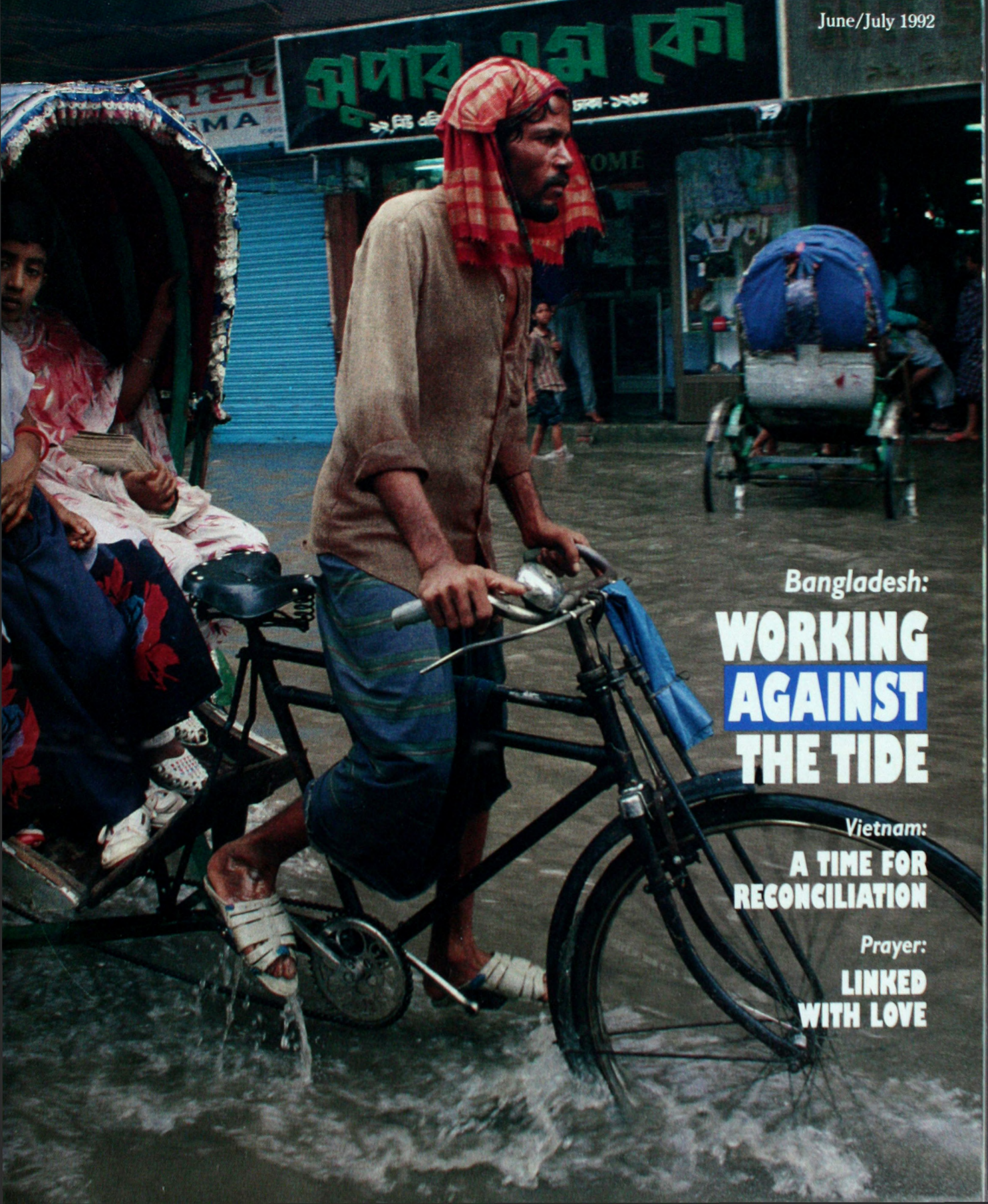


WORLD VISION®

June/July 1992



Bangladesh:

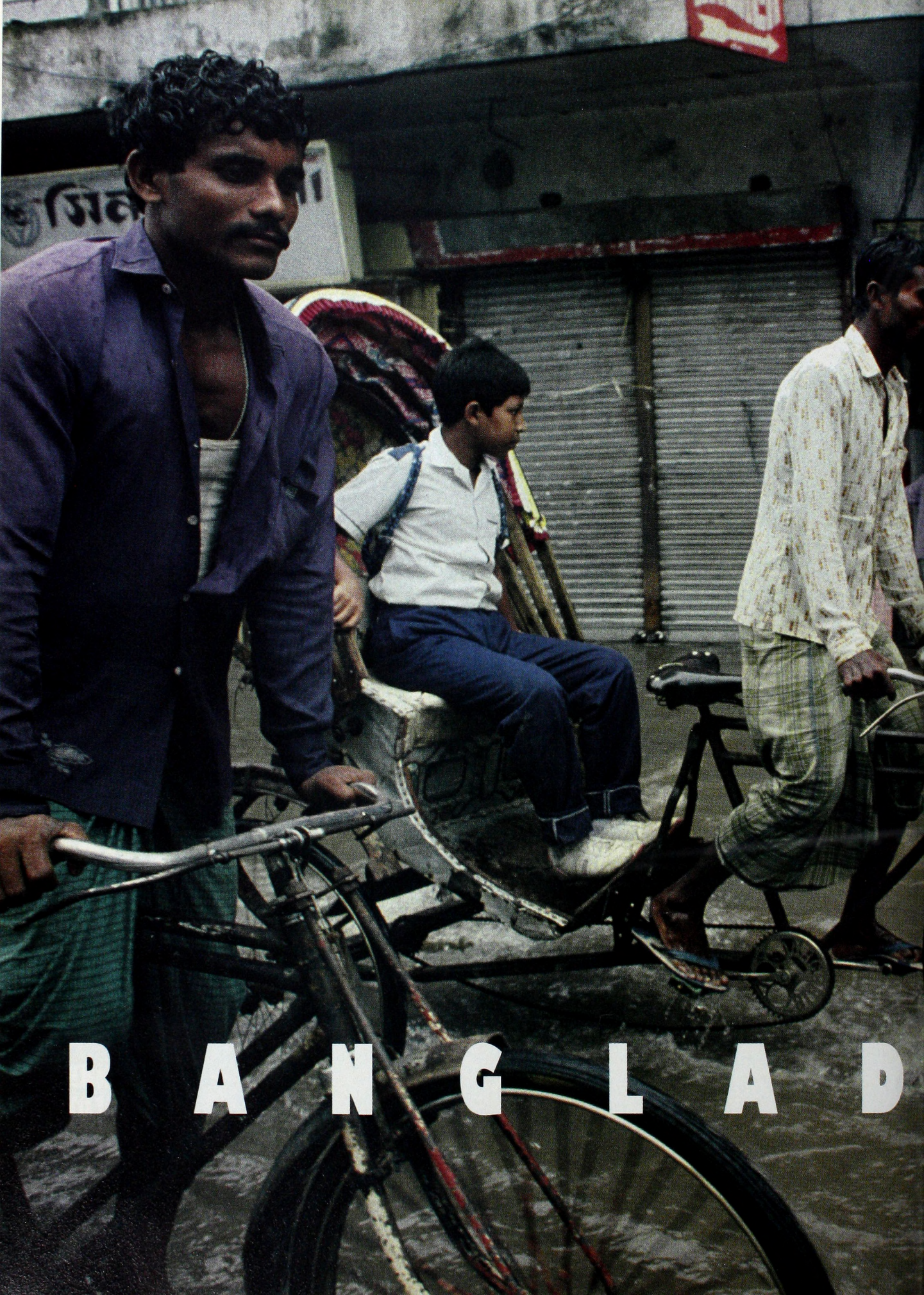
**WORKING
AGAINST
THE TIDE**

Vietnam:

**A TIME FOR
RECONCILIATION**

Prayer:

**LINKED
WITH LOVE**



BANGLAD



ANNUAL FLOODS AND
CYCLONES LEAVE
BANGLADESH'S
ENVIRONMENTAL REFUGEES
SEEKING SOLUTIONS FOR A
HOST OF PROBLEMS.

*"Between the mortar and the
pestle, the chili cannot last."*
—Bengali proverb

Above a small village on the coast of Bangladesh, a young child walks along the ridge of a barren hill, carrying a black umbrella. He watches over a handful of emaciated cattle as they strip away the last vegetation from the steep, overgrazed hills.

In the village below, Jakir

WORKING AGAINST THE TIDE

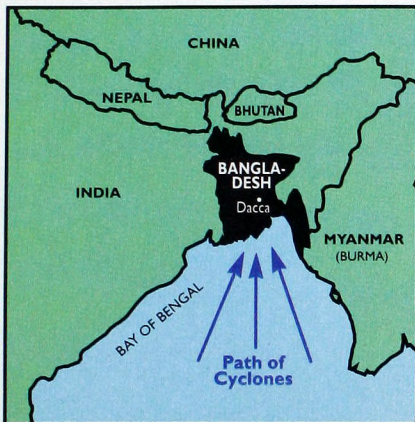
TEXT BY BARBARA THOMPSON
PHOTOS BY JON WARREN



Ulla and his wife, Mahada, live with their four children in a bamboo hut. Except for a small mat and a cooking pot, the family has no possessions. They seldom eat more than two bowls of rice a day. The children suffer from chronic coughs and fever, and their stomachs are swelling with malnutrition and worms.

"Our children were our dream for the future," says Jakir. "Now their lives are in God's hands."

Jakir and his family are among millions of environmental refugees in Bangladesh whose lives have been dev-



astated by a natural disaster. In April 1991, one of the 20th century's most destructive cyclones washed away Jakir's village. With winds up to 150 mph and tidal waves measuring more than 25 feet high, this storm unleashed a destructive energy more powerful than the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima. Jakir and his family survived by clinging to trees. During the night, one-third of their village drowned, including Jakir's 3-year-old child.

Along the Bangladeshi coast, 125,000 people died. Ten million were homeless. Land that had been farmed for centuries was now permanently under water or contaminated by saline. Despite a quick response and hundreds of millions of dollars from international relief agencies, there was too much damage for a poor, undeveloped country to repair.

Today Jakir and his family are permanently displaced from their home village. They live with their surviving neighbors on a barren piece of land donated by the government. They are unable to grow their own food and depend on sporadic relief supplies for rice.

Like his neighbors, Jakir competes with thousands of other landless cyclone victims for low-paying, manual labor. "Every day, the story is the same," explains Jakir's neighbor, Habibu, whose 16-year-old son drowned in the

tidal wave. "No work today; come back tomorrow.' But there is no tomorrow."

Even without natural disasters, survival in Bangladesh is precarious. Nearly 118 million people compete for living space in a country the size of Wisconsin. More than 80 percent of the population lives in crippling poverty. The average daily income is less than 50 cents.

For Bangladeshi children, the cycle of poverty begins before birth. Almost one in two is born malnourished. One in five does not live past 5 years old. Each year, 30,000 pre-school children go blind for lack of vitamin A, a deficiency that could be remedied for less than 7 cents per child.

The country's natural disasters magnify the burdens of overpopulation, hunger, and poor health. Bordered by the turbulent Bay of Bengal and divided by three great rivers, Bangladesh annually endures some of the world's worst storms and flooding. For poor families living at the edges of survival, these catastrophes often deliver the final blow in a downward spiral toward disease and premature death.

Cyclones, called hurricanes in the West, produce Bangladesh's most terrifying tragedies. The shallow Bay of Bengal forms a natural funnel for windstorms, and seven of the 20th century's 10 deadliest cyclones have struck the Bengali coast. The vast majority of people living along the country's highly populated coastal region have no protection from a cyclone's violence. Government cyclone shelters are few and far between, and fragile bamboo huts crumble in driving wind and rain.

The most vulnerable are the millions of people who make their homes on shifting islands called *chars*. Entire villages, forced from safer land by poverty and population pressure, live on these fertile but temporary silt deposits in the sea. During a violent storm, *chars* often disappear. On Hatiya Island, 7,000 people moved to *chars* outside a government-built embankment. They all drowned in the April cyclone.

In communities where shelter is available, families often are reluctant to leave their home. "There are many false alarms," explains Mongol Das, a 45-year-old fisherman from the coastal village of Julsham. "If you leave, thieves come and steal everything you own." During the cyclone, Das' mother-in-law and 4-year-old son drowned while trying to reach a shelter.

Even in coastal cities, the poor have little safety. Many of them, environmental refugees from rural villages, fled to urban areas when floods and erosion

A CHILD'S VIEW

When the water came in, my father sent us to a shelter. He stayed behind to protect our belongings. My mother carried my 4-year-old brother, and I carried my 11-year-old sister. It was dark and raining. The water came up to our shoulders. There was thunder and lightning. Pieces of house and tree branches rushed by and scratched us. My sister was crying and shivering, but I could not comfort her. The wind was too loud for talking.

I heard my grandmother cry out as she was swept away, but I could not help her. A big wave came and knocked me off the road. I heard my mother calling in the darkness. I cried, "Come this way." Probably she answered, but I didn't hear her.

A half hour later I reached the shelter. The roof was so crowded I thought it would collapse. The wind burned our skin and the rain made us shiver. My sister was crying. I said, "Don't worry. Mommy is somewhere and after the rain we will meet again."

In the morning I saw my mother walking on the road. Our brother was still in her arms, but he was dead. He drowned while we were walking. My mother spent the night holding him in a thorn tree.

Later we found my grandmother's body. I cannot explain what terrible things happened that night, or why I did not die. If the same thing should happen again, I don't think I would have the courage to survive.

—Parul Das, age 15.



destroyed their land. They now live on the lowest-lying land, crowded together in maze-like rows of tiny huts, garbage-strewn pathways, and open sewers.

Mazeda Begum, 30, was living in a slum of more than 25,000 people when the cyclone hit the coastal city of Chittagong. The tiny shack she and her husband shared with six children collapsed on their heads and washed away in a tidal wave.

"We spent the night standing on tables and chairs in our neighbor's house," Mazeda remembers. "The water kept rising. We saw no hope for survival."

Cyclone victims struggle to survive for months and even years after the disaster. Many, like Mazeda and her family, have lost everything. There are few wealthy neighbors to donate an extra cooking pot or blanket, and entire villages remain without life's necessities.

For all the terror and misery of cyclones, annual flooding poses the

greatest threat to the poor of Bangladesh. With 90 percent of the country's land mass less than 10 feet above sea level, there is little protection from the

rising waters of the country's three great rivers: The Brahmaputra, the Meghna, and the Ganges. For centuries, annual floods have been an

World Vision has been working in Bangladesh since 1970 and has several hundred projects there today, including:

- More than 190 child-sponsorship projects benefit 57,656 children.
- Evangelism
- Rehabilitation for those devastated in the April 1991 cyclone.
- Emergency help to thousands of refugees fleeing from Myanmar, formerly Burma.
- About 260 development projects, including the building of multi-purpose cyclone shelters in coastal cities.
- Child-survival projects in coordination with USAID.
- "The Problems of Girl Children on the Street" in Dhaka. It is part of World Vision's Girl Child Initiative in Asia, which helps females gain education, job skills, self esteem, and social status.

Many people, their land destroyed by floods or cyclones, live in makeshift shacks. Men work as day laborers or rickshaw drivers; women as brick crushers and garbage collectors. Some years, three-quarters of Bangladesh is flooded.





A teacher helps children at a pre-school in Julsham where last year's cyclone washed away 90 percent of the small coastal village. World Vision has helped villagers rebuild boats, houses, roads, and educate members about health care and job skills.

accepted part of life in Bangladesh. Flood waters provide the rich soil from which 85 percent of the country makes its living growing rice, jute, sugarcane,

vegetables, and fruit.

In recent years, however, deforestation in the Himalaya mountains and the silting of river beds have dramatical-

ly increased flood levels. During the monsoon, the annual rainy season, one-third or more of Bangladesh is under water. Some years, three-quarters of the country is flooded.

