

45
YEARS

WORLD VISION[®]

SPECIAL PHOTO EDITION



World Vision since its earliest days has placed high value on photographs as a link between people in need and the millions of generous donors who step forward to help them.

Robert Willard Pierce threw out the visual lifeline as early as 1948. That year the young American evangelist filmed a motion picture called "China Challenge" to help raise funds for missions in a land soon to be taken over by Communist forces.

Two years later Bob Pierce was back in Asia, working on a film about the devastating war between North and South Korea. To handle funds that his reports raised, he founded World Vision on Sept. 22, 1950, at Portland, Ore. The organization was dedicated to care for the fatherless and widows, to help the poor and the starving, to care for the sick, and to seek to present the Gospel of Jesus Christ to people everywhere.

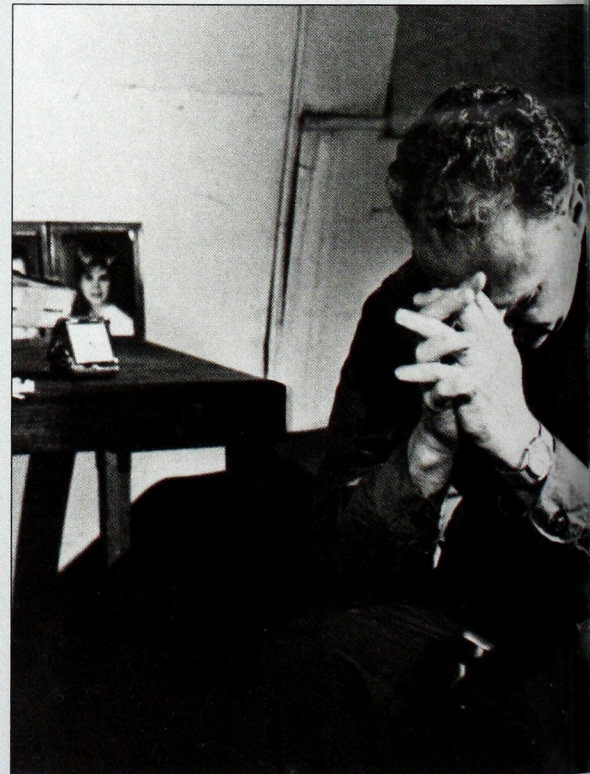
Bob always anguished over the agonies of the poor, the abandoned, and the needy. One particularly trying day, he wrote on the flyleaf of his Bible, "Let my heart be broken with the things that break the heart of God." In that spirit, his motion pictures continued to highlight the tragedies and triumphs he was witnessing.

Photographs became still more important to the ministry when World Vision inaugurated a child sponsorship program in 1953. Small portraits pasted into simple information folders became a means of introducing youngsters to donors who regularly contributed to their wel-

fare. Publications—including WORLD VISION magazine, launched in 1957—also used pictures from around the globe to show why our workers were there and how they were helping by then many thousands of people.

In 1969, W. Stanley Mooneyham, formerly vice president of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, took over from an ailing Bob Pierce as president of World Vision. During his 13-year tenure, the now international agency's contributions from United States donors grew from \$4.5 million to more than \$94 million. This was in large part due to his pioneering use of the graphic power of television to bring the needs of the world's poor into the homes and hearts of the American public.

Since then, photographers—both amateur and professional, staff members and freelancers—have continued to document the work of World Vision on film and video tape. The pictures on the following pages are drawn



*World Vision founder
Bob Pierce at prayer*

from our 45-year collection of some 670,000 still-photo images.

These files offer a vast and varied record of global events as World Vision has witnessed them. We find terrible disasters: floods and typhoons, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, famines and wars. We also see our staff working in the midst of chaos and danger, often heroically delivering prompt and efficient emergency relief to stricken victims.

The photo collection shows, perhaps more importantly, the larger and more lasting aspects of our mission: rehabilitation after disasters, long-term community development, and assistance to children through child survival and child sponsorship programs. Under these categories we find projects for nutrition, provision of clean water, sanitation, medical aid, education, vocational training, reforestation, land reclamation, and many other aspects of World Vision's service to humanity.

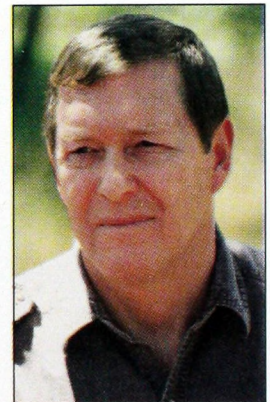
Only a few of these images can fit into a single issue of our magazine, so editing proved an arduous and exacting task. In choosing pictures for these pages, we sought to strike a balance between several considerations.

We rated photographic artistry high in importance. We also wanted to represent the main geographical regions where we work. Equally we wished to show the breadth and depth of World

Vision's ministry, where today more than 4,000 full-time workers in 100 countries serve in over 5,200 projects on five continents and touch the lives of almost 45.5 million people.

This special issue marks not only 45 years of World Vision's ministry, but also our establishment in a new home. This year we left our offices in Southern California, where we maintained headquarters in the Los Angeles area since 1956. Returning to the Pacific Northwest, we have settled into offices in the community of Federal Way, Wash., 25 miles south of Seattle. The move is designed to save more than \$5 million each year in operating expenses, which then can be used for ministering to the poor at home and abroad.

As this photographic record reflects the sadness and suffering, the drama and dignity, the joy and triumph of the human condition, we hope it will reflect something of the future as well. In the years and decades to come, an increasingly injured and hurting world will need more than ever the faithful efforts of our donors to transform lives in the name of Jesus Christ to the glory of our almighty God.



A handwritten signature in purple ink that reads "Robert A. Seiple". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

Robert A. Seiple
President, World Vision





Photographer: **DAVID RITCHIE**
Location: **Mozambique**

David Richie has been a professional photographer for 20 years. In 1988-89, he was World Vision's communications manager for emergency relief operations in Mozambique.

When I arrived in Mozambique in 1988, the country already had suffered almost 10 years of brutal civil war, senseless massacres, famine, and displacement of millions of people. Every place I went, people carried the weight of despair, hopelessness, and utter fatigue.

What overwhelmed me most was the almost complete absence of elderly people. This picture of an old woman sitting by her cooking pot is significant for its rarity. Most of the country's aged people were dead. The guerrilla soldiers considered the aged dispensable, a burden and encumbrance. In captured villages, they were either murdered on the spot or left to die.

Despite her despair and fatigue, this woman was an incredible survivor. She had endured unspeakable suffering, hiding in the bush, surviving on roots and berries. She had lost most of her family, all her meager belongings, most of her dignity, and all but a thread of hope. Yet she carried on.

When I saw that woman and her determination to survive, I knew that Mozambique also would survive and recover.



Photographer: **JON KUBLY**
Location: **South China Sea**

Jon Kubly was a commercial photographer in Los Angeles before his death in 1990.

My father launched 'Operation Seasweep' in 1978 to help refugees who were escaping Vietnam in frail, unseaworthy boats," writes Eric Mooneyham, son of World Vision's then president W. Stanley Mooneyham.

"World Vision purchased a 300-foot cargo ship, named it *Seasweep*, and sailed it out of Singapore into the South China Sea. The vessel carried food, water, medicine, fuel, and navigational aids for the boat people drifting aimlessly, sometimes helplessly, in the tropical waters. It brought

assistance for tens of thousands more, living as castaways on remote islands. It also transported many to refugee camps that would take them in. Some of the people *Seasweep* rescued eventually settled in the United States.

"My father often asked me to come with him to photograph World Vision's work overseas. For the *Seasweep* mission, I couldn't go without jeopardizing my graduation as a student of photography at the Pasadena Art Center College of Design. Jon Kubly, my best friend and a fellow student, took my place.

"Jon thought and acted fast to take this heart-warming picture. A small refugee boat bumped against *Seasweep's* gangway. One of our local crew members clattered down the steps to help the people aboard. He recognized his cousin, and they embraced with tears of joy.

"Jon, during his mission, befriended a young man

named May, who had left his family in Vietnam. After Jon's return to Los Angeles, he and his family sponsored May as a new emigrant to the United States. May, who now is married with two children, studied electrical engineering and later worked on the Voyager satellite team.

"Jon died in 1990. His assignment with *Seasweep* is a testimony to how the work of World Vision and the people who perform it are constantly changing lives all around the world."



Photographer: **SUSIE POST**
Location: **Uganda**

*Susie Post is a free-lance
photographer in Ambridge, Pa.
Her work has included
assignments with National
Geographic magazine.*



Two years ago I traveled to Uganda to document the AIDS crisis devastating that country. No one I met felt exempt from the disease. Everyone had lost a family member or

friend, and a helpless acceptance dominated people's feelings about it, as though they were standing in front of a tidal wave with a teaspoon.

In some communities, almost 80 percent of the

children are classified as orphans, meaning they have lost at least one parent to AIDS. In the African culture, if there are any family members remotely capable of taking care of the orphans,

they do it. Many grandparents care for 15 to 30 children. When no adults are left in the family or when they are too old, the orphans learn to take care of themselves, living in the homes left to them by their parents.

In Kegenya, a small village in southern Uganda, I met some of these children—two families consisting of nine orphans, ranging in age from 3 to 13, who had survived on their own for two years, cooking together, doing chores together, going to church together. World Vision had helped join the two families, and the agency sponsors most of the children in school.

One day I found two of the boys in the "kitchen" watching the cooking fire. Nine-year-old Mutagubya Fred and 10-year-old Kintu Paul, from two different families, lived together now as brothers because their parents had died of AIDS. As they sat engulfed in the smoke from the fire, I clicked this photograph.

This is one of my favorite photos because the way Fred is looking into the light has a peace that speaks to me about hope in a dark situation. I'm also moved by the misty figures of the brothers, with their arms intertwined, showing the way their lives are connected and how their support for each other is carrying them along. I have always felt that this photo has a special holiness, a quietness in it.



Sanjay Sojwal, who was born in Bangalore, India, joined World Vision India as a photographer in 1983. He is now a photojournalist in World Vision's Asia-Pacific office in Bangkok, Thailand.

In February 1993, I went to photograph 14-year-old Ros Romdol in rural Cambodia feeling a mixture of sorrow, hope, and joy.

I was doing a story about landmines and how they are tragically affecting people's lives in Cambodia. Six years earlier, civil war was raging in the country,

and the rural areas were bristling with landmines. One day, Ros Romdol—9 years old at the time—stepped on a mine, which blew off her left leg. One of her friends, Tearn, tried to rescue her, but she too stepped on a mine and lost both of her legs—and her sanity.

Over the three days I visited Romdol in 1993, I found more than a crippled young woman on crutches. I met a child of God. Despite her injuries and tenuous future—life can be especially difficult for handicapped people in rural Cambodia—God had planted deep inside her a remarkable joy and hope that no landmine could take away from her. Only when one has experienced pain can one fully appreciate joy, and I wanted to capture on film something of Romdol's deep joy.

I also knew that World Vision was helping Romdol's village in various ways, and was nurturing Romdol's life so it might reach its full potential. As I interviewed her one day, several of her friends joined us and good-naturedly made fun of her, made her nervous in front of the camera, cajoled her, and giggled like teenagers anywhere else. One of the friends also lent her a lavender, French-styled hat, and

when Romdol smiled, I thought that this is what World Vision would like to see on Romdol's face, a smile showing that tomorrow—with a little bit of help—will be better than yesterday.

But every time I saw Romdol's bright and beautiful smile through the viewfinder of my camera, I also thought of Tearn. As I shot Romdol, Tearn lay on a cot not far from Romdol's house, bedridden and crippled, both physically and emotionally, as a result of her intense suffering. Before her accident, the village considered Tearn a very caring and exemplary young woman. Today, despite her condition, the people still talk about Tearn's courage, and she continues to be a source of inspiration to the people around her.

As I looked at Romdol and her infectious smile, I thought that this is how Tearn would have wanted to see her, and then she would know that her sacrifice was not in vain.

This is what I wanted to capture on film when I saw Romdol smile.



Photographer: **JOHN SCHENK**
Location: **Ethiopia**

John Schenk is a World Vision photographer and journalist. He has been based in Nairobi, Kenya, for 10 years.

In late 1993, I was in Ethiopia interviewing and shooting photos of a former World Vision-sponsored child who'd run in the Barcelona Olympics. She was a busy woman, and I suddenly found myself with three days of downtime between interviews. It seemed a good idea to use those days to get to one of World Vision's projects.

I drove to Adama four hours away. The region offered a fine story about a community of gritty and imaginative people who had overcome a disastrous agricultural scheme thrust on them years before during the reign of Emperor Haile Selassie.

In Adama I met a 9-year-old boy whose contributions to his subsistence farming family was already substantial. Gemachu Dabi had been ploughing the family's meager fields with a team of enormous oxen for two years. He was shy and soft-spoken but broadcast a man's pride in his ear-to-ear smile whenever the topic turned to oxen, their handling, and care. He was a bearer of tradition and fine workmanship. His father was known well outside the community as a gobas, or clever farmer. Gemachu obviously adored his father and his pride and affection were returned from the elder.

I was proud that such an admirable pair were flourishing in desperate circum-

stances because of a mere \$120 that World Vision had loaned to them. The money bought an ox that gave the family a full team, and in less than two years their fields and herds of goats, sheep, and cattle were expanding.

I had just one afternoon of good light to shoot photos

of them. In the waning minutes of a rapidly setting equatorial sun, I captured this shot that tells something of the pride and pleasure of a boy basking in his family's love, a father's joy, tradition, and sense of accomplishment.



In the winter of 1989, free-lance writer Barbara Thompson and I were working on a story about rural poverty in the Mississippi Delta for WORLD VISION magazine. On one of our last days in Cahoma, Miss., I was wandering through town talking to people and photographing.

Somehow I ended up in Nathaniel Brown's home. Everyone in town knew why I was photographing, and most were eager to share their stories. Nathaniel lived with his daughter in a two-room shack with no running water and no indoor toilet. It was a house that Habitat for Humanity and World Vision planned to rebuild.

Several noisy, young neighbors were also there, laughing and joking. Nathaniel sat quietly, mostly just watching the others. There was a marked difference between the older generation and the young people in Cahoma. The older people seemed to be hard-working, serious, and proud. Among the youth, drugs, alcohol and unemployment were enormous problems, and their bearing reflected it.

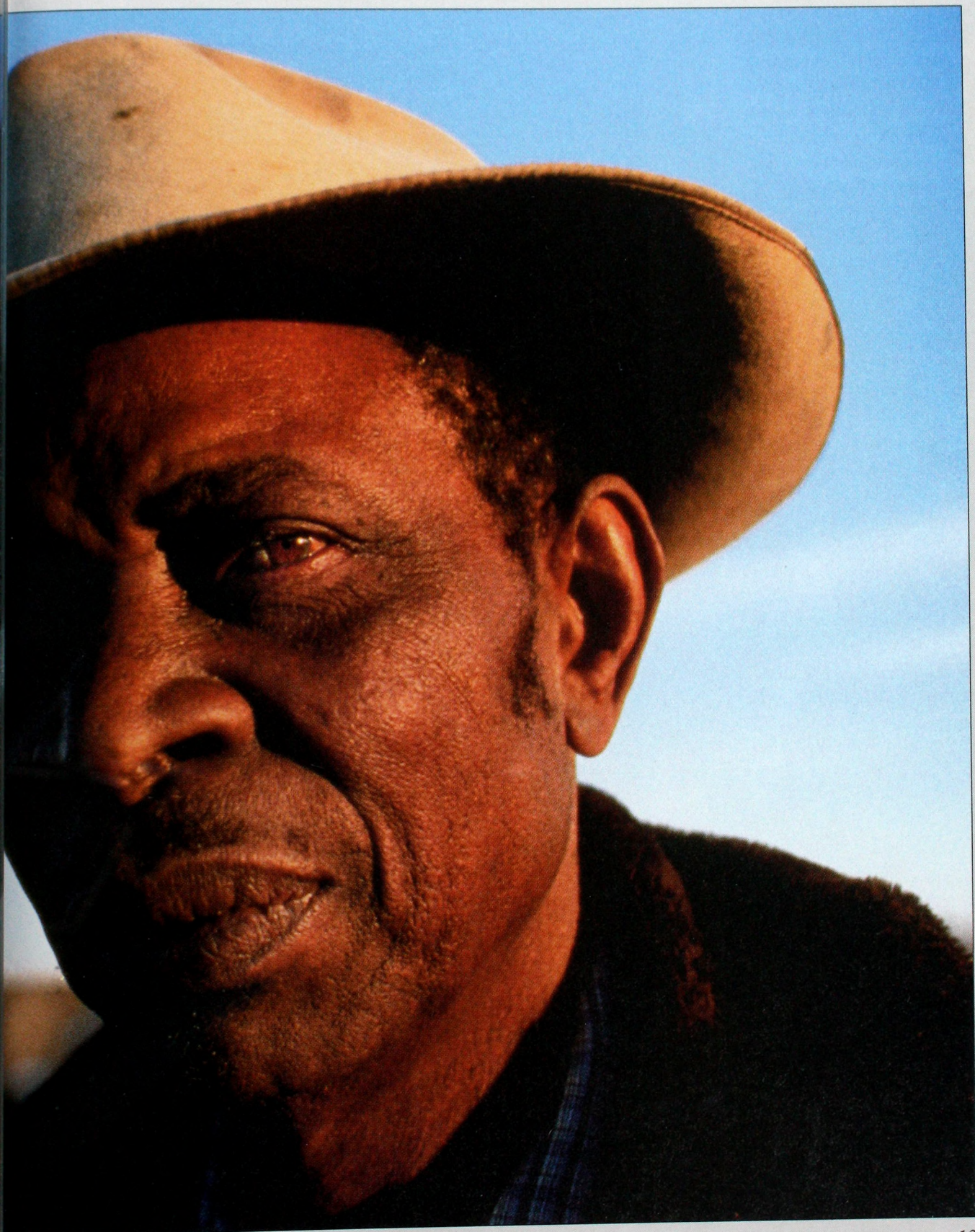
When Nathaniel picked up his hat to leave, I followed him outside. He turned to look at me. His face was full of strength and suffering, character and hardship—just like his little shack, just like the whole town of Cahoma. His eyes were direct and penetrating.

