries we have come to believe that what makes us human is our mind. Many people define a human being as a rational animal. But Adam keeps telling me over and over again that what makes us human is not our mind but our heart, not our ability to think but our ability to love. Whoever speaks about Adam as a vegetable or an animal-like creature misses the sacred mystery that Adam is fully capable of receiving and giving love. He is not half human, not nearly human, but fully, completely human because he is all heart and it is the heart that is made in the likeness of God.

Let me quickly add that by "heart" I do not mean the seat of human emotions, in contrast to the mind as the seat of human thought. No, by "heart" I mean the center of our being, where God has hidden the divine gifts of trust, hope and love. Whereas the mind tries to understand, grasp problems, discern different aspects of reality and probe mysteries, the heart allows us to become sons and daughters of God and brothers and sisters of

each other. Long before the mind is able to exercise its power, the heart is already able to develop a trusting human relationship.

When I say that I believe deeply that Adam can give and receive love and that there is a true mutuality between us, I make no naive psychological statement overlooking his severe handicaps; I speak of a love between us that transcends all thoughts and feelings, precisely because it is rooted in God's first love, a love that precedes all human loves. The mystery of Adam is that in his deep mental and emotional brokenness he has become so empty of all human pride that he has become the preferable mediator of that first love. Maybe this will help you see why Adam is giving me a whole new understanding of God's love for the poor and the oppressed.

The peace that flows from Adam's broken heart is not of this world. It is not the result of political analysis, roundtable debates, discernment of the signs of the times or well advised strategies. All these activities of the mind have their role in peacemaking. But they are all easily perverted to a new way of warmaking if they are not in the service of the divine peace that flows from the broken heart of those who are called the poor in spirit.

Adam's peace, while rooted more in being than in doing, and more in the heart than in the mind, is a peace that calls forth community. At l'Arche the people hold us together as a family; in fact, the most handicapped people are the true center of gravity. Adam in his total vulnerability calls us together as a family.

The weakest members are not the handicapped residents but the assistants. Our commitments are ambiguous at best. Some stay longer than others, but most move on after one or two years. Closer to the center are Raymond, Bill, John and Trevor, each of whom is relatively independent, but still in need of much help and attention.





They are permanent family members; they are with us for life; they keep us honest. Because of them, conflicts never last very long, tensions are talked out, disagreements are resolved. But in the heart of our community are Rose and Adam, both deeply handicapped, and the weaker of the two is Adam. Adam, the most broken of us all, is without any doubt the strongest bond among us.

Because of Adam there is always someone home. Because of Adam there is a quiet rhythm in the house. Because of Adam there are words of affection, gentleness and tenderness. Because of Adam there is always space for mutual forgiveness and healing. Adam, the weakest among us, is our true peacemaker. How mysterious are God's ways!

Most of my adult life I have tried to show the world that I could do it on my own, that I needed others only to get me back on my lonely road as a strong, independent, creative man. And most of my fellow intellectuals joined me in that desire. But all of us highly trained individuals today are facing a world on the brink of total destruction. Now we wonder how we might join forces to make peace!

**W**hat kind of peace can this possibly be? Who can paint a group portrait of people who all want the center seat? When all want the honor of being the final peacemaker, there will be no peace.

Adam needs many people, none of whom can boast of any success. Adam will never be better. Medically, he will only grow worse. Each person who works with him does only a little bit. My part in his life is very small. Some cook for him, some do his laundry, some give him massages, some let him listen to music or take him for a walk or a swim or a ride. Others look after his blood pressure, regulate his medicine, look after his teeth. Even with all this assistance Adam often slips into total exhaustion. Yet a community of peace has emerged around him, a peace community not just for Adam, but for all who belong to Adam's race. It's a community that proclaims that God has chosen to reveal his glory in complete weakness and vulnerability.

I've told you about Adam and about his peace. But you're not part of l'Arche, you don't live at Daybreak, you're not a member of Adam's family. Like me, however, you search for peace in your heart, in your family and in your world.

I've told you about Adam and his peace to offer you a quiet guide with a gentle heart, a little light for walking through this dark world. In Adam's name, therefore, I say to you: Do not give up work-

ing for peace. But remember that the peace you seek is not of this world. Don't be distracted by the great noises of war, the dramatic descriptions of misery, the sensational exploitation of cruelty. Newspapers, movies and war novels may numb you, but they do not create a true desire for peace. They mostly create feelings of shame, guilt and powerlessness—the worst motives for peace work.

Keep your eyes on the one who refuses to turn stones into bread, jump from great heights or rule with great temporal power. Keep your eyes on the one who says, "Blessed are the poor, the gentle, those who mourn and those who hunger and thirst for righteousness; blessed are the merciful, the pure of heart, the peacemakers and those who are persecuted in the cause of uprightness." Keep your eyes on the one who touches the lame and the blind, the one who speaks forgiveness and encouragement, the one who dies alone. Keep your eyes on the one who is poor with the poor, weak with the weak and rejected with the rejected. That one is the source of all peace.

*Keep your  
eyes on the one  
who is poor  
with the poor,  
weak with  
the weak.*

**A**s long as we think and live as if there is no peace and that it all depends on ourselves to make it come about, we are on the road to self-destruction. But when we trust that the God of love has already given the peace we are searching for, we will see this peace poking through the broken soil of our human condition and we will be

able to let it grow fast, even to heal the economic and political maladies of our time.

An old Hassidic tale summarizes much of what I have tried to say.

The Rabbi asks his students, "How can we determine the hour of dawn, when the night ends and the day begins?"

One student suggests, "When, from a distance, you can distinguish between a dog and a sheep?"

"No," the Rabbi answers.

"Is it when you can distinguish between a fig tree and a grapevine?" asks a second student.

"No," the Rabbi says.

"Please tell us the answer, then," say the students.

"It is," says the wise teacher, "when you have enough light to look human beings in the face and recognize them as your brothers and sisters. Until then the darkness is still with us."

Let us pray for that light. It is the peace that the world cannot give. □

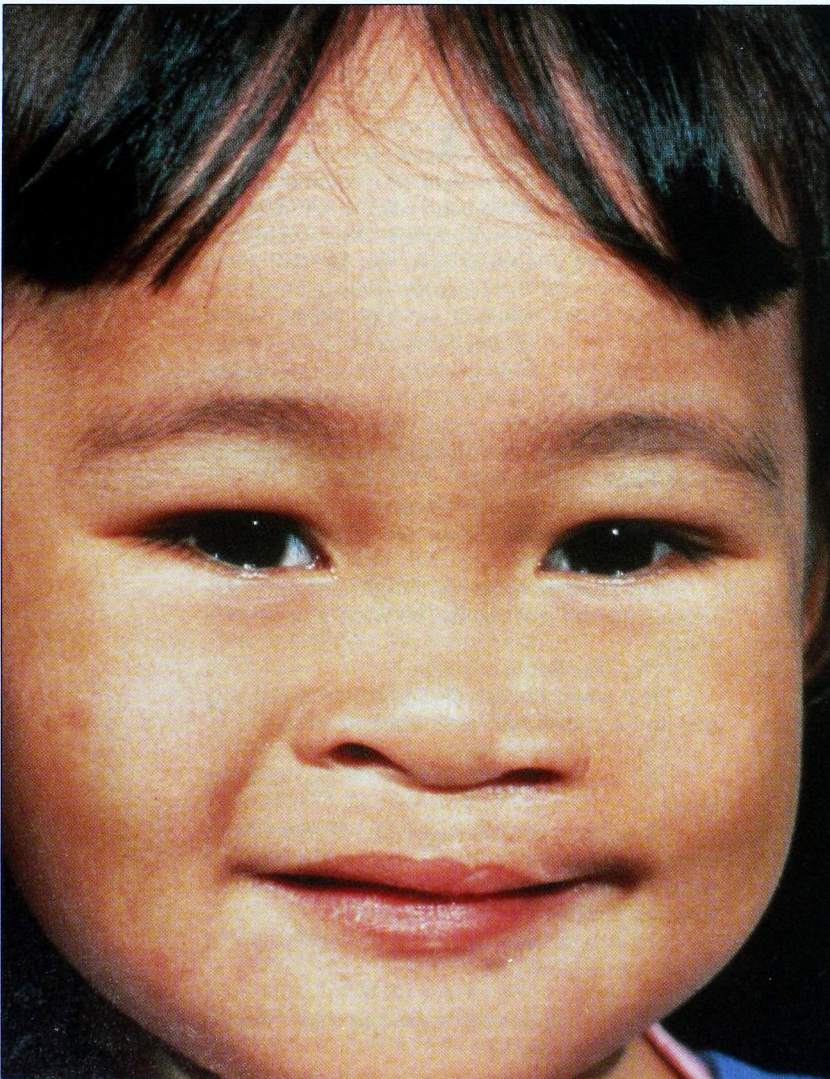
*Henri Nouwen is an author, educator and ordained Roman Catholic priest.*



BY RANDY MILLER

# MENDING SMILES

*Their scalpels and sutures repair the external smiles; their compassion puts a smile in the heart.*



OPERATION SMILE

When I first saw Fremmalyn in California, I was repulsed. Her face is shocking—split up the middle since birth, from her upper lip through her nose and into the bridge between her eyes. Fremmalyn, too young to realize her handicap, is 2 years old.

I saw her again a few weeks later in Virginia Beach, Va., at a potluck dinner in the home of Father Leo Manalo. Thirty or 40 people, mostly Filipinos, were packed into his modest home, filling his kitchen and family room with laughter and music and the smell of good food. And there was Fremmalyn, dodging legs and racing around the coffee table.

I talked with her mother for a while, using gestures and simple phrases, since we had a language barrier. Fremmalyn came and sat in her lap. The more I watched her, the less I noticed her deformity, and the more I became taken by her smile and her joyful spirit. She was playful, a ham in front of the camera. When my shutter clicked and the flash lit the room, she would look my way and clap or smile. Yes, definitely a smile, a window to her effervescent spirit which became more evident by the minute. By the end of the evening I had nearly forgotten about her affliction—and was homesick for my own daughter.

Fremmalyn is one of the few patients brought to the United States from her home in the Philippines for extensive surgical work by Norfolk-based Operation Smile. This small but rapidly growing group of plastic surgeons and other health care experts volunteer

*In 1987, Roxanne Martinez (left) had plenty to smile about. (Below) Roxanne, before her 1986 surgery in the Philippines.*



OPERATION SMILE





Two-year-old Fremmalyn, just a few weeks away from her first facial surgery, charms Operation Smile co-founder Kathy Magee.

their time and talent to treat disfigured patients. Most would likely remain disfigured for life without their help. After patients like Fremmalyn receive treatment here—several surgeries over many months—they return home.

The handful of patients brought to the States are the exceptions. Nearly all of the 2260 cleft lip and palate cases Operation Smile physicians have treated over the last six years have been scalped and sutured on their home turf.

This has occurred primarily in the Philippines, although last year teams set up shop in Liberia and Kenya, and this June began work in Colombia. If founders Bill and Kathy Magee had their way, their teams would soon be in every country of the world.

**T**he seed for Operation Smile was planted 35,000 feet over the Pacific Ocean in 1981. Bill, a plastic surgeon, and Kathy, a nurse and clinical social worker, were flying home from a whirlwind surgical visit to Naga, the Philippines, where they had worked with a team of plastic surgeons from Houston. As a result of their efforts, more than one hundred children would live dramatically improved lives, no longer sheltered by embarrassed families or shunned by playmates. But, wonderful as the work was, the Houston doctors had no plans for returning to Naga.

"We saw about 250 children turned away," says Bill, relaxing at home over a 9 p.m. dinner after a long day in surgery. "Before we left, the hospital administrator said to us, 'Someday, even if it's five or ten years from now,

please come back, because these kids will still be here needing surgeries.'"

One year later, they did go back, bringing a team of 20 doctors and other health care experts, and treating 150 cases. Again, another 250 kids were turned away. They knew they had to expand their efforts. They were also beginning to realize that expanding their efforts would mean more than just additional plastic surgeons in the operating room.

For unknown reasons, the incidence of cleft lip and palate is three times higher in the Philippines than the United States. With no government health program to cover the costs of treating such cases, thousands of children are condemned to live with their condition for a lifetime. On their next trip, the Magees added a geneticist.

"We noticed that a lot of these kids were pretty malnourished—most of them eating only one meal a day—so we added a nutritionist," says Bill.

"Then we wondered, 'How can we repair their palates if we don't teach them how to speak again?' So we brought along speech pathologists. And really, in order to be safe and address other needs that we see, we ought to bring along a pediatrician. The oral hygiene is horrible, so we ought to have a dentist along. And so the teams just started to grow."

By February this year, the team that went to the Philippines had grown to 128, only 20 of whom were plastic surgeons. In six days they treated 550

*Some were told to return next year. For others, there was simply no hope at all.*

## KIDS HELPING KIDS

"It's amazing how much ice cream kids eat in a week," remarks Charles Bolton, assistant superintendent for the Chesapeake (Va.) School System. He was actually referring to the amount of ice cream one group of elementary school students did *not* eat one week, diverting their dessert money instead toward the work of Operation Smile, and coming up

with \$1400. Garage sales, car washes, dances and bake sales held by students in the Chesapeake system and beyond have generated thousands of dollars in recent years. High schoolers in Virginia Beach created "Happy Clubs" a few years ago, and the idea has caught on in schools throughout the area. Several students have traveled to the Philippines and worked with the teams, scrubbing for surgery, performing educational skits, or involving young patients in play therapy to orient them to the strange and often fearful process they are about to undergo.

But involving children in the program goes beyond just fund rais-



"Play therapy is especially helpful for kids like these who've never seen a doctor," says Ramona Garcia (center), seated here with 'Happy Club' assistants.

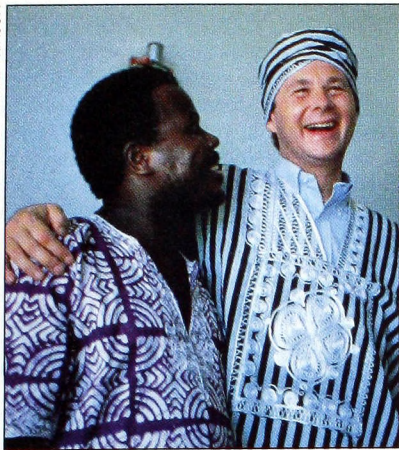
ing—or even an occasional overseas trip.

Charles Bolton beams like a proud father when he talks about the impact a little awareness of needs overseas is having on children in his school district.

"I think it's healthy for our children to realize that there are children out there who are not properly cared for, who have no medical care, or can't go to school, or don't have a box of crayons. And to realize that one of our responsibilities is to help people who are in need.

"Children helping other children is the key. Helping our children realize how fortunate they are, and that their world is not like the rest of the world." □





"When they gave us typical Liberian clothes at the end of our visit, it was an honor to put them on," says Dr. Bill Magee, here embracing a JFK Hospital staff member.

cases, screened more than a thousand, started an immunization program, made obturators (plastic mouth plates)—temporary help for cleft palate cases—and extracted 400 teeth.

Still, hundreds had to be turned away. Some were told to return next year. For others, there was simply no hope.

Delivering that news had been the job of DeLois Greenwood, former public affairs coordinator for Operation Smile. She told me about it as we wound our way through Virginia Beach on our way to the potluck.

"When I had to tell people they couldn't be helped. . . ." Tears filled her eyes. "This happens every time I talk about this," she said, wiping her eyes. "Father Manalo helped me out. Even though it was terrible news for these people, he had a way of telling them that helped ease the pain."

**F**ather Manalo serves as something of a spiritual advisor and figurehead for the sizable group of Filipinos in the Norfolk/Virginia Beach area who, in the last several years, have rallied to support Operation Smile. In addition to raising thousands of dollars, many of them have opened their homes to state-side patients—like Fremmalyn and her mother—providing just-like-home food, language and culture to help ease the transition from the rural Philippines to the urban United States.

But support for Operation Smile at home goes well beyond the Filipino community.

Several schools in the greater Norfolk/Tidewater area are using Operation Smile videotapes for subjects ranging from dental health and oral hygiene to geography and African culture. And

five area superintendents have promised that if Operation Smile can drum up a curriculum guide, every student in their districts will learn about the organization.

Beyond the schools, local city governments—and the state of Virginia, itself—have officially recognized the efforts of Operation Smile. For two years running, the second week in January has been proclaimed "Smile Week" by Governor Gerald Baliles. It's a week in which volunteer efforts in general are bathed in praise. But it was Operation Smile team members who got the ball rolling.

Putting whole smiles back on faces ravaged by cleft lips and palates—or even by tumors or burns—is the obvious goal of Operation Smile. But another not-so-hidden agenda is part of every trip.

Attorney Jeff Breit, who chairs the board of Operation Smile, met Bill Magee in 1980 and they have been fast friends ever since.

*Christ made the lame walk and the blind see. Then he began to preach."*

"I am not a physician," Jeff says. "I don't have the ability to change people's faces. I hate the sight of blood! But I can help to change people's attitudes toward Americans. Many people overseas picture people in the U.S. as so-called 'ugly Americans,' who show up with money and guns and bully people around.

"When we go to a country, we try to work hand-in-hand with the local physicians, so that they don't feel like we're just these Americans coming in, saying, 'Hey, move aside. We're going to perform some miracle work, and then we're going to leave in a few days. Thanks a lot. Gotta go.' That's why I'm involved."

Bill Magee takes that thought a step further.

