

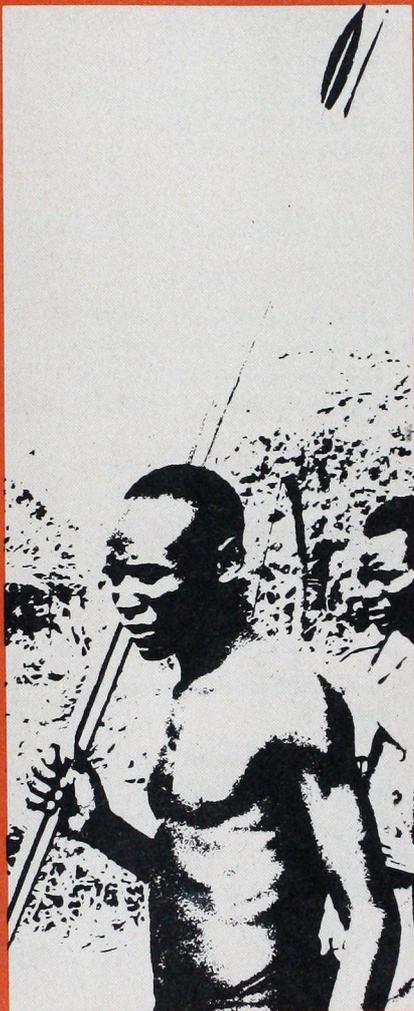
world vision

MARCH 1981



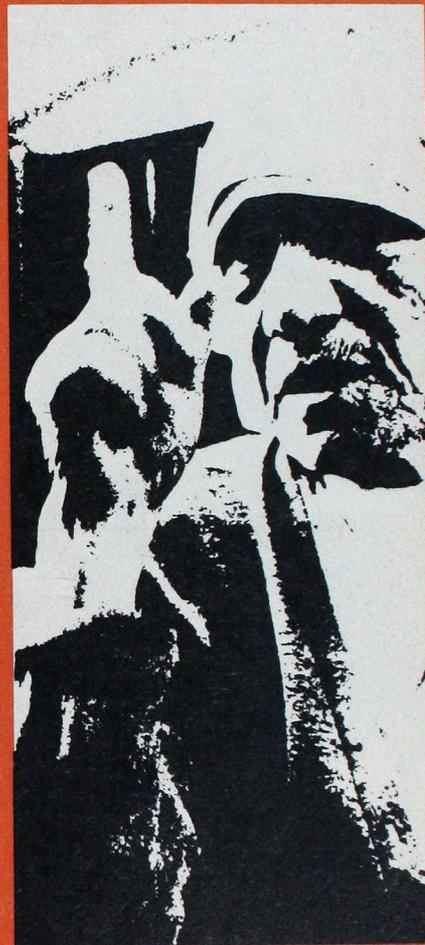
STUDENTS SEE THE CITY

Eye-opening in
Washington



SPEARS AGAINST GUNS

Conflict in Kenya



MEETING MOTHER TERESA

Welcome in Calcutta



W. Stanley Mooneyham,
international president
Ted W. Engstrom, executive
director and publisher
Richard L. Watson,
director, creative
resources division
David Olson, editor
Ray Seldomridge,
associate editor
Don Aylard, art director
Steven Heassler, layout
Paul S. Rees, editor-at-large
Carl F. H. Henry,
special correspondent
Kenneth L. Wilson,
consulting editor



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Meeting Mother Teresa

A visit with a tough little woman who loves. page 3

Tenacious love in El Salvador

Despite bombs and narrow escapes, World Vision staffers keep at it. page 7

Spears against guns

Stan Mooneyham depicts his clash with warfare and drought along the Kenya-Uganda border. page 8

Ouagadougou!

Traveling Upper Volta's washboard roads with a man who loves its people. page 13

K. L. is a character page 6

A six million dollar Pokot
page 10

Simulated refugees page 15

Students see the city
page 17

**Pierce award nominees
sought** page 18

SAMARITAN SAMPLER page 16

MONTHLY MEMO page 18

QUESTIONS PEOPLE ASK page 19

PEOPLE & PROJECTS page 20

GLOBE AT A GLANCE page 22

WORDS ON THE WAY page 23

PHOTOS—Ruth Chamberlin: pages 3-5. Kenny Waters: page 7 (middle). Eric Mooneyham: pages 8-9, 11, 22 (right). David Ward: page 12. Jim Jewell: pages 13-14. Wycliffe Bible Translators: page 16. Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship: page 17. Bruce Davis: page 19. Jon Kubly: page 20. Larry Nichols: page 21. African Enterprise: page 22 (left).

In memory of Joe

I'm sure you'll see why I reread—with moist eyes—this letter from an Ohio reader, Shirley McKown, who wrote from a place called Kirkersville. I suspect that you, too, may find yourself rereading it.

Dear Sirs:

My son, Joe McKown, 11 years old, sent World Vision money he earned to help you help the world's children. Joe died in an accident last year. Your magazine continues to arrive—addressed to him. And each time I see it I feel the tug to do what amazed him could be done for \$18 a month—care for a child!

Jesus said, "Whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers of mine, you did for me." I saw Him reflected in the eyes of one child. Joe was young, yet so concerned. Can I be less concerned for "one of the least of these"? Enclosed is a check in memory of Joe.

Thanks for writing us, Shirley McKown. Your beautiful letter may inspire other readers—young or less young—to become sponsors, too.

I'm sure Joe would be pleased. Not to mention the One you saw reflected in Joe's eyes.

David Olson

Meeting Mother Teresa

FULL OF SORROW
AND JOY



by *Ruth Jutila Chamberlin*

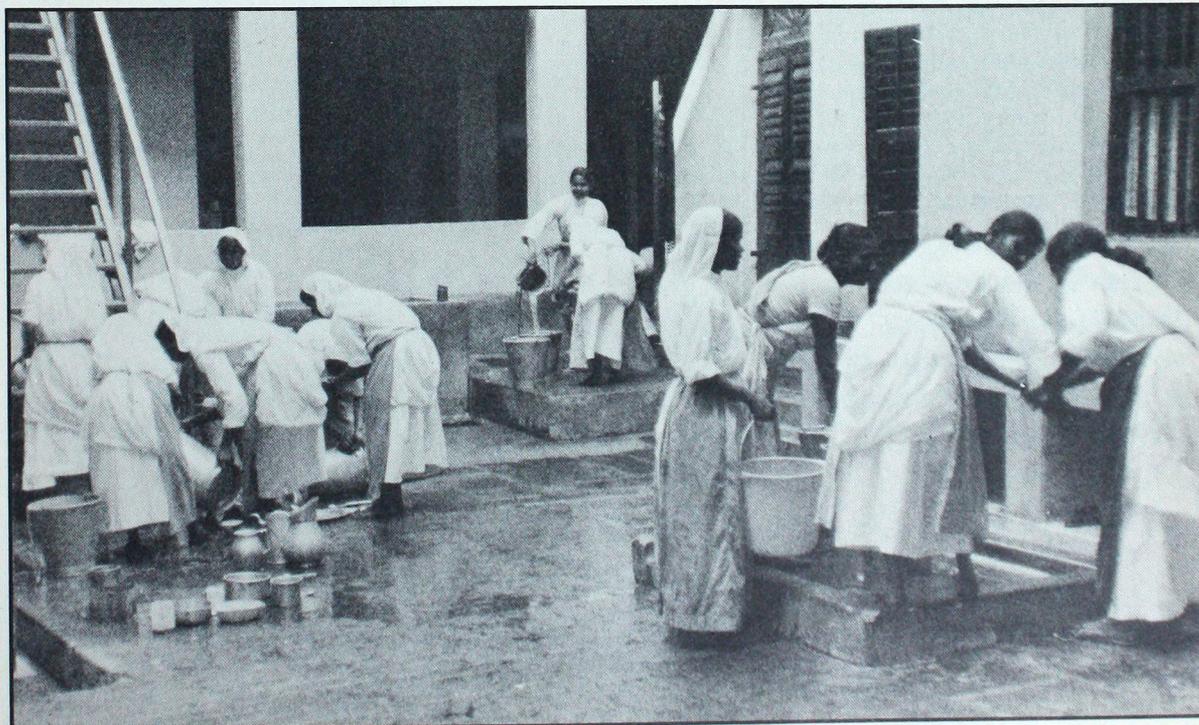
On this particular day, Mother Teresa's gate is watched by an unlikely gatekeeper. Or maybe he is ideal. He is about five years old, street-wise, barefoot, dressed in shorts. He squints at us as our guide asks in Bengali if Mother Teresa is in. The boy rubs his nose and waves us through the gate at 54A Lower Circular Road, Calcutta, India.

Calcutta is not a pretty town. Crows and vultures dominate the sky, their presence defining the city's ills. In an area 36 miles square, nearly 12 million people crowd what has been called the world's largest slum, a city where millions sleep on sidewalks and bathe at curb pumps, where stench of human waste and motor fumes mixes with smoke of wood fires burning on doorsteps. Street people gather, at dawn and dark, around these small fires whose glowing circles cast illusions of ease and camaraderie on the figures crouched around them.

My four children and I have come to Calcutta on our way around the world, following a "call" of mine to see work being done by helping agencies among the poor. We've stayed in cold-water rooms and have visited rehabilitation projects and refugee camps in the Philippines, Hong Kong, Thailand.

Here in Calcutta we've seen slum feeding programs, schools for

Novices launder their linens in the courtyard of the Missionaries of Charity compound.



"street children," a foundling home, a boys' residence/school, a new hospital and nursing school—the work of Dr. Mark Buntain, a Protestant counterpart to Mother Teresa. I'd written to Mother Teresa, but got no answer before we left the United States (a letter takes two or three weeks one way). Just two days ago, I'd made a crackly long-distance telephone call to my husband in Los Angeles. (My shouted words were heard by everyone staying on the second, third and fourth floors of our guesthouse; words I meant for him alone blasted down the hall: CAN . . . YOU . . . HEAR . . . ME? . . . I . . . SAID . . . "I . . . LOVE . . . YOU!"") My husband told me that Mother Teresa's letter had come. She welcomes us.

Still, I feel brash bursting in without a specific appointment. This morning we were driving down a street with no plans—the children, K. L. Gupta (our guide), the driver and I—when suddenly K. L. said, "Sister Ruth, would you like to see Mother Teresa *now*?" So here we are, no appointment, no interview notes. And about to ask for time from one of the world's busiest people. Well, I tell myself, if she *does* see us, we won't stay long; she has too many urgencies to attend to . . .

We walk down a concrete alley to the Motherhouse of the Missionaries of Charity, a compound of churchlike buildings. Soon we're wading among dozens of street children who clamor to have us take their pictures. We take their pictures. A nun asks quietly if she can help us. She nods at our answer and hands us over to a shy man nearby (who is forward enough, shy as he is, to have stepped into most of the photos). At his direction we enter an unmarked door and climb a short

flight of stairs. The man then asks us to remove our shoes, and to wait inside the door ahead. I feel like Alice in Wonderland—all these people giving instructions, and doors leading who knows where, and things proceeding with a momentum of their own.

We take off our shoes. Inside the door we step onto a balcony and look upon a bricked courtyard where young Indian novices are laundering linens at hand pumps. Like teenagers anywhere they laugh and talk as they pump, blue and green aprons and white habit bouncing, and water splashing into buckets and pitchers and onto bare feet.

Near us we hear chanting. In a plain room at the end of the hall, about 20 nuns, dressed in white, kneel in precision rows before an altar, holding prayer books at uniform levels; the sun pours in and floods the place with a tremulous hush.