That's why I love this photograph. Yes, I like the light and the composition, but what continues to draw me is the story in Nathaniel Brown's face.

Photographer: **JON WARREN**
Location: **Mississippi**

Jon Warren has been a free-lance photojournalist in Seattle for almost 15 years, specializing in social, religious, and cultural issues.





Photographer: **STEVE REYNOLDS**
Location: **Ethiopia**



Steve Reynolds has worked for World Vision as a photographer and journalist since 1984. He currently is the regional communications manager for World Vision's Asia-Pacific region, based in Bangkok, Thailand.

It was early morning in remote rural Ethiopia, in the midst of the country's infamous famine of 1984-86. People had been coming from the surrounding hills for weeks to a World Vision feeding center at a place called

Sanka. They were camping in the riverbed next to the center. As I started down an embankment into the riverbed it was still quite dark and I couldn't see any people.

Then I saw something move—a little boy. Soon other people started to move. Within a few minutes I was surrounded by about 1,000 people, all stirring as the early morning sun warmed the land. Steam was rising from a little stream in the almost-dry riverbed.

As I walked through the mass of people, most looked more dead than alive. It was like a scene out of one of those post-nuclear holocaust films. As I passed an emaciated little boy standing near the stream, steam rising behind him, this photo just screamed out at me. All I had to do was point the camera and press the shutter release.

This scene summed up all I had seen in Ethiopia that year. I never saw the boy again, but he is likely to have survived because of the World Vision feeding center.



Photographer: **KEN WATERS**
Location: **Taiwan**

Ken Waters is a professor of journalism at Pepperdine University in Malibu, Calif. During the 1980s he served as a traveling journalist, and later as public relations director, for World Vision.

I first met Lan Hsin Chong in 1979 while photographing a World Vision-sponsored vocational training center in Taiwan. A dozen young women hunched over sewing machines, intently guiding their fabric around the needles. I immediately noticed Lan Hsin, whose furrowed face occasionally relaxed as she smiled, shook her head in amusement, and tried again to master her stitching.

Lan Hsin lived in a mountain village, the third of six children born to a policeman and his wife.

Hampered by a heart condition, she was not able to complete high school and her future was clouded. She told me her goal was to become a seamstress in Taipai, the nation's capital. Lan Hsin was naturally photogenic. She was proud of the dresses she had made and gladly showed them off. As I clicked off a role of film, she posed regally and with an impish sense of humor.

A year later I returned to Taiwan. I met Lan Hsin in the World Vision office and she told me an incredible story. She had completed her training program and set to work as a seamstress. Back at her mountain home, she had attended church one Sunday and felt that God had healed her heart problems. She was planning to enter some active ministry sharing the

love of Christ with other people. She still sported that smile. This photo is one of my prized possessions, a reminder of the strength, courage, and faith of one of God's precious children.



Photographer: **TERRI OWENS**
Location: **Mali**

Terri Owens joined World Vision in 1975. Since then, she has traveled widely for the agency as a journalist and editor.

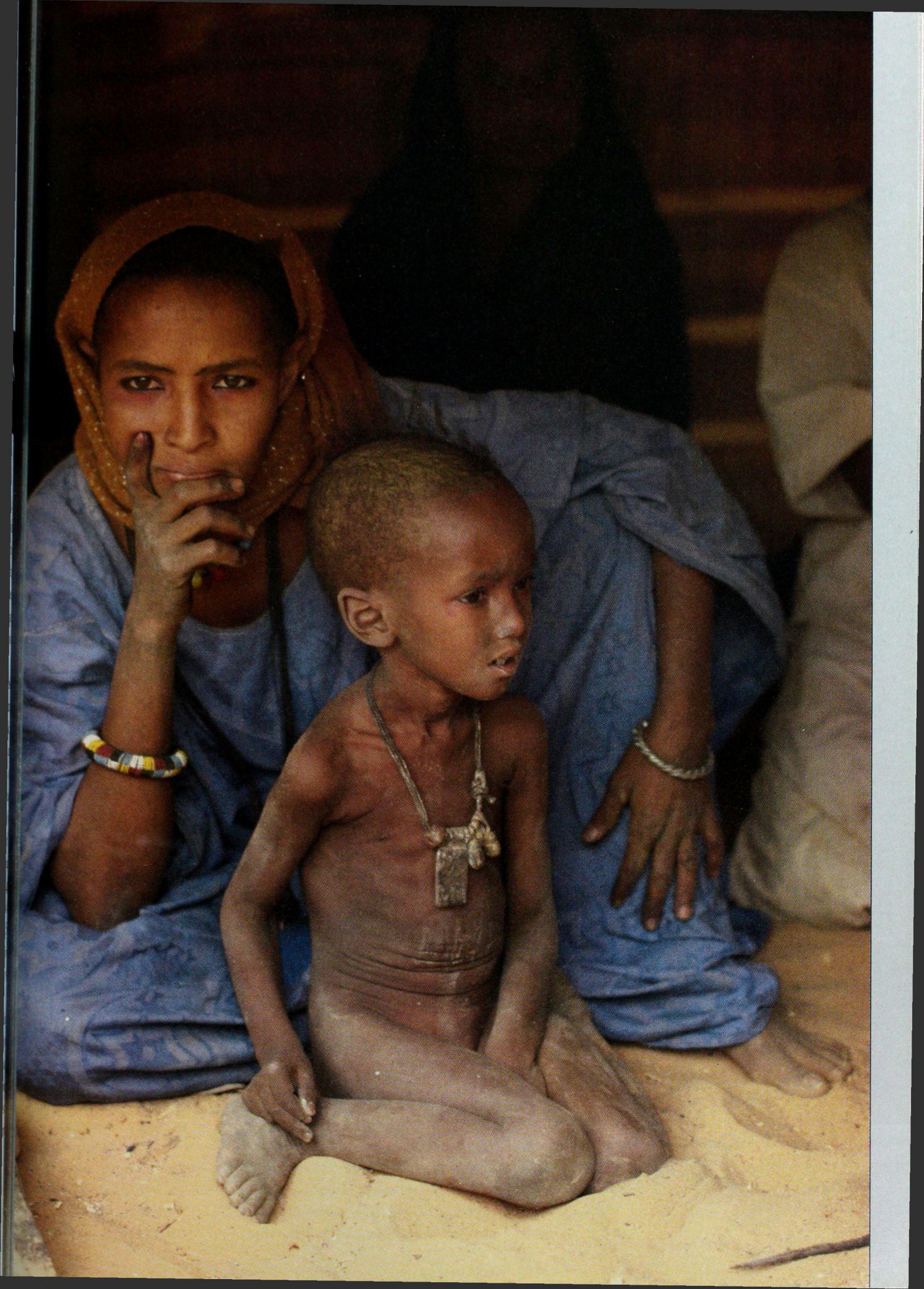
In many ways, my trip with a World Vision relief survey team to drought-stricken northern Mali in 1985 was like a journey back to biblical times. Surely Joseph's brothers, when they went to Egypt, must have resembled the famished Tuareg nomads we found. The former lords of the desert, watching their herds die of hunger, were left with no alternative but to seek aid in the region's cities—modest clusters of flat-topped earthen dwellings. The skin on the nomads' bony camels and frail donkeys was stretched parchment-thin. Women draped in robes and shrouded with scarves seemed to me like frail angels of death as with outstretched hands they quietly beseeched us for food.

Like Abraham, the Tuaregs were desert-hardened people. As a woman, I had sometimes marveled at the

patriarch's wife, Sarah, preserving her beauty as she eled at his side through the wind and dust and heat, cultivating kings. It seemed incredible that a woman living such a life could have remained so striking.

And then I met Issil Wt, a regal Tuareg woman with a soft blue damask robe, a brown head scarf, and arched, kohl-lined eyes. In our short year those eyes had seen the death of the family's sheep. Now the lives of her six children were ebbing away. A 3-year-old daughter had died only four days before this picture was taken. So after, World Vision delivered food and other drought-relief supplies to the area.

For 10 years now, Issil's picture has been a captivating highlight of my portfolio, because of my skill but because of her beauty and charisma even in the midst of insurmountable hardship.



Photographer: JACOB AKOL
Location: Southern Sudan

Jacob Jiel Akol is World Vision's communications director for Africa. He fled civil war in his native southern Sudan in 1963 at age 17.

The World Vision relief team in southern Sudan advised me not to come. Troops of the Islamic fundamentalist-backed government in Khartoum were driving southward in their long war against black African Sudanese rebels who want greater freedom for their territory. Travel in the remote, virtually roadless region would be dangerous.

In March 1992, I left my home in Nairobi, Kenya, and plunged into the wilderness of southern Sudan. My mission was to locate 12,000 children who were marching more than 300 miles in a search for food and security.

They ranged in age between 6 and 17. Many were orphans. Some were lost, parted from their families during a drought, war, and famine that killed a quarter-million people in 1987-88. All were fleeing attacks upon refugee camps near the border with Ethiopia.

They shuffled along a dusty track in silence, four and five abreast. They looked and smelled filthy. Their clothes, patched and stitched, were falling to pieces. With no shoes, their feet were deeply cracked. Ulcerated wounds blotched their legs.

Some were sick. Only the International Committee of the Red Cross, which trucked water to stages along their march, allowed them to continue their grueling trek.

"Where are you going?"

I asked a 16-year-old as he examined a painful ankle at the roadside.

"I don't know."

"How much longer will you have to walk?"

"I don't know."

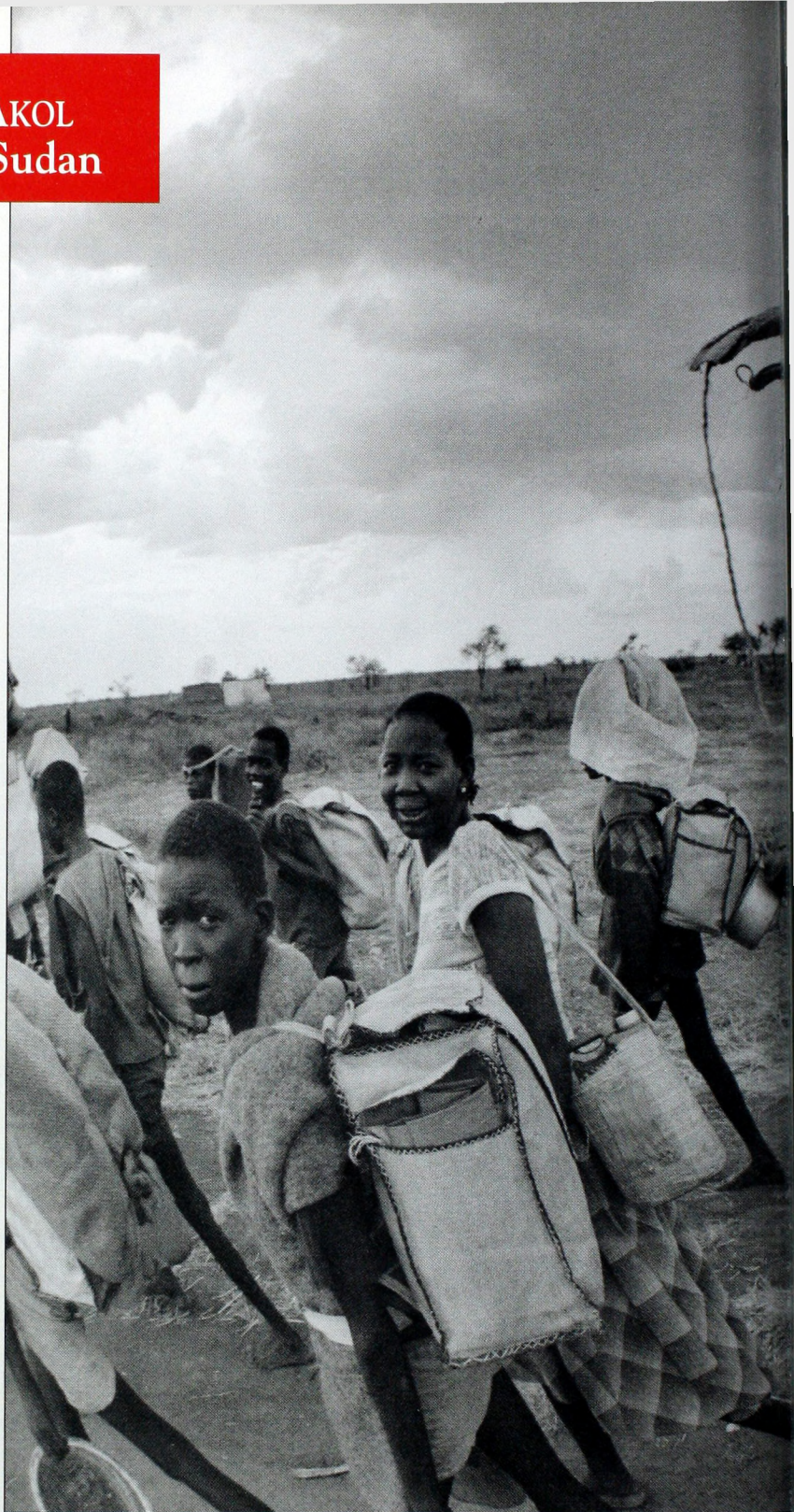
I found a teacher, one of

few adults traveling in the procession. He explained, "We are going where there is peace and these children can continue their education."

"Where is that?"

"I don't know."

After nearly a month of





walking, the children reached the village of Kapoeta, where World Vision relief workers were permanently based and able to help them. With the area under sporadic bombard-

ment, they moved to a safer place inside Sudan and later found permanent refuge in Kenya.

Some of the children, assisted by World Vision and other aid agencies, have gone to schools in Kenya. Others

returned to the bush country of southern Sudan to take up arms against the Khartoum government. The majority remain in refugee camps in Kakuma, Kenya, near the Sudan border.

Bruce Brander has been an award-winning photographer and journalist for 35 years. He is currently the managing editor of WORLD VISION magazine.

In 1992, Somalia was a nation gone mad. Several years of civil war had plunged the East African country into anarchy. Warlord armies sweeping over farms and villages had left terrible famine ravaging the land of 6 million people. Wild bands of marauders—some 300,000 of them—cruised the roadways in heavily armed trucks, robbing, looting, and killing at random.

Amid the whirlwind of death and destruction, World Vision and other humanitarian agencies labored to bring food, clothing, shelter, and medical care to hundreds of thousands of destitute and homeless people.

I was there as a World Vision journalist to report on the crisis and help the global news media bring it to the world's attention to attract aid. One day I escorted an American newsmagazine photographer to a World Vision feeding center in the village of Denuney near the inland town of Baidoa. While he documented the plight of sick and hungry people, I photographed our staff helping them.

Field nutritionists were weighing children, then measuring their height for a quick gauge of their nutritional condition. I'd tried before to get a good shot of weighing. It's always difficult, with the kids wriggling and staff running back and forth, often frantically, as they tend to multitudes of suffering people.

Put yourself in the place where something is likely to happen, experienced news photographers traditionally advise, then hope it does. Hoping only for a successful file photo of the weighing process, I didn't

realize until I saw the developed picture that this child had provided, in his misery and distress, a portrait of famine itself.

What became of the child? Judging from his condition, I believe he must have died, along with so many others. As often happens in crisis situations, we simply didn't have enough workers and resources to care sufficiently for them all.

This photograph won a first-place award in 1993 from the Eastman Kodak Company and the Professional Photographers of America. It also won an award of excellence from *Photographer's Forum* magazine. I value the awards, but I don't like seeing the photo, which I find haunting.



Photographer: **DAVID WARD**
Location: **Brazil**

David Ward was a photographer and project designer on World Vision's staff from 1979 to 1986. He now works as a free-lance photographer based in Montreal.

PROJETO SANTA
CONVÊNIO VISÃO MUI
AGRADECIMENTOS PREFEITURA M. DE F
JOÃO NEWTON



Twelve years ago I was sent to the northeast of Brazil. A five-year drought had brought the ordinarily dry and impoverished region to its knees.

Flagelados, they called the millions of landless, powerless

sharecroppers living there. *Flagelados*—"the whipped, tortured ones" inhabiting the undignified margins of life.

Their misery overwhelmed me. In my notes, I wrote: "Drought means more than water shortage alone. There is a social drought here,

too, a set of structural problems deeply rooted in history. Unfair relationships. Unfair distribution of resources. Unfair privilege for the powerful at the expense of the powerless. Some would call these spiritual problems sin.

"If our 10 million *flagelados* brothers and sisters are ever to be released from their torture into the full life God intends for them, it is this social drought—this sin—that must be broken."

I kept asking my World Vision hosts: "Where is the hope? Show me something encouraging."

They described a *flagelado* community named Santana. There, they said, skilled development workers had helped the people organize to claim a basic right—their right to an adequate water supply. For the first time, Santana functioned as a community, and their government responded with a new well. World Vision helped construct the pumphouse.

We went there.