With an increasing number of Bangladeshis living on marginal, low lying land, flood damage has reached catastrophic proportions. People and animals (including snakes) crowd together for weeks on any patch of dry land they can find. Thousands die of dysentery and other water-borne diseases. When the flood waters recede, many families are left without shelter or possessions.

With flood levels rising, erosion threatens Bangladesh's existence. Millions of villagers have watched their farm land drop into the sea. "I used to get 400 kilograms of rice from my paddy," says a 70-year-old woman, sitting by her flooded field, weeping. "Now I have no land at all. How will I live?"

Her neighbor, 12-year-old Shefali, sits by the door of her family's thatched roof hut, watching the flood waters from

POPULATION OUTSTRIPS FOOD SUPPLY

Given Bangladesh's current agricultural methods, the country's population is growing faster than its farmers can grow food, says Julian Pitchford of World Vision Relief and Development.

"The result is that there is significant—and some severe—malnutrition, particularly among children," he says.

Bangladesh is one of the world's most densely populated countries. If the United States was as densely populated, it would contain more than the entire world population. Using its current technology, Bangladesh requires 2.5 acres of land to feed an average family. However, the average size of a farm in Bangladesh is 1.7 acres.

With rich soil and plentiful water, Bangladesh theoretically has some of the world's finest growing conditions. But inadequate irrigation for dry-season crops prevents it from taking proper advantage of soil, sun, and multiple cropping. Average yields remain low compared with industrialized rice-growing countries, and even with neighboring Myanmar.

—Sheryl Watkins, WV Asia communications coordinator

the Brahmaputra River creep up a government-built embankment. A cow grazes calmly as a 6-foot piece of land drops into the swirling waters.

A year earlier, Shefali was an outstanding fifth-grade student at a World Vision school. "I wanted to go as far as I could in school," Shefali says. "Now the school has fallen in the water."

Shefali's family has moved four times in the past year, trying to escape the rising water. Today they live as squatters on a government embankment, which is also rapidly falling into the river.

Trapped between flooding rivers and a stormy sea, Bangladesh faces an uncertain future. More than half the country is landless. The average farm is too small to sustain a family, and erosion swallows thousands of acres every year. Food production continues to decline while the population grows at a staggering annual rate of 2.7 percent.

Faced with a host of competing needs, the Bangladeshi government

Despite crushing natural disasters and poverty, the people of Bangladesh have resilient spirits.

struggles to fund cyclone shelters and flood control measures. Still, there is progress. An early warning system used during the April 1991 cyclone saved hundreds of thousands of lives. Government officials are negotiating with India and Nepal to control runoff from the Himalayas. There is a countrywide effort to build higher embankments and dredge silt-filled rivers.

"We cannot eradicate floods completely," says M.A. Aazzaque, an engineer with the Water Development Board of Bangladesh. "But we can reduce their severity and keep them out of our homes."

It will be decades, however, before the Bangladeshi people are adequately protected from cyclones and floods. Meanwhile a worldwide rise in sea levels threaten flood control efforts. If global warming predictions come true, most of Bangladesh may be under water within half a century.

Despite the natural disasters and poverty, many people of Bangladesh face the future with resilient spirits. "We have our miseries," says one Bengla-

TOOLS THAT WON'T DROWN

Nozrul bends over his lathe, staring at a small block of wood. Within minutes, he has shaped a small toy figure, ready for sanding and painting.

At 20, Nozrul is an apprentice carpenter with Ideas International, a vocational training program funded by World Vision and designed to provide the rural poor with income-generating skills.

"When a farmer's land is flooded, he has to wait a year or more for the monsoon to wash away the saline," says Barry Ison, Ideas founder. "But a skill cannot be washed away. Even after a major disaster, people immediately can start earning a living again."

Forced by his family's poverty to drop out of school in the 4th grade, Nozrul never dreamed of getting a job. He had never



earned a single taka, Bangladesh's smallest currency, worth less than one third of a penny.

Today Nozrul takes home about \$33 a month. He is the sole support of his parents and two sisters, with whom he lives in a one-room shack. Because of his income, the family now eats three meals a day.

Has learning a skill changed his life? "Yes," says Nozrul. "Now I can survive."

—Barbara Thompson

deshi woman. "But we are not miserable people. Our family life is strong. We love our children and know how to sacrifice. We have learned to love and laugh despite the adversities of life."

This communal strength is apparent in the small fishing village of Julsham. In the April 1991 cyclone, more than 90 percent of the village washed away. The village fisherman lost their boats and nets, and the road to the village washed into the sea.

Today, even from a distance, the sound of hammers ring throughout Julsham. The village men are rebuilding boats and repairing nets. Almost every house has a new tin roof. With a World Vision cash-for-work program, villagers have rebuilt the road into Julsham.

Julsham's transformation started in 1988 before the cyclone, when World Vision staff members began community development work there. "At first, people were very suspicious," says Program Officer Srabon Kumar Chakman. "But attitudes changed after the cyclone. One man even volunteered to give his land for the cyclone shelter."

New tubular wells and slab latrines throughout the village provide water and basic sanitation. Health workers go door-to-door, teaching the fundamentals of good nutrition. Every mother in the village has learned how to make life-saving oral rehydration fluid.

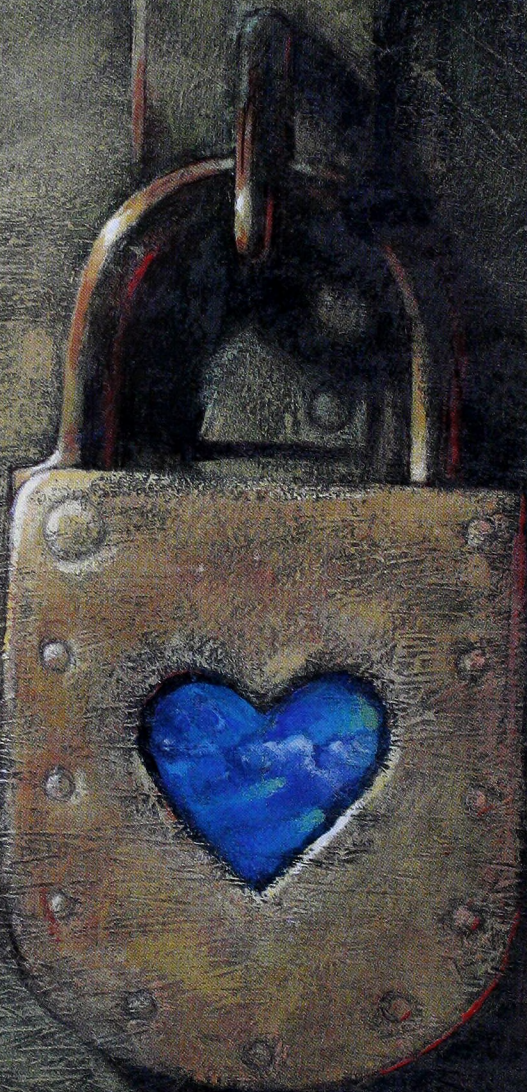
In the village grammar school, preschool children crowd onto narrow benches, reciting the alphabet. Only one in ten adults in the village can read and write their own name; now their children benefit from a "headstart" program that enables them to compete with their more affluent peers.

Meanwhile the village women are learning vocational skills and pooling their money to provide capital for small businesses. This increase in earning power will improve the women's social status and self-esteem.

World Vision, which has 260 development projects in Bangladesh, has chosen Julsham as one of 11 sites for a multi-purpose cyclone shelter. The reinforced concrete building will be used year-round as a medical clinic, school, and vocational training center.

"We cannot stop the flooding or resettle people where they can live the rest of their lives without calamity," says World Vision Bangladesh Communications Manager Bernard Gomes. "But we can give people the education and skills they need so they can build their own lives." ☉

Barbara Thompson is a free-lance writer in Decatur, Ga.



*While
praying
for an
imprisoned
friend,
I learned the
power
of*

PRAYER LINKED WITH

On Jan. 10, 1983, I visited the Israeli Defense Force headquarters in the war-devastated city of Sidon, Lebanon. My party and I were to be briefed on the June 1982 Israeli invasion of Lebanon and the rationale for the continuing military occupation.

Outside the gates stood a group of Arab women, their heads kerchiefed, their skirts brushing their ankles. Dark eyes stared, piercing. They asked a few questions in Arabic, but mostly the women were silent, watching, watching. Some stood, some squatted. Their eyes burned our backs as the gates closed behind us and we walked into the armed forces' concrete compound.

"Who are those women?" I asked. I was told they were Palestinian and Lebanese wives whose husbands had been taken captive. The women came every day for months and did not know the whereabouts of their sons and husbands. Throughout the military briefing, my mind kept wandering to the women's vigil outside the gates. Where were their husbands and sons? Were they alive or dead? Had they been tortured? Were they hungry, cold, or ill? Was there no one to alleviate their anxieties? (But then, that is what war is all about, is it not? Callous disregard for other men, for their wives, for their mothers, for their sweethearts.)

After the Israeli invasion in June 1982, the Israeli Defense Force arrested all adult male Palestinians supposedly connected with the Palestine Liberation Organization. According to the *Washington Post*, "The Israeli blitz has changed the face of the region. There appear to be virtually no Palestinian men between the ages of 16 and 60 free in southern Lebanon."

Most prisoners spent a few days in interrogation centers and were finally bussed to the al-Ansar prison camp near Nabatiyyah. The prison at al-Ansar is a large compound confined by a high dirt embankment topped with barbed wire. Its housing consisted of tents pitched on packed sand.

Those who were allowed to leave reported "sardine-like" overcrowding; a requirement that all detainees remain stretched out on a blanket at all times; beatings, starvation, and some deaths; and only one doctor for the prisoners and no infirmary. The Israelis, on the other hand, claimed that the prisoners enjoyed freedom of movement and a clinic in each compound.

Through the years I have remembered the Arab women. Their vigil symbolizes my deepest fears as a woman: That I will someday be prevented from easing the pain of those I love; a son unjustly detained, a husband tortured for his faith, a daughter starving in solitary confinement.

I have kept my share of vigils. This is women's work, to watch the approach of the inexorable and to suffer—in death wards, by hospital beds, in trauma units, in nursing homes—waiting for bad news, waiting for the worst.

The Arab women's vigil rushed at me again out of memory when my husband, David, and I received a letter dated "Day #8, Wed., March 11/87," smuggled out of a jail in Mexico City. The letter came from Ed Aulie, a missionary to Mexico. It read:

"I was arrested a week ago and taken to Mexico City on an all night bus ride. Since then I've been in jail, charged with falsified documents, 6-12 months in prison—I was shocked. ... Now that I have a couple of lawyers on this, the problem is not my documents at all but the Governor's office in Tabasco wants me out. My lawyers tell me it's strictly a political case, a smear job. ...

"My greatest fear in life has been to be in a Mexican prison and beaten or pawed by a pervert. Humanly speaking those fears are well-founded, but every day I awaken with joy to be alive and to be here with these inmates, the most helpless, power-

BY KAREN MAINS

LOVE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CLIFF NIELSEN

less, destitute, and forgotten lot I have ever known. Each day I weep with different men and boys. Their stories of tragedy rip me up.

"We are let out of our cells at 9:30 a.m. to walk in a cement courtyard smaller than a basketball court. At 10 we are given a scoop of rice and beans that would not fill my baby boy Erik. At 6:30 another cup of water or coffee and at 7 we are locked up for the night.

"I ache to be with Denise and the children, but I know God has me here for a high purpose. The hours fly by each day. A day is not long enough. Most of these men are soon open to Christ. They devour every word and have a hundred questions and a thousand regrets. Four Nicaraguans have made faith commitments, a man from Peru, three from Belize, a U.S. businessman is under conviction and a man from Belgium is still arguing. ..."

Ed had been in our high-school group at Moody Memorial Church in Chicago, during which time David led him to the Lord. As a young man, while working through a personal trauma, he had lived for a year and a half in our home. He helped me considerably in raising my kids while David was occupied with the demands of an inner-city pastorate.

When Ed married Denise, we even went on the couple's honeymoon. My spiritual son, a brother who had been part of our family, this close, close friend, was in prison. David and I went to our knees in prayer.

But I could not get my faint prayers past the guards or the chain-link fences with their razor-wire tops. And no one could give me information about the well-being of the one inside. I grieved as though for my own child. I labored in worry. My prayers were waylaid by a concrete prison as real as that IDF compound in Sidon.

My education hindered me as well. I have studied the prison literature of the world and know the characters who populate these hellholes. Lives eke away day by day, year by year, decade by decade. I was an Arab woman keeping vigil outside closed prison doors.

One night I lay in bed, tossing, my prayers dropping beside me. Rereading the letter, I thought about prayers of praise. God was working through Ed among those prisoners, he was bringing the light of Christ into their cells. Prison walls and evil bureaucracy could close in this one we loved, but they could not close out our God.

Copying Paul and Silas of old, I rejoiced that a sovereign God can use unregenerate men's designs for his own purposes. Anxiety released its clutch in

the face of praise, and love came rushing in, turning my prayers deeply empathic, not only for Ed but for Christians imprisoned all over the world.

The words from Hebrews 13 came pushing at me, "Remember those who are in prison, as though in prison with them." So I did. Suddenly! Suddenly! The prison gates opened and my soul shoved gladly past the barricades.

Love found Ed, imprisoned in a Mexican cell. I prayed for Ed, as though with him. Finally, through prayer, I touched his face with tenderness; I lifted the tin cup of cold, clean water for him to drink; I held my body close to his to make him warm; I chafed his hands with my own, blowing on them and rubbing them briskly. I lifted a bowl of nourishing broth to his lips; I broke bread, black and thick, from the loaf for him. Then the light came, angels shimmering in the darkness. Holding each other, we two humans laughed the old joke of the centuries, a secret known to imprisoned Christians: Christ is near in solitary confinements.



Two days later, we received word that Ed had been released from prison. Now lest anyone overvalue my prayers, Ed had actually been released before my midnight vigil. This didn't trouble me, because I learned a powerful truth. There are prayers that go where the body cannot follow, and we cannot dream the work of God they do.

Who knows, when we pray for prisoners "as though in prison with them" where our prayers go? When I labor to write to the best of my ability, when that labor becomes so intense as to be prayer, who knows how it is used? And when love comes rushing into all of this, who knows

what we do, who is warmed and where?

The theologian Teilhard de Chardin has written, "The day will come when, having mastered the ether, the wind, the tides, and gravity, we will harness the energies of love for God. And then for the second time in the history of the world, we will discover fire."

All my life I have been taught that prayer is powerful; but I learned while praying for Ed Aulie that prayer linked with love is unfathomably powerful. And who knows who was warmed in what prison, in what part of the world by my woman prayers?

I hope to be present for the second time in the history of the world when we discover fire. ☉

Karen Mains is a free-lance writer in West Chicago, Ill.

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TO HEAL THE BROKEN HEARTED

BY BARBARA ODOM

As a child, Ginny rode her bike as hard as any of the neighborhood kids. She also learned to play the piano. And despite glib, we're-so-sorry rejections from medical schools, Ginny became a nurse. Nothing held her back—especially not her missing hand.

Ginny's tenacity earned her a master's degree from Oral Robert's University, and carried her through a short-term missions experience in Israel.

Yet none of her accomplishments could mask the insecurities that pulled and pushed inside. Ginny knew that anger and shame over her missing hand was destroying her faith. She resented God because of her deformity, but she didn't know how to stop.

Finally, in an agonizing prayer, she pleaded with God to explain why she did not have two hands. God gave her a vision of a baby girl being formed—a baby to be named Ginny. Satan was determined to destroy the infant, but God told him, "No! You may not have this life! She is valuable, and I will not let you have her." God won the tug-of-war, but the baby lost a hand.

Immediately Ginny understood: She bore a physical reminder that God fought for her life. She lost a little thing, but her life, her soul, remained intact.

God then gave her another vision of a premature baby girl struggling in an incubator, separated by medical necessity from her parent's loving arms. When she saw Jesus standing near the incubator, watching over the baby, the crushing loneliness in Ginny's heart vanished. Ginny wept with worship on her lips and gratitude in her heart.

But despite the divine perspective, sometimes Ginny still battled anger and resentment, and she felt more vulnerable than ever.

