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WORLD VISION[®]



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BOSNIA:

Voices from a Lacerated Land

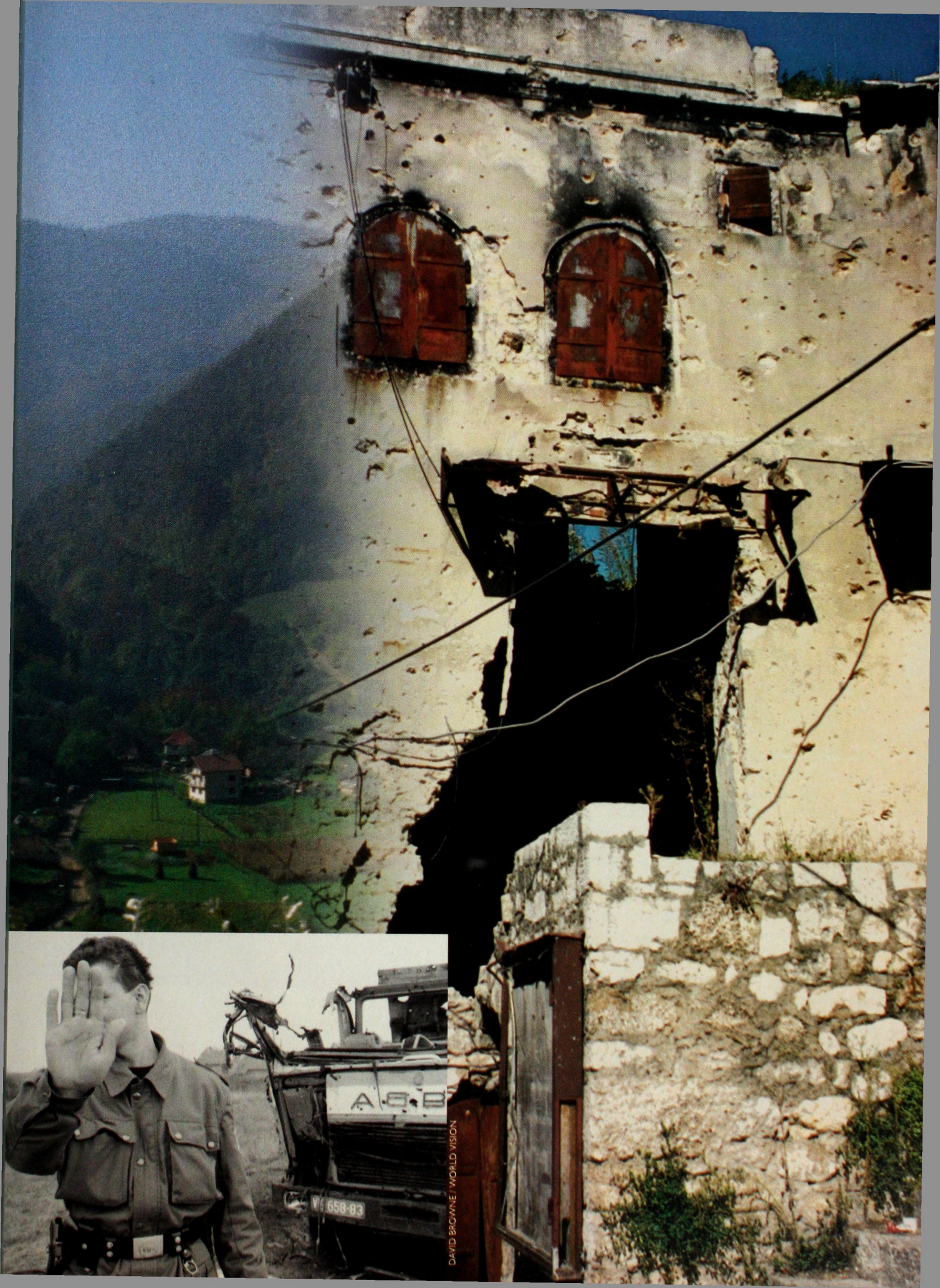
BY SUZANNE NELSON

THE BLACK-HUED MOUNTAINS, CRUMBLING FORTRESSES, AND GLITTERING ADRIATIC SEASHORE OF THE FORMER YUGOSLAVIA CAN TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY. NOT LONG AGO, THE COUNTRY WAS A FAVORITE TOURIST PLAYGROUND. NOW LARGE PARTS OF THE LAND LIE DEVASTATED BY ITS FIERCE MULTI-ETHNIC WAR.