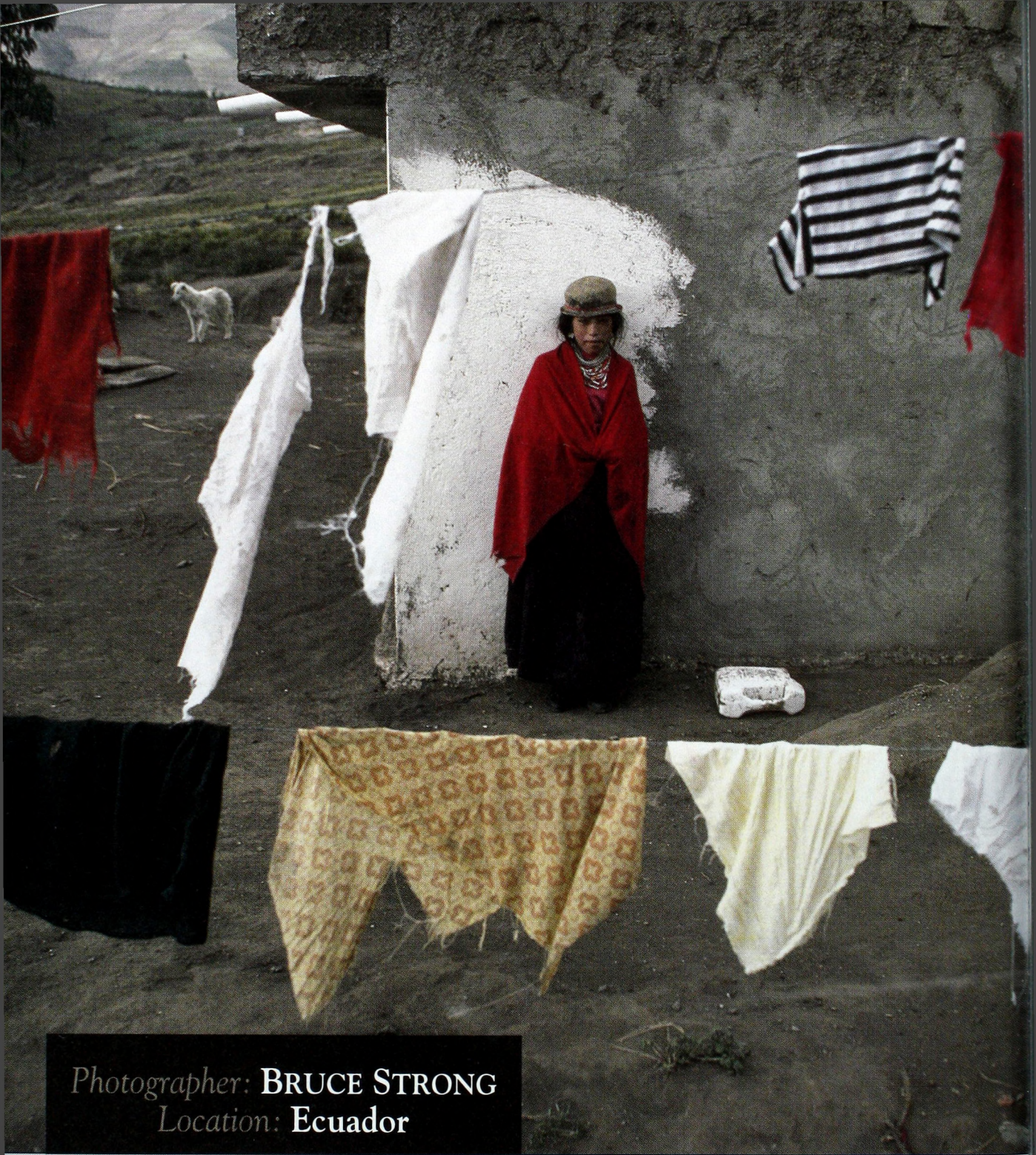
It had been one of those long, hot uncomfortable days. By the time we reached Santana the light was nearly gone. Yet we pressed on.

But when my hosts guided me around that last corner, fatigue hijacked my thoughts: *Good grief. This is what you were talking about? A concrete wall with two faucets sticking out? And that garish writing? That's all there is? The hope for millions? This?* I nearly put my equipment away.

As I stared, a tall girl helped hoist a grimy kerosene tin. An old woman adjusted the burden, turned and quickly shuffled past me. I caught a glimpse of the wonderful hope in her face and instinctively grabbed a camera. Click.

And then she was gone.





Photographer: **BRUCE STRONG**
Location: **Ecuador**

Bruce Strong is a photographer for the Orange County Register in Orange, Calif.

During a World Vision assignment in Tortorillas, Ecuador, about 100 miles south of Quito, I found myself wandering the streets of the small village, thinking about the impact World Vision's sponsorship program made on the people.

Indeed, many were coming to Christ because of World Vision's work there. I was struck by these people's strong and determined will to improve their community and the lives of their children.

In the afternoon, I came upon this young Quechuan Indian girl. I saw something

quietly beautiful in the girl, her dog, and the laundry: the composition, the colors, her expression.

For me, this girl and this photo best expressed the quiet beauty and strength I found in Tortorillas and World Vision's work there.

Photographer: **TERRY MADISON**
Location: **Cambodia**

Terry Madison was a photographer and journalist in Asia for 14 years. He currently is editor of WORLD VISION magazine.

Although I lived and traveled widely in Asia for years, I never before had visited a country where I sensed such deeply-felt pain and malaise. Cambodia in 1983 was slowly recovering from the trauma of the Khmer Rouge years when a crazed government killed more than a million people. Although the Khmer Rouge had been ousted in 1979, the country was so devastated and the people so spiritless that I feared Cambodia would be unable to rouse itself from the nightmare it had survived.

I was visiting the National Pediatric Hospital, built by World Vision in 1975 just prior to the Khmer Rouge takeover. The Khmer Rouge used it as a torture center during their reign of terror. After their defeat in 1979, World Vision reopened the hospital as a center of healing for children who had survived the killing fields.

The weather was hot and humid, and I found the hospital stiflingly crowded. Babies and children lay passively on the floor where the staff put them when they ran out of beds. Women who had survived starvation and slave labor were not strong enough to give birth to healthy babies.



All around were anemic, feverish children with tubes running in and out of them and bandages and sheets draped over their gaunt bodies. The overworked medical staff fought to save these kids from myriad diseases. It was dengue fever season, and many children from rural areas arrived too late and died.

Yet in the midst of this trauma and grief, I came upon

the child in this picture. No tubes, no anxious or grieving parents, no flurry of medical attention. Just a sweet, healthy-looking baby. This picture has stayed in my mind all these years: a picture of health in a ward of infirmity; a sign of hope for a sick society.



Photographer: **ERIC MOONEYHAM**
Location: **India**



Eric Mooneyham has been a photographer for 20 years and is the son of the late World Vision President W. Stanley Mooneyham.

It has never been easy for me to stick a camera in the face of a grieving or suffering or starving fellow human being and record his deepest emotions on film for the world to see. I confess that at times I have felt like a voyeur.

But this picture was different. I was feeling, not just seeing. I was in the Indian state of Andhra Pradesh just after a tidal wave and cyclone laid waste to the land and killed an estimated 200,000 people. At the village of Komali, we came upon a church that had been ripped apart by the angry

winds, killing 84 people. I followed a small group to the local cemetery where several burials had just taken place. This boy was standing by the new graves of his parents. Tears stood like pools in his dark eyes and coursed down his face onto his chest.

I framed the scene and waited for the right moment. When it came, my own emotions overflowed, touched by the sorrow I saw through the lens. It was one of the few times I have cried while performing the technical function of tripping a shutter. I didn't feel any less professional, only more human.

I don't take pictures like this to manipulate an emotional response or because suffering sells. I feel an inner compulsion to communicate the condition of most of our human family to the rest of us.

Somehow, we have to know. If we don't know, how can we truly care?

Philip Maher, who joined World Vision in 1983, is media and public affairs manager for the agency's Canada office near Toronto.

In 1993, Malanje, Angola, was a city surrounded by war. I went there to help World Vision deliver food bags and to document the plight of the city's people.

Tracer bullets at night and the sight of bombed-out buildings during the day reaffirmed the impression of all-out conflict.

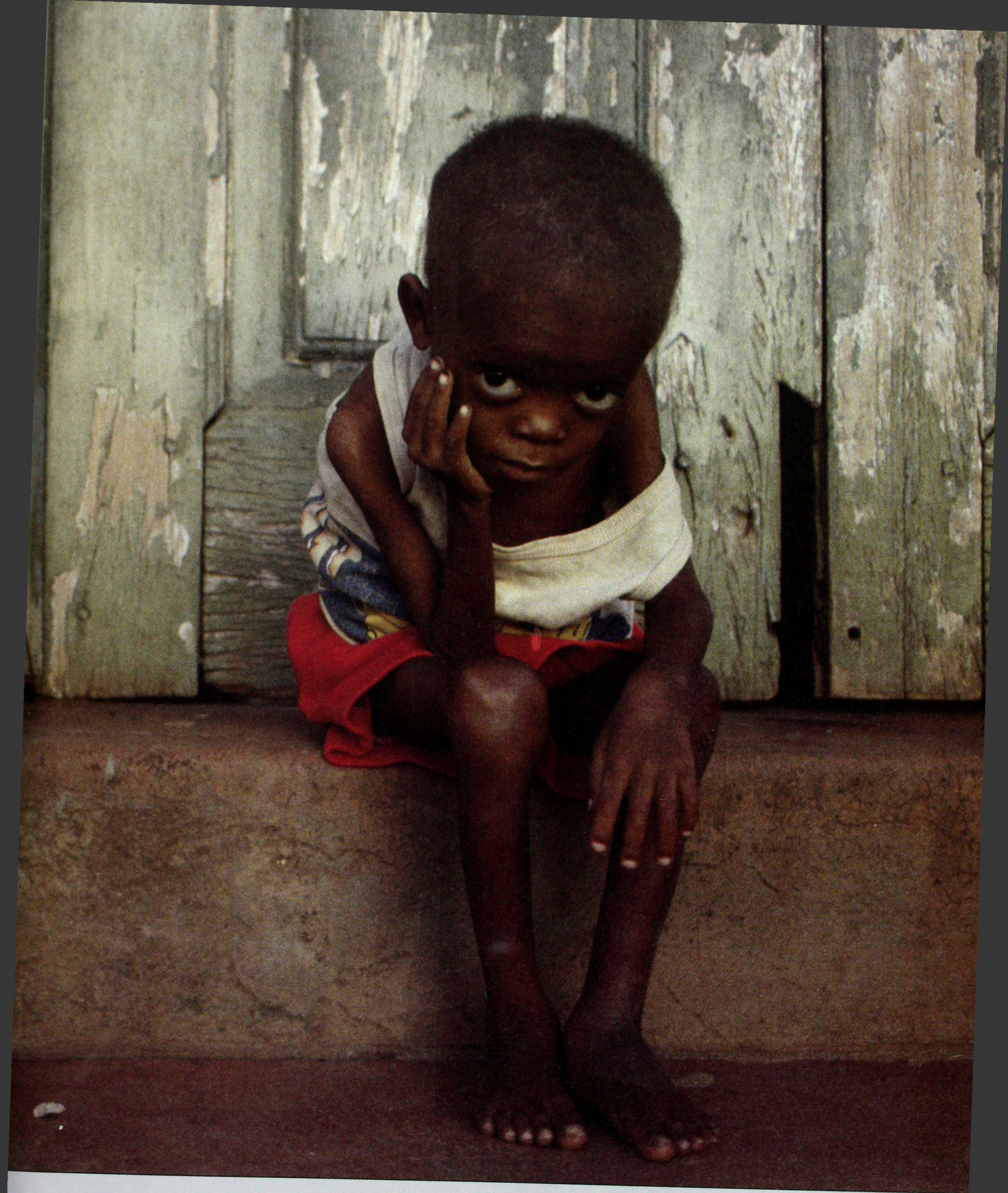
As in all wars, children pay dearly. Jambakana, the child in this photograph, is one of them. The 5-year-old approached me at Malanje's hospital—a hospital in name only. Medicines did not exist there.

His plight symbolized the innocents caught in Angola's brutal 20-year civil war. In a diminutive voice, he told me how his father ventured outside the city to mine-infested cassava fields that encircle the city and—like so many others—never returned. Despite the deadly and crippling consequences that await them, parents continue to search the booby-trapped fields for food. One by one, the land mines around Malanje and throughout Angola create more widows, orphans, and disabled persons than almost anywhere else on earth.

Jambakana was lucky. A generous woman took him into her family. Jambakana's scrawny arms, large knee caps, and "old man's face" shows how malnutrition slowly

destroys the body. It's not something I liked seeing, but I hoped Jambakana's photo would motivate people to help Angola and work against the use of land mines around the world.





Randy Miller has been a World Vision journalist since 1982. He is now managing editor of World Vision's TOGETHER magazine.

It was finger-numbing cold that morning in Villcapujio, a small village on Bolivia's altiplano (high plains), about 200 miles south of the country's capital, La Paz. Villcapujio squats at the center of a valley that looks like a khaki lunar landscape. Residents live in adobe homes with thatch or corrugated metal roofs and wear multi-colored shawls and caps to ward off icy winds that regularly whip the rugged area.

I went to Villcapujio in

August 1993 to document community development work World Vision and residents of Villcapujio began in 1990. The main focus of the project is wells. For generations, these people had relied on a shallow, polluted stream for all their water needs. Most families had seen several of their children die from illnesses brought on by contaminated water. At the time of my visit, 20 wells had been installed. In addition, there were regular health classes, weekly visits by a doctor and nurse, a breakfast program for children, and a new community building that served as a meeting house, doctor's office, classroom, and kitchen. I arrived early one morning to photograph the breakfast program.

Amber light streamed into the dim community-

center kitchen where a few women were making breakfast for village children. After breakfast I found 47-year-old Elena Toledo Castro washing dishes in a shaft of light from the window. The rest of the room was dim by comparison. I clicked a few frames as she dried a cup. There was a contemplative, almost spiritual quality to what I saw.

Back home, I looked at my pictures of Elena and knew I had captured a decisive moment. If the measure of a good photograph is the extent to which it tells the truth about a place, this makes the grade.



Photographer: **SHERYL WATKINS**
Location: **Romania**

Sheryl Watkins has been a World Vision journalist since 1980.

The photo I am most proud of is of Catalina, a little girl I met in a Romanian orphanage in June 1990.

That year, the world was exposed to the horrors visited upon the abandoned children in that country's orphanages, and I went there to tell the story.

The squalor and neglect, the cold and hunger I found in the orphanages was beyond description. But as long as I could concentrate on the basics of working my camera—shutter speed, aperture, flash setting, focus—I was OK. It was later each day, when I put my camera away, that my knees would go weak, and I wanted to cry for these children.

After visiting several orphanages, I came to one in the city of Iasi. There Catalina drew my attention immediately—her big eyes, her somber expression, the playpen bars that resembled a prison. She

also bore a physical resemblance to my then-2-year-old daughter, who was just a few months older than her.

After I'd snapped a few photographs of Catalina, I tried to hold her. She immediately stiffened. I tried to sing to her, but nothing could get through. Catalina was so unused to human touch, she was comfortable only in isolation.

When I returned to Los Angeles, I threw myself into promoting World Vision's Romania orphans project. Catalina haunted me, as she did untold numbers of people who saw her picture in major newspapers and World Vision publications.

Six months later, I received another photograph from a colleague who had visited Iasi. It was of a smiling little girl with outstretched arms—my Catalina, now made whole through World Vision's work. That was one of the happiest days in my career; I knew I had made a difference in a child's life.

Later Catalina was adopted by a family in Oregon. Her new mother wrote me a letter, thanking me for my part in bringing Catalina to her. I hope some day my family can meet this little girl who stole my heart.

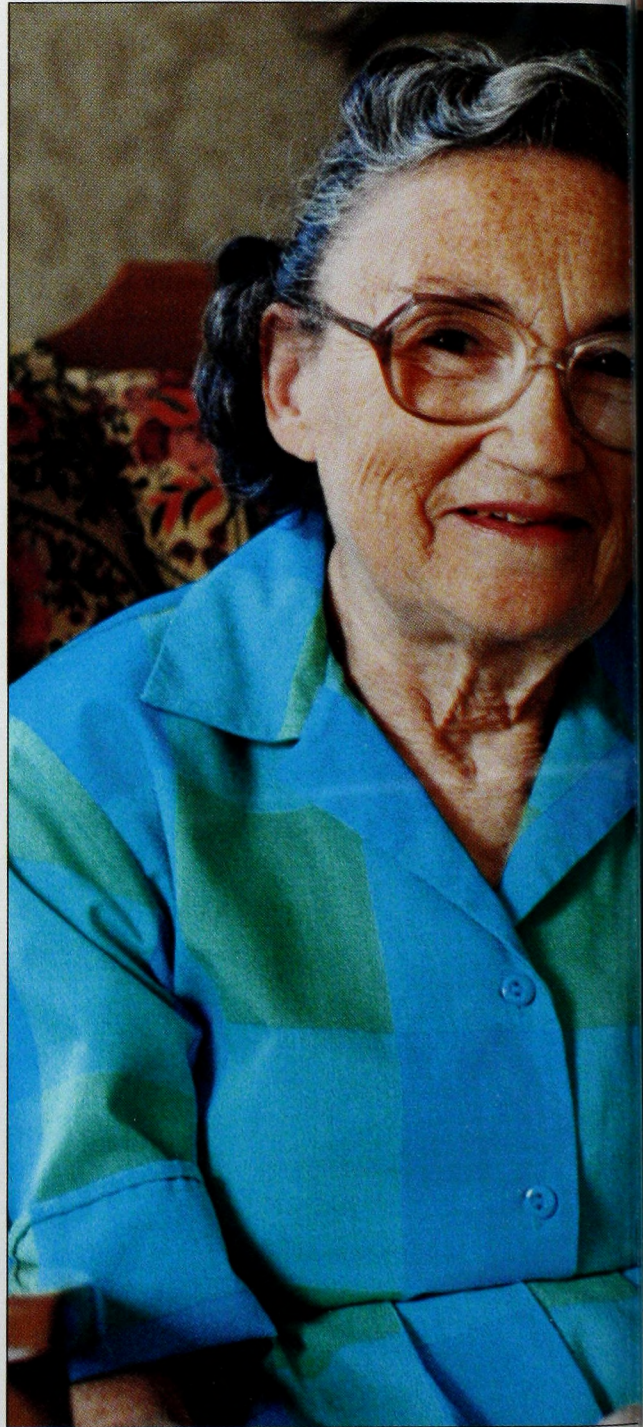




A Loving Look Back on Papa and World Vision by Lois Kay

I'm not sure when or how my dad, D. Reginald 'Buster' Kay, first met Bob Pierce. Both were doing what they could to win people to the Lord in the greater Los Angeles area and knew many of the prominent local Christians around World War II.