Someone says, "Here she is." We turn to see. Already among us is a small, barefoot, familiar-looking

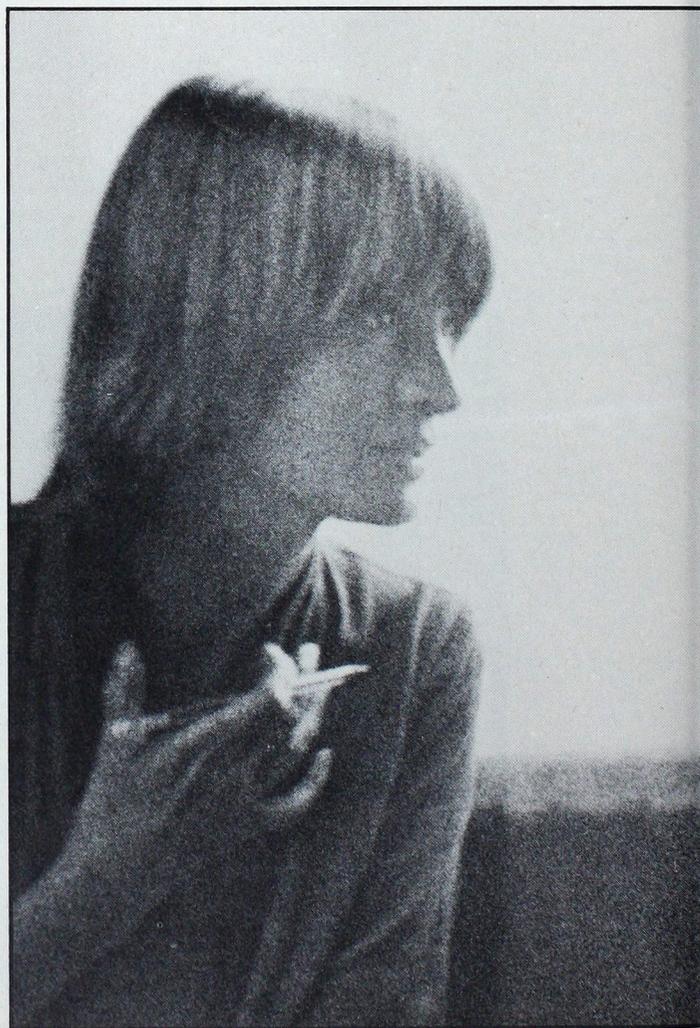
woman. She says hello; her lined face crumples into a smile. She then excuses herself and disappears into a curtained doorway to her office.

When she emerges she goes to the children, lingers with each one, shaking hands, searching each face. Mother Teresa acts as though greeting drop-in guests is the best part of her day. She and I sit on a bench to talk. As she faces me I'm still not sure what this interview will be *about*. Her face is so unguarded; she is so obviously ready to listen that I'm tempted to tell her my life story. I can't do that, so I tell her about the "call" to make this trip. (I notice the *simplicity* around us—bristly, burly wool blankets on the rail, coarse grey cardigan and rough white cotton sari on Mother Teresa, and Mother Teresa's face itself is simplicity. It is full of sorrow and joy and is comfortable with aging.)

I remember reading that before there was a famous Mother Teresa, before she started the Missionaries of Charity and nurseries and orphanage and home for the dying and workshop

Already among us is a small, barefoot, familiar-looking woman. She says hello; her lined face crumples into a smile.

"As she faces me I'm still not sure what this interview will be about. Her face is so unguarded; she is so obviously ready to listen . . ."



for the elderly and colony for lepers, the then Sister Teresa received a "call within a call" from God. She was to leave a job she'd loved for 17 years—teaching, eventually being principal at a Calcutta high school—and she was to help the poor. Clearly, without question, she knew what God wanted her to do, she knew where she belonged, but she didn't know how to get there.

In a small way I knew about being called to a task and not knowing "how

to get there." As the children and I travel my role is often a cliché which I dislike, that of a privileged American, a *journalist* American with camera, peeking around at poverty. At the same time I know I'm called to this assignment. What will come of it, I don't know.

I explain some of this to Mother Teresa. Then I say, "I'm typical of many Americans who want to stop hunger and pain but who feel

overwhelmed by the bigness of the problems . . ."

All this while Mother Teresa has been leaning toward me, her lips pursed. Now she points a finger in my face. "Tell your American friends they don't have to go around the world to find people who suffer." She frowns. "In America there are many needs. People are lonely. They feel alienated."

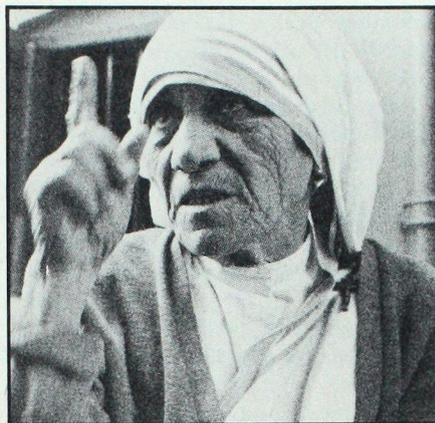
Unexpectedly, tears fill my eyes. This gentle nun has touched a painful spot. On this trip, with my husband half a world away, I've fought crippling loneliness and alienation. So have the children. Daily, one or more of us wants to go home. Fevers, rashes, parasites, strange languages, strange smells, strange foods have taken their toll. Despite kindness from hosts, we pine for home.

Then here is Mother Teresa singling out loneliness. She sees the worst human pains, and she lists loneliness among them. I say, "I've felt a little of that pain on our trip."

She nods. "Yes, but only a little." She is a tough lady. She leaves no room for self-pity. "Some people are so lonely they want to die. They need love . . . especially the old people. If we have Jesus' love, we must share it."

Now I remember something else I read. Sister Teresa was 36 years old when she heard the call to help the poor. Part of the "instruction" was that she must leave the convent of Loreto where she had known provision,

Now she points a finger in my face. "Tell your American friends they don't have to go around the world to find people who suffer."



"Let us keep open, ever forgiving hearts, especially for those of our family and those who live and work with us."

warmth, protection—and she must go to the slums of Calcutta. For a while she kept a journal; before she discarded it, some priests memorized parts of it. One passage described a long day Sister Teresa spent walking and walking, looking for a home. Sister Teresa wrote that she learned something about poverty that day; her arms and legs ached and ached, and she thought of the ache that comes to a body and a soul looking for shelter, food, comfort. Sister Teresa was tempted to run back to the convent, but she prayed for courage instead. Today the world knows what she has accomplished because she did what she was called to do.

Now on the bench she says something she is famous for saying: "Let us see every person as Christ. . . ." I smile. Being with Mother Teresa is encouragement that God can use us plain folks as well as He uses fancy folks. Mother Teresa's peasant beginnings are stamped on her face, and she is

lovely. Malcolm Muggeridge says, in *Something Beautiful for God*, the book about her mission, that Mother Teresa is someone "through whom the light of God shines." It's true.

I'm struck by the continuing calm of the Motherhouse. Just outside the gate lies Calcutta with its medieval plague of agonies. Here inside the gate the nuns go gracefully through their day and Mother Teresa cheerfully gives her time. They seem to say: Pray deeply, then do one thing at a time; do not be torn apart by a thousand things. Judging from the good they do, theirs must be the efficient way as well as the loving way.

I compare: Do I greet unexpected guests as welcome surprises? Do I give total attention to someone, or do I "keep the engine running" as though more important people are waiting to see me? Do I wring my hands over distant needs and overlook hurts near to me?

We discuss the South Bronx Missionaries of Charity; Mother Teresa

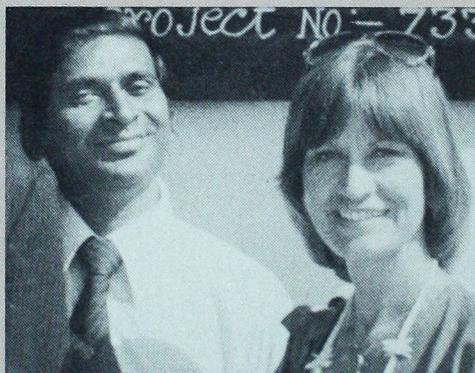
writes the address in my notebook. I stand up to leave. As we thank her, Mother Teresa holds each child's hand again. I tell her that my daughter Lindsey wants to work with poor children. Mother Teresa smiles and says to Lindsey, "Would you like to come here and be a Missionary of Charity?" Turning to the boys she says, "And *you*, too? Then you could wear clothes like *mine!*" She holds her skirts to the side as though she will curtsy. . .

Back home I find Mother Teresa's letter. She says, "Let us keep open, ever forgiving hearts, especially for those of our family and those who live and work with us. Then Jesus can use us to radiate His love to others. Then too our love is free of self and truly for the other." □

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

K.L. is a character

K. L. Gupta is one of a kind. His everyday speech—expressed in picturesque English—is a rapid-fire mix of exclamation, jokes, lament, political opinion and praise to God. K. L. is the father of five children, the clan head for fifteen family members, a World Vision supervisor and a roving evangelist for Dr. Mark Buntain's Assemblies of God Church. K. L.'s face is elastic and takes many poses. For my children (friends of K. L. the moment they met) he was a lion, snarling and biting the air. Or he was a startled clown, having massaged an "elephant" (a bulging muscle) onto a child's



arm. My children became accustomed to his launching into fervent prayer in the middle of such play.

An adult convert from Hinduism, K. L. is a walking missionary wherever he goes. Twice during our week in Calcutta, when I needed to cash traveler's checks, K. L. marched me into a seamy maze of bazaars, veering around sleepers in the path, to a tiny booth manned by a mountainous man with doe eyes and shoulder-length hair. Both times, the two men gleefully shouted at each other in Bengali, in what appeared to be a standing

argument. That's exactly what it was, K. L. told me. The bank man always boasts of his accomplishments, and K. L. always says, "Someday you'll need more than your big ego! You need Jesus."

K. L. corresponds often, but we hadn't heard from him for months. His recent letter explains. He has been in the hospital with injuries and malaria. As a hospital patient and in financial turmoil himself ("... Devil was too nasty"), he handed out tracts and Bibles, and oversaw 15 Christian conversions. Now, barely mended, he has gone to preach for a month "on the mountains near Burma borders amongst the Naga headhunters, with Christians who are faithful unto death." There's something of the firey first disciples in K. L.

A tableau featuring Mother Teresa and K. L. was a pleasure to see. Before the bench where she sat, K. L. fell involuntarily to his knees, thrust his Bible toward her and blurted his testimony. Mother Teresa blessed K. L. and carefully signed his Bible. A saint meeting a saint. □ *Ruth Chamberlin*

Tenacious love in El Salvador

Recent reports from El Salvador tell of continued bloodshed and violence. But in the midst of this tragedy, World Vision's national staff and project workers remain faithful to their calling.

This picture has emerged from recent conversations with Field Director Julio Contreras and Childcare Director Tina Cerna.

Dr. Contreras, speaking by phone almost daily with World Vision's regional staff in Costa Rica, outlined the status of emergency relief and child assistance projects.

Heavy fighting in January temporarily cut off contact with several child-sponsorship projects, he said. But at press time only two of the country's 50 projects have not been heard from. Both projects are in Morazán, an area hotly contested as army and guerrilla forces vie for control.

When contact is reestablished, Contreras said, these two project centers—plus one in the provincial capital of San Francisco Gotera—will serve as distribution points for emergency food and other aid for displaced people.