"The power of Operation Smile doesn't lie just in changing the face of a

child. Our purpose is also to use the trust and the relationship that's developed through the healing of that child's face so that we can help break down barriers around the world.

"That may sound farfetched, but look at Christ's teachings and style. He made the lame walk and the blind see. He built trust. After he had created that sense of trust, he began to preach. So we go in and help these children and build up trust. And there's no shortcut to that."

Fremmalyn had no problem trusting even the white "foreigners" at Father Manalo's potluck as she darted from her mother's arms to Kathy Magee's lap for a hug and a smile.

"We give our time and our talent," Bill says, "and they give us their smiles, their appreciation, a trinket, a basket of bananas. That's all they have.

"When you start to tell somebody about it, tears well up in your eyes because someone gave you a basket of bananas. I can't explain that but it happens. Why don't tears well up in my eyes when someone gives me a couple thousand dollars for an operation?"

Fremmalyn, and hundreds of children like her in the Philippines, Liberia, Kenya and Colombia, will have a chance to live normal lives because of the sacrificial giving of Bill and Kathy and DeLois and Jeff and others.

"It doesn't feel like a sacrifice," says Kathy. "We give because we want to. It's a 'win' for everyone." □

*Write to Operation Smile at 400 W. Brambleton Ave., Group W, Norfolk, VA 23510 for further information.*

Kathy and Bill Magee





*It is not enough to come to some theoretical sense of reconciliation. Tangible barriers and measurable distances must be crossed.*

**T**alk may be cheap, but some words are actually very expensive.

“Reconciliation” is one of those pleasant and useful words which always seemed to express so nicely what the Bible taught about healing broken relation-

ships. But in the South African township of Mamelodi, where the sound of houses being bombed in the night shattered my sleep, I began to learn how

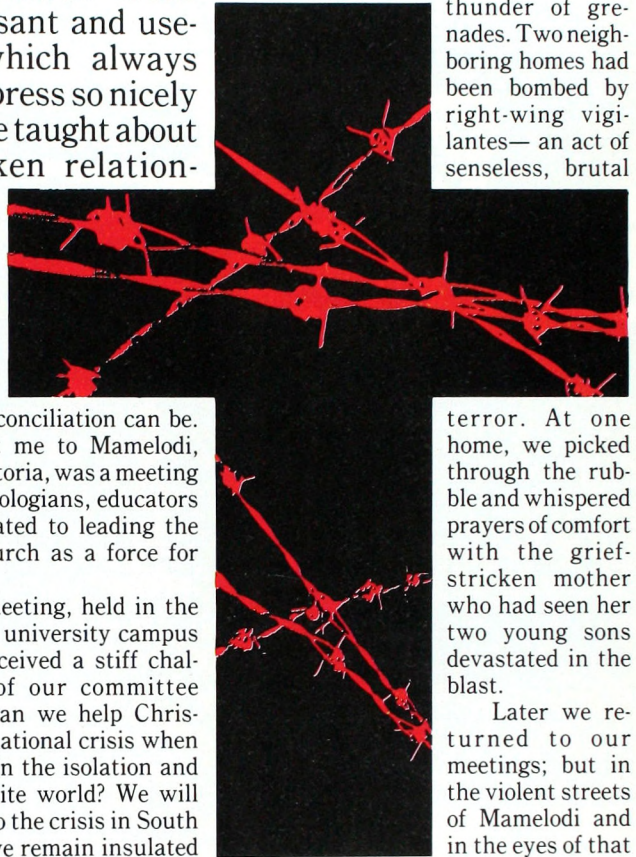
costly the word reconciliation can be. What brought me to Mamelodi, located outside Pretoria, was a meeting with Christian theologians, educators and pastors dedicated to leading the South African church as a force for reconciliation.

At our first meeting, held in the plush comfort of a university campus in Pretoria, we received a stiff challenge from one of our committee members: “How can we help Christians address the national crisis when we meet together in the isolation and comfort of the white world? We will never be relevant to the crisis in South Africa as long as we remain insulated

from township realities.”

So our next meetings were held in Mamelodi, with accommodations in the matchbox homes of local residents. In the dark stillness of the first night, we were suddenly shaken by the piercing

thunder of grenades. Two neighboring homes had been bombed by right-wing vigilantes— an act of senseless, brutal



terror. At one home, we picked through the rubble and whispered prayers of comfort with the grief-stricken mother who had seen her two young sons devastated in the blast.

Later we returned to our meetings; but in the violent streets of Mamelodi and in the eyes of that

*Reconciliation in South Africa*

**THE  
HIGH  
COST OF  
LIVING  
IT**



weeping mother, our committee began to see how painful and costly the word reconciliation can be.

# 1

The first costly demand of reconciliation is that white Christians begin to *identify with the suffering* of their black neighbors. The wounds of South Africa are so profound that whites and blacks cannot even begin to talk to each other until they have begun to weep together. Repeatedly I saw misunderstanding and disunity begin to crumble when whites made the unsettling journey into the black world. Whites and blacks began to talk about the same things when they began to share the same reality. The distrust of blacks melted away as whites proved their love by enduring the risks of township life. Ignorance and apathy vanished when whites were awakened by the same bombs as blacks. Responsible concern replaced irrational fears when whites exchanged propaganda and myth for firsthand experiences.

# 2

Secondly, Christians have rediscovered the old biblical principle that *there can be no reconciliation without repentance*. In the same way that we can only be reconciled to God if we take seriously the sins which have alienated us from God, Christians in South Africa cannot find peace until they are honest about the sins which have separated them. I found that nothing meaningful was ever accomplished in the attempt to reconcile blacks and whites without sincere repentance. On the other hand, there seemed to be no limit to the mountains of bitterness and suspicion which could be overcome by sincere expressions of contrition.

Moreover, while reconciliation often requires repentance from both parties, it is important to note that there are times when the source of enmity has mainly come clearly from one side. Under these circumstances reconciliation is not achieved by mediating differences, but by confronting the party at fault. In a marriage divided by a husband's abuse of his wife, reconciliation is possible only when the husband takes responsibility for his actions. The wife may forgive

him, but the relationship will not be restored until he has repented.

For the most part this is also the case in South Africa. The divisions and enmities which exist between blacks and whites in South Africa are primarily the result of the sins of the ruling white minority. This has been a painful but necessary realization for white South Africans.

# 3

The third costly demand of reconciliation is the principle that *there can be no reconciliation from a distance*. White and black Christians in South Africa cannot love and serve one another as long as they remain imprisoned in their respective ghettos. There must be an intimate sharing of experiences and burdens in order for enemies to become friends. Certainly this is the reconciliation which Jesus demonstrated. In order to be reconciled with us, he left the comfort, joy and immortality of heaven to experience our pain, sadness and death.

Christ demonstrated that it is not enough to come to some theoretical sense of reconciliation. Tangible barriers and measurable distances must be crossed.

# 4

Fourthly, *reconciliation requires restitution*. There must be an effort to repair the damage. In South Africa, white Christians are beginning to realize that it is not enough to simply acknowledge the decades of sin they have committed against their black brothers and sisters; they must go one step further and actually begin to repair the damage. This means restoring the basic rights and privileges that they have denied to others. It means restoring dignity and respect to economic, social and political relationships. It means restoring the fellowship of Christian unity to churches divided by race.

All of this brings us to the conclusion that *reconciliation is costly*. This is a surprising and painful discovery for many Christians. At first, reconciliation sounded like a pleasant experience—holding hands and singing songs of unity. But they are now beginning to discover its demands.

## Do We Really See?

**J**ohn Allwood, director of World Vision of Southern Africa, tells a story about an office employee whose performance was faltering. The worker frequently arrived at the office late and tired, and continually made mistakes while working.

One morning John felt he couldn't put it off any longer. He had to tell her that if her performance did not improve, she would have to be dismissed.

He began with a friendly query about her morning trip to the office.

Her reply was heavy with emotion. "I can't concentrate today, because the smell of a burning body is still in my nostrils."

Every morning she had to walk through the troubled streets of Soweto before catching a train for the two-hour ride to the office. That

morning she had been forced to walk past the burning body of a man who had been lynched the night before.

As John listened to the employee's terrible experience, he thought about his own tranquil morning, with a shower, a glass of orange juice and a five-minute drive to the office.

Reconciliation is a humbling process. Before it can happen, people's experiences need to be fully understood—their pain, anger, fear, guilt, grief and loss.

Do we really see the other person? Do we listen attentively enough to uncover our own assumptions and prejudices, so that we can move on to be reconciled? □

*Dianne Steinkraus is World Vision's project manager for creative services.*



In the pursuit of peace, white Christians will sit through hours of bruising confrontation as their black brothers and sisters begin to pull back the veil on the hideous crimes of apartheid. Black Christians will place their credibility and safety on the line when they are seen meeting with whites. White ministers and lay leaders will find themselves called traitors and communists if they speak up against injustice. White Christians will face the frightening reality that social justice will mean an end to their comfortable monopoly on power and privilege. And, as we discovered in Mamelodi, the process of reconciliation may mean putting their lives at risk in the midst of South Africa's burning townships.

Fear will always whisper that the price of reconciliation is just too high. But will the Christian church in South Africa find the courage and strength to pay the high price of reconciliation now, or the higher price of civil war later?

As South African Christians face the crucible of justice and reconciliation, they rely on every believer around the world to uphold them in passionate prayer. □

*Gary Haugen is an author and former missionary to South Africa, where he worked with the National Initiative for Reconciliation.*

*The wounds of South Africa are so profound that whites and blacks cannot even begin to talk together until they have begun to weep together.*



# YOUNG AND BLACK IN SOWETO

**T**he restless, troubled South African township of Soweto is Caesar Molebatsi's hometown. He was born there and came up through its public school system. He returned there, after study abroad, to lead the very youth ministry which nursed him through the bitter, painful pilgrimage of his own youth.

Molebatsi talked recently with Tom Getman, World Vision's director of government relations, about the much-publicized turmoil in his hometown, about its angry and impatient young population and about the leavening presence of Youth Alive Ministries in Soweto.



**You've characterized your youth as bitterly anti-white. Why?**

My father was a teacher. He prided himself in developing in us the three-



pronged emphasis of African nationalism: economic self-reliance, political liberation and cultural emancipation. So from the beginning I felt compelled to fight not for equality, but for my right to be what God intended me to be. As my father sometimes said, "Don't get stuck on equality. Maybe God intended you to be greater."

I developed a strong anti-white feeling when I was young, because I was beaten by whites for having addressed them in a manner "unfitting for people in their station."

But even more crushing was a car accident in which I lost a leg, back in 1964. My case was casually dismissed out of court: "You blacks are all the same—you want more money from whites." That made me tremendously bitter, not only against the white people but against God himself. I felt God had forgotten us.

*If you do what the enemy does then you too are the enemy.*

**What changed your mind about God? What was the turning point?**

Through a personal struggle that lasted about two years, I came to a deeper understanding of who God is. I really believe that when people ask difficult questions about God, even when they ask out of deeply disturbing circumstances, they will get much nearer to God.

I read the Bible for 18 months non-stop before I became a Christian or even wanted to be identified with the Bible.

At the same time I was reading black history, coming to understand my own identity as a black person and as an African. And it was difficult for me to reconcile that with what I read in the Bible about justice. I couldn't understand how white people could be saved and still be racist and unjust. Either white people aren't really saved, I thought, or salvation is meaningless.

There were also some heavy teachings in the Bible that I was not ready to accept, like how you are to treat your enemies. I said, "That is not possible. You can't ask anyone to do that." But I came to understand that if you do what the enemy does, then you too are the enemy.

During this deep spiritual pilgrimage several Youth Alive counselors spent time with me day after day. This was one of the greatest things that happened to me. Each young person needs individual attention, just as I received. This can involve Bible study. It can mean simply listening—allowing or helping young people to articulate what they have been through.

**Many consider the youth of South Africa to be increasingly "militant" and "radicalized." Do you find this to be true?**

Yes. There are those who are already irrational in their radicalism, who are sick and tired of talking about liberation. They just want to get it over and done with. Then there are those who are very active in the trade union movement. They feel that some of the senior leadership within the black community is derailing, or at least slowing, the train of liberation. Of course, the cost of this radicalization is more severe government reaction.

Every kid who goes into prison for detention comes out angry. A very few come out totally broken, because of beatings and solitary confinement. I'm not talking about these. I'm talking about the ones who, while they were in prison, had time to think about the way



To enforce the demolishing of "illegal" shacks in Soweto, police used dogs and tear gas.

the government treats blacks. Those kids tend to be much more radical afterwards.

**How old are these kids?**

We're talking about teenagers, and also young adults. Consider that these young adults would ordinarily be starting jobs, and would therefore be much more hesitant to join radical causes that might disrupt their economic life. This was the case in the late 1970s, even after the riots; today we're finding this age group as radical as the younger ones. It is frightening.

*Without a Trace*

**I** find Americans are naive when it comes to statistics about South Africa. Let me give you an example.

The American people read that 1000 black men were arrested last year. In America it means every one of those men got their one phone call. We don't have that in South Africa. If I am arrested for a traffic offense, go to court and am charged, I must have enough money to pay on the spot. Otherwise I will be sent to serve a three-month sentence.

On a short sentence like that I will be sold to a farmer. My wife could look all over the country without a clue as to where I am. She will go to every mortuary, every police station in Soweto, in Johannesburg, until she gets to the actual police station or court where I was tried. By that time if I am already

sold, there is nothing she can do to buy me back. The farmer will take me anywhere he pleases.

If I am taken away for three months I will lose my job. My wife will probably spend two weeks looking for me, and thus lose her job. By this time the kids are looking, and the whole family has gone to pieces.

This almost happened to me once. Now every time I am a little late my wife panics, because it has happened—people have just disappeared.

These things are inconceivable in the mind of an American. What you won't find in the "Race Relations Report" is the actual toll on humans that statistics represent. □

*Caesar Molebatsi,  
reprinted with permission from  
Cornerstone*



## More Irons in the Fire

### What's pushing them toward radicalism?

When you go through a tragedy, one of two things happens. You either become a stronger person or you lose all self-respect. You do find those who are brutalized to the point of despair, but you find an incredible number who become radical because of what they have seen—what the police have done in the name of the government.

This has affected kids and their parents. When it affects people (like ministers) who would not normally be involved, you really see the seriousness of the situation.

### Do you think the increasing radicalization helps or hinders liberation?

It can go either way. The more radical people become, the more those people who were previously apolitical and uninvolved become aware of the problems. In this sense radicalization has a positive effect.

Where it has had a negative effect is where the struggle has become self-defeating, where ideological differences have cost people's lives.

In 1976 ours was a simple, united struggle against a clearly defined enemy. But eventually you look beyond the common enemy and begin to develop your own vision and plans for the new South Africa. You have to be big enough,

magnanimous enough to allow for differences.

People sometimes say that until we arrive at a unified vision for South Africa, perhaps we should not push so hard for liberation. However, I don't despair. And I know that the government plays up these differences.

### Where do you see the American church in all this?

What has concerned me during this trip to America is the insular attitude I have seen. We are not placing enough emphasis on being world citizens. We have one world and we must recognize that the church of Christ is in every nook and cranny of it. What our own local assembly does affects the rest of the world. I find that people aren't too concerned about that.

As a result, if I may venture to say so, this affects your foreign policy. You don't put enough pressure on your public figures about the moral things they should be doing.

When you become so insular, you begin to consume yourself. But to the extent that you are involved with the rest of the world, when you begin to solve crises and look at causes, you break out beyond your own shores.

I'm talking about ordinary people in our congregations, students in our theological seminaries and universities. We've got to become a world community.

*Soweto youths flee tear gas fired by police to break up a crowd of 8000 blacks attempting to march to a funeral banned by a court order.*



**O**n a shoestring budget (and with a solid support and volunteer base in the troubled township itself) Youth Alive Ministries in Soweto seems to branch out each time it encounters a need that nobody else is meeting.

They feed 500 children five days a week. They provide sports activities, camps, leadership training, and clubs for local youth, stressing a holistic approach to spiritual, social and educational development. They help so-called "twilight children" (homeless kids literally squeezed out of overcrowded, one-room homes), teaching them basic literacy and employment skills.

Youth Alive also provides academic tutoring for local students in preparation for final comprehensive exams. (In Soweto the failure rate is 90 percent and fewer than five percent make it to the equivalent of our twelfth grade.)

And, in conjunction with World Vision, the ministry offers greatly needed schooling for 30 children with learning disabilities. Parents visit regularly to learn how to help their children.

Youth Alive stresses the need for solid interaction between staff and Soweto youth. "A lot of these kids are really searching," explains Caesar Molebatsi, director of the ministry. "They come to us having been victims of oppressive situations in the home, school, work or political involvement. Many are confused, asking, 'What will become of us?' They foresee that their generation will be the first to handle a new South Africa."

Student interns use Christian drama to pull kids off the street and into the Youth Alive center. "The best thing we can do," Molebatsi believes, "is to simply spend time with them." □

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTO



# SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR  
HELPING OTHERS  
IN THE NAME  
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written by Ginger Hope

## WORKABLE SOLUTION

**B**ible study groups are dangerous. You sit around and talk about stuff, like all the joblessness in your town. And how much the Bible says about helping people who are in trouble. Pretty soon somebody wants to do more than talk.

It happened in Atlanta not long ago. Five or six people from a Bible study group just wouldn't let the issue rest. Now they've got over a hundred churches and just about 200 volunteers involved in this job bank thing. Over 800 people who would have been jobless have found meaningful employment.