My grandfather was a part-time evangelist, part-time engineer, plumber, and musician. Papa followed in his footsteps and became very active in church and Christian Endeavor, a ministry singing and preaching in jails, rescue missions, and children's homes.



Mrs. and Mr. D. Reginald "Buster" Kay (above)

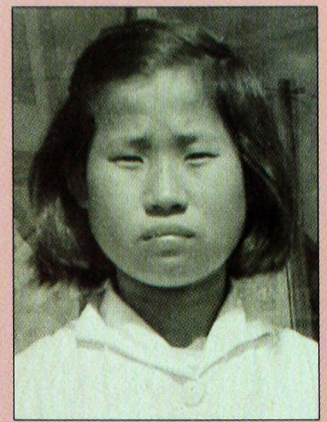
Lois Kay (right) is a longtime World Vision supporter living in Pasadena, Calif.

My mother shared his love for the Lord and often witnessed with him. When she died from tuberculosis, Papa carried a heavy workload, family responsibilities, and burdens of the Depression, but he continued to sing, witness, and SMILE. Everyone who knew him spoke of his smile.

Papa married Evelyn Kepple in 1940 and happily she became a partner in the evangelistic work that was so important to him, as well as helping in his business.

About 1950 Papa sold his business and

went to work for a printer of missionary and other Christian magazines. Eventually he became the owner. Papa had known Bob Pierce previously through his father-in-law and Youth for Christ. But about then I began hearing about Bob and World Vision frequently



Ja Chai, 1957

because Papa was doing some of their printing. Papa, Bob Pierce, Larry Ward, Ken Stroman, and other World Vision people often had lunch together and came back to the shop to talk and plan.

As soon as I heard about World Vision's sponsorship program in 1954, my father, my step-mother, and I became sponsors. We learned how we could sponsor a Korean orphan for \$10 a month. I hadn't been working long and didn't have much money, so Papa suggested we do it as a family.

Soon I was writing to Ja Chai and looking forward to her letters to us. I still have all her notes, photos, and cards since the first one in 1955.

My desire to support the exceptional work of World Vision has grown over the years and we have added more children to our "family."

I recently made a donation from my parents' legacy that qualified me to become a member of the Host of Hope, a special donor program for life income gifts, long term child care agreements, and bequests. Together, my parents and I will continue to help World Vision with its work of bringing Christ's message of love and hope far into the future.

Encouraging you to make a gift and join me as a Host of Hope member is one of my ways of witnessing for the Lord.

.....

Editor's Note: For more information on becoming a member of the Host of Hope, please telephone us at 1-800-426-5753 or complete and mail the reply card in the center of this magazine.



WORLD VISION

MISSION STATEMENT

WORLD VISION IS AN INTERNATIONAL PARTNERSHIP OF CHRISTIANS WHOSE MISSION IS

*to follow our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ
in working with the poor and oppressed
to promote human transformation,
seek justice, and bear witness
to the good news of the Kingdom of God.*

We pursue this mission through integrated, holistic commitment to

TRANSFORMATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

that is community-based and sustainable, focused especially on the needs of children;

EMERGENCY RELIEF

that assists people afflicted by conflict or disaster;

PROMOTION OF JUSTICE

that seeks to change unjust structures affecting the poor among whom we work;

STRATEGIC INITIATIVES

that serve the church in the fulfillment of its mission:

PUBLIC AWARENESS

that leads to informed understanding, giving, involvement, and prayer;

WITNESS TO JESUS CHRIST

by life, deed, work, and sign that encourages people to respond to the Gospel.

WORLD VISION

October/November 1995 Volume 39, Number 5



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Managing Editor **Bruce Brander**
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World Vision is a nonprofit, Christian humanitarian agency dedicated to serving God by helping people care for those in need. It ministers to children and families, provides emergency aid, fosters self-reliance, furthers evangelism, strengthens Christian leadership, and increases public awareness of poverty around the world. Send all editorial correspondence and changes of address to *World Vision* magazine, P.O. Box 9716, Federal Way, WA 98063-9716. Please send address changes at least 30 days before moving and enclose the address label from a current copy. Member: Evangelical Press Association and Associated Church Press. Copyright © 1995 by World Vision Inc. Our e-mail address is worvismag@aol.com

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What the nurses were eating. During one two-month period, there was only one convoy of food for the entire town. We all begged for food."

—Behija, 73,
(last name withheld for protection), describing life as a nightmare in a United Nations "safe area."

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To find out more, call 1-800-7-FAMINE.

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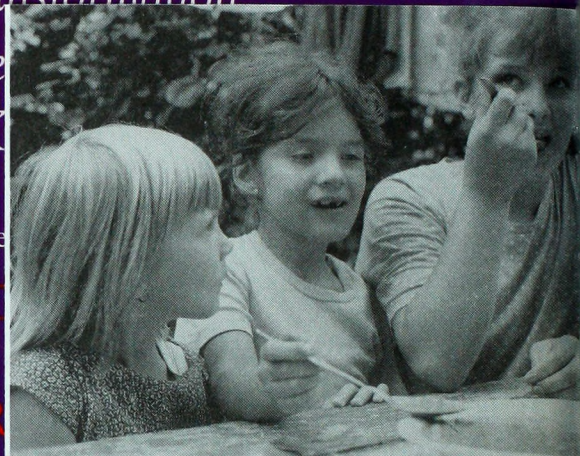
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Bosnian children eat at a public kitchen supported by Wo

BOSNIA

Tuzla SREBRENICA Foča

Forty-five years ago, World Vision began serving the refugees of our world in Jesus' name. In 1950, it was the civilian victims of the Korean war. Today, still at it, helping the vulnerable mothers, children, and families of Bosnia survive the trauma of civil war and the winter cold.

We can't keep up with the need for basic food supplies, milk, vegetables, fruit, and baby foods as battle lines keep changing and new groups of frightened civilians with nothing to flee to "safe havens" that do not stay that way very long.

As one of our fatigued relief workers states: *They people have been on the road for weeks, living in tents without food, shelter, or proper sanitation. Our assistance is designed to tide them over.*

YOU CAN HELP TIDE THEM OVER TODAY WITH YOUR GIFT, PART OF WORLD VISION'S PARTNERSHIP PROGRAM OF \$830,000 FOR REFUGEE RELIEF IN BOSNIA.

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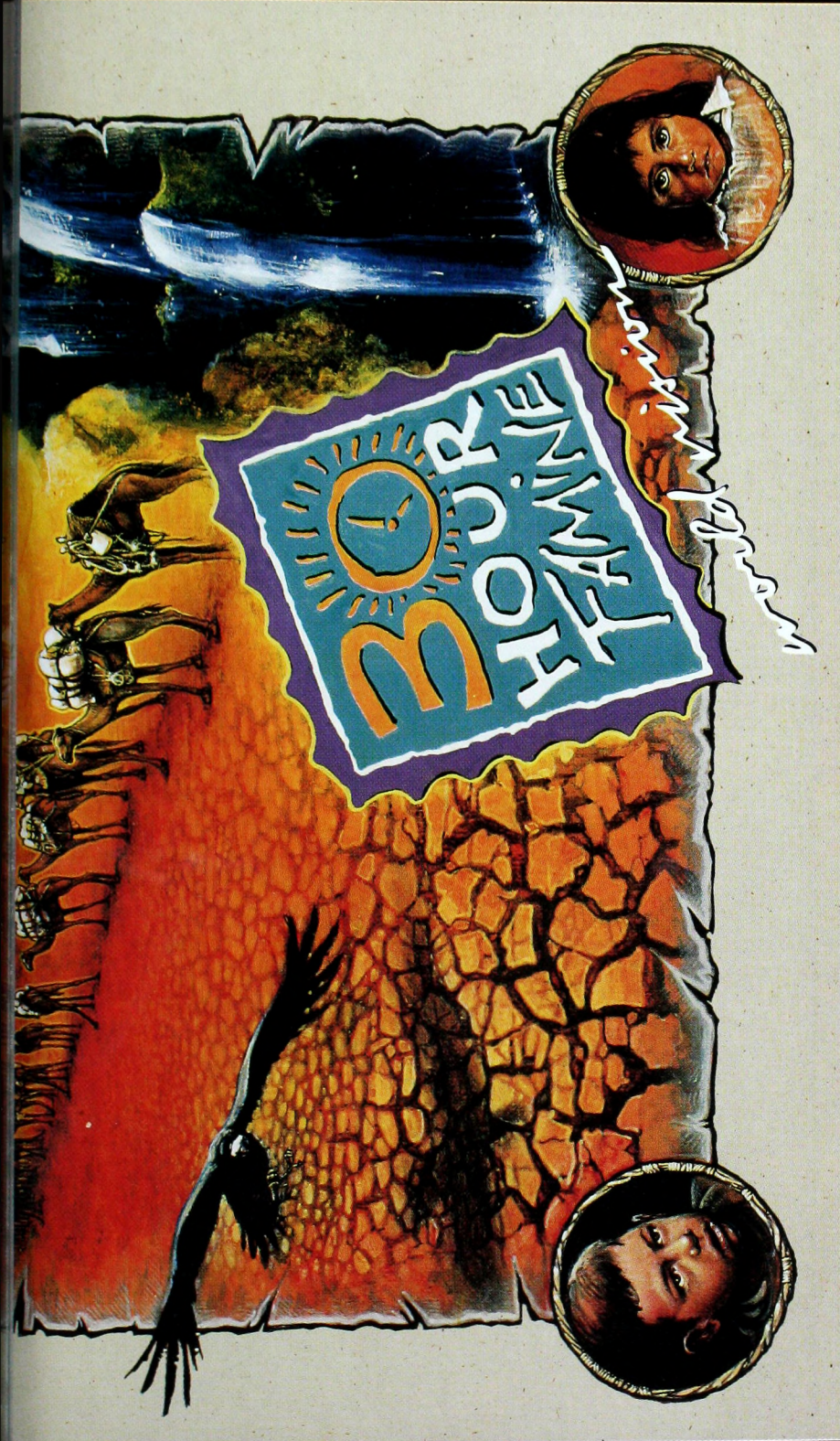
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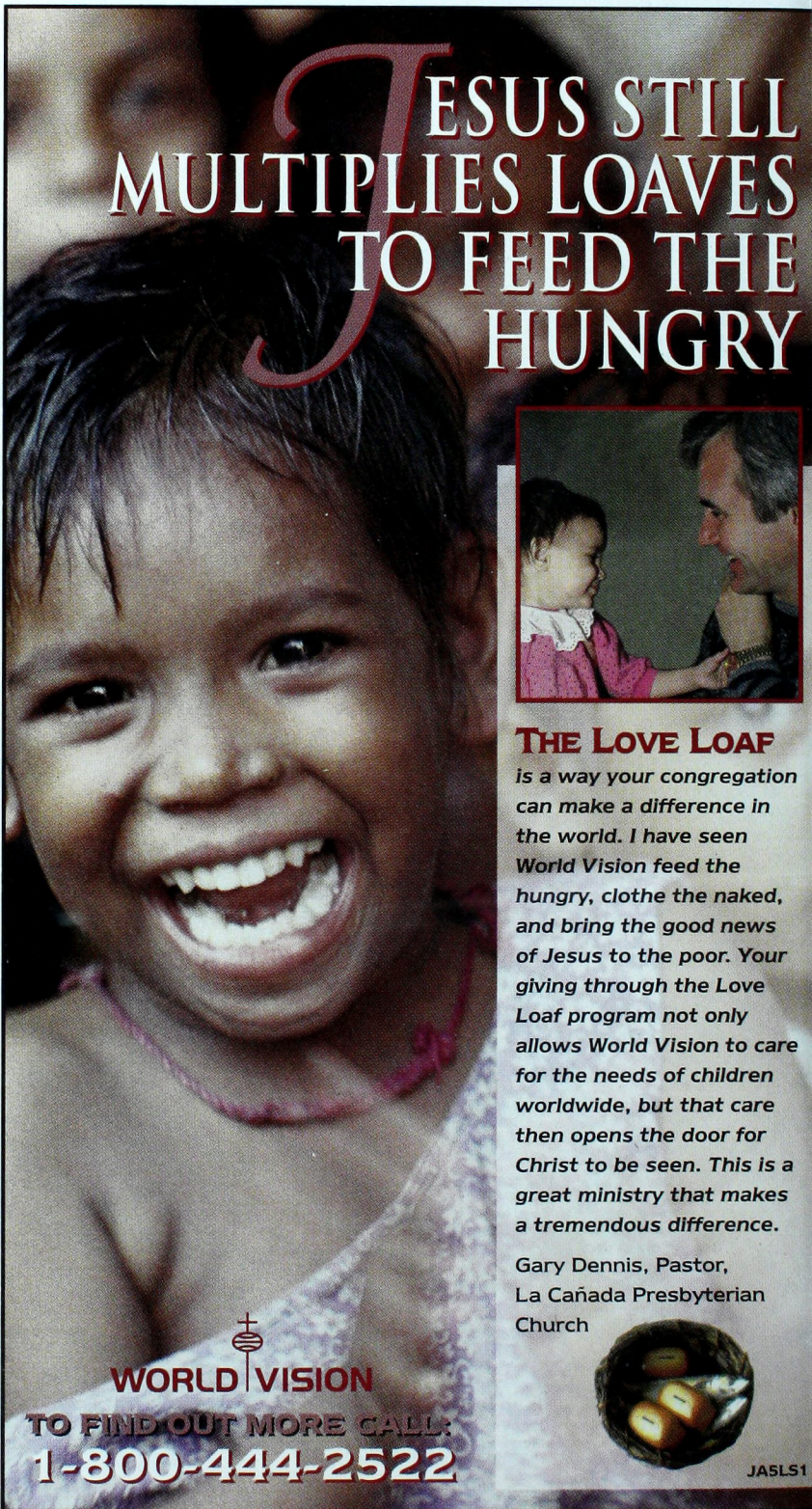
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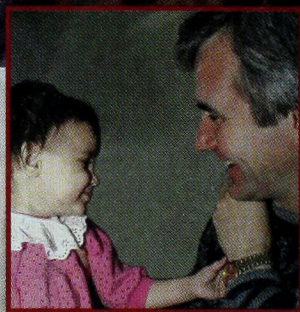
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World Vision since its earliest days has placed high value on photographs as a link between people in need and the millions of generous donors who step forward to help them.

Robert Willard Pierce threw out the visual lifeline as early as 1948. That year the young American evangelist filmed a motion picture called "China Challenge" to help raise funds for missions in a land soon to be taken over by Communist forces.

Two years later Bob Pierce was back in Asia, working on a film about the devastating war between North and South Korea. To handle funds that his reports raised, he founded World Vision on Sept. 22, 1950, at Portland, Ore. The organization was dedicated to care for the fatherless and widows, to help the poor and the starving, to care for the sick, and to seek to present the Gospel of Jesus Christ to people everywhere.

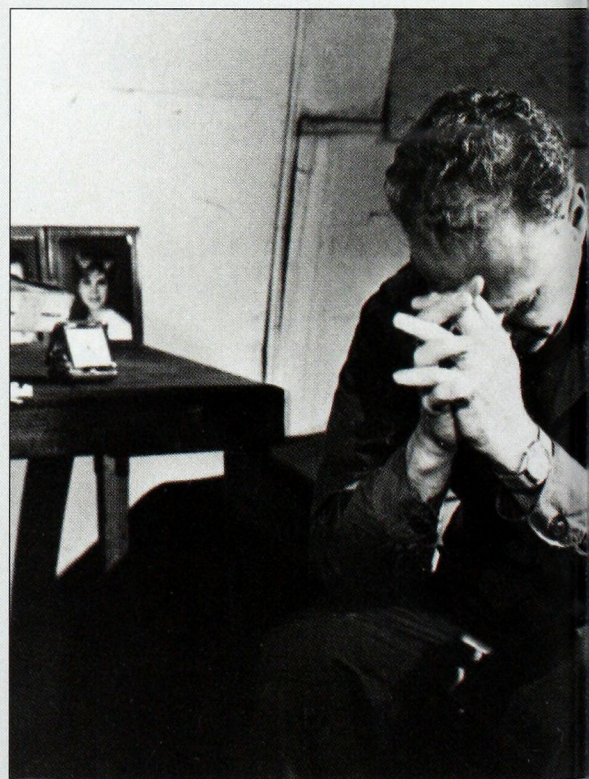
Bob always anguished over the agonies of the poor, the abandoned, and the needy. One particularly trying day, he wrote on the flyleaf of his Bible, "Let my heart be broken with the things that break the heart of God." In that spirit, his motion pictures continued to highlight the tragedies and triumphs he was witnessing.