Contreras reports that nationwide approximately 40,000 people have had to leave their homes because of fighting. Many have returned to find their homes damaged or destroyed, their life savings gone. In anticipation of this emergency, World Vision established a \$200,000 stockpile of food, clothing, kitchen utensils, blankets and mat-

resses last year. Approximately half of these supplies have now been distributed.

Contreras reported that many rural Salvadorans, knowing of World Vision's work, have gathered at project centers requesting aid. Project workers, many braving intense fighting and potential ambushes along mountain passes, report to World Vision's San Salvador office every two weeks. If their area has been affected by fighting, they return home with emergency supplies for immediate distribution.

At press time, Dr. Contreras said that the civil strife in El Salvador has claimed at least 12,000 lives in this nation of five million. Included in this figure are three children sponsored by World Vision. Another four sponsored children have been injured, six are reported missing, and six have lost one or both parents in fighting. Sponsors whose children have been directly affected are being contacted individually.

One project worker, Jose Alfredo Lainez, was killed last November. Lainez, a lay preacher, was dragged from his pulpit on a Sunday evening and shot to death.

In spite of the intensity of the strife, World Vision's national office in San Salvador remains open from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. daily. The shortened hours

allow staff time to take care of personal matters in the late afternoon before returning to their homes by seven. A government-imposed curfew of 7 P.M. to 5:30 A.M. is in effect in San Salvador. Anyone caught outside during that time is arrested or shot.

"It is difficult to live with the uncertainty," Tina Cerna told friends recently while attending a sponsor relations seminar in Guatemala City. "Yet God has protected us in a wonderful way." World Vision's office has been closed only twice. Several windows were blown out one morning when a bomb went off across the street.

Cerna said that each morning, at devotions, the 25 staff members share their concerns and needs. Often someone will thank God for a "narrow escape." Anyone who does not show up for work on time is sought out.

"The uncertainty has molded us into a strong group of believers," she said. "And the people out in the projects, they really depend on us to be strong and encouraging. World Vision is dedicated to helping people, so we don't leave. God has taught us to trust Him."

Cerna has noticed one positive effect from the strife in El Salvador: Many people are finding Christ.

"My church is crowded with people now," she said. "And it's like this in many parts of the country. People seem to know that in Christ they can find some comfort and strength. More than 100 have been baptized in my church in the past few months, and my friends say this is common in their churches, too."

No one knows how much longer El Salvador's nightmare will continue. No one is predicting a swift end to the fighting. Most say the worst is yet to come. But, according to Julio Contreras and Tina Cerna, as long as there are people in need, World Vision will be trying to help. *Kenny Waters*

Next month's magazine will contain a report on the Salvadoran refugees.



Tina Cerna

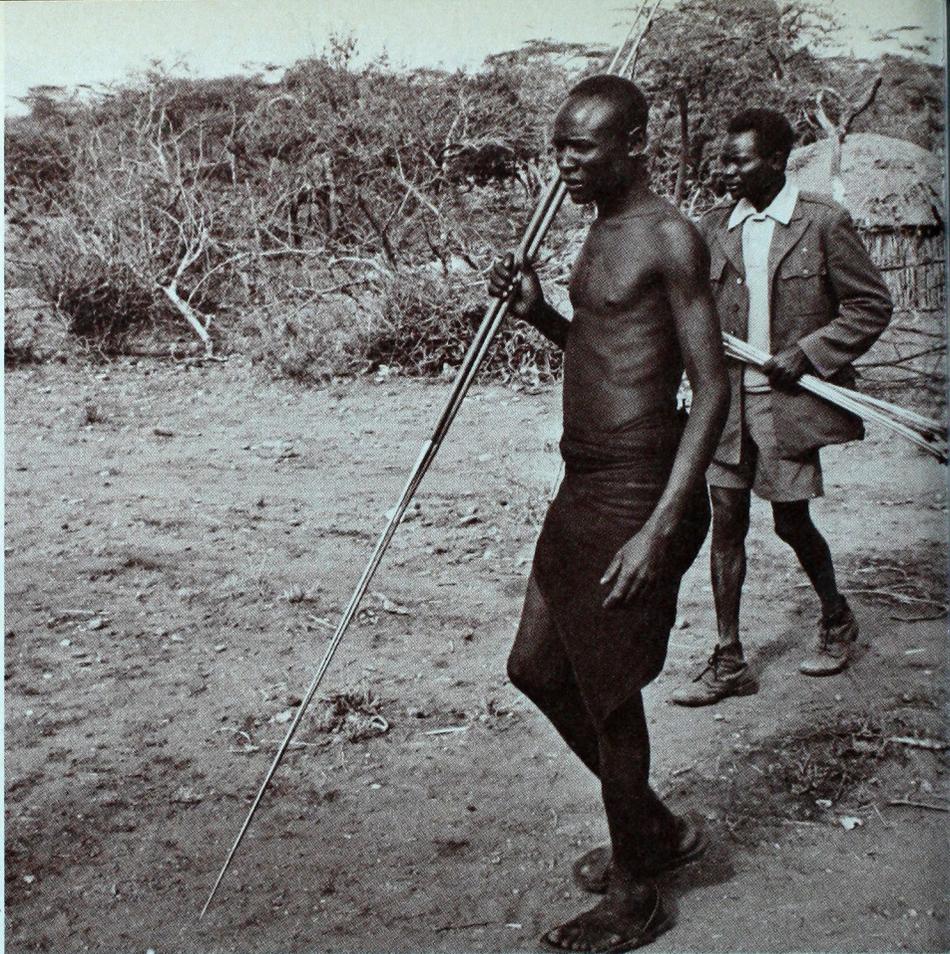


Storefront bombed during fighting in El Salvador's capital, San Salvador

THE YOUNG SUFFER
FIRST

Spears against guns

by W. Stanley
Mooneyham



Now that I think back, the takeoff from Kitale early that morning should have tipped me off about the kind of day it was going to be.

As we drove onto the grass strip in Kenya's "white highlands," we could barely make out the helicopter through the swirling fog. It was not, at least from ground level, one of your better mornings for flying. After a brief discussion of the options—and because the time schedule for the day was pressing—we decided at least to test the thickness of the fog layer.

When we were belted in, our pilot, Van Smith, started flipping switches. In a few minutes, the motor atop the Bell Jet Ranger roared alive.

Van's intention was to climb maybe a hundred feet to see if we could spot

Carrying spears and bows and arrows, they looked fragile and helpless against the automatic weapons.

the sun which should be rising about now. If not, we'd descend and wait. But at less than a hundred feet, the ground disappeared in the fog and there was still no open sky above.

Since the small strip was surrounded by trees, now also lost in the fog, the only way to go was up.

Up into the soup.

I'm not sure how long I held my breath (at least, I don't recall breathing), but it wasn't until the altimeter showed 500 feet that we broke into the clear. I punctuated the event with an audible, tension-breaking "Whew!"

Van, who formerly flew for the Marines, grinned and turned the craft northwest toward the Uganda border into one of those never-to-be-forgotten days.

We left the foggy area and, from clearer air, soon watched the terrain drop from lush green fields down to reddish sand which produced little more than scrub and thornbushes. Flowing streams were replaced by dry riverbeds, and neat cement block houses gave way to little native *bomas*.

The 40-minute flight was a journey centuries back in time. The people we

Pokot warriors arrive at the battle scene. They had come from miles around.

Diane Messik treats an elderly Pokot woman bit by a raider's spear. Concerned onlookers include Carol Lawrence and Stan Mooneyham.



were going to visit—the Pokot—are still in the early Iron Age. They still do not use the wheel. Their name means “hospitable,” but the British called them *Suk*. When the colonizers first penetrated their remote area, they asked the people, “What is your name?” Trying to divert attention, the people replied, “Oh, we’re *suk* (dead logs).” What they really were saying was, “Don’t bother with us; just leave us alone.”

But the name stuck until recent years.

As we flew over the rutted, dusty road, we spotted the four Land-Rovers beneath us carrying the rest of our team. We figured they would arrive at Kiwawa about two hours after us. They had left well before daylight in order to make the rendezvous.

After dropping us in a cloud of dust at the Kiwawa feeding center, Van took off immediately for the return trip to pick up the rest of our team, including the actress/singer Carol Lawrence. This talented woman had joined us in Africa for the taping of a television documentary.

So that’s the way the day started,

and the sun was still less than an hour above the horizon.

I had just sat down under a tent for a bite of breakfast when an army patrol came barreling down the road yelling that a thousand Karamajong cattle raiders from Uganda were attacking the village of Losom, six miles away, and shooting up the place.

It was an extremely treacherous situation. Our convoy would be coming down that road in less than an hour. In the vehicle were missionaries Mike and Linda Courtney and their two children.

They and the others might be headed straight into an ambush!

I wasn’t quite sure what we could do, but it took only a few minutes for Dick Hamilton (a missionary with the Associated Christian Churches of Kenya—ACCK) and me to decide what we could *not* do and that was stay at Kiwawa and allow events to simply play themselves out. If we could burst our way through the fighting at Losom, we would almost certainly be able to intercept the convoy and prevent a possible massacre.

The other possibility also had to be considered.

We might get shot.

The raiding party was pulling back into the bush as we drove into the village.

Just a week before, a Roman Catholic priest was fired on as he drove a vehicle down that road. Two of his passengers were killed. The border between Uganda and Kenya in the Karapokot area is not one of the world’s safe places today.

The decision was virtually a self-made one dictated by the circumstances, but Dick and I turned to each other and said almost simultaneously, “Let’s go!”

My son, Eric, who frequently travels with me as photographer and has shared other anxious moments like this one, was the first one in the Toyota Land Cruiser. He was followed by Diane Messik, a nurse from Canton, Ohio, who works with the ACCK. We loaded her medical kits as well, knowing there would be casualties.

Justin Sylvestre, a young ACCK volunteer, piled into the back. Dick Davies, our television director, and Steve Berry, video technician, grabbed their equipment and got aboard.

Dick Hamilton drove while I stayed on the radio trying to raise Van in the helicopter.

There must have been 30 or 40 Pokot warriors walking along the narrow road toward Losom. Dressed only in their *shukas* (a cloth or animal skin tied over one shoulder) and carrying spears and bows and arrows, they looked fragile and helpless against the automatic weapons carried by the cattle raiders. Nonetheless, they told us, they were going to try to recover the cattle.

Brave and noble as the act was, it turned out to be futile for most and fatal for some.

Even before arriving at Losom, we could hear the sharp crack of gunfire about 200 to 300 yards off the road. The raiding party was pulling back into the bush as we drove into the village which was now deserted except for a dozen or so Kenya soldiers and police.

The Karamajong attackers had left behind two of their dead, one of whom had been the leader, apparently a deserter from the Ugandan army still wearing his uniform. The raiders took along with them other bodies (bearers accompany each raiding party to remove the dead) and nearly 2000 head of Pokot cattle.

The only animal left was a cow that had broken a leg by falling into a ravine. The raid was a devastating blow to the struggling villagers at Losom.

The Pokot casualties numbered over 50, most of them occurring when young warriors took their primitive weapons in pursuit of the Karamajong who had left an armed rear guard.

It was scant comfort to the grieving, impoverished Pokot families to learn that the raiders themselves had been ambushed by the Ugandan militia as they crossed the border returning home, losing about 100 men.

The people at Losom had been pushed back to square one.

Cattle rustling among the nomadic tribes of East Africa is not a new practice. Even though the Karamajong,

Pokot, Turkana, Toposa, Bume, Dinka and other nomadic peoples are tribal cousins, stealing cattle has been a deadly game among them for centuries.