See what I mean? Dangerous. Christian Employment Cooperative, 465 Boulevard S.E., Atlanta, GA 30312.



## SHOWERS AND RAINBOWS

**T**o name a desert ranch "Rainbow Acres" does stretch it a bit. Unless, of course, there's a chance of Showers.

Fourteen years ago, Dr. Ralph Showers left the pastorate to pour himself into ten dusty Arizona acres. What sprang up was Rainbow Acres, a ranch community where 100 mentally handicapped adults live productive, enjoyable lives free from

the stigma of government welfare and housebound parental care.

A pot of gold may be on its way, too. Last September Rainbow Acres broke ground for a project to include a theme park and an international resource center for the mentally handicapped. The project is designed to make the ranch financially self-sufficient.

## HOLLYWOOD

## YOUNG AND RESTLESS

**W**hatever it is that draws the young and the restless, Hollywood's got it. Or at least a reputation for it. The streets of Hollywood are home, at any given time, to between 1500 and 4500 teen-age runaways.

Enter Centrum, a ministry of Youth With A Mission, on location

in Hollywood. Centrum offers food, shelter, ongoing Christian nurture and counsel and a 24-hour hotline. A chance to rewrite the script, or at least alter the ending.

Centrum, staffed by volunteers and supported by donations, celebrated its tenth year in 1987. Youth With A Mission, P.O. Box 1110, Hollywood, CA 90078; (213) 463-5576.

**“**If our global village had 100 families, 70 would have no drinking water at home, and 65 of them could not read. Seven families would own 60 percent of the land and consume 80 percent of all available energy. And just one family would have a university education.**”**

*Rev. Dr. Raimundo Pannikar, Global Conference of Spiritual and Parliamentary Leaders on Human Survival, April 1988.*



# 10 LITTLE, 9 LITTLE, 8 LITTLE

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# FOUNDATIONS...

## Small, private foundations are on the endangered species list.

Why? Private foundation regulations. Many donors have been obstructed by the "ifs," "ands" and "buts."

Today, private foundation regulations can actually hinder or prevent donors from setting up their own foundations. And experts say the laws make even the continued existence of small, private foundations infeasible.

But in spite of the regulations, some of us are determined to do "venture philanthropy." John D. Rockefeller III used this term to describe the imaginative pursuit of less conventional ways of giving.

World Vision offers one such way—the **Donor Advised Fund**. Your fund can enable you to determine, to the fullest extent possible, the use of your charitable dollars.

So if you already have a foundation, or if you are thinking about setting one up, please give me a call and we will discuss a simple but effective alternative—the World Vision Donor Advised Fund.

For more information call Daniel Rice at (800) 426-5753 or, in California, (800) 451-8024.



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ILLUSTRATIONS BY STAN SAKAI

## GOOD NEWS TRAVELS

**P**enciled in your vacation plans for next year? Hold on to your Hawaiian shirt. Good News Travels may have a great escape for you—an escape from those pricey, homogenized holidays that remind you of what you're trying to leave behind.

Good News Travels will send you packing to missionaries who need a hand from someone with your skills. You probably won't pay more than \$100 a week for room, board and transport, after you buy your plane ticket. And you'll see the real thing.

Good News Travels, 333 N. Santa Anita, Suite 4, Arcadia, CA 91006; (818) 445-5515.



## LET'S MAKE A DEAL

**H**ere's a novel approach to college scholarship aid: Corporations donate goods and services to colleges. In exchange, the colleges award tuition credits to needy students.

Five Christian business leaders founded the Glen Ellyn, Ill.-based Education Assistance, Ltd.

(From *Collegiate Trends*)



*Ducking  
bullets in their  
golden years?  
They must be . . .*

# OFF THEIR ROCKERS

I got up at 5:50 a.m. to hike up Georgia's famous (?) Stone Mountain with Dick Stuart. 5:50. That's 2:50 a.m. Pacific Standard Time. My time.

I got up in the middle of the night to spend 45 minutes climbing up and down a big rock with this retired Army colonel and former missionary who climbs it every morning. Well, almost every morning.

"You know, the best intentions..." His voice trails off as we puff up the side of this thing in the chilly dawn, wind whipping our collars and a light rain slicking down the granite. Gray-haired, ruddy-complected and rough around the edges, Dick Stuart is a man who likes to chart his own course. "I love coming out here to do this. It's a great way to start the day. Really clears my head."

Art Carney could play Dick Stuart. Not the young, black-and-white Art Carney from the "Honeymooners" days. The older, crustier Art Carney who played Harry Coombs in "Harry and Tonto." Harry Coombs, retired English professor, was being evicted from his doomed apartment building as the credits rolled.

He wouldn't move. Sat right in his big easy chair with Tonto, his cat, and hung on. They had to carry him out. His friends and relatives chided him

for making a spectacle. He contended he was making a point: Don't push me around. What I'm doing is important.

Leave me alone and let me get on with it.

It took that kind of brass for Dick and his wife, Carol, to stick it out last year in southern Sudan, where they helped distribute grain to Sudanese displacees in the city of Wau. More than 50,000 people have crowded into the small capital of Sudan's Bahr el Ghazal region, doubling the city's population. They come fleeing drought and fighting that has ravaged their rural homelands for years. Unfortunately, what they discover in Wau is often little better—and sometimes worse—than what they have left behind.

With Dick's background as a career military officer, and with their various stints in Christian mission and relief work since his retirement from the mil-

itary in 1971, the Steuarts have been around the block a few times. But what commodities manager Dick and nurse/office manager Carol found when they arrived in Wau in March 1987 was a little out of the ordinary, even for them.

At the time when Jim and Tammy and Ollie were the going concerns back home, Dick and Carol were ducking bullets by day and watching grenaded huts illuminate the skies by night. Tribal warfare between the Dinkas and the Fertites had heated up in the area, and tensions between government troops from the north and the southern-based Sudan People's Liberation Army (SPLA) were intensifying. In mid-summer, an SPLA-launched ground-to-air missile struck a government plane. "It made a hole in the rudder of that plane that a blind man could throw a basketball through," says Dick. Since that time, retaliatory attacks by both sides increased. And tribal hatred only fanned the flames.

Even before we went to Wau, we had heard stories of random violence: houses being grenaded, people being shot and so forth," says Dick. "Many of the attacks came at night. The Fertites would find a courtyard in which a bunch of refugees were staying—kids, mostly—after having come in from the countryside. The Fertites would throw a grenade into a courtyard where they knew the Dinkas were staying. And the Dinkas would retaliate; it went back and forth."

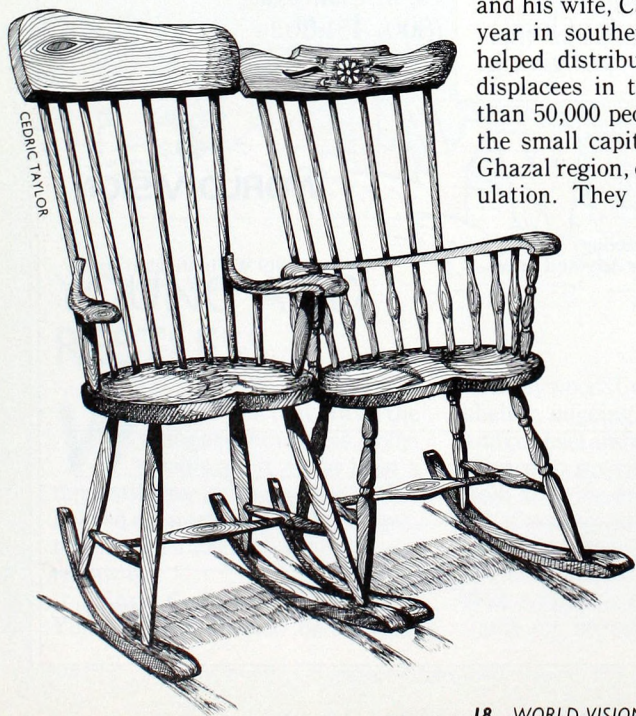
But the number of violent incidents in the town increased during the time they were there. And on August 11th it came to a tragic head, claiming the lives of some 200 Dinka civilians.

"I happened to be outside the morning the shooting started," says Carol. "What I saw was the panic, the results of the massacre of these Dinkas in a little neighborhood in town. People just screaming and yelling, running as fast as they could.

"From what we could tell, the massacre was in retaliation for the planes that had been shot at by the SPLA," says Carol.

General rioting and unbridled violence erupted shortly afterward throughout the town. By the time a semblance of order had been restored, another 200 people—mostly civilians—had been killed. On the doorstep of the home across the street from where Dick and Carol lived, a mother and her child had been killed when they had sought shelter there.

"By this time we realized we just couldn't conduct relief operations there





anymore," says Dick. So, sadly, they made arrangements to leave Wau. That, however, was a little trickier than simply dialing the local travel agent for a couple of seats on the next flight out. No commercial planes had flown into Wau for months, due to the fighting. And from April to August, only five military planes had dared land there. So why not drive out? "The roads all around Wau for at least 70 miles were mined," says Dick. "Trucks had been blown up. And there were militia out there who were little more than bandits in uniform. They were against anything that didn't stand properly with them. So we had little choice but to try for a military flight out."

They hoped to catch a plane that was due to arrive September 16. But, as was proving all too common, the flight never arrived. Fortunately, a C-130 transport plane did land the next day.

"A friend of mine, who had informed us that there were SPLA hiding in the tall grass around the airport that day, speculated that since they hadn't fired at the plane as it was landing they might let it take off," says Dick.

They boarded the plane with some 30 wounded men, two Jesuit priests and about 70 civilians, and sat on their luggage, since the plane had no seats. As they took off, Dick figured that if nothing happened in the first 20 seconds, they were home free. "Within the first 20 seconds we'd be exposed, and if someone was sitting out there with a heat-seeking missile, it'd be all over in less than a minute."

But they were lucky. "It was a nice flight out," says Dick.

**A**fter our hike up Stone Mountain, we ate breakfast while rain pattered lightly on the corrugated aluminum roof over the back porch. We sat around their antique kitchen table and talked more about Africa.

I noticed both Dick and Carol wore African bracelets, which I learned were from Niore, Mali, where they had worked from May 1985 to August 1986 managing six nutrition centers and distributing 2000 tons of grain to drought-stricken pastoralists and farmers.

"And I have toe rings, too," Carol said. I expected her to run upstairs and fish them out of her jewelry box. Instead, she walked over to me, slipped off a shoe and plopped her foot in my lap. There, beneath her nylons, was a silver ring around her second toe. "And I've got another one on the other foot, too."

## *Dick figured that if nothing happened in the first 20 seconds, they were home free.*

Here are people who have spent a lifetime traveling the globe. They showed me a small bamboo cup from Cameroon inscribed with the names of all the cities in which they've lived since they were married in 1952: Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Okinawa, Tuscaloosa, Niore, and a dozen or so more. ("If I'm in a place over two years I get bored," says Dick.) Yet of all the places they've lived, Africa has touched them in ways the others have not. Their home is richly adorned with rare antiques and treasures from around the world. But something they took from Africa—their bracelets and toe rings—are with them at all times. Constant reminders. The only other jewelry that's always with them: wedding rings and Dick's fat, worn graduation ring from West Point.

Dick would go back to Wau in an instant. Given the risks, he still misses the drama of the situation and the camaraderie that develops among people drawn together by dangerous circumstances. Carol wouldn't be so quick to return.

In contrast to her sometimes impulsive husband, Carol appears more settled, quieter—the soothing balm who's claimed the job of making sure the family unit maintains an even keel while bumping from city to city around the globe. To stay in shape—and to keep a case of osteoporosis at bay—she lifts weights, takes brisk walks and practices t'ai chi three times a week at a local Baptist church.

"Dick is the big get-up-and-goer of the two of us," says Carol. "Dick felt very strongly about getting into mission work. I wasn't against it, I just didn't feel as compelled to do it. But, looking back on it, I know I grew a lot and I am thankful for all the experiences we have had."

In 1978 they left their 45-acre New Hampshire farm, where they had lived for six and a half years, and began a year of language study in Lausanne, Switzerland. That prepared them for administrative jobs at the Wycliffe Bible

Translators support center in Yaounde, Cameroon.

Among the places they've lived and worked around the world, Carol's first choice for a return visit would be Niore. "I miss the Malians," she says. "We helped bring a good number of people to Christ. And when you form that kind of spiritual bond with people it makes it a little different relationship."

The Steuarts have no immediate plans to work overseas. No one would blame them if they decided to settle down in their comfortable home on a tree-lined cul-de-sac in smalltown America. They may stay there a while longer. Or they may be on a plane for the African bush tomorrow.

"As long as you've got good health, there are so many things you can do," says Carol. "I've always felt that being older just means you've had more experience in many areas. You're more mature. And going overseas is an exciting way to spend a year or two doing something really vital.

"I also think experiences like this



Dick and Carol Steuart

make you much more tolerant of other people, even subcultures in our own country. I'm thankful that we've had these opportunities. I count them as real privileges."

Still, for all they've done to help the world's downtrodden, they sometimes wonder if it makes a dent. Dick gestures to a stack of newspaper clippings on the table. "I see there's drought and famine hitting Africa again. There's a certain inevitability to that kind of thing, but you sometimes ask yourself, 'What good is it for me to help if it's just going to happen anyway?'"

"I think we have to believe that our presence *does* help," Dick continues. "If there are people anywhere suffering, and it is within your ability to help—if the Lord's given you the wherewithal to go and work—then what else can you do? You have a moral obligation. You're not going to be able to help everybody. But maybe you can help a few people. Or even just one child." □

RANDY MILLER / WORLD VISION



# WHAT'S YOUR HANDICAP?

BY EDWARD R. DAYTON

**S**ilver or gold I do not have, but what I have, I give you. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk."

Two Christian leaders had something to give. It wasn't what you might expect. Based upon the previous few days' happenings, you might have guessed they would organize a Committee for the Handicapped among the rapidly growing Jerusalem church. Helping the handicapped is a good business for Christians to be in. But they didn't do that (at least not immediately). Rather, they dealt with the situation as they found it.

All Christians are in the business of helping the handicapped, but it is a special role for the Christian leader because every one of us is handicapped. Each of us is less than whole. Some of us have physical handicaps. (I happen to be colorblind.) All of us have inabilities, things we can't do. The Christian phrase for it is, "I'm just not gifted in that area."

And we are handicapped by "the sin that doth so easily beset us." We struggle along with Paul, wanting to do good but finding evil right there with us.

Who is to help us find our place in the marvelous body of Christ? For there is a place. The day that you became a Christian there was a you-shaped spot ready for you. And it was your shape right at that moment. You were cleansed from all your sin, but there was no need for you to somehow have all your handicaps removed before you could be an effective part of Christ's church.

## Who Helps The Handicapped?

I sometimes tell people that I am like a broken ball bearing. If you look at one side of me, I may look bright and shiny and smooth. But there is a side which is rough and jagged and broken. I can be complete only as others come alongside me and fill out that broken side.

So Christian leaders not only seek gifts in those whom they lead; they also do their best to understand the handicaps so they can fit the members of a team together in a complementary way. One member may have great gifts of planning but be absolutely unequipped to present those plans to a congregation. Another may have a beautiful gift of compassion; if someone needs comforting, this is the person to call. But fix a broken toilet? All thumbs.

## Identifying Handicaps

Before we talk about identifying handicaps, we need to

first recognize gifts. If we begin with the understanding that God has gifted every one of us, we become less concerned about a person's lacking gifts. Look for strengths before weaknesses. What is this person good at? What does she like to do? What do others say he does well?

The other side of the picture is what they don't do well, what they don't like to do, what others say they are not good

*Look for strengths before weaknesses. But know both sides of the picture.*

at. Knowing both sides of the picture helps us discover where they fit the best, with whom they work the best, where they perhaps do not belong.

## Honoring the "Less Honorable"

But there is a deeper sense in which the leader is a helper of the handicapped. In the middle of 1 Corinthians 12, Paul has some very interesting things to say about the most handicapped: "On the contrary, those parts of the body that seem to be weaker are indispensable, and the parts that we think are less honorable we treat with special honor. And the parts that are the less presentable are treated with special modesty, while our presentable parts need no special treatment. But God has combined the members of the body and has given greater honor to the parts that lacked it so there should be no division in the body, but that its parts should have equal concern for each other."

Imagine what would happen if we quietly identified all those we think are "less honorable" and started treating them with special honor. These "less honorable" would rise to the top and we would have a new set to honor. The entire body would become like a constantly bubbling, refreshing spring.

Handicapped people take our time. They take special care. They need to be given special honor. That's upside down from the way the world thinks. But that's what Christian leadership is all about. □



*Straight talk  
from Joni*

# DISABLING ATTITUDES IN THE CHURCH

STEPHEN HARVEY

**S**omebody from the local nursing home is parked in the church aisle. His hair is greasy, his shirt unevenly buttoned. His care-givers, overworked and underpaid, don't quite take the time they should to get him ready. But there he sits in his wheelchair, hands and feet curled and gnarled. He can't say much. He drools.

And we walk a wide circle around him.

We're not sure what God has to say about such folks. It's as if this young man's cerebral palsy is holding God hostage. What is God doing here? Hanging out dirty laundry?