Photographs became still more important to the ministry when World Vision inaugurated a child sponsorship program in 1953. Small portraits pasted into simple information folders became a means of introducing youngsters to donors who regularly contributed to their wel-

fare. Publications—including WORLD VISION magazine, launched in 1957—also used pictures from around the globe to show why our workers were there and how they were helping by then many thousands of people.

In 1969, W. Stanley Mooneyham, formerly vice president of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, took over from an ailing Bob Pierce as president of World Vision. During his 13-year tenure, the now international agency's contributions from United States donors grew from \$4.5 million to more than \$94 million. This was in large part due to his pioneering use of the graphic power of television to bring the needs of the world's poor into the homes and hearts of the American public.

Since then, photographers—both amateur and professional, staff members and freelancers—have continued to document the work of World Vision on film and video tape. The pictures on the following pages are drawn



*World Vision founder
Bob Pierce at prayer*

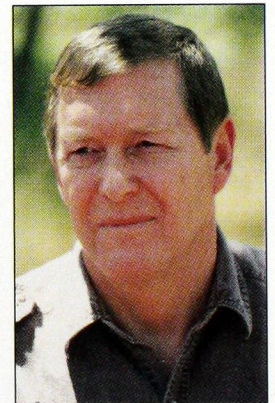
from our 45-year collection of some 670,000 still-photo images.

These files offer a vast and varied record of global events as World Vision has witnessed them. We find terrible disasters: floods and typhoons, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, famines and wars. We also see our staff working in the midst of chaos and danger often here

Vision's ministry, where today more than 4,000 full-time workers in 100 countries serve in over 5,200 projects on five continents and touch the lives of almost 45.5 million people.

This special issue marks not only 45 years of World Vision's ministry, but also our establishment in a new home. This year we left our offices in Southern California, where we maintained headquarters in the Los Angeles area since 1956. Returning to the Pacific Northwest, we settled into offices in the community of Rainier Valley, Wash., 25 miles south of Seattle. The new office is designed to save more than \$1 million each year in operating expenses, which then can be used for ministering to the needy at home and abroad.

As this photographic record reflects the sad and suffering, the drama and dignity, the triumph of the human condition, we trust it will reflect something of the future as well. In the years and decades to come, an increasingly injured and hurting world needs more than the faithful witness of our donors to transform lives in the name of Jesus Christ to the glory of our mighty God.



Robert A. Seiple

Robert A. Seiple
President, World Vision

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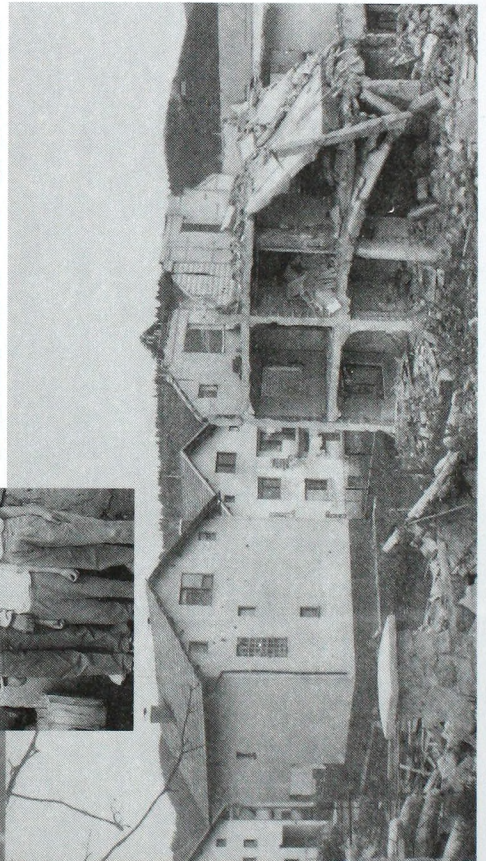
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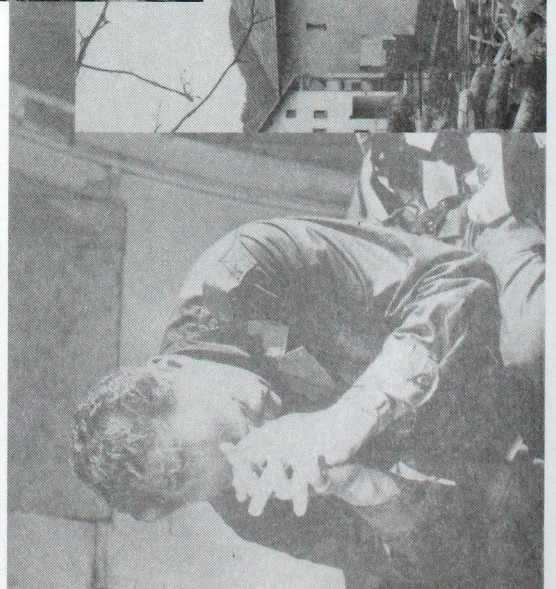
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TODAY: BOSNIA



45 YEARS AGO: KOREA



World Vision
Bob Pierce

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These files offer a vast and varied record of global events as World Vision has witnessed them. We find terrible disasters: floods and typhoons, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, famines and wars. We also see our staff working in the midst of chaos and danger, often heroically delivering prompt and efficient emergency relief to stricken victims.

The photo collection shows, perhaps more importantly, the larger and more lasting aspects of our mission: rehabilitation after disasters, long-term community development, and assistance to children through child survival and child sponsorship programs. Under these categories we find projects for nutrition, provision of clean water, sanitation, medical aid, education, vocational training, reforestation, land reclamation, and many other aspects of World Vision's service to humanity.

Only a few of these images can fit into a single issue of our magazine, so editing proved an arduous and exacting task. In choosing pictures for these pages, we sought to strike a balance between several considerations.

We rated photographic artistry high in importance. We also wanted to represent the main geographical regions where we work. Equally we wished to show the breadth and depth of World

Vision's ministry, where today more than 4,000 full-time workers in 100 countries serve in over 5,200 projects on five continents and touch the lives of almost 45.5 million people.

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Robert A. Seiple

Robert A. Seiple
President, World Vision





Photographer: **DAVID RITCHIE**
Location: **Mozambique**

David Ritchie has been a professional photographer for 20 years. In 1988-89, he was World Vision's communications manager for emergency relief operations in Mozambique.

When I arrived in Mozambique in 1988, the country already had suffered almost 10 years of brutal civil war, senseless massacres, famine, and displacement of millions of people. Every place I went, people carried the weight of despair, hopelessness, and utter fatigue.

What overwhelmed me most was the almost complete absence of elderly people. This picture of an old woman sitting by her cooking pot is significant for its rarity. Most of the country's aged people were dead. The guerrilla soldiers considered the aged dispensable, a burden and encumbrance. In captured villages, they were either murdered on the spot or left to die.

Despite her despair and fatigue, this woman was an incredible survivor. She had endured unspeakable suffering, hiding in the bush, surviving on roots and berries. She had lost most of her family, all her meager belongings, most of her dignity, and all but a thread of hope. Yet she carried on.

When I saw that woman and her determination to survive, I knew that Mozambique also would survive and recover.



Jon Kubly was a commercial photographer in Los Angeles before his death in 1990.

“**M**y father launched ‘Operation Seasweep’ in 1978 to help refugees who were escaping Vietnam in frail, unseaworthy boats,” writes Eric Mooneyham, son of World Vision’s then president W. Stanley Mooneyham.

“World Vision purchased a 300-foot cargo ship, named it *Seasweep*, and sailed it out of Singapore into the South China Sea. The vessel carried food, water, medicine, fuel, and navigational aids for the boat people drifting aimlessly, sometimes helplessly, in the tropical waters. It brought

assistance for tens of thousands more, living as castaways on remote islands. It also transported many to refugee camps that would take them in. Some of the people *Seasweep* rescued eventually settled in the United States.

“My father often asked me to come with him to photograph World Vision’s work overseas. For the *Seasweep* mission, I couldn’t go without jeopardizing my graduation as a student of photography at the Pasadena Art Center College of Design. Jon Kubly, my best friend and a fellow student, took my place.

“Jon thought and acted fast to take this heart-warming picture. A small refugee boat bumped against *Seasweep*’s gangway. One of our local crew members clattered down the steps to help the people aboard. He recognized his cousin, and they embraced with tears of joy.

“Jon, during his mission, befriended a young man

named May, who had left his family in Vietnam. After Jon’s return to Los Angeles, he and his family sponsored May as a new emigrant to the United States. May, who now is married with two children, studied electrical engineering and later worked on the Voyager satellite team.

“Jon died in 1990. His assignment with *Seasweep* is a testimony to how the work of World Vision and the people who perform it are constantly changing lives all around the world.”



Photographer: **SUSIE POST**
Location: **Uganda**

*Susie Post is a free-lance
photographer in Ambridge, Pa.
Her work has included
assignments with National
Geographic magazine.*



Two years ago I traveled to Uganda to document the AIDS crisis devastating that country. No one I met felt exempt from the disease. Everyone had lost a family member or

friend, and a helpless acceptance dominated people's feelings about it, as though they were standing in front of a tidal wave with a teaspoon.

In some communities, almost 80 percent of the

children are classified as orphans, meaning they have lost at least one parent to AIDS. In the African culture, if there are any family members remotely capable of taking care of the orphans,

they do it. Many grandparents care for 15 to 30 children. When no adults are left in the family or when they are too old, the orphans learn to take care of themselves, living in the homes left to them by their parents.

In Kegenya, a small village in southern Uganda, I met some of these children—two families consisting of nine orphans, ranging in age from 3 to 13, who had survived on their own for two years, cooking together, doing chores together, going to church together. World Vision had helped join the two families, and the agency sponsors most of the children in school.

One day I found two of the boys in the “kitchen” watching the cooking fire. Nine-year-old Mutagubya Fred and 10-year-old Kintu Paul, from two different families, lived together now as brothers because their parents had died of AIDS. As they sat engulfed in the smoke from the fire, I clicked this photograph.

This is one of my favorite photos because the way Fred is looking into the light has a peace that speaks to me about hope in a dark situation. I'm also moved by the misty figures of the brothers, with their arms intertwined, showing the way their lives are connected and how their support for each other is carrying them along. I have always felt that this photo has a special holiness, a quietness in it.



Sanjay Sojwal, who was born in Bangalore, India, joined World Vision India as a photographer in 1983. He is now a photojournalist in World Vision's Asia-Pacific office in Bangkok, Thailand.

In February 1993, I went to photograph 14-year-old Ros Romdol in rural Cambodia feeling a mixture of sorrow, hope, and joy.

I was doing a story about landmines and how they are tragically affecting people's lives in Cambodia. Six years earlier, civil war was raging in the country,

and the rural areas were bristling with landmines. One day, Ros Romdol—9 years old at the time—stepped on a mine, which blew off her left leg. One of her friends, Tearn, tried to rescue her, but she too stepped on a mine and lost both of her legs—and her sanity.

Over the three days I visited Romdol in 1993, I found more than a crippled young woman on crutches. I met a child of God. Despite her injuries and tenuous future—life can be especially difficult for handicapped people in rural Cambodia—God had planted deep inside her a remarkable joy and hope that no landmine could take away from her. Only when one has experienced pain can one fully appreciate joy, and I wanted to capture on film something of Romdol's deep joy.

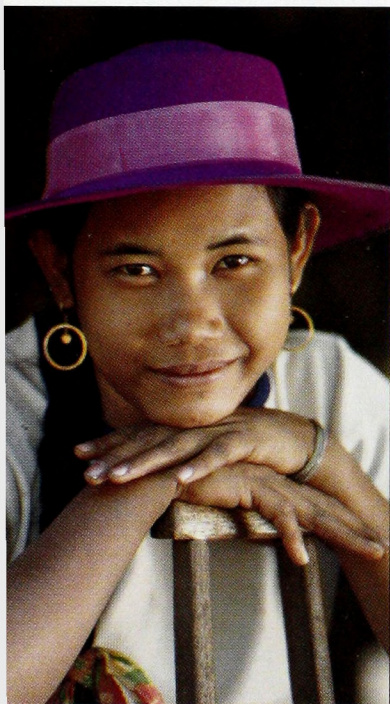
I also knew that World Vision was helping Romdol's village in various ways, and was nurturing Romdol's life so it might reach its full potential. As I interviewed her one day, several of her friends joined us and good-naturedly made fun of her, made her nervous in front of the camera, cajoled her, and giggled like teenagers anywhere else. One of the friends also lent her a lavender, French-styled hat, and

when Romdol smiled, I thought that this is what World Vision would like to see on Romdol's face, a smile showing that tomorrow—with a little bit of help—will be better than yesterday.

But every time I saw Romdol's bright and beautiful smile through the viewfinder of my camera, I also thought of Tearn. As I shot Romdol, Tearn lay on a cot not far from Romdol's house, bedridden and crippled, both physically and emotionally, as a result of her intense suffering. Before her accident, the village considered Tearn a very caring and exemplary young woman. Today, despite her condition, the people still talk about Tearn's courage, and she continues to be a source of inspiration to the people around her.

As I looked at Romdol and her infectious smile, I thought that this is how Tearn would have wanted to see her, and then she would know that her sacrifice was not in vain.

This is what I wanted to capture on film when I saw Romdol smile.



Photographer: **JOHN SCHENK**
Location: **Ethiopia**

John Schenk is a World Vision photographer and journalist. He has been based in Nairobi, Kenya, for 10 years.

In late 1993, I was in Ethiopia interviewing and shooting photos of a former World Vision-sponsored child who'd run in the Barcelona Olympics. She was a busy woman, and I suddenly found myself with three days of downtime between interviews. It seemed a good idea to use those days to get to one of World Vision's projects.

I drove to Adama four hours away. The region offered a fine story about a community of gritty and imaginative people who had overcome a disastrous agricultural scheme thrust on them years before during the reign of Emperor Haile Selassie.

In Adama I met a 9-year-old boy whose contributions to his subsistence farming family was already substantial. Gemachu Dabi had been ploughing the family's meager fields with a team of enormous oxen for two years. He was shy and soft-spoken but broadcast a man's pride in his ear-to-ear smile whenever the topic turned to oxen, their handling, and care. He was a bearer of tradition and fine workmanship. His father was known well outside the community as a gobas, or clever farmer. Gemachu obviously adored his father and his pride and affection were returned from the elder.

I was proud that such an admirable pair were flourishing in desperate circum-

stances because of a mere \$120 that World Vision had loaned to them. The money bought an ox that gave the family a full team, and in less than two years their fields and herds of goats, sheep, and cattle were expanding.

I had just one afternoon of good light to shoot photos

of them. In the waning minutes of a rapidly setting equatorial sun, I captured this shot that tells something of the pride and pleasure of a boy basking in his family's love, a father's joy, tradition, and sense of accomplishment.



In the winter of 1989, free-lance writer Barbara Thompson and I were working on a story about rural poverty in the Mississippi Delta for WORLD VISION magazine. On one of our last days in Cahoma, Miss., I was wandering through town talking to people and photographing.

Somehow I ended up in Nathaniel Brown's home. Everyone in town knew why I was photographing, and most were eager to share their stories. Nathaniel lived with his daughter in a two-room shack with no running water and no indoor toilet. It was a house that Habitat for Humanity and World Vision planned to rebuild.

Several noisy, young neighbors were also there, laughing and joking. Nathaniel sat quietly, mostly just watching the others. There was a marked difference between the older generation and the young people in Cahoma. The older people seemed to be hard-working, serious, and proud. Among the youth, drugs, alcohol and unemployment were enormous problems, and their bearing reflected it.