Months later, during a prayer meeting, Ginny confessed her continuing struggle with anger. "The most important thing is the heart, and God likes your heart," one of the leaders told her. "And look! Look at God there, on the cross. Can you see his hand ripped by the nail?"

"Yes, I see him!" Ginny said, weeping. God wrapped his arms around Ginny in her shame.

About a year and many similar prayers later, Ginny wanted to share the healing she had experienced. So she joined Youth With a Mission and worked in Thailand with Cambodians in refugee camps. One morning the aroma of breakfast rice nudged Ginny awake. Even before she arose, Ginny knew that like every morning, the golden

oranges and yellow hues of flowers waited to welcome her to Thailand.

But something shattered the euphoria. Her prosthesis cable broke. Familiar panic reared its head. She had never gone to the camp clinic without it. They would all stare at her stubby arm. Maybe ask questions. Tears rolled down Ginny's face. "Why can't I get over this?" Ginny thought.

But unlike so many other times, Ginny recognized the panic. "You are getting over it," the Lord whispered. "You used to deny the panic."

Listening to the Lord, Ginny swallowed her tears and walked with her head held high to the clinic. Somewhere along that walk, the pain Ginny saw in the refugees' empty, haunting eyes erased her own humiliation.

Ginny's suffering bridged a gap. Because of combat and land mines, Cambodia has the world's highest percentage of amputees. Many of the refugees didn't know Westerners suffered like Cambodians. Ginny's ability to care for their bodies with one hand also gave them hope, because many believed that a missing limb rendered one useless. And Ginny found her home among them.

"Give me Cambodia for an inheritance, Lord," Ginny asked. God answered by sending her into Cambodia where she continues to work. "All of us have some handicap or disability—internally, emotionally or in our mind," Ginny said. "If we choose transparency and humble ourselves, we will be exalted. Truth, honesty, and healing flow in us, and out onto others." ☉

Barbara Odom is a free-lance writer in Tulsa, Ok.

"All of us have some handicap or disability—internally, emotionally, or in our mind."



BARBARA ODOM

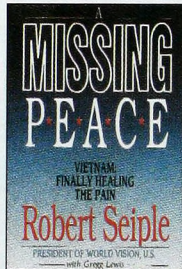
"It's time to
our neigh
friend, and enemy
God sees the
as one and the same
—World Vi
President Ro
Seiple (ri

A TIME FOR RECONCILIATION

*For almost
20 years we have
passed by
Vietnam
on the far side
of the road.*

The Vietnam War is a war without closure, says World Vision President Robert Seiple. Though the fighting has ended, the suffering continues among people on both sides of the Pacific.

In his new book, A Missing Peace, Seiple calls for the resolution of issues that divide rather than unite us in our common pain. Here he explores the biblical concept of reconciliation as the only way to resolve the conflict and bring peace and healing for people in both countries. The following is an excerpt from that book.



The chief reason Christians work toward reconciliation—personal, racial, national, international—is that Jesus did so. If we follow him, we too must be peacemakers. Two questions have made me think hard about my responsibility here.

The first question is borrowed from Tony Campolo. On the verge of being drafted during the Korean War, Tony had to visit a local recruitment office, where he told the officer: "I feel I need to tell you something."

"What's that?" the man asked.

"Well," said Tony, "I think I could go through boot camp with little problem. And I could learn to shoot a rifle in target practice. But you need to understand that if I was ever in combat and the time came for me to point my rifle at

another human being and pull the trigger, I don't think I could do that."

"And why not?" the officer wanted to know.

"You see," Tony answered, "I'm a Christian."

"Well," the military man responded testily, "what's that got to do with shooting someone?"

Tony replied: "What that means is that for me there will come a time when I have to stop and ask the question, 'What would Jesus do?'"

That question, "What would Jesus do?" is a question we all should ask in every situation, with every decision we face in life. But it has special significance in reconciliation.

RECONCILIATION NOT OPTIONAL

The central point of the cross is reconciliation. It's why Christ came to earth to live and die in our place. But it was never meant to stop there. As Paul wrote in 2 Corinthians 5:18, "All this is from God, who reconciled us to himself through Christ and gave us the ministry of reconciliation."

That is, those who follow Christ are expected to be reconcilers as well. If our relationship to God is right, it will affect our relationships with others.

According to 1 John 4:20, "If anyone says, 'I love God,' yet hates his brother, he is a liar. For anyone who does not love his brother, whom he has seen, cannot love God, whom he has not seen." God does not even find our worship acceptable unless we are reconciled to others. In Matthew 5:23-24, Jesus said, "If you are offering your gift at the altar and there remember that your brother has something against you, leave your gift there in front of the altar. First go and be reconciled to your brother; then come and offer your gift."

If we submit to the lordship of a reconciling Savior who gave his life in the ultimate act of reconciliation, what choice do we have when we're faced with a need and an opportunity for reconciliation? If God thought that reconciliation is important enough to die for, it should be our duty and desire to help bring reconciliation wherever there has been hurt and conflict.

What would Jesus do?

I wrestle with that question as it relates to my own involvement in the Vietnam War. But while we could debate forever what kind of reconciliation might have been possible in the '60s, when I was there, there's little room for argument if we honestly try to answer, "What would Jesus do in Vietnam today?"

If Jesus came today to see all the vets still traumatized by the war, the families separated, the children left



behind, all those who continue to grieve over the MIAs, and the millions of innocent people who still suffer the tragic repercussions of the Vietnam War, what would he do? He would call for reconciliation and do whatever he could to bring it about. He wouldn't wait. He would begin the restoration process and make all these lives whole again.

If we believe that, we can do no less.

A CONVICTING QUESTION

What would Jesus do? In trying to answer that question I'm forced to consider a second one. This one was posed to me by a friend of mine—in Vietnam. I know this man is my friend because he told me so. On one of my recent trips to Vietnam, I met him on the streets of Ho Chi Minh City.

We spent an hour together, and he told me his story. He had served in the South Vietnamese army as one of our allies. We taught him English, we subsidized his pay, showed him how to shoot, and secured his trust.

When the South Vietnamese government collapsed in 1975, this man was one of the hundreds of thousands of allies we left behind.

He was sent to a re-education camp. The forced labor imposed on him for his Western ties extended to his wife, a frail woman who ultimately contracted malaria in the rice paddies.

Following his release from the camp, the husband was told he could never again hold a meaningful job. Today his wife remains too sick to work and he labors as a cyclo driver, earning only pennies a day for biking passengers around the city. He has four children. The family is destitute.

Before we parted, my friend promised to come by my hotel the next day with his cyclo to take me all around the city and show me the new sights. He said he wouldn't charge me anything. I thanked him but said that of course I would pay him.

He protested: "Let me do this for you. After all, what are friends for?"

We had made his country a battleground. We had promised to protect his interests, made him dependent on us, convinced him to choose our side, asked him to trust us. Then we changed our minds and deserted him, letting him suffer the pain of defeat. And we have pretty much ignored his suffering (when we weren't adding to it with diplomatic and economic embargoes) ever since.

And yet, after all that, my friend offers to make a genuine sacrifice to do me a kindness and asks me, "What are friends for?"

A PARALLEL PARABLE

That question made me think of a certain man on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho. Robbers fell upon him, beat him, and left him destitute. His health was destroyed. He was abandoned on the road, isolated in pain and agony.

It was Jesus who told this story, in response to a question similar to my Vietnamese friend's question, "What are friends for?" Jesus was answering the question, "Who is my neighbor?"

Jesus' story of the Good Samaritan tells us that neighborliness and friendship require more than piety and religious pronouncements. They demand overt acts of compassion—acts of healing and reconciliation.

I'd like to update Jesus' parable and identify some of the parallel characters in the Vietnam drama.

For the robbers, let's start with the bankrupt Marxist ideology that stole the hopes of the populace but remains in control. Then there is the paralyzed bureaucracy of a centralized government that has tried to squeeze out the last ounce of individual incentive.

Another robber is the country's militarism. Vietnam still maintains one of the largest standing armies in the world, a totalitarian "necessity" that robs the people of vital human services. There is also a cold-blooded mind-set that has allowed the dead bodies of MIAs to become bargaining chips in state affairs. Finally there remains the Vietnamese stubbornness that engages in lengthy negotiations even while some of its own people are starving to death—the same stubbornness that won the war but has lost the peace.

All these forces have robbed and continue to rob the Vietnamese people. But there are also robbers on this side of the Pacific. One of them is the simplistic U.S. foreign policy. We see so much in East-West terms, failing to notice the intense nationalism of the smaller nations. When we assigned our simplistic foreign policy to the Vietnamese, we stole some of their independent identity. We created South Vietnam's dependency on massive aid, and once we had them hooked, we broke our commitment and walked away.

We devalued Asian life, which helped justify turning our backs on an entire region of the world, permitting our allies to languish in re-education camps. Ultimately we robbed Vietnam of the opportunity for normalization with the West, when we played the China card against the Soviets in the late '70s. Continuation of the cold war was more important than bringing the Vietnam War to closure.

So the thieves and robbers are on

both sides of the Pacific. As are the victims—the Vietnamese poor, the Asians, the war vets and their families, the families of the MIAs. But who are the passersby? Who will play the Good Samaritan?

The United States has filled the first role. For nearly 20 years we have passed by the Vietnam issue on the far side of the road. We've left a wounded, bleeding country lying in Southeast Asia and gone blissfully on our way toward the 21st century.

And what about the church in the West? Why has the Western church been silent and unresponsive? Is it simply because we haven't known? Is Vietnam too far back on the road of our memories? Are the memories too painful? Is love impossible, forgiveness too difficult to bestow on our former enemies? Could our patriotism and our national pride be stronger than our Christian commitment? Is the kingdom of earth more important than the kingdom of God? Is the church so insulated from the world that we can't see the hurting victims in our midst?

For whatever reason, we have for the most part passed by on the other side. We have remained silent.

"What would Jesus do?"

That's a tough question because the answer is so easy. We see it in Jesus' example, in his life and death. It was Jesus who, when he looked down from the cross at the people who had driven the nails through his hands and feet, called out to God, "Lord, erase it from your mind. Lord, forget it. Make believe it never happened, Lord. Forgive them. They don't know what they are doing."

The cross was and is history's most impressive example of reconciliation.

A VIETNAMESE PARABLE

Next to Christ's death on the cross, perhaps the most beautiful example of reconciliation I've ever heard about took place in Vietnam.

It was Easter week, the time when we remember that most perfect example of reconciliation.

I was in DaNang, sitting at a small wooden table in a most humble dwelling, listening to a father tell the story of the 15-year-old boy sitting beside him. It was beautiful to watch this father talk to this boy and about him. His eyes spoke of so much compassion and love.

The child needed all of both. For he was blind and mentally retarded.

The relationship between the man and the boy was a miracle in itself. In the last turbulent days of the war, this man's wife had an affair with another man. She became pregnant. By the time

the infant was born, a healthy, perfect baby boy, her remorse was so great she wanted to kill the child.

She slipped out of the house, walked to a remote spot in the bush, dug a shallow grave, and buried the child alive. But her husband was already looking for her, and he finally found her bending over a fresh mound of dirt. Working feverishly, he dug the baby out of the ground. But not before the lack of oxygen had rendered the child blind and severely retarded.

The man took his distraught wife

and the broken child home. He gave the boy a name, his name—Tran Dinh Loi. He loved the boy as his own son, and his love for his wife transcended the enormity of her sin.

In the intervening years, the young lad developed the gift of a beautiful voice. He used it to sing Vietnamese love songs to us as we sat in his home. He sang softly with a wide-open smile, his head bobbing from side to side with the music. And when he was singing, with his father's hand gently resting on his arm to give him pats and squeezes of

encouragement and reassurance, we felt the love and compassion of the adopted father flowing through this young life.

A scandalous birth emerged out of the brokenness of a fallen world. Sin was buried in a grave that ultimately could not contain the body. That body was rescued by a father whose love was greater than his personal pain. An unfaithful wife was completely forgiven; her sins were remembered no more.

We sat around a small table and listened to a child's love songs. A true Easter song of incomprehensible love, forgiveness, and reconciliation.

IT'S TIME TO STAND UP

If reconciliation can take place in circumstances like those of this Vietnamese father, it can take place in any relationship marked by conflict and hurt.

God calls all of us who want to follow him to a new order for our relationships. It is more than loving our neighbors as ourselves. It is giving our enemies a giant and spontaneous bear hug. A bear hug that is not tied to Vietnamese policy in Cambodia. One that has nothing to do with their accounts of our MIAs. One that has nothing to do with the administration's goals in Washington or the self-preserving instincts of the leaders in Hanoi. But one that clearly shows, for the world to see, the principle and power of reconciliation.

It's time to stand up. It's time to walk around to the other side of the table. It's time to see our neighbor and our friend and our enemy as God sees them—which is to say, as one and the same. It's time to see the faces of all those who suffer the painful consequences of our continuing conflicts—interpersonal as well as international.

If reconciliation could happen between the United States and Vietnam, it can happen anywhere in the world. It can happen between husband and wife across a bed. It can happen between neighbors across a backyard fence. If reconciliation could happen in Southeast Asia, the example might even set a foundation for what could truly be a "new world order."

And each of us can and must work toward that. For it is only through reconciled relationships that hurting human beings will ever find the peace so often missing in our world and in our own individual lives. ☉

Taken from A Missing Peace by Robert Seiple, © 1992 by Robert Seiple. Used by permission of InterVarsity Press, P.O. Box 1400, Downers Grove, IL 60515.



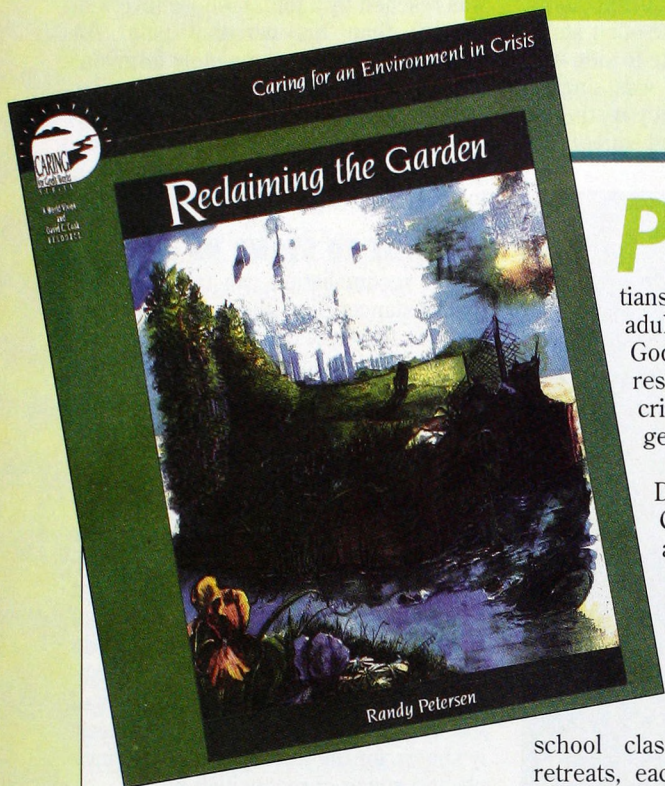
STEVE REYNOLDS / WORLD VISION

Often it's the poor, such as young Nguyen Thi Kim Thuy, who has the mumps, who suffer most from war's consequences. Almost 15 years after the Vietnam war, childhood diseases threaten thousands of lives in that country. If Jesus came today to see the traumatized war veterans, the children left behind, those grieving for the dead, he would call for reconciliation as the only way to achieve peace and healing.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Tamera Marko



CARING FOR GOD'S WORLD

Pollution, homeless, population growth, hunger, refugees. How can Christians respond? A new adult study series "Caring for God's World" offers biblical responses to such global crises and suggests ways to get involved.

World Vision and David C. Cook Publishing Co. produced two print and video kits: "Cups of Cold Water: Caring for People in Need" and "Reclaiming the Garden: Caring for an Environment in Crisis."

