

WORLD VISION

December 1989-January 1990

**ETHIOPIA:
CHASING
AWAY THE
SHADOW
OF DEATH**

**A MAKE-OVER
IN MOTOWN**

**A MIRACLE
WRAPPED IN
ANGUISH**



**ARE THEY
TRAPPED
FOR LIFE?**

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A SPECIAL REPORT

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Of the more than 14 million refugees in the world, only two percent are slated for resettlement or return to their homeland. The rest remain in limbo. And their number is growing.

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Getting the crack dealers and the junkies off their street wasn't easy, but, with perseverance, it happened. All it took was a few "neighborhood crazies" and a dreamer with a vision to renovate inner-city Detroit.

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Five years ago, Ethiopia's Ansokia Valley was a dusty, barren host to throngs of that country's famine victims. Today, the valley is a veritable oasis, thanks to careful planning, education and hard work.

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She had to get away. After 30 years of life with an abusive husband, and a divorce around the corner, Lily Sharp needed some time to think, to pray for a miracle. But when the news of her son's near-fatal auto accident reached her, she knew God had a different kind of miracle in mind for her.

28 A New Generation of Olds?

Are ethnic Christians being left behind as the old guard passes the leadership baton to the next generation? Fuller Seminary professor Bill Pannell thinks so, and believes that the evangelical world will definitely be the lesser for it.

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We've added 8 pages to highlight the 14 million people in 105 countries who have no voice and little hope: the world's homeless. You'll meet a few of them in our pages.

World Vision this year supplied 1,323,678 refugees in 14 countries with some practical expression of Christian concern at a cost of \$2.28 million. Some received food; others, shelter, clothing or medical care. And like the cup of cold water, it was given in the name of the Lord.

Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

Editor **Terry Madison**
 Managing Editor **Larry Wilson**
 Associate Editor **Randy Miller**
 Associate Editor **Ginger Hope**
 Art Director **Don Aylard**
 Production Coordinator **Jan Dahring**
 Production Asst. **Stephanie Stevenson**

WORLD VISION magazine is published bi-monthly by **WORLD VISION®**

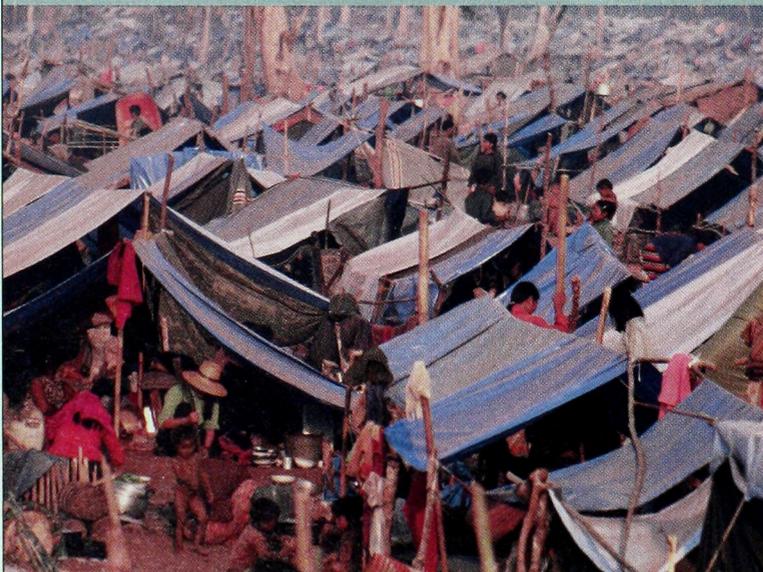
President **Robert A. Seiple**
 Vice President, Communications **Laurel K. Hone**

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 to WORLD address VISION Magazine, 919 W. Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016. 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 © 1989 by World Vision, Inc.



Refugees at Site 8 camp near the Thailand-Cambodia border



ION WARREN

BY ROBERT A. SEIPLE

It's very difficult to find a silver lining in the refugee cloud. There are more than 14 million refugees in the world today, and that number is not diminishing.

The Cambodian camps along the Thai border are characterized by total despair. The Afghans who fled to Iran and Pakistan, a third of the entire country, live in quiet resignation. In what might be the ultimate irony of refugee migrations, we see Sudanese fleeing into Ethiopia while some Ethiopians seek refuge in Sudan. Then there is the unending pain of the Vietnamese in Hong Kong. They risked everything to flee, and now they are caged like animals in detention camps and threatened with repatriation to Vietnam.

There is, indeed, a cloud over these people. But I think we can begin to see a thread of a silver lining in that cloud by looking at the lives of the two most important refugees in history—Moses and Jesus. Their experiences speak directly to the refugee problem today.

Both Moses and Jesus started out as refugees. Moses was the original boat person, plucked out of the Nile to ultimately lead a nation of refugees. This nation, formed in the iron furnace of Egypt, God used to make himself known to the world.

Jesus, a refugee at the age of two, was chosen from the family of God "to bring good news to the poor, heal the brokenhearted, announce release to captives and freedom to those in prison."

In the lives of these two refugees we find more than just a tantalizing bit of optimism. Instead we find a legitimate hope that a proper response to today's refugees might provide incredible opportunities for the church. We can learn from today's refugees some lessons long forgotten in our protective American culture. For in the refugee we see perseverance through great pain and suffering. We see anew the price of freedom and the people who choose to risk all so that they might live free. We feel an indomitable human spirit. We experience faith that triumphs over persecution.

And, perhaps most importantly, we see faith communicated wherever the refugees lead. The most effective means of world evangelization, the transmission of the gospel to every cul-

ture, just might come from the refugee populations!

To such populations we can present our best gifts, gifts flowing from our best instincts as Christians. We can provide hope in the midst of despair, a refuge from wanderings, stability in unpredictable surroundings, a home for the homeless. Even as we learn from the refugees, the church has much to offer in return.

The Amerasians now coming out of Vietnam, for example, represent a population full of hope, a population with much to give and a population that will need what the church in this country can supply. Some 30,000 to 50,000 Amerasians represent American blood knowingly left behind when we departed from there in 1975.

Today we have a Homecoming Act and the Vietnamese have an Orderly Departure Program. Together they replace the leaky boats, brutal pirates and unforgiving sea that claimed tens of thousands of these people. Vietnamese-Americans will settle in this country. They will be a living metaphor, a human bridge of reconciliation as our two countries, so inextricably linked, come together again. We will have an opportunity to embrace a refugee, a powerful form of reconciliation as we seek to bring closure to a terrible chapter in the history of both countries.

How will the church respond? I believe our response will dictate ultimately whether or not we have a legitimate opportunity for effective ministry—or a problem too difficult to handle, too painful to acknowledge.

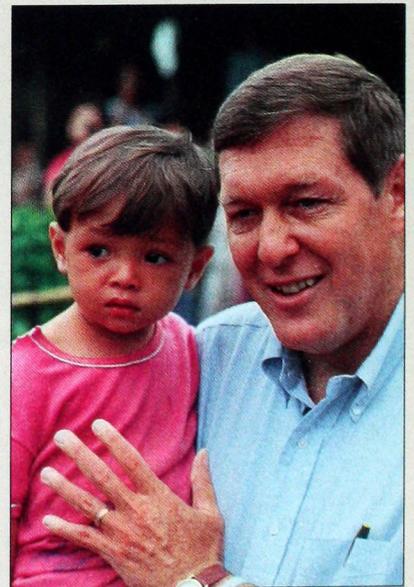
Will the church make the resettlement of Amerasians a priority? Will we see them as neighbors? Will we be neighborly as Christ defined it in the parable of the Good Samaritan? Will we reach out, link up, provide love and compassion and hospitality as we give to them? And, just as importantly, will we learn from them?

How will the church respond to a Moses adrift, to a Christ Child running for his life, to "the least of these"? A tremendous opportunity awaits us. Let's make room in our hearts and in our country. □

IS THERE A SILVER LINING

in the dark cloud of refugees?

TERRY MADISON/WORLD VISION



Amerasians:
How will the
church respond?

REFUGEES

THE WORLD'S HOMELESS

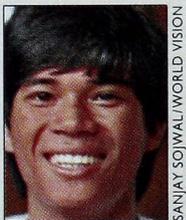
WHAT'S KEEPING THEM IN LIMBO?

BY RANDY MILLER

A drop of sweat trickles down Quan's cheek as he stares out the open door of a small recreation room in Phanat Nikhom refugee holding camp near Bangkok, Thailand. As on most other days during the three years he's had to call this camp his home, the afternoon air is sultry and still. Even shade brings little relief.

But for Quan, a 21-year-old from Vietnam, this day is different. It is a day for reflection, for remembrance. Three years ago on this day, while he and four of his brothers were steering their 25-foot boat across the South China Sea toward Thailand in hopes of finding a better life, pirates attacked them and killed one of his brothers.

Quan and his brothers suffered three pirate attacks during their week at sea before they finally made it to Thailand. But the freedom they had dreamed of eluded them even there. Authorities bumped Quan from one holding situation to another until he landed at Phanat Nikhom, whose fenced boundaries he has never been permit-



Going home is out of the question for this man and 630,000 like him who've fled war-torn Mozambique for safety in neighboring Malawi.

ted to cross. Until he is accepted for resettlement by a third country, Quan will remain in a kind of limbo at Phanat Nikhom.

Cases like Quan's are the rule, not the exception. And by some standards, Quan's three-year stay in the camp is short. Some Vietnamese have lived in camps in Hong Kong for 10 years; millions of Afghans have lived as long in camps in Pakistan and Iran. Nearly all of the world's roughly 14 million refugees have lived in bleak surroundings on subsistence diets for several years. Not weeks. Not months. And of those 14 million, only 1 percent ever return home, and only 1 percent are ever resettled in a new country. Ninety-eight percent of all refugees remain in limbo, shuttled from one camp to another. Waiting. Hoping. Wandering.

Why can't they go home, or to a new country? There is no simple, single answer. But among the factors keeping 14 million people homeless are



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violence at home and politics in potential host countries.

"Most refugees remain in squalid resettlement camps or on a lifelong road to nowhere," writes Carole Kismaric in *Forced Out: The Agony of the Refugee in Our Time*, published in April 1989. And it's not natural disasters that push most of them out of their homes, she says. "Most refugees are man-made.

Rains in Bangladesh or drought in Ethiopia do wreak havoc. But that's not what causes forced migration. Most refugees were forced out by their own governments to punish them for supposedly supporting rival factions, or to take their land. They are products of a predetermined strategy meant to impose one political ideology over another."

Lance Clark, of the Washington, D.C.-based Refugee Policy Group, further underscores the connection be-

WHAT IS A REFUGEE?

According to the 1951 United Nations Geneva Convention on Refugees, a refugee is "any person who, owing to well-founded fear of being persecuted for reasons of race, religion, nationality, or political opinion, is outside the country of his nationality and is unable or, owing to such fear for reasons other than personal convenience, is unwilling to avail himself of the protection of that country; or who, not having a nationality and being outside the country of his former habitual residence, is unable or, owing to such fear or for reasons other than personal convenience, is unwilling to return to it."

tween armed conflicts and the flood of refugees. "Examining the causes of flight of the world's current internationally recognized refugee population—those receiving assistance and protection from UNHCR [United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees]—indicates that the primary causes are as follows: armed conflict, gross human rights violations and/or a well-founded fear of persecution."

Clark points out that it's not only the 14 million international refugees who are affected by conflict, but also the world's *internal* refugees—people forced to leave their homes, but who remain within their home countries.

As to why so many of the refugees

remain in limbo, some authorities voice concern that race may play a part. After World War II there were 10 million refugees, mostly white, and within a decade most of them were either home or resettled in a new country. Today's refugees are mostly brown, black or yellow.

"The typical refugee profile is no longer exclusively that of a white European fleeing communism," says Bill Frelick, a policy analyst with the United States Committee for Refugees.

"In most cases the color has changed to black, golden or brown; the geographical origin has moved from north to south; and the reasons for flight are no longer reducible to escape from communism. Escape from violence or deprivation and persecution from the [political] left or right characterizes today's forced migrations."

Another factor figuring into the refugees-in-limbo dilemma is compassion fatigue. The developed world is simply growing weary of being bombarded with images of gaunt, miserable individuals in foreign lands, claim some authorities.

"Like AIDS, compassion fatigue is a contemporary sickness," says author William Shawcross in *Forced Out*. "The symptoms are first a rush of concern for a distant and obviously suffering group, followed by tedium and a feeling of withdrawal that sometimes descends into disdain. Those who suffer from compassion fatigue are compelled first to express and then to deny sympathy. Thus, today's cause is tomorrow's bore. There are fashions for refugees and for disasters. They change fast. Images that this week command attention and approval are next week cast impatiently aside."

And with each passing year there are more refugees to care for. Ten years ago there were only 4.6 million. In 1987 there were 13.3 million. Today's best estimate is 14.4 million.

Despite compassion fatigue, several countries are doing what they can to help—some more humanely than others. Malawi is doing its best to host 630,000 of Mozambique's 1.2 million citizens who have fled their homeland in recent years. Thailand is accommodating 440,000 refugees from sur-

NUMBERS TELL A STORY

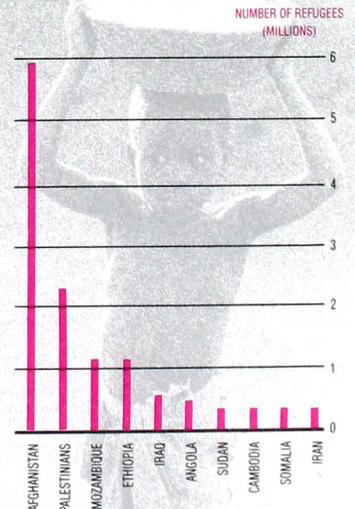
- Percentage of refugees from the Third World: over 90
- Percentage who seek asylum in the Third World: 95
- Percentage who are women and children: over 75
- Average length of stay in camp: over 5 years
- Recommended emergency living space per person (World Health Organization): 3.5 square meters
- Refugee children of primary-school age: 2.5 million
- Percentage of refugees who returned to their home country in 1987: 1.5
- Percentage who resettled in a third country: 1

rounding countries, mostly from Cambodia. Then there's Pakistan, with 3.5 million Afghan refugees who have almost started a nation of their own over the past 10 years in the northwest part of that country.

But more and more, host countries are drawing the line at the number of refugees they allow within their borders, making asylum even harder to obtain. In the United States, it's difficult for the government to maintain that its practice of accepting asylum seekers is not influenced by whether the country of origin is considered "friendly" to the U.S. government.

The United States granted asylum requests through March 1988 to 85.7 percent of refugees from China; 77.5 percent from Iran; 76.9 percent from Romania; and 75 percent from Vietnam; all these governments have been considered "unfriendly" to

WHERE THEY'RE FROM



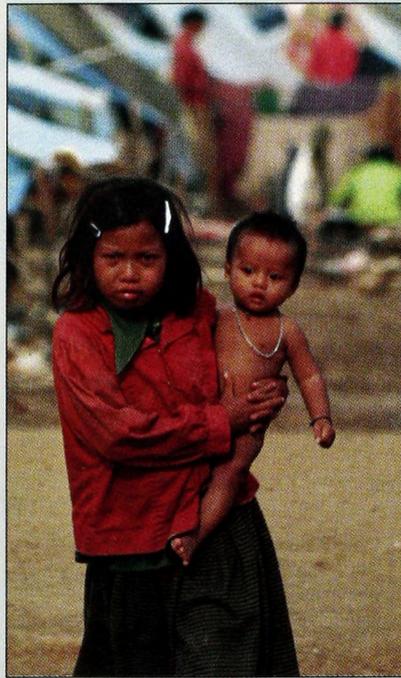
The world's 10 leading refugee-producing countries in 1988.

the United States in the past. Despite the fact that Central American refugees from El Salvador, Guatemala and Nicaragua are all fleeing similar circumstances, the U.S. government granted asylum to 74.9 percent of asylum applicants from Nicaragua, but only 3.2 percent from El Salvador and 2.7 percent from Guatemala.

"Ideology continues to dominate asylum and refugee determination," says Arthur Helton, director of the Political Asylum Project of the Lawyers' Committee for Human Rights. "Protection is frequently granted to those who flee communist regimes, but only relatively rarely to those from authoritarian regimes with which the United States has good relations."

Such a policy threatens to undermine the good reputation the United States has enjoyed as a leader in establishing standards for protecting refugees.

Says Frelick: "America's adherence to principles of due process; its rescue of 800,000 Indochinese refugees in the past decade; its willingness to underwrite the largest share of the costs incurred by intergovernmental agencies assisting refugees ... all add up to an unrivaled leadership.



JON WARREN

A few weeks of waiting often stretches into years for refugees along the Thai-Cambodian border.

"However," Frelick adds, "a long-standing policy of interdicting and returning Haitian boat people—as well as a policy more recently instituted in

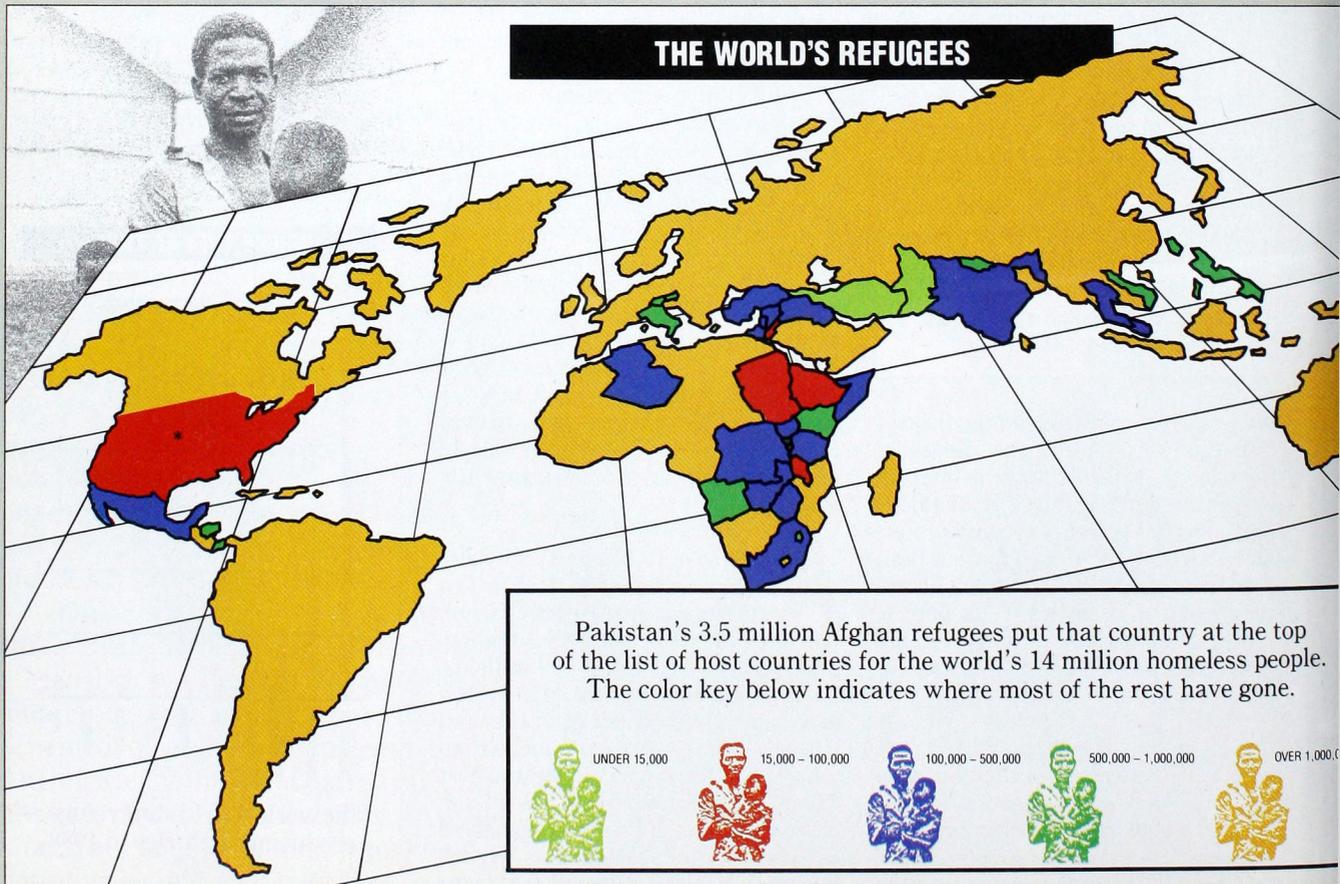
south Texas of detention, quick asylum adjudication and deportation for those the government rejects—threatens to erode the moral authority of the United States on behalf of refugees worldwide. Faced with asylum seekers on our own border, our actions no longer match the ideals we espouse."

Not everyone in the United States supports the government's restrictive policy toward certain refugee groups.

East Germans: ESCAPE INTO OPEN ARMS

They jumped trains, stormed embassies, left everything behind at the drop of a hat. The news that Hungary had dismantled the barbed wire along its border with Austria touched off a mass exodus of East Germans over a month before that country's western border opened.

Their dramatic flight and emotional welcome, however, upstaged the 14



MAP AND GRAPHS BY MARK ACQUAZZINO

In the early 1980s, people concerned about the fate of Guatemalans and Salvadorans entering this country and facing almost certain deportation took steps to protect these asylum seekers.

What began with a few church people helping Central American refugees cross the Mexico-Arizona border gradually became known as the sanctuary movement. Hundreds of other churches and eventually some 30 cities—and

even the state of New Mexico—declared themselves sanctuaries for Central American refugees.

Today, although the underground-railroad work of helping refugees cross the border and sheltering them in the United States continues, the movement itself has broadened to include other forms of assistance, such as legal counseling and the formation of sister-church relationships with Central Amer-

ican congregations. And some employers, in an effort to stand in solidarity with these illegal aliens, hire them despite the legal restrictions imposed by the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act.

One refugee group given open-arms treatment by the U.S. government—

million refugees worldwide who find no banners unfurled when they cross the border, no champagne uncorked, few reporters anxious to hear their stories.

There are reasons why we hear more about 50,000 East Germans than about 6 million Afghans or 1.25 million Mozambicans. But instead of distracting us from the world refugee situation, the East German exodus can help us understand the plight of other displaced people.

Unlike many refugees, the East Germans didn't flee for their lives, or leave their homes in ruins. But East Germans love their homeland and families as much as anyone else. And they had no idea the walls would come down so soon. As far as they knew, they were burning all their bridges behind them.

They weren't lured by better consumer goods, as many assume. Those who fled spoke of hopelessness; no choices; a dreary, domineering government that showed no hint of reform. "I have only this one life," one woman said. "I can't wait 20 years for something to change."

Technically, the East Germans aren't refugees at all. West Germany has always recognized only one German citizenship, and East Germans have full

rights the moment they cross the border. That puts them light-years ahead of most refugees, who may wait years before a host country accepts them.

East Germans also have the advantage of moving into a similar culture. They don't have to learn a new language. There may be new technology to master, but their education and job skills are basically transferrable. Few refugees enjoy that advantage.

That doesn't mean it will be easy. There is an uprooted sense that doesn't

go away. West Germany may be like home, but it isn't home. Values and lifestyles are different. And like virtually all refugees, the East Germans face resentment from people who view them as competitors for jobs and housing; unemployment

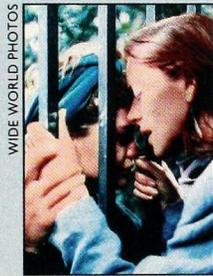
hovers around 7 percent, and apartments are scarce in many cities.

As host countries go, West Germany is well-equipped for the onslaught. It's wealthy, highly organized, and many of its people feel a natural bond to the East Germans. Even so, this year's influx (well over 350,000, legal and illegal, from East-Bloc countries) has severely taxed the West Germans' resources and goodwill.

A less-publicized aspect of refugee movements is the impact on the people left behind. In East Germany, it is primarily young, skilled workers who have fled. Teachers, medical professionals and technical workers see a good chance to make it in the West, where there's a market for their skills. Those who are left behind must shoulder the extra work load.

"If you must have a car accident," said one student nurse in East Germany, "don't have it near our town. There are no anesthetists left." □

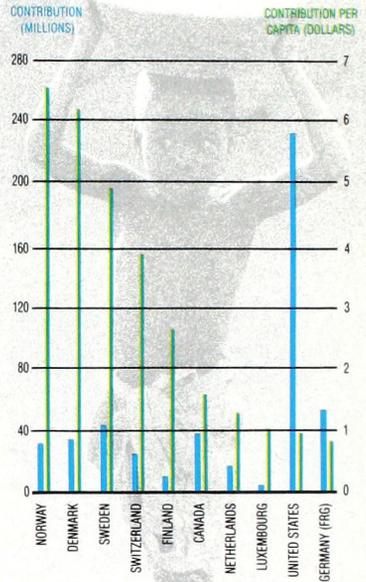
Ginger Hope



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Parting at an embassy fence

MAJOR AID DONORS



The top 10 contributors to refugee aid for 1988.

after years of waiting and hoping—in Vietnam's Amerasians, fathered by U.S. servicemen during the Vietnam War.

In 1987, Congress passed the Amerasian Homecoming Act, starting a process expected to transfer some 25,000 people—including Amerasians and some family members—to this country by 1990. Of these 25,000, it is expected that 40 percent will join family members already here. The remaining 60 percent will go to 31 sites located throughout the country (see box, "Amerasian Resettlement," next page).

At several of these sites, World Vision is involved in helping these people adjust by providing job training and by trying to link individual church members in each of these areas with Amerasians.

Beyond the issues of violence at home and the restrictive policies of host countries, a new question is arising. Will there be enough money to care

SOURCE FOR STATISTICS: U.S. COMMITTEE FOR REFUGEES 1988 WORLD REFUGEE SURVEY

Asylum seekers whose status has not been decided in all cases.

for the world's refugee population? Budget cuts in UNHCR, the world's lead agency in providing protection for refugees and finding durable solutions to their problems, cause concern among those in the refugee assistance community.

The United Nations created UNHCR in 1951 to assist Europeans during and after World War II. It was supposed to exist for only three years—just long enough to settle the war's refugees and displaced persons. But the job wasn't finished at the end of three years, so UNHCR's term was extended for five more years, and has been renewed every five years since.

JON WARREN



This Ixil Indian girl in Guatemala is a refugee in her own country.

Until now, UNHCR's budget has largely kept pace with the demands of the ever-increasing refugee population. But UNHCR's ability to respond to refugees' needs may now be in jeopardy, according to High Commissioner Jean-Pierre Hocké.

"In the face of a rapidly evolving international situation, characterized by both widespread peace initiatives and new or ongoing crises, UNHCR is short of \$85 million for its 1989 general and special programs," Hocké reports.

AMERASIAN RESETTLEMENT CLUSTER SITES

Atlanta, Ga.	Jacksonville, Fla.	Richmond, Va.
Boston, Mass.	Lansing, Mich.	Rochester, N.Y.
Burlington, Vt.	Louisville, Ky.	St. Louis, Mo.
Chicago, Ill.	Minneapolis/	Salt Lake City, Utah
Dallas, Texas	St. Paul, Minn.	San Jose/
Fargo, N.D./	Mobile, Ala.	Santa Clara, Calif.
Moorhead, Minn.	New York, N.Y.	Springfield, Mass.
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Newark, N.J.	Syracus, N.Y.
Greensboro, N.C.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Tacoma, Wash.
Hartford, Conn.	Phoenix, Ariz.	Utica, N.Y.
Honolulu, Hawaii	Portland, Maine	Washington, D.C.
	Portland, Ore.	

Already the organization has trimmed some \$80 million from its budget, cutting or reducing refugee education and self-sufficiency programs.

"Programs have been pared down to the bone. Any further cuts would seriously undermine UNHCR's ability to carry out even its most basic responsibilities and perhaps put the lives of millions of refugees at risk," Hocké says. "The postponement of durable solutions will inevitably affect refugee welfare and increase the long-term cost to the international community."

Despite such grim warnings, some experts at regional levels cite reasons for optimism. While it's still too soon to predict Cambodia's political future following Vietnam's troop withdrawal from that country, Pierre Jambor, UNHCR representative in Thailand, claims to be cautiously optimistic about the future that awaits several thousand Cambodian refugees living in camps in Thailand.

Some experts, like Roger Winter, director of the U.S. Committee for Refugees, are hopeful that with a new administration in Washington, D.C., opportunities for kinder, gentler asylum programs might be forthcoming, and might serve as examples for the rest of the world.

"We have a chance with the new administration to change our course," Winter says. "While dealing with immigration enforcement, we should give the highest priority to preserving a humanitarian response to asylum seekers. While framing our foreign policy, we should give a priority of the highest order to human rights, to humanitarian assistance, to solutions to refugee movements, all in politically neutral terms that focus on the vulnerability of the victims of persecution."

For Quan and 14 million people like him, such a change in attitude by the world may be the only key to releasing them from the limbo in which they have lived for years. □

BY JIM CACCAVO

At the end of the day, 46-year-old Sun Tan watches the deep orange glow of sunset from his home in Stockton, Calif. And in those quiet moments he feels an uncontrollable longing for his homeland, Cambodia. But memories of the peace of his younger days soon fade into the painful realities of the Cambodia from which he was forced to flee.

Tan was a captain in the Cambodian army. In 1974, when the Khmer Rouge rebels began closing in on Phnom Penh, they held Tan outside the city, promising that "in a few days" he would see his family again. In fact, he was not permitted to enter Phnom Penh again and was never able to find any trace of his family. What followed in Cambodia has been called the most brutal holocaust since World War II.

To save his own life, Tan threw away his uniform and any good clothing. He tried to make himself look as dark and dirty as possible. Wearing glasses, having clean and light skin or any marks of education could bring an immediate death sentence.

"The Communists wanted to kill the educated people so they could control all the others," Tan recalls. "They would ask for help with some educated skill. When people volunteered, the Khmer Rouge would take them away and kill them. I told them I was a taxi driver in Phnom Penh. When they asked me to write something for them, I wrote with my left hand so that I would not write so good."

Confined to a prison camp, Tan



KILLING FIELDS

remembers a time when there was only one cup of rice to feed 60 people. Many died of hunger. And people were forced to work 24 hours a day, often plowing fields in the dark with plows pulled by other prisoners.

When Tan's true identity as a Cambodian army captain was discovered, he was taken away, beaten brutally and left for dead. But he regained consciousness and was able to crawl to safety.

After three fearful years he reached the Thai border and the safety of the Khao I Dang refugee camp. He had nothing but the shirt and pants he was wearing.

In the camp he became a commissioner, organizing and directing a medical clinic for 130,000 people. And he was able to get more detailed news from Cambodia. First, he learned there was no hope that his family had survived the forced evacuation of Phnom Penh. Then came another blow. His father had died of starvation.

Tan's old life was shattered. With the hope that he could begin again, he applied for refugee status. The next year he married Neth Siek, a refugee

whose father had been executed by the Khmer Rouge.

In preparation for entry to the United States, Tan and his wife were transferred to a camp in the Philippines. Nikmalen, their first daughter, was born there.

In May 1981 they arrived in San Francisco. Tan remembers his first thoughts: "I knew where the United States was, but I never knew it could be so rich."

Tan and his family were sent to Breckenridge, Texas, where he worked in a plant assembling trailer frames. He worked hard and fast, but as he says, "Everything was easy after living under the Communists. There, if you were slow, they would beat you or kill you."

Tan had 18 years of formal education. He was fluent in French, but could speak little English. "I wanted to communicate," he says. "Compared to people who spoke English I felt like a zero."

With \$200 in his pocket, Tan and his family moved to Stockton, Calif. For the next two years he worked as a field hand and studied English. When he was not picking crops, he was cleaning houses. "We were big men before," he says, "and we don't want to do what some people consider low work. But I had to support myself and my family."

After eight weeks of school Tan was speaking English. After two years, he was fluent. And he had become a foreman in the fields. In 1985 he found a new job. He and his wife had a new son, Molinak. A year later Tany, another boy, was born, and two years later a second daughter, Nikmala.

American and Cambodian groups provided support for Tan and his young family. But they faced resentment, too. "People would approach me on the street," Tan remembers. "They would complain to me how they had been here all their lives and they get nothing. I come here, they say, and get everything. So I tell them, 'Yes, even though I don't speak English, I still work. You

speaking better English than me. Why don't you work?' " Often the angry response was, "Why don't you go back where you came from?"

Although Tan and his family lived in a one-bedroom house, they opened their home to new Cambodian refugees, helping them find their place in this new land. And many were doing just that. Cambodian and Vietnamese children made school honor rolls. They were often high-school and college valedictorians.

As painful memories of the Khmer Rouge and their everpresent AK-47 rifles began to fade, Cambodian and Vietnamese families began to look more to the future. They were optimistic. Hardworking. They held solid family values. In Stockton and other American cities and towns, they were new dreamers of the American dream. But that dream became a nightmare on the playground of Stockton's Cleveland Elementary School.

Late in the morning of Jan. 17, 1989, 26-year-old Patrick Purdy, dressed in combat fatigues and armed with the dreaded AK-47 rifle, opened fire on the children in the playground. In those brief moments of terror he killed four Cambodians and one Vietnamese, and wounded 29 other children—most of them Southeast Asian—and one teacher. His full fury spent, Purdy impassively surveyed the slaughter, then pointed a pistol at his head and blew himself out of reach of justice.

Tan's oldest daughter, 8-year-old Nikmalen, was wounded by one of Purdy's gunshots. A bullet from his AK-47 is still imbedded in her hip.

"She was very brave," Tan says. "She told me, 'Daddy, I'm very lucky because I'm still alive.'" But Nikmalen's wounds were more than physical.

"She's not the same girl," Tan continues. "She is very angry too much and she doesn't always listen to her parents. She dreams nightmares of somebody trying to kill her with a gun. If she has to walk home alone, she runs. She is afraid somebody will try to take her away in a car."

Tan wraps his arms protectively around Nikmalen and adds, "If I am not home, she gets scared." Nikmalen giggles and resists her father's embrace—but not too much. □

Jim Caccavo is a photographer for Picture Group. His work has appeared in Time, Life and Newsweek.



Tan with 8-year-old Nikmalen: "She's not the same girl" after the playground shooting.

JIM CACCAVO

BY BRIAN BIRD

The first thing Waheb Abed does each day before opening his fabric bazaar in Pakistan's city of Peshawar is put on his white *kohla* hat and turn west toward Mecca for his mandatory Islamic morning prayers.

Then he gazes longingly through the morning haze at the Khyber Pass, that stretch of mountainous terrain that leads back to Abed's native Afghanistan. Abed has lived in Pakistan as a refugee for the past 10 years, ever since he fled the Soviet military invasion of Afghanistan in 1979.

"I hope the fighting will end soon so I can return to my beloved Afghanistan," the 56-year-old Abed says. "There is much work to do, to rebuild our country. I want to help."

The Soviets left Afghanistan in early 1989, officially ending the war between the invaders and the tribal *moujahadeen*. The question facing the international relief community now is how to safely and humanely repatriate the estimated 5.5 million Afghan refugees.

One of the problems is that many, unlike Abed, don't want to go home. "I have an uncle in the United States, and I want to go there to live," says 15-year-old Shah Fatah. "I don't think I really want to go back to Afghanistan."

Fatah and his family escaped the Afghan conflict in 1982. "I love Afghanistan," he says, "but I don't really remember it too well. And I think there will be fighting there for many years.

In America I can get an education and make money."

The challenge of reuniting one of history's largest refugee populations with their native country has been a particularly vexing one for the relief community.

The United Nations estimates that humanitarian aid to Afghan refugees has cost \$1.5 billion over the past 10 years. Some in the international relief community are projecting that repatriating the Afghans could run three or four times that amount.

More troubling is the continuing bloodshed in Afghanistan. The country's Moscow-armed regime and the U.S.-backed Moslem rebels continue to battle for Afghanistan's future.

In one area, the Panjshir Valley in northern Afghanistan, an estimated 250 families a day are returning because of a cease-fire agreement in that region. But the Panjshir Valley is considered an isolated case. In fact, some reports indicate that as many as 70,000 new refugees have fled Afghanistan since the Soviet pullout.

In addition to continued fighting, there are other lingering, deadly deterrents to the long march home, including as many as 50 million land mines, and booby traps disguised as toys left by the Soviets.

While most of the hidden explosives are thought to be personnel or anti-tank mines, many refugee homes display chilling photos of maimed and mutilated children who reached innocently for a brightly colored toy.

Some relief agencies are attempting to move mine-flailers into Afghanistan. In the meantime they have hired explosives experts to locate and detonate the mines. World Vision, as part of a two-year, \$1.6 million program, had cleared more than 500 mines in eastern Paktia Province by September.

The *moujahadeen*, however, have no mine-clearing equipment. They either send out advance herds of goats or use their bare hands, groping inch-by-inch across former battlefields. Border hospitals are crowded with mine victims.

Even the chief representative of the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) in Pakistan, Rene van Rooyen, has hesitated to encourage the refugees to return home due to continuing dangers. "So much conflicting information comes from inside Afghanistan that we have little idea what they will find," Van Rooyen said recently. "We can hardly encourage them to move too quickly until more is known."

Another troubling cloud on the horizon is how the refugees will feed

In many ways, Abdul Waseel Azizi is a typical 1980s teenager. He likes rock 'n roll, Nike tennis shoes and the baseball game of the week. His room is lined with posters of his heroes.

Waseel is also a 16-year-old Afghan refugee. For the past decade he has lived in Peshawar, in the Northwest Frontier Province of Pakistan. The rock 'n roll and baseball games come courtesy of American Armed Forces Radio. The posters are of his favorite commanders in the rebel moujahadeen army. A relief agency supplied his tennis shoes.

Waseel is one of the estimated 6 million Afghans who fled Afghanistan for refuge in Pakistan or Iran following the outbreak of civil war in 1978 and a Soviet military invasion in 1979.

The following is Waseel's own account of his exile in Pakistan, and of his hopes for the future.

In the name of God the Beneficent, the Merciful ...

My name is Abdul Waseel Azizi. At the present time I am living in Pakistan in a rented house near the city of Peshawar. I have two brothers and two sisters. My father's name is Abdul Mafad Azizi. He is an engineer. He built a hospital and a school for orphans in Afghanistan.

My grandfather is a writer. When he was at the age of 60, he began writing books, and now is 105 years and he still is writing books about different subjects.

We know that the main reason the criminal Russians invaded Afghanistan is that they planned to reach a warm water port. But they were very

WHY DON'T THE AFGHANS GO HOME?

Thousands of Afghan children like these in Pakistan's Munda refugee camp have never set foot in their homeland.



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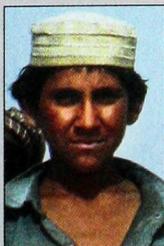
THE HOPES OF A TEENAGE REFUGEE

foolish. They didn't know that Afghanistan is the country of the brave. The country of many people ready to sacrifice themselves in the way of Allah and in the way of their country.

When the Russians invaded Afghanistan, at first they came so friendly and talked about wanting to help all the people. But day by day they were killing a lot of our Muslim people. They used to burn our holy mosques and other holy places and put a lot of our people in jail.

So on account of these criminal actions, our people began waging *jihad*, holy war. At first they fought with axes and shovels because there were not enough weapons. But they had a much greater weapon—the help and kindness of God.

In that time I used to live near Kabul in a village named De Da Na. One day the *moujahadeen* in our village shot three Russian tanks. After five hours our village was surrounded by soldiers and tanks and two helicopter gunships. Someone gave a report to the government that my father was a commander of the *moujahadeen* and was responsible for shooting the tanks.



BRIAN BIRD

After a few minutes about 100 Russian soldiers came inside our house, but they didn't find my father because he wasn't home. Then the Russian commander ordered my mother to make him a meal. My uncle became angry. He had a pistol and shot a Russian soldier. The commander ordered my uncle to be shot eight times. This was very unforgettable for me because he shot my uncle in front of me.