A man's wealth and status in the community are determined by the number of cattle he owns. In good times (1980 was not a good year because of drought), a wealthy man might have up to 5000 head of cattle. Cows and goats provide life's basic necessities—skins for wearing, horns for carrying rancid butter on the long treks, milk and blood for drinking, and meat for eating at feasts and ceremonial occasions.

Rebecca Cheron, World Vision's project director in West Pokot and herself a Marakwet (one of the tribes in the Kalenjin group to which the Pokots also belong) told me about the people's love affair with cattle.

"The main topic of conversation when the men meet in the evenings is

If the practice of raiding is ancient, the methods are strictly 20th century.

their cows," Rebecca said. "They tell and retell stories of encounters with wild animals. They make up songs about their cattle possessing special qualities. A white bull, for example, will have his praises sung in the most picturesque language. Or a bull with the biggest horns. Or a cow that gives a lot of milk, or one with beautiful spots.

"The more special cattle a man owns, the more songs he can make up, which in turn increases his esteem in the minds of others. The larger his herd, the more wives a man can

acquire because those cattle mean security.

"The whole society revolves around cattle," Rebecca recounted. "For generations, life has ebbed and flowed across these plains as the people search for grass and water for their cows and goats.

"Cattle are a way of life," she concluded.

And as in America's old West, where there are cattle, there are also cattle rustlers.

But if the practice of raiding is ancient, the methods are strictly 20th century. That is part of the evil legacy of Idi Amin to Uganda and East Africa. When he was overthrown in 1979, elements of his disintegrating army in the anarchic north blew open an armory, and 12,000 modern weapons and two million rounds of ammunition spilled out across the countryside into the hands of primitive people. In one day, they went from bows and arrows

POSTSCRIPT TO A CATTLE RAID

A six million dollar Pokot

I searched for a photograph to use with this story and couldn't find one.

That fact in itself is part of the story.

He was a teenager, one of several around Kiwawa. His feet were bare like everyone else's, but he was wearing shorts and had acquired somewhere a bright red T-shirt emblazoned with the legend, "Six Million Dollar Man."

He kept showing up in my son Eric's viewfinder, much to Eric's dismay. As often as it happened, Eric turned his camera lens in another direction. What would the people back home think if they saw "Six Million Dollar Man" in the middle of Africa?

After I returned home, I received a letter from Jane Hamilton, wife of missionary Dick Hamilton. Relating events that occurred shortly after we left, she wrote: "We also learned that we had lost one of our young men in the raid. He was the son of Mzee (an affectionate Swahili term

meaning "old man") Loitaluk, who helps keep order in the feeding program. The old man has been faithful in church attendance since we first came to Kiwawa and has always made sure his wives and children are in services. Two of his wives help oversee the cooking. The family has been very close to us. Even the gruff Mzee endeared himself to us as he saw that everyone was fed *once*.

"Recently his son came to work with us. A young man of about 19, he spoke good English and became invaluable as interpreter, enrolling mothers and babies for feeding and inoculations.

"When the raid occurred, he went with a group of Pokot warriors to the fighting. They were ambushed by Karamajong and he was shot and killed. We had nicknamed him 'Six Million Dollar Man' because he always wore a bright red shirt with that inscription.

"A few weeks ago he came to John Mosonik, the Kenyan pastor here, and said he wanted to accept

Jesus as his Lord and Savior. He enrolled in the new converts class, and John gave him a New Testament in Pokot and some verses to learn. John was thrilled to have a young man with such potential in his class, to become someday a leader in the community.

"But it was not to be. In Karapokot, life hangs by a very slender thread. But praise God that even in death there is hope for this boy through Jesus Christ.

"We are now praying for the father. He has experienced a deep personal loss. We heard that he was so overcome when he learned of the boy's death that he tried to take his own life. But yesterday he returned to work at the feeding program. Pastor John is ministering to him of the hope that is in Christ Jesus.

"Pray with us for Mzee Loitaluk."

I wish I could show you his son's picture. *Stan Mooneyham*

to automatic AK-47's, machine guns and grenade launchers.

Since most of these weapons remain in the hands of lawless bands which roam across northern Uganda and often penetrate into Kenya, the Pokot people are being constantly victimized. And though the larger, stronger and more numerous Karamajong now victimize the Pokot, one must remember that they themselves have often been the victims. Even in Uganda itself, the sophisticated and progressive people in the south rarely understand their more primitive citizens in the northern provinces.

Not only does a distance of a few hundred miles separate them. So do culture, lifestyle and time. Centuries, in fact.

Stories circulate in the capital city, Kampala, about "those savages in the deserts up north." Some are probably true; many are caricatures.

It is true that the land is semiarid and the vegetation is sparse, but Karamoja is far from being a desert. The Karamajong are primitive and they wear little clothing, but they are not savages.

In fact, their society remained rela-

tively stable for centuries until the mid-1970s when Amin decided the people should become "civilized." He wanted it to happen almost overnight. The trauma of being catapulted from the Iron Age into the 20th century was destabilizing, to say the least.

Traditionally, when the people wear anything at all, they cover themselves with animal skins. These are highly practical in a place where every other plant is a thornbush, even though the animal fat which must be rubbed on the hides to keep them supple attracts numerous flies, which in turn contribute to disease.

But Idi Amin wanted the people to wear regular clothes, even though the thornbushes would tear them to shreds in no time. So an order went out to put trousers on the men and skirts on the women. Publicly, there

was some compliance. Many villages acquired just two sets of clothes—one for men and one for women. Anytime a visit to a government post was required, the person going would don the appropriate outfit!

Thus the people observed the letter of the law while thumbing their noses at its spirit. To see a woman in a dress was such a rare sight, the people took to calling such persons "Idi Amin."

In the bush, nothing changed. In one particularly grim episode, Amin sent his soldiers throughout the region on "hunting parties" with orders to shoot on sight those who refused to give up their animal skins and loincloths.

Hundreds of Karamajong were massacred. Additionally, in order to supply meat to Amin's Libyan friends, his soldiers decimated the cattle herds by either stealing or forcing the people to sell their cattle at shamefully low prices.

Although one would never credit the Karamajong with being gentle souls, it is little wonder that they have lashed out at whoever is nearby in retaliation for the injustices which have been inflicted on them in recent years.

At Losom, we had been witnesses to one of the latest of these deadly reactions.

Idi Amin's legacy of violence and chaos has combined with prolonged drought in the area to push hundreds of thousands of people to the brink of crisis. Here's the way it has happened:

(1) The introduction of automatic weapons has escalated the violence and further destabilized the society.

(2) Violence and anarchy have forced many people to leave their traditional grazing lands.

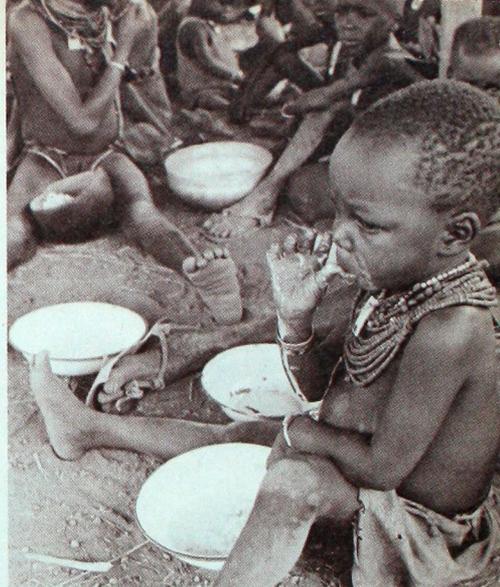
(3) Drought has made it necessary for the people to bring their herds to the few places where water and grass are still available, thus making them even more vulnerable to raids.

(4) Stealing of cattle and their death from drought have reduced many families to absolute poverty.

(5) Lack of rain has prevented the planting of such usual grain crops as sorghum, millet and maize.

All of this has resulted in dislocation, disease and death. Approximately two million people are being affected.

But, as always, it is the little ones



Malnourished children receive World Vision food.

who pay the highest price. In West Pokot, at least 20 percent of the children brought to the feeding stations are badly malnourished. One reason the rate is not higher, Rebecca Cheronno tells me, is that in the Kalenjin tribes the youngest children are fed first. Each family has a series of gourds in which milk is carried. The smallest gourds are for the youngest children, and as long as there is any milk in the village, those gourds are filled first.

The violence has produced a growing number of orphans, and they are especially vulnerable. At Kiwawa alone, where the Associated Christian Churches of Kenya run a feeding program assisted by World Vision, there are 60 orphans. Another 40 children are severely malnourished and require special feeding, as do 30 handicapped people.

About 230 mothers bring their children to the center for the daily hot meal provided, and each mother has an average of three children, making just under 1000 people to be fed each day. Some of the women walk four to five hours to get their children the special diet of *mboga* (greens), *nyama* (meat) and *ugali* (corn mush). The diet is varied twice a week with rice on one day, beans on another.

The mothers are given work to do while they wait. They bring water for cooking from a nearby well, gather firewood, irrigate an experimental garden, and "mud" a house being constructed as a storeroom and

Violence and anarchy have forced many people to leave their traditional grazing lands.

tively stable for centuries until the mid-1970s when Amin decided the people should become "civilized." He wanted it to happen almost overnight. The trauma of being catapulted from the Iron Age into the 20th century was destabilizing, to say the least.

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But Idi Amin wanted the people to wear regular clothes, even though the thornbushes would tear them to shreds in no time. So an order went out to put trousers on the men and skirts on the women. Publicly, there



Pokots and their cattle drink water from one of the few wells still functioning in the area.

nurses' quarters. Says Diane Messik: "It is not a good thing to get something for nothing. Dependence makes you think that you cannot support yourself and your family and that you are therefore not a worthwhile person."

One problem facing Diane is the increasing number of deserted children. This is a new phenomenon among the Pokot, who are a very family-oriented people.

Though the number of parents abandoning their children is still comparatively small (eight mothers and five fathers), that is eight times what it was last year. Diane and Rebecca believe it indicates the unprecedented nature of this emergency. Mothers or fathers leave their children only when they are overwhelmed by events, the women explain.

Now the world seems to be coming down on top of their heads—famine, starvation, epidemics, disruption, poverty, drought and violent death. Desertion may seem heartless, but it must be viewed through charitable eyes which understand the circumstances. Desertion may be the last desperate act of love by mothers or fathers who, having suffered every

other indignity with their families, cannot watch helplessly as one or more of their children dies.

Diane can't remember her last day without a crisis. I watched as a mother, her eyes brimming with apprehension, took the one piece of cloth she had been wearing and tucked it around her two-year-old child. She was left with only her beads and a cattle skin apron.

The father stood by, looking concerned and helpless, as fathers often do. The child was lying on a wooden table that wobbled on the uneven dirt floor, breathing spasmodically, tiny feet cold to the touch. A plastic tube from his head went up to an I-V bottle tied to the thatched roof of the shade shelter. Diane had done her best. Whether it would be good enough, she would know in a few hours. When little Potomoi had been brought in by his parents that morning, he had pneumonia, was badly dehydrated and was showing the symptoms of measles. Inserting the I-V had been a problem; the arms were so wasted that the nurse could not find a vein. Diane had to shave one side of the baby's head, put a rubber band around the scalp and gently slap the skin to make a vein stand out, and then, after a couple of frustrating unsuccessful attempts, work in the needle there. The reassuring drip-drip of glucose and penicillin finally began.

The father, victim of Ugandan

"Everyone who has a child feels the same things."

raiders two months before in which his brother and 15 neighbors were killed and he himself had lost all his cattle, confided through a translator: "I heard people say that God answers prayer. So last night I prayed."

My colleague, Dave Toycen, was standing nearby. Gently, he said to the mother, "I have a four-year-old. I can feel for you and your husband."