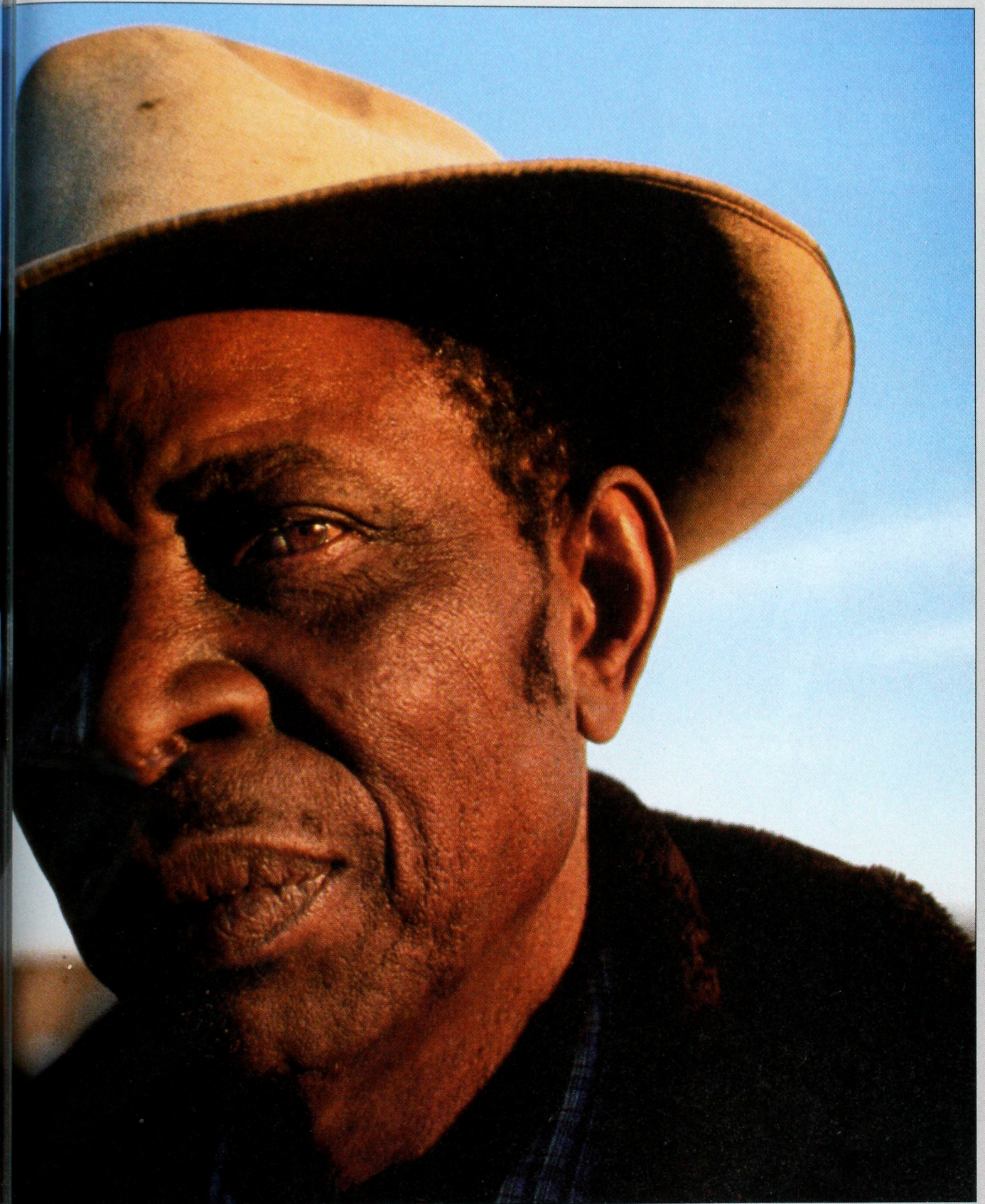
When Nathaniel picked up his hat to leave, I followed him outside. He turned to look at me. His face was full of strength and suffering, character and hardship—just like his little shack, just like the whole town of Cahoma. His eyes were direct and penetrating.

That's why I love this photograph. Yes, I like the light and the composition, but what continues to draw me is the story in Nathaniel Brown's face.

Photographer: **JON WARREN**
Location: **Mississippi**

Jon Warren has been a free-lance photojournalist in Seattle for almost 15 years, specializing in social, religious, and cultural issues.





Photographer: **STEVE REYNOLDS**
Location: **Ethiopia**



Steve Reynolds has worked for World Vision as a photographer and journalist since 1984. He currently is the regional communications manager for World Vision's Asia-Pacific region, based in Bangkok, Thailand.

It was early morning in remote rural Ethiopia, in the midst of the country's infamous famine of 1984-86. People had been coming from the surrounding hills for weeks to a World Vision feeding center at a place called

Sanka. They were camping in the riverbed next to the center. As I started down an embankment into the riverbed it was still quite dark and I couldn't see any people.

Then I saw something move—a little boy. Soon other people started to move. Within a few minutes I was surrounded by about 1,000 people, all stirring as the early morning sun warmed the land. Steam was rising from a little stream in the almost-dry riverbed.

As I walked through the mass of people, most looked more dead than alive. It was like a scene out of one of those post-nuclear holocaust films. As I passed an emaciated little boy standing near the stream, steam rising behind him, this photo just screamed out at me. All I had to do was point the camera and press the shutter release.

This scene summed up all I had seen in Ethiopia that year. I never saw the boy again, but he is likely to have survived because of the World Vision feeding center.



Photographer: **KEN WATERS**
Location: **Taiwan**

Ken Waters is a professor of journalism at Pepperdine University in Malibu, Calif. During the 1980s he served as a traveling journalist, and later as public relations director, for World Vision.

I first met Lan Hsin Chong in 1979 while photographing a World Vision-sponsored vocational training center in Taiwan. A dozen young women hunched over sewing machines, intently guiding their fabric around the needles. I immediately noticed Lan Hsin, whose furrowed face occasionally relaxed as she smiled, shook her head in amusement, and tried again to master her stitching.

Lan Hsin lived in a mountain village, the third of six children born to a policeman and his wife.

Hampered by a heart condition, she was not able to complete high school and her future was clouded. She told me her goal was to become a seamstress in Taipai, the nation's capital. Lan Hsin was naturally photogenic. She was proud of the dresses she had made and gladly showed them off. As I clicked off a role of film, she posed regally and with an impish sense of humor.

A year later I returned to Taiwan. I met Lan Hsin in the World Vision office and she told me an incredible story. She had completed her training program and set to work as a seamstress. Back at her mountain home, she had attended church one Sunday and felt that God had healed her heart problems. She was planning to enter some active ministry sharing the

love of Christ with other people. She still sported that smile. This photo is one of my prized possessions, a reminder of the strength, courage, and faith of one of God's precious children.



Photographer: **TERRI OWENS**
Location: **Mali**

Terri Owens joined World Vision in 1975. Since then, she has traveled widely for the agency as a journalist and editor.

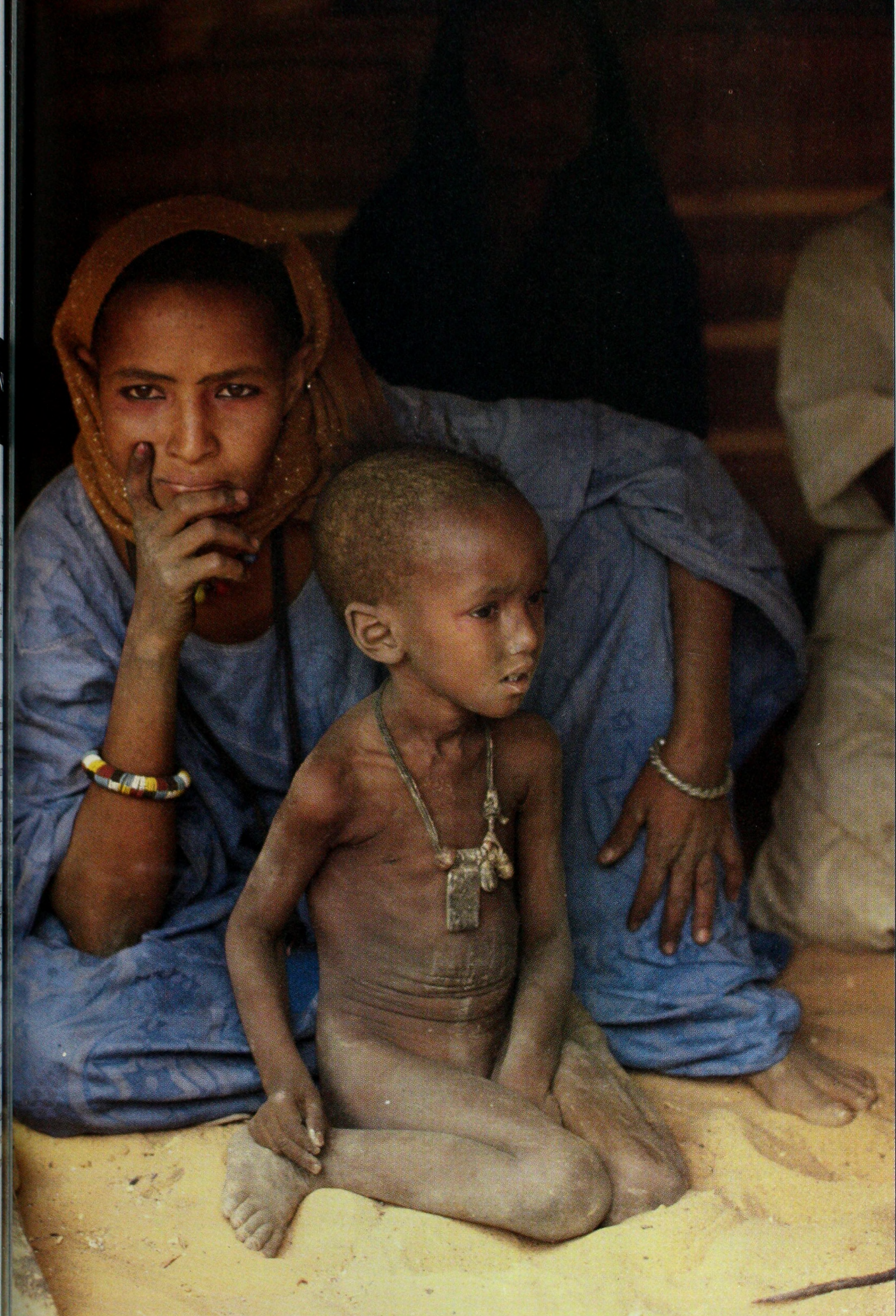
In many ways, my trip with a World Vision relief survey team to drought-stricken northern Mali in 1985 was like a journey back to biblical times. Surely Joseph's brothers, when they went to Egypt, must have resembled the famished Tuareg nomads we found. The former lords of the desert, watching their herds die of hunger, were left with no alternative but to seek aid in the region's cities—modest clusters of flat-topped earthen dwellings. The skin on the nomads' bony camels and frail donkeys was stretched parchment-thin. Women draped in robes and shrouded with scarves seemed to me like frail angels of death as with outstretched hands they quietly beseeched us for food.

Like Abraham, the Tuaregs were desert-hardened people. As a woman, I had sometimes marveled at the

patriarch's wife, Sarah, preserving her beauty as she eled at his side through the wind and dust and heat, of tivating kings. It seemed incredible that a woman ing such a life could have remained so striking.

And then I met Issil Wt, a regal Tuareg woman with a soft blue damask r brown head scarf, and aring kohl-lined eyes. In or short year those eyes had the death of the family's sheep. Now the lives of h six children were ebbing away. A 3-year-old daughter had died only four days before this picture was taken. So after, World Vision delivered food and other drought-relief supplies to the area.

For 10 years now, Issil's picture has been a captivating highlight of my portfolio, because of my skill but because of her beauty and charisma even in the midst of insurmountable hardship.



Photographer: **JACOB AKOL**
Location: **Southern Sudan**

Jacob Jiel Akol is World Vision's communications director for Africa. He fled civil war in his native southern Sudan in 1963 at age 17.

The World Vision relief team in southern Sudan advised me not to come. Troops of the Islamic fundamentalist-backed government in Khartoum were driving southward in their long war against black African Sudanese rebels who want greater freedom for their territory. Travel in the remote, virtually roadless region would be dangerous.

In March 1992, I left my home in Nairobi, Kenya, and plunged into the wilderness of southern Sudan. My mission was to locate 12,000 children who were marching more than 300 miles in a search for food and security.

They ranged in age between 6 and 17. Many were orphans. Some were lost, parted from their families during a drought, war, and famine that killed a quarter-million people in 1987-88. All were fleeing attacks upon refugee camps near the border with Ethiopia.

They shuffled along a dusty track in silence, four and five abreast. They looked and smelled filthy. Their clothes, patched and stitched, were falling to pieces. With no shoes, their feet were deeply cracked. Ulcerated wounds blotched their legs.

Some were sick. Only the International Committee of the Red Cross, which trucked water to stages along their march, allowed them to continue their grueling trek.

"Where are you going?"

I asked a 16-year-old as he examined a painful ankle at the roadside.

"I don't know."

"How much longer will you have to walk?"

"I don't know."

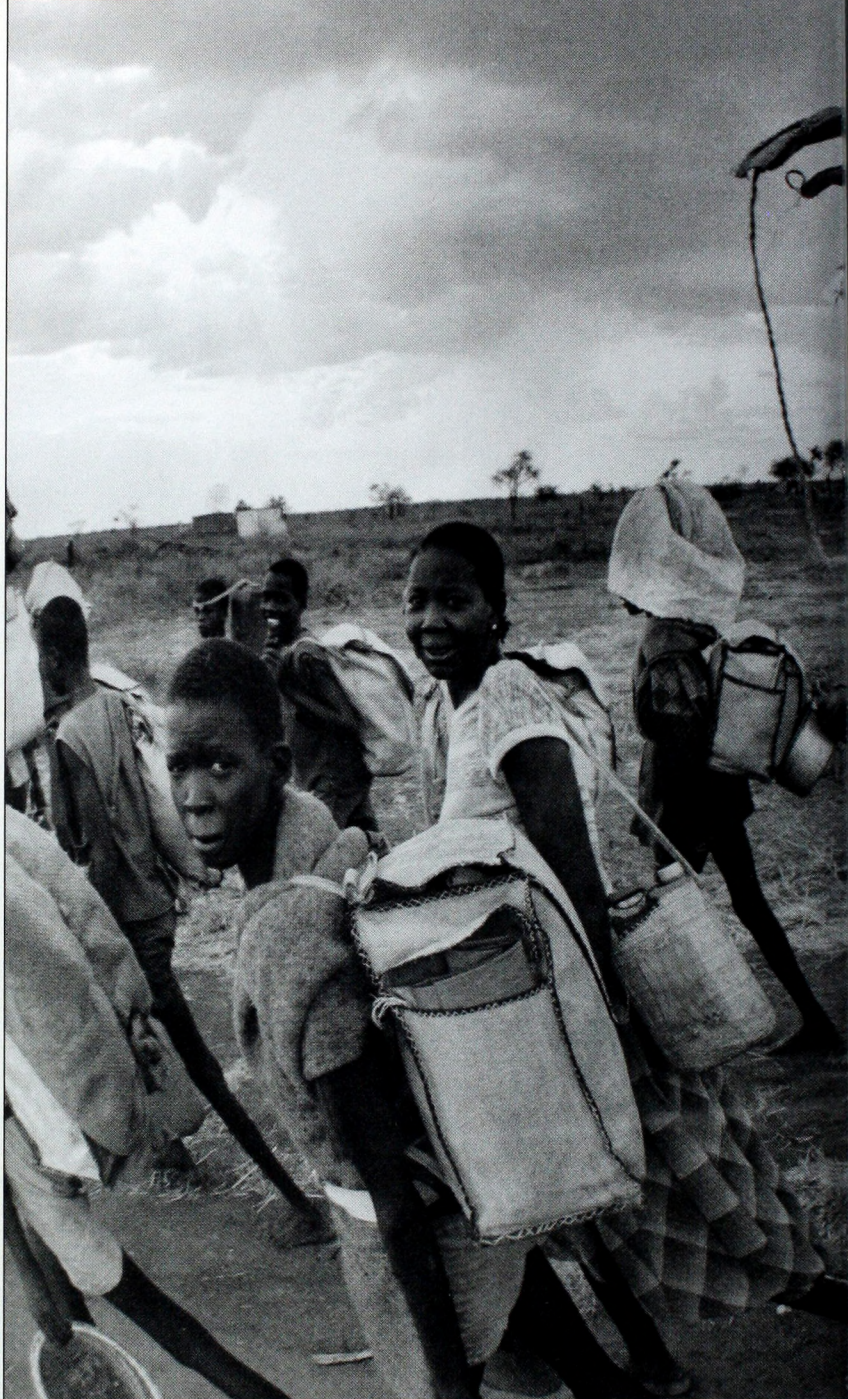
I found a teacher, one of

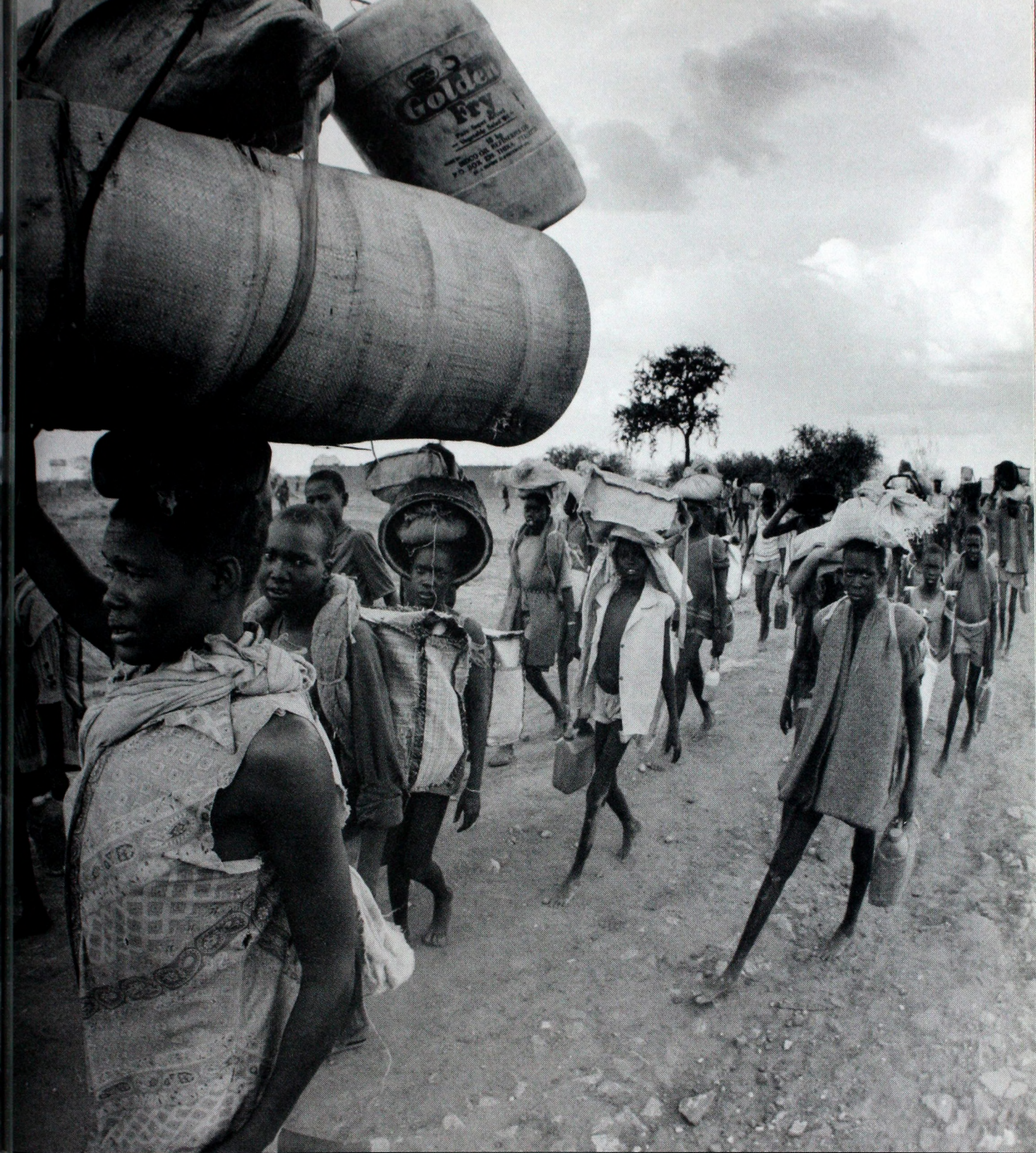
few adults traveling in the procession. He explained, "We are going where there is peace and these children can continue their education."