The commander told my grandfather to find my father in 24 hours or he would come back and burn our house and all the children. So we began our journey to Pakistan on donkeys the next day. It was a Friday in 1980.

We arrived in Pakistan after three days, but we had a lot of problems. We didn't have enough food. We took a small rented house. I used to sell newspapers because my father hadn't a job.

After a year, my father found a job and I took admission to the Pakistani school. I am now in grade 9. I want to study hard so that I may become a doctor and return to my country someday and help to rebuild it into a great nation. But there is no chance for me to study medicine in Pakistan or Afghanistan currently. So my big dream is to come to America to study medicine.

Long live Afghanistan and the brave *moujahadeen!* *Brian Bird*

themselves once they've returned. While Afghanistan has many fertile plains and valleys, much of the nation's arable land has remained fallow for a decade or more.

"There are shortages inside Afghanistan now, but people are not starving," says World Vision Relief Associate Dineen Tupa. "But if those 5 million people were to go back into the country today, they would really be in trouble."

"The transportation systems are virtually nonexistent and much of the livestock has been lost in the fighting. So the agricultural infrastructure will have to be rebuilt from the ground up. It could take another decade before Afghanistan is able to feed itself," Tupa adds.

Many refugees, however, also face a psychological deterrent. They do not want to return. According to UNHCR's Van Rooyen, "Ten years as a refugee can have a profound impact on you. Pakistan may not be the most advanced country, but it is light years ahead of Afghanistan."

Indeed, the refugee camps in and around Peshawar are surprisingly sophisticated. TV antennas atop brick and mortar homes abound, and large quantities of money exchange hands in the refugee-run markets and bazaars. Some of the wealthier refugees, who dealt in gems and Persian carpets in Afghanistan, have rebuilt their trades in Pakistan.

The social structure of the Afghans has also changed during their refuge in Pakistan. Many Afghans, now in their late teens, remember little of their homeland after 10 years. And they speak with scant regard toward the traditional tribal leaders they will be expected to subject themselves to once back in Afghanistan. No one knows how they will fit into the tribal system where allegiance has always been to the local *malik* or *mullah*.

That is an aspect of the future that Shah Fatah wonders about, as well: "I don't want to live in a remote village somewhere in the mountains or have to walk for miles to bring water back to the house."

"My first choice is America, but if I have to go back to Afghanistan, I hope my family has enough money to move to the big city." □

Brian Bird is a journalist and screenwriter in Ontario, Calif.



STEVE REYNOLDS/WORLD VISION

'I'M READY TO GO HOME'

BY STEVE REYNOLDS

It's 4 a.m. when Filipe Julius rises from his straw mat in the pitch black of another cold, rainy-season morning. The rooster crowing nearby is not Filipe's. It would take a month's hard-earned wages to buy one. Besides, he's saving for a new pair of glasses to replace the ones stolen from his tiny mud hut three months ago.

He grabs a small piece of dried cornmeal mush on his way out the door. It will be his only meal until he returns home in about 14 hours.

Filipe emerges from his hut as the first gray of dawn illuminates the sprawling refugee camp that has been his home for more than three years. Already a few women are making their way to the well for water, trying to beat the early-morning rush when dozens of women line up, sometimes waiting hours for their turn.

Before setting out, Filipe glances across the river to the shadowy features on the other side where Mozambique, his homeland, lies in darkness.

The 10-mile walk to the hills where firewood is gathered takes about four hours. Filipe climbs a small ridge and descends part way down the other side to a small forest of eucalyptus and acacia. The trees along the river bank and around the refugee camp have long since disappeared, cut down to fuel the more than 15,000 cooking fires of Mankhokwe camp. Filipe rests briefly before attacking one of the trees with

his little machete, sending bark and wood chips flying.

"The worst thing about being a refugee is having to depend on other people for everything. I mean, I work hard to collect that wood," Filipe says, pointing to a bundle he collected a few days earlier. "Sometimes I work 16 hours a day. My hands are rough and callused, my arm is sore. Yet the money I earn doesn't even pay for the vegetables we put on our cornmeal."

Filipe is unable to provide even the basics for his family because he is a refugee, a stranger, an unwanted burden on an already overburdened society.

In Mozambique, Filipe was a farmer in the village of Chivandila in Tete Province. One day, while he and his wife were working in their field, an air attack hit Chivandila.

"The children!" Filipe and his wife raced toward their village, where dry thatch-roof huts exploded in flame. Bombs burst around them as they ran toward their home. They spotted their four children running aimlessly, screaming for help. Quickly they rounded them up and ran for cover in a nearby forest. The bombs fell for three hours, leaving Chivandila pitted, scorched and deathly silent.

Filipe and his family made their way to Malawi, crossing the border at night to avoid detection by the rebels. When they crossed, they joined nearly half a million Mozambicans who have sought refuge in Malawi.

They settled in Mankhokwe, a camp with some 50,000 refugees on the banks of the Shire River, Malawi's largest. Here, Filipe and his family fight malaria, poor sanitation and overcrowding while they wait for peace in their homeland.

By 2 p.m., Filipe has hacked off about 60 pounds of wood from a tree and cut it into manageable pieces. He ties them into a bundle with a leather thong, then loops the thong around his forehead for the long trek back to camp. Sweat from long hours in 90-degree heat has drenched Filipe's shirt, his most valuable possession.

As he begins the laborious walk back to camp, he thinks about the maize and pigeon peas he will have for supper when he gets home, gifts from the Red Cross. He has learned to hate pigeon peas.

Sore and exhausted, he arrives home just after dark, dropping the wood just inside the boundary of his family's tiny compound. He hugs his 3-year-old son before sitting down to his first real meal of the day.

In the candlelight, Filipe looks at least a decade older than his 39 years. After supper he falls asleep immediately. Tomorrow his wife will go to the market and sell the wood he has brought from the mountain. If it's a good day, they'll get one Malawian *kwacha* for his wood—about 40 cents.

The next day is a day of rest for Filipe. He spends most of it under a giant baobab tree in the center of the camp, talking idly with some of the other refugees. Their stories of escape from the hands of bandits or government troops in Mozambique are all pretty much the same, filled with violence, murder, torture, rape. They have seen it all. So have their children.

Not far away, children play mock army games. Their actions are not based on reruns of old World War II movies they've seen on television. They come from their own vivid memories,

"The worst thing is having to depend on other people for everything."

eyewitness accounts of atrocities committed against their friends and families, sometimes against themselves. They reflect an entire generation of young people who have known little else but war and violence since birth.

A little boy grabs his "prisoner" by the hair and pretends to cut his ear off, handing it to the boy's make-believe father. Their toys are tanks and military transports fashioned from pieces of wire and scrap metal they have collected.

The sun sets early in August in Mankhokwe. By 5:30 the orange ball touches the top of the hill where Filipe collects his wood. Across the river to the east, Mozambique glows in the evening light.

"I hear the government and the rebels are talking peace," Filipe says, staring across the river at his homeland. At night, he and his friends crowd around one of the few radios in the camp and listen intently for news of the talks.

"I wish they would make peace," he says as he heads for his hut. "I'm ready to go home." □

Steve Reynolds is a World Vision journalist living in Nairobi, Kenya.

*'Typical Detroit crazy!'
Maria thought. 'I ain't joining
no block club.'*

IN MAKE-OVER MOTOWN

The problem wasn't where to start. Pick any spot in inner-city Detroit. Abandoned, burned-out houses; crack cocaine peddled in broad daylight; sky-high unemployment.

God had told Eddie Edwards, "If you're obedient to me, I will change this city." So in 1984 Eddie moved his Joy of Jesus ministry to Ravendale, home to 4,000 mostly black, mostly poor people, in Detroit's inner city.

Soon Eddie established youth programs that were reaching up to 200 kids a year. But the parents, brothers and sisters of those kids still suffered in that poor neighborhood. Eddie knew that God had called him to help change all that, but his neighbors considered him an outsider. He hadn't grown up in Ravendale. Neighbors here didn't even trust each other, let alone new-



A torched house frames a view of the "new Ravendale."

comers like Eddie.

Then in the early winter of 1987, Joy of Jesus joined forces with a small, stubborn group of people who were trying to reclaim their neighborhood. Together they have done just that.

People don't move to Detroit. They move out of Detroit," Maria Williams argued with her husband, Fred, a retired navy man looking for work. Detroit had the highest murder rate in the country, she reasoned, more guns than people. What kind of place was that to raise three children? But it was no use. The Williams were Motown bound. That's where the work was.

They moved in across the street from one of the worst crack houses in Ravendale. Junkies came and went constantly, punctuating the night with ear-splitting music and occasional gunshots.

Maria kept the curtains drawn and never wandered near the living room after dark. Even during the day she was afraid. Six months after moving in, Maria had not left the house once.

Ravendale is a 38-block neighborhood sitting smack in the middle of inner-city Detroit. It used to be considered a nice place to raise a family. But after Detroit's 1967 race riot, the city's industries, jobs and middle class escaped to the safer suburbs. Today, eight out of nine blacks live in Detroit's inner city, while eight out of nine whites live in the suburbs.



"I'm sure people see Detroit as an impossible situation," says Eddie Edwards, Joy of Jesus founder. "But we've seen God glorified in impossible situations again and again."

Abandoned, derelict houses, a block from the Joy of Jesus offices, stand in stark contrast to the tidy homes on Wade Street. Their owners chose not to join Joy of Jesus efforts.



Abandoned housing marks the trail from the inner city to the suburbs. Ravendale is littered with vacant and burned-out buildings—perfect nests for cocaine dealers. Those empty, decaying eyesores used to fuel hopelessness. They were symbols of a neighborhood paralyzed by increasing crime, joblessness, suspicion and despair.

There weren't any neighbors on Wade Street, not the kind Toni McIlwain was used to. People you borrowed eggs from. People who watched your place for you when you went away.

On Wade Street, people didn't even look you in the eye when they passed, not to mention smiling or saying hello. In fact, the woman who moved in down the street six months ago hadn't even stepped outside yet. It seemed like everyone was surrendering the neighborhood to the toughs and the crack dealers.

"It's not supposed to be like this," Toni said to her husband, Roger. "I'm going to start a block club."

In the early winter of 1987, Toni McIlwain went on the offensive.

"Drink that coffee! Finish them eggs! You're comin' to a community meeting," Toni's voice boomed from outside, rattling the windows of every home on Wade Street. Maria Williams parted the curtains just enough to peer out at the woman who was shattering the morning quiet with some half-baked plan.

Carl Magruder, a portly, gray-haired man, was driving Toni up and

down the snow-covered street as she drew a bead on each house with her battery-powered bullhorn.

"Typical Detroit crazy!" Maria thought. "I ain't joining no block club."

But Maria's husband, Fred, went. Besides McIlwain and Magruder, he was the only one at that first meeting.

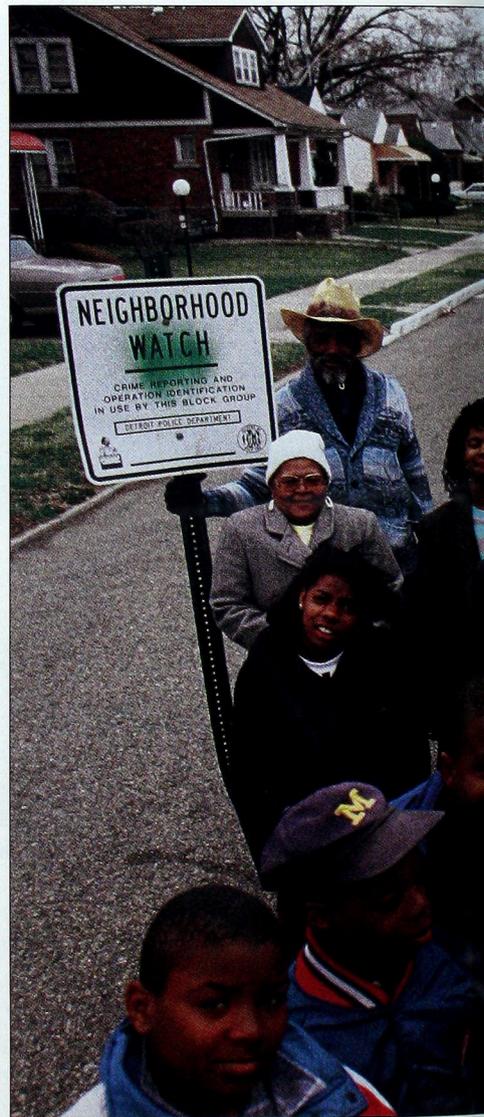
No one had a formal plan to reclaim their neighborhood. But McIlwain proposed that they start a Neighborhood Watch program. Unfortunately, according to police guidelines they needed 50 percent of the block's residents to agree. No easy task.

"There was tremendous suspicion," says McIlwain, a former Detroit Board of Education employee and mother of four. "I would tell people what we could accomplish with a block club and they'd say, 'Why are you really out here?'"

But dozens of door-to-door calls and five meetings later, every house on the block was represented at a block club gathering. Even Maria came. They agreed to launch the Neighborhood Watch and even picked themselves a name: Neighbors United on Wade.

The first NUW project was the installation of yard lights. Not only would the lights mean better security, but they would demonstrate strong neighborhood unity.

A week before Christmas in 1987, the lights started going up. Everybody turned out to watch and celebrate. Maria Williams helped her neighbors plant flowers around the new lamp



posts. Carl Magruder went from house to house hanging hand-painted signs on the lights, each bearing the name and address of the resident.

Toni McIlwain and her husband, Roger, joined a host of other once-reclusive neighbors who watched from their front porches that evening as the lights came on, one by one.

Roger noticed Toni crying. "What's wrong with you?"

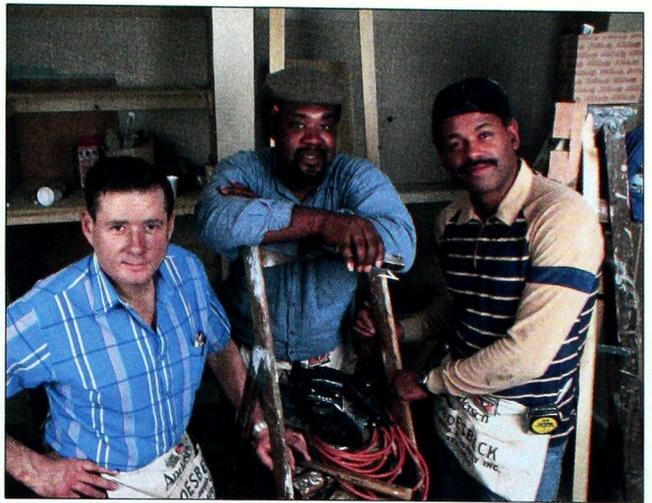
"This is what I wanted," she said.

After the lights were installed, the block changed fast. Wade Street was once a hot spot for ditching stolen and stripped cars. No more. The pride demonstrated in community clean-up convinced car thieves to dump elsewhere.

Absentee landlords started refurbishing their abandoned properties on Wade Street when the neighbors started asking them to clean up the eyesores.

As for the crack house across the street from Maria, the neighbors pres-

Toni McIlwain (center, red coat) and some of her once-reclusive neighbors: "This is what I wanted."



Emil Brucker, Tyrone Warfield, and Rick Smith (l. to r.) do high-quality home restoration in Ravendale.

At first the neighbors laughed. Later, they got in line to have their homes worked on.



sured the landlord to evict the occupants. NUW members set up a 24-hour phone chain to pressure the police into raiding the house. After two weeks of phoning, the cocaine dealers were gone.

All around Ravendale people started noticing the changes on Wade Street. Eddie Edwards noticed too. Impressed, he invited Ravendale leaders to a meeting at his Joy of Jesus Youth Embassy a few blocks from Wade. Carl Magruder, who had been a long-time Joy of Jesus volunteer, made sure every NUW member was at that meeting.

That night, Eddie told us about his vision of a united community," McIlwain says. "Not just one block, but all 38 blocks, and eventually a changed Detroit. That got all of us excited."

It was the beginning of a fruitful partnership.

"We took a lesson from the NUW block club," Eddie says. "We would have to tackle the problems of Ravendale one bit—or one block—at a time."

"We would have been foolish to reinvent the wheel," says Gene Kemp-ski, one of Eddie's associates. "NUW was working in our own back yard. If we hadn't linked up with what was already going on, we would have set ourselves up for all kinds of community jealousy and territorial wars. Joy of Jesus came here to strengthen the community, not divide it."

Because of its links to the business and church communities, Joy of Jesus has helped identify resources, as well as provide leadership and leadership



Derrick Adams (foreground) says Joy of Jesus camps helped keep him off the street as a child. Now he works with youth, hoping to model a different kind of success than the wealthy drug dealers many kids look up to.

development. But it's Ravendale's residents who have identified the most pressing needs and coordinated efforts to address them.

Today 23 of Ravendale's 38 blocks are organized. Joy of Jesus and Ravendale residents have accomplished much:

- convinced Detroit police to open a satellite station in the neighborhood;
- organized youth sports leagues;
- helped more than 115 unemployed residents find jobs;
- established a nightly volunteer radio patrol to report criminal activity;
- started a regular shuttle service for youth, handicapped people, the elderly and job seekers, using a donated van.

The partnership has also reduced Ravendale's high concentration of abandoned housing. Already six abandoned homes obtained through a HUD purchase plan have been refurbished and rented to carefully selected families. Gene Kempfski, a former savings and loan officer, is grooming the families to purchase the homes within two years.

That helps the neighborhood in two ways, says Emil Brucker, a general contractor who spearheads the project. "One, we try to select homes for rehab that will have the greatest positive impact on the values of neighboring properties. And two, when we finish a house, we're going to try our best to place people in it who will help us reach that block and Ravendale for Christ."

"I believe housing rehab provides much of the spark we need to organize

blocks and the community," Kempfski says. "It helps reduce crime, too. The dope dealers, the car thieves, if they see a block that shows pride, has security lights, Neighborhood Watch signs—well, they're going to go elsewhere."

Phil Braga of the Detroit Police Crime Prevention Section concurs. "Whether it's one block or 38 blocks, crime goes down when a community starts to organize. The efforts of [Joy of Jesus] and the people of Ravendale have resulted in a marked decrease of crime in their area."

Currently, Eddie is developing a program he calls "Adopt-A-Block." Under the plan, suburban congregations will link up with one of Ravendale's 38 blocks, helping provide the human, spiritual and material resources the residents need to renew their block.

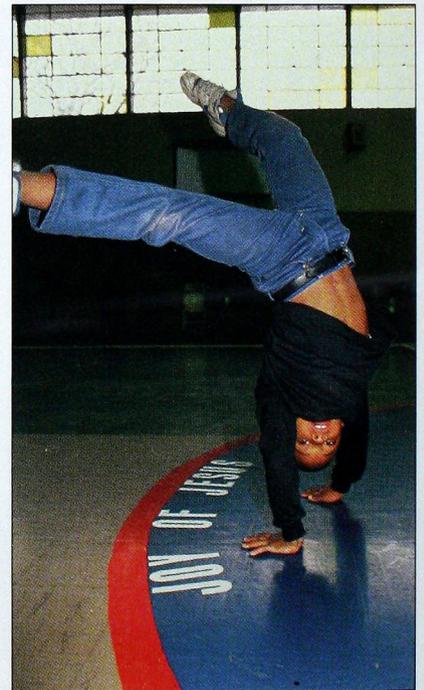
Recently seven members of the St. Clair Shores Assembly of God congregation spent a Saturday in Ravendale repairing the plumbing in a particularly needy home. "We want to help show the people of Ravendale that the love of Christ is real," the church pastor said.

But Eddie has dreams beyond Ravendale.

"I would like to see this neighborhood finish its work in the next two years so we could do the same thing in another part of the city," he says. "I believe God can renew Detroit within 10 years.

"I'm sure people all around the country see Detroit as an impossible

"I'd rather come here than be on the streets," says 8-year-old Carl MacGruder Jr., "because people try to sell dope to you and you could get killed."



situation," Eddie says. "But we've seen God glorified in impossible situations time and again. The stage is set for it to happen again." □

John Wierick is a free-lance writer in Montrose, Calif.

CHASING AWAY THE

TEXT BY RON WILSON

PHOTOS BY BRUCE BRANDER

SHADOW OF DEATH

DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

*You
wouldn't
believe this
is the same
Ethiopian
valley you
saw five
years ago.*

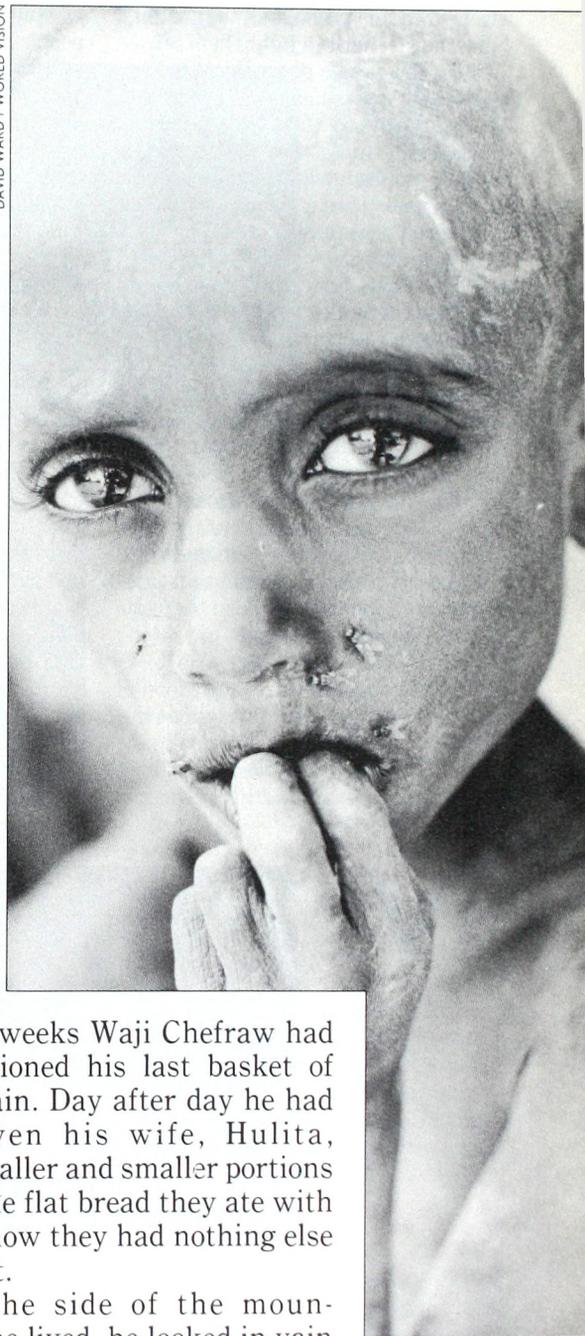
It was one of the leading stories of the decade. Starvation threatened a nation, and in a gigantic wave of compassion, the world rose up to feed it.

It was also one of the media's finest moments. Only minutes before broadcast on Oct. 23, 1984, the producers of NBC Nightly News watched footage of famine in Ethiopia, and the images of mass starvation shocked even the most jaded veterans of the newsroom. So they inserted a clip of hungry, hollow-eyed people and row upon row of corpses, and the pictures stunned the viewers in the well-fed one-third of the world.

No one anticipated the response. In the next year and a half, governments, churches and humanitarian groups sent almost \$4 billion in aid to relieve the drought-induced famine.

So what has happened since? Did we do any more than keep a generation of Ethiopians alive until the rains fail the next time? Has anyone done anything to make sure we never see the protruding bones and bloated bellies of children on our TV screens—ever again?

To answer these questions, we sent writer Ron Wilson and photographer Bruce Brander to Ethiopia. Their report focuses on one isolated valley—a small patch of that ancient and tragic land. But they give us cause for cautious hope.



For weeks Waji Chefraw had rationed his last basket of grain. Day after day he had given his wife, Hulita, smaller and smaller portions for injera, the flat bread they ate with meals. But now they had nothing else to eat with it.

From the side of the mountain where he lived, he looked in vain for a green leaf or some kind of plant life. He could see twisters of dust blowing across the valley and settling on the carcasses of fallen cattle. All of his livestock had long since died.

The Ansokia Valley, some 220

miles north of the Ethiopian capital of Addis Ababa, like hundreds of other such valleys, hadn't seen rain in two years. Thousands of people who lived in the valley simply sat while hunger sapped their energy and their hope. Many, especially children, had died from the diseases that often accompany malnutrition. Hyenas were coming out of the hills on their own desperate search for food, and Waji didn't have the strength to fight them off.

On the day he poured out the last measure of grain, he heard the news—at the far end of the valley someone was handing out food. So with his wife, his four children who were old enough to walk and a babe in arms, he joined a throng of thousands on a slow march for survival.

That was five years ago. Today the Ansokia Valley is green. Papaya and banana plants rise above shocks of maize beside Waji Chefraw's house. His oxen drag plows through rich earth, and his children splash in clean water at a new water-distribution point near the center of his village.

This former death valley is well on its way to being famine resistant. Life remains primitive, but alongside the grain grows hope—a product that Chefraw and the 34,000 people in that valley have known little about.

Searching for outside help

As the rains failed throughout the early 1980s, a local government administrator had to inform the authorities in Addis Ababa about the desperate situation in Ansokia.

Waji Chefraw, his wife, Hulita, and their children outside their fieldstone-and-thatch home.



There were no telephones nor electricity in the valley, not even any roads. The valley was cut off by a river on one side and mountains on the other. So the administrator walked for 12 hours to a government outpost, where his news finally reached the Ethiopian Relief and Rehabilitation Commission. The ERRC then called on World Vision which sent in a survey team and then set up camp.

A feeding camp is not a sight for the weakhearted. Starving people stream to the camps, often walking for many days. Most arrive with just the ragged clothes on their backs and enough energy to simply sit, waiting for rations. Relief workers feed the weaker ones by hand or with tubes to their stomachs.

Sanitation in the camps is rarely adequate. Disease spreads. At night people huddle together against the cold, and in the early morning those with enough strength collect the dead and bury them outside the camp.

In Ansokia, relief workers organized hundreds of men and women to carry gravel, and in a week the work force stamped out a landing strip for supply planes. More food and medical supplies were hauled in by a train of a thousand camels from a distribution point many kilometers away. The fight against starvation continued for months until rain returned.

From relief to development

When you feed people for months on end, nurse their sick, help them with the simplest physical functions, bury their dead when they haven't the strength, and ask nothing in return, you build up a lot of credibility. The relief workers discovered this when, as they sent people back to their homes with grain, seeds and tools, people began to talk to the leaders of the villages.

In the past, social agencies have found it difficult to move from emergency relief to long-range development.

The Third World is littered with the rusting corpses of tractors, pumps and generators—the remains of development projects left by well-meaning humanitarians.

Those humanitarians left something out of the formula for success: the full understanding and cooperation of the local people. So once Ansokia's emergency was over, World Vision workers were understandably skittish



Clean water headed the list of priorities when relief work made way for development plans in Ansokia. Here, a young girl scrubs face and hands at a village waterpoint.

about an ambitious development program there.

Still, if they didn't, they knew what would happen. In the past 250 years, Ethiopia has averaged one famine every 11 years. The rains would fail again; perhaps next year. They had to change this centuries-old pattern. How many years they had to do it no one knew, but they had no choice.

Besides, agriculturalists had said



the valley, with its rich soil and good water supply, had the potential for feeding a million people. It could be a breadbasket for Ethiopia. So the former feeding camp became mission control for a full-scale development project. The race against nature was on.

Developing a devastated valley

In the early 1980s, Ethiopia's Marxist government had begun forc-

ing many families out of the hills and into villages it called Peasant Associations. There were 17 Peasant Associations in the Ansokia Valley, and World Vision's development workers gathered the leaders of them together.

Now came the tricky part. Sure, the workers had credibility with the villagers, but for the development plans to work, those workers needed more than openness and cooperation. They needed to understand the valley and the way the villagers understood it. They needed the villagers to take charge of the work, to make it theirs. And they needed leaders to emerge and give the project the momentum that would carry it on when, someday, the World Vision workers had gone on to other valleys.

Together the workers and the village leaders set out priorities for the next few years. Water headed the list. The villagers needed clean water and they needed it closer to them. Some women had to carry earthen water pots on their backs a mile or more.

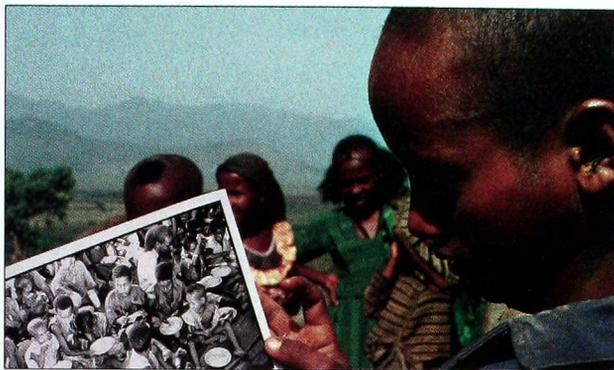
Of course the villagers also needed health clinics. Epidemics of cholera, typhus, measles and the dreaded malaria were killing hundreds in the Ansokia Valley.

So the work began.

And in the next four years the farmers and the developers together planted more than 5 million tree seedlings, terraced almost 100 miles of hillside, dug many wells and capped springs

They had learned that the extended bellies of malnourished children were caused by parasites in the contaminated water.

It's common in Third-World countries for mothers to protect their children against inoculations. They know the needles hurt, so they offer to take the shots for their children. But the mothers in Ansokia began to bring children to the health centers, fearing



Nuru Ahammed, 8, sees himself in a picture taken during the great famine of the mid-1980s. "Things are different now," he says. "I have plenty to eat, and it is making me feel very strong."

the diseases more than the shots.

The villagers also took turns repairing the faucets on the water distribution points, set guards around the trees they had recently planted, and appointed caretakers to look after the poorest of the poor children. Did the children need clothes? Food? Medicine? School supplies? The caretaker would turn to the villagers and developers.

Today the Ansokia Valley is in full bloom. Many of the trees Waji Chefraw planted just a few years ago are 30 and 40 feet high. His children chase a fat cow out of an onion patch. Seven-year-old Sisay, who nearly died from measles during the famine, scrambles up a papaya trunk to show that he can reach the ripening fruit.

Life in the valley is still technologically primitive, of course. Women haul water, gather firewood and grind grain by hand. The men plow and plant and build with tools they've fashioned from simple materials. Development for them doesn't mean machinery, engines, appliances, leisure time. That's not what's happening here.

The lifestyle of the people may change little from the past 100 years. But they will be healthier, better educated, have more choices in life. And if their efforts help to heal the environment, produce enough food for the day and store some for the future, they will help ensure survival for themselves and their children in the face of inevitable future droughts. □

Ron Wilson is a free-lance writer and consultant in Charlottesville, Va.



They also needed better crop yields and new crops. They needed to stop the rains from washing soil from the hillside down to the valley floor.

And they needed trees. The old-timers remembered when the valley contained heavy forests and plenty of wood for fuel and building, and trees with fruit to eat. But except for an occasional gnarled fig tree, all the trees had long since been cut.

to pipe potable water to each of the 17 villages. They built 17 health clinics, began literacy programs, introduced new crops and new farming methods.

Ansokia in bloom

Soon the developers started noticing positive changes in outlook and understanding. The women, for example, would pat the children's flat tummies and point to the water outlets.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Ginger Hope



LIVES UNDER CONSTRUCTION

The most exciting thing is watching the boys grow and change," Ken Ortman says. "Of course sometimes you've done your utmost and you still see them make harmful choices. Sometimes you do see dramatic change and miracles. More often you just see slow, gradual improvement."

Ortman and his wife, Sheila, founded Lives Under Construction, a dairy farm in the Missouri Ozarks, to reach out to adolescent boys who are headed for trouble. The farm gives about 15 boys at a time, ages

10-17, over a year in an atmosphere of Christian influence, loving discipline and hard work.

The farm urgently needs house-parents, and disciplers for nine boys who have made recent commitments to Christ. If you have a few weeks or months to spare, you can contribute carpentry, mechanical, tutoring, cooking and fix-it skills. It's volunteer work, with room and board provided.

Contact Lives Under Construction, HCR 1, Box 458A, Lampe, MO 65681; (417) 779-5374.

GOOD NEWS FOR INDIA

Good News for India" invites you to help stock the shelves of a new school library. The Luther New Theological College, in its first year, needs theological books, Bible commentaries, Christian biographies and other reference works.

Besides training Indian clergy, the school offers short-term training courses for Christian lay workers. Such seminars play a vital role, since full-time study is a luxury many Indian Christians can't afford.

With fewer foreign missionaries allowed in the country (less than



800 for a population approaching 900 million), indigenous Christians will be the main carriers of the good news to India in coming years.

For information contact Good News for India, P.O. Box 1069, Gateway Station, Culver City, CA 90230.

THEY GIVE AT THE OFFICE

Employees of the federal government, including the military, can now automatically give part of each paycheck to their choice of over 600 national voluntary organizations, including World Vision. Called the Combined Federal Campaign, the giving plan resembles the United Way system used in private corporations.

A CHANCE TO SURVIVE

Why is it that 75 percent of children under 5 in the Philippines are malnourished? Why are the common childhood diseases in Gambia not chicken pox or the flu, but serious illnesses such as polio and tetanus?

"A Chance to Survive: A Study Course on Child Health" brings you into the lives of Third-World people to study crucial issues of child health and well-being. The kit includes 10 participant booklets, a facilitator's guide and a slide show.

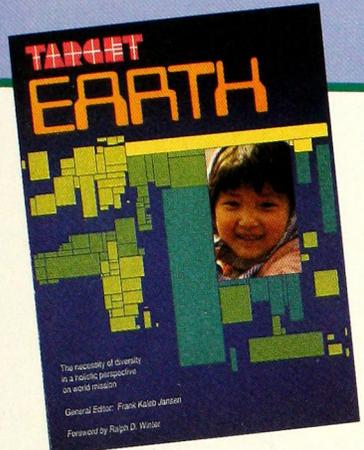
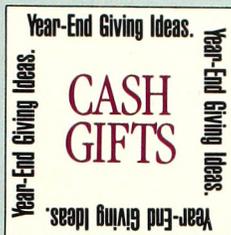
"A Chance to Survive" is available for \$18.00, plus \$4.00 postage, from Bread for the World Institute on Hunger and Development, 802 Rhode Island Ave., N.E., Washington, DC 20018

A toll-free telephone service can answer your questions about World Vision and help you with matters such as address or phone changes.

For English-language assistance call 1-800-777-5777. For Spanish-language assistance call 1-800-777-1760

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In *Target Earth*, the "greenhouse effect," international debt, world radio access and human rights have their place on the Christian mission agenda right along with "unreached people groups," the world of Islam and discipleship techniques.

Target Earth lists for \$23.95, but copies are available at a discounted introductory price from Global Mapping International, 1605 Elizabeth St., Pasadena, CA 91104; (818) 398-2420.

“ O beloved sick, how doubly dear you are to me, when you personify Christ; and what a privilege is mine to tend you. ...
And, O God, while you are Jesus, my patient, deign also to be to me a patient Jesus, bearing with my faults, looking only to my intention, which is to love and serve you in the person of each of your sick.
Mother Teresa of Calcutta

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FMG 001

For months, Lily prayed for a healed marriage. What she got was

Lily Sharp had to get away, if only for a few days. For almost 30 years she had tolerated and forgiven an abusive husband. Divorce? Already in the works, though Lily struggled with the idea. For months she had prayed for her marriage and family. She sensed God's promise of a miracle.

Still expecting a miracle, on a cold October day in 1980, Lily headed north for a quiet retreat. The ringing telephone broke the silence, and the news broke her world apart: Scott, Lily's 20-year-old son, had been thrown 80 feet from his car in an accident, suffering massive internal injuries and a punctured lung. The reduced flow of oxygen to his brain had left him in a coma.

What Lily saw in the hospital room in Ann Arbor, Mich., might have shattered another mother. "He was white as a ghost, had sunken eyes, tubes sticking in him." Still, Lily felt that all this had something to do with her miracle.

A miracle? Not the kind most people would pray for. Nor the one Lily expected. But as Lily explains, "God uses hurts to make you strong so you can do something for others who are hurting in the same way."

The miracle Lily had hoped for

was one happy, reconciled family. She'd never had that kind of family, even as a child.

"We were dirt poor and my parents didn't want me. When they went out drinking at night, I'd sit at the end of the driveway and watch for their headlights. I'd cry and cry."

Her parents' lifestyle caused others to reject her as well. "I remember pushing my nose against a screen door, asking if a little girl could come out to play. Her mother said, 'No, she's busy.' But as I left I heard her mother saying, 'I don't want you playing with Lily because her family is trash.'"

So Lily tried to earn love. At age 9 she started cleaning houses. "You never saw a little girl clean like I cleaned. I hired out to a woman for 25 cents one time. Her husband came home and said, 'This house has never been so clean.' And that was really my pay. I was hoping I could be good enough to be accepted."

The only good that Lily remembers from those hard days is this: Wherever her family moved, people came to the door to invite her to church. "I wanted someone to love me, and I

Scott at 19 months after the accident.



A · M · I · R · A · C · L · E

WRAPPED IN ANGUISH

TEXT BY JUDY BLAIN • PHOTOS BY JON WARREN



learned that Jesus loved me." She had found someone who heard her anger and pain.

At age 12, Lily was placed in an institution for homeless children, separated from the 2-year-old sister she had mothered as her own child. Lily vowed that when she grew up, she would have a family and kids no one could take away.

That determination led her to marry when she was just 16. But love was elusive: She received only criticism and physical abuse from her husband.

Still pursuing happiness, she decided to earn it through the only work she knew: cleaning. With just an eighth-grade education, Lily began a small janitorial service. Employers commended her work, the business grew and at last she could afford the trappings of happiness for her family.

She built a small house on a plot of land where deer, pheasants and rabbits roamed near a creek. But Lily's life didn't fit the picture postcard. Her husband soon demanded that she pay off the mortgage in five years; she did it in four. Sure of pleasing him at last, Lily gift-wrapped the mortgage and gave it to him for Christmas.

She knelt in front of him as he sat in his chair and asked him if he was finally happy. He said yes—but now he wanted a barn built and paid for, and \$150,000 in the bank.

When her husband pointed a gun at her and demanded her savings certificates, Lily had had enough. "I cried over lost dreams, the family, the love. I felt so guilty about the divorce, but in reality this man divorced me two weeks after we were married."

Yet she credits her divorce for transforming a weak and helpless Lily into the new Lily—strong, determined, tough yet compassionate. It was this new Lily who practically willed her son back to health.

After Scott's accident, doctors offered little hope for his survival. Lily didn't believe them.

"I'd sit by Scott and say, 'Mama's right here, I'm not going to leave you. Jesus is right here too. Remember Jonah and Noah and Daniel? God's going to deliver you just like them.' I knew Scott heard me because he squeezed my hand.

Lily vowed that when she grew up, she would have a family and kids no one could take away.

"The doctors would say, 'Oh, that's just reflexes.' But I knew better. So do they, now."

The doctors said Scott would never walk, never talk, never eat normally. And he would never even sit in a wheelchair because he couldn't bend at the waist and hips. But Lily insisted, "I have a God who knows those hips and that waist, how they're made and what they're made of."

Lily's battle for Scott's recovery did leave scars. "I was pushing the medical people, dealing with an abusive husband, and trying to bring Scott back at the same time," she says. "When I look back at all the turmoil, I know there was the potential to become very bitter. But God was faithful. He said he would keep us, and he does."

Lily constantly pressed for actions she believed would help Scott recover, but the doctors wouldn't budge. Her faith wavered. One evening as she worked in a deserted bank, she was near despair. "God, it's been a whole year," she prayed. "If you're going to take Scott home, why let him suffer?"