Not taking her eyes from her baby, the mother replied, "Everyone who has a child feels the same things."

Because we at World Vision feel deeply for the children and families in Karapokot who are suffering so much now, we have committed ourselves to a relief and rehabilitation program in 1981 costing \$239,000.

Here's what we are planning to do:

(1) *The feeding program at Kiwawa must continue. In order to discourage population concentration, two satellite feeding centers will be opened. There are indications that little or no rain will fall again this year. A telex just received from Ken Tracey, our Africa director, says, "No end of hunger in sight in this area."*

(2) *With Dick Hamilton spear-heading the effort, we will provide funds for rehabilitating eight deep wells which have fallen into disrepair. This is essential in order to disperse the people and their cattle, making them less vulnerable to raids. These wells will provide water for 40,000 people.*

(3) *At Kiwawa, Carol Lawrence and I found over 100 primary-school students sleeping outside on the ground every night with only one blanket each. Some of them are orphans; others have come from the bush to get an education. When it rains, they have to be taken inside butts with other families. Many suffer from respiratory infections. We have promised to build them a simple 150-bed hostel.*

(4) *The village of Losom where the latest raid occurred is one of five population centers for 100,000 people. Drought and famine conditions in each of these areas are similar to those around Kiwawa. World Vision already sponsors 400 primary-school children in these villages of Losom, Kunyao, Kodich, Timale and Kacheliba. However, there are at least 1000 more children who want to go to school, for whom we have no sponsors. We must raise funds for their food and space in a hostel. In addition, there are about 2000 hardship cases in these five centers who require special assistance.*

Our partners in these projects will be the Associated Christian Churches of Kenya and Christian Rural Service, an arm of the Church of Province of Kenya (Anglican).

To contribute to the programs of caring love outlined above, please use the envelope in the center of this magazine. □

Ouagadougou!

by Jim Jewell

Ouagadougou always seemed to me like a word typed with fingers on the wrong keys—until I arrived there and *felt* that capital of Upper Volta. It's a dusty, bustling little city—hardly a city at all—surrounded by miles of near desolation.

As I stepped off the plane in "Ouaga," as it is sometimes called, I found it hard to understand how the Air Afrique 747 that brought me had been able to land there. The airport in an Iowa borough where I once lived possesses a larger terminal, and they only fly Cessnas and such.

But in Ouaga, modest capital of one of the world's poorest countries, I was to find that larger facilities would be a mockery. Simplicity is the only option.

Most of the people in Upper Volta speak African tribal languages. Some

who've had several years of education speak French. I became aware of this as I approached the terminal. I was also fully aware that I could speak only English and traces of Spanish. In dealing with the immigration officers, neither would be particularly helpful. When it was my turn to present my passport, I knew things would be rough if the officer became inquisitive. Unfortunately, he did. I shrugged my shoulders. He frowned. I had heard the woman behind me speak a touch of English, so I asked her to explain that I did not know French.

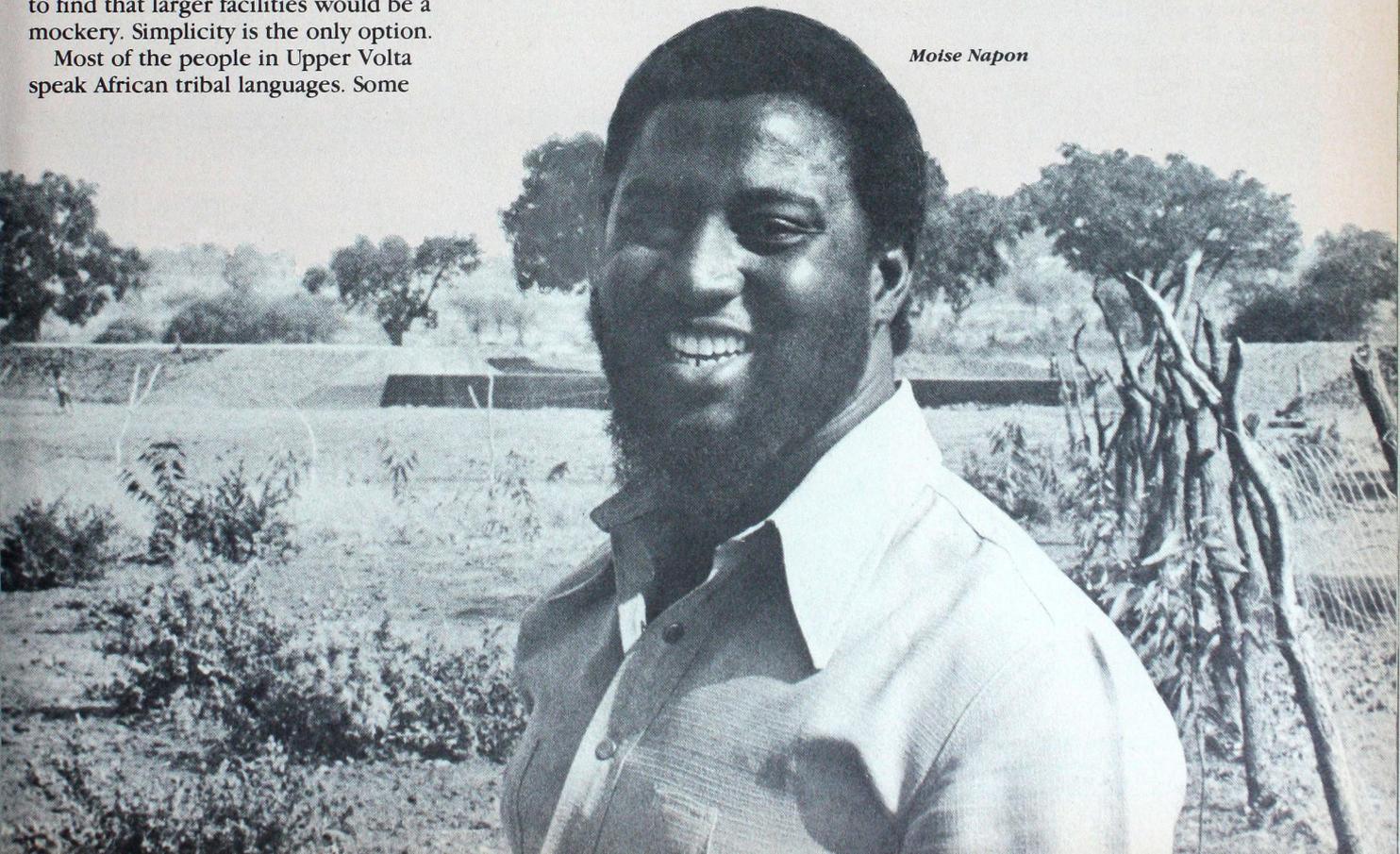
It was a warm day in Ouagadougou,

as usual, and I was extremely tired. When the officer asked *why* I didn't speak French, I think it was fortunate that he could not understand English!

That's when I met Moise Napon. Moise was my contact in Upper Volta. He tentatively held up a sign that had my name and World Vision on it. I latched onto him and was soon on my way to the hotel.

After that first deliverance, Moise was to teach me much about Upper Volta, its people and development. Moise—stout, goateed and robust—works with the Federation of Evangelical Churches and Missions in Upper Volta. After education in Dakar

Moise Napon





Farming cooperative member works in the large garden made possible by the Tita Dam.

and teaching assignments in London and Upper Volta, he concluded that God wanted him to reach out to the people of rural Upper Volta. A committed Christian and patient worker, he is the driving force of World Vision development projects throughout the country.

During my days in Upper Volta, we traveled by Peugeot truck (a common vehicle in West Africa) over wash-board dirt roads to four projects assisted by World Vision: Sassa, where a farming cooperative is fully operative, wells are dug and the people are working together; Sigili and Mankoula, both of which are depending on new wells to grow more crops; and Tita, where a dam and cooperative initiated by Christians are making a significant impact on the quality of community life.

To pass the time on the long, dusty trips, Moise made me his student. "The first thing I do when I go into a village," he said, "is try to know the people. Then, I try to let myself be known by them. If you don't do this, you won't know their customs or way of living. You may shock them, and that could be a barrier between you and them.

"I've talked to the people and listened. I brought my family to meet them. We have become linked.

"Then," Moise continued, "you must mobilize them. Motivate them. Help them establish a purpose and goals for the project. And help them realize that they *can* meet their own needs." As I listened, I knew that this capsulation would take months in practice.

Moise's lesson continued. "Perhaps

the most important aspect is to make the people realize that the project belongs to them and they are the ones who'll profit if they do things properly."

As I visited the widely scattered villages, I could see the formula's results. Patience and love displayed by Moise and other project workers were helping the people make their own lives better.

Graphic lessons are always remembered longest. And visiting Tita was that kind of lesson. A dam, built with funds given to the village Christians by World Vision, held ever-scarce water; a beautiful community garden was green proof of progress in a field of brown. There I saw produce in the midst of hunger.

Also at Tita I saw a new church—probably the largest structure in the community. It was evidence of how the gospel spread in the community after Christians were able to demonstrate their faith to their neighbors

by providing the dam.

Moise Napon and other Christians in the federation are carefully modeling Christ's love and sharing His message. Development and evangelism are working together.

On my final day in Upper Volta, we were returning from our visit to Tita when Moise drove off the road to a small lake. "This is a crocodile pond," he announced.

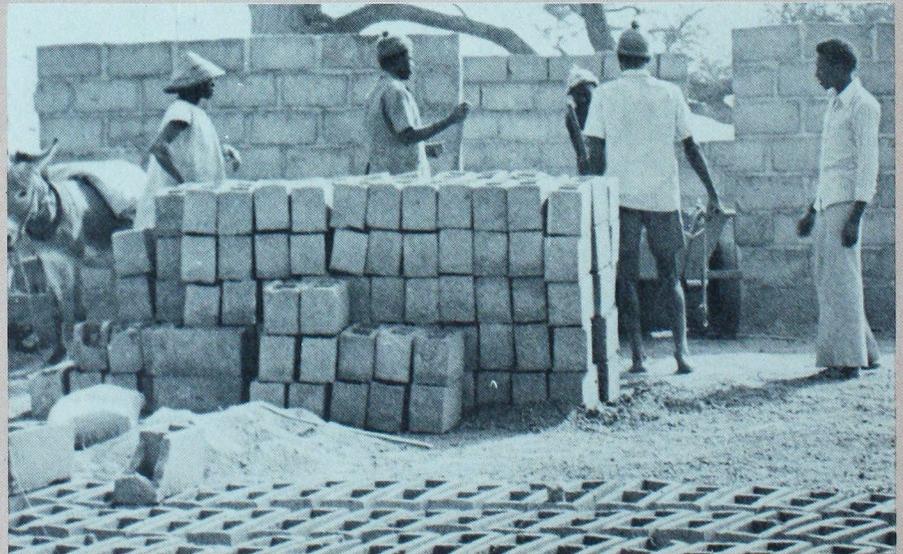
"Are there many crocodiles in it?" I asked, somewhat nervously.

"Many," he affirmed with a broad grin.

He explained how village boys earn money from tourists by luring the vicious crocs out of the water, teasing them and then standing or sitting on their backs. Moise added that I was welcome to try it.

"No, thanks," I replied. "I've learned enough in Upper Volta for one trip." □

Jim Jewell is manager of World Vision's public information department.



Villagers build a community center in Sassa for gatherings of the farming cooperative.



Simulated refugees

For several summers, leaders of First Presbyterian Church in Red Bank, New Jersey, have used new ways to build missions awareness into the lives of Vacation Bible school children and their teachers.