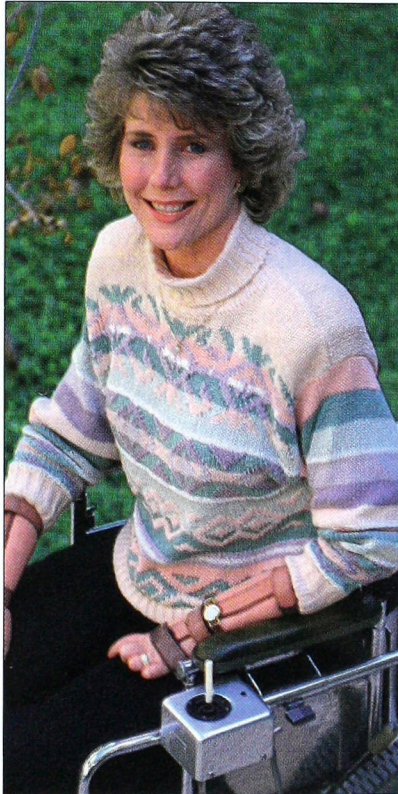
I used to think that disabilities intimidated and embarrassed God. That was how I pictured my own diving injury 20 years ago. I figured that when I was standing on the raft, ready to take that deep dive into shallow water, God's back was turned.

Then the devil snuck up behind me, put a foot in the small of my back and gave a big shove. And tiptoed away in absolute delight.

About that time, God turned around and—oh!—suddenly saw what had happened to me, and had to grab a repair kit and go to work on my life, nervously mumbling, "How in the world am I going to fix this one up to work for good?"

Well, that may have been a young girl's idea of how it all fit together. But that's not the picture that the Bible paints.

I believe that God singles out peo-



**Are handicaps  
God's dirty laundry?  
Does cerebral palsy  
hold God hostage?**

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author and founder of Joni  
and Friends, 28720 Canwood St.,  
Agoura Hills, CA 91301.*

ple with disabilities—both physical and mental—for a very special reason. They illustrate how, when we are at our weakest, God's grace and power are at their strongest.

**I** have a friend named Betsy who cannot speak. If you spoke her name, chances are she wouldn't really understand. Betsy also cannot walk. She sits up only for short periods and can't feed herself.

If you visited her, you might be asked to assist Betsy with daily routines such as eating and drinking. But you would also have to assist her with other intimate care, for my friend has no control over her bowels or bladder. She can't sleep straight through the night and awakens with desperate screams.

Would you want your church to invest in reaching out to Betsy and getting involved in her life? On a scale of one to ten, be honest, how highly would you value the time you spent with her?

Well, let me tell you about Betsy. She's an 8-month-old baby!

No, she can't quite understand her name yet. And sure, you'd have to feed her. You'd probably get more apple-sauce on yourself than in her mouth. But you wouldn't mind, not even changing her diapers. In fact, she'd rate pretty close to a "ten."

We tend to judge without all the facts, don't we? And sadly, we're greatly



influenced by society's opinion that value is determined by functioning ability.

**O**nce I was a guest on one of those call-in Christian talk radio programs. The interviewer was asking for my perspective on how the church can roll up its sleeves and get more involved in helping people with disabilities.

When we paused for a commercial break, I heard the announcer say, "Ladies, for just \$180 you can join our brand new weight-loss system. You're guaranteed to lose 50 pounds."

Then the next commercial: "Gentlemen, come and hear Dr. So-and-So help you become more successful and attractive. Yes, come to our success seminar and learn how to be a winner."

Then we were on again. "Tell us, Joni," the interviewer said, "what can the Christian community do to help our brothers and sisters in Christ reach out to those with disabilities?"

"You don't want to hear it," I warned him.

But he insisted.

I said, "All right, I'm going to be quite frank with you. You just ran a couple of commercials that literally turned my stomach."

"Are those the values we really want to communicate? If we really believe that God's power shows up best in weakness, we've got to tone down the Christian hype about beauty and success."

**L**ook at David. God wants to defeat a seasoned warrior giant, right? But not with a handpicked West Point graduate. God selects David—a pimply-faced teenage shepherd.

Or take Sarah. It doesn't take a fertility specialist to tell you that Sarah is not the most likely candidate for mother of a nation.

So why David? Why Sarah? I think this is why. God knew that when David slew Goliath and Sarah gave birth to a beautiful bouncing baby boy, the whole world would know who had done it. It wasn't accomplished by human might, nor by intellectual prowess, but by the mighty arm of God.

That's why we need to focus on the disabled in our churches. Because they really are God's best audiovisual aids. God's power shows up best in weakness.

**A** couple of years ago I got a nice letter from a woman in Alabama. She sent a clipping of a boy with a spinal cord injury in Coal Valley, Ill. She had sent this young man a copy of my book *Joni*. I thought that was really sweet.

The next day I got five letters. One from Georgia, one from Ohio, a couple from Oregon. More newspaper clippings, and all these people had sent my book to this young man in Illinois. I was beginning to get a little nervous. I remembered how I had felt when I was first injured and I received no fewer than 20 copies of *The Other Side of the Mountain* by Jill Kinmont, the Olympic skier who broke her neck.

Five days passed. I was up to 50 letters, 50 clippings and 50 people who had sent 50 books to Coal Valley. I began to get desperate.

I tracked down the phone number and dialed.

"Hello? Listen, you don't know

### **She thanked me for being "an inspiration," and I flinched at the label.**

me, but my name is Joni Eareckson. . ."

"Don't go any further! I've got exactly 50 copies of your book on my dining room table!"

"Oh, I am so sorry," I said. "Listen, call the Goodwill, give them to the Salvation Army, ship them off to the public library, do whatever you want with them. Just keep one book, would you? Put it up on a shelf somewhere and maybe in a year or two, you could brush the dust off and flip through it. Perhaps it'll be encouraging then."

The young man's mother thanked me for "being an inspiration."

I flinched at the label, and so do many people with disabilities. But slowly it has dawned on me that there is value in being an encouraging example to somebody else. And people with disabilities can do that for us.

**O**h Ken, I think it's so wonderful that you've given up your life to serve Joni," many people tell my husband.

That attitude really makes him uncomfortable. Ken has not given up his life to serve a handicapped woman. Oh no, he's given his life up to the Lord Jesus Christ in sacrificial service. And

it just so happens that God has partnered him with me, a woman with a disability.

The call goes out to every Christian to serve sacrificially, and I think handicapped people give our churches a chance to answer that call. When it comes right down to it, God wants you involved.

**W**hen you give a banquet, invite the poor and the crippled and the blind and you will be blessed. For although these people cannot repay you, you will be repaid at the resurrection."

That tickles me. Two thousand years ago Jesus knew that there would be some people who would challenge the cost effectiveness of a ministry to disabled people.

But the kicker comes a couple verses later: "Go out into the streets and alleys. Find the crippled and the lame and the blind. Go a step further—go out into the country lanes, the highways and byways. Find them and bring them to the banquet."

I love that. Jesus didn't say, "Oh, incidentally, you may want to put a ramp at the front door just in case someone should happen to wheel by." It was not a laissez faire approach.

**R**odney passes out bulletins at the front door of our church before the Sunday morning worship service.

People like Rodney. He smiles a lot and lifts the spirits of everyone who passes through those doors.

But there's more to Rodney than a helpful spirit. He has struggled with the ups and downs of growing up with a severe mental disability. He has had his share of abuse and has seen people keep their polite distance. He has watched other kids go out on dates and drive their cars. And Rodney has struggled with more than his fair share of homework assignments.

However, Christ has given Rodney a deep sense of peace about his disability. He understands that he will never be quite like the other guys in the college and career department. But still he knows that God loves him. Rodney expresses Christ's unconditional love with each bulletin he hands out.

Disabled people have spiritual gifts. We don't always want to be on the receiving end. We like to serve. We want to reach out.



# ENCOUNTER WITH PRAYER

**A** remarkable new boldness and effectiveness in the realm of Christian witnessing is becoming more and more apparent to me these days. And I think I know the reason for that renewal. People are waiting in prayer until they get a "word" from the Lord, after which they act in utter obedience to that word.

While reviewing my concordance recently, I discovered that about one-third of the time the word of the Lord is mentioned in the New Testament, it is *rhema*, a word from the Lord given for a particular situation. Other times it is *logos*, which most often refers to the written word or the living word, Christ.

Are we actively awaiting that *rhema* from the Lord? All of us can stand to do that more in our personal lives and ministries. Nothing can be more adventurous than seeing God work through us in that way.

Norval Hadley  
Director, Prayer Ministries

## PRAY FOR:

- Unreached people in Kulu Valley, India, where most residents have never heard of Jesus Christ.
- The Family Friendship Ministry, which matches volunteers with people in need through a period of rehabilitation.
- The battle against meningitis in Chad, where some 175 deaths have occurred in recent months.
- The Ethnic Senior Leaders Conference, October 17-20, in San Bernardino, Calif.
- Protection from arrest or harassment for Christians in China, and that the gospel will continue to spread there.
- Albania, self-declared atheistic state, that it might become more open to the gospel.
- Angola, where some \$110 million in food and other aid will be needed for war recovery.
- Nazarene church leaders in Haiti, who hope to start 88 new churches this year.
- Famine relief programs in Ethiopia which are helping people to feed themselves.
- The more than 1000 Kampuchean refugees in Thailand who have turned to Christ in the last two years.
- Freedom to evangelize in Bangladesh despite rising opposition.
- Mission Aviation Fellowship's new transport services in Baja and northern mainland Mexico.
- Colombia, where problems related to political unrest and drug trafficking will require unceasing prayer.
- The World by 2000 Radio Project*, of Sudan Interior Mission, who hope to reach every person in the world with the gospel by the year 2000.
- Low-income families in the U.S. who go without medical and dental care, rather than rely on charity.
- Uganda's Teso District, where some 15,000 displaced people are in dire need.
- Mikhail Gorbachev, that an apparent softening toward Christians will continue.
- Joni Eareckson Tada and her efforts to link Christians with the disabled people around them.
- Reconciliation in South Africa, and that Christians will actively mend the brokenness found on both sides.
- The work of Henri Nouwen and others who care for the severely disabled and discover the roots of true peace in the process.
- The ministry of Youth Alive as it reaches out to confused young South Africans.
- Victims of terrorism and drought in Mozambique, many of whom

- have lost parents and other family members.
- World Vision's involvement in Vietnam, through which thousands of disabled war victims will receive artificial limbs.
- Lawmakers in Washington, DC., that they may vote on legislation with sensitivity to the oppressed and hurting in the U.S.
- Mother Teresa and those who work with her in Calcutta and around the world to ease the suffering of the poorest of the poor.
- Victims of AIDS, and family members in need of strength and courage as they witness the slow death of loved ones.
- The work of the English Language Institute/China and its Christian teachers.
- The work of Operation Smile, and that many more lives will be transformed through this compassionate outreach.



MARK EDWARD ATKINSON

- Christian volunteers who freely give their time and talent to help meet desperate needs around the world.
- Teen-age runaways, that in their desperate search for love they may find shelter and the genuine love of Christ.
- Homeless children in the U.S. too young to understand why they must go to bed hungry while their peers on television are so happy and healthy.





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### You'll Feel Good...

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### You'll Feel Good...

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- I will send my first month's \$20 payment within 10 days of receiving the materials, or I will return them so someone else can help.
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# WORLDVISION®

August/September 1988

Henri  
Nouwen: **FINDING PEACE  
IN BROKENNESS**



**SOUTH AFRICA:  
THE HIGH  
COST OF  
RECONCILIATION**

*A Personal  
Account:*  
**FROM  
HATE  
TO LOVE  
IN SOWETO**

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**JONI:  
HOW THE  
CHURCH  
SHUNS THE  
HANDICAPPED**

---

*More Than Surgery:*  
**MENDING  
SMILES**



**4** Adam's Peace

Author Henri Nouwen had no idea that through tending to the intimate daily needs of a severely disabled young man, he would discover a profound new dimension of peacemaking.

**8** Mending Smiles

Cleft lips and palates—rarely if ever seen in this country—are not uncommon in the Philippines and other developing countries. But there are fewer of them now than a few years ago, thanks to plastic surgeons and other health care experts who donate time and talent to sculpt happy grins.

**11** Two on South Africa

*THE HIGH COST OF LIVING IT:* Reconciliation means more than just holding hands and singing songs of unity. Author Gary Haugen hopes South Africans will pay reconciliation's hefty price before civil war exacts a devastating toll.

*YOUNG AND BLACK IN SOWETO:* Caesar Molebatsi talks about his bitter past and his current ministry among angry, radicalized Soweto youth.

**21** Disabling Attitudes in the Church

Joni Eareckson Tada, author and advocate for the disabled, offers a series of short vignettes that illuminate some attitudes many of us harbor, knowingly or not, toward the disabled.

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More than 10 million Americans are severely disabled; worldwide, the numbers are staggering. Jesus spent much of his time and healing energies among the blind, the deaf and the lame. This issue highlights Christian concern for—and partnership with—people with mental and physical disabilities.

*Terry Madison*

JUDY WALKER



# WORLD VISION

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# RESTORATION— MORE THAN A WITHERED HAND

**W**hen the Vietnam War Memorial was dedicated in 1982, it brought a wave of emotional memories to many Americans. And in the years since, visitors in endless lines have lovingly run their hands over the names of loved ones etched in that long black marble monument.

It was five years before I could bring myself to visit the Wall. I had served in Vietnam 20 years before, and I still had an aching place in my heart for the dead and missing men who had been my close friends. So you can imagine the emotions that ran rampant in me as I returned to that tragic land a few weeks ago.

Last issue I wrote about those emotions, and briefly mentioned the reconciliation process we are initiating with the Vietnamese. From senators like John McCain, a former POW, and Mark Hatfield, there have been encouraging words for what we are doing. And Christian aid agencies are working alongside us to formulate plans to meet the needs of the Vietnamese people.

The government of Vietnam has asked World Vision and other agencies to provide materials and equipment for artificial limbs for the 60,000 people disabled by the war.

As I traveled I read again the story of Jesus restoring the withered hand of a man in the synagogue. He told the man to stretch out his hand, "and it was *restored to normal*, like the other." (It was on the Sabbath, and it made the Pharisees furious.) In his compassion he illustrated the true meaning of restoration—making something new from something old, recreating the original.

The greatest example of restoration began at Calvary. The sacrifice of Jesus Christ on the cross not only reconciled us as sinners to a holy God, but started the process of restoration, of making all things new. The ultimate restoration will be completed within the power and the glory of the kingdom of our coming Lord.

Heavenly thoughts such as these, however, often give way to earthly realities. Restoration is not an easy process. On a human level we have major hurdles to overcome. For many Americans the war in Vietnam goes on. At the Wall, men in old military fatigues weep unashamedly for something they cannot articulate. I feel it with my

friends who are listed with crosses next to their names, signifying that they are still missing in action, symbols of a war without closure.

In Vietnam I watched the faces of young Amerasians as they looked at me and wondered about their American fathers. I heard the anger of a former South Vietnam officer who spent eight years in a "re-education" camp. He was systematically starved, worked, and humiliated to the point of death. And in North Vietnam I felt the despair of those who had won the war but lost the peace.

Now I believe we must continue reconciliation through ongoing acts of restoration. Most of us will need to transcend a considerable amount of pain. Yet it must be done.

Christ didn't worry about whom he offended when he restored the withered hand. He didn't wait for a "better time." Restoration carries its own sense of urgency. It takes place at the first opportunity. As Christians we need to take the lead in reconciliation and restoration. For restoration brings dignity and normality to that which was old. And it allows God to do a new work in each of us.

A man with a withered hand was used by Jesus to illustrate his desire to restore the old and make something new. In this issue, noted author Henri Nouwen tells a touching story about Adam,



TERRY MADISON/WORLD VISION PHOTO

Bob Seiple visits  
the Polio Center,  
Ho Chi Minh City,  
Vietnam.

a severely handicapped man whose life has brought much spiritual restoration to his friends. It is to Adam, who reminds us of our need to be reconciled to the Maker, and the handicapped in Vietnam and elsewhere, who remind us that continual acts of restoration bring credibility to reconciliation, that this issue is dedicated. □

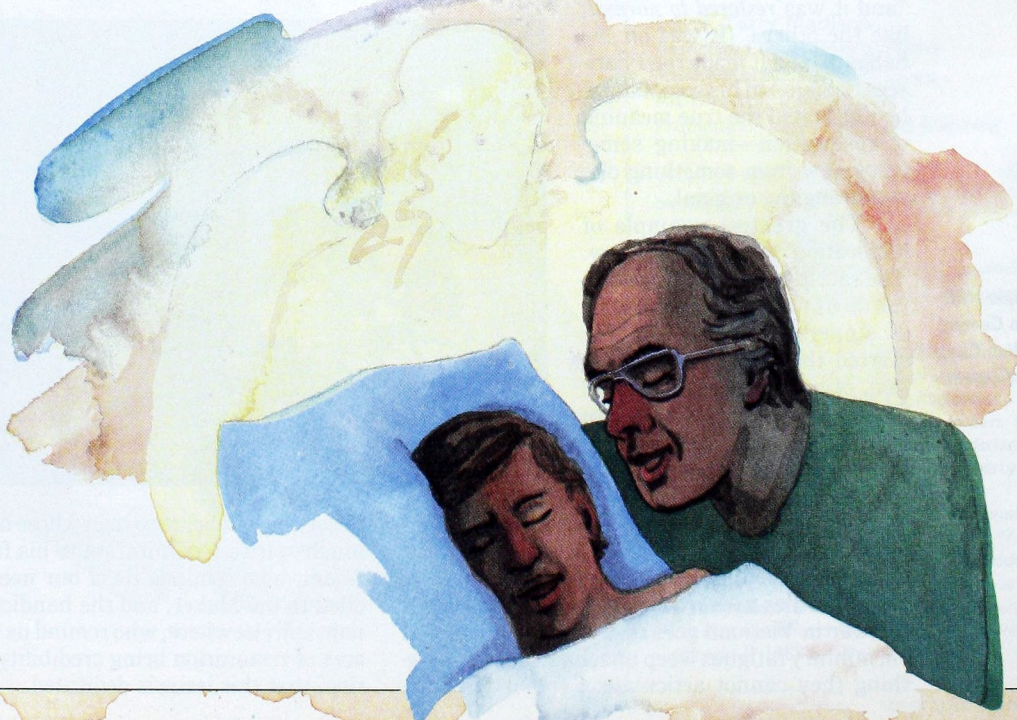


BY HENRI NOUWEN

**I**n the middle of this decade I moved from Harvard to Daybreak—from an institution for very bright people to a community for mentally handicapped ones.