She sat down and opened a worn devotional book, in which she read from John 11: "The purpose of his illness is not death, but for the glory of God... Didn't I tell you that you will see a wonderful miracle from God if

you believe?"

Renewed, Lily fought on for her son. Scott had been in the hospital 14 months, and she wanted to take him home. But his doctors feared he would be unable to eat without his gastric tube. Lily proved them wrong, feeding Scott mashed eggs and strained vegetables for the next two months.

Even at home, Lily fought hard for every tiny advance. "You don't know, until you've been there, what you can do," she says. Refusing to accept a prognosis of permanent disability, Lily hired therapists and recruited volunteers so Scott could exercise. He learned to roll over, to sit, to crawl and finally to walk with assistance.

Scott can now use a specially adapted computer to communicate. He watches the screen as groups of letters appear—A to E, F to J, and so on. Scott selects the group he wants by pressing a button with his one functional hand. As those letters flash on the screen, Scott chooses the next one for his message. It's painstaking, but the computer has opened a new world for Scott.

One day last year, Lily watched Scott compose these words on his screen: "I have the urge to become a medical missionary." That gave her pause. Yes, Scott had improved dramatically, but he still couldn't speak or walk by himself, still spent his days in a wheelchair.

"A missionary," she mused. "There must be a way." Lily was determined her son would do anything he wanted with his life. His most recent triumph was learning to write with his compu-

ter. What about reaching out to hurting people by writing letters? Scott nodded yes.

Lily never does things halfway, and neither does Scott. Shortly after watching a World Vision special on television, Lily committed \$2,000 a month to support 100 children in Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America. Scott corresponds with each one, writing simple expressions of friendship and encouragement.

When they receive letters from their sponsored children, Scott and Lily read them together. Scott laughs as his mother trips over names like Rajalakshmi Kubbusamy or Jeyaseelan Durairaj. His laughter is music to Lily, who once thought she might never see Scott smile again.

"If people will only let God, he will use their suffering," she says. "No matter how bad things look, God still has his plan."

Without the fight Lily put up, chances are Scott wouldn't have healed the way he has. Or found a way to serve. And Lily might never have dreamed of opening her home to other head-injured patients. Who could offer better care than someone who has lived through it? she reasoned.

She called her dream "Charity's Restoration Home." She has added a wing to her home,

Doctors warned Scott would never walk, never talk, never eat normally.

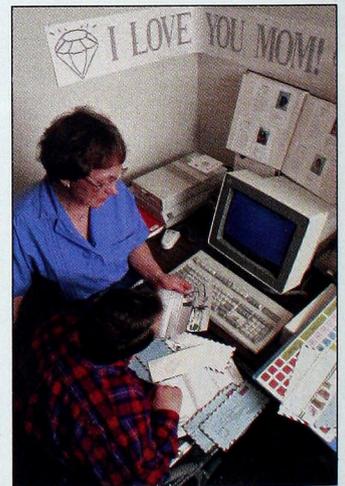
Lily was determined her son would do anything he wanted with his life.



Lily runs most of her janitorial business from home, so she can spend more time with Scott.



Lending a hand in the kitchen helps improve Scott's coordination and his self-esteem.



"I want to be a missionary," Scott spelled out on his computer.



equipped with the bars, bikes, walkers, tilt tables and lifts needed by recovering patients. She has contracted with medical specialists to work with the patients.

Lily is licensed for six residents. She hopes someday to fill the house, even if it means giving up her own bedroom. She will start by taking on just two residents.

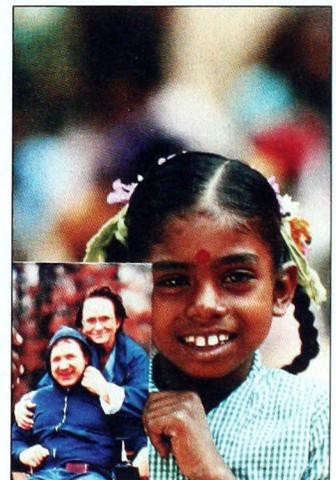
"I can't wait to get the kids," she says. "I'd love to put in a swimming pool, hot tubs and a greenhouse. I have a vision." Yet she wants it to be more than her own vision. "If it's not God's will, he will provide something else."

Lily says it quietly, as one for whom dreams have died—and new ones have been born. She once asked Scott: "Knowing what you know now, that God could use you in that wheelchair for his glory, would you go through it again?" He nodded yes.

"I have to say the same thing," Lily says. "At the time, your heart's too heavy. But when you look back, you see how God's put each little thing together, even the things that were so hurtful. He makes you strong so you can do something for others who are hurting in the same way. That's what he's done for me." □

Judy Blain is a free-lance writer in Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Knowing what you know now, would you go through it again?" she asked. Scott nodded yes.



DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

One of 100 children Scott corresponds with, Selvi Muniratnam lives in India. Her name means "Queen of Beauty."

BY ED DAYTON

Nehemiah was a good manager. The story of how he rebuilt the city of Jerusalem (found in the Old-Testament book of Nehemiah) has often been used as a teaching model for management.

It has all the elements. Nehemiah heard of the need; he prayed about it for months; he had a vision of a rebuilt city. He made long-range plans. He counted the cost and gathered the necessary resources to do the task.

Then he took his long-range plans and reworked them into short-range plans when he arrived on the site. As a good leader, he challenged and motivated the people.

Good at execution

Nehemiah was not only a good planner, he was good at execution. He allocated staff and delegated portions of the task to them. When unforeseen circumstances arose, he modified his plans. When he had personnel problems, he dealt with them promptly. And through it all we read, "So I prayed to my God. ..."

The wall was finished in 52 days. When it was secure, Nehemiah turned to the task of restoring the city. When everything was ready, he planned a celebration and rededication.

Now that's good management. Certainly "Christian" management, right?

Who watched the shop?

But after a 12-year leave of absence, Nehemiah returned to King Artaxerxes in Babylon. We're not sure whom he left in charge in Jerusalem, but when he returned, he found things in disarray. The walls had not kept out the enemy. The portions to be set aside for the Levites had not been given to them, and all the Levites and singers

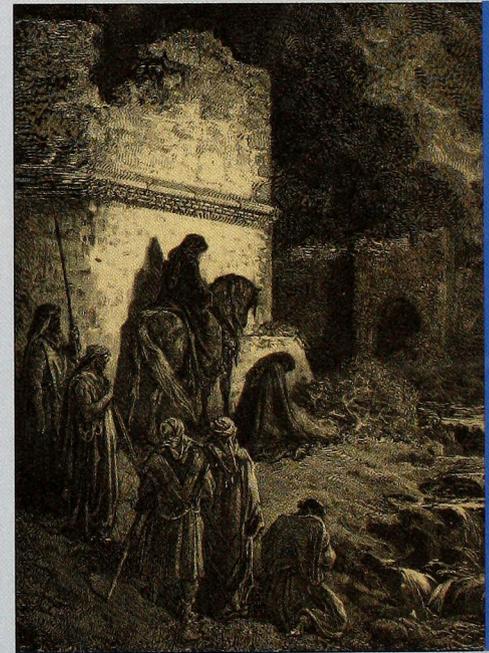
responsible for service had gone back to their own fields. The Sabbath was not being honored.

Whomever Nehemiah left in charge had lacked the wisdom or ability to sustain the programs Nehemiah had instituted.

A familiar story

We don't know why it happened. But it's not an unfamiliar situation. An organization's future depends on its ability to identify and prepare potential leaders. Those new leaders must be able not only to hold the fundamental principles of the organization, but also to continuously find new ways to move forward.

Management is about people, not projects. Beautiful buildings, carefully constructed programs, and prayed-over plans are no better than the people who have been prepared to use them. □



Nehemiah and friends at Jerusalem's ruined walls

*Sure,
he could
build a
wall—
but could
he build
people?*

NEHEMIAH, THE MODEL MANAGER

PUPPETS, PRAYER, AND A NEW VAN

The stinging rain on her cheeks and cold wind that whipped her jacket lapels as she trudged through the streets of Puente Alto will always linger in her memory. For three hours, every Sunday morning, Blanquita Cornejo used to walk from home to home in the small industrial town outside Santiago, Chile, rounding up children in the poorer areas and taking them to church.

Once there, she performed a puppet show for her small audience, using puppets she made herself, to convey messages of God's love for them. Afterward, she spent another three hours leading them all back to their homes.

Although she delighted in seeing the children in her neighborhood attend church, she knew that if she only had a vehicle, she could round up even more children and cut down on the time it took her to escort them to and from the local Christian and Missionary Alliance Church.

Securing such a vehicle became her prayer. "This is only temporary," she would tell herself.

Poverty of spirit enters into true praying. "The poor" means paupers, beggars those who live on the bounty of others, who live by begging. Christ's people live by asking.

E.M. Bounds

portunity to help Blanquita. They printed a brochure describing her unique outreach and inviting contributions toward a vehicle. It didn't take long to generate response.

Last year, Manuel Carrasco, director of the World Vision Chile field office, handed Blanquita the keys to a new van. "It's a miracle of God," Blanquita beamed. "He welcomed my prayers."

Today, Blanquita and her husband Juanito round up 50 children for church each Sunday, where Blanquita continues to use her handmade

puppets to bring the gospel to life for the children. In addition, she and her husband also take their show to other churches, and even to retirement homes. With the van, she is able to reach many more people than before—and she doesn't have to worry about sloshing through the rain.

"I know that sooner or later I am going to have a vehicle. The Lord told me he was going to give it to me."

Word of her after-hours ministry (she works full-time handling internal correspondence for the World Vision Chile field office) soon spread among her co-workers, who saw an oppor-



M. CANTILLO/WORLD VISION

tunity to help Blanquita. They printed a brochure describing her unique outreach and inviting contributions toward a vehicle. It didn't take long to generate response.

"For me, the greatest thing is seeing happiness on the face of a child," Blanquita says. "We are able to continue spreading the Christian message, thanks to the generosity of a donor whose name I don't even know. But I want to thank him from deep in my heart. And I want him to know that this vehicle is used solely for the work of the Lord." □

Josefa Auba, with Randy Miller

Blanquita's new van:
"It's a miracle of God. He welcomed my prayers."

Matters for Prayer

- ♦ **Pray for** any refugees you know personally, and for others you have heard of. Ask God for opportunities to make strangers feel welcome (pp. 3-12).
- ♦ **Thank God** for progress toward a famine-resistant Ansokia Valley in Ethiopia (pp. 17-19).
- ♦ **Pray that** Christian leaders of all ethnic backgrounds will grow in love and esteem for one another (pp. 28-29).
- ♦ **Thank God** for the grace and growth he gives even amid intense suffering, as Lily Sharp attests (pp. 22-25).
- ♦ **Pray for** the people involved in Joy of Jesus ministry in Detroit. Ask God to make them a continuing agent for change and witness to the gospel of Jesus Christ (pp. 13-16).

BY BILL PANNELL

A NEW GENERATION OF OLDS?

Is Christian leadership only for the favored sons?



DAVID J. FAVOL

Dr. Bill Pannell is associate professor of evangelism and director of black ministries at Fuller Theological Seminary, Pasadena, Calif.

As we approach the 1990s, many of evangelicalism's senior leaders are retiring or coming to the end of their ministries. We are preparing to pass the baton to a new group of emerging leaders. ... We must identify these new leaders, networking and developing them as evangelists who will work in a world much different from ours. And we must carefully avoid training them to fulfill only our visions, using only our methods, creating clones of ourselves. We must enable them to fulfill the visions God gives them. —Leighton Ford in *WORLD VISION* magazine. ("Evangelism into the 21st Century," Feb.-Mar. 1989)

Baton-passing is no piece of cake. The near-disaster for an American relay team at the Seoul Olympics was a good example. Florence "Flo-Jo" Joyner-Kersey, after a superb run, almost blew the hand-off. If not for the sheer muscle of Evelyn Ashford, the U.S. team would have settled for second. That's because Flo-Jo was slotted into the relay at the last minute. She wasn't really part of the team.

I don't want to push this baton analogy too far. But I think it's useful for saying some things about the way evangelical leadership roles are passed.

As Flo-Jo showed, baton-passing doesn't "just happen" in the big race. That kind of pinpoint timing is possible only after many hours of practice, and many more hours of racing together. The pass becomes virtually second nature, because you trust one another and you've worked together. The team has been hand-picked for a long time.

And I'm afraid that's already happened in evangelical circles. The prime runners for the next lap have already been chosen from within the club—basically a homogenous group. Take a look at any photo over the years, it's



the same old gang. So-called "ethnics" are few and far between, and so are women. The new guard won't be much different.

The old guard realizes that it's time—past time, really—to pass the baton. It's the day of the race, so they're not going to look far afield for new talent. They'll look to their own, to the people they've been cultivating all along.

Meanwhile, hundreds of great "athletes" are standing out on the track, waiting for a tired evangelicalism to catch up. Eager, proven talent has been in place for years, shifting from one foot to the other, waiting for the hand-off. Many are still waiting. Others have given up and wandered off to find another event where they'll get a chance to run.

Which leads to the real issue with batons: someone's got to let go. It's hard to give up power. It's even harder to admit that power is what this whole baton-passing thing is about. Once you pass the baton, you have no choice but to trust the next runner. You've lost control.

To be fair, it's true that the leader-choosing process has not completely overlooked the non-Western world. There are leaders all over the world who, in one way or another, received a baton from the West. Some received their theological training in Western schools; others, their missiology from visiting scholars from the West. Or

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they were influenced and encouraged by the two major gatherings of evangelists in Amsterdam. These people willingly acknowledge their debt to Western evangelical leaders.

For a long time, the center of the evangelical movement has been Western ingenuity, strategies, theologies and definitions. So it's not surprising that when people list the key figures in evangelism, they usually name few persons of color from anywhere in the world. And just as it is painful for Yankees to realize that we are not in political and economic control of the world any more, so it is painful for Western Christian leaders to realize the same thing in the arena of evangelism.

Leighton Ford wrote that, at an international meeting for young Christian leaders in Singapore, "many of the U.S. delegates faced criticism from their international brothers and sisters for the first time." The sad thing is that they had to go halfway around the world to hear it.

If, as Ford says, "we need to hear that kind of criticism," there are a number of black and Hispanic brothers and sisters closer to home who would be happy to oblige. If the U.S. delegates were stunned by what they heard in Singapore, how would they handle what they might hear in a place like Atlanta?

I suspect that the baton has already been passed to the favored sons (and a few daughters). They had the inside track. They went to the right schools; they learned the right definitions and memorized the right methods. In order to belong and to lead, a person has to eat at the right tables, swim at the right clubs.

Meanwhile, some of the finest and most talented believers, who have been serving God for years, are repeatedly passed over.

The number of ethnic Americans at the key Singapore meeting for young Christian leaders in 1987 was small. Scholarships were offered to young leaders from the Third World, but not to ethnic Americans.

Scholarship money is not a peripheral issue. People in the ethnic American community generally don't have access to the organizations and associations that send representatives, all expenses paid. And they usually don't have the economic base in their churches to raise that kind of money. If

evangelical leaders seriously want ethnic Americans involved in key meetings, something will have to be done about the money issue—just like it's done for Third-World people who can't afford to come without scholarships.

Many fine young African-American, Hispanic and Native American Christians also learned a lesson at Leadership '88. The large gathering of young Christian leaders in Washington, D.C., was billed as multi-cultural, or multi-ethnic. We talked it up among young ethnic leaders; we thought there was going to be a breakthrough.

What we saw in Washington was the same-old same-old. Same faces on the platform. Same key addresses by the same speakers. And I can assure you that many ethnics who attended took the lesson to heart. It does matter who stands on the platform, regardless of all the wonderful networking and person-to-person encounters that happen on the conference floor. The platform embodies the leadership, the spirit of a meeting.

I said earlier that the baton has already been passed. Well, that's true in another way too, a way nobody can manipulate or control. I see the new generation of leaders in my classes and on the campus where I teach. They come from all over the globe, and they have vision, experience and courage beyond any I have ever seen from America's heartland. All over the world there are incredible leaders paying a higher price to serve Jesus than we'll ever pay. So in a sense it's not even possible to talk about passing the baton. That's the Holy Spirit's work, and thank God it gets done without us.

But Leighton Ford's concern is legitimate. If I had given my life to ministry and God had blessed it, I would want to think about passing some of that on. As Leighton said, I would not try to pass the method, but something of the spirit, the ethos, the passion. Older leaders do have a great deal of power to invest in new leaders, encouraging and legitimizing them.

My point is this: Unless all of us are talking together, unless all of us are running together in the daily workouts and time trials, learning to know and trust each other, it's going to be a very small team running a very big race. If that's the case, 21st-century evangelism—and evangelicalism—will be the poorer for it. □

READERS' RIGHT

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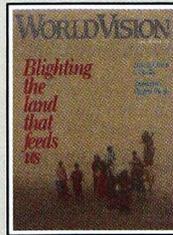
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I was really upset by the interview with Wesley Granberg-Michaelson ("A Keeper of the Earth"). Did Judith Hougen also interview some of the people whose livelihood has been devastated by the tactics of so-called environmentalists?



We have been harvesting and replanting timber for 50 to 60 years. After the way the news media have publicized the Northwest forest and owl problems, I now doubt most news on environmental issues.

Mrs. Robert Rice
 Sweet Home, Ore.

I just finished Tom Sine's article ("Will the Real Cultural Christians Please Stand Up"). Thank you for your boldness. We need to wake up! We have convinced ourselves that we are the most important thing in this life.

Anne Van Dyken
 West Park Baptist Church
 Hermiston, Ore.

I cut out part of Tom Sine's article to post on my church's bulletin. My stand is not popular in my community, but I was surprised that many of *your* readers responded negatively to Campolo's earlier article ("Will the Real Jesus Please Stand Up," Oct.-Nov. 1988).

Will God have to call on the stones themselves to cry out his message?

Evelyn Johnson
 Chester, Mont.

Tom Sine is right in saying that American young people have been sold the wrong dream. We struggle daily with decisions that early Christians faced, but without the willingness to be completely guided by the Holy Spirit we make many choices that compromise the gospel.

Lila Tremaine
 Fort Myers, Fla.

The articles by Tom Sine and Bob Lupton ("How to Create a Ghetto") are "right on" and absolutely painful. They are a significant contribution to the evangelical Christian church that so earnestly prays for the poor—and then makes sure they stay that way!

Frederick J. Obold
 Hoffnungsau Mennonite Church
 Inman, Kans.

You are the first evangelical magazine I have seen which finally pointed out the deep spiritual values in former President Jimmy Carter's life and political stance ("Hammers and Human Rights"). I still grieve over the way evangelicals "ditched" a truly born-again president whose biblical faith informed his actions.

John E. Huegel
 San Luis Potosi, Mexico

Your recent articles on liberation theology, the homeless and now on Jimmy Carter have caused me consternation. Most bothersome are the undertones of liberal theology and the well-worn fallacies (about the homeless) espoused by the liberal media and liberal politicians.

Jimmy Carter has compassion for little children—unless they are unborn; he has great compassion for homosexuals and Marxists, but discounts the wickedness of their activities.

Miller Hartzog
 Baton Rouge, La.

Peter Searle's "Life on the Line," about Beirut's Green Line, was chilling. Thanks for being a window on the world that lies outside our tendency "to encapsulate ourselves within a community of people just like us," in the words of Jimmy Carter.

Warren Taylor
 Bloomington Congregational Church
 Bloomington, Calif.

FROM PRISONER TO PACK MULE

Fear squeezed the last drops of hope from Tom Faunce's mind as he stood inside the stone walls of Michigan's Penitentiary. Only 20 years old and shorter than most of the other new prisoners, he looked like a kid. He was herded into a long room, stripped of his clothes and sprayed with disinfectant.

"That night I cried," he recalls. "I wanted to die. There was no reason for life. Everything I had ever believed in had failed."

That was 1970. Tom had been home from Vietnam only a month when he was arrested, convicted and sentenced to prison for selling \$40 worth of heroin.

Nothing had ever seemed to go right for Tom. Raised near Detroit, he and his 11 brothers and sisters never lived together for more than one year at a time. His mother was often sick and his father had a tough time supporting such a large family with the menial jobs he was able to find.

When Tom was 14 his father died in a fire. Then his mother suffered a nervous breakdown. The children bounced back and forth between relatives, foster homes and institutions.

As a child and teenager Tom always felt "more than lower class. No good," he recalled. "I loved to get into trouble." Shoplifting, fighting, heavy drinking and drugs became his life.

In prison he became a compulsive reader. "That was my only escape," he said. "And it was the start of my search for something."

Good behavior won him an early release, but his life didn't change. Dealing drugs, a stormy marriage and divorce, and chasing around the country pushed him into an even deeper tailspin of despair. "My only real friend was a golden retriever called 'Nature.' I took that dog everywhere."

Then he spotted the book *Pilgrim's Progress* with a picture of a back-packer on the cover. Recalling the book, he says simply, "I felt God was speaking to me."

While visiting his mother in Texas he started reading the Bible. The message of John 3:16 in the New Testament clicked in Tom's mind. God loved him! "God was big enough to forgive me. It was like a veil lifted off my eyes," he explained. "I wept and repented."

Tom's life took a new turn. In 1980 he married again and a few years later enrolled in a missions school in Mexico.

There Tom felt a tugging in his heart to help the poor and abandoned, those no one cared about.

In 1985, with \$200 in his jeans, he headed for Honduras with a desire to help the Miskito Indians who lived in squalid refugee camps near the Nicaraguan border. He had no solid contacts there. He couldn't speak Spanish. It seemed like a crazy idea.

Miraculously Tom found the camps. He saw the Indians' poverty and sickness; children suffering from malnutrition. He saw families uprooted from villages burned in the fighting in Nicaragua.

With a few friends and with support from churches and individuals, Tom has gone back seven times to the war-torn Honduran-Nicaraguan border. He has distributed tons of food, medicines, clothing and Bibles. "We're more or less pack mules for Jesus," Tom explains.

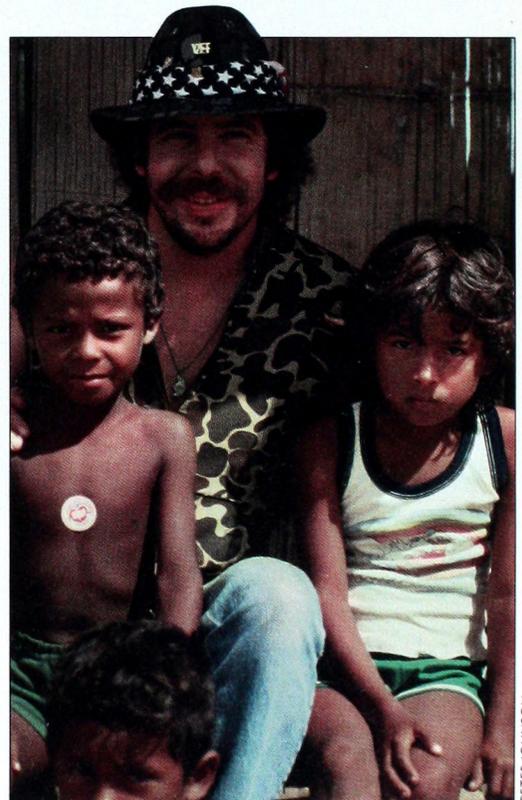
In 1988 Tom founded Front Line Outreach Ministry to help the poor in Detroit's ghettos. He simply started giving out donated clothing and sandwiches in Clark Park, a notorious crack haven. "They thought we were having a yard sale," Tom said.

Distributing food, clothing and even furniture is now a weekly event. Tom remembers giving shoes to a barefoot 7-year-old whose mother is addicted to crack. When the cold weather comes, area residents look forward to blankets, coats and hot soup.

Tom is planning another trip to Central America. And he will continue to work in Detroit's inner city. He can't stop. "There's nothing more rewarding than spending my life on others," he explains.

"If God can use me," he adds, "he can use anybody." □

Peter Johnson is a freelance writer living in Milltown, N.J.



PETER JOHNSON

Tom Faunce:
"If God can use me, he can use anybody."

Peter Johnson



Nearly 175,000 people have been driven off their land by violence in Mozambique. Usually they must leave everything, including their farming equipment, as they flee to safety. And a farmer without seeds and tools is helpless before starvation's grip—his family is without hope.

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WORLD VISION®

December 1989-January 1990

**ETHIOPIA:
CHASING
AWAY THE
SHADOW
OF DEATH**

**A MAKE-OVER
IN MOTOWN**

**A MIRACLE
WRAPPED IN
ANGUISH**



**ARE THEY
TRAPPED
FOR LIFE?**

A SPECIAL REPORT

REFUGEES
THE WORLD'S HOMELESS

A SPECIAL REPORT

4 Refugees in Limbo

Of the more than 14 million refugees in the world, only two percent are slated for resettlement or return to their homeland. The rest remain in limbo. And their number is growing.

13 A Make-Over in Motown

Getting the crack dealers and the junkies off their street wasn't easy, but, with perseverance, it happened. All it took was a few "neighborhood crazies" and a dreamer with a vision to renovate inner-city Detroit.

17 Chasing Away the Shadow of Death

Five years ago, Ethiopia's Ansokia Valley was a dusty, barren host to throngs of that country's famine victims. Today, the valley is a veritable oasis, thanks to careful planning, education and hard work.

22 A Miracle Wrapped in Anguish

She had to get away. After 30 years of life with an abusive husband, and a divorce around the corner, Lily Sharp needed some time to think, to pray for a miracle. But when the news of her son's near-fatal auto accident reached her, she knew God had a different kind of miracle in mind for her.

28 A New Generation of Olds?

Are ethnic Christians being left behind as the old guard passes the leadership baton to the next generation? Fuller Seminary professor Bill Pannell thinks so, and believes that the evangelical world will definitely be the lesser for it.

Is There a Silver Lining?	3
Samaritan Sampler	20
Nehemiah, the Model Manager	26
Puppets, Prayer and a New Van	27
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We've added 8 pages to highlight the 14 million people in 105 countries who have no voice and little hope: the world's homeless. You'll meet a few of them in our pages.

World Vision this year supplied 1,323,678 refugees in 14 countries with some practical expression of Christian concern at a cost of \$2.28 million. Some received food; others, shelter, clothing or medical care. And like the cup of cold water, it was given in the name of the Lord.

Terry Madison

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WORLD VISION magazine is published bi-monthly by **WORLD VISION®**

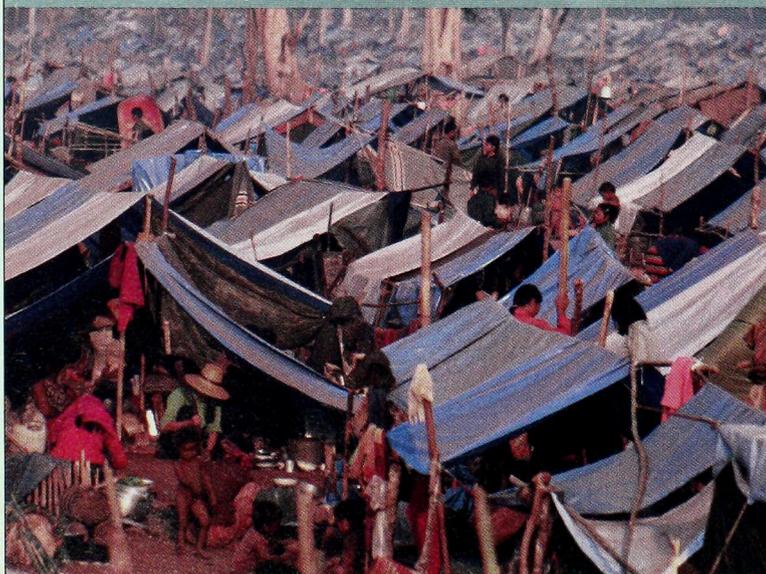
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World Vision is a nonprofit, Christian humanitarian agency dedicated to serving God by helping people care for those in need. It ministers to children and families, provides emergency aid, fosters self-reliance, furthers evangelism, strengthens Christian leadership, and increases public awareness of poverty around the world.

Send all editorial correspondence and changes of to WORLD address VISION Magazine, 919 W. Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016. 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 © 1989 by World Vision, Inc.



Refugees at Site 8 camp near the Thai-Cambodia border



JON WARREN

BY ROBERT A. SEIPLE

It's very difficult to find a silver lining in the refugee cloud. There are more than 14 million refugees in the world today, and that number is not diminishing.

The Cambodian camps along the Thai border are characterized by total despair. The Afghans who fled to Iran and Pakistan, a third of the entire country, live in quiet resignation. In what might be the ultimate irony of refugee migrations, we see Sudanese fleeing into Ethiopia while some Ethiopians seek refuge in Sudan. Then there is the unending pain of the Vietnamese in Hong Kong. They risked everything to flee, and now they are caged like animals in detention camps and threatened with repatriation to Vietnam.

There is, indeed, a cloud over these people. But I think we can begin to see a thread of a silver lining in that cloud by looking at the lives of the two most important refugees in history—Moses and Jesus. Their experiences speak directly to the refugee problem today.

Both Moses and Jesus started out as refugees. Moses was the original boat person, plucked out of the Nile to ultimately lead a nation of refugees. This nation, formed in the iron furnace of Egypt, God used to make himself known to the world.

Jesus, a refugee at the age of two, was chosen from the family of God "to bring good news to the poor, heal the brokenhearted, announce release to captives and freedom to those in prison."

In the lives of these two refugees we find more than just a tantalizing bit of optimism. Instead we find a legitimate hope that a proper response to today's refugees might provide incredible opportunities for the church. We can learn from today's refugees some lessons long forgotten in our protective American culture. For in the refugee we see perseverance through great pain and suffering. We see anew the price of freedom and the people who choose to risk all so that they might live free. We feel an indomitable human spirit. We experience faith that triumphs over persecution.

And, perhaps most importantly, we see faith communicated wherever the refugees lead. The most effective means of world evangelization, the transmission of the gospel to every cul-

ture, just might come from the refugee populations!

To such populations we can present our best gifts, gifts flowing from our best instincts as Christians. We can provide hope in the midst of despair, a refuge from wanderings, stability in unpredictable surroundings, a home for the homeless. Even as we learn from the refugees, the church has much to offer in return.

The Amerasians now coming out of Vietnam, for example, represent a population full of hope, a population with much to give and a population that will need what the church in this country can supply. Some 30,000 to 50,000 Amerasians represent American blood knowingly left behind when we departed from there in 1975.

Today we have a Homecoming Act and the Vietnamese have an Orderly Departure Program. Together they replace the leaky boats, brutal pirates and unforgiving sea that claimed tens of thousands of these people. Vietnamese-Americans will settle in this country. They will be a living metaphor, a human bridge of reconciliation as our two countries, so inextricably linked, come together again. We will have an opportunity to embrace a refugee, a powerful form of reconciliation as we seek to bring closure to a terrible chapter in the history of both countries.

How will the church respond? I believe our response will dictate ultimately whether or not we have a legitimate opportunity for effective ministry—or a problem too difficult to handle, too painful to acknowledge.

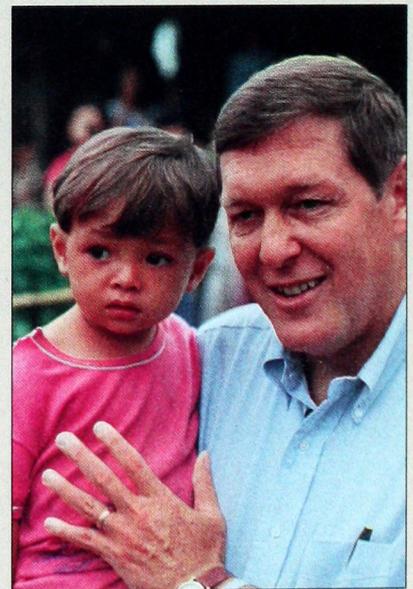
Will the church make the resettlement of Amerasians a priority? Will we see them as neighbors? Will we be neighborly as Christ defined it in the parable of the Good Samaritan? Will we reach out, link up, provide love and compassion and hospitality as we give to them? And, just as importantly, will we learn from them?

How will the church respond to a Moses adrift, to a Christ Child running for his life, to "the least of these"? A tremendous opportunity awaits us. Let's make room in our hearts and in our country. □

IS THERE A SILVER LINING

in the dark cloud of refugees?

TERRY MADISON / WORLD VISION



Amerasians:
 How will the church respond?

REFUGEES

THE WORLD'S HOMELESS

WHAT'S KEEPING THEM IN LIMBO?

BY RANDY MILLER

A drop of sweat trickles down Quan's cheek as he stares out the open door of a small recreation room in Phanat Nikhom refugee holding camp near Bangkok, Thailand. As on most other days during the three years he's had to call this camp his home, the afternoon air is sultry and still. Even shade brings little relief.

But for Quan, a 21-year-old from Vietnam, this day is different. It is a day for reflection, for remembrance. Three years ago on this day, while he and four of his brothers were steering their 25-foot boat across the South China Sea toward Thailand in hopes of finding a better life, pirates attacked them and killed one of his brothers.

Quan and his brothers suffered three pirate attacks during their week at sea before they finally made it to Thailand. But the freedom they had dreamed of eluded them even there. Authorities bumped Quan from one holding situation to another until he landed at Phanat Nikhom, whose fenced boundaries he has never been permit-



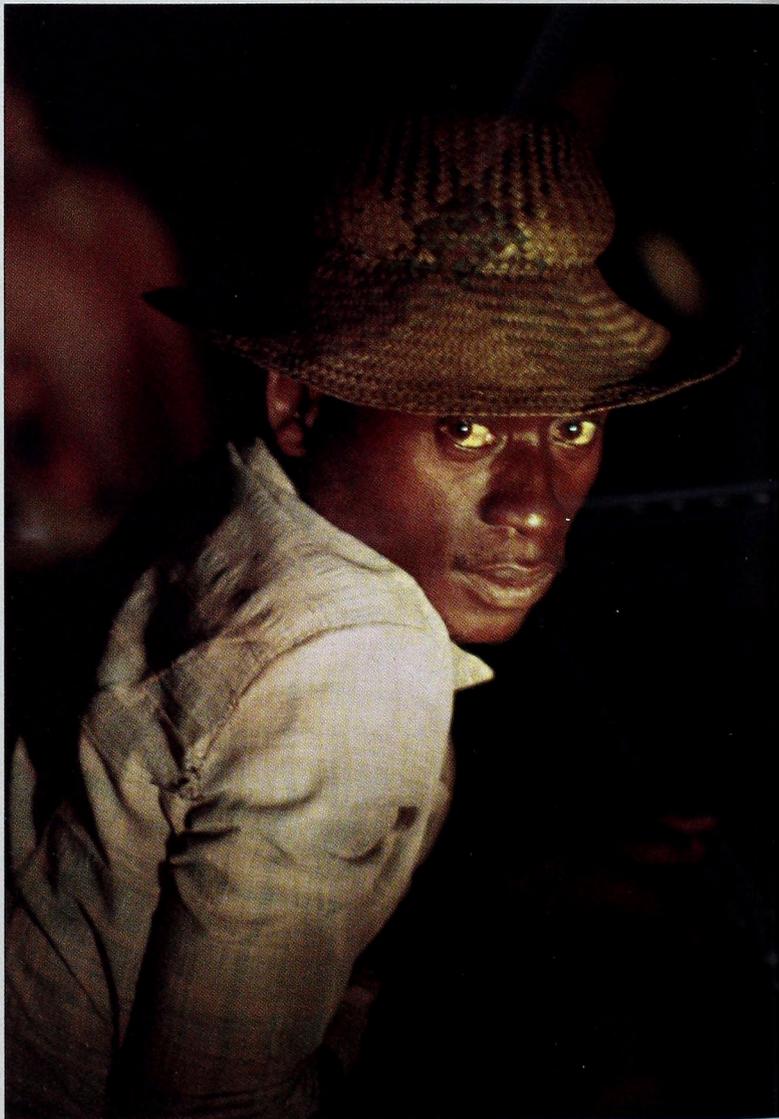
SANJAY SOJWAL/WORLD VISION

Going home is out of the question for this man and 630,000 like him who've fled warring Mozambique for safety in neighboring Malawi.

ted to cross. Until he is accepted for resettlement by a third country, Quan will remain in a kind of limbo at Phanat Nikhom.

Cases like Quan's are the rule, not the exception. And by some standards, Quan's three-year stay in the camp is short. Some Vietnamese have lived in camps in Hong Kong for 10 years; millions of Afghans have lived as long in camps in Pakistan and Iran. Nearly all of the world's roughly 14 million refugees have lived in bleak surroundings on subsistence diets for several years. Not weeks. Not months. And of those 14 million, only 1 percent ever return home, and only 1 percent are ever resettled in a new country. Ninety-eight percent of all refugees remain in limbo, shuttled from one camp to another. Waiting. Hoping. Wandering.

Why can't they go home, or to a new country? There is no simple, single answer. But among the factors keeping 14 million people homeless are



©PETER TURNLEY/BLACK STAR

violence at home and politics in potential host countries.

"Most refugees remain in squalid resettlement camps or on a lifelong road to nowhere," writes Carole Kismaric in *Forced Out: The Agony of the Refugee in Our Time*, published in April 1989. And it's not natural disasters that push most of them out of their homes, she says. "Most refugees are man-made.

Rains in Bangladesh or drought in Ethiopia do wreak havoc. But that's not what causes forced migration. Most refugees were forced out by their own governments to punish them for supposedly supporting rival factions, or to take their land. They are products of a predetermined strategy meant to impose one political ideology over another."

Lance Clark, of the Washington, D.C.-based Refugee Policy Group, further underscores the connection be-

WHAT IS A REFUGEE?

According to the 1951 United Nations Geneva Convention on Refugees, a refugee is "any person who, owing to well-founded fear of being persecuted for reasons of race, religion, nationality, or political opinion, is outside the country of his nationality and is unable or, owing to such fear for reasons other than personal convenience, is unwilling to avail himself of the protection of that country; or who, not having a nationality and being outside the country of his former habitual residence, is unable or, owing to such fear or for reasons other than personal convenience, is unwilling to return to it."

tween armed conflicts and the flood of refugees. "Examining the causes of flight of the world's current internationally recognized refugee population—those receiving assistance and protection from UNHCR [United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees]—indicates that the primary causes are as follows: armed conflict, gross human rights violations and/or a well-founded fear of persecution."

Clark points out that it's not only the 14 million international refugees who are affected by conflict, but also the world's *internal* refugees—people forced to leave their homes, but who remain within their home countries.

As to why so many of the refugees

remain in limbo, some authorities voice concern that race may play a part. After World War II there were 10 million refugees, mostly white, and within a decade most of them were either home or resettled in a new country. Today's refugees are mostly brown, black or yellow.

"The typical refugee profile is no longer exclusively that of a white European fleeing communism," says Bill Frelick, a policy analyst with the United States Committee for Refugees.

"In most cases the color has changed to black, golden or brown; the geographical origin has moved from north to south; and the reasons for flight are no longer reducible to escape from communism. Escape from violence or deprivation and persecution from the [political] left or right characterizes today's forced migrations."

Another factor figuring into the refugees-in-limbo dilemma is compassion fatigue. The developed world is simply growing weary of being bombarded with images of gaunt, miserable individuals in foreign lands, claim some authorities.

"Like AIDS, compassion fatigue is a contemporary sickness," says author William Shawcross in *Forced Out*. "The symptoms are first a rush of concern for a distant and obviously suffering group, followed by tedium and a feeling of withdrawal that sometimes descends into disdain. Those who suffer from compassion fatigue are compelled first to express and then to deny sympathy. Thus, today's cause is tomorrow's bore. There are fashions for refugees and for disasters. They change fast. Images that this week command attention and approval are next week cast impatiently aside."

And with each passing year there are more refugees to care for. Ten years ago there were only 4.6 million. In 1987 there were 13.3 million. Today's best estimate is 14.4 million.