In 1979, teachers built a small boat and had the children take turns sitting in it, imagining that they were escaping from their homeland to another country in search of freedom. The idea was to help them understand the plight of boat refugees.

Last summer, parents and teachers wanted to help people in refugee camps, so they designed a refugee tent, set it up in one of the church rooms, and had groups of children take turns coming in. Together

they ate day-old rice while feeling the heat and discomfort of being in a hot, crowded room.

Relating these experiences to their families, relatives and neighbors, the kids obtained contributions toward their goal of \$700. On Monday of the second week, they surpassed that on their way toward a new goal of \$900. By Wednesday, they were looking toward another goal of \$1100.

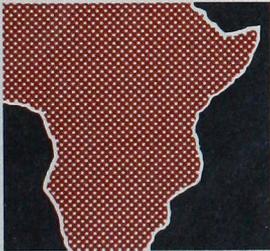
On Thursday night, the children had a VBS commencement exercise with their families present. About 600 people joined in the gathering. At that time they gave a representative of World Vision's northeast regional office a simulated check for \$933. Next morning, the last day of the Vacation Bible school, the children brought in an additional \$300 for their goal of feeding hungry Vietnamese refugees. □

That's not popcorn in the pot. It's day-old rice—part of the experience in which VBS students felt something of what it's like to live in a hot, crowded tent and survive on a limited diet.

An Important New Film:

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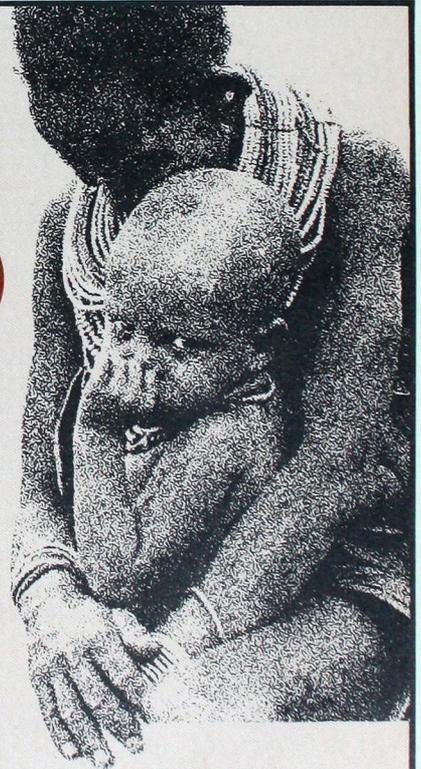
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—the worst natural disaster in 15 years, affecting five million people.

"I've never seen anything like it. Not in Bangladesh, not with the boat people, not in Cambodia." —Stan Mooneyham



Available now through the World Vision regional office nearest you.

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Southeast
Verré Centre, Suite 302
1835 Savoy Road
Atlanta, GA 30341
(404) 455-6109

Samaritan sampler

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

Refugee sponsors are much needed by World Relief Refugee Services (WRRS), part of the National Association of Evangelicals. The WRRS goal, registered with the U.S. State Department, is to place 835 more refugees each month. The monthly average in late 1980 was just over 500. Other agencies not prepared to provide an evangelical witness will pick up the slack, while evangelicals miss out on an opportunity for loving service. For information call toll-free (800) 431-2808 or write P.O. Box WRC, Nyack, NY 10960.

Christian Mission for the Deaf (CMD) is celebrating its 25th year of ministry to deaf persons in nearly a third of Africa's 47 countries. CMD has begun 15 schools for the deaf, several churches and a Bible institute. Through education, many deaf Africans have heard the Word of God and responded in faith. Local Christians, deaf as well as hearing, are trained by CMD to carry on the work.

Urban youths in black churches are the concern of a pilot program to be conducted jointly by ten Los Angeles churches, Fuller Theological Seminary, Youth for Christ and Young Life. Black youths often leave church by age 10, with no one to help them as they deal with unemployment, crumbling neighborhoods, fatherless homes and temptations to crime. Ten black pastors enrolled at Fuller will team up with

interns from the two youth ministry organizations to design a manual for youth ministry in black urban churches. Then they will evaluate its effectiveness over the next four years.

Joni and Friends, a service agency begun by Joni Eareckson in 1979, is urging churches to become more involved in caring for the disabled. Paralyzed since 1967 from a diving accident, Joni receives over 600 letters a week from persons wanting counsel in dealing with a handicap or other source of suffering. Her organization is becoming a resource center that can assist churches in their own ministry to the handicapped. For materials or information, write Joni and Friends at Box 3225, Woodland Hills, CA 91365.

Lifewater, a private venture begun by Christians in the water well industry, is looking for volunteer geologists, engineers and other professionals to get involved in bringing potable water to needy Third World communities. Wells have been drilled in Mexico, Haiti, the Philippines and elsewhere. Interested persons may write Lifewater, 2736 E. Walnut, Pasadena, CA 91107 or call (213) 443-1787.

American Friends Service Committee has produced a discussion-starting 35-minute slide presentation on nuclear danger, called *Acceptable Risk?*, obtainable from AFSC at 1501 Cherry, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Intercristo uses a computer to match various Christian organizations with persons looking for a good place to exercise their particular job skills. An improved system offers subscribing individuals a readout of every job opening that Intercristo has on file for their area of interest. Both salaried and volunteer positions are listed. Many of the jobs are overseas. Write P.O. Box 33487, Seattle, WA 98133.



Townsend

Wycliffe Bible Translators is holding a Golden Jubilee Rally on May 9 in honor of its founder, W. Cameron Townsend. The celebration marks the 50th anniversary of the publication of Townsend's Cakchiquel New Testament in Guatemala, the beginning of the Wycliffe translation movement.

Discipleship Journal is the name of a different new magazine designed to help its readers find a deeper experience of Christian discipleship and discipling. Its publisher is NavPress, P.O. Box 6000, Colorado Springs, CO 80934.

ACMC—the Association of Church Missions Committees—is planning its seventh national annual conference for August 6-9 at Wheaton College in Illinois. The theme is "The Local Church: Seedbed for

Missions." ACMC is a transdenominational association of Christian congregations working together to strengthen the role of the local church in world evangelization. Information about ACMC or the upcoming conference may be obtained by writing 1620 South Myrtle, Monrovia, CA 91016.

Pentecost Sunday (June 7) is being designated a Day of Prayer for World Evangelization. The Lausanne Committee for World Evangelization (LCWE) is encouraging churches and other Christian groups to hold prayer meetings on campuses, in churches and in homes. A prayer bulletin and calendar is available from Mr. Stan Izon, Director of LCWE Communications, 5 Riverhead Drive, Rexdale, Ontario, Canada M9W 4G3.

Bring Forth Justice is the title of a strong new book on the relationship between evangelical mission, discipleship and social justice. Its author is Waldron Scott, general secretary of World Evangelical Fellowship.

"Get Dirty for God" is the advice given by Teen Missions Int'l (TM) to young people who want experience on the mission field. TM is offering short-term team missionary ventures this summer in 27 countries. The team projects, ranging from building construction to outdoor evangelism, are open to persons aged 13-25. Adults are needed to serve as leaders. All teams begin with a primitive boot camp in Florida. For information write P.O. Box 1056C, Merritt Island, Florida 32952.



A prison inmate responds to questions during a visit from the student conferees.

The thousand-plus students who spent five days in the nation's capital around New Year's saw aspects of Washington life that most D.C. tourists miss altogether. Under the direction of conference leaders Pete Hammond and Elward Ellis, they beheld blighted areas of the city, interviewed prison inmates as well as government officials, and took in lectures on the facts of inner-city life and the church's responsibility to be Christ's salt and light among the nation's distressed urban poor.

Here are a few snatches from speakers brought in by Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship:

"Fundamental change must be in individuals. That can only come through Christ." —Ozzie Edwards, director for urban studies, Harvard University

"Economically secure Christians who minister to the needy must first learn what it is like to be poor. Christians must not only help the individual, but also work to change the power structure which oppresses him." —William Leslie, Chicago pastor

"You don't have to ask people to minister to the middle class. The problem is to get them to go to the poor." —Barbara Benjamin, New York City IVCF worker

WASHINGTON '80

Students see the city

"We must join hands and search for those who are lost in the cities." —George McKinney, San Diego pastor

"If people are not willing to live in the same neighborhoods with other ethnic groups, they will never be able to work together." —Ozzie Edwards

"When I hear my friends in middle-class churches talk about illegal aliens, it rips my heart apart because they don't know what they're talking about." —Barbara Benjamin

"The local church has access to young people who are in and out of jail and in detention homes. The local church must recognize that the Lord has ordained us to work with them." —Russell Knight, vice president, Chicagoland Youth for Christ

"My concern is not so much for bricks and buses, but for the people who inhabit these places." —Ozzie Edwards

"We must be organized, but we must not cease to be a living, loving organism." —George McKinney

"When you have God on your side, you don't need a weapon."

—Congressman Walter Foutroy (District of Columbia)

"In any cross-cultural situation we will be tested, but if we go as servants, if we allow ourselves to be vulnerable, we will be successful."

—William Leslie

"For many, this conference is an eye-opener. Their environment has protected them from the inner city."

—Samuel Escobar, Latin American leader of International Fellowship of Evangelical Students

"Spirit-filled Christians will have a social conscience. Faith without works is jive." —Michael Haynes, Boston pastor, member of Massachusetts Parole Board

"Christian goals for life simply cannot be the same as those our culture would like to impose upon us. . . . The truth is, we don't need half the stuff we have." —Barbara Benjamin

"Christ has to be the foundation, and everything else has to be built on that. It really is important for Christians to care for the poor and unlovely."

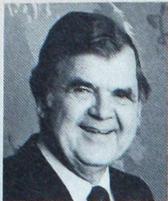
—a student from New Jersey

"There's a tendency in college to isolate yourself and your experience, and not get out and involve yourself in the city. The conference was important because it called students away from their isolation."

—a student from Mississippi

"The work of the church really begins when the benediction is over." —Anthony Campbell, Boston pastor

"Neither Jeremiah nor Isaiah nor Jonah nor Amos, and certainly not Jesus, told us that the road would be easy. It's going to be rough, but we have to go." —George McKinney □



We at World Vision have recently taken another major step in demonstrating our stance on full financial disclosure. Our latest

annual report, now available, includes a section on what is called "functional accounting." It details which expenses are included in each of three categories—ministry, fund raising and management.

We feel this is truly full financial disclosure, and we are pleased to explain to our partners more fully how we dispense funds for which we are the trustees.

As many of our readers and partners know, World Vision has given considerable attention to financial disclosure, including efforts to establish an organization—the Evangelical Council for Financial Accountability—that encourages such disclosure among all evangelical ministries. ECFA, under the able leadership of its director, Mr. Olan Hendrix, has established seven standards for membership in its Council (numbering now close to 200 members) and has provided counsel to those not yet qualified but seeking to meet these standards. ECFA is facing head-on the concern expressed by many supporters and potential supporters for credibility and integrity among evangelical organizations.

The "bottom line" for many supporters is how much and what quality of ministry is occurring. Ministry can be defined as direct service in accordance with an organization's stated objectives. The basic question for a ministry allocation is: Who or what is the primary focus of attention for this allocation?

Is it the people or projects specifically stated in the organization's objectives? That is ministry. Are future prospective donors and their gifts the primary focus? That is fund raising. Is the focus on the general operations of the office as contrasted with direct service toward stated objectives? That is operations or management.

We understand that individuals and groups give because they are attracted to a particular ministry. It is the donors' proper expectation that the great majority of their funds will be spent in serving the people to whom their hearts and consciences are responding. We are so very grateful for you, our partners in ministry, who depend on us to be the most effective channels possible for your loving concern. Thank you for your trust—and God bless you.