Developed for Sunday school classes, small groups, or retreats, each kit includes information about four major issues, step-by-step lesson plans, handout materials, and short videos.

Single kit—\$49.95. Set of two—\$89.95. To order contact your local Christian book store or David C. Cook Publishing Co. at (800) 323-7543.

PEN-PALS GO FISH

What do children in Latin American churches do? Icthus Pals, a new seven-lesson curriculum for U.S. church youth programs grades 3 to 6, helps answer this question and arouse interest in missions. The non-profit, interdenominational ministry coordinates a pen-pal relationship between church youth groups in the United States and Latin America.

Icthus means "fish"; its Greek letters stand for "Jesus Christ, God's Son, Savior." Several years ago, Icthus was established in Guatemala, where churches had few youth programs. The program provided training and materials for local church youth programs. Today 13,000 children through churches in 13 Latin American countries use Icthus materials.

"Icthus Pals provides Sunday schools, vacation Bible schools, or Christian schools in the U.S. with a cross cultural missions experience at the kid's level," says Don Weisbrod, Icthus co-founder. For more information contact Don Weisbrod at P.O. Box 177 Monrovia, CA 91017; 818 359-4555.

CUTTING THE MUSTARD

Applications are available for the 1993 Mustard Seed Awards honoring innovative, church-sponsored volunteer ministries among the poor. Award recipients receive national recognition and grants up to \$5,000.

For more information, contact Mustard Seed Awards IV, World Vision/LOVE INC, 919 West Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016; (818) 357-1111 ext. 2155. Applications are due by Oct. 4, 1992.

1991 Mustard Seed Award winners:

Adopt-A-Family, Fort Worth, Texas
Economic assistance for homeless families.

Graffiti, New York, NY
Counseling, food pantry, job training, and drug program.

The Clubhouse, Dayton, Ohio
After-school ministry.

Kids' Konnection, Wash., D.C.
Sunday school for children.

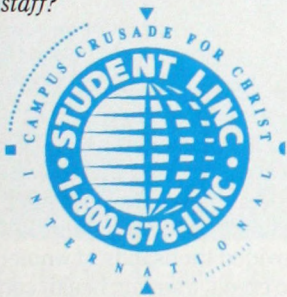
The Mustard Seed Neighborhood Center, Wenatchee, Wash.
Day care.

Good Neighbor Ministries, Rome, Ga.
Financial and support services.



APOSTLE PAUL AND AT&T

It began with two Campus Crusade for Christ staff members kicking around an idea. *The Apostle Paul developed an effective long-distance ministry through letter writing. Why not use the phone to establish CCC ministries on college campuses where we don't have full-time staff?*



Student Leaders In New Campus Ministries was born. Four years later Student LINC has helped Christian leaders, mostly students, establish CCC groups on 160 college campuses nationwide. Student LINC provides free materials, guidance, and regular follow-up phone consultations to CCC campus group leaders. "Student LINC begins, accelerates, and maintains Campus Crusade ministries," says Lance Kauffman, LINC communications coordinator. "We will help them from A-Z on starting a campus ministry."

For more information contact Student LINC: 100 Sunport Lane; Dept. 25SL, Orlando, FL 32809; (800) 678-5462.

“ Some things have to be believed to be seen. ”
— Pope John Paul II

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OF THE
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THIRD WORLD WOMEN:

LITERACY

AIDS

CHILD BEARING

EMPLOYMENT

SINGLE PARENTING

Women comprise half of the world's 5.5 billion people. Yet nearly two-thirds of the world's poor are women.

Thanks to recent educational and financial help, however, many Third World women look forward to a richer future.

The United Nations called 1976-1985 the Decade for Women and focused worldwide attention on their plight. Aid organizations, including World Vision, have provided thousands of women with access to credit, training, health care, and technologies that will help them increase their earning power, social status, and self-esteem.

These improvements lessen the daily burdens Third World women have borne for centuries. Traditionally, many work 14-hour days, laboring in fields and at home; they often lack adequate education, health care, and nutrition. Those women who are employed usually receive much lower wages than men.

Thousands of women also suffer from easily preventable diseases, including AIDS. Because of poor health, bearing children at too young an age, and unsanitary birth conditions, many women die from pregnancy-related causes.

Widowed, abandoned, or with husbands seeking higher-paying jobs in the city, women often are solely responsible for tending fields and raising children.

Yet women in the developing world are slowly gaining the status and skills needed to overcome such tragedies. Communities that better educate and care for women set an empowering precedent for future generations.

First in a five-part series about Third World women 🌐

JOHN SCHENK / WORLD VISION

A young wife from the Maasai tribe in Kenya wears a full array of traditional jewelry. Women are married as young as 15.



Hoang Thi Phuc, 42, rests a few hours after giving birth to her child in a Vietnam hospital. In developing countries, many mothers lack access to adequate medical care.

JEROME D'COSTA / WORLD VISION



A World Vision community worker teaches nutrition and health information to mothers while their children are immunized.



FERRI OWENS / WORLD VISION

María Cristina Quisival, a World Vision-trained health promoter in Guatemala, is an accomplished weaver. Many Third World women earn a living selling their woven wares.

BY ROBERT C. LINTHICUM

THE SLUM THAT INSPIRATION REBUILT

CARTON CITY

As I reached the brow of the hill that rainy day in November 1990, I saw the Carton City slum below in the lush Nairobi River valley of Kenya's capital city. The stench of burned and charred buildings filled my nostrils before I was close enough to see the dozens of homes, now roofless with scorched walls. The slum's defeated and broken inhabitants explained the tragedy.

JOHN SCHENK / WORLD VISION



One of Nairobi's first slums, Carton City was so named because the people lived in large cardboard cartons. It was formed more than 30 years ago on government land, when more than 1,000 people, primarily poor and uneducated freedom-fighters in Kenya's struggle for independence from Britain, had squatted there, seeking to scratch a living from its rich soil.

The government had tolerated the slum. Until recently. One night, as a tropical storm lashed Nairobi, the police roused Carton City residents from their beds. They forced families to gather their belongings and stand in the pouring rain. Then, threatened with police batons, the men of each family were forced to set fire to the thatched roofs inside their homes. Every home burned to the ground. For many of the people this was the bitter end: They were defeated and broken with no place to go.

Sixteen months after my visit to the ruined slum, I returned and found a significantly transformed community. Solid two- and three-room mud-brick houses filled the slum. Only a few carton-houses

remained. The dirt streets were swept clean. Litter and refuse were deposited in pits away from the homes. Each home had a latrine, and community showers had been installed throughout the complex. A pig and fowl farm and a large vegetable garden provided food and profits for the residents. What happened?

The slum residents answered, "Clement Adongo came to be among us!" Clement Adongo is a community organizer for World Vision Kenya's Urban Advance program.

Adongo entered the Carton City resident's lives. He spent many hours listening to their life stories, learning about their mistreatment by the government, and their struggle to find work. Then he gathered them in small groups to talk about their community.

They immediately identified ways to improve Carton City. They created three income-generating projects: The production and sale of clothes, baskets, charcoal, and furniture provided income for the community. The only literate Carton City resident entered a bank for

the first time and opened an interest-bearing account for the community's earnings. The people decided to build the latrines, community showers, a vegetable garden, and demonstration farms that teach members how to properly raise pigs and fowl.

Soon a newly appointed deputy chief for the Nairobi sub-district visited Carton City and saw the improving standard of living. He informed Carton City residents that they must pay a new tax. The people, however, discovered the tax was a "pay-off." Instead of giving in, they refused to pay.

One night the police entered the slum again. Under the deputy chief's orders, they burned selected houses. Instead of cowering in fear, this time the people of Carton City rose up in anger.

The entire community marched to the senior chief's office and issued a complaint against the deputy chief, demanding action. The senior chief refused. So the community members went to the district commissioner, threatening to reveal the sordid mess to the newspapers. The district commis-

Originally named for the large cardboard cartons (below) in which the people lived, Carton City is now being filled with solid mud-brick houses. David Ashiko (left) with children from the community, began the Urban Advance program there. Behind him is a mud-brick structure.



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VV52B1

sioner removed the deputy chief from his post.

Adongo, following Urban Advance methodology, then helped the people to reflect on what they had learned from this incident and how they should next deal with the government. They decided to begin staking claim on the land by building permanent homes, and to inform the government that the slum would monitor every District Development Committee meeting to keep the government accountable.

The community then created its own construction business and began building permanent homes for each other. These two- and three-room houses, with glass windows and wooden doors, are constructed of mud-brick as hard and weather-resistant as concrete. One-by-one, the people are replacing their cardboard huts with these new homes.

Except for Adongo's salary and administrative and training costs, World Vision Kenya has not spent one dollar on this project. Carton City has received only one grant—a \$50 allotment from another development organization to purchase construction equipment. The community itself generated the rest of the money to rebuild Carton City.

And what about the spiritual transformation of the Carton City residents? Christians, Muslims, and those following traditional African religions live in Carton City. But "God-talk" has been a natural part of organizing the community. Most meetings open with prayer. The crops are blessed with prayer. And no action is initiated without public prayer. Faith happens naturally as relationships between people are deepened through shared activities and taking common risks.

Adongo is now helping residents develop stronger leadership to give permanent direction to Carton City. Then Adongo will move into another Nairobi slum, where he will begin the same cycle again.

Urban Advance's work to empower the urban poor in Third World slums is built on two principles: One, the people who have the problem are the people most capable of dealing with that problem; and two, the way they can most effectively deal with that problem is to act collectively.

These principles helped destitute people in a miserable Nairobi slum transform their community into a decent place to live. In the process they discovered their dignity. ☉

Robert C. Linthicum is World Vision International's Urban Advance director.

NEXT TO THE LAST WORD

World Vision was born in prayer. Founder Bob Pierce's handwritten note in his Bible, "Let my heart be broken with the things that break the heart of God" is a prayer that continues to challenge many within World Vision.

Old-timers remember the all-night prayer meetings when the staff prayed in funds for ministry needs. World Vision continues to place a high priority on prayer. Every Oct. 1, staff members worldwide meet for a full day of prayer. Daily devotions and weekly chapels are part of our corporate life.

For the past four years, WORLD VISION magazine has encouraged prayer through our column, "Encounters with Prayer." Yet our annual magazine readership surveys indicate that the feature wasn't well-read. When we dropped the column two issues ago, we received one letter noting its omission.

But we haven't given up on prayer. I'd like to think that God will use our articles to touch your heart so deeply that you'll make the issues a matter of prayer without our flagging them as "prayer requests." So, read on—and pray.

—Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

Volume 36, Number 3

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PrePress **Colormation, Inc.**

Printer **Danner Press**

WORLD VISION magazine is published bimonthly by  **WORLD VISION®**

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Send all editorial correspondence and changes of address to WORLD 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 © 1992 by World Vision, Inc.



WORSHIP IN THE WILDERNESS

A church service was recently called under a large acacia tree on the dusty floor of the Rift Valley in Kenya. Actually the service was called "before the foundations of the world were formed": The participants had long been identified by a sovereign God. The cultured Maasai—proud, dignified, beautiful—met together with brothers and sisters from the newer culture, a group of Americans who were destined to be in this holy place. Multiple cultures, but homogeneously established under "one Lord, one faith, one baptism."

A church appeared out of nowhere. Two hours later it would disappear as benches were removed to private residences.

The service proceeded "decently and in order." Announcements were made, Scripture read, although only a New Testament portion, since the Maasai translators still had not completed the Old Testament. Individuals from both cultures gave sermons. The choir, a beautifully adorned group of young Maasai women, sang. With an emphasis on Christ's redemptive role, accompanied by native instruments, this was not only divine ethnomusicology, but Kingdom praise as well.

Prayer punctuated our worship. The link with the Sovereign was never lost. Praise and petition, joy and adoration, communicated to all that God was present and working among us.

And there was an offering, a giving back to God a portion of his bountiful gifts. The Maasai are grateful people, painfully remembering the near total destruction of their livestock in the severe famine years of the mid '80s, but celebrating a God who would meet them at their point of deepest need. Help came in the form of compassionate "neighbors," Christians from around the world. Together they had found water, planted crops, provided health care for the children, preserved a culture. Jesus Christ was made known, incarnationally, to a grateful and receptive people.

The incarnational witness of the gospel continued through the offering. Three young heifers were presented. The three most needy families were identified, and a beautiful act of compassion was bestowed. A widow with five children, an old man with no cows, a new family struggling to stay together—each received the offering of a heifer, freely given. By this time you could almost hear the applause from heaven!

But God had more for us. There was to be a communion. A goat had been slain, and the extended community was to be honored by participating in this blood covenant. Another gift, freely and lovingly given.



CARY PAINE / WORLD VISION

The choir, a beautifully adorned group of young Maasai women, sang, accompanied by native instruments.

A Maasai elder approached us with water, wanting to wash our hands before the goat was served. We protested. Such a precious commodity. The Maasai needed this life-sustaining gift more than we! He persisted, and we felt the ancient rebuke of Jesus when he tried to wash Peter's feet; the condemnation of Judas' protest over the expensive vial of perfume used to anoint our Savior's head.

When we had eaten, the women of the choir came to us, individually, to place on our wrists the Maasai bracelets they had made. The bonding was complete. We were one in worship. Community was established on Kingdom values. Koinonia was achieved.

We concluded our historic worship service very much in awe of a sovereign God and loving Father. We had been on holy ground. No wonder so many of the Maasai had come without shoes. ☉

Published by
World Vision
P.O. Box 1131
Pasadena, CA
91131-0311

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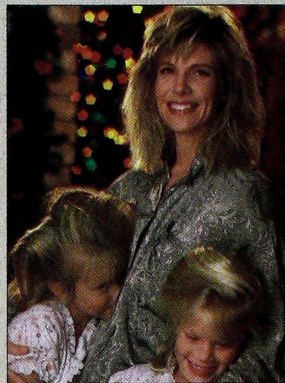
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COVER PHOTO: JON WARREN

IS THERE ROOM AT YOUR TABLE FOR ONE MORE?

When we have big family get-togethers there are so many loved ones around the dinner table it's hard to find enough room for everybody! But it's so good to see everyone that it really doesn't matter how crowded it is...we can always find the extra space!



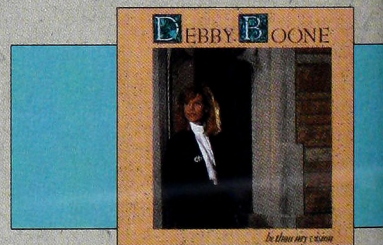
I've found that sponsoring a child is a worthwhile experience for my family — it teaches my children how to share and give to others.

Right now, there's a child waiting for someone like you to bring them the loving care they so desperately need.

I invite you to join me in becoming a World Vision Sponsor today... and make "room at your table" for a suffering child.

*God bless you
Debby Boone*

And as a special thank you for sponsoring a child, I'd like you to have a copy of my latest recording, "Be Thou My Vision"!



Often, I look at my own four children sitting around the table, happy, healthy and well-fed, and I wonder how suffering children around the world can survive — children who face hunger, despair and hopelessness every day.

That's why I'm so grateful for World Vision — their Childcare Sponsorship program is providing hope for suffering children around the world.


Each Childcare Sponsor gives a needy child things like food, medical care, clothing, shelter, and a Christian education. And the sponsor's support also helps the child's family and community. Best of all, a needy child is given the opportunity to know more about the love of Jesus Christ.

Childcare Sponsors also have the joy of developing personal relationships with their children by exchanging letters.

I Want to Make Room for a Needy Child!