Despite compassion fatigue, several countries are doing what they can to help—some more humanely than others. Malawi is doing its best to host 630,000 of Mozambique's 1.2 million citizens who have fled their homeland in recent years. Thailand is accommodating 440,000 refugees from sur-

NUMBERS TELL A STORY

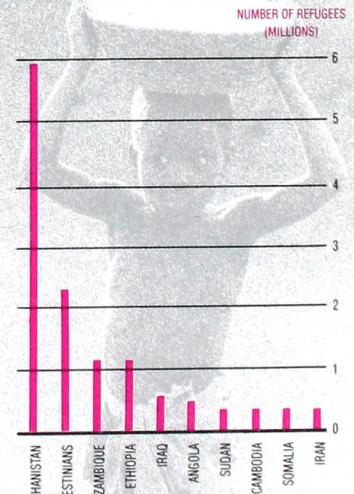
Percentage of refugees from the Third World: over 90
 Percentage who seek asylum in the Third World: 95
 Percentage who are women and children: over 75
 Average length of stay in camp: over 5 years
 Recommended emergency living space per person (World Health Organization): 3.5 square meters
 Refugee children of primary-school age: 2.5 million
 Percentage of refugees who returned to their home country in 1987: 1.5
 Percentage who resettled in a third country: 1

rounding countries, mostly from Cambodia. Then there's Pakistan, with 3.5 million Afghan refugees who have almost started a nation of their own over the past 10 years in the northwest part of that country.

But more and more, host countries are drawing the line at the number of refugees they allow within their borders, making asylum even harder to obtain. In the United States, it's difficult for the government to maintain that its practice of accepting asylum seekers is not influenced by whether the country of origin is considered "friendly" to the U.S. government.

The United States granted asylum requests through March 1988 to 85.7 percent of refugees from China; 77.5 percent from Iran; 76.9 percent from Romania; and 75 percent from Vietnam; all these governments have been considered "unfriendly" to

WHERE THEY'RE FROM



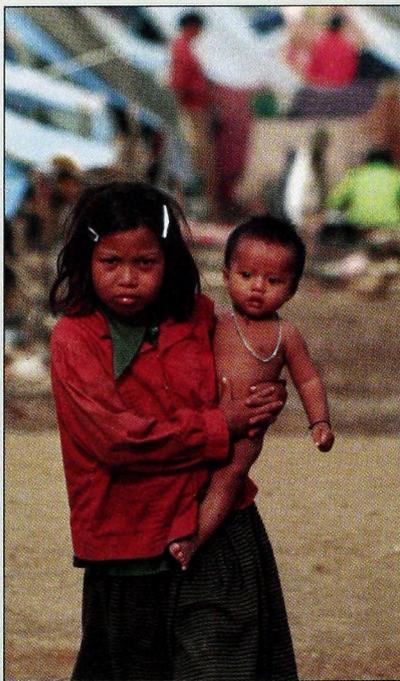
The world's 10 leading refugee-producing countries in 1988.

the United States in the past. Despite the fact that Central American refugees from El Salvador, Guatemala and Nicaragua are all fleeing similar circumstances, the U.S. government granted asylum to 74.9 percent of asylum applicants from Nicaragua, but only 3.2 percent from El Salvador and 2.7 percent from Guatemala.

"Ideology continues to dominate asylum and refugee determination," says Arthur Helton, director of the Political Asylum Project of the Lawyers' Committee for Human Rights. "Protection is frequently granted to those who flee communist regimes, but only relatively rarely to those from authoritarian regimes with which the United States has good relations."

Such a policy threatens to undermine the good reputation the United States has enjoyed as a leader in establishing standards for protecting refugees.

Says Frelick: "America's adherence to principles of due process; its rescue of 800,000 Indochinese refugees in the past decade; its willingness to underwrite the largest share of the costs incurred by intergovernmental agencies assisting refugees ... all add up to an unrivaled leadership.



JON WARREN

A few weeks of waiting often stretches into years for refugees along the Thai-Cambodian border.

"However," Frelick adds, "a long-standing policy of interdicting and returning Haitian boat people—as well as a policy more recently instituted in

south Texas of detention, quick asylum adjudication and deportation for those the government rejects—threatens to erode the moral authority of the United States on behalf of refugees worldwide. Faced with asylum seekers on our own border, our actions no longer match the ideals we espouse."

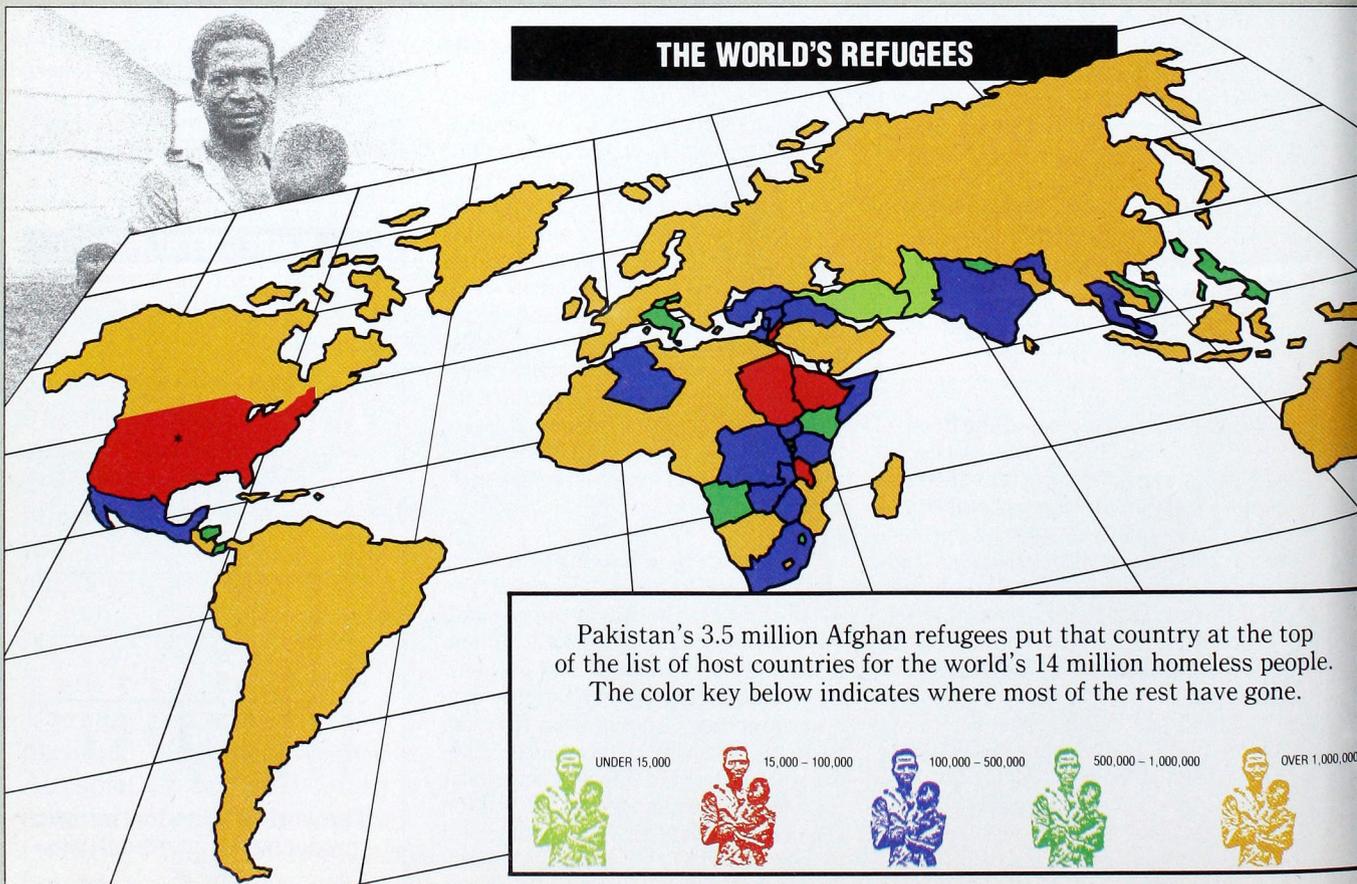
Not everyone in the United States supports the government's restrictive policy toward certain refugee groups.

East Germans:

ESCAPE INTO OPEN ARMS

They jumped trains, stormed embassies, left everything behind at the drop of a hat. The news that Hungary had dismantled the barbed wire along its border with Austria touched off a mass exodus of East Germans over a month before that country's western border opened.

Their dramatic flight and emotional welcome, however, upstaged the 14



MAP AND GRAPHS BY MARK ACQUAZZINO

In the early 1980s, people concerned about the fate of Guatemalans and Salvadorans entering this country and facing almost certain deportation took steps to protect these asylum seekers.

What began with a few church people helping Central American refugees cross the Mexico-Arizona border gradually became known as the sanctuary movement. Hundreds of other churches and eventually some 30 cities—and

even the state of New Mexico—declared themselves sanctuaries for Central American refugees.

Today, although the underground-railroad work of helping refugees cross the border and sheltering them in the United States continues, the movement itself has broadened to include other forms of assistance, such as legal counseling and the formation of sister-church relationships with Central Amer-

ican congregations. And some employers, in an effort to stand in solidarity with these illegal aliens, hire them despite the legal restrictions imposed by the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act.

One refugee group given open-arms treatment by the U.S. government—

million refugees worldwide who find no banners unfurled when they cross the border, no champagne uncorked, few reporters anxious to hear their stories.

There are reasons why we hear more about 50,000 East Germans than about 6 million Afghans or 1.25 million Mozambicans. But instead of distracting us from the world refugee situation, the East German exodus can help us understand the plight of other displaced people.

Unlike many refugees, the East Germans didn't flee for their lives, or leave their homes in ruins. But East Germans love their homeland and families as much as anyone else. And they had no idea the walls would come down so soon. As far as they knew, they were burning all their bridges behind them.

They weren't lured by better consumer goods, as many assume. Those who fled spoke of hopelessness; no choices; a dreary, domineering government that showed no hint of reform. "I have only this one life," one woman said. "I can't wait 20 years for something to change."

Technically, the East Germans aren't refugees at all. West Germany has always recognized only one German citizenship, and East Germans have full

rights the moment they cross the border. That puts them light-years ahead of most refugees, who may wait years before a host country accepts them.

East Germans also have the advantage of moving into a similar culture. They don't have to learn a new language. There may be new technology to master, but their education and job skills are basically transferrable. Few refugees enjoy that advantage.

That doesn't mean it will be easy. There is an uprooted sense that doesn't

go away. West Germany may be like home, but it isn't home. Values and lifestyles are different. And like virtually all refugees, the East Germans face resentment from people who view them as competitors for jobs and housing; unemployment

hovers around 7 percent, and apartments are scarce in many cities.

As host countries go, West Germany is well-equipped for the onslaught. It's wealthy, highly organized, and many of its people feel a natural bond to the East Germans. Even so, this year's influx (well over 350,000, legal and illegal, from East-Bloc countries) has severely taxed the West Germans' resources and goodwill.

A less-publicized aspect of refugee movements is the impact on the people left behind. In East Germany, it is primarily young, skilled workers who have fled. Teachers, medical professionals and technical workers see a good chance to make it in the West, where there's a market for their skills. Those who are left behind must shoulder the extra work load.

"If you must have a car accident," said one student nurse in East Germany, "don't have it near our town. There are no anesthetists left." □

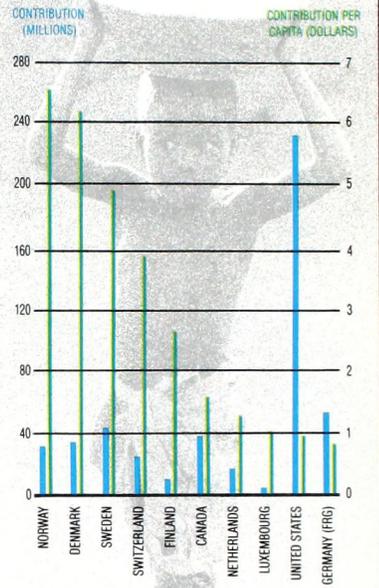
Ginger Hope

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



Parting at an embassy fence

MAJOR AID DONORS



The top 10 contributors to refugee aid for 1988.

after years of waiting and hoping—is Vietnam's Amerasians, fathered by U.S. servicemen during the Vietnam War.

In 1987, Congress passed the Amerasian Homecoming Act, starting a process expected to transfer some 25,000 people—including Amerasians and some family members—to this country by 1990. Of these 25,000, it is expected that 40 percent will join family members already here. The remaining 60 percent will go to 31 sites located throughout the country (see box, "Amerasian Resettlement," next page).

At several of these sites, World Vision is involved in helping these people adjust by providing job training and by trying to link individual church members in each of these areas with Amerasians.

Beyond the issues of violence at home and the restrictive policies of host countries, a new question is arising. Will there be enough money to care

SOURCE FOR STATISTICS: U.S. COMMITTEE FOR REFUGEES' 1988 WORLD REFUGEE SURVEY

Asylum seekers whose status has not been decided in all cases.

for the world's refugee population? Budget cuts in UNHCR, the world's lead agency in providing protection for refugees and finding durable solutions to their problems, cause concern among those in the refugee assistance community.

The United Nations created UNHCR in 1951 to assist Europeans during and after World War II. It was supposed to exist for only three years—just long enough to settle the war's refugees and displaced persons. But the job wasn't finished at the end of three years, so UNHCR's term was extended for five more years, and has been renewed every five years since.

AMERASIAN RESETTLEMENT CLUSTER SITES

Atlanta, Ga.
Boston, Mass.
Burlington, Vt.
Chicago, Ill.
Dallas, Texas
Fargo, N.D./
Moorhead, Minn.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Greensboro, N.C.
Hartford, Conn.
Honolulu, Hawaii

Jacksonville, Fla.
Lansing, Mich.
Louisville, Ky.
Minneapolis/
St. Paul, Minn.
Mobile, Ala.
New York, N.Y.
Newark, N.J.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Phoenix, Ariz.
Portland, Maine
Portland, Ore.

Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N.Y.
St. Louis, Mo.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Jose/
Santa Clara, Calif.
Springfield, Mass.
Syracuse, N.Y.
Tacoma, Wash.
Utica, N.Y.
Washington, D.C.



JOHN WARREN

This 1x1 Indian girl in Guatemala is a refugee in her own country.

Until now, UNHCR's budget has largely kept pace with the demands of the ever-increasing refugee population. But UNHCR's ability to respond to refugees' needs may now be in jeopardy, according to High Commissioner Jean-Pierre Hocké.

"In the face of a rapidly evolving international situation, characterized by both widespread peace initiatives and new or ongoing crises, UNHCR is short of \$85 million for its 1989 general and special programs," Hocké reports.

Already the organization has trimmed some \$80 million from its budget, cutting or reducing refugee education and self-sufficiency programs.

"Programs have been pared down to the bone. Any further cuts would seriously undermine UNHCR's ability to carry out even its most basic responsibilities and perhaps put the lives of millions of refugees at risk," Hocké says. "The postponement of durable solutions will inevitably affect refugee welfare and increase the long-term cost to the international community."

Despite such grim warnings, some experts at regional levels cite reasons for optimism. While it's still too soon to predict Cambodia's political future following Vietnam's troop withdrawal from that country, Pierre Jambor, UNHCR representative in Thailand, claims to be cautiously optimistic about the future that awaits several thousand Cambodian refugees living in camps in Thailand.

Some experts, like Roger Winter, director of the U.S. Committee for Refugees, are hopeful that with a new administration in Washington, D.C., opportunities for kinder, gentler asylum programs might be forthcoming, and might serve as examples for the rest of the world.

"We have a chance with the new administration to change our course," Winter says. "While dealing with immigration enforcement, we should give the highest priority to preserving a humanitarian response to asylum seekers. While framing our foreign policy, we should give a priority of the highest order to human rights, to humanitarian assistance, to solutions to refugee movements, all in politically neutral terms that focus on the vulnerability of the victims of persecution."

For Quan and 14 million people like him, such a change in attitude by the world may be the only key to releasing them from the limbo in which they have lived for years. □

BY JIM CACCAVO

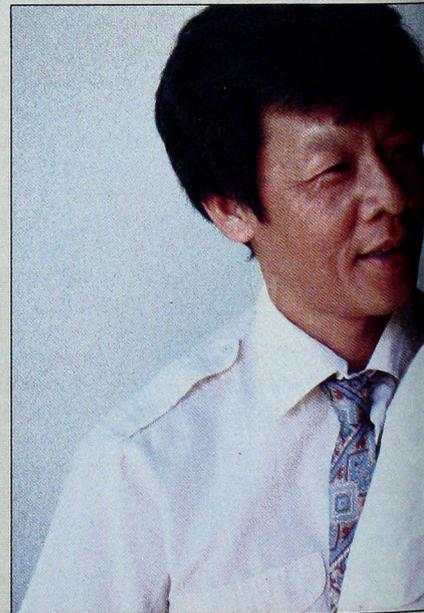
At the end of the day, 46-year-old Sun Tan watches the deep orange glow of sunset from his home in Stockton, Calif. And in those quiet moments he feels an uncontrollable longing for his homeland, Cambodia. But memories of the peace of his younger days soon fade into the painful realities of the Cambodia from which he was forced to flee.

Tan was a captain in the Cambodian army. In 1974, when the Khmer Rouge rebels began closing in on Phnom Penh, they held Tan outside the city, promising that "in a few days" he would see his family again. In fact, he was not permitted to enter Phnom Penh again and was never able to find any trace of his family. What followed in Cambodia has been called the most brutal holocaust since World War II.

To save his own life, Tan threw away his uniform and any good clothing. He tried to make himself look as dark and dirty as possible. Wearing glasses, having clean and light skin or any marks of education could bring an immediate death sentence.

"The Communists wanted to kill the educated people so they could control all the others," Tan recalls. "They would ask for help with some educated skill. When people volunteered, the Khmer Rouge would take them away and kill them. I told them I was a taxi driver in Phnom Penh. When they asked me to write something for them, I wrote with my left hand so that I would not write so good."

Confined to a prison camp, Tan



KILLING FIELDS

remembers a time when there was only one cup of rice to feed 60 people. Many died of hunger. And people were forced to work 24 hours a day, often plowing fields in the dark with plows pulled by other prisoners.

When Tan's true identity as a Cambodian army captain was discovered, he was taken away, beaten brutally and left for dead. But he regained consciousness and was able to crawl to safety.

After three fearful years he reached the Thai border and the safety of the Khao I Dang refugee camp. He had nothing but the shirt and pants he was wearing.

In the camp he became a commissioner, organizing and directing a medical clinic for 130,000 people. And he was able to get more detailed news from Cambodia. First, he learned there was no hope that his family had survived the forced evacuation of Phnom Penh. Then came another blow. His father had died of starvation.

Tan's old life was shattered. With the hope that he could begin again, he applied for refugee status. The next year he married Neth Siek, a refugee

whose father had been executed by the Khmer Rouge.

In preparation for entry to the United States, Tan and his wife were transferred to a camp in the Philippines. Nikmalen, their first daughter, was born there.

In May 1981 they arrived in San Francisco. Tan remembers his first thoughts: "I knew where the United States was, but I never knew it could be so rich."

Tan and his family were sent to Breckenridge, Texas, where he worked in a plant assembling trailer frames. He worked hard and fast, but as he says, "Everything was easy after living under the Communists. There, if you were slow, they would beat you or kill you."

Tan had 18 years of formal education. He was fluent in French, but could speak little English. "I wanted to communicate," he says. "Compared to people who spoke English I felt like a zero."

With \$200 in his pocket, Tan and his family moved to Stockton, Calif. For the next two years he worked as a field hand and studied English. When he was not picking crops, he was cleaning houses. "We were big men before," he says, "and we don't want to do what some people consider low work. But I had to support myself and my family."

After eight weeks of school Tan was speaking English. After two years, he was fluent. And he had become a foreman in the fields. In 1985 he found a new job. He and his wife had a new son, Molinak. A year later Tany, another boy, was born, and two years later a second daughter, Nikmala.

American and Cambodian groups provided support for Tan and his young family. But they faced resentment, too. "People would approach me on the street," Tan remembers. "They would complain to me how they had been here all their lives and they get nothing. I come here, they say, and get everything. So I tell them, 'Yes, even though I don't speak English, I still work. You

speak better English than me. Why don't you work?' " Often the angry response was, "Why don't you go back where you came from?"

Although Tan and his family lived in a one-bedroom house, they opened their home to new Cambodian refugees, helping them find their place in this new land. And many were doing just that. Cambodian and Vietnamese children made school honor rolls. They were often high-school and college valedictorians.

As painful memories of the Khmer Rouge and their everpresent AK-47 rifles began to fade, Cambodian and Vietnamese families began to look more to the future. They were optimistic. Hardworking. They held solid family values. In Stockton and other American cities and towns, they were new dreamers of the American dream. But that dream became a nightmare on the playground of Stockton's Cleveland Elementary School.

Late in the morning of Jan. 17, 1989, 26-year-old Patrick Purdy, dressed in combat fatigues and armed with the dreaded AK-47 rifle, opened fire on the children in the playground. In those brief moments of terror he killed four Cambodians and one Vietnamese, and wounded 29 other children—most of them Southeast Asian—and one teacher. His full fury spent, Purdy impassively surveyed the slaughter, then pointed a pistol at his head and blew himself out of reach of justice.

Tan's oldest daughter, 8-year-old Nikmalen, was wounded by one of Purdy's gunshots. A bullet from his AK-47 is still imbedded in her hip.

"She was very brave," Tan says. "She told me, 'Daddy, I'm very lucky because I'm still alive.'" But Nikmalen's wounds were more than physical.

"She's not the same girl," Tan continues. "She is very angry too much and she doesn't always listen to her parents. She dreams nightmares of somebody trying to kill her with a gun. If she has to walk home alone, she runs. She is afraid somebody will try to take her away in a car."

Tan wraps his arms protectively around Nikmalen and adds, "If I am not home, she gets scared." Nikmalen giggles and resists her father's embrace—but not too much. □

Jim Caccavo is a photographer for Picture Group. His work has appeared in Time, Life and Newsweek.



Tan with 8-year-old Nikmalen: "She's not the same girl" after the playground shooting.

JIM CACCAVO

The first thing Waheb Abed does each day before opening his fabric bazaar in Pakistan's city of Peshawar is put on his white *kohla* hat and turn west toward Mecca for his mandatory Islamic morning prayers.

Then he gazes longingly through the morning haze at the Khyber Pass, that stretch of mountainous terrain that leads back to Abed's native Afghanistan. Abed has lived in Pakistan as a refugee for the past 10 years, ever since he fled the Soviet military invasion of Afghanistan in 1979.

"I hope the fighting will end soon so I can return to my beloved Afghanistan," the 56-year-old Abed says. "There is much work to do, to rebuild our country. I want to help."

The Soviets left Afghanistan in early 1989, officially ending the war between the invaders and the tribal *moujahadeen*. The question facing the international relief community now is how to safely and humanely repatriate the estimated 5.5 million Afghan refugees.

One of the problems is that many, unlike Abed, don't want to go home. "I have an uncle in the United States, and I want to go there to live," says 15-year-old Shah Fatah. "I don't think I really want to go back to Afghanistan."

Fatah and his family escaped the Afghan conflict in 1982. "I love Afghanistan," he says, "but I don't really remember it too well. And I think there will be fighting there for many years.

WHY DON'T THE AFGHANS GO HOME?

In America I can get an education and make money."

The challenge of reuniting one of history's largest refugee populations with their native country has been a particularly vexing one for the relief community.

The United Nations estimates that humanitarian aid to Afghan refugees has cost \$1.5 billion over the past 10 years. Some in the international relief community are projecting that repatriating the Afghans could run three or four times that amount.

More troubling is the continuing bloodshed in Afghanistan. The country's Moscow-armed regime and the U.S.-backed Moslem rebels continue to battle for Afghanistan's future.

In one area, the Panjshir Valley in northern Afghanistan, an estimated 250 families a day are returning because of a cease-fire agreement in that region. But the Panjshir Valley is considered an isolated case. In fact, some reports indicate that as many as 70,000 new refugees have fled Afghanistan since the Soviet pullout.

In addition to continued fighting, there are other lingering, deadly deterrents to the long march home, including as many as 50 million land mines, and booby traps disguised as toys left by the Soviets.

While most of the hidden explosives are thought to be personnel or anti-tank mines, many refugee homes display chilling photos of maimed and mutilated children who reached innocently for a brightly colored toy.

Some relief agencies are attempting to move mine-flailers into Afghanistan. In the meantime they have hired explosives experts to locate and detonate the mines. World Vision, as part of a two-year, \$1.6 million program, had cleared more than 500 mines in eastern Paktia Province by September.

The *moujahadeen*, however, have no mine-clearing equipment. They either send out advance herds of goats or use their bare hands, groping inch-by-inch across former battlefields. Border hospitals are crowded with mine victims.

Even the chief representative of the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) in Pakistan, Rene van Rooyen, has hesitated to encourage the refugees to return home due to continuing dangers. "So much conflicting information comes from inside Afghanistan that we have little idea what they will find," Van Rooyen said recently. "We can hardly encourage them to move too quickly until more is known."

Another troubling cloud on the horizon is how the refugees will feed

In many ways, Abdul Waseel Azizi is a typical 1980s teenager. He likes rock 'n roll, Nike tennis shoes and the baseball game of the week. His room is lined with posters of his heroes.

Waseel is also a 16-year-old Afghan refugee. For the past decade he has lived in Peshawar, in the Northwest Frontier Province of Pakistan. The rock 'n roll and baseball games come courtesy of American Armed Forces Radio. The posters are of his favorite commanders in the rebel moujahadeen army. A relief agency supplied his tennis shoes.

Waseel is one of the estimated 6 million Afghans who fled Afghanistan for refuge in Pakistan or Iran following the outbreak of civil war in 1978 and a Soviet military invasion in 1979.

The following is Waseel's own account of his exile in Pakistan, and of his hopes for the future.

In the name of God the Beneficent, the Merciful ...

My name is Abdul Waseel Azizi. At the present time I am living in Pakistan in a rented house near the city of Peshawar. I have two brothers and two sisters. My father's name is Abdul Mafad Azizi. He is an engineer. He built a hospital and a school for orphans in Afghanistan.

My grandfather is a writer. When he was at the age of 60, he began writing books, and now is 105 years and he still is writing books about different subjects.

We know that the main reason the criminal Russians invaded Afghanistan is that they planned to reach a warm water port. But they were very

Thousands of Afghan children like these in Pakistan's Munda refugee camp have never set foot in their homeland.



© TONY OBRIEN/PICTURE GROUP

themselves once they've returned. While Afghanistan has many fertile plains and valleys, much of the nation's arable land has remained fallow for a decade or more.

"There are shortages inside Afghanistan now, but people are not starving," says World Vision Relief Associate Dineen Tupa. "But if those 5 million people were to go back into the country today, they would really be in trouble."

"The transportation systems are virtually nonexistent and much of the livestock has been lost in the fighting. So the agricultural infrastructure will have to be rebuilt from the ground up. It could take another decade before Afghanistan is able to feed itself," Tupa adds.

Many refugees, however, also face a psychological deterrent. They do not want to return. According to UNHCR's Van Rooyen, "Ten years as a refugee can have a profound impact on you. Pakistan may not be the most advanced country, but it is light years ahead of Afghanistan."

Indeed, the refugee camps in and around Peshawar are surprisingly sophisticated. TV antennas atop brick and mortar homes abound, and large quantities of money exchange hands in the refugee-run markets and bazaars. Some of the wealthier refugees, who dealt in gems and Persian carpets in Afghanistan, have rebuilt their trades in Pakistan.

The social structure of the Afghans has also changed during their refuge in Pakistan. Many Afghans, now in their late teens, remember little of their homeland after 10 years. And they speak with scant regard toward the traditional tribal leaders they will be expected to subject themselves to once back in Afghanistan. No one knows how they will fit into the tribal system where allegiance has always been to the local *malik* or *mullah*.

That is an aspect of the future that Shah Fatah wonders about, as well: "I don't want to live in a remote village somewhere in the mountains or have to walk for miles to bring water back to the house."

"My first choice is America, but if I have to go back to Afghanistan, I hope my family has enough money to move to the big city." □

Brian Bird is a journalist and screenwriter in Ontario, Calif.

THE HOPES OF A TEENAGE REFUGEE

foolish. They didn't know that Afghanistan is the country of the brave. The country of many people ready to sacrifice themselves in the way of Allah and in the way of their country.

When the Russians invaded Afghanistan, at first they came so friendly and talked about wanting to help all the people. But day by day they were killing a lot of our Muslim people. They used to burn our holy mosques and other holy places and put a lot of our people in jail.

So on account of these criminal actions, our people began waging *jihad*, holy war. At first they fought with axes and shovels because there were not enough weapons. But they had a much greater weapon—the help and kindness of God.

In that time I used to live near Kabul in a village named De Da Na. One day the *moujahadeen* in our village shot three Russian tanks. After five hours our village was surrounded by soldiers and tanks and two helicopter gunships. Someone gave a report to the government that my father was a commander of the *moujahadeen* and was responsible for shooting the tanks.



BRIAN BIRD

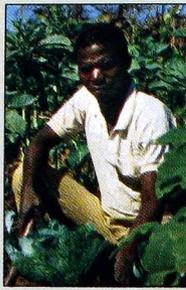
After a few minutes about 100 Russian soldiers came inside our house, but they didn't find my father because he wasn't home. Then the Russian commander ordered my mother to make him a meal. My uncle became angry. He had a pistol and shot a Russian soldier. The commander ordered my uncle to be shot eight times. This was very unforgettable for me because he shot my uncle in front of me.

The commander told my grandfather to find my father in 24 hours or he would come back and burn our house and all the children. So we began our journey to Pakistan on donkeys the next day. It was a Friday in 1980.

We arrived in Pakistan after three days, but we had a lot of problems. We didn't have enough food. We took a small rented house. I used to sell newspapers because my father hadn't a job.

After a year, my father found a job and I took admission to the Pakistani school. I am now in grade 9. I want to study hard so that I may become a doctor and return to my country someday and help to rebuild it into a great nation. But there is no chance for me to study medicine in Pakistan or Afghanistan currently. So my big dream is to come to America to study medicine.

Long live Afghanistan and the brave *moujahadeen!* *Brian Bird*



STEVE REYNOLDS/WORLD VISION

'I'M READY TO GO HOME'

BY STEVE REYNOLDS

It's 4 a.m. when Filipe Julius rises from his straw mat in the pitch black of another cold, rainy-season morning. The rooster crowing nearby is not Filipe's. It would take a month's hard-earned wages to buy one. Besides, he's saving for a new pair of glasses to replace the ones stolen from his tiny mud hut three months ago.

He grabs a small piece of dried cornmeal mush on his way out the door. It will be his only meal until he returns home in about 14 hours.

Filipe emerges from his hut as the first gray of dawn illuminates the sprawling refugee camp that has been his home for more than three years. Already a few women are making their way to the well for water, trying to beat the early-morning rush when dozens of women line up, sometimes waiting hours for their turn.

Before setting out, Filipe glances across the river to the shadowy features on the other side where Mozambique, his homeland, lies in darkness.

The 10-mile walk to the hills where firewood is gathered takes about four hours. Filipe climbs a small ridge and descends part way down the other side to a small forest of eucalyptus and acacia. The trees along the river bank and around the refugee camp have long since disappeared, cut down to fuel the more than 15,000 cooking fires of Mankhokwe camp. Filipe rests briefly before attacking one of the trees with

his little machete, sending bark and wood chips flying.

"The worst thing about being a refugee is having to depend on other people for everything. I mean, I work hard to collect that wood," Filipe says, pointing to a bundle he collected a few days earlier. "Sometimes I work 16 hours a day. My hands are rough and callused, my arm is sore. Yet the money I earn doesn't even pay for the vegetables we put on our cornmeal."

Filipe is unable to provide even the basics for his family because he is a refugee, a stranger, an unwanted burden on an already overburdened society.

In Mozambique, Filipe was a farmer in the village of Chivandila in Tete Province. One day, while he and his wife were working in their field, an air attack hit Chivandila.

"The children!" Filipe and his wife raced toward their village, where dry thatch-roof huts exploded in flame. Bombs burst around them as they ran toward their home. They spotted their four children running aimlessly, screaming for help. Quickly they rounded them up and ran for cover in a nearby forest. The bombs fell for three hours, leaving Chivandila pitted, scorched and deathly silent.

Filipe and his family made their way to Malawi, crossing the border at night to avoid detection by the rebels. When they crossed, they joined nearly half a million Mozambicans who have sought refuge in Malawi.

They settled in Mankhokwe, a camp with some 50,000 refugees on the banks of the Shire River, Malawi's largest. Here, Filipe and his family fight malaria, poor sanitation and overcrowding while they wait for peace in their homeland.

By 2 p.m., Filipe has hacked off about 60 pounds of wood from a tree and cut it into manageable pieces. He ties them into a bundle with a leather thong, then loops the thong around his forehead for the long trek back to camp. Sweat from long hours in 90-degree heat has drenched Filipe's shirt, his most valuable possession.

As he begins the laborious walk back to camp, he thinks about the maize and pigeon peas he will have for supper when he gets home, gifts from the Red Cross. He has learned to hate pigeon peas.

Sore and exhausted, he arrives home just after dark, dropping the wood just inside the boundary of his family's tiny compound. He hugs his 3-year-old son before sitting down to his first real meal of the day.

In the candlelight, Filipe looks at least a decade older than his 39 years. After supper he falls asleep immediately. Tomorrow his wife will go to the market and sell the wood he has brought from the mountain. If it's a good day, they'll get one Malawian *kwacha* for his wood—about 40 cents.

The next day is a day of rest for Filipe. He spends most of it under a giant baobab tree in the center of the camp, talking idly with some of the other refugees. Their stories of escape from the hands of bandits or government troops in Mozambique are all pretty much the same, filled with violence, murder, torture, rape. They have seen it all. So have their children.

Not far away, children play mock army games. Their actions are not based on reruns of old World War II movies they've seen on television. They come from their own vivid memories,

The worst thing is having to depend on other people for everything."

eyewitness accounts of atrocities committed against their friends and families, sometimes against themselves. They reflect an entire generation of young people who have known little else but war and violence since birth.

A little boy grabs his "prisoner" by the hair and pretends to cut his ear off, handing it to the boy's make-believe father. Their toys are tanks and military transports fashioned from pieces of wire and scrap metal they have collected.

The sun sets early in August in Mankhokwe. By 5:30 the orange ball touches the top of the hill where Filipe collects his wood. Across the river to the east, Mozambique glows in the evening light.

"I hear the government and the rebels are talking peace," Filipe says, staring across the river at his homeland. At night, he and his friends crowd around one of the few radios in the camp and listen intently for news of the talks.

"I wish they would make peace," he says as he heads for his hut. "I'm ready to go home." □

Steve Reynolds is a World Vision journalist living in Nairobi, Kenya.

*'Typical Detroit crazy!'
Maria thought. 'I ain't joining
no block club.'*

IN MAKE-OVER MOTOWN

The problem wasn't where to start. Pick any spot in inner-city Detroit.

Abandoned, burned-out houses; crack cocaine peddled in broad daylight; sky-high unemployment.

God had told Eddie Edwards, "If you're obedient to me, I will change this city." So in 1984 Eddie moved his Joy of Jesus ministry to Ravendale, home to 4,000 mostly black, mostly poor people, in Detroit's inner city.

Soon Eddie established youth programs that were reaching up to 200 kids a year. But the parents, brothers and sisters of those kids still suffered in that poor neighborhood. Eddie knew that God had called him to help change all that, but his neighbors considered him an outsider. He hadn't grown up in Ravendale. Neighbors here didn't even trust each other, let alone new-



A torched house frames a view of the "new Ravendale."

comers like Eddie.

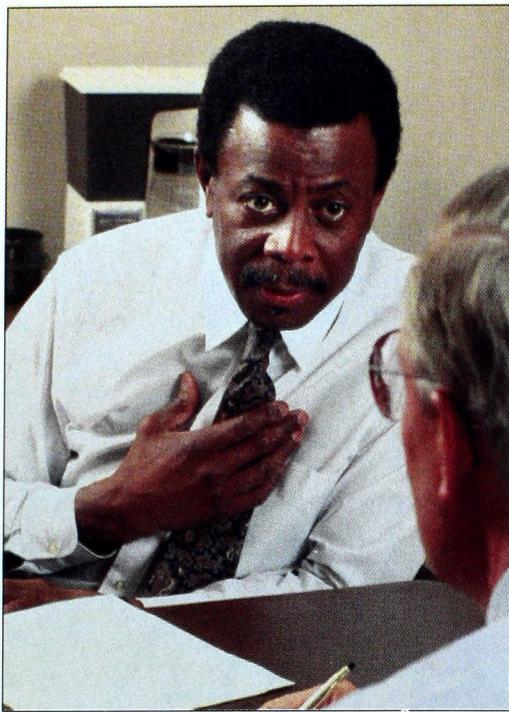
Then in the early winter of 1987, Joy of Jesus joined forces with a small, stubborn group of people who were trying to reclaim their neighborhood. Together they have done just that.

People don't move to Detroit. They move out of Detroit," Maria Williams argued with her husband, Fred, a retired navy man looking for work. Detroit had the highest murder rate in the country, she reasoned, more guns than people. What kind of place was that to raise three children? But it was no use. The Williams were Motown bound. That's where the work was.

They moved in across the street from one of the worst crack houses in Ravendale. Junkies came and went constantly, punctuating the night with ear-splitting music and occasional gunshots.

Maria kept the curtains drawn and never wandered near the living room after dark. Even during the day she was afraid. Six months after moving in, Maria had not left the house once.

Ravendale is a 38-block neighborhood sitting smack in the middle of inner-city Detroit. It used to be considered a nice place to raise a family. But after Detroit's 1967 race riot, the city's industries, jobs and middle class escaped to the safer suburbs. Today, eight out of nine blacks live in Detroit's inner city, while eight out of nine whites live in the suburbs.



"I'm sure people see Detroit as an impossible situation," says Eddie Edwards, Joy of Jesus founder. "But we've seen God glorified in impossible situations again and again."

Abandoned, derelict houses, a block from the Joy of Jesus offices, stand in stark contrast to the tidy homes on Wade Street. Their owners chose not to join Joy of Jesus efforts.



Abandoned housing marks the trail from the inner city to the suburbs. Ravendale is littered with vacant and burned-out buildings—perfect nests for cocaine dealers. Those empty, decaying eyesores used to fuel hopelessness. They were symbols of a neighborhood paralyzed by increasing crime, joblessness, suspicion and despair.

There weren't any neighbors on Wade Street, not the kind Toni McIlwain was used to. People you borrowed eggs from. People who watched your place for you when you went away.

On Wade Street, people didn't even look you in the eye when they passed, not to mention smiling or saying hello. In fact, the woman who moved in down the street six months ago hadn't even stepped outside yet. It seemed like everyone was surrendering the neighborhood to the toughs and the crack dealers.

"It's not supposed to be like this," Toni said to her husband, Roger. "I'm going to start a block club."

In the early winter of 1987, Toni McIlwain went on the offensive.

"Drink that coffee! Finish them eggs! You're comin' to a community meeting," Toni's voice boomed from outside, rattling the windows of every home on Wade Street. Maria Williams parted the curtains just enough to peer out at the woman who was shattering the morning quiet with some half-baked plan.

Carl Magruder, a portly, gray-haired man, was driving Toni up and

down the snow-covered street as she drew a bead on each house with her battery-powered bullhorn.

"Typical Detroit crazy!" Maria thought. "I ain't joining no block club."

But Maria's husband, Fred, went. Besides McIlwain and Magruder, he was the only one at that first meeting.

No one had a formal plan to reclaim their neighborhood. But McIlwain proposed that they start a Neighborhood Watch program. Unfortunately, according to police guidelines they needed 50 percent of the block's residents to agree. No easy task.