Ted W. Engstrom

Ted W. Engstrom
Executive Director

FOR HUMANITARIAN SERVICE WITH EVANGELISM

Pierce award nominees sought

Nominations for the 1981 Robert Pierce Award are now being solicited from Christian leaders around the world. A missionary to Upper Volta, Dr. Kenneth Elliott, was the 1980 recipient.

The award, which includes a \$5000 grant, was established by World Vision as a living memorial to Dr. Bob Pierce, who founded the organization in 1950. Pierce served as president until 1967; he died in September 1978 at the age of 63.

Nominees for the award should be persons who—

1. have focused on a specific need, generally in one locality, and who have dedicated a significant portion of their lives to accomplish their mission;
2. have been combining humanitarian service with evangelism, for a holistic ministry;
3. have been working with minimal means and assistance;
4. are involved in an unusual service or mission;
5. have been directly involved with people, not just with conceptualizing;
6. have been previously unrecognized internationally;
7. are primarily ministering overseas, in lesser developed countries, or among minority cultures.

Persons wishing to nominate someone for the award must obtain information and forms from the Pierce Award Nominations Committee, c/o World Vision, 919 W. Huntington Dr., Monrovia, CA 91016. Deadline for completed submissions is May 31, 1981.

Do you know the One who is the way?

When Jesus Christ lived on earth in the flesh, He taught, accepted crucifixion and arose from death not merely to show the way to God, but to *be* the way. And He told His disciples emphatically, "I am the way and the truth and the life. No man comes to the Father except through me" (John 14:6, NIV).

Do you know the way? Probably most WORLD VISION readers do. Through Christ, so many have found God and have begun a whole new kind of life. *If you do not* know God through Christ, we of World Vision urge you to read with open mind and open heart the entire Gospel of John, and to seek spiritual counsel from a pastor or other Christian. We invite you also to write WORLD VISION magazine for free literature about knowing Him. □

About child sponsorship

What is World Vision's sponsorship program all about?

Your sponsorship provides needed support for a child in a developing country. Your child faces an uncertain future because of poverty, illiteracy, physical handicap or other adverse circumstances. As a sponsor you provide him or her with a new future through programs of education, health care and spiritual nurture and by helping his family and community develop.

How does it work?

Concerned people like you are linked with a child for whom they provide monthly support. You may correspond with your child, send photos and give extra money for special gifts.

Is my child an orphan? May I adopt him or her?

The majority of sponsored children live with parents or extended family members. Some, however, are orphaned and do live in special facilities. Our purpose is to help children, whether orphaned or not, to become useful citizens in their own culture rather than be adopted into another culture. Therefore, we are not an adoption agency.

In general terms, what does my child receive?

Your child receives help in the area of the most pressing needs. World Vision's child and family sponsorship program is flexible; we respond to each child according to the circumstances of his village or community. If the child lives in an orphanage, for example, he receives food, clothing, school supplies, education, medical and nutritional help, and any other assistance necessary. If the child lives at home, he or she may receive help with tuition, school supplies, health care, vocational training and have the opportunity to attend Sunday school or a summer Bible camp. In some instances, a child can achieve self-fulfillment more effectively when the

parents are also improving physically, mentally and spiritually. Thus a child's parents might receive vocational training, health care education, a small business loan or other aid.

Do you have any guidelines to help you design these flexible programs?

Yes. The three basic components of World Vision's child sponsorship program are appropriate education, nutrition and health care attention, and evangelism or Christian nurture. We believe that to help a child assume his or her full God-given potential, we must meet all aspects of need—mind, body and soul. We call this a "holistic" approach.

What do you mean by "holistic approach"?

The word "holistic" implies a broad approach to a given problem or discipline—aimed at the whole problem and not merely at one aspect of it. The director of our field projects

division, Fram Jehangir, says, "This 'holistic' ministry to the child helps the family to a better way of life. It changes values and affects the total person. Christ fed, healed and preached to the people. His was a holistic ministry.

"As we use the word *holistic*," he continues, "it conveys the idea of completeness, of totality of life, of the wholeness of God's creation. It concerns the fullness of a person's life in society; it concerns justice and liberty; and it concerns the restoration of a person to fellowship with God. It concerns the release of gifts and possibilities latent in men, women and children. It keeps us from thinking about people or communities in fragmented terms."

For answers to more of the questions people ask about child sponsorship, see the next three issues of this magazine. If you don't find what you are wondering about, write us anytime.



Ugandans get help

Tribal warfare in the West Nile Province of Uganda has recently claimed the lives of some 20,000 persons and rendered an estimated 300,000 homeless. Many have fled northward to the Sudan or westward into Zaire. For the many who remain in Uganda, medical and material help has been unavailable. World Vision was approached by the Church of Uganda and by Africa Inland Mission (AIM) for a response to this emergency. Working through AIM, World Vision is providing ten tons of corn, corn flour and beans; 38,000 hoes; 20,000 blankets; an eight-week supply of medicines; and the services of a medical team. Ten thousand people are expected to benefit from this effort.

In the Karamoja region of northern Uganda, continuing drought and conflict has destroyed most cattle and crops.

Through the Church of Uganda, World Vision is supplying 160 tons of millet and sorghum seeds for planting.

Ethiopia relief in progress

Extensive relief efforts are underway in drought-stricken parts of Ethiopia. The Bume tribespeople, whom Stan Mooneyham described in last month's magazine ("One Drought away from Death"), will be receiving wheat, maize and skim milk throughout 1981. Malnourished children will begin receiving therapeutic feedings. A medical team will seek to give preventive and limited curative health care to those whose lives are most threatened by the drought. World Vision is also studying the feasibility of building a dam on the Kibish River, so that the Bume people can have a year-round water supply.

Another 40,000 drought victims in remote areas of southeastern Ethiopia will be receiving blankets, clothing and food. Distribution of the supplies will be handled by churches in the area.

Corn for refugees

Christian farmers in Illinois have generously donated 120 tons of corn to Salvadoran refugees in Honduras. Farmers at the Apostolic Church in Peoria delivered the top-grade corn to loading docks in New Orleans. World Vision paid for its shipment to Honduras.

Pastors' conferences scheduled

Church leaders in seven countries will have the opportunity to attend conferences this year in which World Vision brings them together for instruction and fellowship. Often these pastors are isolated from those doing similar work in other parts of their nation. Pastors' conferences offer them a much-needed time of encouragement and consultation. Dr. Sam Kamaleson will be heading up pastors' conferences this year in Chile; Karnataka, India; Poland; Egypt; Sri Lanka; Hong Kong; Singapore; and Kerala, India.

Childcare in South Africa

Five new family-to-family childcare projects have recently been added to World Vision's work in South Africa. Affiliated with the Methodist and Presbyterian churches, the projects will benefit a total of 1450 children.

Never fall down

Children at the World Vision-sponsored Casa Materna School in Naples, Italy, decided to help local earthquake victims by going without fruit or snacks for a week. With the money they saved, they bought milk and other food for people hit by the November disaster. Several days after the quake, Giancarlo, a fatherless retarded child, offered this prayer at the school's evening meal: "God, please make sure that Casa Materna will never fall down." The school's director, Emanuele Santi, adds in a note to World Vision, "We pray the same, that Casa Materna will never fall down, in structure or in spirit. With all the destruction around us, we can help others not as fortunate as we."

Thank you, Walter!

The smiling face of Walter H. Cates has become a familiar sight around

MANAGING YOUR TIME

A two-day seminar for
pastors and Christian leaders



Ted Engstrom
Executive Director
World Vision



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

Mall to:

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West Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016
(Check one. \$125 covers all costs. Make
checks payable to **Managing Your Time.**)

- May 14-15, Anaheim, CA
 Sept. 24-25, Dallas, TX

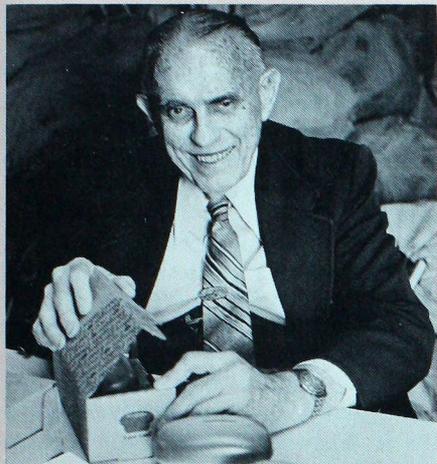
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to be paid at the seminar.
 I enclose the entire \$125.

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Church or Org. _____
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State _____ Zip _____
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Photographer Jon Kubly had a special interest in this child who was undergoing surgery at the World Vision pediatrics hospital in Kampuchea while Jon was there on an assignment. The child needed blood for the operation. Jon, having the right type, gave his own.

World Vision's international and U.S. headquarters. The 80-year-old retired civil engineer, who lives with his wife in an apartment on the complex, became involved in the agency's volunteer program seven years ago. Since then, Walter



has donated more than 5000 hours of his time. He estimates he has packed and prepared nearly a million Love Loaf kits for use in World Vision's fund-raising activities.

Continued needs in Somalia camp

Daily increases in the refugee camp population at Las Dure in Somalia have necessitated an expansion in World Vision's ministry there. Living conditions have greatly improved with a recent shipment of blankets and tents, but in late January there was still no report of improved nutrition among the refugees.

SPONSOR TOUR OF THE ORIENT

August 3-21, 1981

A chance to see your sponsored child—and the Orient. The tour will visit Tokyo and Osaka, Japan; Seoul, Korea; Hong Kong; the Philippines and Hawaii.

An experienced tour director, Mr. George Hahn, will guide you in your travels. For more information and a travel brochure, write: Tour Director, Box O, Pasadena, California 91109.

The United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees is experiencing problems getting the needed food into the camps. World Vision shipped 20 metric tons of protein mix to Somalia in January.

A new World Vision office in the capital of Somalia, Mogadishu, will be adding rehabilitation and community development activities to the ongoing relief services in Las Dure camp. World Vision is also looking into the possibility of working in a second camp in Somalia.

Annual prayer emphasis

The staff at World Vision's Monrovia headquarters spent five half-days in prayer and Bible study at the beginning of this new year. Since the mid-70s, World Vision has given a special time annually to prayer. This year an added study of the book of James yielded many practical insights that will guide World Vision ministries and people in the days to come.

Health team in Kenya

The Kijabe Medical Center in Kenya has begun a program, funded by World Vision, in which a health team is able to travel up to 25 miles from the center to help surrounding villages. Each monthly visit to the villages includes a health lecture, inspection of homes and schools, and a diagnosis of the area's health hazards. Mothers bring their children for immunizations and other medical care. The team includes an evangelist who presents the Christian message to interested adults and conducts a Bible class for the children. The Kijabe Medical Center is operated by the Africa Inland Church of Kenya.

Radio years recordings of Dr. Booth

An article about F. Carlton Booth, "This Barnabas is a Tenor," in our August magazine brought inquiries from people who desire a recording of his singing. Dr. Booth's friends can now get a cassette of recordings made during his radio years by sending a \$5 contribution—to cover costs—to Cassettes, World Vision, 919 West Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016.

Annual report available

If you haven't yet asked for a copy of World Vision's 1980 annual report and would like to have one, write our public information department at 840 W. Chestnut Street, Monrovia, CA 91016.