Daybreak, situated near Toronto, is part of an international federation of communities called l'Arche—the Ark—where mentally handicapped men and women and their assistants try to live

# ADAM'S PEACE



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JUDY WALKER



together in the spirit of the beatitudes of Jesus.

I live in a house with six handicapped people and four assistants. We live together as a family. None of the assistants is specially trained to work with people with a mental handicap, but we receive all the help we need from nearby professionals.

When there are no special crises we live just as a family, gradually forgetting who is handicapped and who is not. All have their gifts, all have their struggles. We eat together, play together, pray together and go out together. We all have our own preferences in terms of work, food and movies, and we all have our problems getting along with someone in the house, whether handicapped or not. We laugh a lot. We cry a lot too. Sometimes both at the same time. That is l'Arche, that is Daybreak, that is the family of ten I live with day in and day out.

**W**hen asked to return to Harvard to speak about peace, I suddenly realized that speaking about peace from this tiny family is not like speaking about peace as a professor. I need a new perspective and a new sensibility, a new language. It is not easy. It is even quite painful. I feel so vulnerable and so naked. But I will tell you the story of Adam, one of the ten people in our home, and let him become the silent witness for the peace that is not of this world.

Adam is the weakest person in our family. He is a 25-year-old man who cannot speak, cannot dress or undress himself, cannot walk alone, cannot eat without much help. He does not cry or laugh. Only occasionally does he make eye contact. His back is distorted. His arm and leg movements are twisted. He suffers from severe epilepsy and, despite heavy medication, sees few days without grand-mal seizures. Sometimes, as he grows suddenly rigid, he utters a howling groan. On a few occasions I've seen one big tear roll down his cheek.

It takes me about an hour and a half to wake Adam up, give him his medication, carry him into his bath, wash him, shave him, clean his teeth, dress him, walk him to the kitchen, give him his breakfast, put him in his wheelchair and bring him to the place where he spends most of the day with therapeutic exercises.

I tell you this not to give you a nursing report, but to share with you something quite intimate. After a month of working this way with Adam, something happened to me. This deeply handicapped young man, who is considered by many outsiders a vegetable, a distortion of humanity, a

useless animal-like creature who shouldn't have been born, started to become my dearest companion.

As my fears gradually lessened, a love emerged in me so full of tender affection that most of my other tasks seemed boring and superficial compared with the hours spent with Adam. Out of his broken body and broken mind emerged a most beautiful human being offering me a greater gift than I would ever offer him: Somehow Adam revealed to me who he is, and who I am, and how we can love each other.

When I carried him into his bath, made big waves to let the water run fast around his chest and neck, rubbed noses with him and told him all sorts of stories about him and me, I knew that two friends were communicating far beyond the realm of thought or emotion. Deep speaks to deep, spirit speaks to spirit, heart speaks to heart. I started to

realize that ours was a mutual love based not on shared knowledge or shared feelings, but on shared humanity. The longer I stayed with Adam the more clearly I saw him as my gentle teacher, teaching me what no book, school or professor could ever teach me.

The gift of peace hidden in Adam's utter weakness is a gift not of this world, but certainly for this world. For this gift to become known, someone has to lift it up and pass it on. That may be the deepest meaning of being an assistant to handicapped people: helping them to share their gifts.

Adam's peace is first of all a peace rooted in being. Being is more important than doing. How simple a truth, but how hard to live.

**A**dam can do nothing. He is completely dependent on others. His gift is purely being with us. Every evening when I run home to take care of Adam—to help him with his supper and put him to bed—I realize that the best thing I can do for him is to be with him. And indeed, that is the great joy: paying total attention to his breathing, his eating, his careful steps; noticing how he tries to lift a spoon to his mouth or offers his left arm a little to make it easier for me to take off his shirt.

Most of my life has been built around the idea that my value depends on what I do. I made it through school. I earned my degrees and awards and I made my career. Yes, with many others, I fought my way up to a little success, a little popularity and a little power. But as I sit beside the slow and heavy-breathing Adam, I start to see how violent that journey was. So marked by rivalry and competition, so pervaded with compulsion and obsession, so spotted with moments of suspicion,

*Adam,  
the weakest  
among us,  
is our true  
peacemaker.*



jealousy, resentment and revenge.

Oh sure, most of what I did was called ministry, the ministry of justice and peace, the ministry of forgiveness and reconciliation, the ministry of healing and wholeness. But when those who want peace are as interested in success, popularity and power as those who want war, what then is the real difference between war and peace? When the peace is as much of this world as the war is, the choice is between a war which we euphemistically call pacification and a peace in which the peacemakers violate each other's deepest values.

Adam says to me: Peace is first of all the art of being. I know he is right because, after four months of being a little with Adam, I am discovering in myself the beginning of an inner at-homeness that I didn't know before.

**W**hen I cover him with his sheets and blankets, turn out the lights and pray with Adam, he is always very quiet. It's as if he knows my praying voice from my speaking voice. I whisper in his ear: "May all the angels protect you," and often he looks up to me from his pillow and seems to know what I am saying.

Ever since I've been praying with Adam I've known better than before that praying is being with Jesus, simply "wasting time" with him. Adam keeps teaching me that.

Adam's peace is not only a peace rooted in being, but also a peace rooted in the heart. Somehow through the centuries we have come to believe that what makes us human is our mind. Many people define a human being as a rational animal. But Adam keeps telling me over and over again that what makes us human is not our mind but our heart, not our ability to think but our ability to love. Whoever speaks about Adam as a vegetable or an animal-like creature misses the sacred mystery that Adam is fully capable of receiving and giving love. He is not half human, not nearly human, but fully, completely human because he is all heart and it is the heart that is made in the likeness of God.

Let me quickly add that by "heart" I do not mean the seat of human emotions, in contrast to the mind as the seat of human thought. No, by "heart" I mean the center of our being, where God has hidden the divine gifts of trust, hope and love. Whereas the mind tries to understand, grasp problems, discern different aspects of reality and probe mysteries, the heart allows us to become sons and daughters of God and brothers and sisters of

each other. Long before the mind is able to exercise its power, the heart is already able to develop a trusting human relationship.

When I say that I believe deeply that Adam can give and receive love and that there is a true mutuality between us, I make no naive psychological statement overlooking his severe handicaps; I speak of a love between us that transcends all thoughts and feelings, precisely because it is rooted in God's first love, a love that precedes all human loves. The mystery of Adam is that in his deep mental and emotional brokenness he has become so empty of all human pride that he has become the preferable mediator of that first love. Maybe this will help you see why Adam is giving me a whole new understanding of God's love for the poor and the oppressed.

The peace that flows from Adam's broken heart is not of this world. It is not the result of political analysis, roundtable debates, discernment of the signs of the times or well advised strategies. All these activities of the mind have their role in peacemaking. But they are all easily perverted to a new way of warmaking if they are not in the service of the divine peace that flows from the broken heart of those who are called the poor in spirit.

Adam's peace, while rooted more in being than in doing, and more in the heart than in the mind, is a peace that calls forth community. At l'Arche the people hold us together as a family; in fact, the most handicapped people are the true center of gravity. Adam in his total vulnerability calls us together as a family.

The weakest members are not the handicapped residents but the assistants. Our commitments are ambiguous at best. Some stay longer than others, but most move on after one or two years. Closer to the center are Raymond, Bill, John and Trevor, each of whom is relatively independent, but still in need of much help and attention.





They are permanent family members; they are with us for life; they keep us honest. Because of them, conflicts never last very long, tensions are talked out, disagreements are resolved. But in the heart of our community are Rose and Adam, both deeply handicapped, and the weaker of the two is Adam. Adam, the most broken of us all, is without any doubt the strongest bond among us.

Because of Adam there is always someone home. Because of Adam there is a quiet rhythm in the house. Because of Adam there are words of affection, gentleness and tenderness. Because of Adam there is always space for mutual forgiveness and healing. Adam, the weakest among us, is our true peacemaker. How mysterious are God's ways!

Most of my adult life I have tried to show the world that I could do it on my own, that I needed others only to get me back on my lonely road as a strong, independent, creative man. And most of my fellow intellectuals joined me in that desire. But all of us highly trained individuals today are facing a world on the brink of total destruction. Now we wonder how we might join forces to make peace!

**W**hat kind of peace can this possibly be? Who can paint a group portrait of people who all want the center seat? When all want the honor of being the final peacemaker, there will be no peace.

Adam needs many people, none of whom can boast of any success. Adam will never be better. Medically, he will only grow worse. Each person who works with him does only a little bit. My part in his life is very small. Some cook for him, some do his laundry, some give him massages, some let him listen to music or take him for a walk or a swim or a ride. Others look after his blood pressure, regulate his medicine, look after his teeth. Even with all this assistance Adam often slips into total exhaustion. Yet a community of peace has emerged around him, a peace community not just for Adam, but for all who belong to Adam's race. It's a community that proclaims that God has chosen to reveal his glory in complete weakness and vulnerability.

I've told you about Adam and about his peace. But you're not part of l'Arche, you don't live at Daybreak, you're not a member of Adam's family. Like me, however, you search for peace in your heart, in your family and in your world.

I've told you about Adam and his peace to offer you a quiet guide with a gentle heart, a little light for walking through this dark world. In Adam's name, therefore, I say to you: Do not give up work-

ing for peace. But remember that the peace you seek is not of this world. Don't be distracted by the great noises of war, the dramatic descriptions of misery, the sensational exploitation of cruelty. Newspapers, movies and war novels may numb you, but they do not create a true desire for peace. They mostly create feelings of shame, guilt and powerlessness—the worst motives for peace work.

Keep your eyes on the one who refuses to turn stones into bread, jump from great heights or rule with great temporal power. Keep your eyes on the one who says, "Blessed are the poor, the gentle, those who mourn and those who hunger and thirst for righteousness; blessed are the merciful, the pure of heart, the peacemakers and those who are persecuted in the cause of uprightness." Keep your eyes on the one who touches the lame and the blind, the one who speaks forgiveness and encouragement, the one who dies alone. Keep your eyes on the one who is poor with the poor, weak with the weak and rejected with the rejected. That one is the source of all peace.

*Keep your eyes on the one who is poor with the poor, weak with the weak.*

**A**s long as we think and live as if there is no peace and that it all depends on ourselves to make it come about, we are on the road to self-destruction. But when we trust that the God of love has already given the peace we are searching for, we will see this peace poking through the broken soil of our human condition and we will be

able to let it grow fast, even to heal the economic and political maladies of our time.

An old Hassidic tale summarizes much of what I have tried to say.

The Rabbi asks his students, "How can we determine the hour of dawn, when the night ends and the day begins?"

One student suggests, "When, from a distance, you can distinguish between a dog and a sheep?"

"No," the Rabbi answers.

"Is it when you can distinguish between a fig tree and a grapevine?" asks a second student.

"No," the Rabbi says.

"Please tell us the answer, then," say the students.

"It is," says the wise teacher, "when you have enough light to look human beings in the face and recognize them as your brothers and sisters. Until then the darkness is still with us."

Let us pray for that light. It is the peace that the world cannot give. □

*Henri Nouwen is an author, educator and ordained Roman Catholic priest.*



BY RANDY MILLER

# MENDING SMILES

*Their scalpels and sutures repair the external smiles; their compassion puts a smile in the heart.*



OPERATION SMILE

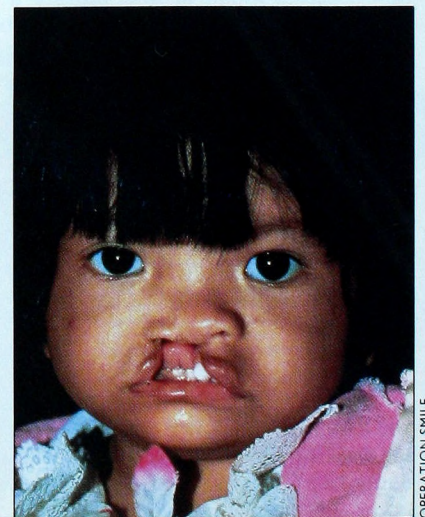
**W**hen I first saw Fremmalyn in California, I was repulsed. Her face is shocking—split up the middle since birth, from her upper lip through her nose and into the bridge between her eyes. Fremmalyn, too young to realize her handicap, is 2 years old.

I saw her again a few weeks later in Virginia Beach, Va., at a potluck dinner in the home of Father Leo Manalo. Thirty or 40 people, mostly Filipinos, were packed into his modest home, filling his kitchen and family room with laughter and music and the smell of good food. And there was Fremmalyn, dodging legs and racing around the coffee table.

I talked with her mother for a while, using gestures and simple phrases, since we had a language barrier. Fremmalyn came and sat in her lap. The more I watched her, the less I noticed her deformity, and the more I became taken by her smile and her joyful spirit. She was playful, a ham in front of the camera. When my shutter clicked and the flash lit the room, she would look my way and clap or smile. Yes, definitely a smile, a window to her effervescent spirit which became more evident by the minute. By the end of the evening I had nearly forgotten about her affliction—and was homesick for my own daughter.

Fremmalyn is one of the few patients brought to the United States from her home in the Philippines for extensive surgical work by Norfolk-based Operation Smile. This small but rapidly growing group of plastic surgeons and other health care experts volunteer

*In 1987, Roxanne Martinez (left) had plenty to smile about. (Below) Roxanne, before her 1986 surgery in the Philippines.*



OPERATION SMILE





Two-year-old Fremmalyn, just a few weeks away from her first facial surgery, charms Operation Smile co-founder Kathy Magee.

their time and talent to treat disfigured patients. Most would likely remain disfigured for life without their help. After patients like Fremmalyn receive treatment here—several surgeries over many months—they return home.

The handful of patients brought to the States are the exceptions. Nearly all of the 2260 cleft lip and palate cases Operation Smile physicians have treated over the last six years have been scalped and sutured on their home turf.

This has occurred primarily in the Philippines, although last year teams set up shop in Liberia and Kenya, and this June began work in Colombia. If founders Bill and Kathy Magee had their way, their teams would soon be in every country of the world.

The seed for Operation Smile was planted 35,000 feet over the Pacific Ocean in 1981. Bill, a plastic surgeon, and Kathy, a nurse and clinical social worker, were flying home from a whirlwind surgical visit to Naga, the Philippines, where they had worked with a team of plastic surgeons from Houston. As a result of their efforts, more than one hundred children would live dramatically improved lives, no longer sheltered by embarrassed families or shunned by playmates. But, wonderful as the work was, the Houston doctors had no plans for returning to Naga.

"We saw about 250 children turned away," says Bill, relaxing at home over a 9 p.m. dinner after a long day in surgery. "Before we left, the hospital administrator said to us, 'Someday, even if it's five or ten years from now,

please come back, because these kids will still be here needing surgeries.'"

One year later, they did go back, bringing a team of 20 doctors and other health care experts, and treating 150 cases. Again, another 250 kids were turned away. They knew they had to expand their efforts. They were also beginning to realize that expanding their efforts would mean more than just additional plastic surgeons in the operating room.

For unknown reasons, the incidence of cleft lip and palate is three times higher in the Philippines than the United States. With no government health program to cover the costs of treating such cases, thousands of children are condemned to live with their condition for a lifetime. On their next trip, the Magees added a geneticist.

"We noticed that a lot of these kids were pretty malnourished—most of them eating only one meal a day—so we added a nutritionist," says Bill.

"Then we wondered, 'How can we repair their palates if we don't teach them how to speak again?' So we brought along speech pathologists. And really, in order to be safe and address other needs that we see, we ought to bring along a pediatrician. The oral hygiene is horrible, so we ought to have a dentist along. And so the teams just started to grow."

By February this year, the team that went to the Philippines had grown to 128, only 20 of whom were plastic surgeons. In six days they treated 550

*Some were told to return next year. For others, there was simply no hope at all.*

## KIDS HELPING KIDS

"It's amazing how much ice cream kids eat in a week," remarks Charles Bolton, assistant superintendent for the Chesapeake (Va.) School System. He was actually referring to the amount of ice cream one group of elementary school students did *not* eat one week, diverting their dessert money instead toward the work of Operation Smile, and coming up with \$1400.

Garage sales, car washes, dances and bake sales held by students in the Chesapeake system and beyond have generated thousands of dollars in recent years. High schoolers in Virginia Beach created "Happy Clubs" a few years ago, and the idea has caught on in schools throughout the area. Several students have traveled to the Philippines and worked with the teams, scrubbing for surgery, performing educational skits, or involving young patients in play therapy to orient them to the strange and often fearful process they are about to undergo.