"Where is that?"

"I don't know."

After nearly a month of





walking, the children reached the village of Kapoeta, where World Vision relief workers were permanently based and able to help them. With the area under sporadic bombard-

ment, they moved to a safer place inside Sudan and later found permanent refuge in Kenya.

Some of the children, assisted by World Vision and other aid agencies, have gone to schools in Kenya. Others

returned to the bush country of southern Sudan to take up arms against the Khartoum government. The majority remain in refugee camps in Kakuma, Kenya, near the Sudan border.

Bruce Brander has been an award-winning photographer and journalist for 35 years. He is currently the managing editor of WORLD VISION magazine.

In 1992, Somalia was a nation gone mad. Several years of civil war had plunged the East African country into anarchy. Warlord armies sweeping over farms and villages had left terrible famine ravaging the land of 6 million people. Wild bands of marauders—some 300,000 of them—cruised the roadways in heavily armed trucks, robbing, looting, and killing at random.

Amid the whirlwind of death and destruction, World Vision and other humanitarian agencies labored to bring food, clothing, shelter, and medical care to hundreds of thousands of destitute and homeless people.

I was there as a World Vision journalist to report on the crisis and help the global news media bring it to the world's attention to attract aid. One day I escorted an American newsmagazine photographer to a World Vision feeding center in the village of Denuney near the inland town of Baidoa. While he documented the plight of sick and hungry people, I photographed our staff helping them.

Field nutritionists were weighing children, then measuring their height for a quick gauge of their nutritional condition. I'd tried before to get a good shot of weighing. It's always difficult, with the kids wriggling and staff running back and forth, often frantically, as they tend to multitudes of suffering people.

Put yourself in the place where something is likely to happen, experienced news photographers traditionally advise, then hope it does. Hoping only for a successful file photo of the weighing process, I didn't

realize until I saw the developed picture that this child had provided, in his misery and distress, a portrait of famine itself.

What became of the child? Judging from his condition, I believe he must have died, along with so many others. As often happens in crisis situations, we simply didn't have enough workers and resources to care sufficiently for them all.

This photograph won a first-place award in 1993 from the Eastman Kodak Company and the Professional Photographers of America. It also won an award of excellence from *Photographer's Forum* magazine. I value the awards, but I don't like seeing the photo, which I find haunting.



Photographer: **DAVID WARD**
Location: **Brazil**

David Ward was a photographer and project designer on World Vision's staff from 1979 to 1986. He now works as a free-lance photographer based in Montreal.



Twelve years ago I was sent to the northeast of Brazil. A five-year drought had brought the ordinarily dry and impoverished region to its knees.

Flagelados, they called the millions of landless, powerless

sharecroppers living there. *Flagelados*—"the whipped, tortured ones" inhabiting the undignified margins of life.

Their misery overwhelmed me. In my notes, I wrote: "Drought means more than water shortage alone. There is a social drought here,

too, a set of structural problems deeply rooted in history. Unfair relationships. Unfair distribution of resources. Unfair privilege for the powerful at the expense of the powerless. Some would call these spiritual problems sin.

"If our 10 million flagelado brothers and sisters are ever to be released from their torture into the full life God intends for them, it is this social drought—this sin—that must be broken."

I kept asking my World Vision hosts: "Where is the hope? Show me something encouraging."

They described a flagelado community named Santana. There, they said, skilled development workers had helped the people organize to claim a basic right—their right to an adequate water supply. For the first time, Santana functioned as a community, and their government responded with a new well. World Vision helped construct the pumphouse.

We went there.

It had been one of those long, hot uncomfortable days. By the time we reached Santana the light was nearly gone. Yet we pressed on.

But when my hosts guided me around that last corner, fatigue hijacked my thoughts: *Good grief. This is what you were talking about? A concrete wall with two faucets sticking out? And that garish writing? That's all there is? The hope for millions? This?* I nearly put my equipment away.

As I stared, a tall girl helped hoist a grimy kerosene tin. An old woman adjusted the burden, turned and quickly shuffled past me. I caught a glimpse of the wonderful hope in her face and instinctively grabbed a camera. Click.

And then she was gone.





Photographer: **BRUCE STRONG**
Location: **Ecuador**

Bruce Strong is a photographer for the Orange County Register in Orange, Calif.

During a World Vision assignment in Tortorillas, Ecuador, about 100 miles south of Quito, I found myself wandering the streets of the small village, thinking about the impact World Vision's sponsorship program made on the people.

Indeed, many were coming to Christ because of World Vision's work there. I was struck by these people's strong and determined will to improve their community and the lives of their children.

In the afternoon, I came upon this young Quechuan Indian girl. I saw something

quietly beautiful in the girl, her dog, and the laundry: the composition, the colors, her expression.

For me, this girl and this photo best expressed the quiet beauty and strength I found in Tortorillas and World Vision's work there.

Photographer: **TERRY MADISON**
Location: **Cambodia**

Terry Madison was a photographer and journalist in Asia for 14 years. He currently is editor of WORLD VISION magazine.

Although I lived and traveled widely in Asia for years, I never before had visited a country where I sensed such deeply-felt pain and malaise. Cambodia in 1983 was slowly recovering from the trauma of the Khmer Rouge years when a crazed government killed more than a million people. Although the Khmer Rouge had been ousted in 1979, the country was so devastated and the people so spiritless that I feared Cambodia would be unable to rouse itself from the nightmare it had survived.

I was visiting the National Pediatric Hospital, built by World Vision in 1975 just prior to the Khmer Rouge takeover. The Khmer Rouge used it as a torture center during their reign of terror. After their defeat in 1979, World Vision reopened the hospital as a center of healing for children who had survived the killing fields.

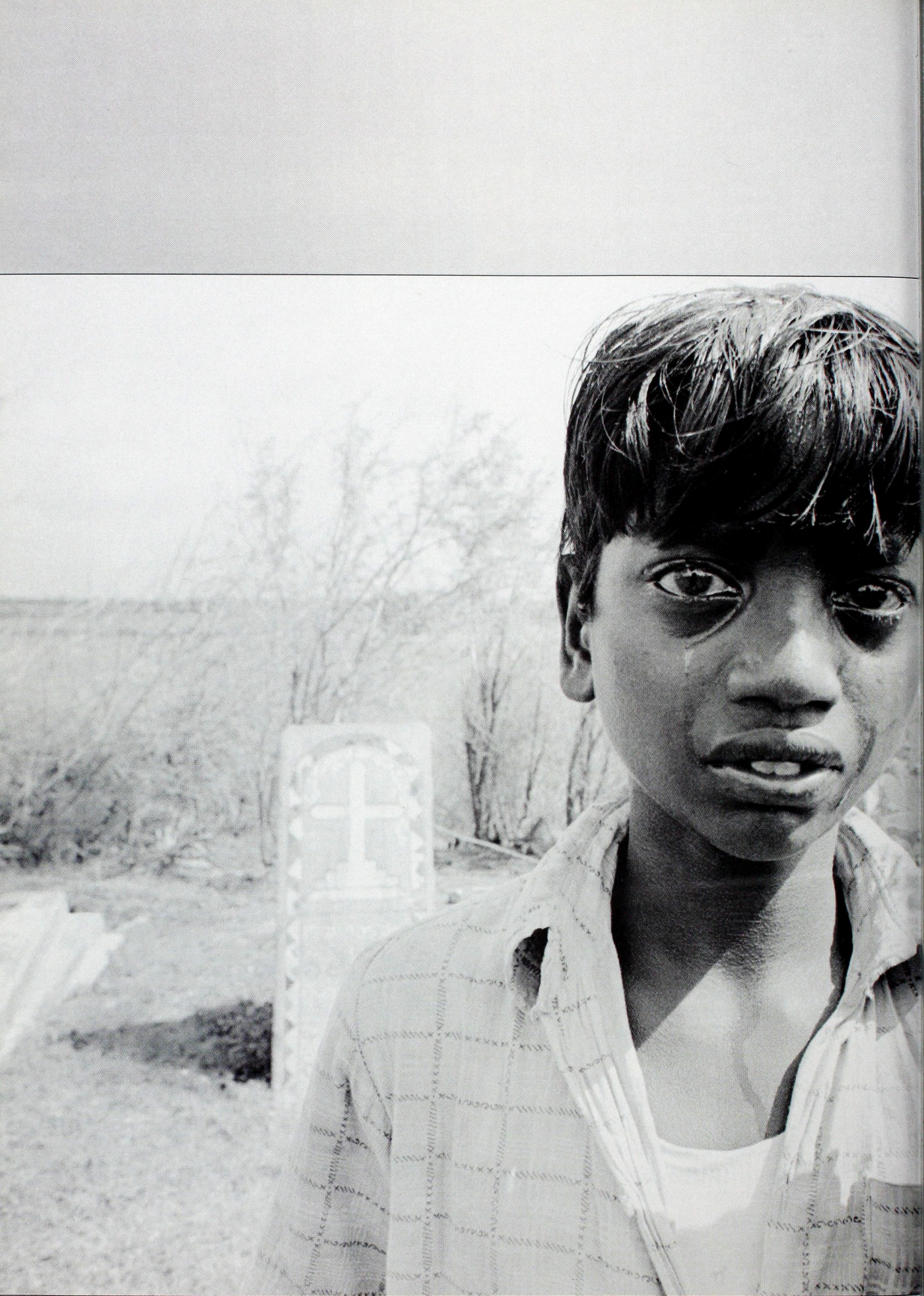
The weather was hot and humid, and I found the hospital stiflingly crowded. Babies and children lay passively on the floor where the staff put them when they ran out of beds. Women who had survived starvation and slave labor were not strong enough to give birth to healthy babies.



All around were anemic, feverish children with tubes running in and out of them and bandages and sheets draped over their gaunt bodies. The overworked medical staff fought to save these kids from myriad diseases. It was dengue fever season, and many children from rural areas arrived too late and died.

Yet in the midst of this trauma and grief, I came upon

the child in this picture. No tubes, no anxious or grieving parents, no flurry of medical attention. Just a sweet, healthy-looking baby. This picture has stayed in my mind all these years: a picture of health in a ward of infirmity; a sign of hope for a sick society.



Photographer: **ERIC MOONEYHAM**
Location: **India**



Eric Mooneyham has been a photographer for 20 years and is the son of the late World Vision President W. Stanley Mooneyham.

It has never been easy for me to stick a camera in the face of a grieving or suffering or starving fellow human being and record his deepest emotions on film for the world to see. I confess that at times I have felt like a voyeur.

But this picture was different. I was feeling, not just seeing. I was in the Indian state of Andhra Pradesh just after a tidal wave and cyclone laid waste to the land and killed an estimated 200,000 people. At the village of Komali, we came upon a church that had been ripped apart by the angry

winds, killing 84 people. I followed a small group to the local cemetery where several burials had just taken place. This boy was standing by the new graves of his parents. Tears stood like pools in his dark eyes and coursed down his face onto his chest.

I framed the scene and waited for the right moment. When it came, my own emotions overflowed, touched by the sorrow I saw through the lens. It was one of the few times I have cried while performing the technical function of tripping a shutter. I didn't feel any less professional, only more human.

I don't take pictures like this to manipulate an emotional response or because suffering sells. I feel an inner compulsion to communicate the condition of most of our human family to the rest of us.

Somehow, we have to know. If we don't know, how can we truly care?

Photographer: **PHIL MAHER**
Location: **Angola**

Philip Maher, who joined World Vision in 1983, is media and public affairs manager for the agency's Canada office near Toronto.

In 1993, Malanje, Angola, was a city surrounded by war. I went there to help World Vision deliver food bags and to document the plight of the city's people.

Tracer bullets at night and the sight of bombed-out buildings during the day reaffirmed the impression of all-out conflict.

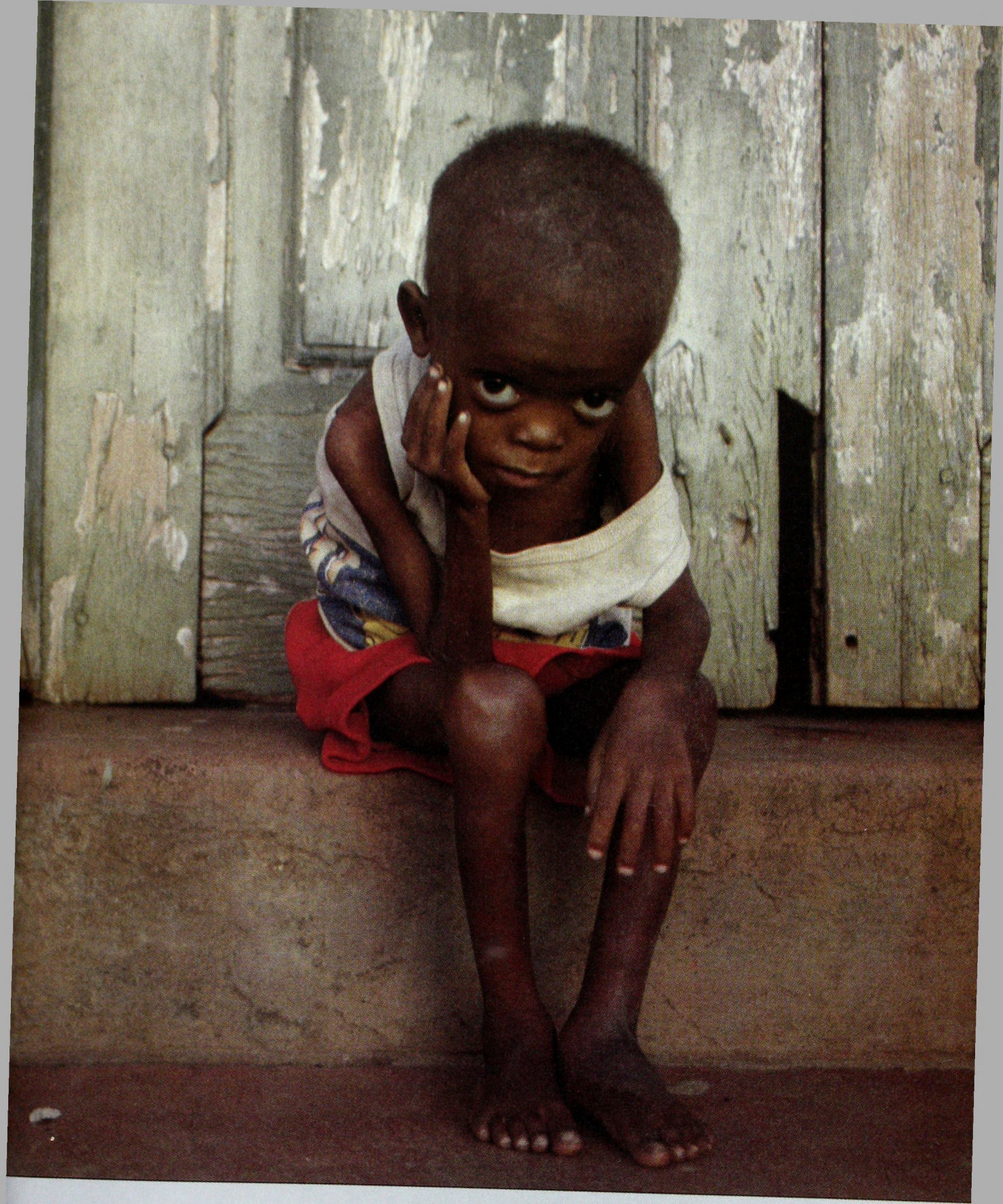
As in all wars, children pay dearly. Jambakana, the child in this photograph, is one of them. The 5-year-old approached me at Malanje's hospital—a hospital in name only. Medicines did not exist there.