Please pray for:

- **continued blessing** on the work of Mother Teresa, her co-workers and many other missionaries in India.
- **Julio Contreras**, Tina Cerna and other World Vision leaders in El Salvador. Pray for the thousands of displaced people, and for a just peace in that nation.
- **pastors in Chile** attending a World Vision conference in March.
- **the staff** of World Vision's National Pediatrics Hospital in Kampuchea.
- **immediate relief** of famine victims in Ethiopia, Kenya, Uganda and elsewhere.
- **the 265,000** children in World Vision's childcare program.



Resources for Life...

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

Yes, I would like more information on:

- Unitrusts
- Missions Agreement Plan
- Annuities
- Life Estate
- Gifts-In-kind
- Continuous Childcare Trust
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My name _____

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City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Telephone (____) _____

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

Globe at a glance

NEWS BRIEFS FOR YOUR INFORMATION AND INTERCESSION

Americans donated record amounts of aid to refugees and disaster victims in 1980. Kampuchea's emergency evoked the greatest response. The East African famine, though larger, has generated less concern. According to a Salvation Army spokesman, "blind spots" in U.S. relief efforts include India, Africa and the Caribbean.

An emergency grain reserve has been set up by the U.S. government with four million tons of grain bought from American farmers. Up to 300,000 tons of the reserve may be used in any year for overseas famine relief when food needs cannot be met through normal channels. The reserve makes possible a quicker response to emergency situations.

Evangelistic meetings in east Kenya last December drew 20,000 people, of whom 1000 gave their lives to Christ for the first time. Bishop Festo Kivengere and Rev. John Wilson, both from African Enterprise, preached in response to a request from the Anglican Church in Kenya.



Kivengere

Wilson

The idea of justice has become corrupted in today's world, according to Pope John Paul II. In experience, it is often replaced by rancor, hate and cruelty. "How can one think of the establishment of a stable peace in the Middle East," he said by way of example, "if the nations involved do not take into account . . . the needs of all the interested peoples, of their existence and security?"

An income tax exclusion has been reinstated for American missionaries working in "lesser developed countries." The \$20,000 exclusion for earnings from "qualified charitable services" does not apply to missionaries working in such places as South Africa, Japan and most of Europe.

The church in Upper Volta will not be greatly affected by last November's coup, according to the Mennonite Central Committee. The president of the Federation of Evangelical Churches and Missions in Upper Volta, Medo Ouedraogo, quoted Scripture verses stating that all governments are of God, and wished the new president, Col. Saye Zerbo, the wisdom of Solomon.

Billy Graham and Pope John Paul II met at the Vatican for two hours in January; it was Graham's first meeting with a pope. The two men reportedly discussed issues ranging from the situation in Poland to the emergence of evangelical Christianity in the modern world.

Cease-fire plans for Namibia (South-West Africa) failed to gain approval at a recent UN-sponsored conference. South

Africa, whose 20,000 troops are fighting against 8000 SWAPO (South-West Africa People's Organization) rebels, wants more assurance that a cease-fire and free election would lead to some form of democratic government in Namibia. SWAPO is expected to demand action by the UN Security Council.

High wage earners in America contribute only a small percentage of their income to charity, says the Internal Revenue Service. Those earning \$30,000 to \$50,000 donated an average of \$869 last year. Americans earning only \$4000 to \$6000 gave \$425.

Bible smuggling "is illegal and it doesn't do us much good," said Dr. Oswald Hoffmann, Lutheran leader who is president of the United Bible Societies. "Christians in those countries advise against it." But Hoffmann is concerned about getting Bibles to the entire world. He reported that demand for the Bible is particularly strong among 40 million Tamil-speaking people in India. Each year, portions of the Bible are made available in 20 to 25 new languages.

Mandatory worker identification cards have been ruled out by the U.S. Select Commission on Immigration and Refugee Policy. Moreover, the commission has announced that it will recommend an amnesty program for illegal aliens now living in the United States.

The Rev. Gottfried Osei-Mensah has been reappointed executive secretary of the Lausanne Committee for World Evangelization (LCWE) for a four-year term. Osei-Mensah grew up in a Christian home in Ghana. LCWE is moving its international headquarters from Kenya to England in April.

The U.S. military budget should receive an independent analysis in an effort to trim unnecessary expenses, said Arthur Simon, executive director of Bread for the World. The organization expressed fear that the soaring defense costs "could mean both a continuing decline in the share of U.S. aid for the poor abroad and in bare cupboards for people in our own country."

Martial rule has ended in the Philippines more than eight years after it began. While making that announcement, President Ferdinand Marcos signed an order providing that all decrees and orders by which he has ruled under martial law remain in force. Elections for a national assembly are set for May 1984.

"At least one vibrant evangelical congregation in every barrio" is the 20-year goal set by Philippine church leaders in a recent conference. A report in *Christianity Today* noted that this means adding about 40,000 congregations to their present 10,000, or one church for every 1500 Filipinos.

Not everybody but somebody

"But I can't help everybody!" When this hoariest of excuses for doing nothing is exhumed from mothballs, I usually quote Bob Pierce, World Vision's founder: "No, but you can help somebody!" Sometimes I follow that up with encouragement to start small and do something rather than sit immobilized by the magnitude of the task. I tell how important it is for each of us to take out a bucketful, and so on.

However, I am afraid that quick retorts may not evoke the desired response. I know they don't in me.

Besides, some of the people who say, "I can't help everybody!" are not alibiing but lamenting. They say it out of frustration and despair because they *are* helping someone, often many someones, and the undone task remains greater than the done. They seem never to gain on it. Far from being underwhelmed (as is, unfortunately, sometimes the case), they are overwhelmed, submerged, left gasping for breath in a great sea of need. No answer seems big enough.

Where does individual responsibility begin? And end?

I get considerable help on this when I look at the way Jesus ministered. He, too, lived in a sea of need. In that hot, dusty land, blindness was common. Leprosy was a feared scourge. Sickness, hunger and sorrow abounded. Yet Jesus did not heal all the sick, feed all the hungry, raise all the dead. In His time and place, there were blind who never saw, lame who never leaped, bed-ridden who never walked, lepers who were never cleansed.

How many widows' sons were buried with no compassionate intervention? How many mothers-in-law never recovered from their fevers? How many wanderers in their wrong minds were never restored? How many epileptic or palsied children were never freed?

Surely Jesus knew He was only scratching the surface of need. How did He live with that knowledge? Theologians may provide additional perspectives, but a fact that I find personally instructive is this: In the gospel accounts *Jesus never turned away anyone who came within the scope of His awareness and ability to help.*

Of course, there was no limit on His power or ability, as there is on mine. But some had to fight for His attention—persisting their way through a cordon of protective disciples. Even when He thought to limit His ministry to "the house of Israel," a Canaanite woman, pleading in behalf of her daughter, breached His defenses. Insisting upon crumbs for her daughter, she received, instead, wholeness.

Scope of awareness. It was this which placed an inescapable compulsion upon Him, and which places it upon us. When I see, when I hear, when I know, then something happens to me that has not happened before. It is then that the problem, the concern becomes mine.

When the knock comes to *my* door.

When the empty hand reaches toward *me*.

When the eyes look into *my* eyes.

Then I have to do something or surrender some piece of my Christian credibility. It is as simple as that.

And as complex as that. For the scope of our awareness is wider now than it was in the days of Jesus, wider even than it was 10 years ago. There is still need in the world that we do not know about. But when a major tragedy strikes, we generally are informed by the time of the evening news. Nowadays, the small tragedy is more likely to be what we hear about last. The abandoned parent in a nursing home on the other side of town; the forgotten inmate of a prison just 15 minutes away; the neighbor whose name we never took time to learn; the people we see every day who carry unsuspected crushing burdens.

Though needs had to come within the scope of Jesus' awareness in order to be met, I think the scope of His awareness was large and acute. Our scope, in spite of news coverage, tends to be limited, and our awareness not terribly sharp. We see and hear only the things to which we are tuned in. It is easier to catch a signal from Wall Street than from Main Street. From Washington than from Wewak.

The atmosphere around me is filled with signals, some of which are barely intelligible—the way the chattering cockpit radio sounds to me as I fly over a jungle in a small plane. The pilot knows what the radio is saying because his ears are attuned to the kind of information he needs.

Awareness, for us, is an ability that can be cultivated. We hear what we need to hear, what we want to hear, in the same way that a mother immediately catches the first cry of her awakening baby.

There are, sad to say, those who are afraid they *will* hear something, who avert their eyes lest they see something. How lonely to walk the streets of life, afraid to look up, afraid of what might be seen in even a fleeting glance at another face.

We avert not only our eyes but our hearts, lest some compulsion leap across the gap and forever bind us together. For, from even our small experience, we know deep down that having seen, we cannot ever again unsee. Having heard, we will never again be able to unhear.

And unless conscience is dead, we will have to act. "For God so loved the world that He gave . . ." That is the penalty, and the incomparable reward, for being a follower of His Son.

President, World Vision International

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Meet Flora.

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

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

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

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

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

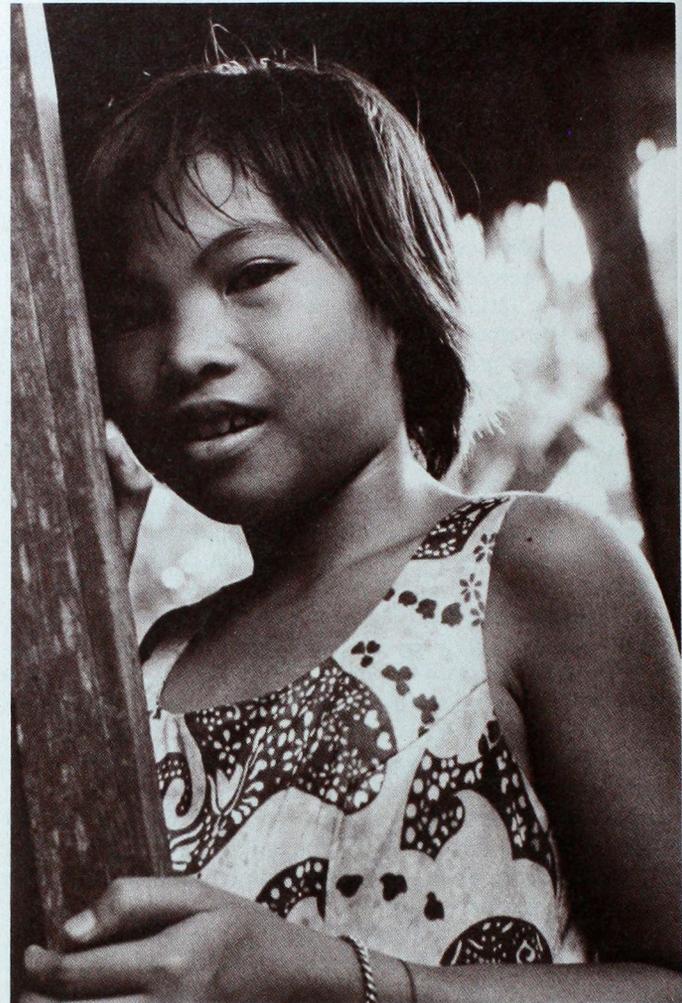
The sponsorship program helped Flora with such things as school fees, books and clothes (new, not hand-me-downs, for a change!). Her whole family is helped with rice, lumber for house repairs and emergency medical care. And Flora's parents are learning about nutrition, sanitation and basic health care.

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

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

Right now, World Vision knows of more than 14,000 children who need sponsors. For just \$18 a month, you can help one special child like Flora.

Think of the possibilities!



World Vision International

Box O, Pasadena, California 91109

Yes! I'll sponsor a child.

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

I would like to sponsor

a boy a girl either.

I would like to send in my gift

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

Enclosed is my first gift of \$_____ A31-W23

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____