- Please send me information and a photograph of a child who needs my help. I prefer to sponsor a boy girl living in Africa Asia Latin America or where needed most.
- Enclosed is my first month's payment of \$20. 1700
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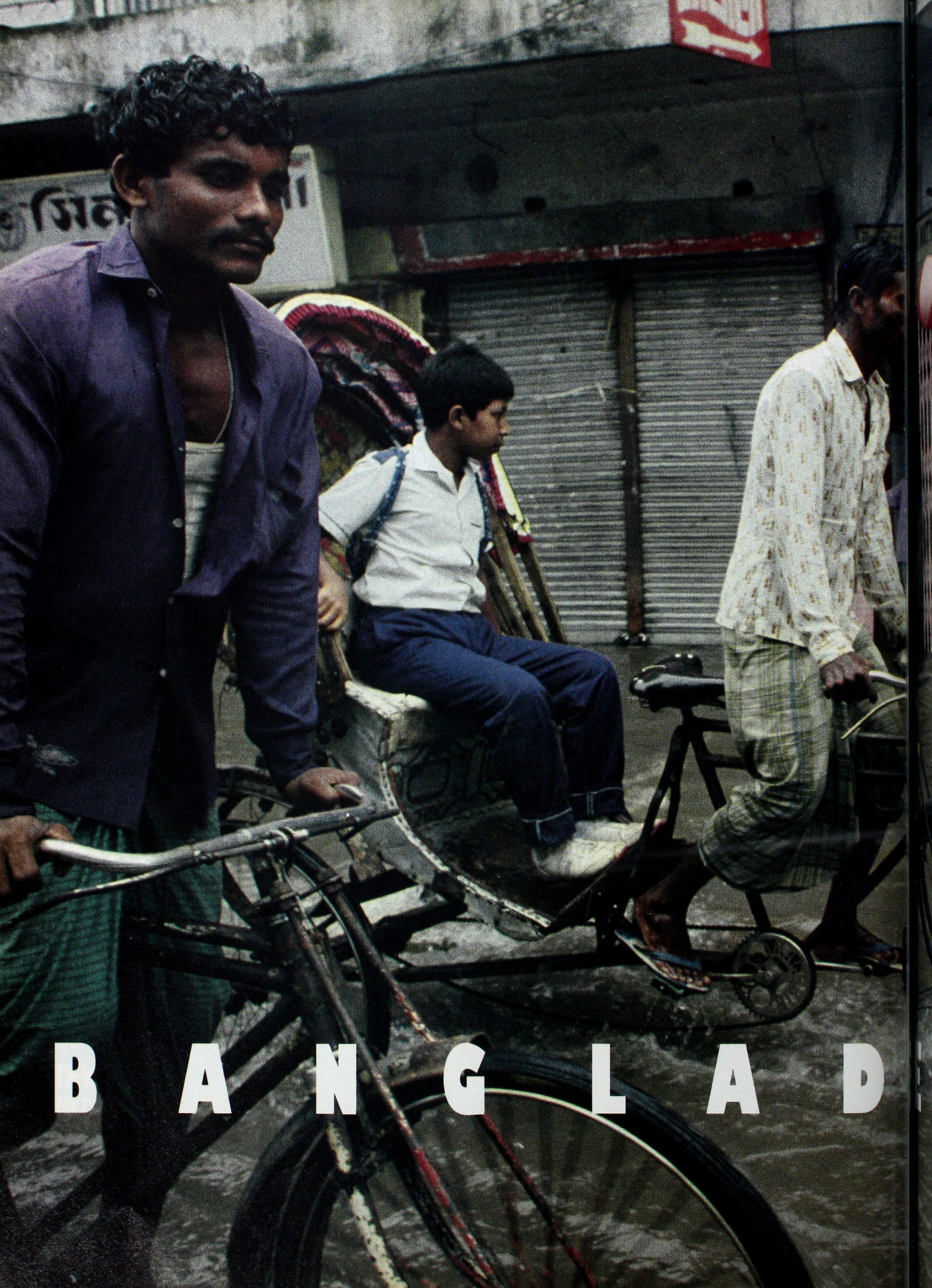
WORLD VISION®

June/July 1992

Bangladesh:
**WORKING
AGAINST
THE TIDE**

Vietnam:
**A TIME FOR
RECONCILIATION**

Prayer:
**LINKED
WITH LOVE**



B A N G L A D

ANNUAL FLOODS AND
CYCLONES LEAVE
BANGLADESH'S
ENVIRONMENTAL REFUGEES
SEEKING SOLUTIONS FOR A
HOST OF PROBLEMS.

"Between the mortar and the pestle, the chili cannot last."
—Bengali proverb

Above a small village on the coast of Bangladesh, a young child walks along the ridge of a barren hill, carrying a black umbrella. He watches over a handful of emaciated cattle as they strip away the last vegetation from the steep, overgrazed hills.

In the village below, Jakir

**WORKING
AGAINST
THE TIDE**

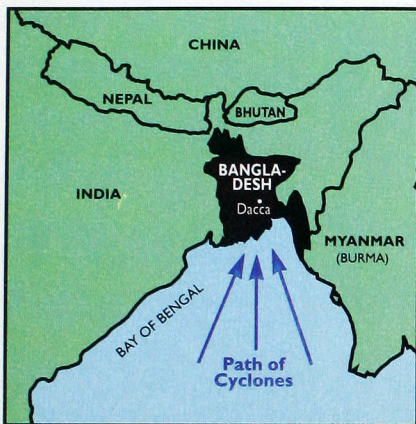
TEXT BY BARBARA THOMPSON
PHOTOS BY JON WARREN



Ulla and his wife, Mahada, live with their four children in a bamboo hut. Except for a small mat and a cooking pot, the family has no possessions. They seldom eat more than two bowls of rice a day. The children suffer from chronic coughs and fever, and their stomachs are swelling with malnutrition and worms.

"Our children were our dream for the future," says Jakir. "Now their lives are in God's hands."

Jakir and his family are among millions of environmental refugees in Bangladesh whose lives have been dev-



astated by a natural disaster. In April 1991, one of the 20th century's most destructive cyclones washed away Jakir's village. With winds up to 150 mph and tidal waves measuring more than 25 feet high, this storm unleashed a destructive energy more powerful than the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima. Jakir and his family survived by clinging to trees. During the night, one-third of their village drowned, including Jakir's 3-year-old child.

Along the Bangladeshi coast, 125,000 people died. Ten million were homeless. Land that had been farmed for centuries was now permanently under water or contaminated by saline. Despite a quick response and hundreds of millions of dollars from international relief agencies, there was too much damage for a poor, undeveloped country to repair.

Today Jakir and his family are permanently displaced from their home village. They live with their surviving neighbors on a barren piece of land donated by the government. They are unable to grow their own food and depend on sporadic relief supplies for rice.

Like his neighbors, Jakir competes with thousands of other landless cyclone victims for low-paying, manual labor. "Every day, the story is the same," explains Jakir's neighbor, Habibu, whose 16-year-old son drowned in the

tidal wave. "No work today; come back tomorrow.' But there is no tomorrow."

Even without natural disasters, survival in Bangladesh is precarious. Nearly 118 million people compete for living space in a country the size of Wisconsin. More than 80 percent of the population lives in crippling poverty. The average daily income is less than 50 cents.

For Bangladeshi children, the cycle of poverty begins before birth. Almost one in two is born malnourished. One in five does not live past 5 years old. Each year, 30,000 pre-school children go blind for lack of vitamin A, a deficiency that could be remedied for less than 7 cents per child.

The country's natural disasters magnify the burdens of overpopulation, hunger, and poor health. Bordered by the turbulent Bay of Bengal and divided by three great rivers, Bangladesh annually endures some of the world's worst storms and flooding. For poor families living at the edges of survival, these catastrophes often deliver the final blow in a downward spiral toward disease and premature death.

Cyclones, called hurricanes in the West, produce Bangladesh's most terrifying tragedies. The shallow Bay of Bengal forms a natural funnel for windstorms, and seven of the 20th century's 10 deadliest cyclones have struck the Bengali coast. The vast majority of people living along the country's highly populated coastal region have no protection from a cyclone's violence. Government cyclone shelters are few and far between, and fragile bamboo huts crumble in driving wind and rain.

The most vulnerable are the millions of people who make their homes on shifting islands called *chars*. Entire villages, forced from safer land by poverty and population pressure, live on these fertile but temporary silt deposits in the sea. During a violent storm, *chars* often disappear. On Hatiya Island, 7,000 people moved to *chars* outside a government-built embankment. They all drowned in the April cyclone.

In communities where shelter is available, families often are reluctant to leave their home. "There are many false alarms," explains Mongol Das, a 45-year-old fisherman from the coastal village of Julsham. "If you leave, thieves come and steal everything you own." During the cyclone, Das' mother-in-law and 4-year-old son drowned while trying to reach a shelter.

Even in coastal cities, the poor have little safety. Many of them, environmental refugees from rural villages, fled to urban areas when floods and erosion

A CHILD'S VIEW

When the water came in, my father sent us to a shelter. He stayed behind to protect our belongings. My mother carried my 4-year-old brother, and I carried my 11-year-old sister. It was dark and raining. The water came up to our shoulders. There was thunder and lightning. Pieces of house and tree branches rushed by and scratched us. My sister was crying and shivering, but I could not comfort her. The wind was too loud for talking.

I heard my grandmother cry out as she was swept away, but I could not help her. A big wave came and knocked me off the road. I heard my mother calling in the darkness. I cried, "Come this way." Probably she answered, but I didn't hear her.

A half hour later I reached the shelter. The roof was so crowded I thought it would collapse. The wind burned our skin and the rain made us shiver. My sister was crying. I said, "Don't worry. Mommy is somewhere and after the rain we will meet again."

In the morning I saw my mother walking on the road. Our brother was still in her arms, but he was dead. He drowned while we were walking. My mother spent the night holding him in a thorn tree.

Later we found my grandmother's body. I cannot explain what terrible things happened that night, or why I did not die. If the same thing should happen again, I don't think I would have the courage to survive.

—Parul Das, age 15.



destroyed their land. They now live on the lowest-lying land, crowded together in maze-like rows of tiny huts, garbage-strewn pathways, and open sewers.

Mazeda Begum, 30, was living in a slum of more than 25,000 people when the cyclone hit the coastal city of Chittagong. The tiny shack she and her husband shared with six children collapsed on their heads and washed away in a tidal wave.

"We spent the night standing on tables and chairs in our neighbor's house," Mazeda remembers. "The water kept rising. We saw no hope for survival."

Cyclone victims struggle to survive for months and even years after the disaster. Many, like Mazeda and her family, have lost everything. There are few wealthy neighbors to donate an extra cooking pot or blanket, and entire villages remain without life's necessities.

For all the terror and misery of cyclones, annual flooding poses the

greatest threat to the poor of Bangladesh. With 90 percent of the country's land mass less than 10 feet above sea level, there is little protection from the

rising waters of the country's three great rivers: The Brahmaputra, the Meghna, and the Ganges. For centuries, annual floods have been an

World Vision has been working in Bangladesh since 1970 and has several hundred projects there today, including:

- More than 190 child-sponsorship projects benefit 57,656 children.
- Evangelism
- Rehabilitation for those devastated in the April 1991 cyclone.
- Emergency help to thousands of refugees fleeing from Myanmar, formerly Burma.
- About 260 development projects, including the building of multi-purpose cyclone shelters in coastal cities.
- Child-survival projects in coordination with USAID.
- "The Problems of Girl Children on the Street" in Dhaka. It is part of World Vision's Girl Child Initiative in Asia, which helps females gain education, job skills, self esteem, and social status.

Many people, their land destroyed by floods or cyclones, live in makeshift shacks. Men work as day laborers or rickshaw drivers; women as brick crushers and garbage collectors. Some years, three-quarters of Bangladesh is flooded.





A teacher helps children at a pre-school in Julsham where last year's cyclone washed away 90 percent of the small coastal village. World Vision has helped villagers rebuild boats, houses, roads, and educate members about health care and job skills.

accepted part of life in Bangladesh. Flood waters provide the rich soil from which 85 percent of the country makes its living growing rice, jute, sugarcane,

vegetables, and fruit.

In recent years, however, deforestation in the Himalaya mountains and the silting of river beds have dramatical-

ly increased flood levels. During the monsoon, the annual rainy season, one-third or more of Bangladesh is under water. Some years, three-quarters of the country is flooded.

With an increasing number of Bangladeshis living on marginal, low-lying land, flood damage has reached catastrophic proportions. People and animals (including snakes) crowd together for weeks on any patch of dry land they can find. Thousands die of dysentery and other water-borne diseases. When the flood waters recede, many families are left without shelter or possessions.

With flood levels rising, erosion threatens Bangladesh's existence. Millions of villagers have watched their farm land drop into the sea. "I used to get 400 kilograms of rice from my paddy," says a 70-year-old woman, sitting by her flooded field, weeping. "Now I have no land at all. How will I live?"

Her neighbor, 12-year-old Shefali, sits by the door of her family's thatched roof hut, watching the flood waters from

POPULATION OUTSTRIPS FOOD SUPPLY

Given Bangladesh's current agricultural methods, the country's population is growing faster than its farmers can grow food, says Julian Pitchford of World Vision Relief and Development.

"The result is that there is significant—and some severe—malnutrition, particularly among children," he says.

Bangladesh is one of the world's most densely populated countries. If the United States was as densely populated, it would contain more than the entire world population. Using its current technology, Bangladesh requires 2.5 acres of land to feed an average family. However, the average size of a farm in Bangladesh is 1.7 acres.

With rich soil and plentiful water, Bangladesh theoretically has some of the world's finest growing conditions. But inadequate irrigation for dry-season crops prevents it from taking proper advantage of soil, sun, and multiple cropping. Average yields remain low compared with industrialized rice-growing countries, and even with neighboring Myanmar.

—Sheryl Watkins, WV Asia communications coordinator

the Brahmaputra River creep up a government-built embankment. A cow grazes calmly as a 6-foot piece of land drops into the swirling waters.

A year earlier, Shefali was an outstanding fifth-grade student at a World Vision school. "I wanted to go as far as I could in school," Shefali says. "Now the school has fallen in the water."

Shefali's family has moved four times in the past year, trying to escape the rising water. Today they live as squatters on a government embankment, which is also rapidly falling into the river.

Trapped between flooding rivers and a stormy sea, Bangladesh faces an uncertain future. More than half the country is landless. The average farm is too small to sustain a family, and erosion swallows thousands of acres every year. Food production continues to decline while the population grows at a staggering annual rate of 2.7 percent.

Faced with a host of competing needs, the Bangladeshi government

Despite crushing natural disasters and poverty, the people of Bangladesh have resilient spirits.

struggles to fund cyclone shelters and flood control measures. Still, there is progress. An early warning system used during the April 1991 cyclone saved hundreds of thousands of lives. Government officials are negotiating with India and Nepal to control runoff from the Himalayas. There is a countrywide effort to build higher embankments and dredge silt-filled rivers.

"We cannot eradicate floods completely," says M.A. Aazzaque, an engineer with the Water Development Board of Bangladesh. "But we can reduce their severity and keep them out of our homes."

It will be decades, however, before the Bangladeshi people are adequately protected from cyclones and floods. Meanwhile a worldwide rise in sea levels threaten flood control efforts. If global warming predictions come true, most of Bangladesh may be under water within half a century.

Despite the natural disasters and poverty, many people of Bangladesh face the future with resilient spirits. "We have our miseries," says one Bengla-

TOOLS THAT WON'T DROWN

Nozrul bends over his lathe, staring at a small block of wood. Within minutes, he has shaped a small toy figure, ready for sanding and painting.

At 20, Nozrul is an apprentice carpenter with Ideas International, a vocational training program funded by World Vision and designed to provide the rural poor with income-generating skills.

"When a farmer's land is flooded, he has to wait a year or more for the monsoon to wash away the saline," says Barry Ison, Ideas founder. "But a skill cannot be washed away. Even after a major disaster, people immediately can start earning a living again."

Forced by his family's poverty to drop out of school in the 4th grade, Nozrul never dreamed of getting a job. He had never



earned a single taka, Bangladesh's smallest currency, worth less than one third of a penny.

Today Nozrul takes home about \$33 a month. He is the sole support of his parents and two sisters, with whom he lives in a one-room shack. Because of his income, the family now eats three meals a day.

Has learning a skill changed his life? "Yes," says Nozrul. "Now I can survive."

—Barbara Thompson

deshi woman. "But we are not miserable people. Our family life is strong. We love our children and know how to sacrifice. We have learned to love and laugh despite the adversities of life."