"There was tremendous suspicion," says McIlwain, a former Detroit Board of Education employee and mother of four. "I would tell people what we could accomplish with a block club and they'd say, 'Why are you really out here?'"

But dozens of door-to-door calls and five meetings later, every house on the block was represented at a block club gathering. Even Maria came. They agreed to launch the Neighborhood Watch and even picked themselves a name: Neighbors United on Wade.

The first NUW project was the installation of yard lights. Not only would the lights mean better security, but they would demonstrate strong neighborhood unity.

A week before Christmas in 1987, the lights started going up. Everybody turned out to watch and celebrate. Maria Williams helped her neighbors plant flowers around the new lamp



posts. Carl Magruder went from house to house hanging hand-painted signs on the lights, each bearing the name and address of the resident.

Toni McIlwain and her husband, Roger, joined a host of other once-reclusive neighbors who watched from their front porches that evening as the lights came on, one by one.

Roger noticed Toni crying. "What's wrong with you?"

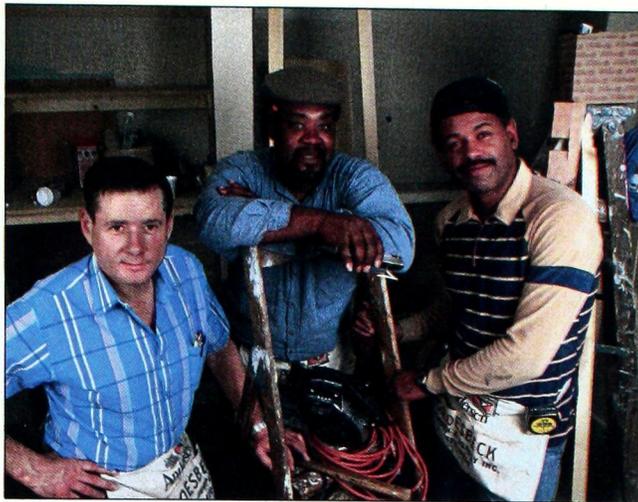
"This is what I wanted," she said.

After the lights were installed, the block changed fast. Wade Street was once a hot spot for ditching stolen and stripped cars. No more. The pride demonstrated in community clean-up convinced car thieves to dump elsewhere.

Absentee landlords started refurbishing their abandoned properties on Wade Street when the neighbors started asking them to clean up the eyesores.

As for the crack house across the street from Maria, the neighbors pres-

Toni McIlwain (center, red coat) and some of her once-reclusive neighbors: "This is what I wanted."



Emil Brucker, Tyrone Warfield, and Rick Smith (l. to r.) do high-quality home restoration in Ravendale.

At first the neighbors laughed. Later, they got in line to have their homes worked on.

sured the landlord to evict the occupants. NUW members set up a 24-hour phone chain to pressure the police into raiding the house. After two weeks of phoning, the cocaine dealers were gone.

All around Ravendale people started noticing the changes on Wade Street. Eddie Edwards noticed too. Impressed, he invited Ravendale leaders to a meeting at his Joy of Jesus Youth Embassy a few blocks from Wade. Carl Magruder, who had been a long-time Joy of Jesus volunteer, made sure every NUW member was at that meeting.

That night, Eddie told us about his vision of a united community," McIlwain says. "Not just one block, but all 38 blocks, and eventually a changed Detroit. That got all of us excited."

It was the beginning of a fruitful partnership.

"We took a lesson from the NUW block club," Eddie says. "We would have to tackle the problems of Ravendale one bit—or one block—at a time."

"We would have been foolish to reinvent the wheel," says Gene Kemp-ski, one of Eddie's associates. "NUW was working in our own back yard. If we hadn't linked up with what was already going on, we would have set ourselves up for all kinds of community jealousy and territorial wars. Joy of Jesus came here to strengthen the community, not divide it."

Because of its links to the business and church communities, Joy of Jesus has helped identify resources, as well as provide leadership and leadership





Derrick Adams (foreground) says Joy of Jesus camps helped keep him off the street as a child. Now he works with youth, hoping to model a different kind of success than the wealthy drug dealers many kids look up to.

development. But it's Ravendale's residents who have identified the most pressing needs and coordinated efforts to address them.

Today 23 of Ravendale's 38 blocks are organized. Joy of Jesus and Ravendale residents have accomplished much:

- convinced Detroit police to open a satellite station in the neighborhood;
- organized youth sports leagues;
- helped more than 115 unemployed residents find jobs;
- established a nightly volunteer radio patrol to report criminal activity;
- started a regular shuttle service for youth, handicapped people, the elderly and job seekers, using a donated van.

The partnership has also reduced Ravendale's high concentration of abandoned housing. Already six abandoned homes obtained through a HUD purchase plan have been refurbished and rented to carefully selected families. Gene Kempfski, a former savings and loan officer, is grooming the families to purchase the homes within two years.

That helps the neighborhood in two ways, says Emil Brucker, a general contractor who spearheads the project. "One, we try to select homes for rehab that will have the greatest positive impact on the values of neighboring properties. And two, when we finish a house, we're going to try our best to place people in it who will help us reach that block and Ravendale for Christ."

"I believe housing rehab provides much of the spark we need to organize

blocks and the community," Kempfski says. "It helps reduce crime, too. The dope dealers, the car thieves, if they see a block that shows pride, has security lights, Neighborhood Watch signs—well, they're going to go elsewhere."

Phil Braga of the Detroit Police Crime Prevention Section concurs. "Whether it's one block or 38 blocks, crime goes down when a community starts to organize. The efforts of [Joy of Jesus] and the people of Ravendale have resulted in a marked decrease of crime in their area."

Currently, Eddie is developing a program he calls "Adopt-A-Block." Under the plan, suburban congregations will link up with one of Ravendale's 38 blocks, helping provide the human, spiritual and material resources the residents need to renew their block.

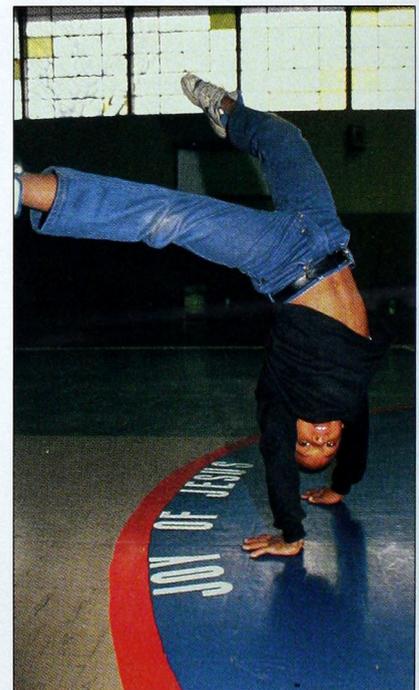
Recently seven members of the St. Clair Shores Assembly of God congregation spent a Saturday in Ravendale repairing the plumbing in a particularly needy home. "We want to help show the people of Ravendale that the love of Christ is real," the church pastor said.

But Eddie has dreams beyond Ravendale.

"I would like to see this neighborhood finish its work in the next two years so we could do the same thing in another part of the city," he says. "I believe God can renew Detroit within 10 years.

"I'm sure people all around the country see Detroit as an impossible

"I'd rather come here than be on the streets," says 8-year-old Carl MacGruder Jr., "because people try to sell dope to you and you could get killed."



situation," Eddie says. "But we've seen God glorified in impossible situations time and again. The stage is set for it to happen again." □

John Wierick is a free-lance writer in Montrose, Calif.

CHASING AWAY THE

TEXT BY RON WILSON

PHOTOS BY BRUCE BRANDER

SHADOW OF DEATH

DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

*You
wouldn't
believe this
is the same
Ethiopian
valley you
saw five
years ago.*

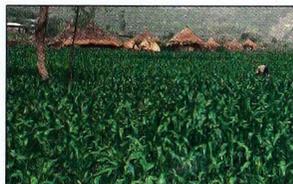
It was one of the leading stories of the decade. Starvation threatened a nation, and in a gigantic wave of compassion, the world rose up to feed it.

It was also one of the media's finest moments. Only minutes before broadcast on Oct. 23, 1984, the producers of NBC Nightly News watched footage of famine in Ethiopia, and the images of mass starvation shocked even the most jaded veterans of the newsroom. So they inserted a clip of hungry, hollow-eyed people and row upon row of corpses, and the pictures stunned the viewers in the well-fed one-third of the world.

No one anticipated the response. In the next year and a half, governments, churches and humanitarian groups sent almost \$4 billion in aid to relieve the drought-induced famine.

So what has happened since? Did we do any more than keep a generation of Ethiopians alive until the rains fail the next time? Has anyone done anything to make sure we never see the protruding bones and bloated bellies of children on our TV screens—ever again?

To answer these questions, we sent writer Ron Wilson and photographer Bruce Brander to Ethiopia. Their report focuses on one isolated valley—a small patch of that ancient and tragic land. But they give us cause for cautious hope.



For weeks Waji Chefraw had rationed his last basket of grain. Day after day he had given his wife, Hulita, smaller and smaller portions for injera, the flat bread they ate with meals. But now they had nothing else to eat with it.

From the side of the mountain where he lived, he looked in vain for a green leaf or some kind of plant life. He could see twisters of dust blowing across the valley and settling on the carcasses of fallen cattle. All of his livestock had long since died.

The Ansokia Valley, some 220

miles north of the Ethiopian capital of Addis Ababa, like hundreds of other such valleys, hadn't seen rain in two years. Thousands of people who lived in the valley simply sat while hunger sapped their energy and their hope. Many, especially children, had died from the diseases that often accompany malnutrition. Hyenas were coming out of the hills on their own desperate search for food, and Waji didn't have the strength to fight them off.

On the day he poured out the last measure of grain, he heard the news—at the far end of the valley someone was handing out food. So with his wife, his four children who were old enough to walk and a babe in arms, he joined a throng of thousands on a slow march for survival.

That was five years ago. Today the Ansokia Valley is green. Papaya and banana plants rise above shocks of maize beside Waji Chefraw's house. His oxen drag plows through rich earth, and his children splash in clean water at a new water-distribution point near the center of his village.

This former death valley is well on its way to being famine resistant. Life remains primitive, but alongside the grain grows hope—a product that Chefraw and the 34,000 people in that valley have known little about.

Searching for outside help

As the rains failed throughout the early 1980s, a local government administrator had to inform the authorities in Addis Ababa about the desperate situation in Ansokia.

Waji Chefraw, his wife, Hulita, and their children outside their fieldstone-and-thatch home.



There were no telephones nor electricity in the valley, not even any roads. The valley was cut off by a river on one side and mountains on the other. So the administrator walked for 12 hours to a government outpost, where his news finally reached the Ethiopian Relief and Rehabilitation Commission. The ERRC then called on World Vision which sent in a survey team and then set up camp.

A feeding camp is not a sight for the weakhearted. Starving people stream to the camps, often walking for many days. Most arrive with just the ragged clothes on their backs and enough energy to simply sit, waiting for rations. Relief workers feed the weaker ones by hand or with tubes to their stomachs.

Sanitation in the camps is rarely adequate. Disease spreads. At night people huddle together against the cold, and in the early morning those with enough strength collect the dead and bury them outside the camp.

In Ansokia, relief workers organized hundreds of men and women to carry gravel, and in a week the work force stamped out a landing strip for supply planes. More food and medical supplies were hauled in by a train of a thousand camels from a distribution point many kilometers away. The fight against starvation continued for months until rain returned.

From relief to development

When you feed people for months on end, nurse their sick, help them with the simplest physical functions, bury their dead when they haven't the strength, and ask nothing in return, you build up a lot of credibility. The relief workers discovered this when, as they sent people back to their homes with grain, seeds and tools, people began to talk to the leaders of the villages.

In the past, social agencies have found it difficult to move from emergency relief to long-range development.

The Third World is littered with the rusting corpses of tractors, pumps and generators—the remains of development projects left by well-meaning humanitarians.

Those humanitarians left something out of the formula for success: the full understanding and cooperation of the local people. So once Ansokia's emergency was over, World Vision workers were understandably skittish



Clean water headed the list of priorities when relief work made way for development plans in Ansokia. Here, a young girl scrubs face and hands at a village waterpoint.

about an ambitious development program there.

Still, if they didn't, they knew what would happen. In the past 250 years, Ethiopia has averaged one famine every 11 years. The rains would fail again; perhaps next year. They had to change this centuries-old pattern. How many years they had to do it no one knew, but they had no choice.

Besides, agriculturalists had said



the valley, with its rich soil and good water supply, had the potential for feeding a million people. It could be a breadbasket for Ethiopia. So the former feeding camp became mission control for a full-scale development project. The race against nature was on.

Developing a devastated valley

In the early 1980s, Ethiopia's Marxist government had begun forc-

ing many families out of the hills and into villages it called Peasant Associations. There were 17 Peasant Associations in the Ansokia Valley, and World Vision's development workers gathered the leaders of them together.

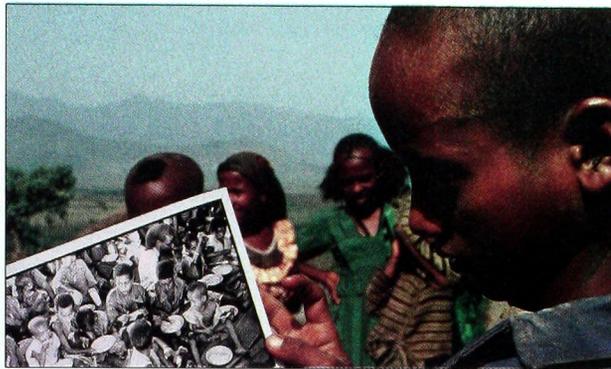
Now came the tricky part. Sure, the workers had credibility with the villagers, but for the development plans to work, those workers needed more than openness and cooperation. They needed to understand the valley and the way the villagers understood it. They needed the villagers to take charge of the work, to make it theirs. And they needed leaders to emerge and give the project the momentum that would carry it on when, someday, the World Vision workers had gone on to other valleys.

Together the workers and the village leaders set out priorities for the next few years. Water headed the list. The villagers needed clean water and they needed it closer to them. Some women had to carry earthen water pots on their backs a mile or more.

Of course the villagers also needed health clinics. Epidemics of cholera, typhus, measles and the dreaded malaria were killing hundreds in the Ansokia Valley.

So the work began.

And in the next four years the farmers and the developers together planted more than 5 million tree seedlings, terraced almost 100 miles of hillside, dug many wells and capped springs



Nuru Ahammed, 8, sees himself

in a picture taken during the great famine of the mid-1980s. "Things are different now," he says. "I have plenty to eat, and it is making me feel very strong."

the diseases more than the shots.

The villagers also took turns repairing the faucets on the water distribution points, set guards around the trees they had recently planted, and appointed caretakers to look after the poorest of the poor children. Did the children need clothes? Food? Medicine? School supplies? The caretaker would turn to the villagers and developers.

Today the Ansokia Valley is in full bloom. Many of the trees Waji Chefraw planted just a few years ago are 30 and 40 feet high. His children chase a fat cow out of an onion patch. Seven-year-old Sisay, who nearly died from measles during the famine, scrambles up a papaya trunk to show that he can reach the ripening fruit.

Life in the valley is still technologically primitive, of course. Women haul water, gather firewood and grind grain by hand. The men plow and plant and build with tools they've fashioned from simple materials. Development for them doesn't mean machinery, engines, appliances, leisure time. That's not what's happening here.

The lifestyle of the people may change little from the past 100 years. But they will be healthier, better educated, have more choices in life. And if their efforts help to heal the environment, produce enough food for the day and store some for the future, they will help ensure survival for themselves and their children in the face of inevitable future droughts. □

Ron Wilson is a free-lance writer and consultant in Charlottesville, Va.



They also needed better crop yields and new crops. They needed to stop the rains from washing soil from the hillside down to the valley floor.

And they needed trees. The old-timers remembered when the valley contained heavy forests and plenty of wood for fuel and building, and trees with fruit to eat. But except for an occasional gnarled fig tree, all the trees had long since been cut.

to pipe potable water to each of the 17 villages. They built 17 health clinics, began literacy programs, introduced new crops and new farming methods.

Ansokia in bloom

Soon the developers started noticing positive changes in outlook and understanding. The women, for example, would pat the children's flat tummies and point to the water outlets.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Ginger Hope



LIVES UNDER CONSTRUCTION

The most exciting thing is watching the boys grow and change," Ken Ortman says. "Of course sometimes you've done your utmost and you still see them make harmful choices. Sometimes you do see dramatic change and miracles. More often you just see slow, gradual improvement."

Ortman and his wife, Sheila, founded Lives Under Construction, a dairy farm in the Missouri Ozarks, to reach out to adolescent boys who are headed for trouble. The farm gives about 15 boys at a time, ages

10-17, over a year in an atmosphere of Christian influence, loving discipline and hard work.

The farm urgently needs house-parents, and disciples for nine boys who have made recent commitments to Christ. If you have a few weeks or months to spare, you can contribute carpentry, mechanical, tutoring, cooking and fix-it skills. It's volunteer work, with room and board provided.

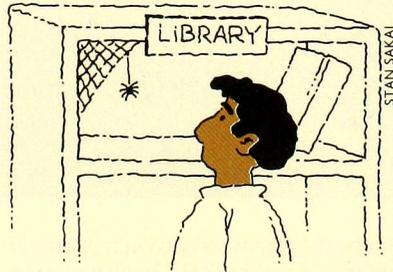
Contact Lives Under Construction, HCR 1, Box 458A, Lampe, MO 65681; (417) 779-5374.

GOOD NEWS FOR INDIA

Good News for India" invites you to help stock the shelves of a new school library. The Luther New Theological College, in its first year, needs theological books, Bible commentaries, Christian biographies and other reference works.

Besides training Indian clergy, the school offers short-term training courses for Christian lay workers. Such seminars play a vital role, since full-time study is a luxury many Indian Christians can't afford.

With fewer foreign missionaries allowed in the country (less than



800 for a population approaching 900 million), indigenous Christians will be the main carriers of the good news to India in coming years.

For information contact Good News for India, P.O. Box 1069, Gateway Station, Culver City, CA 90230.

THEY GIVE AT THE OFFICE

Employees of the federal government, including the military, can now automatically give part of each paycheck to their choice of over 600 national voluntary organizations, including World Vision. Called the Combined Federal Campaign, the giving plan resembles the United Way system used in private corporations.

A CHANCE TO SURVIVE

Why is it that 75 percent of children under 5 in the Philippines are malnourished? Why are the common childhood diseases in Gambia not chicken pox or the flu, but serious illnesses such as polio and tetanus?

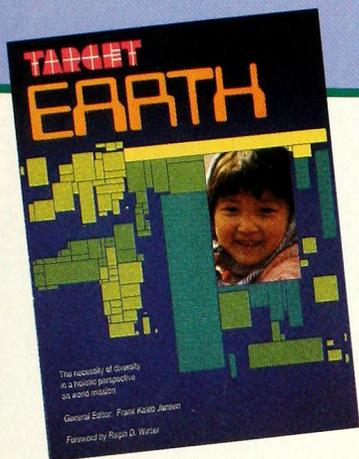
"A Chance to Survive: A Study Course on Child Health" brings you into the lives of Third-World people to study crucial issues of child health and well-being. The kit includes 10 participant booklets, a facilitator's guide and a slide show.

"A Chance to Survive" is available for \$18.00, plus \$4.00 postage, from Bread for the World Institute on Hunger and Development, 802 Rhode Island Ave., N.E., Washington, DC 20018

A toll-free telephone service can answer your questions about World Vision and help you with matters such as address or phone changes.

For English-language assistance call 1-800-777-5777. For Spanish-language assistance call 1-800-777-1760

TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE THE SQUARE!



TARGET EARTH

Yes, it's an atlas, but it's not just a book full of maps and data. *Target Earth* is a colorful snapshot of our world, a call to all Christians to care for all of humanity and all of creation.

In *Target Earth*, the "greenhouse effect," international debt, world radio access and human rights have their place on the Christian mission agenda right along with "unreached people groups," the world of Islam and discipleship techniques.

Target Earth lists for \$23.95, but copies are available at a discounted introductory price from Global Mapping International, 1605 Elizabeth St., Pasadena, CA 91104; (818) 398-2420.

“ O beloved sick, how doubly dear you are to me, when you personify Christ; and what a privilege is mine to tend you. ...

And, O God, while you are Jesus, my patient, deign also to be to me a patient Jesus, bearing with my faults, looking only to my intention, which is to love and serve you in the person of each of your sick.

*Mother Teresa
of Calcutta*



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FMG 001

For months, Lily prayed for a healed marriage. What she got was

Lily Sharp had to get away, if only for a few days. For almost 30 years she had tolerated and forgiven an abusive husband. Divorce? Already in the works, though Lily struggled with the idea. For months she had prayed for her marriage and family. She sensed God's promise of a miracle.

Still expecting a miracle, on a cold October day in 1980, Lily headed north for a quiet retreat. The ringing telephone broke the silence, and the news broke her world apart: Scott, Lily's 20-year-old son, had been thrown 80 feet from his car in an accident, suffering massive internal injuries and a punctured lung. The reduced flow of oxygen to his brain had left him in a coma.

What Lily saw in the hospital room in Ann Arbor, Mich., might have shattered another mother. "He was white as a ghost, had sunken eyes, tubes sticking in him." Still, Lily felt that all this had something to do with her miracle.

A miracle? Not the kind most people would pray for. Nor the one Lily expected. But as Lily explains, "God uses hurts to make you strong so you can do something for others who are hurting in the same way."

The miracle Lily had hoped for

was one happy, reconciled family. She'd never had that kind of family, even as a child.

"We were dirt poor and my parents didn't want me. When they went out drinking at night, I'd sit at the end of the driveway and watch for their headlights. I'd cry and cry."

Her parents' lifestyle caused others to reject her as well. "I remember pushing my nose against a screen door, asking if a little girl could come out to play. Her mother said, 'No, she's busy.' But as I left I heard her mother saying, 'I don't want you playing with Lily because her family is trash.'"

So Lily tried to earn love. At age 9 she started cleaning houses. "You never saw a little girl clean like I cleaned. I hired out to a woman for 25 cents one time. Her husband came home and said, 'This house has never been so clean.' And that was really my pay. I was hoping I could be good enough to be accepted."

The only good that Lily remembers from those hard days is this: Wherever her family moved, people came to the door to invite her to church. "I wanted someone to love me, and I

Scott at 19 months after the accident.



A · M · I · R · A · C · L · E

WRAPPED IN ANGUISH

TEXT BY JUDY BLAIN • PHOTOS BY JON WARREN



learned that Jesus loved me." She had found someone who heard her anger and pain.

At age 12, Lily was placed in an institution for homeless children, separated from the 2-year-old sister she had mothered as her own child. Lily vowed that when she grew up, she would have a family and kids no one could take away.

That determination led her to marry when she was just 16. But love was elusive: She received only criticism and physical abuse from her husband.

Still pursuing happiness, she decided to earn it through the only work she knew: cleaning. With just an eighth-grade education, Lily began a small janitorial service. Employers commended her work, the business grew and at last she could afford the trappings of happiness for her family.

She built a small house on a plot of land where deer, pheasants and rabbits roamed near a creek. But Lily's life didn't fit the picture postcard. Her husband soon demanded that she pay off the mortgage in five years; she did it in four. Sure of pleasing him at last, Lily gift-wrapped the mortgage and gave it to him for Christmas.

She knelt in front of him as he sat in his chair and asked him if he was finally happy. He said yes—but now he wanted a barn built and paid for, and \$150,000 in the bank.

When her husband pointed a gun at her and demanded her savings certificates, Lily had had enough. "I cried over lost dreams, the family, the love. I felt so guilty about the divorce, but in reality this man divorced me two weeks after we were married."

Yet she credits her divorce for transforming a weak and helpless Lily into the new Lily—strong, determined, tough yet compassionate. It was this new Lily who practically willed her son back to health.

After Scott's accident, doctors offered little hope for his survival. Lily didn't believe them.

"I'd sit by Scott and say, 'Mama's right here, I'm not going to leave you. Jesus is right here too. Remember Jonah and Noah and Daniel? God's going to deliver you just like them.' I knew Scott heard me because he squeezed my hand.

Lily vowed that when she grew up, she would have a family and kids no one could take away.

"The doctors would say, 'Oh, that's just reflexes.' But I knew better. So do they, now."

The doctors said Scott would never walk, never talk, never eat normally. And he would never even sit in a wheelchair because he couldn't bend at the waist and hips. But Lily insisted, "I have a God who knows those hips and that waist, how they're made and what they're made of."

Lily's battle for Scott's recovery did leave scars. "I was pushing the medical people, dealing with an abusive husband, and trying to bring Scott back at the same time," she says. "When I look back at all the turmoil, I know there was the potential to become very bitter. But God was faithful. He said he would keep us, and he does."

Doctors warned Scott would never walk, never talk, never eat normally.

Lily constantly pressed for actions she believed would help Scott recover, but the doctors wouldn't budge. Her faith wavered. One evening as she worked in a deserted bank, she was near despair. "God, it's been a whole year," she prayed. "If you're going to take Scott home, why let him suffer?"

She sat down and opened a worn devotional book, in which she read from John 11: "The purpose of his illness is not death, but for the glory of God ... Didn't I tell you that you will see a wonderful miracle from God if

you believe?"

Renewed, Lily fought on for her son. Scott had been in the hospital 14 months, and she wanted to take him home. But his doctors feared he would be unable to eat without his gastric tube. Lily proved them wrong, feeding Scott mashed eggs and strained vegetables for the next two months.

Even at home, Lily fought hard for every tiny advance. "You don't know, until you've been there, what you can do," she says. Refusing to accept a prognosis of permanent disability, Lily hired therapists and recruited volunteers so Scott could exercise. He learned to roll over, to sit, to crawl and finally to walk with assistance.

Scott can now use a specially adapted computer to communicate. He watches the screen as groups of letters appear—A to E, F to J, and so on. Scott selects the group he wants by pressing a button with his one functional hand. As those letters flash on the screen, Scott chooses the next one for his message. It's painstaking, but the computer has opened a new world for Scott.

One day last year, Lily watched Scott compose these words on his screen: "I have the urge to become a medical missionary." That gave her pause. Yes, Scott had improved dramatically, but he still couldn't speak or walk by himself, still spent his days in a wheelchair.

"A missionary," she mused. "There must be a way." Lily was determined her son would do anything he wanted with his life. His most recent triumph was learning to write with his compu-

ter. What about reaching out to hurting people by writing letters? Scott nodded yes.

Lily never does things halfway, and neither does Scott. Shortly after watching a World Vision special on television, Lily committed \$2,000 a month to support 100 children in Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America. Scott corresponds with each one, writing simple expressions of friendship and encouragement.

When they receive letters from their sponsored children, Scott and Lily read them together. Scott laughs as his mother trips over names like Rajalakshmi Kubbusamy or Jeyaseelan Durairaj. His laughter is music to Lily, who once thought she might never see Scott smile again.

"If people will only let God, he will use their suffering," she says. "No matter how bad things look, God still has his plan."

Without the fight Lily put up, chances are Scott wouldn't have healed the way he has. Or found a way to serve. And Lily might never have dreamed of opening her home to other head-injured patients. Who could offer better care than someone who has lived through it? she reasoned.

She called her dream "Charity's Restoration Home." She has added a wing to her home,

Lily was determined her son would do anything he wanted with his life.



Lily runs most of her janitorial business from home, so she can spend more time with Scott.



Lending a hand in the kitchen helps improve Scott's coordination and his self-esteem.



"I want to be a missionary," Scott spelled out on his computer.



equipped with the bars, bikes, walkers, tilt tables and lifts needed by recovering patients. She has contracted with medical specialists to work with the patients.

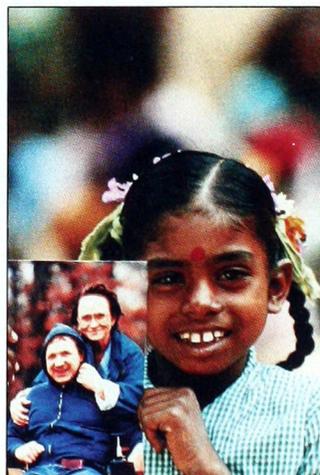
Lily is licensed for six residents. She hopes someday to fill the house, even if it means giving up her own bedroom. She will start by taking on just two residents.

"I can't wait to get the kids," she says. "I'd love to put in a swimming pool, hot tubs and a greenhouse. I have a vision." Yet she wants it to be more than her own vision. "If it's not God's will, he will provide something else."

Lily says it quietly, as one for whom dreams have died—and new ones have been born. She once asked Scott: "Knowing what you know now, that God could use you in that wheelchair for his glory, would you go through it again?" He nodded yes.

"I have to say the same thing," Lily says. "At the time, your heart's too heavy. But when you look back, you see how God's put each little thing together, even the things that were so hurtful. He makes you strong so you can do something for others who are hurting in the same way. That's what he's done for me." □

Judy Blain is a free-lance writer in Grand Rapids, Mich.



One of 100 children Scott corresponds with, Selvi Muniratnam lives in India. Her name means "Queen of Beauty."

BY ED DAYTON

Nehemiah was a good manager. The story of how he rebuilt the city of Jerusalem (found in the Old-Testament book of Nehemiah) has often been used as a teaching model for management.

It has all the elements. Nehemiah heard of the need; he prayed about it for months; he had a vision of a rebuilt city. He made long-range plans. He counted the cost and gathered the necessary resources to do the task.

Then he took his long-range plans and reworked them into short-range plans when he arrived on the site. As a good leader, he challenged and motivated the people.

Good at execution

Nehemiah was not only a good planner, he was good at execution. He allocated staff and delegated portions of the task to them. When unforeseen circumstances arose, he modified his plans. When he had personnel problems, he dealt with them promptly. And through it all we read, "So I prayed to my God. ..."

The wall was finished in 52 days. When it was secure, Nehemiah turned to the task of restoring the city. When everything was ready, he planned a celebration and rededication.

Now that's good management. Certainly "Christian" management, right?

Who watched the shop?

But after a 12-year leave of absence, Nehemiah returned to King Artaxerxes in Babylon. We're not sure whom he left in charge in Jerusalem, but when he returned, he found things in disarray. The walls had not kept out the enemy. The portions to be set aside for the Levites had not been given to them, and all the Levites and singers

responsible for service had gone back to their own fields. The Sabbath was not being honored.

Whomever Nehemiah left in charge had lacked the wisdom or ability to sustain the programs Nehemiah had instituted.

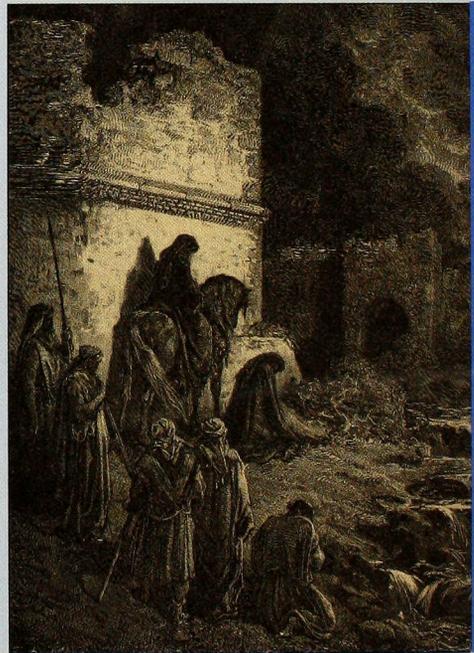
A familiar story

We don't know why it happened. But it's not an unfamiliar situation. An organization's future depends on its ability to identify and prepare potential leaders. Those new leaders must be able not only to hold the fundamental principles of the organization, but also to continuously find new ways to move forward.

Management is about people, not projects. Beautiful buildings, carefully constructed programs, and prayed-over plans are no better than the people who have been prepared to use them. □

*Sure,
he could
build a
wall—
but could
he build
people?*

NEHEMIAH, THE MODEL MANAGER



*Nehemiah
and friends at
Jerusalem's
ruined walls*

PUPPETS, PRAYER, AND A NEW VAN

The stinging rain on her cheeks and cold wind that whipped her jacket lapels as she trudged through the streets of Puente Alto will always linger in her memory. For three hours, every Sunday morning, Blanquita Cornejo used to walk from home to home in the small industrial town outside Santiago, Chile, rounding up children in the poorer areas and taking them to church.

Once there, she performed a puppet show for her small audience, using puppets she made herself, to convey messages of God's love for them. Afterward, she spent another three hours leading them all back to their homes.

Although she delighted in seeing the children in her neighborhood attend church, she knew that if she only had a vehicle, she could round up even more children and cut down on the time it took her to escort them to and from the local Christian and Missionary Alliance Church.

Securing such a vehicle became her prayer. "This is only temporary," she would tell herself.

Poverty of spirit enters into true praying. "The poor" means paupers, beggars those who live on the bounty of others, who live by begging. Christ's people live by asking.

E.M. Bounds

tunity to help Blanquita. They printed a brochure describing her unique outreach and inviting contributions toward a vehicle. It didn't take long to generate response.

Last year, Manuel Carrasco, director of the World Vision Chile field office, handed Blanquita the keys to a new van. "It's a miracle of God," Blanquita beamed. "He welcomed my prayers."

Today, Blanquita and her husband Juanito round up 50 children for church each Sunday, where Blanquita continues to use her handmade



M. CANTILLO/WORLD VISION

puppets to bring the gospel to life for the children. In addition, she and her husband also take their show to other churches, and even to retirement homes. With the van, she is able to reach many more people than before—and she doesn't have to worry about sloshing through the rain.

"For me, the greatest thing is seeing happiness on the face of a child," Blanquita says. "We are able to continue spreading the Christian message, thanks to the generosity of a donor whose name I don't even know. But I want to thank him from deep in my heart. And I want him to know that this vehicle is used solely for the work of the Lord." □

Josefa Auba, with Randy Miller

Blanquita's new van: "It's a miracle of God. He welcomed my prayers."

Matters for Prayer

◆ **Pray for** any refugees you know personally, and for others you have heard of. Ask God for opportunities to make strangers feel welcome (pp. 3-12).

◆ **Thank God** for progress toward a famine-resistant Ansokia Valley in Ethiopia (pp. 17-19).

◆ **Pray that** Christian leaders of all ethnic backgrounds will grow in love and esteem for one another (pp. 28-29).

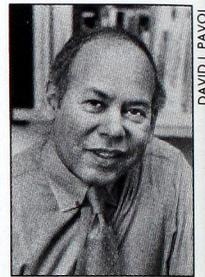
◆ **Thank God** for the grace and growth he gives even amid intense suffering, as Lily Sharp attests (pp. 22-25).

◆ **Pray for** the people involved in Joy of Jesus ministry in Detroit. Ask God to make them a continuing agent for change and witness to the gospel of Jesus Christ (pp. 13-16).

BY BILL PANNELL

A NEW GENERATION OF OLDS?

Is Christian leadership only for the favored sons?



DAVID J. PAVOL

Dr. Bill Pannell is associate professor of evangelism and director of black ministries at Fuller Theological Seminary, Pasadena, Calif.

As we approach the 1990s, many of evangelicalism's senior leaders are retiring or coming to the end of their ministries. We are preparing to pass the baton to a new group of emerging leaders. ... We must identify these new leaders, networking and developing them as evangelists who will work in a world much different from ours. And we must carefully avoid training them to fulfill only our visions, using only our methods, creating clones of ourselves. We must enable them to fulfill the visions God gives them. —Leighton Ford in *WORLD VISION* magazine. ("Evangelism into the 21st Century," Feb.-Mar. 1989)

Baton-passing is no piece of cake. The near-disaster for an American relay team at the Seoul Olympics was a good example. Florence "Flo-Jo" Joyner-Kersey, after a superb run, almost blew the hand-off. If not for the sheer muscle of Evelyn Ashford, the U.S. team would have settled for second. That's because Flo-Jo was slotted into the relay at the last minute. She wasn't really part of the team.

I don't want to push this baton analogy too far. But I think it's useful for saying some things about the way evangelical leadership roles are passed.

As Flo-Jo showed, baton-passing doesn't "just happen" in the big race. That kind of pinpoint timing is possible only after many hours of practice, and many more hours of racing together. The pass becomes virtually second nature, because you trust one another and you've worked together. The team has been hand-picked for a long time.

And I'm afraid that's already happened in evangelical circles. The prime runners for the next lap have already been chosen from within the club—basically a homogenous group. Take a look at any photo over the years, it's



the same old gang. So-called "ethnics" are few and far between, and so are women. The new guard won't be much different.

The old guard realizes that it's time—past time, really—to pass the baton. It's the day of the race, so they're not going to look far afield for new talent. They'll look to their own, to the people they've been cultivating all along.

Meanwhile, hundreds of great "athletes" are standing out on the track, waiting for a tired evangelicalism to catch up. Eager, proven talent has been in place for years, shifting from one foot to the other, waiting for the hand-off. Many are still waiting. Others have given up and wandered off to find another event where they'll get a chance to run.

Which leads to the real issue with batons: someone's got to let go. It's hard to give up power. It's even harder to admit that power is what this whole baton-passing thing is about. Once you pass the baton, you have no choice but to trust the next runner. You've lost control.

To be fair, it's true that the leader-choosing process has not completely overlooked the non-Western world. There are leaders all over the world who, in one way or another, received a baton from the West. Some received their theological training in Western schools; others, their missiology from visiting scholars from the West. Or

they were influenced and encouraged by the two major gatherings of evangelists in Amsterdam. These people willingly acknowledge their debt to Western evangelical leaders.

For a long time, the center of the evangelical movement has been Western ingenuity, strategies, theologies and definitions. So it's not surprising that when people list the key figures in evangelism, they usually name few persons of color from anywhere in the world. And just as it is painful for Yankees to realize that we are not in political and economic control of the world any more, so it is painful for Western Christian leaders to realize the same thing in the arena of evangelism.

Leighton Ford wrote that, at an international meeting for young Christian leaders in Singapore, "many of the U.S. delegates faced criticism from their international brothers and sisters for the first time." The sad thing is that they had to go halfway around the world to hear it.

If, as Ford says, "we need to hear that kind of criticism," there are a number of black and Hispanic brothers and sisters closer to home who would be happy to oblige. If the U.S. delegates were stunned by what they heard in Singapore, how would they handle what they might hear in a place like Atlanta?

I suspect that the baton has already been passed to the favored sons (and a few daughters). They had the inside track. They went to the right schools; they learned the right definitions and memorized the right methods. In order to belong and to lead, a person has to eat at the right tables, swim at the right clubs.

Meanwhile, some of the finest and most talented believers, who have been serving God for years, are repeatedly passed over.

The number of ethnic Americans at the key Singapore meeting for young Christian leaders in 1987 was small. Scholarships were offered to young leaders from the Third World, but not to ethnic Americans.

Scholarship money is not a peripheral issue. People in the ethnic American community generally don't have access to the organizations and associations that send representatives, all expenses paid. And they usually don't have the economic base in their churches to raise that kind of money. If

evangelical leaders seriously want ethnic Americans involved in key meetings, something will have to be done about the money issue—just like it's done for Third-World people who can't afford to come without scholarships.

Many fine young African-American, Hispanic and Native American Christians also learned a lesson at Leadership '88. The large gathering of young Christian leaders in Washington, D.C., was billed as multi-cultural, or multi-ethnic. We talked it up among young ethnic leaders; we thought there was going to be a breakthrough.