But involving children in the program goes beyond just fund rais-



"Play therapy is especially helpful for kids like these who've never seen a doctor," says Ramona Garcia (center), seated here with 'Happy Club' assistants.

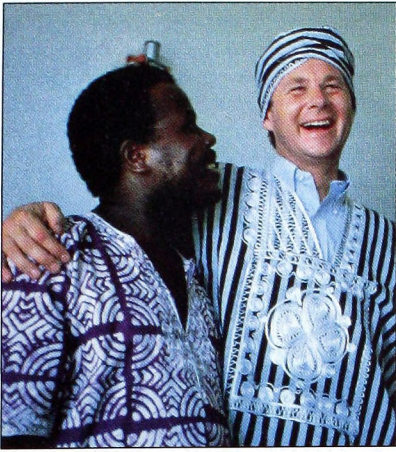
ing—or even an occasional overseas trip.

Charles Bolton beams like a proud father when he talks about the impact a little awareness of needs overseas is having on children in his school district.

"I think it's healthy for our children to realize that there are children out there who are not properly cared for, who have no medical care, or can't go to school, or don't have a box of crayons. And to realize that one of our responsibilities is to help people who are in need.

"Children helping other children is the key. Helping our children realize how fortunate they are, and that their world is not like the rest of the world." □





*"When they gave us typical Liberian clothes at the end of our visit, it was an honor to put them on," says Dr. Bill Magee, here embracing a JFK Hospital staff member.*

cases, screened more than a thousand, started an immunization program, made obturators (plastic mouth plates)—temporary help for cleft palate cases—and extracted 400 teeth.

Still, hundreds had to be turned away. Some were told to return next year. For others, there was simply no hope.

Delivering that news had been the job of DeLois Greenwood, former public affairs coordinator for Operation Smile. She told me about it as we wound our way through Virginia Beach on our way to the potluck.

"When I had to tell people they couldn't be helped. . . ." Tears filled her eyes. "This happens every time I talk about this," she said, wiping her eyes. "Father Manalo helped me out. Even though it was terrible news for these people, he had a way of telling them that helped ease the pain."

**F**ather Manalo serves as something of a spiritual advisor and figurehead for the sizable group of Filipinos in the Norfolk/Virginia Beach area who, in the last several years, have rallied to support Operation Smile. In addition to raising thousands of dollars, many of them have opened their homes to state-side patients—like Fremmalyn and her mother—providing just-like-home food, language and culture to help ease the transition from the rural Philippines to the urban United States.

But support for Operation Smile at home goes well beyond the Filipino community.

Several schools in the greater Norfolk/Tidewater area are using Operation Smile videotapes for subjects ranging from dental health and oral hygiene to geography and African culture. And

five area superintendents have promised that if Operation Smile can drum up a curriculum guide, every student in their districts will learn about the organization.

Beyond the schools, local city governments—and the state of Virginia, itself—have officially recognized the efforts of Operation Smile. For two years running, the second week in January has been proclaimed "Smile Week" by Governor Gerald Baliles. It's a week in which volunteer efforts in general are bathed in praise. But it was Operation Smile team members who got the ball rolling.

Putting whole smiles back on faces ravaged by cleft lips and palates—or even by tumors or burns—is the obvious goal of Operation Smile. But another not-so-hidden agenda is part of every trip.

Attorney Jeff Breit, who chairs the board of Operation Smile, met Bill Magee in 1980 and they have been fast friends ever since.

*Christ made the lame walk and the blind see. Then he began to preach."*

"I am not a physician," Jeff says. "I don't have the ability to change people's faces. I hate the sight of blood! But I can help to change people's attitudes toward Americans. Many people overseas picture people in the U.S. as so-called 'ugly Americans,' who show up with money and guns and bully people around.

"When we go to a country, we try to work hand-in-hand with the local physicians, so that they don't feel like we're just these Americans coming in, saying, 'Hey, move aside. We're going to perform some miracle work, and then we're going to leave in a few days. Thanks a lot. Gotta go.' That's why I'm involved."

Bill Magee takes that thought a step further.

"The power of Operation Smile doesn't lie just in changing the face of a

child. Our purpose is also to use the trust and the relationship that's developed through the healing of that child's face so that we can help break down barriers around the world.

"That may sound farfetched, but look at Christ's teachings and style. He made the lame walk and the blind see. He built trust. After he had created that sense of trust, he began to preach. So we go in and help these children and build up trust. And there's no shortcut to that."

Fremmalyn had no problem trusting even the white "foreigners" at Father Manalo's potluck as she darted from her mother's arms to Kathy Magee's lap for a hug and a smile.

"We give our time and our talent," Bill says, "and they give us their smiles, their appreciation, a trinket, a basket of bananas. That's all they have.

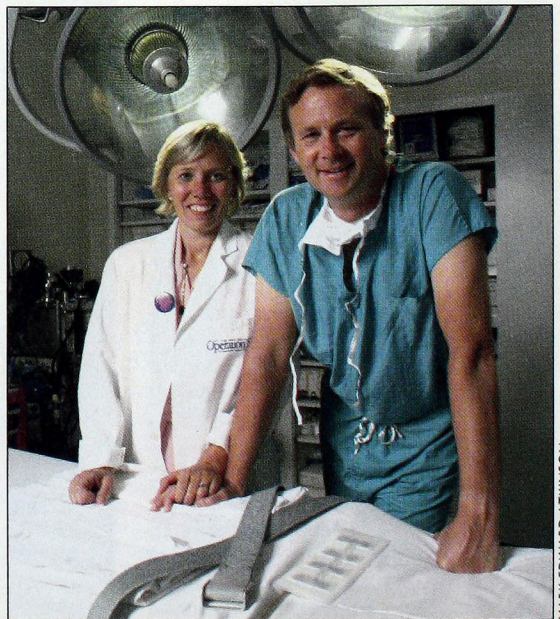
"When you start to tell somebody about it, tears well up in your eyes because someone gave you a basket of bananas. I can't explain that but it happens. Why don't tears well up in my eyes when someone gives me a couple thousand dollars for an operation?"

Fremmalyn, and hundreds of children like her in the Philippines, Liberia, Kenya and Colombia, will have a chance to live normal lives because of the sacrificial giving of Bill and Kathy and DeLois and Jeff and others.

"It doesn't feel like a sacrifice," says Kathy. "We give because we want to. It's a 'win' for everyone." □

*Write to Operation Smile at 400 W. Brambleton Ave., Group W, Norfolk, VA 23510 for further information.*

**Kathy and Bill Magee**





**T**alk may be cheap, but some words are actually very expensive.

“Reconciliation” is one of those pleasant and useful words which always seemed to express so nicely what the Bible taught about healing broken relation-

ships. But in the South African township of Mamelodi, where the sound of houses being bombed in the night shattered my sleep, I began to learn how costly the word reconciliation can be.

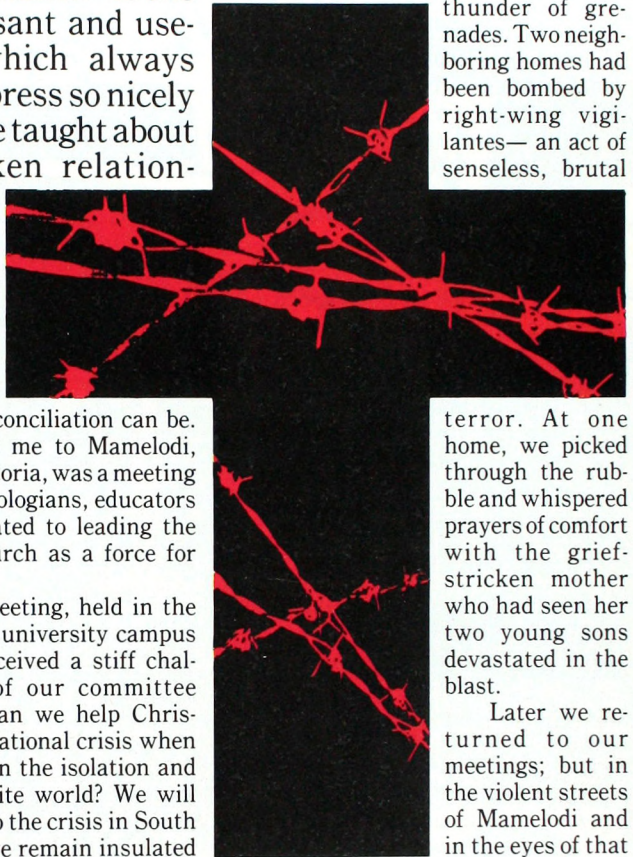
What brought me to Mamelodi, located outside Pretoria, was a meeting with Christian theologians, educators and pastors dedicated to leading the South African church as a force for reconciliation.

At our first meeting, held in the plush comfort of a university campus in Pretoria, we received a stiff challenge from one of our committee members: “How can we help Christians address the national crisis when we meet together in the isolation and comfort of the white world? We will never be relevant to the crisis in South Africa as long as we remain insulated

from township realities.”

So our next meetings were held in Mamelodi, with accommodations in the matchbox homes of local residents. In the dark stillness of the first night, we were suddenly shaken by the piercing

thunder of grenades. Two neighboring homes had been bombed by right-wing vigilantes— an act of senseless, brutal



terror. At one home, we picked through the rubble and whispered prayers of comfort with the grief-stricken mother who had seen her two young sons devastated in the blast.

Later we returned to our meetings; but in the violent streets of Mamelodi and in the eyes of that

*It is not enough to come to some theoretical sense of reconciliation. Tangible barriers and measurable distances must be crossed.*

*Reconciliation in South Africa*

**THE  
HIGH  
COST OF  
LIVING  
IT**



weeping mother, our committee began to see how painful and costly the word reconciliation can be.

# 1

The first costly demand of reconciliation is that white Christians begin to *identify with the suffering* of their black neighbors. The wounds of South Africa are so profound that whites and blacks cannot even begin to talk to each other until they have begun to weep together. Repeatedly I saw misunderstanding and disunity begin to crumble when whites made the unsettling journey into the black world. Whites and blacks began to talk about the same things when they began to share the same reality. The distrust of blacks melted away as whites proved their love by enduring the risks of township life. Ignorance and apathy vanished when whites were awakened by the same bombs as blacks. Responsible concern replaced irrational fears when whites exchanged propaganda and myth for firsthand experiences.

# 2

Secondly, Christians have rediscovered the old biblical principle that *there can be no reconciliation without repentance*. In the same way that we can only be reconciled to God if we take seriously the sins which have alienated us from God, Christians in South Africa cannot find peace until they are honest about the sins which have separated them. I found that nothing meaningful was ever accomplished in the attempt to reconcile blacks and whites without sincere repentance. On the other hand, there seemed to be no limit to the mountains of bitterness and suspicion which could be overcome by sincere expressions of contrition.

Moreover, while reconciliation often requires repentance from both parties, it is important to note that there are times when the source of enmity has mainly come clearly from one side. Under these circumstances reconciliation is not achieved by mediating differences, but by confronting the party at fault. In a marriage divided by a husband's abuse of his wife, reconciliation is possible only when the husband takes responsibility for his actions. The wife may forgive

him, but the relationship will not be restored until he has repented.

For the most part this is also the case in South Africa. The divisions and enmities which exist between blacks and whites in South Africa are primarily the result of the sins of the ruling white minority. This has been a painful but necessary realization for white South Africans.

# 3

The third costly demand of reconciliation is the principle that *there can be no reconciliation from a distance*. White and black Christians in South Africa cannot love and serve one another as long as they remain imprisoned in their respective ghettos. There must be an intimate sharing of experiences and burdens in order for enemies to become friends. Certainly this is the reconciliation which Jesus demonstrated. In order to be reconciled with us, he left the comfort, joy and immortality of heaven to experience our pain, sadness and death.

Christ demonstrated that it is not enough to come to some theoretical sense of reconciliation. Tangible barriers and measurable distances must be crossed.

# 4

Fourthly, *reconciliation requires restitution*. There must be an effort to repair the damage. In South Africa, white Christians are beginning to realize that it is not enough to simply acknowledge the decades of sin they have committed against their black brothers and sisters; they must go one step further and actually begin to repair the damage. This means restoring the basic rights and privileges that they have denied to others. It means restoring dignity and respect to economic, social and political relationships. It means restoring the fellowship of Christian unity to churches divided by race.

All of this brings us to the conclusion that *reconciliation is costly*. This is a surprising and painful discovery for many Christians. At first, reconciliation sounded like a pleasant experience—holding hands and singing songs of unity. But they are now beginning to discover its demands.

## Do We Really See?

**J**ohn Allwood, director of World Vision of Southern Africa, tells a story about an office employee whose performance was faltering. The worker frequently arrived at the office late and tired, and continually made mistakes while working.

One morning John felt he couldn't put it off any longer. He had to tell her that if her performance did not improve, she would have to be dismissed.

He began with a friendly query about her morning trip to the office.

Her reply was heavy with emotion. "I can't concentrate today, because the smell of a burning body is still in my nostrils."

Every morning she had to walk through the troubled streets of Soweto before catching a train for the two-hour ride to the office. That

morning she had been forced to walk past the burning body of a man who had been lynched the night before.

As John listened to the employee's terrible experience, he thought about his own tranquil morning, with a shower, a glass of orange juice and a five-minute drive to the office.

Reconciliation is a humbling process. Before it can happen, people's experiences need to be fully understood—their pain, anger, fear, guilt, grief and loss.

Do we really see the other person? Do we listen attentively enough to uncover our own assumptions and prejudices, so that we can move on to be reconciled? □

*Dianne Steinkraus is World Vision's project manager for creative services.*



In the pursuit of peace, white Christians will sit through hours of bruising confrontation as their black brothers and sisters begin to pull back the veil on the hideous crimes of apartheid. Black Christians will place their credibility and safety on the line when they are seen meeting with whites. White ministers and lay leaders will find themselves called traitors and communists if they speak up against injustice. White Christians will face the frightening reality that social justice will mean an end to their comfortable monopoly on power and privilege. And, as we discovered in Mamelodi, the process of reconciliation may mean putting their lives at risk in the midst of South Africa's burning townships.

Fear will always whisper that the price of reconciliation is just too high. But will the Christian church in South Africa find the courage and strength to pay the high price of reconciliation now, or the higher price of civil war later?

As South African Christians face the crucible of justice and reconciliation, they rely on every believer around the world to uphold them in passionate prayer. □

*Gary Haugen is an author and former missionary to South Africa, where he worked with the National Initiative for Reconciliation.*

*The wounds of South Africa are so profound that whites and blacks cannot even begin to talk together until they have begun to weep together.*



# YOUNG AND BLACK IN SOWETO

**T**he restless, troubled South African township of Soweto is Caesar Molebatsi's hometown. He was born there and came up through its public school system. He returned there, after study abroad, to lead the very youth ministry which nursed him through the bitter, painful pilgrimage of his own youth.

Molebatsi talked recently with Tom Getman, World Vision's director of government relations, about the much-publicized turmoil in his hometown, about its angry and impatient young population and about the leavening presence of Youth Alive Ministries in Soweto.



**You've characterized your youth as bitterly anti-white. Why?**

My father was a teacher. He prided himself in developing in us the three-



pronged emphasis of African nationalism: economic self-reliance, political liberation and cultural emancipation. So from the beginning I felt compelled to fight not for equality, but for my right to be what God intended me to be. As my father sometimes said, "Don't get stuck on equality. Maybe God intended you to be greater."

I developed a strong anti-white feeling when I was young, because I was beaten by whites for having addressed them in a manner "unfitting for people in their station."

But even more crushing was a car accident in which I lost a leg, back in 1964. My case was casually dismissed out of court: "You blacks are all the same—you want more money from whites." That made me tremendously bitter, not only against the white people but against God himself. I felt God had forgotten us.

*If you do what the enemy does then you too are the enemy.*

**What changed your mind about God? What was the turning point?**

Through a personal struggle that lasted about two years, I came to a deeper understanding of who God is. I really believe that when people ask difficult questions about God, even when they ask out of deeply disturbing circumstances, they will get much nearer to God.

I read the Bible for 18 months non-stop before I became a Christian or even wanted to be identified with the Bible.

At the same time I was reading black history, coming to understand my own identity as a black person and as an African. And it was difficult for me to reconcile that with what I read in the Bible about justice. I couldn't understand how white people could be saved and still be racist and unjust. Either white people aren't really saved, I thought, or salvation is meaningless.

There were also some heavy teachings in the Bible that I was not ready to accept, like how you are to treat your enemies. I said, "That is not possible. You can't ask anyone to do that." But I came to understand that if you do what the enemy does, then you too are the enemy.

During this deep spiritual pilgrimage several Youth Alive counselors spent time with me day after day. This was one of the greatest things that happened to me. Each young person needs individual attention, just as I received. This can involve Bible study. It can mean simply listening—allowing or helping young people to articulate what they have been through.

**Many consider the youth of South Africa to be increasingly "militant" and "radicalized." Do you find this to be true?**

Yes. There are those who are already irrational in their radicalism, who are sick and tired of talking about liberation. They just want to get it over and done with. Then there are those who are very active in the trade union movement. They feel that some of the senior leadership within the black community is derailing, or at least slowing, the train of liberation. Of course, the cost of this radicalization is more severe government reaction.