This communal strength is apparent in the small fishing village of Julsham. In the April 1991 cyclone, more than 90 percent of the village washed away. The village fisherman lost their boats and nets, and the road to the village washed into the sea.

Today, even from a distance, the sound of hammers ring throughout Julsham. The village men are rebuilding boats and repairing nets. Almost every house has a new tin roof. With a World Vision cash-for-work program, villagers have rebuilt the road into Julsham.

Julsham's transformation started in 1988 before the cyclone, when World Vision staff members began community development work there. "At first, people were very suspicious," says Program Officer Srabon Kumar Chakman. "But attitudes changed after the cyclone. One man even volunteered to give his land for the cyclone shelter."

New tubular wells and slab latrines throughout the village provide water and basic sanitation. Health workers go door-to-door, teaching the fundamentals of good nutrition. Every mother in the village has learned how to make life-saving oral rehydration fluid.

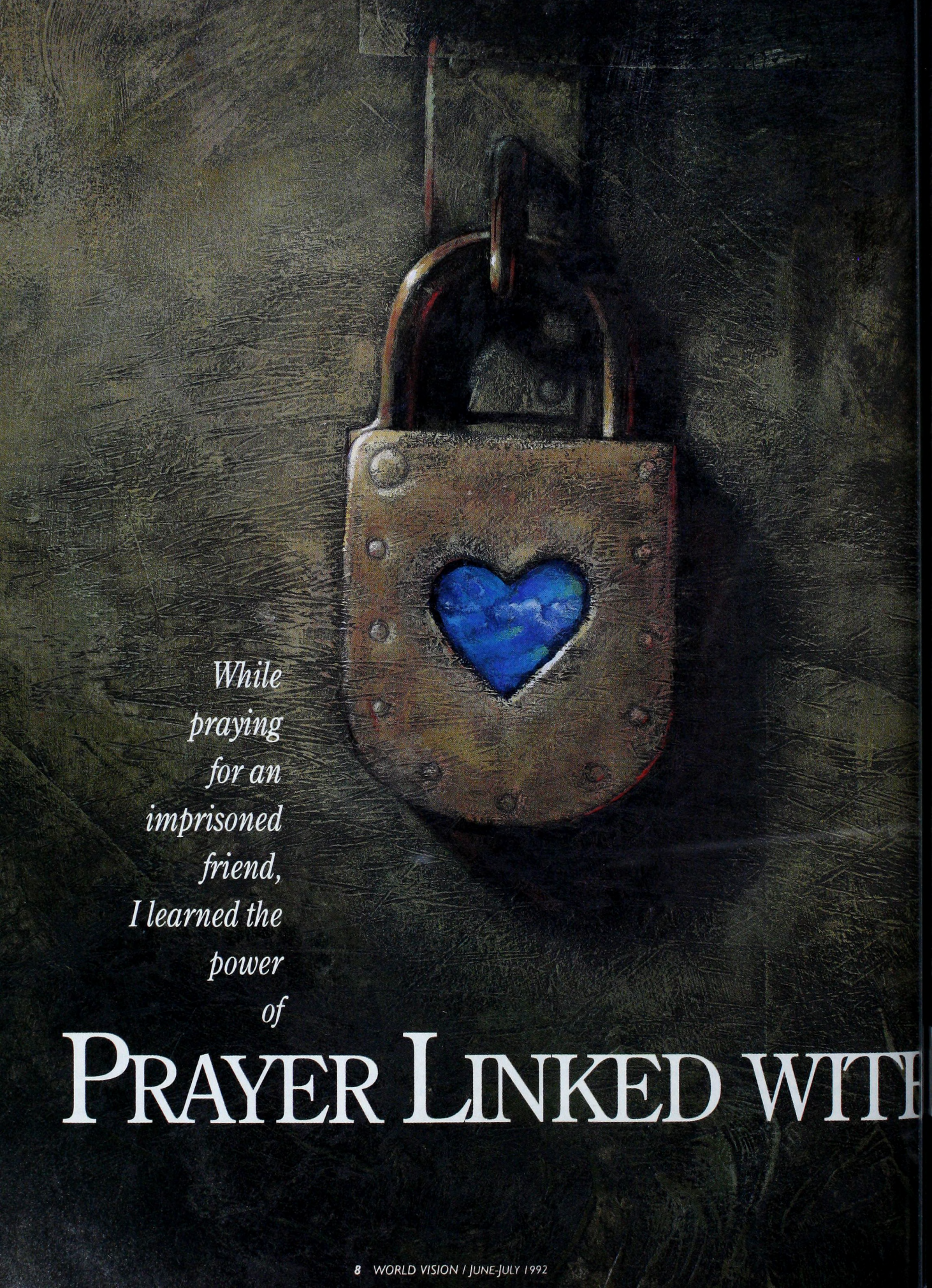
In the village grammar school, preschool children crowd onto narrow benches, reciting the alphabet. Only one in ten adults in the village can read and write their own name; now their children benefit from a "headstart" program that enables them to compete with their more affluent peers.

Meanwhile the village women are learning vocational skills and pooling their money to provide capital for small businesses. This increase in earning power will improve the women's social status and self-esteem.

World Vision, which has 260 development projects in Bangladesh, has chosen Julsham as one of 11 sites for a multi-purpose cyclone shelter. The reinforced concrete building will be used year-round as a medical clinic, school, and vocational training center.

"We cannot stop the flooding or resettle people where they can live the rest of their lives without calamity," says World Vision Bangladesh Communications Manager Bernard Gomes. "But we can give people the education and skills they need so they can build their own lives." ☉

Barbara Thompson is a free-lance writer in Decatur, Ga.



*While
praying
for an
imprisoned
friend,
I learned the
power
of*

PRAYER LINKED WITH

On Jan. 10, 1983, I visited the Israeli Defense Force headquarters in the war-devastated city of Sidon, Lebanon. My party and I were to be briefed on the June 1982 Israeli invasion of Lebanon and the rationale for the continuing military occupation.

Outside the gates stood a group of Arab women, their heads kerchiefed, their skirts brushing their ankles. Dark eyes stared, piercing. They asked a few questions in Arabic, but mostly the women were silent, watching, watching. Some stood, some squatted. Their eyes burned our backs as the gates closed behind us and we walked into the armed forces' concrete compound.

"Who are those women?" I asked. I was told they were Palestinian and Lebanese wives whose husbands had been taken captive. The women came every day for months and did not know the whereabouts of their sons and husbands. Throughout the military briefing, my mind kept wandering to the women's vigil outside the gates. Where were their husbands and sons? Were they alive or dead? Had they been tortured? Were they hungry, cold, or ill? Was there no one to alleviate their anxieties? (But then, that is what war is all about, is it not? Callous disregard for other men, for their wives, for their mothers, for their sweethearts.)

After the Israeli invasion in June 1982, the Israeli Defense Force arrested all adult male Palestinians supposedly connected with the Palestine Liberation Organization. According to the *Washington Post*, "The Israeli blitz has changed the face of the region. There appear to be virtually no Palestinian men between the ages of 16 and 60 free in southern Lebanon."

Most prisoners spent a few days in interrogation centers and were finally bussed to the al-Ansar prison camp near Nabatiyyah. The prison at al-Ansar is a large compound confined by a high dirt embankment topped with barbed wire. Its housing consisted of tents pitched on packed sand.

Those who were allowed to leave reported "sardine-like" overcrowding; a requirement that all detainees remain stretched out on a blanket at all times; beatings, starvation, and some deaths; and only one doctor for the prisoners and no infirmary. The Israelis, on the other hand, claimed that the prisoners enjoyed freedom of movement and a clinic in each compound.

Through the years I have remembered the Arab women. Their vigil symbolizes my deepest fears as a woman: That I will someday be prevented from easing the pain of those I love; a son unjustly detained, a husband tortured for his faith, a daughter starving in solitary confinement.

I have kept my share of vigils. This is women's work, to watch the approach of the inexorable and to suffer—in death wards, by hospital beds, in trauma units, in nursing homes—waiting for bad news, waiting for the worst.

The Arab women's vigil rushed at me again out of memory when my husband, David, and I received a letter dated "Day #8, Wed., March 11/87," smuggled out of a jail in Mexico City. The letter came from Ed Aulie, a missionary to Mexico. It read:

"I was arrested a week ago and taken to Mexico City on an all night bus ride. Since then I've been in jail, charged with falsified documents, 6-12 months in prison—I was shocked. ... Now that I have a couple of lawyers on this, the problem is not my documents at all but the Governor's office in Tabasco wants me out. My lawyers tell me it's strictly a political case, a smear job. ...

"My greatest fear in life has been to be in a Mexican prison and beaten or pawed by a pervert. Humanly speaking those fears are well-founded, but every day I awaken with joy to be alive and to be here with these inmates, the most helpless, power-

BY KAREN MAINS

LOVE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CLIFF NIELSEN

less, destitute, and forgotten lot I have ever known. Each day I weep with different men and boys. Their stories of tragedy rip me up.

"We are let out of our cells at 9:30 a.m. to walk in a cement courtyard smaller than a basketball court. At 10 we are given a scoop of rice and beans that would not fill my baby boy Erik. At 6:30 another cup of water or coffee and at 7 we are locked up for the night.

"I ache to be with Denise and the children, but I know God has me here for a high purpose. The hours fly by each day. A day is not long enough. Most of these men are soon open to Christ. They devour every word and have a hundred questions and a thousand regrets. Four Nicaraguans have made faith commitments, a man from Peru, three from Belize, a U.S. businessman is under conviction and a man from Belgium is still arguing. ..."

Ed had been in our high-school group at Moody Memorial Church in Chicago, during which time David led him to the Lord. As a young man, while working through a personal trauma, he had lived for a year and a half in our home. He helped me considerably in raising my kids while David was occupied with the demands of an inner-city pastorate.

When Ed married Denise, we even went on the couple's honeymoon. My spiritual son, a brother who had been part of our family, this close, close friend, was in prison. David and I went to our knees in prayer.

But I could not get my faint prayers past the guards or the chain-link fences with their razor-wire tops. And no one could give me information about the well-being of the one inside. I grieved as though for my own child. I labored in worry. My prayers were waylaid by a concrete prison as real as that IDF compound in Sidon.

My education hindered me as well. I have studied the prison literature of the world and know the characters who populate these hellholes. Lives eke away day by day, year by year, decade by decade. I was an Arab woman keeping vigil outside closed prison doors.

One night I lay in bed, tossing, my prayers dropping beside me. Rereading the letter, I thought about prayers of praise. God was working through Ed among those prisoners, he was bringing the light of Christ into their cells. Prison walls and evil bureaucracy could close in this one we loved, but they could not close out our God.

Copying Paul and Silas of old, I rejoiced that a sovereign God can use unregenerate men's designs for his own purposes. Anxiety released its clutch in

the face of praise, and love came rushing in, turning my prayers deeply empathic, not only for Ed but for Christians imprisoned all over the world.

The words from Hebrews 13 came pushing at me, "Remember those who are in prison, as though in prison with them." So I did. Suddenly! Suddenly! The prison gates opened and my soul shoved gladly past the barricades.

Love found Ed, imprisoned in a Mexican cell. I prayed for Ed, as though with him. Finally, through prayer, I touched his face with tenderness; I lifted the tin cup of cold, clean water for him to drink; I held my body close to his to make him warm; I chafed his hands with my own, blowing on them and rubbing them briskly. I lifted a bowl of nourishing broth to his lips; I broke bread, black and thick, from the loaf for him. Then the light came, angels shimmering in the darkness. Holding each other, we two humans laughed the old joke of the centuries, a secret known to imprisoned Christians: Christ is near in solitary confinements.



Two days later, we received word that Ed had been released from prison. Now lest anyone overvalue my prayers, Ed had actually been released before my midnight vigil. This didn't trouble me, because I learned a powerful truth. There are prayers that go where the body cannot follow, and we cannot dream the work of God they do.

Who knows, when we pray for prisoners "as though in prison with them" where our prayers go? When I labor to write to the best of my ability, when that labor becomes so intense as to be prayer, who knows how it is used? And when love comes rushing into all of this, who knows

what we do, who is warmed and where?

The theologian Teilhard de Chardin has written, "The day will come when, having mastered the ether, the wind, the tides, and gravity, we will harness the energies of love for God. And then for the second time in the history of the world, we will discover fire."

All my life I have been taught that prayer is powerful; but I learned while praying for Ed Aulie that prayer linked with love is unfathomably powerful. And who knows who was warmed in what prison, in what part of the world by my woman prayers?

I hope to be present for the second time in the history of the world when we discover fire. ☉

Karen Mains is a free-lance writer in West Chicago, Ill.

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TO HEAL THE BROKEN HEARTED

BY BARBARA ODOM

As a child, Ginny rode her bike as hard as any of the neighborhood kids. She also learned to play the piano. And despite glib, we're-so-sorry rejections from medical schools, Ginny became a nurse. Nothing held her back—especially not her missing hand.

Ginny's tenacity earned her a master's degree from Oral Robert's University, and carried her through a short-term missions experience in Israel.

Yet none of her accomplishments could mask the insecurities that pulled and pushed inside. Ginny knew that anger and shame over her missing hand was destroying her faith. She resented God because of her deformity, but she didn't know how to stop.

Finally, in an agonizing prayer, she pleaded with God to explain why she did not have two hands. God gave her a vision of a baby girl being formed—a baby to be named Ginny. Satan was determined to destroy the infant, but God told him, "No! You may not have this life! She is valuable, and I will not let you have her." God won the tug-of-war, but the baby lost a hand.

Immediately Ginny understood: She bore a physical reminder that God fought for her life. She lost a little thing, but her life, her soul, remained intact.

God then gave her another vision of a premature baby girl struggling in an incubator, separated by medical necessity from her parent's loving arms. When she saw Jesus standing near the incubator, watching over the baby, the crushing loneliness in Ginny's heart vanished. Ginny wept with worship on her lips and gratitude in her heart.

But despite the divine perspective, sometimes Ginny still battled anger and resentment, and she felt more vulnerable than ever.

Months later, during a prayer meeting, Ginny confessed her continuing struggle with anger. "The most important thing is the heart, and God likes your heart," one of the leaders told her. "And look! Look at God there, on the cross. Can you see his hand ripped by the nail?"

"Yes, I see him!" Ginny said, weeping. God wrapped his arms around Ginny in her shame.

About a year and many similar prayers later, Ginny wanted to share the healing she had experienced. So she joined Youth With a Mission and worked in Thailand with Cambodians in refugee camps. One morning the aroma of breakfast rice nudged Ginny awake. Even before she arose, Ginny knew that like every morning, the golden

oranges and yellow hues of flowers waited to welcome her to Thailand.

But something shattered the euphoria. Her prosthesis cable broke. Familiar panic reared its head. She had never gone to the camp clinic without it. They would all stare at her stubby arm. Maybe ask questions. Tears rolled down Ginny's face. "Why can't I get over this?" Ginny thought.

But unlike so many other times, Ginny recognized the panic. "You are getting over it," the Lord whispered. "You used to deny the panic."

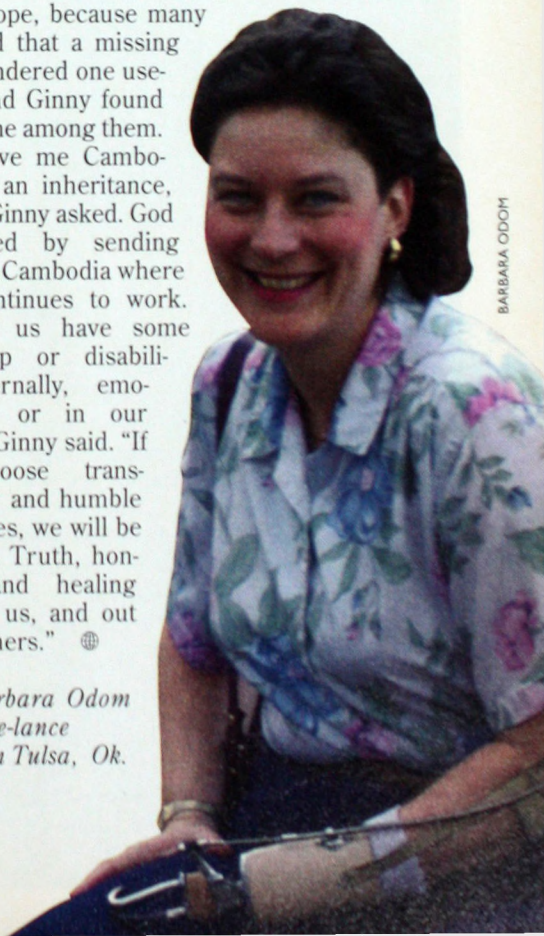
Listening to the Lord, Ginny swallowed her tears and walked with her head held high to the clinic. Somewhere along that walk, the pain Ginny saw in the refugees' empty, haunting eyes erased her own humiliation.