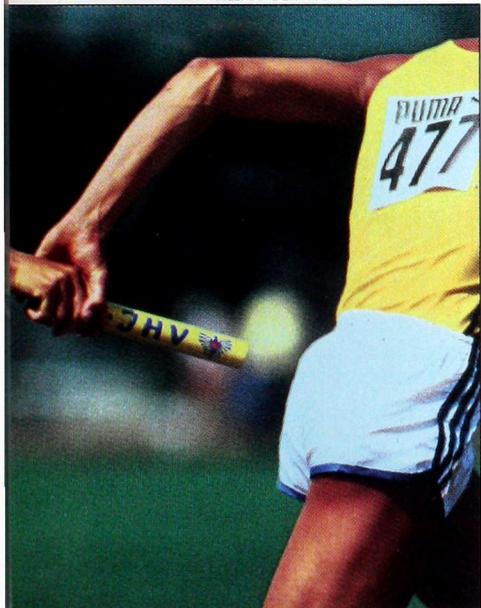
What we saw in Washington was the same-old same-old. Same faces on the platform. Same key addresses by the same speakers. And I can assure you that many ethnics who attended took the lesson to heart. It does matter who stands on the platform, regardless of all the wonderful networking and person-to-person encounters that happen on the conference floor. The platform embodies the leadership, the spirit of a meeting.

I said earlier that the baton has already been passed. Well, that's true in another way too, a way nobody can manipulate or control. I see the new generation of leaders in my classes and on the campus where I teach. They come from all over the globe, and they have vision, experience and courage beyond any I have ever seen from America's heartland. All over the world there are incredible leaders paying a higher price to serve Jesus than we'll ever pay. So in a sense it's not even possible to talk about passing the baton. That's the Holy Spirit's work, and thank God it gets done without us.

But Leighton Ford's concern is legitimate. If I had given my life to ministry and God had blessed it, I would want to think about passing some of that on. As Leighton said, I would not try to pass the method, but something of the spirit, the ethos, the passion. Older leaders do have a great deal of power to invest in new leaders, encouraging and legitimizing them.

My point is this: Unless all of us are talking together, unless all of us are running together in the daily workouts and time trials, learning to know and trust each other, it's going to be a very small team running a very big race. If that's the case, 21st-century evangelism—and evangelicalism—will be the poorer for it. □

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READERS' RIGHT

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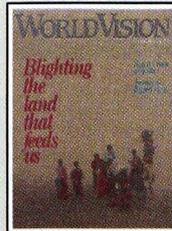
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I was really upset by the interview with Wesley Granberg-Michaelson ("A Keeper of the Earth"). Did Judith Hougen also interview some of the people whose livelihood has been devastated by the tactics of so-called environmentalists?



We have been harvesting and replanting timber for 50 to 60 years. After the way the news media have publicized the Northwest forest and owl problems, I now doubt most news on environmental issues.

Mrs. Robert Rice
 Sweet Home, Ore.

I just finished Tom Sine's article ("Will the Real Cultural Christians Please Stand Up"). Thank you for your boldness. We need to wake up! We have convinced ourselves that we are the most important thing in this life.

Anne Van Dyken
 West Park Baptist Church
 Hermiston, Ore.

I cut out part of Tom Sine's article to post on my church's bulletin. My stand is not popular in my community, but I was surprised that many of *your* readers responded negatively to Campolo's earlier article ("Will the Real Jesus Please Stand Up," Oct.-Nov. 1988).

Will God have to call on the stones themselves to cry out his message?

Evelyn Johnson
 Chester, Mont.

Tom Sine is right in saying that American young people have been sold the wrong dream. We struggle daily with decisions that early Christians faced, but without the willingness to be completely guided by the Holy Spirit we make many choices that compromise the gospel.

Lila Tremaine
 Fort Myers, Fla.

The articles by Tom Sine and Bob Lupton ("How to Create a Ghetto") are "right on" and absolutely painful. They are a significant contribution to the evangelical Christian church that so earnestly prays for the poor—and then makes sure they stay that way! *Frederick J. Obold*
 Hoffnungsau Mennonite Church
 Inman, Kans.

You are the first evangelical magazine I have seen which finally pointed out the deep spiritual values in former President Jimmy Carter's life and political stance ("Hammers and Human Rights"). I still grieve over the way evangelicals "ditched" a truly born-again president whose biblical faith informed his actions.

John E. Huegel
 San Luis Potosi, Mexico

Your recent articles on liberation theology, the homeless and now on Jimmy Carter have caused me consternation. Most bothersome are the undertones of liberal theology and the well-worn fallacies (about the homeless) espoused by the liberal media and liberal politicians.

Jimmy Carter has compassion for little children—unless they are unborn; he has great compassion for homosexuals and Marxists, but discounts the wickedness of their activities.

Miller Hartzog
 Baton Rouge, La.

Peter Searle's "Life on the Line," about Beirut's Green Line, was chilling. Thanks for being a window on the world that lies outside our tendency "to encapsulate ourselves within a community of people just like us," in the words of Jimmy Carter.

Warren Taylor
 Bloomington Congregational Church
 Bloomington, Calif.

FROM PRISONER TO PACK MULE

Peter Johnson is a freelance writer living in Milltown, N.J.

Fear squeezed the last drops of hope from Tom Faunce's mind as he stood inside the stone walls of Michigan's Penitentiary. Only 20 years old and shorter than most of the other new prisoners, he looked like a kid. He was herded into a long room, stripped of his clothes and sprayed with disinfectant.

"That night I cried," he recalls. "I wanted to die. There was no reason for life. Everything I had ever believed in had failed."

That was 1970. Tom had been home from Vietnam only a month when he was arrested, convicted and sentenced to prison for selling \$40 worth of heroin.

Nothing had ever seemed to go right for Tom. Raised near Detroit, he and his 11 brothers and sisters never lived together for more than one year at a time. His mother was often sick and his father had a tough time supporting such a large family with the menial jobs he was able to find.

When Tom was 14 his father died in a fire. Then his mother suffered a nervous breakdown. The children bounced back and forth between relatives, foster homes and institutions.

As a child and teenager Tom always felt "more than lower class. No good," he recalled. "I loved to get into trouble." Shoplifting, fighting, heavy drinking and drugs became his life.

In prison he became a compulsive reader. "That was my only escape," he said. "And it was the start of my search for something."

Good behavior won him an early release, but his life didn't change. Dealing drugs, a stormy marriage and divorce, and chasing around the country pushed him into an even deeper tailspin of despair. "My only real friend was a golden retriever called 'Nature.' I took that dog everywhere."

Then he spotted the book *Pilgrim's Progress* with a picture of a back-packer on the cover. Recalling the book, he says simply, "I felt God was speaking to me."

While visiting his mother in Texas he started reading the Bible. The message of John 3:16 in the New Testament clicked in Tom's mind. God loved him! "God was big enough to forgive me. It was like a veil lifted off my eyes," he explained. "I wept and repented."

Tom's life took a new turn. In 1980 he married again and a few years later enrolled in a missions school in Mexico.

There Tom felt a tugging in his heart to help the poor and abandoned, those no one cared about.

In 1985, with \$200 in his jeans, he headed for Honduras with a desire to help the Miskito Indians who lived in squalid refugee camps near the Nicaraguan border. He had no solid contacts there. He couldn't speak Spanish. It seemed like a crazy idea.

Miraculously Tom found the camps. He saw the Indians' poverty and sickness; children suffering from malnutrition. He saw families uprooted from villages burned in the fighting in Nicaragua.

With a few friends and with support from churches and individuals, Tom has gone back seven times to the war-torn Honduran-Nicaraguan border. He has distributed tons of food, medicines, clothing and Bibles. "We're more or less pack mules for Jesus," Tom explains.

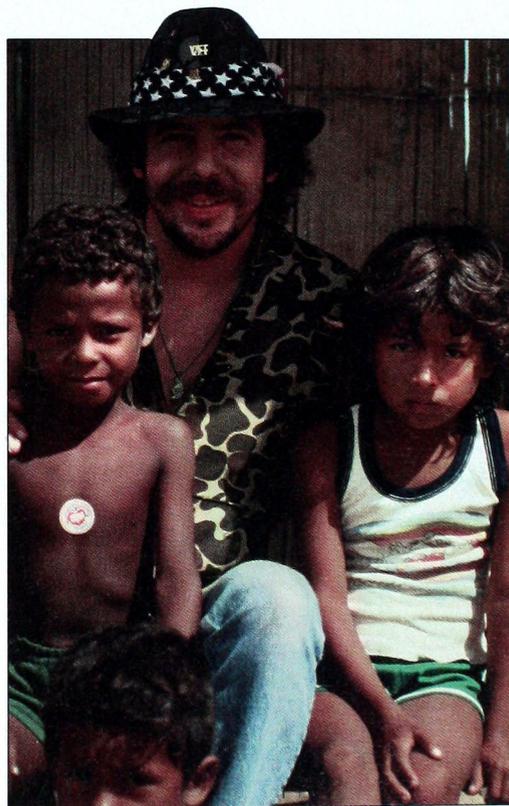
In 1988 Tom founded Front Line Outreach Ministry to help the poor in Detroit's ghettos. He simply started giving out donated clothing and sandwiches in Clark Park, a notorious crack haven. "They thought we were having a yard sale," Tom said.

Distributing food, clothing and even furniture is now a weekly event. Tom remembers giving shoes to a barefoot 7-year-old whose mother is addicted to crack. When the cold weather comes, area residents look forward to blankets, coats and hot soup.

Tom is planning another trip to Central America. And he will continue to work in Detroit's inner city. He can't stop. "There's nothing more rewarding than spending my life on others," he explains.

"If God can use me," he adds, "he can use anybody." □

Peter Johnson



PETER JOHNSON

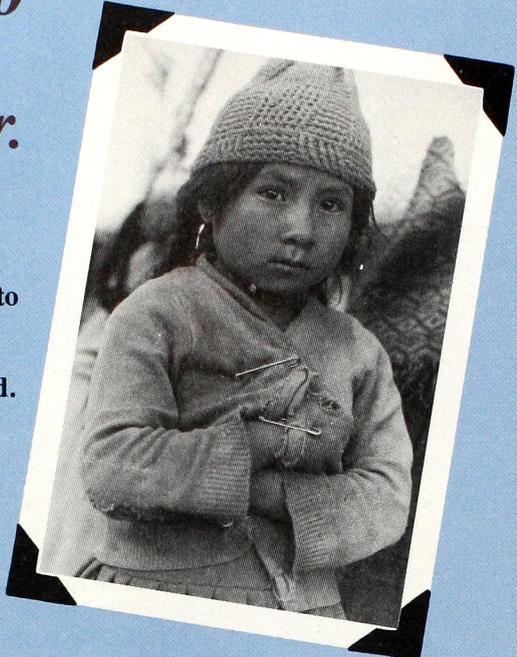
Tom Faunce:
"If God can use me, he can use anybody."

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This is Maria. This Christmas, Maria and millions of children like her need caring friends to love them.

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December 1989-January 1990

**ETHIOPIA:
CHASING
AWAY THE
SHADOW
OF DEATH**

**A MAKE-OVER
IN MOTOWN**

**A MIRACLE
WRAPPED IN
ANGUISH**



**ARE THEY
TRAPPED
FOR LIFE?**

A SPECIAL REPORT

REFUGEES
THE WORLD'S HOMELESS

A SPECIAL REPORT

4 Refugees in Limbo

Of the more than 14 million refugees in the world, only two percent are slated for resettlement or return to their homeland. The rest remain in limbo. And their number is growing.

13 A Make-Over in Motown

Getting the crack dealers and the junkies off their street wasn't easy, but, with perseverance, it happened. All it took was a few "neighborhood crazies" and a dreamer with a vision to renovate inner-city Detroit.

17 Chasing Away the Shadow of Death

Five years ago, Ethiopia's Ansokia Valley was a dusty, barren host to throngs of that country's famine victims. Today, the valley is a veritable oasis, thanks to careful planning, education and hard work.

22 A Miracle Wrapped in Anguish

She had to get away. After 30 years of life with an abusive husband, and a divorce around the corner, Lily Sharp needed some time to think, to pray for a miracle. But when the news of her son's near-fatal auto accident reached her, she knew God had a different kind of miracle in mind for her.

28 A New Generation of Olds?

Are ethnic Christians being left behind as the old guard passes the leadership baton to the next generation? Fuller Seminary professor Bill Pannell thinks so, and believes that the evangelical world will definitely be the lesser for it.

Is There a Silver Lining?	3
Samaritan Sampler	20
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Puppets, Prayer and a New Van	27
Readers' Right	30

We've added 8 pages to highlight the 14 million people in 105 countries who have no voice and little hope: the world's homeless. You'll meet a few of them in our pages.

World Vision this year supplied 1,323,678 refugees in 14 countries with some practical expression of Christian concern at a cost of \$2.28 million. Some received food; others, shelter, clothing or medical care. And like the cup of cold water, it was given in the name of the Lord.

Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

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WORLD VISION magazine is published bi-monthly by **WORLD VISION®**

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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 to WORLD address VISION Magazine, 919 W. Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016. 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 © 1989 by World Vision, Inc.



Refugees at Site 8 camp near the Thai-Cambodia border



ION WARREN

BY ROBERT A. SEIPLE

It's very difficult to find a silver lining in the refugee cloud. There are more than 14 million refugees in the world today, and that number is not diminishing.

The Cambodian camps along the Thai border are characterized by total despair. The Afghans who fled to Iran and Pakistan, a third of the entire country, live in quiet resignation. In what might be the ultimate irony of refugee migrations, we see Sudanese fleeing into Ethiopia while some Ethiopians seek refuge in Sudan. Then there is the unending pain of the Vietnamese in Hong Kong. They risked everything to flee, and now they are caged like animals in detention camps and threatened with repatriation to Vietnam.

There is, indeed, a cloud over these people. But I think we can begin to see a thread of a silver lining in that cloud by looking at the lives of the two most important refugees in history—Moses and Jesus. Their experiences speak directly to the refugee problem today.

Both Moses and Jesus started out as refugees. Moses was the original boat person, plucked out of the Nile to ultimately lead a nation of refugees. This nation, formed in the iron furnace of Egypt, God used to make himself known to the world.

Jesus, a refugee at the age of two, was chosen from the family of God "to bring good news to the poor, heal the brokenhearted, announce release to captives and freedom to those in prison."

In the lives of these two refugees we find more than just a tantalizing bit of optimism. Instead we find a legitimate hope that a proper response to today's refugees might provide incredible opportunities for the church. We can learn from today's refugees some lessons long forgotten in our protective American culture. For in the refugee we see perseverance through great pain and suffering. We see anew the price of freedom and the people who choose to risk all so that they might live free. We feel an indomitable human spirit. We experience faith that triumphs over persecution.

And, perhaps most importantly, we see faith communicated wherever the refugees lead. The most effective means of world evangelization, the transmission of the gospel to every cul-

ture, just might come from the refugee populations!

To such populations we can present our best gifts, gifts flowing from our best instincts as Christians. We can provide hope in the midst of despair, a refuge from wanderings, stability in unpredictable surroundings, a home for the homeless. Even as we learn from the refugees, the church has much to offer in return.

The Amerasians now coming out of Vietnam, for example, represent a population full of hope, a population with much to give and a population that will need what the church in this country can supply. Some 30,000 to 50,000 Amerasians represent American blood knowingly left behind when we departed from there in 1975.

Today we have a Homecoming Act and the Vietnamese have an Orderly Departure Program. Together they replace the leaky boats, brutal pirates and unforgiving sea that claimed tens of thousands of these people. Vietnamese-Americans will settle in this country. They will be a living metaphor, a human bridge of reconciliation as our two countries, so inextricably linked, come together again. We will have an opportunity to embrace a refugee, a powerful form of reconciliation as we seek to bring closure to a terrible chapter in the history of both countries.

How will the church respond? I believe our response will dictate ultimately whether or not we have a legitimate opportunity for effective ministry—or a problem too difficult to handle, too painful to acknowledge.

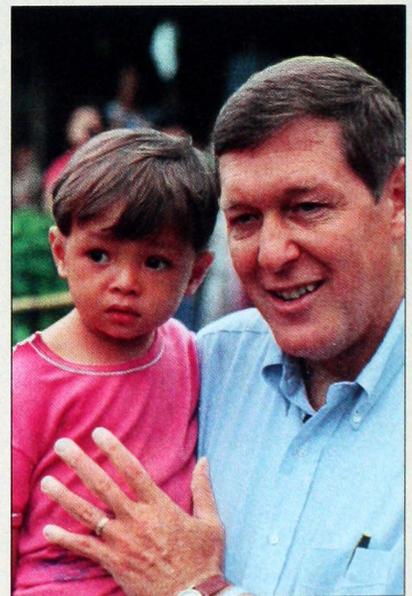
Will the church make the resettlement of Amerasians a priority? Will we see them as neighbors? Will we be neighborly as Christ defined it in the parable of the Good Samaritan? Will we reach out, link up, provide love and compassion and hospitality as we give to them? And, just as importantly, will we learn from them?

How will the church respond to a Moses adrift, to a Christ Child running for his life, to "the least of these"? A tremendous opportunity awaits us. Let's make room in our hearts and in our country. □

IS THERE A SILVER LINING

in the dark cloud of refugees?

TERRY MADISON / WORLD VISION



Amerasians:
How will the church respond?

REFUGEES

THE WORLD'S HOMELESS

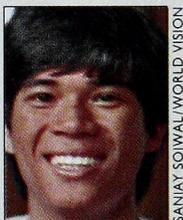
WHAT'S KEEPING THEM IN LIMBO?

BY RANDY MILLER

A drop of sweat trickles down Quan's cheek as he stares out the open door of a small recreation room in Phanat Nikhom refugee holding camp near Bangkok, Thailand. As on most other days during the three years he's had to call this camp his home, the afternoon air is sultry and still. Even shade brings little relief.

But for Quan, a 21-year-old from Vietnam, this day is different. It is a day for reflection, for remembrance. Three years ago on this day, while he and four of his brothers were steering their 25-foot boat across the South China Sea toward Thailand in hopes of finding a better life, pirates attacked them and killed one of his brothers.

Quan and his brothers suffered three pirate attacks during their week at sea before they finally made it to Thailand. But the freedom they had dreamed of eluded them even there. Authorities bumped Quan from one holding situation to another until he landed at Phanat Nikhom, whose fenced boundaries he has never been permit-



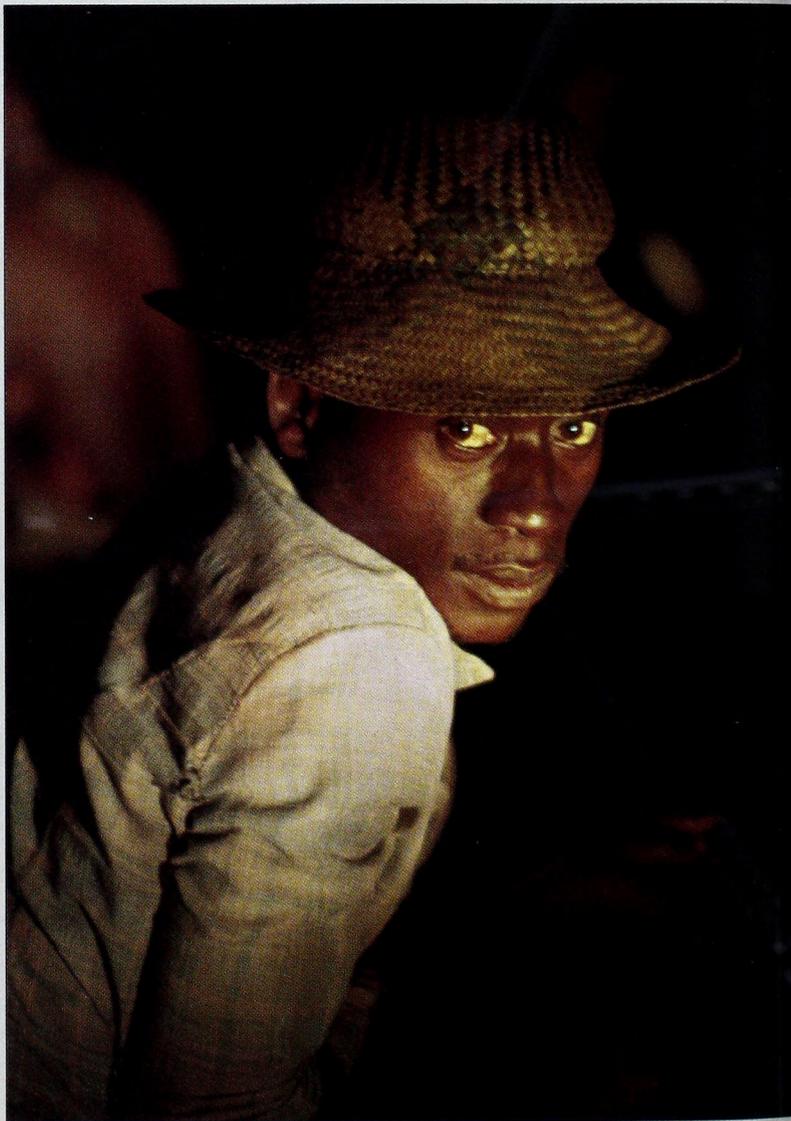
SANJAY SOJWAL/WORLD VISION

Going home is out of the question for this man and 630,000 like him who've fled war-torn Mozambique for safety in neighboring Malawi.

ted to cross. Until he is accepted for resettlement by a third country, Quan will remain in a kind of limbo at Phanat Nikhom.

Cases like Quan's are the rule, not the exception. And by some standards, Quan's three-year stay in the camp is short. Some Vietnamese have lived in camps in Hong Kong for 10 years; millions of Afghans have lived as long in camps in Pakistan and Iran. Nearly all of the world's roughly 14 million refugees have lived in bleak surroundings on subsistence diets for several years. Not weeks. Not months. And of those 14 million, only 1 percent ever return home, and only 1 percent are ever resettled in a new country. Ninety-eight percent of all refugees remain in limbo, shuttled from one camp to another. Waiting. Hoping. Wandering.

Why can't they go home, or to a new country? There is no simple, single answer. But among the factors keeping 14 million people homeless are



©PETER TURNLEY/BLACK STAR

violence at home and politics in potential host countries.

"Most refugees remain in squalid resettlement camps or on a lifelong road to nowhere," writes Carole Kismaric in *Forced Out: The Agony of the Refugee in Our Time*, published in April 1989. And it's not natural disasters that push most of them out of their homes, she says. "Most refugees are man-made.

Rains in Bangladesh or drought in Ethiopia do wreak havoc. But that's not what causes forced migration. Most refugees were forced out by their own governments to punish them for supposedly supporting rival factions, or to take their land. They are products of a predetermined strategy meant to impose one political ideology over another."

Lance Clark, of the Washington, D.C.-based Refugee Policy Group, further underscores the connection be-

WHAT IS A REFUGEE?

According to the 1951 United Nations Geneva Convention on Refugees, a refugee is "any person who, owing to well-founded fear of being persecuted for reasons of race, religion, nationality, or political opinion, is outside the country of his nationality and is unable or, owing to such fear for reasons other than personal convenience, is unwilling to avail himself of the protection of that country; or who, not having a nationality and being outside the country of his former habitual residence, is unable or, owing to such fear or for reasons other than personal convenience, is unwilling to return to it."

tween armed conflicts and the flood of refugees. "Examining the causes of flight of the world's current internationally recognized refugee population—those receiving assistance and protection from UNHCR [United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees]—indicates that the primary causes are as follows: armed conflict, gross human rights violations and/or a well-founded fear of persecution."

Clark points out that it's not only the 14 million international refugees who are affected by conflict, but also the world's *internal* refugees—people forced to leave their homes, but who remain within their home countries.

As to why so many of the refugees

remain in limbo, some authorities voice concern that race may play a part. After World War II there were 10 million refugees, mostly white, and within a decade most of them were either home or resettled in a new country. Today's refugees are mostly brown, black or yellow.

"The typical refugee profile is no longer exclusively that of a white European fleeing communism," says Bill Frelick, a policy analyst with the United States Committee for Refugees.

"In most cases the color has changed to black, golden or brown; the geographical origin has moved from north to south; and the reasons for flight are no longer reducible to escape from communism. Escape from violence or deprivation and persecution from the [political] left or right characterizes today's forced migrations."

Another factor figuring into the refugees-in-limbo dilemma is compassion fatigue. The developed world is simply growing weary of being bombarded with images of gaunt, miserable individuals in foreign lands, claim some authorities.

"Like AIDS, compassion fatigue is a contemporary sickness," says author William Shawcross in *Forced Out*. "The symptoms are first a rush of concern for a distant and obviously suffering group, followed by tedium and a feeling of withdrawal that sometimes descends into disdain. Those who suffer from compassion fatigue are compelled first to express and then to deny sympathy. Thus, today's cause is tomorrow's bore. There are fashions for refugees and for disasters. They change fast. Images that this week command attention and approval are next week cast impatiently aside."

And with each passing year there are more refugees to care for. Ten years ago there were only 4.6 million. In 1987 there were 13.3 million. Today's best estimate is 14.4 million.

Despite compassion fatigue, several countries are doing what they can to help—some more humanely than others. Malawi is doing its best to host 630,000 of Mozambique's 1.2 million citizens who have fled their homeland in recent years. Thailand is accommodating 440,000 refugees from sur-

NUMBERS TELL A STORY

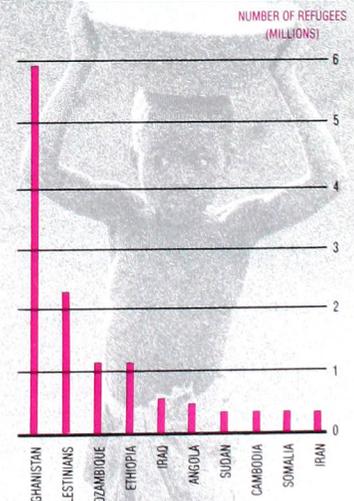
Percentage of refugees from the Third World: over 90
 Percentage who seek asylum in the Third World: 95
 Percentage who are women and children: over 75
 Average length of stay in camp: over 5 years
 Recommended emergency living space per person (World Health Organization): 3.5 square meters
 Refugee children of primary-school age: 2.5 million
 Percentage of refugees who returned to their home country in 1987: 1.5
 Percentage who resettled in a third country: 1

rounding countries, mostly from Cambodia. Then there's Pakistan, with 3.5 million Afghan refugees who have almost started a nation of their own over the past 10 years in the northwest part of that country.

But more and more, host countries are drawing the line at the number of refugees they allow within their borders, making asylum even harder to obtain. In the United States, it's difficult for the government to maintain that its practice of accepting asylum seekers is not influenced by whether the country of origin is considered "friendly" to the U.S. government.

The United States granted asylum requests through March 1988 to 85.7 percent of refugees from China; 77.5 percent from Iran; 76.9 percent from Romania; and 75 percent from Vietnam; all these governments have been considered "unfriendly" to

WHERE THEY'RE FROM



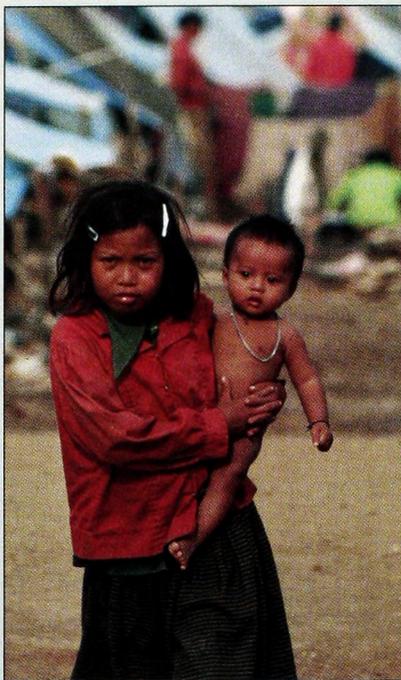
The world's 10 leading refugee-producing countries in 1988.

the United States in the past. Despite the fact that Central American refugees from El Salvador, Guatemala and Nicaragua are all fleeing similar circumstances, the U.S. government granted asylum to 74.9 percent of asylum applicants from Nicaragua, but only 3.2 percent from El Salvador and 2.7 percent from Guatemala.

"Ideology continues to dominate asylum and refugee determination," says Arthur Helton, director of the Political Asylum Project of the Lawyers' Committee for Human Rights. "Protection is frequently granted to those who flee communist regimes, but only relatively rarely to those from authoritarian regimes with which the United States has good relations."

Such a policy threatens to undermine the good reputation the United States has enjoyed as a leader in establishing standards for protecting refugees.

Says Frelick: "America's adherence to principles of due process; its rescue of 800,000 Indochinese refugees in the past decade; its willingness to underwrite the largest share of the costs incurred by intergovernmental agencies assisting refugees ... all add up to an unrivaled leadership.



A few weeks of waiting often stretches into years for refugees along the Thai-Cambodian border.

"However," Frelick adds, "a long-standing policy of interdicting and returning Haitian boat people—as well as a policy more recently instituted in

south Texas of detention, quick asylum adjudication and deportation for those the government rejects—threatens to erode the moral authority of the United States on behalf of refugees worldwide. Faced with asylum seekers on our own border, our actions no longer match the ideals we espouse."

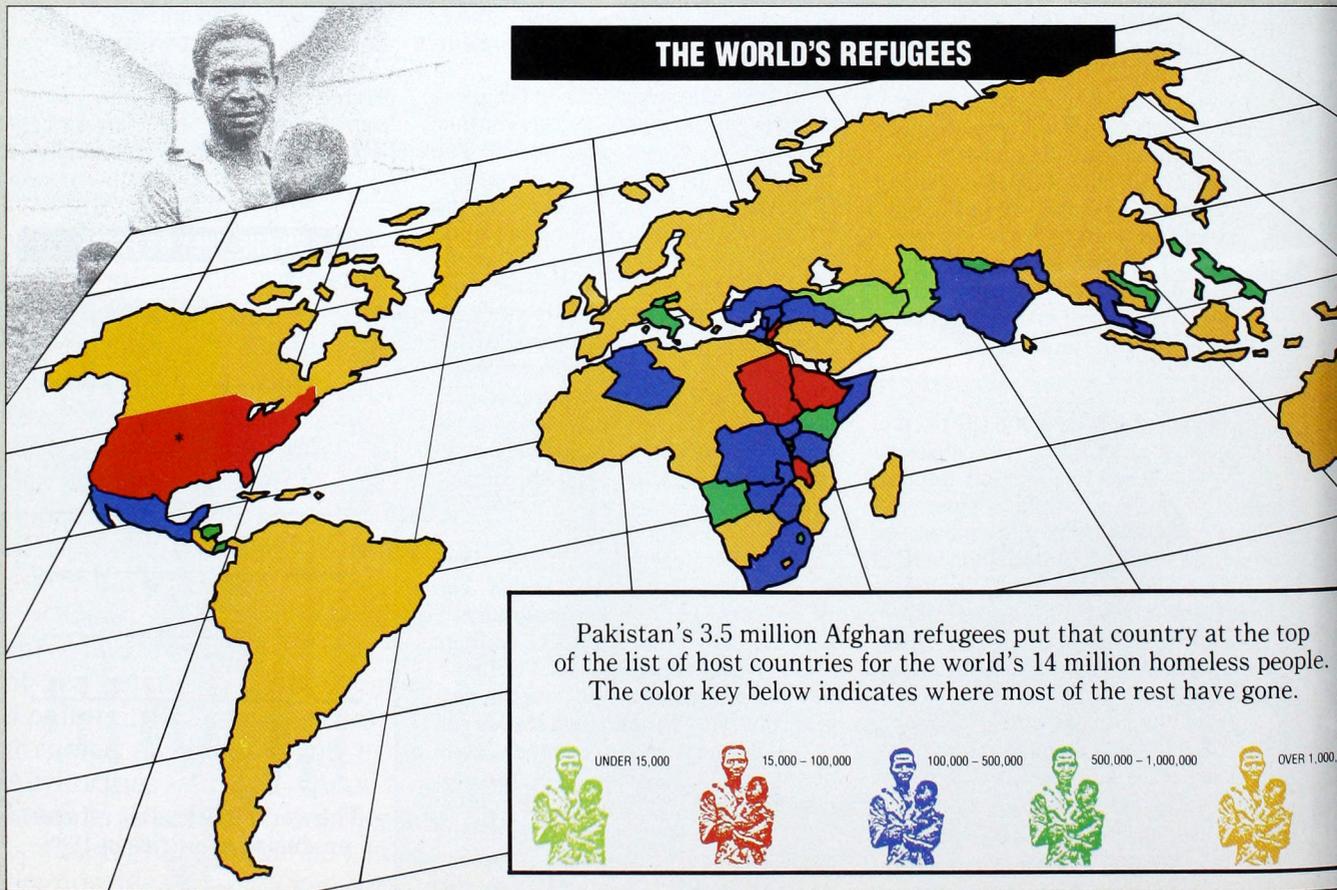
Not everyone in the United States supports the government's restrictive policy toward certain refugee groups.

East Germans:

ESCAPE INTO OPEN ARMS

They jumped trains, stormed embassies, left everything behind at the drop of a hat. The news that Hungary had dismantled the barbed wire along its border with Austria touched off a mass exodus of East Germans over a month before that country's western border opened.

Their dramatic flight and emotional welcome, however, upstaged the 14



MAP AND GRAPHS BY MARK ACQUAZZINO

In the early 1980s, people concerned about the fate of Guatemalans and Salvadorans entering this country and facing almost certain deportation took steps to protect these asylum seekers.

What began with a few church people helping Central American refugees cross the Mexico-Arizona border gradually became known as the sanctuary movement. Hundreds of other churches and eventually some 30 cities—and

even the state of New Mexico—declared themselves sanctuaries for Central American refugees.

Today, although the underground-railroad work of helping refugees cross the border and sheltering them in the United States continues, the movement itself has broadened to include other forms of assistance, such as legal counseling and the formation of sister-church relationships with Central Amer-

ican congregations. And some employers, in an effort to stand in solidarity with these illegal aliens, hire them despite the legal restrictions imposed by the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act.

One refugee group given open-arms treatment by the U.S. government—

million refugees worldwide who find no banners unfurled when they cross the border, no champagne uncorked, few reporters anxious to hear their stories.

There are reasons why we hear more about 50,000 East Germans than about 6 million Afghans or 1.25 million Mozambicans. But instead of distracting us from the world refugee situation, the East German exodus can help us understand the plight of other displaced people.

Unlike many refugees, the East Germans didn't flee for their lives, or leave their homes in ruins. But East Germans love their homeland and families as much as anyone else. And they had no idea the walls would come down so soon. As far as they knew, they were burning all their bridges behind them.

They weren't lured by better consumer goods, as many assume. Those who fled spoke of hopelessness; no choices; a dreary, domineering government that showed no hint of reform. "I have only this one life," one woman said. "I can't wait 20 years for something to change."

Technically, the East Germans aren't refugees at all. West Germany has always recognized only one German citizenship, and East Germans have full

rights the moment they cross the border. That puts them light-years ahead of most refugees, who may wait years before a host country accepts them.

East Germans also have the advantage of moving into a similar culture. They don't have to learn a new language. There may be new technology to master, but their education and job skills are basically transferrable. Few refugees enjoy that advantage.

That doesn't mean it will be easy. There is an uprooted sense that doesn't

go away. West Germany may be like home, but it isn't home. Values and lifestyles are different. And like virtually all refugees, the East Germans face resentment from people who view them as competitors for jobs and housing; unemployment

hovers around 7 percent, and apartments are scarce in many cities.

As host countries go, West Germany is well-equipped for the onslaught. It's wealthy, highly organized, and many of its people feel a natural bond to the East Germans. Even so, this year's influx (well over 350,000, legal and illegal, from East-Bloc countries) has severely taxed the West Germans' resources and goodwill.

A less-publicized aspect of refugee movements is the impact on the people left behind. In East Germany, it is primarily young, skilled workers who have fled. Teachers, medical professionals and technical workers see a good chance to make it in the West, where there's a market for their skills. Those who are left behind must shoulder the extra work load.

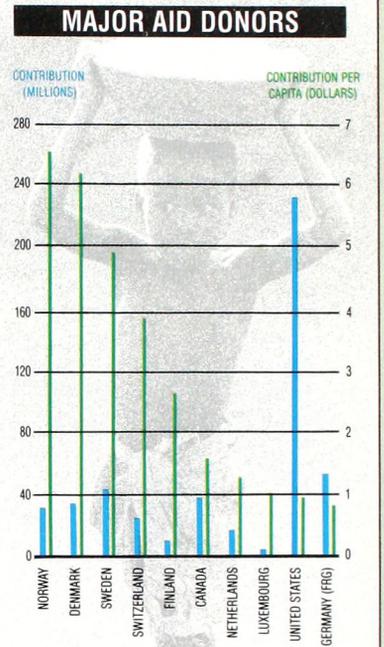
"If you must have a car accident," said one student nurse in East Germany, "don't have it near our town. There are no anesthetists left." □

Ginger Hope

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



Parting at an embassy fence



The top 10 contributors to refugee aid for 1988.

after years of waiting and hoping—in Vietnam's Amerasians, fathered by U.S. servicemen during the Vietnam War.

In 1987, Congress passed the Amerasian Homecoming Act, starting a process expected to transfer some 25,000 people—including Amerasians and some family members—to this country by 1990. Of these 25,000, it is expected that 40 percent will join family members already here. The remaining 60 percent will go to 31 sites located throughout the country (see box, "Amerasian Resettlement," next page).

At several of these sites, World Vision is involved in helping these people adjust by providing job training and by trying to link individual church members in each of these areas with Amerasians.

Beyond the issues of violence at home and the restrictive policies of host countries, a new question is arising. Will there be enough money to care

SOURCE FOR STATISTICS:
U.S. COMMITTEE FOR REFUGEES
1988 WORLD REFUGEE SURVEY



Asylum seekers whose status has not been decided in all cases.

for the world's refugee population? Budget cuts in UNHCR, the world's lead agency in providing protection for refugees and finding durable solutions to their problems, cause concern among those in the refugee assistance community.

The United Nations created UNHCR in 1951 to assist Europeans during and after World War II. It was supposed to exist for only three years—just long enough to settle the war's refugees and displaced persons. But the job wasn't finished at the end of three years, so UNHCR's term was extended for five more years, and has been renewed every five years since.

AMERASIAN RESETTLEMENT CLUSTER SITES

Atlanta, Ga.
Boston, Mass.
Burlington, Vt.
Chicago, Ill.
Dallas, Texas
Fargo, N.D./
Moorhead, Minn.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Greensboro, N.C.
Hartford, Conn.
Honolulu, Hawaii

Jacksonville, Fla.
Lansing, Mich.
Louisville, Ky.
Minneapolis/
St. Paul, Minn.
Mobile, Ala.
New York, N.Y.
Newark, N.J.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Phoenix, Ariz.
Portland, Maine
Portland, Ore.

Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N.Y.
St. Louis, Mo.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Jose/
Santa Clara, Calif.
Springfield, Mass.
Syracuse, N.Y.
Tacoma, Wash.
Utica, N.Y.
Washington, D.C.

JON WARREN



This Ixil Indian girl in Guatemala is a refugee in her own country.

Until now, UNHCR's budget has largely kept pace with the demands of the ever-increasing refugee population. But UNHCR's ability to respond to refugees' needs may now be in jeopardy, according to High Commissioner Jean-Pierre Hocké.

"In the face of a rapidly evolving international situation, characterized by both widespread peace initiatives and new or ongoing crises, UNHCR is short of \$85 million for its 1989 general and special programs," Hocké reports.

Already the organization has trimmed some \$80 million from its budget, cutting or reducing refugee education and self-sufficiency programs.

"Programs have been pared down to the bone. Any further cuts would seriously undermine UNHCR's ability to carry out even its most basic responsibilities and perhaps put the lives of millions of refugees at risk," Hocké says. "The postponement of durable solutions will inevitably affect refugee welfare and increase the long-term cost to the international community."

Despite such grim warnings, some experts at regional levels cite reasons for optimism. While it's still too soon to predict Cambodia's political future following Vietnam's troop withdrawal from that country, Pierre Jambor, UNHCR representative in Thailand, claims to be cautiously optimistic about the future that awaits several thousand Cambodian refugees living in camps in Thailand.