Every kid who goes into prison for detention comes out angry. A very few come out totally broken, because of beatings and solitary confinement. I'm not talking about these. I'm talking about the ones who, while they were in prison, had time to think about the way



To enforce the demolishing of "illegal" shacks in Soweto, police used dogs and tear gas.

the government treats blacks. Those kids tend to be much more radical afterwards.

**How old are these kids?**

We're talking about teenagers, and also young adults. Consider that these young adults would ordinarily be starting jobs, and would therefore be much more hesitant to join radical causes that might disrupt their economic life. This was the case in the late 1970s, even after the riots; today we're finding this age group as radical as the younger ones. It is frightening.

*Without a Trace*

**I** find Americans are naive when it comes to statistics about South Africa. Let me give you an example.

The American people read that 1000 black men were arrested last year. In America it means every one of those men got their one phone call. We don't have that in South Africa. If I am arrested for a traffic offense, go to court and am charged, I must have enough money to pay on the spot. Otherwise I will be sent to serve a three-month sentence.

On a short sentence like that I will be sold to a farmer. My wife could look all over the country without a clue as to where I am. She will go to every mortuary, every police station in Soweto, in Johannesburg, until she gets to the actual police station or court where I was tried. By that time if I am already

sold, there is nothing she can do to buy me back. The farmer will take me anywhere he pleases.

If I am taken away for three months I will lose my job. My wife will probably spend two weeks looking for me, and thus lose her job. By this time the kids are looking, and the whole family has gone to pieces.

This almost happened to me once. Now every time I am a little late my wife panics, because it has happened—people have just disappeared.

These things are inconceivable in the mind of an American. What you won't find in the "Race Relations Report" is the actual toll on humans that statistics represent. □

*Caesar Molebatsi, reprinted with permission from Cornerstone*



**What's pushing them toward radicalism?**

When you go through a tragedy, one of two things happens. You either become a stronger person or you lose all self-respect. You do find those who are brutalized to the point of despair, but you find an incredible number who become radical because of what they have seen—what the police have done in the name of the government.

This has affected kids and their parents. When it affects people (like ministers) who would not normally be involved, you really see the seriousness of the situation.

**Do you think the increasing radicalization helps or hinders liberation?**

It can go either way. The more radical people become, the more those people who were previously apolitical and uninvolved become aware of the problems. In this sense radicalization has a positive effect.

Where it has had a negative effect is where the struggle has become self-defeating, where ideological differences have cost people's lives.

In 1976 ours was a simple, united struggle against a clearly defined enemy. But eventually you look beyond the common enemy and begin to develop your own vision and plans for the new South Africa. You have to be big enough,

magnanimous enough to allow for differences.

People sometimes say that until we arrive at a unified vision for South Africa, perhaps we should not push so hard for liberation. However, I don't despair. And I know that the government plays up these differences.

**Where do you see the American church in all this?**

What has concerned me during this trip to America is the insular attitude I have seen. We are not placing enough emphasis on being world citizens. We have one world and we must recognize that the church of Christ is in every nook and cranny of it. What our own local assembly does affects the rest of the world. I find that people aren't too concerned about that.

As a result, if I may venture to say so, this affects your foreign policy. You don't put enough pressure on your public figures about the moral things they should be doing.

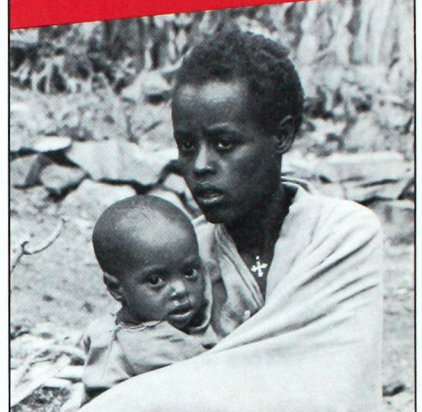
When you become so insular, you begin to consume yourself. But to the extent that you are involved with the rest of the world, when you begin to solve crises and look at causes, you break out beyond your own shores.

I'm talking about ordinary people in our congregations, students in our theological seminaries and universities. We've got to become a world community.

*Soweto youths flee tear gas fired by police to break up a crowd of 8000 blacks attempting to march to a funeral banned by a court order.*



**Your people need to know more about Ethiopia's famine than what they read in *Time***



Ethiopia's people are in crisis, and while *Time* and *Newsweek* often describe their plight, they don't tell your people what they can do to help them.

Sociologist, author and dynamic Christian speaker Tony Campolo visited Africa. And in World Vision's 16-minute color film, "Africa in Crisis," he candidly reveals the compelling truth about the situation.



To share with your people what many call Tony Campolo's greatest challenge, simply book a showing of "Africa in Crisis" right now. They will be filled with compassion — and moved to action.

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Z62B80



# SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR  
HELPING OTHERS  
IN THE NAME  
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written by Ginger Hope

## WORKABLE SOLUTION

**B**ible study groups are dangerous. You sit around and talk about stuff, like all the joblessness in your town. And how much the Bible says about helping people who are in trouble. Pretty soon somebody wants to do more than talk.

It happened in Atlanta not long ago. Five or six people from a Bible study group just wouldn't let the issue rest. Now they've got over a hundred churches and just about 200 volunteers involved in this job bank thing. Over 800 people who would have been jobless have found meaningful employment.

See what I mean? Dangerous. Christian Employment Cooperative, 465 Boulevard S.E., Atlanta, GA 30312.



## SHOWERS AND RAINBOWS

**T**o name a desert ranch "Rainbow Acres" does stretch it a bit. Unless, of course, there's a chance of Showers.

Fourteen years ago, Dr. Ralph Showers left the pastorate to pour himself into ten dusty Arizona acres. What sprang up was Rainbow Acres, a ranch community where 100 mentally handicapped adults live productive, enjoyable lives free from

the stigma of government welfare and housebound parental care.

A pot of gold may be on its way, too. Last September Rainbow Acres broke ground for a project to include a theme park and an international resource center for the mentally handicapped. The project is designed to make the ranch financially self-sufficient.

## HOLLYWOOD

### YOUNG AND RESTLESS

**W**hatever it is that draws the young and the restless, Hollywood's got it. Or at least a reputation for it. The streets of Hollywood are home, at any given time, to between 1500 and 4500 teen-age runaways.

Enter Centrum, a ministry of Youth With A Mission, on location

in Hollywood. Centrum offers food, shelter, ongoing Christian nurture and counsel and a 24-hour hotline. A chance to rewrite the script, or at least alter the ending.

Centrum, staffed by volunteers and supported by donations, celebrated its tenth year in 1987. Youth With A Mission, P.O. Box 1110, Hollywood, CA 90078; (213) 463-5576.

**“**If our global village had 100 families, 70 would have no drinking water at home, and 65 of them could not read. Seven families would own 60 percent of the land and consume 80 percent of all available energy. And just one family would have a university education.**”**

*Rev. Dr. Raimundo Pannikar, Global Conference of Spiritual and Parliamentary Leaders on Human Survival, April 1988.*



ILLUSTRATIONS BY STAN SAKAI

## GOOD NEWS TRAVELS

**P**enciled in your vacation plans for next year? Hold on to your Hawaiian shirt. Good News Travels may have a great escape for you—an escape from those pricey, homogenized holidays that remind you of what you're trying to leave behind.

Good News Travels will send you packing to missionaries who need a hand from someone with your skills. You probably won't pay more than \$100 a week for room, board and transport, after you buy your plane ticket. And you'll see the real thing.

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## LET'S MAKE A DEAL

**H**ere's a novel approach to college scholarship aid: Corporations donate goods and services to colleges. In exchange, the colleges award tuition credits to needy students.

Five Christian business leaders founded the Glen Ellyn, Ill.-based Education Assistance, Ltd.

(From *Collegiate Trends*)

# Last night these young Americans came closer to starvation. And closer to God.



They were stretched by a 30-hour weekend fast. Together with planned activities. Games. Films. Discussion. Prayers. Bible study. And songs.

These young Christians felt what it's like to be hungry. And they raised money to help feed hungry families around the world.

They shared an unforgettable night and day of fellowship and fun. Hunger and joy. They shared an experience that brought them closer to each other. Closer to a starving world. And closer to God.

That's the World Vision Planned Famine program. Share it with the young people of your church. And let them share their feelings with a hungry world.

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

Home phone \_\_\_\_\_ Office phone \_\_\_\_\_ Best time to call \_\_\_\_\_

(area code)

(area code)

Please send me materials needed to organize our Planned Famine today. We are considering the date: \_\_\_\_\_  
(Allow 30 days for shipping materials.)



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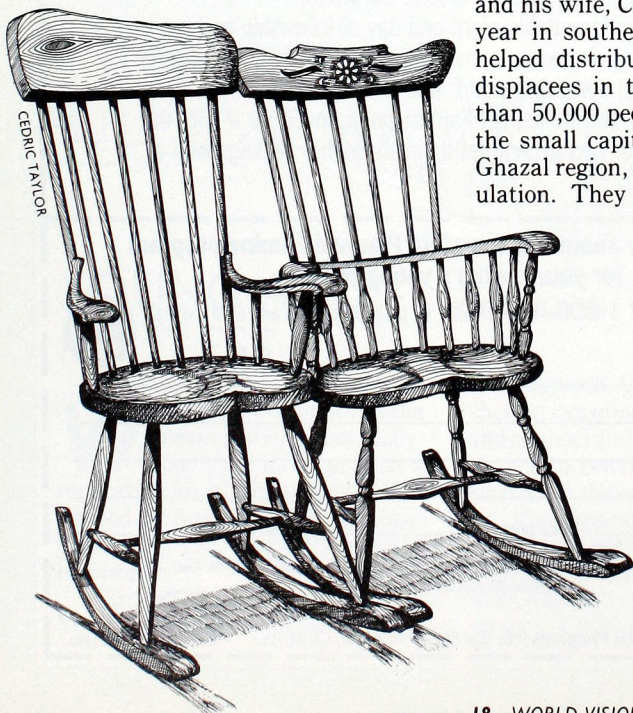


Z62H80



*Ducking  
bullets in their  
golden years?  
They must be . . .*

# OFF THEIR ROCKERS



I got up at 5:50 a.m. to hike up Georgia's famous (?) Stone Mountain with Dick Stuart. 5:50. That's 2:50 a.m. Pacific Standard Time. My time.

I got up in the middle of the night to spend 45 minutes climbing up and down a big rock with this retired Army colonel and former missionary who climbs it every morning. Well, almost every morning.

"You know, the best intentions..." His voice trails off as we puff up the side of this thing in the chilly dawn, wind whipping our collars and a light rain slicking down the granite. Gray-haired, ruddy-complected and rough around the edges, Dick Stuart is a man who likes to chart his own course. "I love coming out here to do this. It's a great way to start the day. Really clears my head."

Art Carney could play Dick Stuart. Not the young, black-and-white Art Carney from the "Honeymooners" days. The older, crustier Art Carney who played Harry Coombs in "Harry and Tonto." Harry Coombs, retired English professor, was being evicted from his doomed apartment building as the credits rolled.

He wouldn't move. Sat right in his big easy chair with Tonto, his cat, and hung on. They had to carry him out. His friends and relatives chided him for making a spectacle. He contended he was making a point: Don't push me around. What I'm doing is important.

Leave me alone and let me get on with it.

It took that kind of brass for Dick and his wife, Carol, to stick it out last year in southern Sudan, where they helped distribute grain to Sudanese displacees in the city of Wau. More than 50,000 people have crowded into the small capital of Sudan's Bahr el Ghazal region, doubling the city's population. They come fleeing drought and fighting that has ravaged their rural homelands for years. Unfortunately, what they discover in Wau is often little better—and sometimes worse—than what they have left behind.

With Dick's background as a career military officer, and with their various stints in Christian mission and relief work since his retirement from the mil-

itary in 1971, the Steuarts have been around the block a few times. But what commodities manager Dick and nurse/office manager Carol found when they arrived in Wau in March 1987 was a little out of the ordinary, even for them.

At the time when Jim and Tammy and Ollie were the going concerns back home, Dick and Carol were ducking bullets by day and watching grenaded huts illuminate the skies by night. Tribal warfare between the Dinkas and the Fertites had heated up in the area, and tensions between government troops from the north and the southern-based Sudan People's Liberation Army (SPLA) were intensifying. In mid-summer, an SPLA-launched ground-to-air missile struck a government plane. "It made a hole in the rudder of that plane that a blind man could throw a basketball through," says Dick. Since that time, retaliatory attacks by both sides increased. And tribal hatred only fanned the flames.

Even before we went to Wau, we had heard stories of random violence: houses being grenaded, people being shot and so forth," says Dick. "Many of the attacks came at night. The Fertites would find a courtyard in which a bunch of refugees were staying—kids, mostly—after having come in from the countryside. The Fertites would throw a grenade into a courtyard where they knew the Dinkas were staying. And the Dinkas would retaliate; it went back and forth."

But the number of violent incidents in the town increased during the time they were there. And on August 11th it came to a tragic head, claiming the lives of some 200 Dinka civilians.

"I happened to be outside the morning the shooting started," says Carol. "What I saw was the panic, the results of the massacre of these Dinkas in a little neighborhood in town. People just screaming and yelling, running as fast as they could.

"From what we could tell, the massacre was in retaliation for the planes that had been shot at by the SPLA," says Carol.

General rioting and unbridled violence erupted shortly afterward throughout the town. By the time a semblance of order had been restored, another 200 people—mostly civilians—had been killed. On the doorstep of the home across the street from where Dick and Carol lived, a mother and her child had been killed when they had sought shelter there.

"By this time we realized we just couldn't conduct relief operations there



anymore," says Dick. So, sadly, they made arrangements to leave Wau. That, however, was a little trickier than simply dialing the local travel agent for a couple of seats on the next flight out. No commercial planes had flown into Wau for months, due to the fighting. And from April to August, only five military planes had dared land there. So why not drive out? "The roads all around Wau for at least 70 miles were mined," says Dick. "Trucks had been blown up. And there were militia out there who were little more than bandits in uniform. They were against anything that didn't stand properly with them. So we had little choice but to try for a military flight out."

They hoped to catch a plane that was due to arrive September 16. But, as was proving all too common, the flight never arrived. Fortunately, a C-130 transport plane did land the next day.

"A friend of mine, who had informed us that there were SPLA hiding in the tall grass around the airport that day, speculated that since they hadn't fired at the plane as it was landing they might let it take off," says Dick.

They boarded the plane with some 30 wounded men, two Jesuit priests and about 70 civilians, and sat on their luggage, since the plane had no seats. As they took off, Dick figured that if nothing happened in the first 20 seconds, they were home free. "Within the first 20 seconds we'd be exposed, and if someone was sitting out there with a heat-seeking missile, it'd be all over in less than a minute."

But they were lucky. "It was a nice flight out," says Dick.

After our hike up Stone Mountain, we ate breakfast while rain pattered lightly on the corrugated aluminum roof over the back porch. We sat around their antique kitchen table and talked more about Africa.

I noticed both Dick and Carol wore African bracelets, which I learned were from Nioro, Mali, where they had worked from May 1985 to August 1986 managing six nutrition centers and distributing 2000 tons of grain to drought-stricken pastoralists and farmers.

"And I have toe rings, too," Carol said. I expected her to run upstairs and fish them out of her jewelry box. Instead, she walked over to me, slipped off a shoe and plopped her foot in my lap. There, beneath her nylons, was a silver ring around her second toe. "And I've got another one on the other foot, too."

## *Dick figured that if nothing happened in the first 20 seconds, they were home free.*

Here are people who have spent a lifetime traveling the globe. They showed me a small bamboo cup from Cameroon inscribed with the names of all the cities in which they've lived since they were married in 1952: Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Okinawa, Tuscaloosa, Nioro, and a dozen or so more. ("If I'm in a place over two years I get bored," says Dick.) Yet of all the places they've lived, Africa has touched them in ways the others have not. Their home is richly adorned with rare antiques and treasures from around the world. But something they took from Africa—their bracelets and toe rings—are with them at all times. Constant reminders. The only other jewelry that's always with them: wedding rings and Dick's fat, worn graduation ring from West Point.

Dick would go back to Wau in an instant. Given the risks, he still misses the drama of the situation and the camaraderie that develops among people drawn together by dangerous circumstances. Carol wouldn't be so quick to return.

In contrast to her sometimes impulsive husband, Carol appears more settled, quieter—the soothing balm who's claimed the job of making sure the family unit maintains an even keel while bumping from city to city around the globe. To stay in shape—and to keep a case of osteoporosis at bay—she lifts weights, takes brisk walks and practices t'ai chi three times a week at a local Baptist church.

"Dick is the big get-up-and-goer of the two of us," says Carol. "Dick felt very strongly about getting into mission work. I wasn't against it, I just didn't feel as compelled to do it. But, looking back on it, I know I grew a lot and I am thankful for all the experiences we have had."

In 1978 they left their 45-acre New Hampshire farm, where they had lived for six and a half years, and began a year of language study in Lausanne, Switzerland. That prepared them for administrative jobs at the Wycliffe Bible

Translators support center in Yaounde, Cameroon.

Among the places they've lived and worked around the world, Carol's first choice for a return visit would be Nioro. "I miss the Malians," she says. "We helped bring a good number of people to Christ. And when you form that kind of spiritual bond with people it makes it a little different relationship."

The Steuarts have no immediate plans to work overseas. No one would blame them if they decided to settle down in their comfortable home on a tree-lined cul-de-sac in smalltown America. They may stay there a while longer. Or they may be on a plane for the African bush tomorrow.