Ginny's suffering bridged a gap. Because of combat and land mines, Cambodia has the world's highest percentage of amputees. Many of the refugees didn't know Westerners suffered like Cambodians. Ginny's ability to care for their bodies with one hand also gave them hope, because many believed that a missing limb rendered one useless. And Ginny found her home among them.

"Give me Cambodia for an inheritance, Lord," Ginny asked. God answered by sending her into Cambodia where she continues to work. "All of us have some handicap or disability—internally, emotionally or in our mind," Ginny said. "If we choose transparency and humble ourselves, we will be exalted. Truth, honesty, and healing flow in us, and out onto others." ☉

Barbara Odom is a free-lance writer in Tulsa, Ok.

"All of us have some handicap or disability—internally, emotionally, or in our mind."



BARBARA ODOM

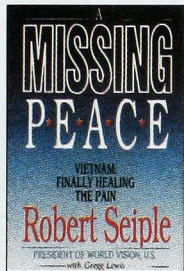
"It's time to
our neigh
friend, and enemy
God sees the
as one and the sam
—World Vi
President Rob
Seiple (rig

A TIME FOR RECONCILIATION

*For almost
20 years we have
passed by
Vietnam
on the far side
of the road.*

The Vietnam War is a war without closure, says World Vision President Robert Seiple. Though the fighting has ended, the suffering continues among people on both sides of the Pacific.

In his new book, A Missing Peace, Seiple calls for the resolution of issues that divide rather than unite us in our common pain. Here he explores the biblical concept of reconciliation as the only way to resolve the conflict and bring peace and healing for people in both countries. The following is an excerpt from that book.



The chief reason Christians work toward reconciliation—personal, racial, national, international—is that Jesus did so. If we follow him, we too must be peacemakers. Two questions have made me think hard about my responsibility here.

The first question is borrowed from Tony Campolo. On the verge of being drafted during the Korean War, Tony had to visit a local recruitment office, where he told the officer: "I feel I need to tell you something."

"What's that?" the man asked.

"Well," said Tony, "I think I could go through boot camp with little problem. And I could learn to shoot a rifle in target practice. But you need to understand that if I was ever in combat and the time came for me to point my rifle at

another human being and pull the trigger, I don't think I could do that."

"And why not?" the officer wanted to know.

"You see," Tony answered, "I'm a Christian."

"Well," the military man responded testily, "what's that got to do with shooting someone?"

Tony replied: "What that means is that for me there will come a time when I have to stop and ask the question, 'What would Jesus do?'"

That question, "What would Jesus do?" is a question we all should ask in every situation, with every decision we face in life. But it has special significance in reconciliation.

RECONCILIATION NOT OPTIONAL

The central point of the cross is reconciliation. It's why Christ came to earth to live and die in our place. But it was never meant to stop there. As Paul wrote in 2 Corinthians 5:18, "All this is from God, who reconciled us to himself through Christ and gave us the ministry of reconciliation."

That is, those who follow Christ are expected to be reconcilers as well. If our relationship to God is right, it will affect our relationships with others.

According to 1 John 4:20, "If anyone says, 'I love God,' yet hates his brother, he is a liar. For anyone who does not love his brother, whom he has seen, cannot love God, whom he has not seen." God does not even find our worship acceptable unless we are reconciled to others. In Matthew 5:23-24, Jesus said, "If you are offering your gift at the altar and there remember that your brother has something against you, leave your gift there in front of the altar. First go and be reconciled to your brother; then come and offer your gift."

If we submit to the lordship of a reconciling Savior who gave his life in the ultimate act of reconciliation, what choice do we have when we're faced with a need and an opportunity for reconciliation? If God thought that reconciliation is important enough to die for, it should be our duty and desire to help bring reconciliation wherever there has been hurt and conflict.

What would Jesus do?

I wrestle with that question as it relates to my own involvement in the Vietnam War. But while we could debate forever what kind of reconciliation might have been possible in the '60s, when I was there, there's little room for argument if we honestly try to answer, "What would Jesus do in Vietnam today?"

If Jesus came today to see all the vets still traumatized by the war, the families separated, the children left



behind, all those who continue to grieve over the MIAs, and the millions of innocent people who still suffer the tragic repercussions of the Vietnam War, what would he do? He would call for reconciliation and do whatever he could to bring it about. He wouldn't wait. He would begin the restoration process and make all these lives whole again.

If we believe that, we can do no less.

A CONVICTING QUESTION

What would Jesus do? In trying to answer that question I'm forced to consider a second one. This one was posed to me by a friend of mine—in Vietnam. I know this man is my friend because he told me so. On one of my recent trips to Vietnam, I met him on the streets of Ho Chi Minh City.

We spent an hour together, and he told me his story. He had served in the South Vietnamese army as one of our allies. We taught him English, we subsidized his pay, showed him how to shoot, and secured his trust.

When the South Vietnamese government collapsed in 1975, this man was one of the hundreds of thousands of allies we left behind.

He was sent to a re-education camp. The forced labor imposed on him for his Western ties extended to his wife, a frail woman who ultimately contracted malaria in the rice paddies.

Following his release from the camp, the husband was told he could never again hold a meaningful job. Today his wife remains too sick to work and he labors as a cyclo driver, earning only pennies a day for biking passengers around the city. He has four children. The family is destitute.

Before we parted, my friend promised to come by my hotel the next day with his cyclo to take me all around the city and show me the new sights. He said he wouldn't charge me anything. I thanked him but said that of course I would pay him.

He protested: "Let me do this for you. After all, what are friends for?"

We had made his country a battleground. We had promised to protect his interests, made him dependent on us, convinced him to choose our side, asked him to trust us. Then we changed our minds and deserted him, letting him suffer the pain of defeat. And we have pretty much ignored his suffering (when we weren't adding to it with diplomatic and economic embargoes) ever since.

And yet, after all that, my friend offers to make a genuine sacrifice to do me a kindness and asks me, "What are friends for?"

A PARALLEL PARABLE

That question made me think of a certain man on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho. Robbers fell upon him, beat him, and left him destitute. His health was destroyed. He was abandoned on the road, isolated in pain and agony.

It was Jesus who told this story, in response to a question similar to my Vietnamese friend's question, "What are friends for?" Jesus was answering the question, "Who is my neighbor?"

Jesus' story of the Good Samaritan tells us that neighborliness and friendship require more than piety and religious pronouncements. They demand overt acts of compassion—acts of healing and reconciliation.

I'd like to update Jesus' parable and identify some of the parallel characters in the Vietnam drama.

For the robbers, let's start with the bankrupt Marxist ideology that stole the hopes of the populace but remains in control. Then there is the paralyzed bureaucracy of a centralized government that has tried to squeeze out the last ounce of individual incentive.

Another robber is the country's militarism. Vietnam still maintains one of the largest standing armies in the world, a totalitarian "necessity" that robs the people of vital human services. There is also a cold-blooded mind-set that has allowed the dead bodies of MIAs to become bargaining chips in state affairs. Finally there remains the Vietnamese stubbornness that engages in lengthy negotiations even while some of its own people are starving to death—the same stubbornness that won the war but has lost the peace.

All these forces have robbed and continue to rob the Vietnamese people. But there are also robbers on this side of the Pacific. One of them is the simplistic U.S. foreign policy. We see so much in East-West terms, failing to notice the intense nationalism of the smaller nations. When we assigned our simplistic foreign policy to the Vietnamese, we stole some of their independent identity. We created South Vietnam's dependency on massive aid, and once we had them hooked, we broke our commitment and walked away.

We devalued Asian life, which helped justify turning our backs on an entire region of the world, permitting our allies to languish in re-education camps. Ultimately we robbed Vietnam of the opportunity for normalization with the West, when we played the China card against the Soviets in the late '70s. Continuation of the cold war was more important than bringing the Vietnam War to closure.

So the thieves and robbers are on

both sides of the Pacific. As are the victims—the Vietnamese poor, the Americans, the war vets and their families, the families of the MIAs. But who are the passersby? Who will play the Good Samaritan?

The United States has filled the first role. For nearly 20 years we have passed by the Vietnam issue on the far side of the road. We've left a wounded, bleeding country lying in Southeast Asia and gone blissfully on our way toward the 21st century.

And what about the church in the West? Why has the Western church been silent and unresponsive? Is it simply because we haven't known? Is Vietnam too far back on the road of our memories? Are the memories too painful? Is love impossible, forgiveness too difficult to bestow on our former enemies? Could our patriotism and our national pride be stronger than our Christian commitment? Is the kingdom of earth more important than the kingdom of God? Is the church so insulated from the world that we can't see the hurting victims in our midst?

For whatever reason, we have for the most part passed by on the other side. We have remained silent.

"What would Jesus do?"

That's a tough question because the answer is so easy. We see it in Jesus' example, in his life and death. It was Jesus who, when he looked down from the cross at the people who had driven the nails through his hands and feet, called out to God, "Lord, erase it from your mind. Lord, forget it. Make believe it never happened, Lord. Forgive them. They don't know what they are doing."

The cross was and is history's most impressive example of reconciliation.

A VIETNAMESE PARABLE

Next to Christ's death on the cross, perhaps the most beautiful example of reconciliation I've ever heard about took place in Vietnam.

It was Easter week, the time when we remember that most perfect example of reconciliation.

I was in DaNang, sitting at a small wooden table in a most humble dwelling, listening to a father tell the story of the 15-year-old boy sitting beside him. It was beautiful to watch this father talk to this boy and about him. His eyes spoke of so much compassion and love.

The child needed all of both. For he was blind and mentally retarded.

The relationship between the man and the boy was a miracle in itself. In the last turbulent days of the war, this man's wife had an affair with another man. She became pregnant. By the time

the infant was born, a healthy, perfect baby boy, her remorse was so great she wanted to kill the child.

She slipped out of the house, walked to a remote spot in the bush, dug a shallow grave, and buried the child alive. But her husband was already looking for her, and he finally found her bending over a fresh mound of dirt. Working feverishly, he dug the baby out of the ground. But not before the lack of oxygen had rendered the child blind and severely retarded.

The man took his distraught wife

and the broken child home. He gave the boy a name, his name—Tran Dinh Loi. He loved the boy as his own son, and his love for his wife transcended the enormity of her sin.

In the intervening years, the young lad developed the gift of a beautiful voice. He used it to sing Vietnamese love songs to us as we sat in his home. He sang softly with a wide-open smile, his head bobbing from side to side with the music. And when he was singing, with his father's hand gently resting on his arm to give him pats and squeezes of

encouragement and reassurance, we felt the love and compassion of the adopted father flowing through this young life.

A scandalous birth emerged out of the brokenness of a fallen world. Sin was buried in a grave that ultimately could not contain the body. That body was rescued by a father whose love was greater than his personal pain. An unfaithful wife was completely forgiven; her sins were remembered no more.

We sat around a small table and listened to a child's love songs. A true Easter song of incomprehensible love, forgiveness, and reconciliation.

IT'S TIME TO STAND UP

If reconciliation can take place in circumstances like those of this Vietnamese father, it can take place in any relationship marked by conflict and hurt.

God calls all of us who want to follow him to a new order for our relationships. It is more than loving our neighbors as ourselves. It is giving our enemies a giant and spontaneous bear hug. A bear hug that is not tied to Vietnamese policy in Cambodia. One that has nothing to do with their accounts of our MIAs. One that has nothing to do with the administration's goals in Washington or the self-preserving instincts of the leaders in Hanoi. But one that clearly shows, for the world to see, the principle and power of reconciliation.

It's time to stand up. It's time to walk around to the other side of the table. It's time to see our neighbor and our friend and our enemy as God sees them—which is to say, as one and the same. It's time to see the faces of all those who suffer the painful consequences of our continuing conflicts—interpersonal as well as international.

If reconciliation could happen between the United States and Vietnam, it can happen anywhere in the world. It can happen between husband and wife across a bed. It can happen between neighbors across a backyard fence. If reconciliation could happen in Southeast Asia, the example might even set a foundation for what could truly be a "new world order."

And each of us can and must work toward that. For it is only through reconciled relationships that hurting human beings will ever find the peace so often missing in our world and in our own individual lives. ☉

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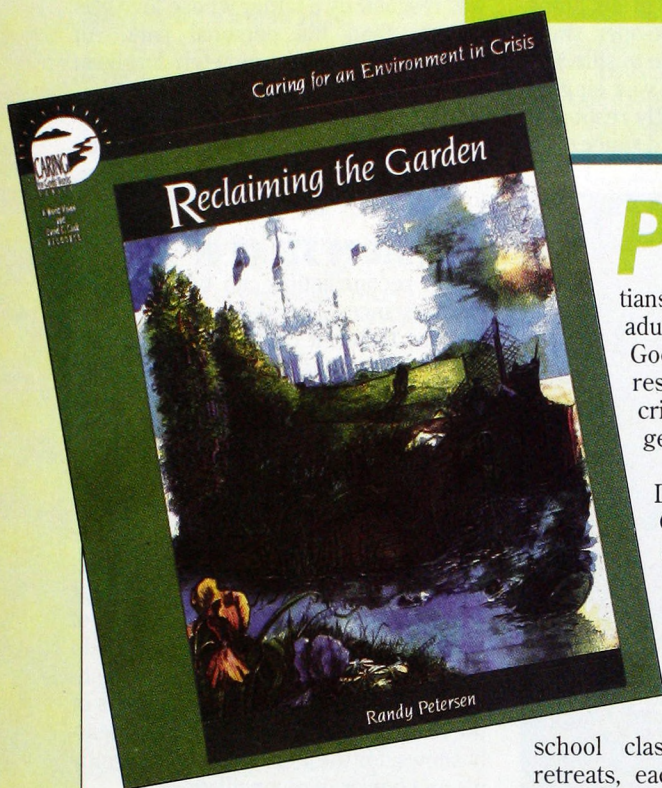
STEVE REYNOLDS / WORLD VISION

Often it's the poor, such as young Nguyen Thi Kim Thuy, who has the mumps, who suffer most from war's consequences. Almost 15 years after the Vietnam war, childhood diseases threaten thousands of lives in that country. If Jesus came today to see the traumatized war veterans, the children left behind, those grieving for the dead, he would call for reconciliation as the only way to achieve peace and healing.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Tamera Marko



CARING FOR GOD'S WORLD

Pollution, homeless, population growth, hunger, refugees. How can Christians respond? A new adult study series "Caring for God's World" offers biblical responses to such global crises and suggests ways to get involved.

World Vision and David C. Cook Publishing Co. produced two print and video kits: "Cups of Cold Water: Caring for People in Need" and "Reclaiming the Garden: Caring for an Environment in Crisis."

Developed for Sunday school classes, small groups, or retreats, each kit includes information about four major issues, step-by-step lesson plans, handout materials, and short videos.

Single kit—\$49.95. Set of two—\$89.95. To order contact your local Christian book store or David C. Cook Publishing Co. at (800) 323-7543.

PEN-PALS GO FISH

What do children in Latin American churches do? Ichthus Pals, a new seven-lesson curriculum for U.S. church youth programs grades 3 to 6, helps answer this question and arouse interest in missions. The non-profit, interdenominational ministry coordinates a pen-pal relationship between church youth groups in the United States and Latin America.

Ichthus means "fish"; its Greek letters stand for "Jesus Christ, God's Son, Savior." Several years ago, Ichthus was established in Guatemala, where churches had few youth programs. The program provided training and materials for local church youth programs. Today 13,000 children through churches in 13 Latin American countries use Ichthus materials.