Some experts, like Roger Winter, director of the U.S. Committee for Refugees, are hopeful that with a new administration in Washington, D.C., opportunities for kinder, gentler asylum programs might be forthcoming, and might serve as examples for the rest of the world.

"We have a chance with the new administration to change our course," Winter says. "While dealing with immigration enforcement, we should give the highest priority to preserving a humanitarian response to asylum seekers. While framing our foreign policy, we should give a priority of the highest order to human rights, to humanitarian assistance, to solutions to refugee movements, all in politically neutral terms that focus on the vulnerability of the victims of persecution."

For Quan and 14 million people like him, such a change in attitude by the world may be the only key to releasing them from the limbo in which they have lived for years. □

BY JIM CACCAVO

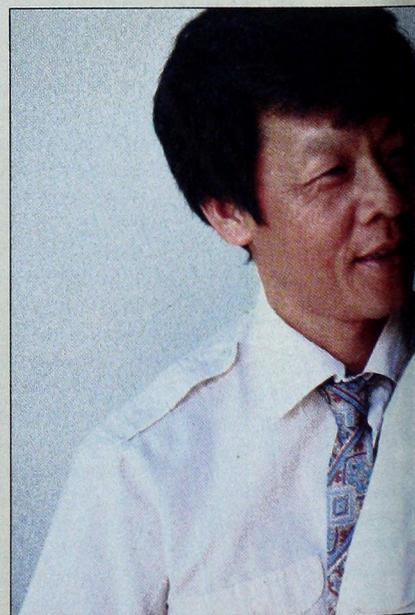
At the end of the day, 46-year-old Sun Tan watches the deep orange glow of sunset from his home in Stockton, Calif. And in those quiet moments he feels an uncontrollable longing for his homeland, Cambodia. But memories of the peace of his younger days soon fade into the painful realities of the Cambodia from which he was forced to flee.

Tan was a captain in the Cambodian army. In 1974, when the Khmer Rouge rebels began closing in on Phnom Penh, they held Tan outside the city, promising that "in a few days" he would see his family again. In fact, he was not permitted to enter Phnom Penh again and was never able to find any trace of his family. What followed in Cambodia has been called the most brutal holocaust since World War II.

To save his own life, Tan threw away his uniform and any good clothing. He tried to make himself look as dark and dirty as possible. Wearing glasses, having clean and light skin or any marks of education could bring an immediate death sentence.

"The Communists wanted to kill the educated people so they could control all the others," Tan recalls. "They would ask for help with some educated skill. When people volunteered, the Khmer Rouge would take them away and kill them. I told them I was a taxi driver in Phnom Penh. When they asked me to write something for them, I wrote with my left hand so that I would not write so good."

Confined to a prison camp, Tan



Cambodia's and Stockton's KILLING FIELDS

remembers a time when there was only one cup of rice to feed 60 people. Many died of hunger. And people were forced to work 24 hours a day, often plowing fields in the dark with plows pulled by other prisoners.

When Tan's true identity as a Cambodian army captain was discovered, he was taken away, beaten brutally and left for dead. But he regained consciousness and was able to crawl to safety.

After three fearful years he reached the Thai border and the safety of the Khao I Dang refugee camp. He had nothing but the shirt and pants he was wearing.

In the camp he became a commissioner, organizing and directing a medical clinic for 130,000 people. And he was able to get more detailed news from Cambodia. First, he learned there was no hope that his family had survived the forced evacuation of Phnom Penh. Then came another blow. His father had died of starvation.

Tan's old life was shattered. With the hope that he could begin again, he applied for refugee status. The next year he married Neth Siek, a refugee

whose father had been executed by the Khmer Rouge.

In preparation for entry to the United States, Tan and his wife were transferred to a camp in the Philippines. Nikmalen, their first daughter, was born there.

In May 1981 they arrived in San Francisco. Tan remembers his first thoughts: "I knew where the United States was, but I never knew it could be so rich."

Tan and his family were sent to Breckenridge, Texas, where he worked in a plant assembling trailer frames. He worked hard and fast, but as he says, "Everything was easy after living under the Communists. There, if you were slow, they would beat you or kill you."

Tan had 18 years of formal education. He was fluent in French, but could speak little English. "I wanted to communicate," he says. "Compared to people who spoke English I felt like a zero."

With \$200 in his pocket, Tan and his family moved to Stockton, Calif. For the next two years he worked as a field hand and studied English. When he was not picking crops, he was cleaning houses. "We were big men before," he says, "and we don't want to do what some people consider low work. But I had to support myself and my family."

After eight weeks of school Tan was speaking English. After two years, he was fluent. And he had become a foreman in the fields. In 1985 he found a new job. He and his wife had a new son, Molinak. A year later Tany, another boy, was born, and two years later a second daughter, Nikmala.

American and Cambodian groups provided support for Tan and his young family. But they faced resentment, too. "People would approach me on the street," Tan remembers. "They would complain to me how they had been here all their lives and they get nothing. I come here, they say, and get everything. So I tell them, 'Yes, even though I don't speak English, I still work. You

speak better English than me. Why don't you work?'" Often the angry response was, "Why don't you go back where you came from?"

Although Tan and his family lived in a one-bedroom house, they opened their home to new Cambodian refugees, helping them find their place in this new land. And many were doing just that. Cambodian and Vietnamese children made school honor rolls. They were often high-school and college valedictorians.

As painful memories of the Khmer Rouge and their everpresent AK-47 rifles began to fade, Cambodian and Vietnamese families began to look more to the future. They were optimistic. Hardworking. They held solid family values. In Stockton and other American cities and towns, they were new dreamers of the American dream. But that dream became a nightmare on the playground of Stockton's Cleveland Elementary School.

Late in the morning of Jan. 17, 1989, 26-year-old Patrick Purdy, dressed in combat fatigues and armed with the dreaded AK-47 rifle, opened fire on the children in the playground. In those brief moments of terror he killed four Cambodians and one Vietnamese, and wounded 29 other children—most of them Southeast Asian—and one teacher. His full fury spent, Purdy impassively surveyed the slaughter, then pointed a pistol at his head and blew himself out of reach of justice.

Tan's oldest daughter, 8-year-old Nikmalen, was wounded by one of Purdy's gunshots. A bullet from his AK-47 is still imbedded in her hip.

"She was very brave," Tan says. "She told me, 'Daddy, I'm very lucky because I'm still alive.'" But Nikmalen's wounds were more than physical.

"She's not the same girl," Tan continues. "She is very angry too much and she doesn't always listen to her parents. She dreams nightmares of somebody trying to kill her with a gun. If she has to walk home alone, she runs. She is afraid somebody will try to take her away in a car."

Tan wraps his arms protectively around Nikmalen and adds, "If I am not home, she gets scared." Nikmalen giggles and resists her father's embrace—but not too much. □

Jim Caccavo is a photographer for Picture Group. His work has appeared in Time, Life and Newsweek.

Tan with 8-year-old Nikmalen: "She's not the same girl" after the playground shooting.

JIM CACCANO

BY BRIAN BIRD

The first thing Waheb Abed does each day before opening his fabric bazaar in Pakistan's city of Peshawar is put on his white *kohla* hat and turn west toward Mecca for his mandatory Islamic morning prayers.

Then he gazes longingly through the morning haze at the Khyber Pass, that stretch of mountainous terrain that leads back to Abed's native Afghanistan. Abed has lived in Pakistan as a refugee for the past 10 years, ever since he fled the Soviet military invasion of Afghanistan in 1979.

"I hope the fighting will end soon so I can return to my beloved Afghanistan," the 56-year-old Abed says. "There is much work to do, to rebuild our country. I want to help."

The Soviets left Afghanistan in early 1989, officially ending the war between the invaders and the tribal *moujahadeen*. The question facing the international relief community now is how to safely and humanely repatriate the estimated 5.5 million Afghan refugees.

One of the problems is that many, unlike Abed, don't want to go home. "I have an uncle in the United States, and I want to go there to live," says 15-year-old Shah Fatah. "I don't think I really want to go back to Afghanistan."

Fatah and his family escaped the Afghan conflict in 1982. "I love Afghanistan," he says, "but I don't really remember it too well. And I think there will be fighting there for many years.

WHY DON'T THE AFGHANS GO HOME?

In America I can get an education and make money."

The challenge of reuniting one of history's largest refugee populations with their native country has been a particularly vexing one for the relief community.

The United Nations estimates that humanitarian aid to Afghan refugees has cost \$1.5 billion over the past 10 years. Some in the international relief community are projecting that repatriating the Afghans could run three or four times that amount.

More troubling is the continuing bloodshed in Afghanistan. The country's Moscow-armed regime and the U.S.-backed Moslem rebels continue to battle for Afghanistan's future.

In one area, the Panjshir Valley in northern Afghanistan, an estimated 250 families a day are returning because of a cease-fire agreement in that region. But the Panjshir Valley is considered an isolated case. In fact, some reports indicate that as many as 70,000 new refugees have fled Afghanistan since the Soviet pullout.

In addition to continued fighting, there are other lingering, deadly deterrents to the long march home, including as many as 50 million land mines, and booby traps disguised as toys left by the Soviets.

While most of the hidden explosives are thought to be personnel or anti-tank mines, many refugee homes display chilling photos of maimed and mutilated children who reached innocently for a brightly colored toy.

Some relief agencies are attempting to move mine-flailers into Afghanistan. In the meantime they have hired explosives experts to locate and detonate the mines. World Vision, as part of a two-year, \$1.6 million program, had cleared more than 500 mines in eastern Paktia Province by September.

The *moujahadeen*, however, have no mine-clearing equipment. They either send out advance herds of goats or use their bare hands, groping inch-by-inch across former battlefields. Border hospitals are crowded with mine victims.

Even the chief representative of the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) in Pakistan, Rene van Rooyen, has hesitated to encourage the refugees to return home due to continuing dangers. "So much conflicting information comes from inside Afghanistan that we have little idea what they will find," Van Rooyen said recently. "We can hardly encourage them to move too quickly until more is known."

Another troubling cloud on the horizon is how the refugees will feed

In many ways, Abdul Waseel Azizi is a typical 1980s teenager. He likes rock 'n roll, Nike tennis shoes and the baseball game of the week. His room is lined with posters of his heroes.

Waseel is also a 16-year-old Afghan refugee. For the past decade he has lived in Peshawar, in the Northwest Frontier Province of Pakistan. The rock 'n roll and baseball games come courtesy of American Armed Forces Radio. The posters are of his favorite commanders in the rebel moujahadeen army. A relief agency supplied his tennis shoes.

Waseel is one of the estimated 6 million Afghans who fled Afghanistan for refuge in Pakistan or Iran following the outbreak of civil war in 1978 and a Soviet military invasion in 1979.

The following is Waseel's own account of his exile in Pakistan, and of his hopes for the future.

In the name of God the Beneficent, the Merciful ...

My name is Abdul Waseel Azizi. At the present time I am living in Pakistan in a rented house near the city of Peshawar. I have two brothers and two sisters. My father's name is Abdul Mafad Azizi. He is an engineer. He built a hospital and a school for orphans in Afghanistan.

My grandfather is a writer. When he was at the age of 60, he began writing books, and now is 105 years and he still is writing books about different subjects.

We know that the main reason the criminal Russians invaded Afghanistan is that they planned to reach a warm water port. But they were very

Thousands of Afghan children like these in Pakistan's Munda refugee camp have never set foot in their homeland.



© TONY O'BRIEN/PICTURE GROUP

THE HOPES OF A TEENAGE REFUGEE

foolish. They didn't know that Afghanistan is the country of the brave. The country of many people ready to sacrifice themselves in the way of Allah and in the way of their country.

When the Russians invaded Afghanistan, at first they came so friendly and talked about wanting to help all the people. But day by day they were killing a lot of our Muslim people. They used to burn our holy mosques and other holy places and put a lot of our people in jail.

So on account of these criminal actions, our people began waging *jihad*, holy war. At first they fought with axes and shovels because there were not enough weapons. But they had a much greater weapon—the help and kindness of God.

In that time I used to live near Kabul in a village named De Da Na. One day the *moujahadeen* in our village shot three Russian tanks. After five hours our village was surrounded by soldiers and tanks and two helicopter gunships. Someone gave a report to the government that my father was a commander of the *moujahadeen* and was responsible for shooting the tanks.



BRIAN BIRD

After a few minutes about 100 Russian soldiers came inside our house, but they didn't find my father because he wasn't home. Then the Russian commander ordered my mother to make him a meal. My uncle became angry. He had a pistol and shot a Russian soldier. The commander ordered my uncle to be shot eight times. This was very unforgettable for me because he shot my uncle in front of me.

The commander told my grandfather to find my father in 24 hours or he would come back and burn our house and all the children. So we began our journey to Pakistan on donkeys the next day. It was a Friday in 1980.

We arrived in Pakistan after three days, but we had a lot of problems. We didn't have enough food. We took a small rented house. I used to sell newspapers because my father hadn't a job.

After a year, my father found a job and I took admission to the Pakistani school. I am now in grade 9. I want to study hard so that I may become a doctor and return to my country someday and help to rebuild it into a great nation. But there is no chance for me to study medicine in Pakistan or Afghanistan currently. So my big dream is to come to America to study medicine.

Long live Afghanistan and the brave *moujahadeen!* *Brian Bird*

themselves once they've returned. While Afghanistan has many fertile plains and valleys, much of the nation's arable land has remained fallow for a decade or more.

"There are shortages inside Afghanistan now, but people are not starving," says World Vision Relief Associate Dineen Tupa. "But if those 5 million people were to go back into the country today, they would really be in trouble."

"The transportation systems are virtually nonexistent and much of the livestock has been lost in the fighting. So the agricultural infrastructure will have to be rebuilt from the ground up. It could take another decade before Afghanistan is able to feed itself," Tupa adds.

Many refugees, however, also face a psychological deterrent. They do not want to return. According to UNHCR's Van Rooyen, "Ten years as a refugee can have a profound impact on you. Pakistan may not be the most advanced country, but it is light years ahead of Afghanistan."

Indeed, the refugee camps in and around Peshawar are surprisingly sophisticated. TV antennas atop brick and mortar homes abound, and large quantities of money exchange hands in the refugee-run markets and bazaars. Some of the wealthier refugees, who dealt in gems and Persian carpets in Afghanistan, have rebuilt their trades in Pakistan.

The social structure of the Afghans has also changed during their refuge in Pakistan. Many Afghans, now in their late teens, remember little of their homeland after 10 years. And they speak with scant regard toward the traditional tribal leaders they will be expected to subject themselves to once back in Afghanistan. No one knows how they will fit into the tribal system where allegiance has always been to the local *malik* or *mullah*.

That is an aspect of the future that Shah Fatah wonders about, as well: "I don't want to live in a remote village somewhere in the mountains or have to walk for miles to bring water back to the house."

"My first choice is America, but if I have to go back to Afghanistan, I hope my family has enough money to move to the big city." □

Brian Bird is a journalist and screenwriter in Ontario, Calif.



STEVE REYNOLDS/WORLD VISION

'I'M READY TO GO HOME'

BY STEVE REYNOLDS

It's 4 a.m. when Filipe Julius rises from his straw mat in the pitch black of another cold, rainy-season morning. The rooster crowing nearby is not Filipe's. It would take a month's hard-earned wages to buy one. Besides, he's saving for a new pair of glasses to replace the ones stolen from his tiny mud hut three months ago.

He grabs a small piece of dried cornmeal mush on his way out the door. It will be his only meal until he returns home in about 14 hours.

Filipe emerges from his hut as the first gray of dawn illuminates the sprawling refugee camp that has been his home for more than three years. Already a few women are making their way to the well for water, trying to beat the early-morning rush when dozens of women line up, sometimes waiting hours for their turn.

Before setting out, Filipe glances across the river to the shadowy features on the other side where Mozambique, his homeland, lies in darkness.

The 10-mile walk to the hills where firewood is gathered takes about four hours. Filipe climbs a small ridge and descends part way down the other side to a small forest of eucalyptus and acacia. The trees along the river bank and around the refugee camp have long since disappeared, cut down to fuel the more than 15,000 cooking fires of Mankhokwe camp. Filipe rests briefly before attacking one of the trees with

his little machete, sending bark and wood chips flying.

"The worst thing about being a refugee is having to depend on other people for everything. I mean, I work hard to collect that wood," Filipe says, pointing to a bundle he collected a few days earlier. "Sometimes I work 16 hours a day. My hands are rough and callused, my arm is sore. Yet the money I earn doesn't even pay for the vegetables we put on our cornmeal."

Filipe is unable to provide even the basics for his family because he is a refugee, a stranger, an unwanted burden on an already overburdened society.

In Mozambique, Filipe was a farmer in the village of Chivandila in Tete Province. One day, while he and his wife were working in their field, an air attack hit Chivandila.

"The children!" Filipe and his wife raced toward their village, where dry thatch-roof huts exploded in flame. Bombs burst around them as they ran toward their home. They spotted their four children running aimlessly, screaming for help. Quickly they rounded them up and ran for cover in a nearby forest. The bombs fell for three hours, leaving Chivandila pitted, scorched and deathly silent.

Filipe and his family made their way to Malawi, crossing the border at night to avoid detection by the rebels. When they crossed, they joined nearly half a million Mozambicans who have sought refuge in Malawi.

They settled in Mankhokwe, a camp with some 50,000 refugees on the banks of the Shire River, Malawi's largest. Here, Filipe and his family fight malaria, poor sanitation and overcrowding while they wait for peace in their homeland.

By 2 p.m., Filipe has hacked off about 60 pounds of wood from a tree and cut it into manageable pieces. He ties them into a bundle with a leather thong, then loops the thong around his forehead for the long trek back to camp. Sweat from long hours in 90-degree heat has drenched Filipe's shirt, his most valuable possession.

As he begins the laborious walk back to camp, he thinks about the maize and pigeon peas he will have for supper when he gets home, gifts from the Red Cross. He has learned to hate pigeon peas.

Sore and exhausted, he arrives home just after dark, dropping the wood just inside the boundary of his family's tiny compound. He hugs his 3-year-old son before sitting down to his first real meal of the day.

In the candlelight, Filipe looks at least a decade older than his 39 years. After supper he falls asleep immediately. Tomorrow his wife will go to the market and sell the wood he has brought from the mountain. If it's a good day, they'll get one Malawian *kwacha* for his wood—about 40 cents.

The next day is a day of rest for Filipe. He spends most of it under a giant baobab tree in the center of the camp, talking idly with some of the other refugees. Their stories of escape from the hands of bandits or government troops in Mozambique are all pretty much the same, filled with violence, murder, torture, rape. They have seen it all. So have their children.

Not far away, children play mock army games. Their actions are not based on reruns of old World War II movies they've seen on television. They come from their own vivid memories,

The worst thing is having to depend on other people for everything."

eyewitness accounts of atrocities committed against their friends and families, sometimes against themselves. They reflect an entire generation of young people who have known little else but war and violence since birth.

A little boy grabs his "prisoner" by the hair and pretends to cut his ear off, handing it to the boy's make-believe father. Their toys are tanks and military transports fashioned from pieces of wire and scrap metal they have collected.

The sun sets early in August in Mankhokwe. By 5:30 the orange ball touches the top of the hill where Filipe collects his wood. Across the river to the east, Mozambique glows in the evening light.

"I hear the government and the rebels are talking peace," Filipe says, staring across the river at his homeland. At night, he and his friends crowd around one of the few radios in the camp and listen intently for news of the talks.

"I wish they would make peace," he says as he heads for his hut. "I'm ready to go home." □

Steve Reynolds is a World Vision journalist living in Nairobi, Kenya.

*'Typical Detroit crazy!'
Maria thought. 'I ain't joining
no block club.'*

IN MAKE-OVER MOTOWN

The problem wasn't where to start. Pick any spot in inner-city Detroit.

Abandoned, burned-out houses; crack cocaine peddled in broad daylight; sky-high unemployment.

God had told Eddie Edwards, "If you're obedient to me, I will change this city." So in 1984 Eddie moved his Joy of Jesus ministry to Ravendale, home to 4,000 mostly black, mostly poor people, in Detroit's inner city.

Soon Eddie established youth programs that were reaching up to 200 kids a year. But the parents, brothers and sisters of those kids still suffered in that poor neighborhood. Eddie knew that God had called him to help change all that, but his neighbors considered him an outsider. He hadn't grown up in Ravendale. Neighbors here didn't even trust each other, let alone new-



A torched house frames a view of the "new Ravendale."

comers like Eddie.

Then in the early winter of 1987, Joy of Jesus joined forces with a small, stubborn group of people who were trying to reclaim their neighborhood. Together they have done just that.

People don't move to Detroit. They move out of Detroit," Maria Williams argued with her husband, Fred, a retired navy man looking for work. Detroit had the highest murder rate in the country, she reasoned, more guns than people. What kind of place was that to raise three children? But it was no use. The Williams were Motown bound. That's where the work was.

They moved in across the street from one of the worst crack houses in Ravendale. Junkies came and went constantly, punctuating the night with ear-splitting music and occasional gunshots.

Maria kept the curtains drawn and never wandered near the living room after dark. Even during the day she was afraid. Six months after moving in, Maria had not left the house once.

Ravendale is a 38-block neighborhood sitting smack in the middle of inner-city Detroit. It used to be consid-

ered a nice place to raise a family. But after Detroit's 1967 race riot, the city's industries, jobs and middle class escaped to the safer suburbs. Today, eight out of nine blacks live in Detroit's inner city, while eight out of nine whites live in the suburbs.



"I'm sure people see Detroit as an impossible situation," says Eddie Edwards, Joy of Jesus founder. "But we've seen God glorified in impossible situations again and again."

Abandoned, derelict houses, a block from the Joy of Jesus offices, stand in stark contrast to the tidy homes on Wade Street. Their owners chose not to join Joy of Jesus efforts.



Abandoned housing marks the trail from the inner city to the suburbs. Ravendale is littered with vacant and burned-out buildings—perfect nests for cocaine dealers. Those empty, decaying eyesores used to fuel hopelessness. They were symbols of a neighborhood paralyzed by increasing crime, joblessness, suspicion and despair.

There weren't any neighbors on Wade Street, not the kind Toni McIlwain was used to. People you borrowed eggs from. People who watched your place for you when you went away.

On Wade Street, people didn't even look you in the eye when they passed, not to mention smiling or saying hello. In fact, the woman who moved in down the street six months ago hadn't even stepped outside yet. It seemed like everyone was surrendering the neighborhood to the toughs and the crack dealers.

"It's not supposed to be like this," Toni said to her husband, Roger. "I'm going to start a block club."

In the early winter of 1987, Toni McIlwain went on the offensive.

"Drink that coffee! Finish them eggs! You're comin' to a community meeting," Toni's voice boomed from outside, rattling the windows of every home on Wade Street. Maria Williams parted the curtains just enough to peer out at the woman who was shattering the morning quiet with some half-baked plan.

Carl Magruder, a portly, gray-haired man, was driving Toni up and

down the snow-covered street as she drew a bead on each house with her battery-powered bullhorn.

"Typical Detroit crazy!" Maria thought. "I ain't joining no block club."

But Maria's husband, Fred, went. Besides McIlwain and Magruder, he was the only one at that first meeting.

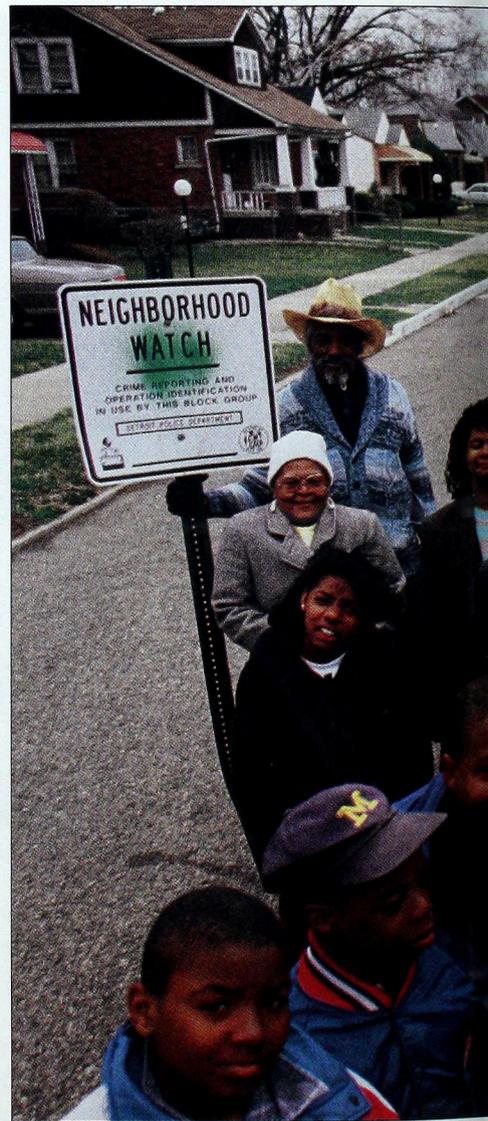
No one had a formal plan to reclaim their neighborhood. But McIlwain proposed that they start a Neighborhood Watch program. Unfortunately, according to police guidelines they needed 50 percent of the block's residents to agree. No easy task.

"There was tremendous suspicion," says McIlwain, a former Detroit Board of Education employee and mother of four. "I would tell people what we could accomplish with a block club and they'd say, 'Why are you really out here?'"

But dozens of door-to-door calls and five meetings later, every house on the block was represented at a block club gathering. Even Maria came. They agreed to launch the Neighborhood Watch and even picked themselves a name: Neighbors United on Wade.

The first NUW project was the installation of yard lights. Not only would the lights mean better security, but they would demonstrate strong neighborhood unity.

A week before Christmas in 1987, the lights started going up. Everybody turned out to watch and celebrate. Maria Williams helped her neighbors plant flowers around the new lamp



posts. Carl Magruder went from house to house hanging hand-painted signs on the lights, each bearing the name and address of the resident.

Toni McIlwain and her husband, Roger, joined a host of other once-reclusive neighbors who watched from their front porches that evening as the lights came on, one by one.

Roger noticed Toni crying. "What's wrong with you?"

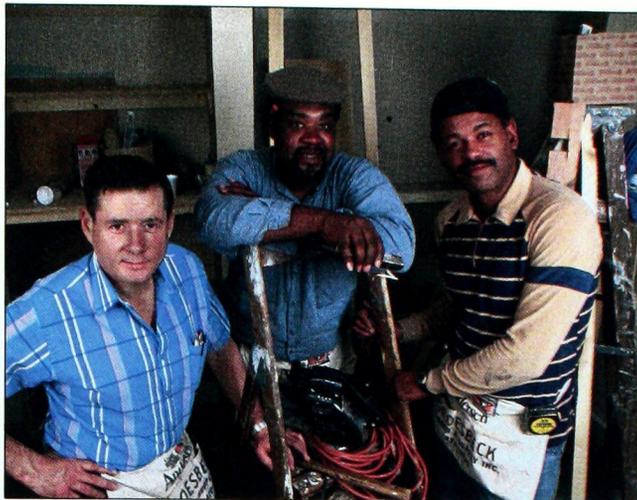
"This is what I wanted," she said.

After the lights were installed, the block changed fast. Wade Street was once a hot spot for ditching stolen and stripped cars. No more. The pride demonstrated in community clean-up convinced car thieves to dump elsewhere.

Absentee landlords started refurbishing their abandoned properties on Wade Street when the neighbors started asking them to clean up the eyesores.

As for the crack house across the street from Maria, the neighbors pres-

Toni McIlwain (center, red coat) and some of her once-reclusive neighbors: "This is what I wanted."



Emil Brucker, Tyrone Warfield, and Rick Smith (l. to r.) do high-quality home restoration in Ravendale.

At first the neighbors laughed. Later, they got in line to have their homes worked on.

sured the landlord to evict the occupants. NUW members set up a 24-hour phone chain to pressure the police into raiding the house. After two weeks of phoning, the cocaine dealers were gone.

All around Ravendale people started noticing the changes on Wade Street. Eddie Edwards noticed too. Impressed, he invited Ravendale leaders to a meeting at his Joy of Jesus Youth Embassy a few blocks from Wade. Carl Magruder, who had been a long-time Joy of Jesus volunteer, made sure every NUW member was at that meeting.

That night, Eddie told us about his vision of a united community," McIlwain says. "Not just one block, but all 38 blocks, and eventually a changed Detroit. That got all of us excited."

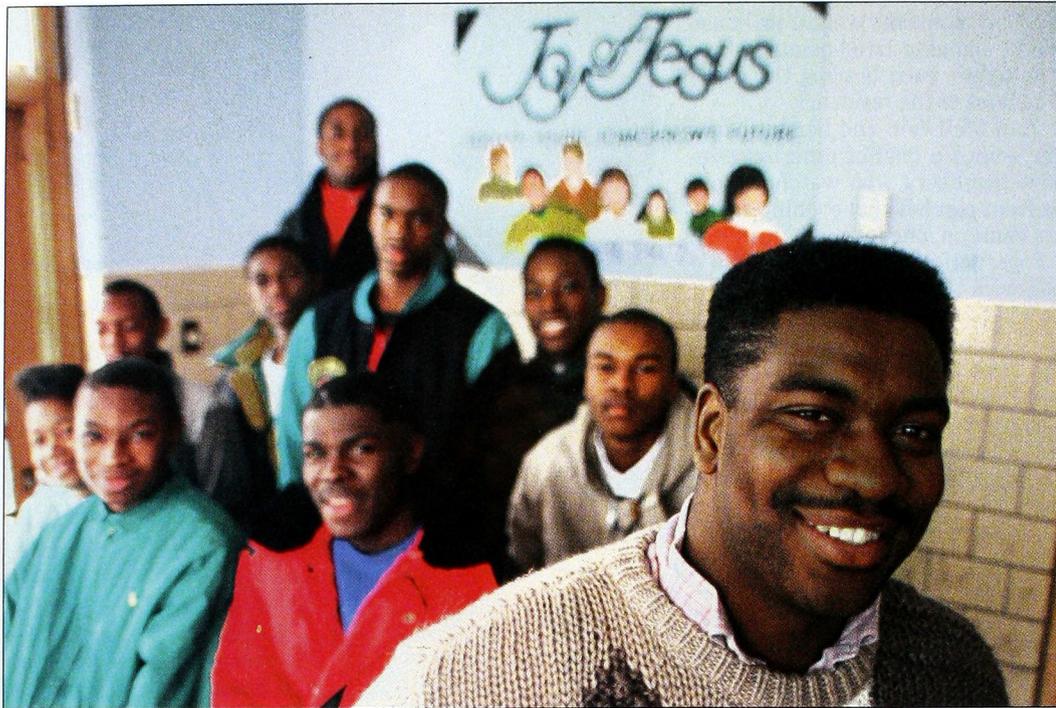
It was the beginning of a fruitful partnership.

"We took a lesson from the NUW block club," Eddie says. "We would have to tackle the problems of Ravendale one bit—or one block—at a time."

"We would have been foolish to reinvent the wheel," says Gene Kemp-ski, one of Eddie's associates. "NUW was working in our own back yard. If we hadn't linked up with what was already going on, we would have set ourselves up for all kinds of community jealousy and territorial wars. Joy of Jesus came here to strengthen the community, not divide it."

Because of its links to the business and church communities, Joy of Jesus has helped identify resources, as well as provide leadership and leadership





Derrick Adams (foreground) says Joy of Jesus camps helped keep him off the street as a child. Now he works with youth, hoping to model a different kind of success than the wealthy drug dealers many kids look up to.

development. But it's Ravendale's residents who have identified the most pressing needs and coordinated efforts to address them.

Today 23 of Ravendale's 38 blocks are organized. Joy of Jesus and Ravendale residents have accomplished much:

- convinced Detroit police to open a satellite station in the neighborhood;
- organized youth sports leagues;
- helped more than 115 unemployed residents find jobs;
- established a nightly volunteer radio patrol to report criminal activity;
- started a regular shuttle service for youth, handicapped people, the elderly and job seekers, using a donated van.

The partnership has also reduced Ravendale's high concentration of abandoned housing. Already six abandoned homes obtained through a HUD purchase plan have been refurbished and rented to carefully selected families. Gene Kempski, a former savings and loan officer, is grooming the families to purchase the homes within two years.

That helps the neighborhood in two ways, says Emil Brucker, a general contractor who spearheads the project. "One, we try to select homes for rehab that will have the greatest positive impact on the values of neighboring properties. And two, when we finish a house, we're going to try our best to place people in it who will help us reach that block and Ravendale for Christ."

"I believe housing rehab provides much of the spark we need to organize

blocks and the community," Kempski says. "It helps reduce crime, too. The dope dealers, the car thieves, if they see a block that shows pride, has security lights, Neighborhood Watch signs—well, they're going to go elsewhere."

Phil Braga of the Detroit Police Crime Prevention Section concurs. "Whether it's one block or 38 blocks, crime goes down when a community starts to organize. The efforts of [Joy of Jesus] and the people of Ravendale have resulted in a marked decrease of crime in their area."

Currently, Eddie is developing a program he calls "Adopt-A-Block." Under the plan, suburban congregations will link up with one of Ravendale's 38 blocks, helping provide the human, spiritual and material resources the residents need to renew their block.

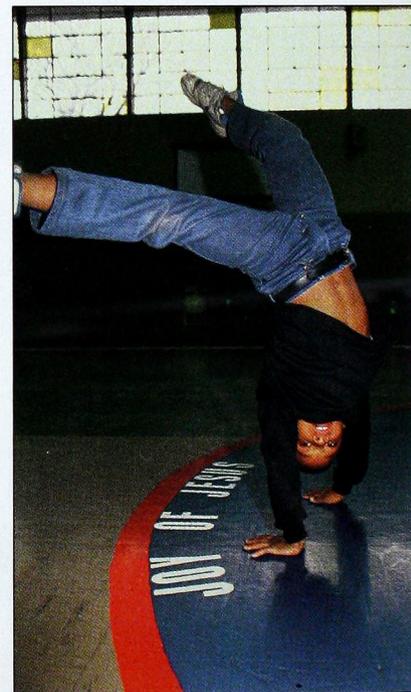
Recently seven members of the St. Clair Shores Assembly of God congregation spent a Saturday in Ravendale repairing the plumbing in a particularly needy home. "We want to help show the people of Ravendale that the love of Christ is real," the church pastor said.

But Eddie has dreams beyond Ravendale.

"I would like to see this neighborhood finish its work in the next two years so we could do the same thing in another part of the city," he says. "I believe God can renew Detroit within 10 years.

"I'm sure people all around the country see Detroit as an impossible

"I'd rather come here than be on the streets," says 8-year-old Carl MacGruder Jr., "because people try to sell dope to you and you could get killed."



situation," Eddie says. "But we've seen God glorified in impossible situations time and again. The stage is set for it to happen again." □

John Wierick is a free-lance writer in Montrose, Calif.

CHASING AWAY THE

TEXT BY RON WILSON

PHOTOS BY BRUCE BRANDER

SHADOW OF DEATH

DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

*You
wouldn't
believe this
is the same
Ethiopian
valley you
saw five
years ago.*

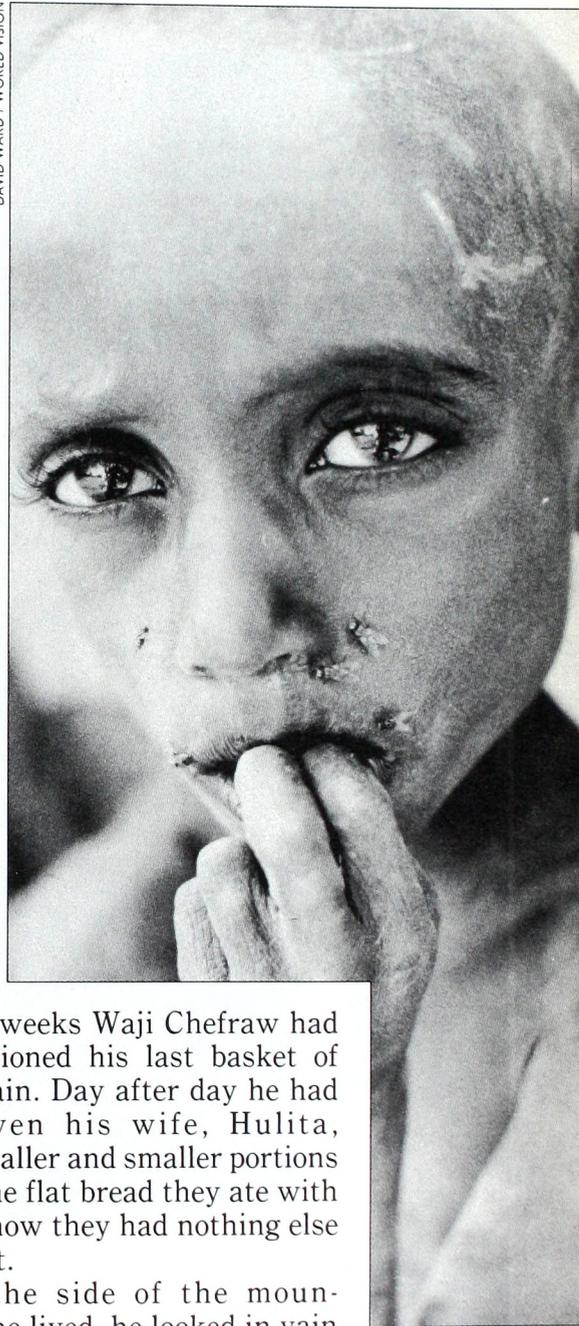
It was one of the leading stories of the decade. Starvation threatened a nation, and in a gigantic wave of compassion, the world rose up to feed it.

It was also one of the media's finest moments. Only minutes before broadcast on Oct. 23, 1984, the producers of NBC Nightly News watched footage of famine in Ethiopia, and the images of mass starvation shocked even the most jaded veterans of the newsroom. So they inserted a clip of hungry, hollow-eyed people and row upon row of corpses, and the pictures stunned the viewers in the well-fed one-third of the world.

No one anticipated the response. In the next year and a half, governments, churches and humanitarian groups sent almost \$4 billion in aid to relieve the drought-induced famine.

So what has happened since? Did we do any more than keep a generation of Ethiopians alive until the rains fail the next time? Has anyone done anything to make sure we never see the protruding bones and bloated bellies of children on our TV screens—ever again?

To answer these questions, we sent writer Ron Wilson and photographer Bruce Brander to Ethiopia. Their report focuses on one isolated valley—a small patch of that ancient and tragic land. But they give us cause for cautious hope.



For weeks Waji Chefraw had rationed his last basket of grain. Day after day he had given his wife, Hulita, smaller and smaller portions for *injera*, the flat bread they ate with meals. But now they had nothing else to eat with it.

From the side of the mountain where he lived, he looked in vain for a green leaf or some kind of plant life. He could see twisters of dust blowing across the valley and settling on the carcasses of fallen cattle. All of his livestock had long since died.

The Ansokia Valley, some 220

miles north of the Ethiopian capital of Addis Ababa, like hundreds of other such valleys, hadn't seen rain in two years. Thousands of people who lived in the valley simply sat while hunger sapped their energy and their hope. Many, especially children, had died from the diseases that often accompany malnutrition. Hyenas were coming out of the hills on their own desperate search for food, and Waji didn't have the strength to fight them off.

On the day he poured out the last measure of grain, he heard the news—at the far end of the valley someone was handing out food. So with his wife, his four children who were old enough to walk and a babe in arms, he joined a throng of thousands on a slow march for survival.

That was five years ago. Today the Ansokia Valley is green. Papaya and banana plants rise above shocks of maize beside Waji Chefraw's house. His oxen drag plows through rich earth, and his children splash in clean water at a new water-distribution point near the center of his village.

This former death valley is well on its way to being famine resistant. Life remains primitive, but alongside the grain grows hope—a product that Chefraw and the 34,000 people in that valley have known little about.