His plight symbolized the innocents caught in Angola's brutal 20-year civil war. In a diminutive voice, he told me how his father ventured outside the city to mine-infested cassava fields that encircle the city and—like so many others—never returned. Despite the deadly and crippling consequences that await them, parents continue to search the booby-trapped fields for food. One by one, the land mines around Malanje and throughout Angola create more widows, orphans, and disabled persons than almost anywhere else on earth.

Jambakana was lucky. A generous woman took him into her family. Jambakana's scrawny arms, large knee caps, and "old man's face" shows how malnutrition slowly

destroys the body. It's not something I liked seeing, but I hoped Jambakana's photo would motivate people to help Angola and work against the use of land mines around the world.





Randy Miller has been a World Vision journalist since 1982. He is now managing editor of World Vision's TOGETHER magazine.

It was finger-numbing cold that morning in Villcapujio, a small village on Bolivia's altiplano (high plains), about 200 miles south of the country's capital, La Paz. Villcapujio squats at the center of a valley that looks like a khaki lunar landscape. Residents live in adobe homes with thatch or corrugated metal roofs and wear multi-colored shawls and caps to ward off icy winds that regularly whip the rugged area.

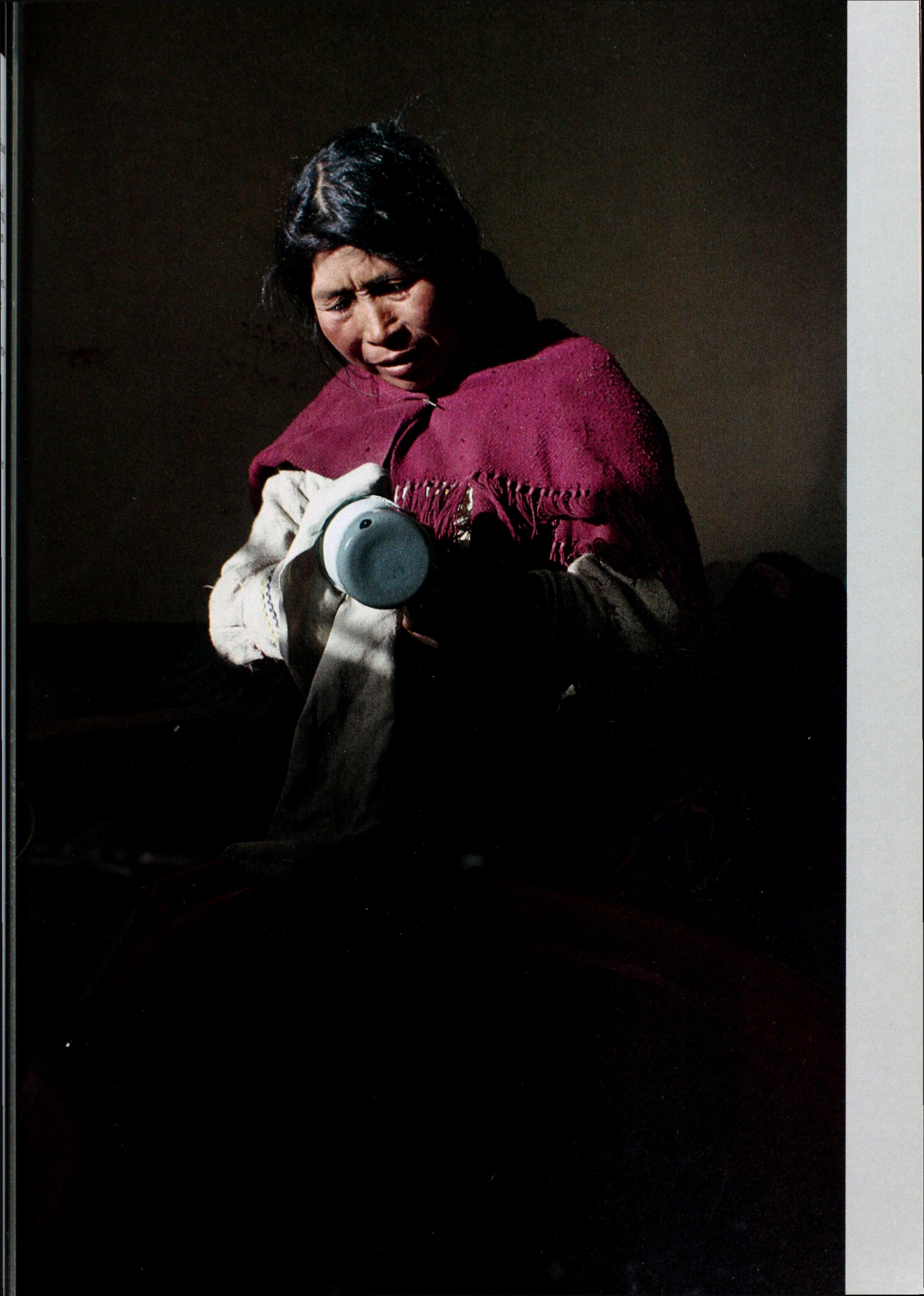
I went to Villcapujio in

August 1993 to document community development work World Vision and residents of Villcapujio began in 1990. The main focus of the project is wells. For generations, these people had relied on a shallow, polluted stream for all their water needs. Most families had seen several of their children die from illnesses brought on by contaminated water. At the time of my visit, 20 wells had been installed. In addition, there were regular health classes, weekly visits by a doctor and nurse, a breakfast program for children, and a new community building that served as a meeting house, doctor's office, classroom, and kitchen. I arrived early one morning to photograph the breakfast program.

Amber light streamed into the dim community-

center kitchen where a few women were making breakfast for village children. After breakfast I found 47-year-old Elena Toledo Castro washing dishes in a shaft of light from the window. The rest of the room was dim by comparison. I clicked a few frames as she dried a cup. There was a contemplative, almost spiritual quality to what I saw.

Back home, I looked at my pictures of Elena and knew I had captured a decisive moment. If the measure of a good photograph is the extent to which it tells the truth about a place, this makes the grade.



Photographer: **SHERYL WATKINS**
Location: **Romania**

Sheryl Watkins has been a World Vision journalist since 1980.

The photo I am most proud of is of Catalina, a little girl I met in a Romanian orphanage in June 1990.

That year, the world was exposed to the horrors visited upon the abandoned children in that country's orphanages, and I went there to tell the story.

The squalor and neglect, the cold and hunger I found in the orphanages was beyond description. But as long as I could concentrate on the basics of working my camera—shutter speed, aperture, flash setting, focus—I was OK. It was later each day, when I put my camera away, that my knees would go weak, and I wanted to cry for these children.

After visiting several orphanages, I came to one in the city of Iasi. There Catalina drew my attention immediately—her big eyes, her somber expression, the playpen bars that resembled a prison. She

also bore a physical resemblance to my then-2-year-old daughter, who was just a few months older than her.

After I'd snapped a few photographs of Catalina, I tried to hold her. She immediately stiffened. I tried to sing to her, but nothing could get through. Catalina was so unused to human touch, she was comfortable only in isolation.

When I returned to Los Angeles, I threw myself into promoting World Vision's Romania orphans project. Catalina haunted me, as she did untold numbers of people who saw her picture in major newspapers and World Vision publications.

Six months later, I received another photograph from a colleague who had visited Iasi. It was of a smiling little girl with outstretched arms—my Catalina, now made whole through World Vision's work. That was one of the happiest days in my career; I knew I had made a difference in a child's life.

Later Catalina was adopted by a family in Oregon. Her new mother wrote me a letter, thanking me for my part in bringing Catalina to her. I hope some day my family can meet this little girl who stole my heart.





A Loving Look Back on Papa and World Vision by Lois Kay

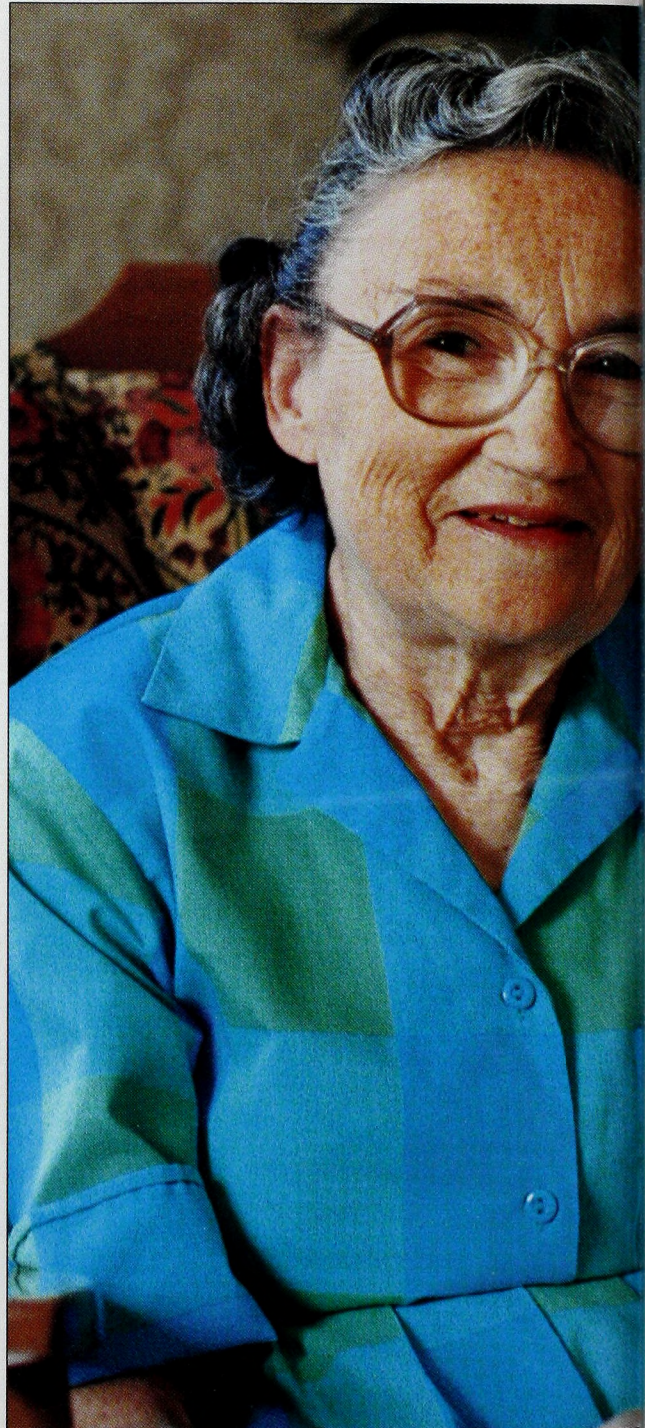
I'm not sure when or how my dad, D. Reginald 'Buster' Kay, first met Bob Pierce. Both were doing what they could to win people to the Lord in the greater Los Angeles area and knew many of the prominent local Christians around World War II.

My grandfather was a part-time evangelist, part-time engineer, plumber, and musician. Papa followed in his footsteps and became very active in church and Christian Endeavor, a ministry singing and preaching in jails, rescue missions, and children's homes.



Mrs. and Mr. D. Reginald "Buster" Kay (above)

Lois Kay (right) is a longtime World Vision supporter living in Pasadena, Calif.

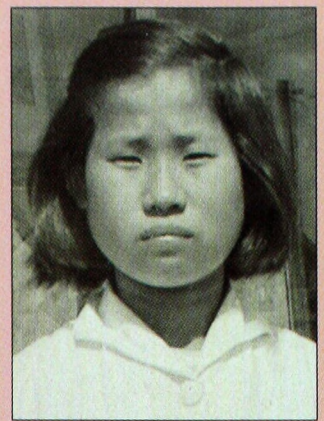


My mother shared his love for the Lord and often witnessed with him. When she died from tuberculosis, Papa carried a heavy workload, family responsibilities, and burdens of the Depression, but he continued to sing, witness, and SMILE. Everyone who knew him spoke of his smile.

Papa married Evelyn Kepple in 1940 and happily she became a partner in the evangelistic work that was so important to him, as well as helping in his business.

About 1950 Papa sold his business and

went to work for a printer of missionary and other Christian magazines. Eventually he became the owner. Papa had known Bob Pierce previously through his father-in-law and Youth for Christ. But about then I began hearing about Bob and World Vision frequently



Ja Chai, 1957

because Papa was doing some of their printing. Papa, Bob Pierce, Larry Ward, Ken Stroman, and other World Vision people often had lunch together and came back to the shop to talk and plan.

As soon as I heard about World Vision's sponsorship program in 1954, my father, my stepmother, and I became sponsors. We learned how we could sponsor a Korean orphan for \$10 a month. I hadn't been working long and didn't have much money, so Papa suggested we do it as a family.

Soon I was writing to Ja Chai and looking forward to her letters to us. I still have all her notes, photos, and cards since the first one in 1955.

My desire to support the exceptional work of World Vision has grown over the years and we have added more children to our "family."

I recently made a donation from my parents' legacy that qualified me to become a member of the Host of Hope, a special donor program for life income gifts, long term child care agreements, and bequests. Together, my parents and I will continue to help World Vision with its work of bringing Christ's message of love and hope far into the future.

Encouraging you to make a gift and join me as a Host of Hope member is one of my ways of witnessing for the Lord.

.....
 Editor's Note: For more information on becoming a member of the Host of Hope, please telephone us at 1-800-426-5753 or complete and mail the reply card in the center of this magazine.

() \$25 () \$50 () \$75 () Other \$ _____

YES, I want to sponsor a child overseas. I prefer to sponsor () a boy, () a girl, living in () Africa () Asia () Latin America () where the need is greatest. HAS-LOZ

ENCLOSED is my first monthly payment of \$20. _____ Check (payable to World Vision) _____ Bill my monthly sponsorship payment to my credit card _____

VISA _____ MasterCard _____ American Express _____ Discover _____

No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Please tear off and return this portion.

what the nurses were eating. During one two-month period, there was only one convoy of food for the entire town. We all begged for food."

—Behija, 73,
 (last name withheld for protection), describing life as a nightmare in a United Nations "safe area."

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Mrs. and Mr. D. Reginald "Buster" Kay (above)

Lois Kay (right) is a longtime World Vision supporter living in Pasadena, Calif.



Bosnian children eat at a public kitchen supported by World Vision.

BOSNIA
Tuzla SREBRENICA Foča

Forty-five years ago, World Vision began serving the refugees of our world in Jesus' name. In 1950, we were the civilian victims of the Korean war. Today, we are still at it, helping the vulnerable mothers, children and families of Bosnia survive the trauma of civil war and the winter cold.

We can't keep up with the need for basic food supplies, milk, vegetables, fruit, and baby foods as battle lines keep changing and new groups of frightened civilians with nothing flee to "safe havens" that do not stay that way very long.

As one of our fatigued relief workers states: *Thousands of people have been on the road for weeks, living in tents without food, shelter, or proper sanitation. Our assistance is designed to tide them over.*

YOU CAN HELP TIDE THEM OVER TODAY WITH YOUR GIFT, PART OF WORLD VISION'S PARTNERSHIP CAMPAIGN OF \$830,000 FOR REFUGEE RELIEF IN BOSNIA.

My mother shared his love for the Lord and often witnessed with him. When she died from tuberculosis, Papa carried a heavy workload, family responsibilities, and burdens of the Depression, but he continued to sing, witness, and SMILE. Everyone who knew him spoke of his smile.

Papa married Evelyn Kepple in 1940 and happily she became a partner in the evangelistic work that was so important to him, as well as helping in his business.

About 1950 Papa sold his business and

went to work for a printer of missionary and other Christian magazines. Eventually he became the owner. Papa had known Bob Pierce previously through his father-in-law and Youth for Christ. But about then I began hearing about Bob and World Vision frequently



Ja Chai, 1957

because Papa was doing some of their printing. Papa, Bob Pierce, Larry Ward, Ken Stroman, and other World Vision people often had lunch together and came back to the shop to talk and plan.

As soon as I heard about World Vision's sponsorship program in 1954, my father, my stepmother, and I became sponsors. We learned how we could sponsor a Korean orphan for \$10 a month. I hadn't been working long and didn't have much money, so Papa suggested we do it as a family.

Soon I was writing to Ja Chai and looking forward to her letters to us. I still have all her notes, photos, and cards since the first one in 1955.

My desire to support the exceptional work of World Vision has grown over the years and we have added more children to our "family."

I recently made a donation from my parents' legacy that qualified me to become a member of the Host of Hope, a special donor program for life income gifts, long term child care agreements, and bequests. Together, my parents and I will continue to help World Vision with its work of bringing Christ's message of love and hope far into the future.

Encouraging you to make a gift and join me as a Host of Hope member is one of my ways of witnessing for the Lord.

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Editor's Note: For more information on becoming a member of the Host of Hope, please telephone us at 1-800-426-5753 or complete and mail the reply card in the center of this magazine.



W O R L D V I S I O N

MISSION STATEMENT

WORLD VISION IS AN INTERNATIONAL PARTNERSHIP OF CHRISTIANS WHOSE MISSION IS

*to follow our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ
in working with the poor and oppressed
to promote human transformation,
seek justice, and bear witness
to the good news of the Kingdom of God.*

We pursue this mission through integrated, holistic commitment to

TRANSFORMATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

that is community-based and sustainable, focused especially on the needs of children;

EMERGENCY RELIEF

that assists people afflicted by conflict or disaster;

PROMOTION OF JUSTICE

that seeks to change unjust structures affecting the poor among whom we work;

STRATEGIC INITIATIVES

that serve the church in the fulfillment of its mission:

PUBLIC AWARENESS

that leads to informed understanding, giving, involvement, and prayer;

WITNESS TO JESUS CHRIST

by life, deed, work, and sign that encourages people to respond to the Gospel.

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