"Ichthus Pals provides Sunday schools, vacation Bible schools, or Christian schools in the U.S. with a cross cultural missions experience at the kid's level," says Don Weisbrod, Ichthus co-founder. For more information contact Don Weisbrod at P.O. Box 177 Monrovia, CA 91017; 818 359-4555.

CUTTING THE MUSTARD

Applications are available for the 1993 Mustard Seed Awards honoring innovative, church-sponsored volunteer ministries among the poor. Award recipients receive national recognition and grants up to \$5,000.

For more information, contact Mustard Seed Awards IV, World Vision/LOVE INC, 919 West Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016; (818) 357-1111 ext. 2155. Applications are due by Oct. 4, 1992.

1991 Mustard Seed Award winners:

Adopt-A-Family, Fort Worth, Texas
Economic assistance for homeless families.

Graffiti, New York, NY
Counseling, food pantry, job training, and drug program.

The Clubhouse, Dayton, Ohio
After-school ministry.

Kids' Konnection, Wash., D.C.
Sunday school for children.

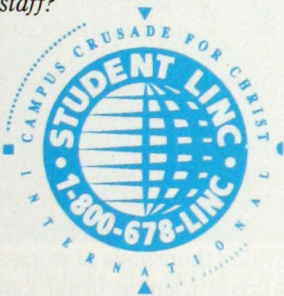
The Mustard Seed Neighborhood Center, Wenatchee, Wash.
Day care.

Good Neighbor Ministries, Rome, Ga.
Financial and support services.



APOSTLE PAUL AND AT&T

It began with two Campus Crusade for Christ staff members kicking around an idea. *The Apostle Paul developed an effective long-distance ministry through letter writing. Why not use the phone to establish CCC ministries on college campuses where we don't have full-time staff?*



Student Leaders In New Campus Ministries was born. Four years later Student LINC has helped Christian leaders, mostly students, establish CCC groups on 160 college campuses nationwide. Student LINC provides free materials, guidance, and regular follow-up phone consultations to CCC campus group leaders. "Student LINC begins, accelerates, and maintains Campus Crusade ministries," says Lance Kauffman, LINC communications coordinator. "We will help them from A-Z on starting a campus ministry."

For more information contact Student LINC: 100 Sunport Lane; Dept. 25SL, Orlando, FL 32809; (800) 678-5462.

“Some things have to be believed to be seen.”
— Pope John Paul II

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WOMEN

OF THE
DEVELOPING
WORLD

A young wife from the Maasai tribe in Kenya wears a full array of traditional jewelry. Women are married as young as 15.

FIVE ISSUES CONCERNING THIRD WORLD WOMEN:

- LITERACY
- AIDS
- CHILD BEARING
- EMPLOYMENT
- SINGLE PARENTING

Women comprise half of the world's 5.5 billion people. Yet nearly two-thirds of the world's poor are women.

Thanks to recent educational and financial help, however, many Third World women look forward to a richer future.

The United Nations called 1976-1985 the Decade for Women and focused worldwide attention on their plight. Aid organizations, including World Vision, have provided thousands of women with access to credit, training, health care, and technologies that will help them increase their earning power, social status, and self-esteem.

These improvements lessen the daily burdens Third World women have borne for centuries. Traditionally, many work 14-hour days, laboring in fields and at home; they often lack adequate education, health care, and nutrition. Those women who are employed usually receive much lower wages than men.

Thousands of women also suffer from easily preventable diseases, including AIDS. Because of poor health, bearing children at too young an age, and unsanitary birth conditions, many women die from pregnancy-related causes.

Widowed, abandoned, or with husbands seeking higher-paying jobs in the city, women often are solely responsible for tending fields and raising children.

Yet women in the developing world are slowly gaining the status and skills needed to overcome such tragedies. Communities that better educate and care for women set an empowering precedent for future generations.

First in a five-part series about Third World women 🌐



Hoang Thi Phuc, 42, rests a few hours after giving birth to her child in a Vietnam hospital. In developing countries, many mothers lack access to adequate medical care.

JEROME D'COSTA / WORLD VISION



A World Vision community worker teaches nutrition and health information to mothers while their children are immunized.



TERRI OWENS / WORLD VISION

Maria Cristina Quisival, a World Vision-trained health promoter in Guatemala, is an accomplished weaver. Many Third World women earn a living selling their woven wares.

BY ROBERT C. LINTHICUM

THE SLUM THAT INSPIRATION REBUILT

CARTON CITY

As I reached the brow of the hill that rainy day in November 1990, I saw the Carton City slum below in the lush Nairobi River valley of Kenya's capital city. The stench of burned and charred buildings filled my nostrils before I was close enough to see the dozens of homes, now roofless with scorched walls. The slum's defeated and broken inhabitants explained the tragedy.

JOHN SCHENK / WORLD VISION



One of Nairobi's first slums, Carton City was so named because the people lived in large cardboard cartons. It was formed more than 30 years ago on government land, when more than 1,000 people, primarily poor and uneducated freedom-fighters in Kenya's struggle for independence from Britain, had squatted there, seeking to scratch a living from its rich soil.

The government had tolerated the slum. Until recently. One night, as a tropical storm lashed Nairobi, the police roused Carton City residents from their beds. They forced families to gather their belongings and stand in the pouring rain. Then, threatened with police batons, the men of each family were forced to set fire to the thatched roofs inside their homes. Every home burned to the ground. For many of the people this was the bitter end: They were defeated and broken with no place to go.

Sixteen months after my visit to the ruined slum, I returned and found a significantly transformed community. Solid two- and three-room mud-brick houses filled the slum. Only a few carton-houses

remained. The dirt streets were swept clean. Litter and refuse were deposited in pits away from the homes. Each home had a latrine, and community showers had been installed throughout the complex. A pig and fowl farm and a large vegetable garden provided food and profits for the residents. What happened?

The slum residents answered, "Clement Adongo came to be among us!" Clement Adongo is a community organizer for World Vision Kenya's Urban Advance program.

Adongo entered the Carton City resident's lives. He spent many hours listening to their life stories, learning about their mistreatment by the government, and their struggle to find work. Then he gathered them in small groups to talk about their community.

They immediately identified ways to improve Carton City. They created three income-generating projects: The production and sale of clothes, baskets, charcoal, and furniture provided income for the community. The only literate Carton City resident entered a bank for

the first time and opened an interest-bearing account for the community's earnings. The people decided to build the latrines, community showers, a vegetable garden, and demonstration farms that teach members how to properly raise pigs and fowl.

Soon a newly appointed deputy chief for the Nairobi sub-district visited Carton City and saw the improving standard of living. He informed Carton City residents that they must pay a new tax. The people, however, discovered the tax was a "pay-off." Instead of giving in, they refused to pay.

One night the police entered the slum again. Under the deputy chief's orders, they burned selected houses. Instead of cowering in fear, this time the people of Carton City rose up in anger.

The entire community marched to the senior chief's office and issued a complaint against the deputy chief, demanding action. The senior chief refused. So the community members went to the district commissioner, threatening to reveal the sordid mess to the newspapers. The district commis-

Originally named for the large cardboard cartons (below) in which the people lived, Carton City is now being filled with solid mud-brick houses. David Ashiko (left) with children from the community, began the Urban Advance program there. Behind him is a mud-brick structure.





JOIN ME... In Helping The Forgotten Children

"Every child should be touched, loved... and should wake up each morning with the hope that his or her dreams can come true. That's why I love World Vision! Sponsorship gives people like you and me the chance to give dignity—and a future—to needy children."

—Larnelle Harris

Five-time Grammy award winner Larnelle Harris knows about the needs of suffering children—and how compassionate people are helping to save them from lives of hunger, poverty and despair. He also knows that through World Vision Childcare Sponsorship, he can help change our hurting world—one child at a time.

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NEXT TO THE LAST WORD

World Vision was born in prayer. Founder Bob Pierce's handwritten note in his Bible, "Let my heart be broken with the things that break the heart of God" is a prayer that continues to challenge many within World Vision.

Old-timers remember the all-night prayer meetings when the staff prayed in funds for ministry needs. World Vision continues to place a high priority on prayer. Every Oct. 1, staff members worldwide meet for a full day of prayer. Daily devotions and weekly chapels are part of our corporate life.

For the past four years, WORLD VISION magazine has encouraged prayer through our column, "Encounters with Prayer." Yet our annual magazine readership surveys indicate that the feature wasn't well-read. When we dropped the column two issues ago, we received one letter noting its omission.

But we haven't given up on prayer. I'd like to think that God will use our articles to touch your heart so deeply that you'll make the issues a matter of prayer without our flagging them as "prayer requests." So, read on—and pray.

—Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

Volume 36, Number 3

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PrePress **Colormation, Inc.**

Printer **Danner Press**

WORLD VISION magazine is published bimonthly 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 address to WORLD VISION Magazine, 919 W. Huntington Drive, Monrovia, CA 91016. Please send address changes at least 30 days before moving and

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sioner removed the deputy chief from his post.

Adongo, following Urban Advance methodology, then helped the people to reflect on what they had learned from this incident and how they should next deal with the government. They decided to begin staking claim on the land by building permanent homes, and to inform the government that the slum would monitor every District Development Committee meeting to keep the government accountable.

The community then created its own construction business and began building permanent homes for each other. These two- and three-room houses, with glass windows and wooden doors, are constructed of mud-brick as hard and weather-resistant as concrete. One-by-one, the people are replacing their cardboard huts with these new homes.

Except for Adongo's salary and administrative and training costs, World Vision Kenya has not spent one dollar on this project. Carton City has received only one grant—a \$50 allotment from another development organization to purchase construction equipment. The community itself generated the rest of the money to rebuild Carton City.

And what about the spiritual transformation of the Carton City residents? Christians, Muslims, and those following traditional African religions live in Carton City. But "God-talk" has been a natural part of organizing the community. Most meetings open with prayer. The crops are blessed with prayer. And no action is initiated without public prayer. Faith happens naturally as relationships between people are deepened through shared activities and taking common risks.

Adongo is now helping residents develop stronger leadership to give permanent direction to Carton City. Then Adongo will move into another Nairobi slum, where he will begin the same cycle again.

Urban Advance's work to empower the urban poor in Third World slums is built on two principles: One, the people who have the problem are the people most capable of dealing with that problem; and two, the way they can most effectively deal with that problem is to act collectively.

These principles helped destitute people in a miserable Nairobi slum transform their community into a decent place to live. In the process they discovered their dignity. 🌐

Robert C. Linthicum is World Vision International's Urban Advance director.

WORSHIP IN THE WILDERNESS

A church service was recently called under a large acacia tree on the dusty floor of the Rift Valley in Kenya. Actually the service was called “before the foundations of the world were formed”: The participants had long been identified by a sovereign God. The cultured Maasai—proud, dignified, beautiful—met together with brothers and sisters from the newer culture, a group of Americans who were destined to be in this holy place. Multiple cultures, but homogeneously established under “one Lord, one faith, one baptism.”

A church appeared out of nowhere. Two hours later it would disappear as benches were removed to private residences.

The service proceeded “decently and in order.” Announcements were made, Scripture read, although only a New Testament portion, since the Maasai translators still had not completed the Old Testament. Individuals from both cultures gave sermons. The choir, a beautifully adorned group of young Maasai women, sang. With an emphasis on Christ’s redemptive role, accompanied by native instruments, this was not only divine ethnomusicology, but Kingdom praise as well.

Prayer punctuated our worship. The link with the Sovereign was never lost. Praise and petition, joy and adoration, communicated to all that God was present and working among us.

And there was an offering, a giving back to God a portion of his bountiful gifts. The Maasai are grateful people, painfully remembering the near total destruction of their livestock in the severe famine years of the mid ‘80s, but celebrating a God who would meet them at their point of deepest need. Help came in the form of compassionate “neighbors,” Christians from around the world. Together they had found water, planted crops, provided health care for the children, preserved a culture. Jesus Christ was made known, incarnationally, to a grateful and receptive people.

The incarnational witness of the gospel continued through the offering. Three young heifers were presented. The three most needy families were identified, and a beautiful act of compassion was bestowed. A widow with five children, an old man with no cows, a new family struggling to stay together—each received the offering of a heifer, freely given. By this time you could almost hear the applause from heaven!

But God had more for us. There was to be a communion. A goat had been slain, and the extended community was to be honored by participating in this blood covenant. Another gift, freely and lovingly given.



CARY PAINE / WORLD VISION

The choir, a beautifully adorned group of young Maasai women, sang, accompanied by native instruments.

A Maasai elder approached us with water, wanting to wash our hands before the goat was served. We protested. Such a precious commodity. The Maasai needed this life-sustaining gift more than we! He persisted, and we felt the ancient rebuke of Jesus when he tried to wash Peter’s feet; the condemnation of Judas’ protest over the expensive vial of perfume used to anoint our Savior’s head.

When we had eaten, the women of the choir came to us, individually, to place on our wrists the Maasai bracelets they had made. The bonding was complete. We were one in worship. Community was established on Kingdom values. Koinonia was achieved.

We concluded our historic worship service very much in awe of a sovereign God and loving Father. We had been on holy ground. No wonder so many of the Maasai had come without shoes. ☉

Published by
World Vision
P.O. Box 1131
Pasadena, CA
91131-0311

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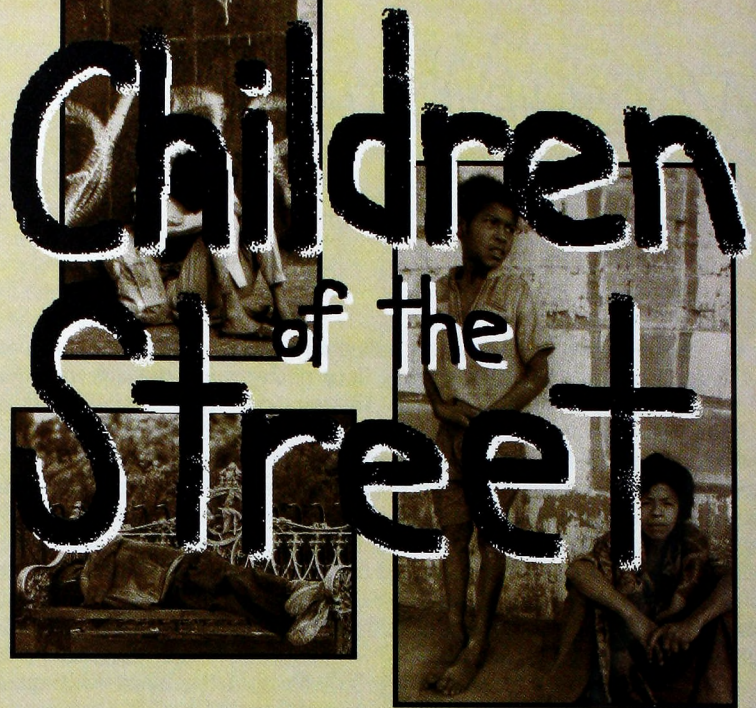
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They scavenge through trash, beg, steal, sell drugs, and prostitute for food. They fight with fists and knives for their lives. They sleep in doorways, trash bins, or park benches, huddled together for warmth. Their eyes are glassy and resentful from drugs, hunger, and exhaustion.

They distrust strangers, especially adults. Despite the pain, rejection, and loneliness of the streets, they have learned to survive without adult authority. These factors make helping children of the street extremely difficult—but not impossible.

There is hope. Through programs in Bangladesh designed to help parents generate income, by providing a home for Nairobi's "Parking Boys," by befriending and helping children who live in the streets of Tijuana or Mexico City or in the garbage dumps of Guatemala City, World Vision is reaching out to help children of the street—one at a time. **Please, will you join us?**

Yes, I want to help Children of the Street!

I am enclosing \$150 \$375 \$500

Name _____

Address _____

City / State / Zip _____

Z2M252/8570

Thank you. Please make your check payable to *World Vision* and mail to:

World Vision

Children of the Street

P.O. Box 1131

Pasadena, CA 91131-0102


WORLD VISION