Searching for outside help

As the rains failed throughout the early 1980s, a local government administrator had to inform the authorities in Addis Ababa about the desperate situation in Ansokia.

Waji Chefraw, his wife, Hulita, and their children outside their fieldstone-and-thatch home.



There were no telephones nor electricity in the valley, not even any roads. The valley was cut off by a river on one side and mountains on the other. So the administrator walked for 12 hours to a government outpost, where his news finally reached the Ethiopian Relief and Rehabilitation Commission. The ERRC then called on World Vision which sent in a survey team and then set up camp.

A feeding camp is not a sight for the weakhearted. Starving people stream to the camps, often walking for many days. Most arrive with just the ragged clothes on their backs and enough energy to simply sit, waiting for rations. Relief workers feed the weaker ones by hand or with tubes to their stomachs.

Sanitation in the camps is rarely adequate. Disease spreads. At night people huddle together against the cold, and in the early morning those with enough strength collect the dead and bury them outside the camp.

In Ansokia, relief workers organized hundreds of men and women to carry gravel, and in a week the work force stamped out a landing strip for supply planes. More food and medical supplies were hauled in by a train of a thousand camels from a distribution point many kilometers away. The fight against starvation continued for months until rain returned.

From relief to development

When you feed people for months on end, nurse their sick, help them with the simplest physical functions, bury their dead when they haven't the strength, and ask nothing in return, you build up a lot of credibility. The relief workers discovered this when, as they sent people back to their homes with grain, seeds and tools, people began to talk to the leaders of the villages.

In the past, social agencies have found it difficult to move from emergency relief to long-range development.

The Third World is littered with the rusting corpses of tractors, pumps and generators—the remains of development projects left by well-meaning humanitarians.

Those humanitarians left something out of the formula for success: the full understanding and cooperation of the local people. So once Ansokia's emergency was over, World Vision workers were understandably skittish



Clean water headed the list of priorities when relief work made way for development plans in Ansokia. Here, a young girl scrubs face and hands at a village waterpoint.

about an ambitious development program there.

Still, if they didn't, they knew what would happen. In the past 250 years, Ethiopia has averaged one famine every 11 years. The rains would fail again; perhaps next year. They had to change this centuries-old pattern. How many years they had to do it no one knew, but they had no choice.

Besides, agriculturalists had said



the valley, with its rich soil and good water supply, had the potential for feeding a million people. It could be a breadbasket for Ethiopia. So the former feeding camp became mission control for a full-scale development project. The race against nature was on.

Developing a devastated valley

In the early 1980s, Ethiopia's Marxist government had begun forc-

ing many families out of the hills and into villages it called Peasant Associations. There were 17 Peasant Associations in the Ansokia Valley, and World Vision's development workers gathered the leaders of them together.

Now came the tricky part. Sure, the workers had credibility with the villagers, but for the development plans to work, those workers needed more than openness and cooperation. They needed to understand the valley and the way the villagers understood it. They needed the villagers to take charge of the work, to make it theirs. And they needed leaders to emerge and give the project the momentum that would carry it on when, someday, the World Vision workers had gone on to other valleys.

Together the workers and the village leaders set out priorities for the next few years. Water headed the list. The villagers needed clean water and they needed it closer to them. Some women had to carry earthen water pots on their backs a mile or more.

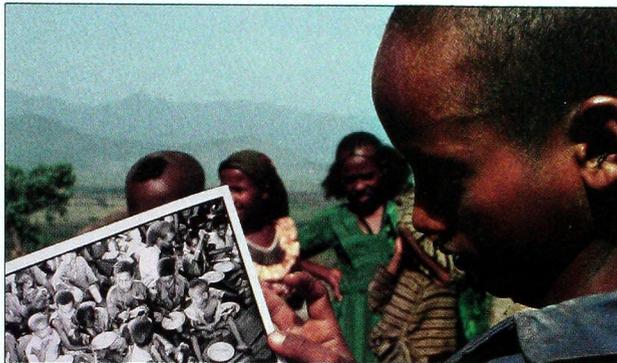
Of course the villagers also needed health clinics. Epidemics of cholera, typhus, measles and the dreaded malaria were killing hundreds in the Ansokia Valley.

So the work began.

And in the next four years the farmers and the developers together planted more than 5 million tree seedlings, terraced almost 100 miles of hillside, dug many wells and capped springs

They had learned that the extended bellies of malnourished children were caused by parasites in the contaminated water.

It's common in Third-World countries for mothers to protect their children against inoculations. They know the needles hurt, so they offer to take the shots for their children. But the mothers in Ansokia began to bring children to the health centers, fearing



Nuru Ahammed, 8, sees himself in a picture taken during the great famine of the mid-1980s. "Things are different now," he says. "I have plenty to eat, and it is making me feel very strong."



They also needed better crop yields and new crops. They needed to stop the rains from washing soil from the hillside down to the valley floor.

And they needed trees. The old-timers remembered when the valley contained heavy forests and plenty of wood for fuel and building, and trees with fruit to eat. But except for an occasional gnarled fig tree, all the trees had long since been cut.

to pipe potable water to each of the 17 villages. They built 17 health clinics, began literacy programs, introduced new crops and new farming methods.

Ansokia in bloom

Soon the developers started noticing positive changes in outlook and understanding. The women, for example, would pat the children's flat tummies and point to the water outlets.

the diseases more than the shots.

The villagers also took turns repairing the faucets on the water distribution points, set guards around the trees they had recently planted, and appointed caretakers to look after the poorest of the poor children. Did the children need clothes? Food? Medicine? School supplies? The caretaker would turn to the villagers and developers.

Today the Ansokia Valley is in full bloom. Many of the trees Waji Chefraw planted just a few years ago are 30 and 40 feet high. His children chase a fat cow out of an onion patch. Seven-year-old Sisay, who nearly died from measles during the famine, scrambles up a papaya trunk to show that he can reach the ripening fruit.

Life in the valley is still technologically primitive, of course. Women haul water, gather firewood and grind grain by hand. The men plow and plant and build with tools they've fashioned from simple materials. Development for them doesn't mean machinery, engines, appliances, leisure time. That's not what's happening here.

The lifestyle of the people may change little from the past 100 years. But they will be healthier, better educated, have more choices in life. And if their efforts help to heal the environment, produce enough food for the day and store some for the future, they will help ensure survival for themselves and their children in the face of inevitable future droughts. □

Ron Wilson is a free-lance writer and consultant in Charlottesville, Va.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Ginger Hope



LIVES UNDER CONSTRUCTION

The most exciting thing is watching the boys grow and change," Ken Ortman says. "Of course sometimes you've done your utmost and you still see them make harmful choices. Sometimes you do see dramatic change and miracles. More often you just see slow, gradual improvement."

Ortman and his wife, Sheila, founded Lives Under Construction, a dairy farm in the Missouri Ozarks, to reach out to adolescent boys who are headed for trouble. The farm gives about 15 boys at a time, ages

10-17, over a year in an atmosphere of Christian influence, loving discipline and hard work.

The farm urgently needs house-parents, and disciplers for nine boys who have made recent commitments to Christ. If you have a few weeks or months to spare, you can contribute carpentry, mechanical, tutoring, cooking and fix-it skills. It's volunteer work, with room and board provided.

Contact Lives Under Construction, HCR 1, Box 458A, Lampe, MO 65681; (417) 779-5374.

GOOD NEWS FOR INDIA

Good News for India" invites you to help stock the shelves of a new school library. The Luther New Theological College, in its first year, needs theological books, Bible commentaries, Christian biographies and other reference works.

Besides training Indian clergy, the school offers short-term training courses for Christian lay workers. Such seminars play a vital role, since full-time study is a luxury many Indian Christians can't afford.

With fewer foreign missionaries allowed in the country (less than

800 for a population approaching 900 million), indigenous Christians will be the main carriers of the good news to India in coming years.

For information contact Good News for India, P.O. Box 1069, Gateway Station, Culver City, CA 90230.



THEY GIVE AT THE OFFICE

Employees of the federal government, including the military, can now automatically give part of each paycheck to their choice of over 600 national voluntary organizations, including World Vision. Called the Combined Federal Campaign, the giving plan resembles the United Way system used in private corporations.

A CHANCE TO SURVIVE

Why is it that 75 percent of children under 5 in the Philippines are malnourished? Why are the common childhood diseases in Gambia not chicken pox or the flu, but serious illnesses such as polio and tetanus?

"A Chance to Survive: A Study Course on Child Health" brings you into the lives of Third-World people to study crucial issues of child health and well-being. The kit includes 10 participant booklets, a facilitator's guide and a slide show.

"A Chance to Survive" is available for \$18.00, plus \$4.00 postage, from Bread for the World Institute on Hunger and Development, 802 Rhode Island Ave., N.E., Washington, DC 20018

A toll-free telephone service can answer your questions about World Vision and help you with matters such as address or phone changes.

For English-language assistance call 1-800-777-5777. For Spanish-language assistance call 1-800-777-1760

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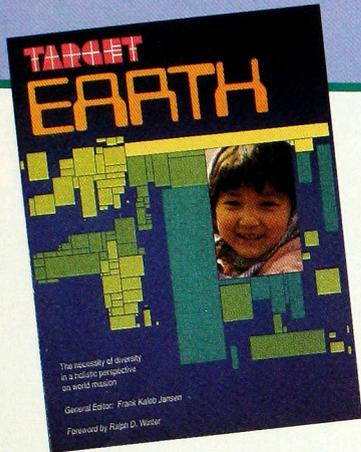


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JC9PS1



TARGET EARTH

Yes, it's an atlas, but it's not just a book full of maps and data. *Target Earth* is a colorful snapshot of our world, a call to all Christians to care for all of humanity and all of creation.

In *Target Earth*, the "greenhouse effect," international debt, world radio access and human rights have their place on the Christian mission agenda right along with "unreached people groups," the world of Islam and discipleship techniques.

Target Earth lists for \$23.95, but copies are available at a discounted introductory price from Global Mapping International, 1605 Elizabeth St., Pasadena, CA 91104; (818) 398-2420.



O beloved sick, how doubly dear you are to me, when you personify Christ; and what a privilege is mine to tend you. ...

And, O God, while you are Jesus, my patient, deign also to be to me a patient Jesus, bearing with my faults, looking only to my intention, which is to love and serve you in the person of each of your sick.

*Mother Teresa
of Calcutta*



For months, Lily prayed for a healed marriage. What she got was

Lily Sharp had to get away, if only for a few days. For almost 30 years she had tolerated and forgiven an abusive husband. Divorce? Already in the works, though Lily struggled with the idea. For months she had prayed for her marriage and family. She sensed God's promise of a miracle.

Still expecting a miracle, on a cold October day in 1980, Lily headed north for a quiet retreat. The ringing telephone broke the silence, and the news broke her world apart: Scott, Lily's 20-year-old son, had been thrown 80 feet from his car in an accident, suffering massive internal injuries and a punctured lung. The reduced flow of oxygen to his brain had left him in a coma.

What Lily saw in the hospital room in Ann Arbor, Mich., might have shattered another mother. "He was white as a ghost, had sunken eyes, tubes sticking in him." Still, Lily felt that all this had something to do with her miracle.

A miracle? Not the kind most people would pray for. Nor the one Lily expected. But as Lily explains, "God uses hurts to make you strong so you can do something for others who are hurting in the same way."

The miracle Lily had hoped for

was one happy, reconciled family. She'd never had that kind of family, even as a child.

"We were dirt poor and my parents didn't want me. When they went out drinking at night, I'd sit at the end of the driveway and watch for their headlights. I'd cry and cry."

Her parents' lifestyle caused others to reject her as well. "I remember pushing my nose against a screen door, asking if a little girl could come out to play. Her mother said, 'No, she's busy.' But as I left I heard her mother saying, 'I don't want you playing with Lily because her family is trash.'"

So Lily tried to earn love. At age 9 she started cleaning houses. "You never saw a little girl clean like I cleaned. I hired out to a woman for 25 cents one time. Her husband came home and said, 'This house has never been so clean.' And that was really my pay. I was hoping I could be good enough to be accepted."

The only good that Lily remembers from those hard days is this: Wherever her family moved, people came to the door to invite her to church. "I wanted someone to love me, and I

Scott at 19 months after the accident.



A · M · I · R · A · C · L · E

WRAPPED IN ANGUISH

TEXT BY JUDY BLAIN • PHOTOS BY JON WARREN



learned that Jesus loved me." She had found someone who heard her anger and pain.

At age 12, Lily was placed in an institution for homeless children, separated from the 2-year-old sister she had mothered as her own child. Lily vowed that when she grew up, she would have a family and kids no one could take away.

That determination led her to marry when she was just 16. But love was elusive: She received only criticism and physical abuse from her husband.

Still pursuing happiness, she decided to earn it through the only work she knew: cleaning. With just an eighth-grade education, Lily began a small janitorial service. Employers commended her work, the business grew and at last she could afford the trappings of happiness for her family.

She built a small house on a plot of land where deer, pheasants and rabbits roamed near a creek. But Lily's life didn't fit the picture postcard. Her husband soon demanded that she pay off the mortgage in five years; she did it in four. Sure of pleasing him at last, Lily gift-wrapped the mortgage and gave it to him for Christmas.

She knelt in front of him as he sat in his chair and asked him if he was finally happy. He said yes—but now he wanted a barn built and paid for, and \$150,000 in the bank.

When her husband pointed a gun at her and demanded her savings certificates, Lily had had enough. "I cried over lost dreams, the family, the love. I felt so guilty about the divorce, but in reality this man divorced me two weeks after we were married."

Yet she credits her divorce for transforming a weak and helpless Lily into the new Lily—strong, determined, tough yet compassionate. It was this new Lily who practically willed her son back to health.

After Scott's accident, doctors offered little hope for his survival. Lily didn't believe them.

"I'd sit by Scott and say, 'Mama's right here, I'm not going to leave you. Jesus is right here too. Remember Jonah and Noah and Daniel? God's going to deliver you just like them.' I knew Scott heard me because he squeezed my hand.

Lily vowed that when she grew up, she would have a family and kids no one could take away.

"The doctors would say, 'Oh, that's just reflexes.' But I knew better. So do they, now."

The doctors said Scott would never walk, never talk, never eat normally. And he would never even sit in a wheelchair because he couldn't bend at the waist and hips. But Lily insisted, "I have a God who knows those hips and that waist, how they're made and what they're made of."

Lily's battle for Scott's recovery did leave scars. "I was pushing the medical people, dealing with an abusive husband, and trying to bring Scott back at the same time," she says. "When I look back at all the turmoil, I know there was the potential to become very bitter. But God was faithful. He said he would keep us, and he does."

Doctors warned Scott would never walk, never talk, never eat normally.

Lily constantly pressed for actions she believed would help Scott recover, but the doctors wouldn't budge. Her faith wavered. One evening as she worked in a deserted bank, she was near despair. "God, it's been a whole year," she prayed. "If you're going to take Scott home, why let him suffer?"

She sat down and opened a worn devotional book, in which she read from John 11: "The purpose of his illness is not death, but for the glory of God... Didn't I tell you that you will see a wonderful miracle from God if

you believe?"

Renewed, Lily fought on for her son. Scott had been in the hospital 14 months, and she wanted to take him home. But his doctors feared he would be unable to eat without his gastric tube. Lily proved them wrong, feeding Scott mashed eggs and strained vegetables for the next two months.

Even at home, Lily fought hard for every tiny advance. "You don't know, until you've been there, what you can do," she says. Refusing to accept a prognosis of permanent disability, Lily hired therapists and recruited volunteers so Scott could exercise. He learned to roll over, to sit, to crawl and finally to walk with assistance.

Scott can now use a specially adapted computer to communicate. He watches the screen as groups of letters appear—A to E, F to J, and so on. Scott selects the group he wants by pressing a button with his one functional hand. As those letters flash on the screen, Scott chooses the next one for his message. It's painstaking, but the computer has opened a new world for Scott.

One day last year, Lily watched Scott compose these words on his screen: "I have the urge to become a medical missionary." That gave her pause. Yes, Scott had improved dramatically, but he still couldn't speak or walk by himself, still spent his days in a wheelchair.

"A missionary," she mused. "There must be a way." Lily was determined her son would do anything he wanted with his life. His most recent triumph was learning to write with his compu-

ter. What about reaching out to hurting people by writing letters? Scott nodded yes.

Lily never does things halfway, and neither does Scott. Shortly after watching a World Vision special on television, Lily committed \$2,000 a month to support 100 children in Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America. Scott corresponds with each one, writing simple expressions of friendship and encouragement.

When they receive letters from their sponsored children, Scott and Lily read them together. Scott laughs as his mother trips over names like Rajalakshmi Kubbusamy or Jeyaseelan Durairaj. His laughter is music to Lily, who once thought she might never see Scott smile again.

"If people will only let God, he will use their suffering," she says. "No matter how bad things look, God still has his plan."

Without the fight Lily put up, chances are Scott wouldn't have healed the way he has. Or found a way to serve. And Lily might never have dreamed of opening her home to other head-injured patients. Who could offer better care than someone who has lived through it? she reasoned.

She called her dream "Charity's Restoration Home." She has added a wing to her home,

Lily was determined her son would do anything he wanted with his life.



Lily runs most of her janitorial business from home, so she can spend more time with Scott.



Lending a hand in the kitchen helps improve Scott's coordination and his self-esteem.



"I want to be a missionary," Scott spelled out on his computer.



equipped with the bars, bikes, walkers, tilt tables and lifts needed by recovering patients. She has contracted with medical specialists to work with the patients.

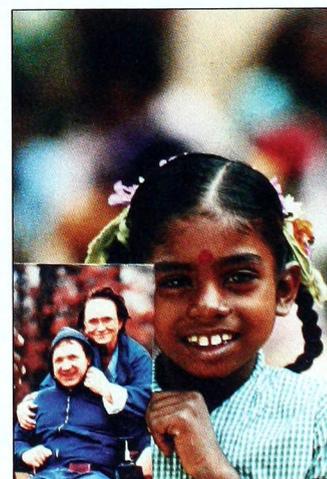
Lily is licensed for six residents. She hopes someday to fill the house, even if it means giving up her own bedroom. She will start by taking on just two residents.

"I can't wait to get the kids," she says. "I'd love to put in a swimming pool, hot tubs and a greenhouse. I have a vision." Yet she wants it to be more than her own vision. "If it's not God's will, he will provide something else."

Lily says it quietly, as one for whom dreams have died—and new ones have been born. She once asked Scott: "Knowing what you know now, that God could use you in that wheelchair for his glory, would you go through it again?" He nodded yes.

"I have to say the same thing," Lily says. "At the time, your heart's too heavy. But when you look back, you see how God's put each little thing together, even the things that were so hurtful. He makes you strong so you can do something for others who are hurting in the same way. That's what he's done for me." □

Judy Blain is a free-lance writer in Grand Rapids, Mich.



DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

One of 100 children Scott corresponds with, Selvi Muniratnam lives in India. Her name means "Queen of Beauty."

BY ED DAYTON

Nehemiah was a good manager. The story of how he rebuilt the city of Jerusalem (found in the Old-Testament book of Nehemiah) has often been used as a teaching model for management.

It has all the elements. Nehemiah heard of the need; he prayed about it for months; he had a vision of a rebuilt city. He made long-range plans. He counted the cost and gathered the necessary resources to do the task.

Then he took his long-range plans and reworked them into short-range plans when he arrived on the site. As a good leader, he challenged and motivated the people.

Good at execution

Nehemiah was not only a good planner, he was good at execution. He allocated staff and delegated portions of the task to them. When unforeseen circumstances arose, he modified his plans. When he had personnel problems, he dealt with them promptly. And through it all we read, "So I prayed to my God. ..."

The wall was finished in 52 days. When it was secure, Nehemiah turned to the task of restoring the city. When everything was ready, he planned a celebration and rededication.

Now that's good management. Certainly "Christian" management, right?

Who watched the shop?

But after a 12-year leave of absence, Nehemiah returned to King Artaxerxes in Babylon. We're not sure whom he left in charge in Jerusalem, but when he returned, he found things in disarray. The walls had not kept out the enemy. The portions to be set aside for the Levites had not been given to them, and all the Levites and singers

responsible for service had gone back to their own fields. The Sabbath was not being honored.

Whoever Nehemiah left in charge had lacked the wisdom or ability to sustain the programs Nehemiah had instituted.

A familiar story

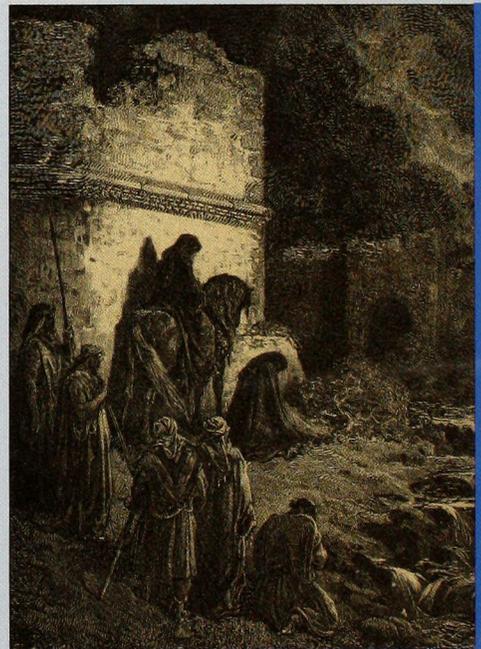
We don't know why it happened. But it's not an unfamiliar situation. An organization's future depends on its ability to identify and prepare potential leaders. Those new leaders must be able not only to hold the fundamental principles of the organization, but also to continuously find new ways to move forward.

Management is about people, not projects. Beautiful buildings, carefully constructed programs, and prayed-over plans are no better than the people who have been prepared to use them. □

*Sure,
he could
build a
wall—
but could
he build
people?*

NEHEMIAH, THE MODEL MANAGER

*Nehemiah
and friends at
Jerusalem's
ruined walls*



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

PUPPETS, PRAYER, AND A NEW VAN

The stinging rain on her cheeks and cold wind that whipped her jacket lapels as she trudged through the streets of Puente Alto will always linger in her memory. For three hours, every Sunday morning, Blanquita Cornejo used to walk from home to home in the small industrial town outside Santiago, Chile, rounding up children in the poorer areas and taking them to church.

Once there, she performed a puppet show for her small audience, using puppets she made herself, to convey messages of God's love for them. Afterward, she spent another three hours leading them all back to their homes.

Although she delighted in seeing the children in her neighborhood attend church, she knew that if she only had a vehicle, she could round up even more children and cut down on the time it took her to escort them to and from the local Christian and Missionary Alliance Church.

Securing such a vehicle became her prayer. "This is only temporary," she would tell herself.

"I know that sooner or later I am going to have a vehicle. The Lord told me he was going to give it to me."

Word of her after-hours ministry (she works full-time handling internal correspondence for the World Vision Chile field office) soon spread among her co-workers, who saw an oppor-

tunity to help Blanquita. They printed a brochure describing her unique outreach and inviting contributions toward a vehicle. It didn't take long to generate response.

Last year, Manuel Carrasco, director of the World Vision Chile field office, handed Blanquita the keys to a new van. "It's a miracle of God," Blanquita beamed. "He welcomed my prayers."

Today, Blanquita and her husband Juanito round up 50 children for church each Sunday, where Blanquita continues to use her handmade



M. CANTILLO/WORLD VISION

puppets to bring the gospel to life for the children. In addition, she and her husband also take their show to other churches, and even to retirement homes. With the van, she is able to reach many more people than before—and she doesn't have to worry about sloshing through the rain.

"For me, the greatest thing is seeing happiness on the face of a child," Blanquita says. "We are able to continue spreading the Christian message, thanks to the generosity of a donor whose name I don't even know. But I want to thank him from deep in my heart. And I want him to know that this vehicle is used solely for the work of the Lord." □

Josefa Auba, with Randy Miller

Blanquita's new van:
"It's a miracle of God. He welcomed my prayers."

Poverty of spirit enters into true praying. "The poor" means paupers, beggars those who live on the bounty of others, who live by begging. Christ's people live by asking.

E.M. Bounds

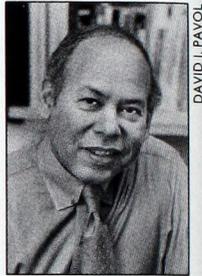
Matters for Prayer

- ♦ **Pray for** any refugees you know personally, and for others you have heard of. Ask God for opportunities to make strangers feel welcome (pp. 3-12).
- ♦ **Thank God** for progress toward a famine-resistant Ansokia Valley in Ethiopia (pp. 17-19).
- ♦ **Pray that** Christian leaders of all ethnic backgrounds will grow in love and esteem for one another (pp. 28-29).
- ♦ **Thank God** for the grace and growth he gives even amid intense suffering, as Lily Sharp attests (pp. 22-25).
- ♦ **Pray for** the people involved in Joy of Jesus ministry in Detroit. Ask God to make them a continuing agent for change and witness to the gospel of Jesus Christ (pp. 13-16).

BY BILL PANNELL

A NEW GENERATION OF OLDS?

Is Christian leadership only for the favored sons?



DAVID J. PAVOL

Dr. Bill Pannell is associate professor of evangelism and director of black ministries at Fuller Theological Seminary, Pasadena, Calif.

As we approach the 1990s, many of evangelicalism's senior leaders are retiring or coming to the end of their ministries. We are preparing to pass the baton to a new group of emerging leaders. ... We must identify these new leaders, networking and developing them as evangelists who will work in a world much different from ours. And we must carefully avoid training them to fulfill only our visions, using only our methods, creating clones of ourselves. We must enable them to fulfill the visions God gives them. —Leighton Ford in *WORLD VISION* magazine. ("Evangelism into the 21st Century," Feb.-Mar. 1989)

Baton-passing is no piece of cake. The near-disaster for an American relay team at the Seoul Olympics was a good example. Florence "Flo-Jo" Joyner-Kersey, after a superb run, almost blew the hand-off. If not for the sheer muscle of Evelyn Ashford, the U.S. team would have settled for second. That's because Flo-Jo was slotted into the relay at the last minute. She wasn't really part of the team.

I don't want to push this baton analogy too far. But I think it's useful for saying some things about the way evangelical leadership roles are passed.

As Flo-Jo showed, baton-passing doesn't "just happen" in the big race. That kind of pinpoint timing is possible only after many hours of practice, and many more hours of racing together. The pass becomes virtually second nature, because you trust one another and you've worked together. The team has been hand-picked for a long time.

And I'm afraid that's already happened in evangelical circles. The prime runners for the next lap have already been chosen from within the club—basically a homogenous group. Take a look at any photo over the years, it's



the same old gang. So-called "ethnics" are few and far between, and so are women. The new guard won't be much different.

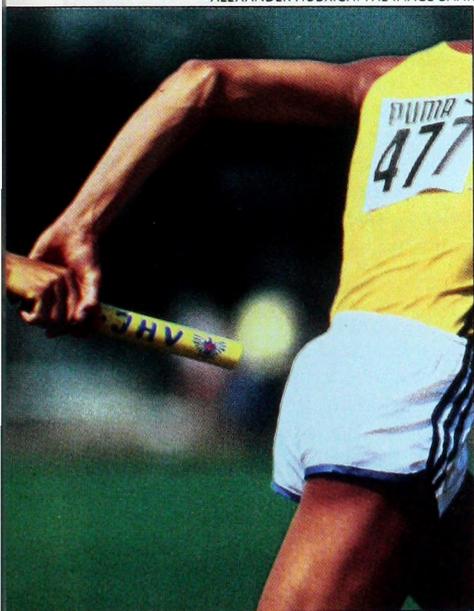
The old guard realizes that it's time—past time, really—to pass the baton. It's the day of the race, so they're not going to look far afield for new talent. They'll look to their own, to the people they've been cultivating all along.

Meanwhile, hundreds of great "athletes" are standing out on the track, waiting for a tired evangelicalism to catch up. Eager, proven talent has been in place for years, shifting from one foot to the other, waiting for the hand-off. Many are still waiting. Others have given up and wandered off to find another event where they'll get a chance to run.

Which leads to the real issue with batons: someone's got to let go. It's hard to give up power. It's even harder to admit that power is what this whole baton-passing thing is about. Once you pass the baton, you have no choice but to trust the next runner. You've lost control.

To be fair, it's true that the leader-choosing process has not completely overlooked the non-Western world. There are leaders all over the world who, in one way or another, received a baton from the West. Some received their theological training in Western schools; others, their missiology from visiting scholars from the West. Or

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they were influenced and encouraged by the two major gatherings of evangelists in Amsterdam. These people willingly acknowledge their debt to Western evangelical leaders.

For a long time, the center of the evangelical movement has been Western ingenuity, strategies, theologies and definitions. So it's not surprising that when people list the key figures in evangelism, they usually name few persons of color from anywhere in the world. And just as it is painful for Yankees to realize that we are not in political and economic control of the world any more, so it is painful for Western Christian leaders to realize the same thing in the arena of evangelism.

Leighton Ford wrote that, at an international meeting for young Christian leaders in Singapore, "many of the U.S. delegates faced criticism from their international brothers and sisters for the first time." The sad thing is that they had to go halfway around the world to hear it.

If, as Ford says, "we need to hear that kind of criticism," there are a number of black and Hispanic brothers and sisters closer to home who would be happy to oblige. If the U.S. delegates were stunned by what they heard in Singapore, how would they handle what they might hear in a place like Atlanta?

I suspect that the baton has already been passed to the favored sons (and a few daughters). They had the inside track. They went to the right schools; they learned the right definitions and memorized the right methods. In order to belong and to lead, a person has to eat at the right tables, swim at the right clubs.

Meanwhile, some of the finest and most talented believers, who have been serving God for years, are repeatedly passed over.

The number of ethnic Americans at the key Singapore meeting for young Christian leaders in 1987 was small. Scholarships were offered to young leaders from the Third World, but not to ethnic Americans.

Scholarship money is not a peripheral issue. People in the ethnic American community generally don't have access to the organizations and associations that send representatives, all expenses paid. And they usually don't have the economic base in their churches to raise that kind of money. If

evangelical leaders seriously want ethnic Americans involved in key meetings, something will have to be done about the money issue—just like it's done for Third-World people who can't afford to come without scholarships.

Many fine young African-American, Hispanic and Native American Christians also learned a lesson at Leadership '88. The large gathering of young Christian leaders in Washington, D.C., was billed as multi-cultural, or multi-ethnic. We talked it up among young ethnic leaders; we thought there was going to be a breakthrough.

What we saw in Washington was the same-old same-old. Same faces on the platform. Same key addresses by the same speakers. And I can assure you that many ethnics who attended took the lesson to heart. It does matter who stands on the platform, regardless of all the wonderful networking and person-to-person encounters that happen on the conference floor. The platform embodies the leadership, the spirit of a meeting.

I said earlier that the baton has already been passed. Well, that's true in another way too, a way nobody can manipulate or control. I see the new generation of leaders in my classes and on the campus where I teach. They come from all over the globe, and they have vision, experience and courage beyond any I have ever seen from America's heartland. All over the world there are incredible leaders paying a higher price to serve Jesus than we'll ever pay. So in a sense it's not even possible to talk about passing the baton. That's the Holy Spirit's work, and thank God it gets done without us.

But Leighton Ford's concern is legitimate. If I had given my life to ministry and God had blessed it, I would want to think about passing some of that on. As Leighton said, I would not try to pass the method, but something of the spirit, the ethos, the passion. Older leaders do have a great deal of power to invest in new leaders, encouraging and legitimizing them.

My point is this: Unless all of us are talking together, unless all of us are running together in the daily workouts and time trials, learning to know and trust each other, it's going to be a very small team running a very big race. If that's the case, 21st-century evangelism—and evangelicalism—will be the poorer for it. □

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



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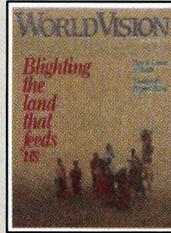
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READERS' RIGHT

I was really upset by the interview with Wesley Granberg-Michaelson ("A Keeper of the Earth"). Did Judith Hougen also interview some of the people whose livelihood has been devastated by the tactics of so-called environmentalists?



We have been harvesting and replanting timber for 50 to 60 years. After the way the news media have publicized the Northwest forest and owl problems, I now doubt most news on environmental issues.

Mrs. Robert Rice
Sweet Home, Ore.

I just finished Tom Sine's article ("Will the Real Cultural Christians Please Stand Up"). Thank you for your boldness. We need to wake up! We have convinced ourselves that we are the most important thing in this life.

Anne Van Dyken
West Park Baptist Church
Hermiston, Ore.

I cut out part of Tom Sine's article to post on my church's bulletin. My stand is not popular in my community, but I was surprised that many of your readers responded negatively to Campolo's earlier article ("Will the Real Jesus Please Stand Up," Oct.-Nov. 1988).

Will God have to call on the stones themselves to cry out his message?

Evelyn Johnson
Chester, Mont.

Tom Sine is right in saying that American young people have been sold the wrong dream. We struggle daily with decisions that early Christians faced, but without the willingness to be completely guided by the Holy Spirit we make many choices that compromise the gospel.

Lila Tremaine
Fort Myers, Fla.

The articles by Tom Sine and Bob Lupton ("How to Create a Ghetto") are "right on" and absolutely painful. They are a significant contribution to the evangelical Christian church that so earnestly prays for the poor—and then makes sure they stay that way!

Frederick J. Obold
Hoffnungsaue Mennonite Church
Inman, Kans.

You are the first evangelical magazine I have seen which finally pointed out the deep spiritual values in former President Jimmy Carter's life and political stance ("Hammers and Human Rights"). I still grieve over the way evangelicals "ditched" a truly born-again president whose biblical faith informed his actions.

John E. Huegel
San Luis Potosi, Mexico

Your recent articles on liberation theology, the homeless and now on Jimmy Carter have caused me consternation. Most bothersome are the undertones of liberal theology and the well-worn fallacies (about the homeless) espoused by the liberal media and liberal politicians.

Jimmy Carter has compassion for little children—unless they are unborn; he has great compassion for homosexuals and Marxists, but discounts the wickedness of their activities.

Miller Hartzog
Baton Rouge, La.

Peter Searle's "Life on the Line," about Beirut's Green Line, was chilling. Thanks for being a window on the world that lies outside our tendency "to encapsulate ourselves within a community of people just like us," in the words of Jimmy Carter.

Warren Taylor
Bloomington Congregational Church
Bloomington, Calif.

FROM PRISONER TO PACK MULE

Peter Johnson is a freelance writer living in Milltown, N.J.

Fear squeezed the last drops of hope from Tom Faunce's mind as he stood inside the stone walls of Michigan's Penitentiary. Only 20 years old and shorter than most of the other new prisoners, he looked like a kid. He was herded into a long room, stripped of his clothes and sprayed with disinfectant.

"That night I cried," he recalls. "I wanted to die. There was no reason for life. Everything I had ever believed in had failed."

That was 1970. Tom had been home from Vietnam only a month when he was arrested, convicted and sentenced to prison for selling \$40 worth of heroin.

Nothing had ever seemed to go right for Tom. Raised near Detroit, he and his 11 brothers and sisters never lived together for more than one year at a time. His mother was often sick and his father had a tough time supporting such a large family with the menial jobs he was able to find.

When Tom was 14 his father died in a fire. Then his mother suffered a nervous breakdown. The children bounced back and forth between relatives, foster homes and institutions.

As a child and teenager Tom always felt "more than lower class. No good," he recalled. "I loved to get into trouble." Shoplifting, fighting, heavy drinking and drugs became his life.

In prison he became a compulsive reader. "That was my only escape," he said. "And it was the start of my search for something."

Good behavior won him an early release, but his life didn't change. Dealing drugs, a stormy marriage and divorce, and chasing around the country pushed him into an even deeper tailspin of despair. "My only real friend was a golden retriever called 'Nature.' I took that dog everywhere."

Then he spotted the book *Pilgrim's Progress* with a picture of a back-packer on the cover. Recalling the book, he says simply, "I felt God was speaking to me."

While visiting his mother in Texas he started reading the Bible. The message of John 3:16 in the New Testament clicked in Tom's mind. God loved him! "God was big enough to forgive me. It was like a veil lifted off my eyes," he explained. "I wept and repented."

Tom's life took a new turn. In 1980 he married again and a few years later enrolled in a missions school in Mexico.

There Tom felt a tugging in his heart to help the poor and abandoned, those no one cared about.

In 1985, with \$200 in his jeans, he headed for Honduras with a desire to help the Miskito Indians who lived in squalid refugee camps near the Nicaraguan border. He had no solid contacts there. He couldn't speak Spanish. It seemed like a crazy idea.

Miraculously Tom found the camps. He saw the Indians' poverty and sickness; children suffering from malnutrition. He saw families uprooted from villages burned in the fighting in Nicaragua.

With a few friends and with support from churches and individuals, Tom has gone back seven times to the war-torn Honduran-Nicaraguan border. He has distributed tons of food, medicines, clothing and Bibles. "We're more or less pack mules for Jesus," Tom explains.

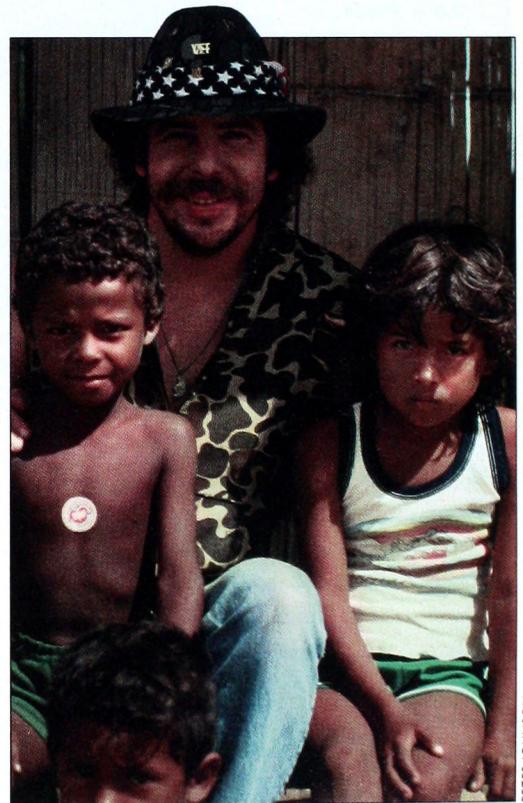
In 1988 Tom founded Front Line Outreach Ministry to help the poor in Detroit's ghettos. He simply started giving out donated clothing and sandwiches in Clark Park, a notorious crack haven. "They thought we were having a yard sale," Tom said.

Distributing food, clothing and even furniture is now a weekly event. Tom remembers giving shoes to a barefoot 7-year-old whose mother is addicted to crack. When the cold weather comes, area residents look forward to blankets, coats and hot soup.

Tom is planning another trip to Central America. And he will continue to work in Detroit's inner city. He can't stop. "There's nothing more rewarding than spending my life on others," he explains.

"If God can use me," he adds, "he can use anybody." □

Peter Johnson

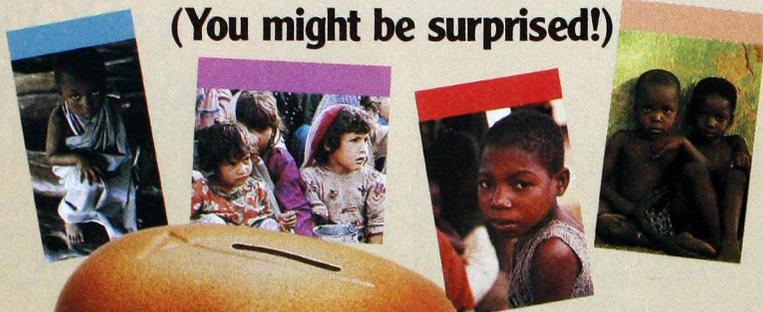


PETER JOHNSON

Tom Faunce: "If God can use me, he can use anybody."

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(Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.)

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