"As long as you've got good health, there are so many things you can do," says Carol. "I've always felt that being older just means you've had more experience in many areas. You're more mature. And going overseas is an exciting way to spend a year or two doing something really vital.

"I also think experiences like this



Dick and Carol Steuart

make you much more tolerant of other people, even subcultures in our own country. I'm thankful that we've had these opportunities. I count them as real privileges."

Still, for all they've done to help the world's downtrodden, they sometimes wonder if it makes a dent. Dick gestures to a stack of newspaper clippings on the table. "I see there's drought and famine hitting Africa again. There's a certain inevitability to that kind of thing, but you sometimes ask yourself, 'What good is it for me to help if it's just going to happen anyway?'"

"I think we have to believe that our presence *does* help," Dick continues. "If there are people anywhere suffering, and it is within your ability to help—if the Lord's given you the wherewithal to go and work—then what else can you do? You have a moral obligation. You're not going to be able to help everybody. But maybe you can help a few people. Or even just one child." □



# WHAT'S YOUR HANDICAP?

BY EDWARD R. DAYTON

**S**ilver or gold I do not have, but what I have, I give you. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk.”

Two Christian leaders had something to give. It wasn't what you might expect. Based upon the previous few days' happenings, you might have guessed they would organize a Committee for the Handicapped among the rapidly growing Jerusalem church. Helping the handicapped is a good business for Christians to be in. But they didn't do that (at least not immediately). Rather, they dealt with the situation as they found it.

All Christians are in the business of helping the handicapped, but it is a special role for the Christian leader because every one of us is handicapped. Each of us is less than whole. Some of us have physical handicaps. (I happen to be colorblind.) All of us have inabilities, things we can't do. The Christian phrase for it is, "I'm just not gifted in that area."

And we are handicapped by "the sin that doth so easily beset us." We struggle along with Paul, wanting to do good but finding evil right there with us.

Who is to help us find our place in the marvelous body of Christ? For there is a place. The day that you became a Christian there was a you-shaped spot ready for you. And it was your shape right at that moment. You were cleansed from all your sin, but there was no need for you to somehow have all your handicaps removed before you could be an effective part of Christ's church.

## Who Helps The Handicapped?

I sometimes tell people that I am like a broken ball bearing. If you look at one side of me, I may look bright and shiny and smooth. But there is a side which is rough and jagged and broken. I can be complete only as others come alongside me and fill out that broken side.

So Christian leaders not only seek gifts in those whom they lead; they also do their best to understand the handicaps so they can fit the members of a team together in a complementary way. One member may have great gifts of planning but be absolutely unequipped to present those plans to a congregation. Another may have a beautiful gift of compassion; if someone needs comforting, this is the person to call. But fix a broken toilet? All thumbs.

## Identifying Handicaps

Before we talk about identifying handicaps, we need to

first recognize gifts. If we begin with the understanding that God has gifted every one of us, we become less concerned about a person's lacking gifts. Look for strengths before weaknesses. What is this person good at? What does she like to do? What do others say he does well?

The other side of the picture is what they don't do well, what they don't like to do, what others say they are not good

*Look for strengths before weaknesses. But know both sides of the picture.*

at. Knowing both sides of the picture helps us discover where they fit the best, with whom they work the best, where they perhaps do not belong.

## Honoring the "Less Honorable"

But there is a deeper sense in which the leader is a helper of the handicapped. In the middle of 1 Corinthians 12, Paul has some very interesting things to say about the most handicapped: "On the contrary, those parts of the body that seem to be weaker are indispensable, and the parts that we think are less honorable we treat with special honor. And the parts that are the less presentable are treated with special modesty, while our presentable parts need no special treatment. But God has combined the members of the body and has given greater honor to the parts that lacked it so there should be no division in the body, but that its parts should have equal concern for each other."

Imagine what would happen if we quietly identified all those we think are "less honorable" and started treating them with special honor. These "less honorable" would rise to the top and we would have a new set to honor. The entire body would become like a constantly bubbling, refreshing spring.

Handicapped people take our time. They take special care. They need to be given special honor. That's upside down from the way the world thinks. But that's what Christian leadership is all about. □



*Straight talk  
from Joni*

# DISABLING ATTITUDES IN THE CHURCH

STEPHEN HARVEY

**S**omebody from the local nursing home is parked in the church aisle. His hair is greasy, his shirt unevenly buttoned. His care-givers, overworked and underpaid, don't quite take the time they should to get him ready. But there he sits in his wheelchair, hands and feet curled and gnarled. He can't say much. He drools.

And we walk a wide circle around him.

We're not sure what God has to say about such folks. It's as if this young man's cerebral palsy is holding God hostage. What is God doing here? Hanging out dirty laundry?

I used to think that disabilities intimidated and embarrassed God. That was how I pictured my own diving injury 20 years ago. I figured that when I was standing on the raft, ready to take that deep dive into shallow water, God's back was turned.

Then the devil snuck up behind me, put a foot in the small of my back and gave a big shove. And tiptoed away in absolute delight.

About that time, God turned around and—oh!—suddenly saw what had happened to me, and had to grab a repair kit and go to work on my life, nervously mumbling, "How in the world am I going to fix this one up to work for good?"

Well, that may have been a young girl's idea of how it all fit together. But that's not the picture that the Bible paints.

I believe that God singles out peo-



**Are handicaps  
God's dirty laundry?  
Does cerebral palsy  
hold God hostage?**

*Joni Eareckson Tada is an artist,  
author and founder of Joni  
and Friends, 28720 Canwood St.,  
Agoura Hills, CA 91301.*

ple with disabilities—both physical and mental—for a very special reason. They illustrate how, when we are at our weakest, God's grace and power are at their strongest.

**I** have a friend named Betsy who cannot speak. If you spoke her name, chances are she wouldn't really understand.

Betsy also cannot walk. She sits up only for short periods and can't feed herself.

If you visited her, you might be asked to assist Betsy with daily routines such as eating and drinking. But you would also have to assist her with other intimate care, for my friend has no control over her bowels or bladder. She can't sleep straight through the night and awakens with desperate screams.

Would you want your church to invest in reaching out to Betsy and getting involved in her life? On a scale of one to ten, be honest, how highly would you value the time you spent with her?

Well, let me tell you about Betsy. She's an 8-month-old baby!

No, she can't quite understand her name yet. And sure, you'd have to feed her. You'd probably get more apple-sauce on yourself than in her mouth. But you wouldn't mind, not even changing her diapers. In fact, she'd rate pretty close to a "ten."

We tend to judge without all the facts, don't we? And sadly, we're greatly



influenced by society's opinion that value is determined by functioning ability.

**O**nce I was a guest on one of those call-in Christian talk radio programs. The interviewer was asking for my perspective on how the church can roll up its sleeves and get more involved in helping people with disabilities.

When we paused for a commercial break, I heard the announcer say, "Ladies, for just \$180 you can join our brand new weight-loss system. You're guaranteed to lose 50 pounds."

Then the next commercial: "Gentlemen, come and hear Dr. So-and-So help you become more successful and attractive. Yes, come to our success seminar and learn how to be a winner."

Then we were on again. "Tell us, Joni," the interviewer said, "what can the Christian community do to help our brothers and sisters in Christ reach out to those with disabilities?"

"You don't want to hear it," I warned him.

But he insisted.

I said, "All right, I'm going to be quite frank with you. You just ran a couple of commercials that literally turned my stomach."

"Are those the values we really want to communicate? If we really believe that God's power shows up best in weakness, we've got to tone down the Christian hype about beauty and success."

**L**ook at David. God wants to defeat a seasoned warrior giant, right? But not with a handpicked West Point graduate. God selects David—a pimply-faced teenage shepherd.

Or take Sarah. It doesn't take a fertility specialist to tell you that Sarah is not the most likely candidate for mother of a nation.

So why David? Why Sarah? I think this is why. God knew that when David slew Goliath and Sarah gave birth to a beautiful bouncing baby boy, the whole world would know who had done it. It wasn't accomplished by human might, nor by intellectual prowess, but by the mighty arm of God.

That's why we need to focus on the disabled in our churches. Because they really are God's best audiovisual aids. God's power shows up best in weakness.

**A** couple of years ago I got a nice letter from a woman in Alabama. She sent a clipping of a boy with a spinal cord injury in Coal Valley, Ill. She had sent this young man a copy of my book *Joni*. I thought that was really sweet.

The next day I got five letters. One from Georgia, one from Ohio, a couple from Oregon. More newspaper clippings, and all these people had sent my book to this young man in Illinois. I was beginning to get a little nervous. I remembered how I had felt when I was first injured and I received no fewer than 20 copies of *The Other Side of the Mountain* by Jill Kinmont, the Olympic skier who broke her neck.

Five days passed. I was up to 50 letters, 50 clippings and 50 people who had sent 50 books to Coal Valley. I began to get desperate.

I tracked down the phone number and dialed.

"Hello? Listen, you don't know

**She thanked me for being "an inspiration," and I flinched at the label.**

me, but my name is Joni Eareckson. . ."

"Don't go any further! I've got exactly 50 copies of your book on my dining room table!"

"Oh, I am so sorry," I said. "Listen, call the Goodwill, give them to the Salvation Army, ship them off to the public library, do whatever you want with them. Just keep one book, would you? Put it up on a shelf somewhere and maybe in a year or two, you could brush the dust off and flip through it. Perhaps it'll be encouraging then."

The young man's mother thanked me for "being an inspiration."

I flinched at the label, and so do many people with disabilities. But slowly it has dawned on me that there is value in being an encouraging example to somebody else. And people with disabilities can do that for us.

**O**h Ken, I think it's so wonderful that you've given up your life to serve Joni," many people tell my husband.

That attitude really makes him uncomfortable. Ken has not given up his life to serve a handicapped woman. Oh no, he's given his life up to the Lord Jesus Christ in sacrificial service. And

it just so happens that God has partnered him with me, a woman with a disability.

The call goes out to every Christian to serve sacrificially, and I think handicapped people give our churches a chance to answer that call. When it comes right down to it, God wants you involved.

**W**hen you give a banquet, invite the poor and the crippled and the blind and you will be blessed. For although these people cannot repay you, you will be repaid at the resurrection."

That tickles me. Two thousand years ago Jesus knew that there would be some people who would challenge the cost effectiveness of a ministry to disabled people.

But the kicker comes a couple verses later: "Go out into the streets and alleys. Find the crippled and the lame and the blind. Go a step further—go out into the country lanes, the highways and byways. Find them and bring them to the banquet."

I love that. Jesus didn't say, "Oh, incidentally, you may want to put a ramp at the front door just in case someone should happen to wheel by." It was not a laissez faire approach.

**R**odney passes out bulletins at the front door of our church before the Sunday morning worship service.

People like Rodney. He smiles a lot and lifts the spirits of everyone who passes through those doors.

But there's more to Rodney than a helpful spirit. He has struggled with the ups and downs of growing up with a severe mental disability. He has had his share of abuse and has seen people keep their polite distance. He has watched other kids go out on dates and drive their cars. And Rodney has struggled with more than his fair share of homework assignments.

However, Christ has given Rodney a deep sense of peace about his disability. He understands that he will never be quite like the other guys in the college and career department. But still he knows that God loves him. Rodney expresses Christ's unconditional love with each bulletin he hands out.

Disabled people have spiritual gifts. We don't always want to be on the receiving end. We like to serve. We want to reach out.



# ENCOUNTER WITH PRAYER

**A** remarkable new boldness and effectiveness in the realm of Christian witnessing is becoming more and more apparent to me these days. And I think I know the reason for that renewal. People are waiting in prayer until they get a "word" from the Lord, after which they act in utter obedience to that word.

While reviewing my concordance recently, I discovered that about one-third of the time the word of the Lord is mentioned in the New Testament, it is *rhema*, a word from the Lord given for a particular situation. Other times it is *logos*, which most often refers to the written word or the living word, Christ.

Are we actively awaiting that *rhema* from the Lord? All of us can stand to do that more in our personal lives and ministries. Nothing can be more adventurous than seeing God work through us in that way.

Norval Hadley

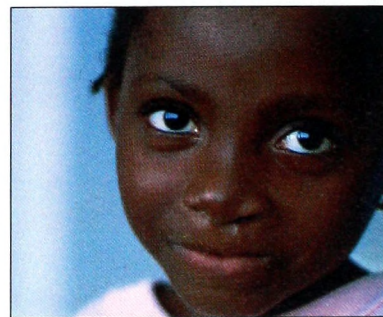
Director, Prayer Ministries

## PRAY FOR:

- Unreached people in Kulu Valley, India, where most residents have never heard of Jesus Christ.
- The Family Friendship Ministry, which matches volunteers with people in need through a period of rehabilitation.
- The battle against meningitis in Chad, where some 175 deaths have occurred in recent months.
- The Ethnic Senior Leaders Conference, October 17-20, in San Bernardino, Calif.
- Protection from arrest or harassment for Christians in China, and that the gospel will continue to spread there.
- Albania, self-declared atheistic state, that it might become more open to the gospel.
- Angola, where some \$110 million in food and other aid will be needed for war recovery.
- Nazarene church leaders in Haiti, who hope to start 88 new churches this year.
- Famine relief programs in Ethiopia which are helping people to feed themselves.
- The more than 1000 Kampuchean refugees in Thailand who have turned to Christ in the last two years.
- Freedom to evangelize in Bangladesh despite rising opposition.
- Mission Aviation Fellowship's new transport services in Baja and northern mainland Mexico.
- Colombia, where problems related to political unrest and drug trafficking will require unceasing prayer.
- The World by 2000 Radio Project*, of Sudan Interior Mission, who hope to reach every person in the world with the gospel by the year 2000.
- Low-income families in the U.S. who go without medical and dental care, rather than rely on charity.
- Uganda's Teso District, where some 15,000 displaced people are in dire need.
- Mikhail Gorbachev, that an apparent softening toward Christians will continue.
- Joni Eareckson Tada and her efforts to link Christians with the disabled people around them.
- Reconciliation in South Africa, and that Christians will actively mend the brokenness found on both sides.
- The work of Henri Nouwen and others who care for the severely disabled and discover the roots of true peace in the process.
- The ministry of Youth Alive as it reaches out to confused young South Africans.
- Victims of terrorism and drought in Mozambique, many of whom

have lost parents and other family members.

- World Vision's involvement in Vietnam, through which thousands of disabled war victims will receive artificial limbs.
- Lawmakers in Washington, DC., that they may vote on legislation with sensitivity to the oppressed and hurting in the U.S.
- Mother Teresa and those who work with her in Calcutta and around the world to ease the suffering of the poorest of the poor.
- Victims of AIDS, and family members in need of strength and courage as they witness the slow death of loved ones.
- The work of the English Language Institute/China and its Christian teachers.
- The work of Operation Smile, and that many more lives will be transformed through this compassionate outreach.



MARK EDWARD ATKINSON

- Christian volunteers who freely give their time and talent to help meet desperate needs around the world.
- Teen-age runaways, that in their desperate search for love they may find shelter and the genuine love of Christ.
- Homeless children in the U.S. too young to understand why they must go to bed hungry while their peers on television are so happy and healthy.



# Love Loaf

- Fortified: By the Word
- Enriched: From the Heart
- Necessary: To Save Lives

Thousands of churches across our nation have already received the blessings and growth that come from giving freely from the heart.

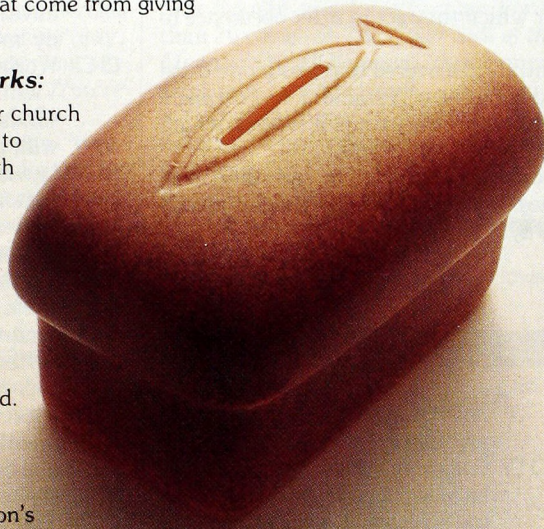
## Here's how it works:

- Each family in your church receives a Love Loaf to take home and fill with loose change.
- Place it on the dinner table—the kids love it!
- A month later, everyone gathers to break the loaves and offer them to the Lord.

The funds will be used to alleviate physical and spiritual hunger in World Vision's ministries around the world. After the program, the families can stay involved by sponsoring a child through World Vision's sponsorship program.

We will provide the loaves, posters, and all materials at no cost to you—everything to help build enthusiasm for your Love Loaf program.

To order your Love Loaves, just fill out the coupon and send to World Vision today!



You can help save the life of a child for one month.



**Yes, we want to participate in the Love Loaf program.**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Position \_\_\_\_\_

Church/group \_\_\_\_\_

Street address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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

Office phone (\_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Home phone (\_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Please send us \_\_\_\_\_ loaves (one per household)

We plan to distribute the loaves on (date) \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please allow four weeks Z62G80 for delivery of materials)


Please send us STEPS OF FAITH with Bob Wieland.

Date: Choice 1 \_\_\_\_\_  
Choice 2 \_\_\_\_\_

Check one:  16mm film  
 VHS videotape

I have a question. Please call me at:  Home  Work

We need more information before we can make a decision.

  
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