THE BREAKUP OF THE COUNTRY TOOK MANY YUGOSLAVIANS BY SURPRISE. IN 1990, THE REPUBLIC'S VARIOUS ETHNIC GROUPS BEGAN TO RESURRECT OLD NATIONALIST CAUSES LONG SUPPRESSED BY SOCIALIST RULERS. GROWING SEPARATIST FEELING AMONG SERBS, YUGOSLAVIA'S LARGEST ETHNIC GROUP, WAS MET BY DEMANDS FOR POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE IN SLOVENIA, CROATIA, AND EVENTUALLY BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA.

IN 1991, FIGHTING FLARED BETWEEN CROATIA AND THE FEDERATION OF SERBIA AND MONTENEGRO THAT CONTINUED TO CALL ITSELF YUGOSLAVIA.

IN 1992, THE WAR SPREAD TO BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA, A MULTI-ETHNIC REGION WHERE ABOUT 4 MILLION ROMAN CATHOLIC CROATS, EASTERN ORTHODOX SERBS, AND SLAVIC MUSLIMS LONG HAD LIVED AND WORKED TOGETHER.



DAVID BROWNE / WORLD VISION

All three sides committed atrocities as they fought to defend or carve out territories, although Serbs stand accused of the greatest share. In 1992 alone, Serbs evicted three-quarters of a million Muslims from their homes. Some of the victims were displaced a second time by Croat-Muslim fighting. Meanwhile, media crews from around the world captured the almost daily bloodletting. Stories of starvation, rape, and torture were commonplace.

While fragile peace treaties have come and gone on the battle lines, the suffering meted out by the war continues unabated. You can see it most clearly in the eyes of countless women and children, victims of strife that has destroyed countless homes and claimed an estimated 300,000 lives. Almost 80 percent of the casualties in Yugoslavia's war are women and children. Many have been caught in the middle of the brutal firefight combining ancient ethnic strife and territorial ambitions with high-tech modern weaponry.

Thousands of people, especially among the urban, English-speaking younger generation, have emigrated abroad. Others have nowhere they can go. Their dismal refugee camps blot the landscape of Croatia, Serbia, Montenegro, and Hungary. An estimated 1.5 million displaced people remain in Bosnia alone.

People beyond the boundaries of the conflict cannot understand the extent of the anguish and need without somehow entering the lives of women and children who endure them daily, the casualties of a country gone insane. The following pages tell the stories of a few victims caught in the war and one American who visited their land. The stories reflect the plight of millions of people in a once tranquil and well-ordered region of Europe.

As the world hopes and prays for lasting peace there, organizations like World Vision are providing much-needed aid to more than 2 million victims of the war, most of them women and children. Without this help, the pain of war would linger and pass to new generations.

FINDING HER TEARS

In April 1992, as Bosnia sank into madness, Razija Vukas' life turned into a nightmare.

"There was such a silence in the town," says Razija, 29, a soft-spoken textile engineer from Rogatica, a predominantly Muslim town in eastern Bosnia. "I had a feeling something very bad was going to happen, because the dogs were barking so terribly."

The eerie silence continued for three weeks. Then Serb forces began 24-hour bombardment. One night as artillery shells whistled in and exploded, Razija set out for the other side of town to visit her brother, who had been shot by a sniper. While they were talking, a grenade suddenly exploded and Razija was hit by shrapnel.

"I touched my body and my hand was covered with blood," Razija says. "I had a big hole in my chest."

Razija was taken to her sister's house. She stayed there four days as the fighting continued. Then on June 23, Bosnian Army officials ordered the townspeople to flee.

"At first my mother said we would surrender because I was so sick," Razija recalls. But she insisted that she could walk. "I could hardly move for the first 200 meters," she says, "and then all of a sudden I had no pain. I think God sent that to me."

The family began a hellish flight with a column of terrified refugees hoping to make their way through Bosnian Serb territory. Walking along a river, the column ran into artillery fire. A woman next to Razija was killed.

Panic-stricken, the refugees reached a railway tunnel. Everybody ran around trying to discover who had been killed. Razija found a 4-year-old cousin "full of bullet holes." She says, "I bandaged him up, but after half an hour the little boy died." As she tried to help the boy's wounded father, his mother tried to commit suicide.

Razija and her sister continued the dangerous journey, walking at

night, hiking up and down mountains. By November they arrived in Fojnica in central Bosnia, where they found refuge with a friend.

Razija stops, her blue eyes welling with tears as she relives the events. She says it feels good to find her tears.

Today Razija volunteers at a local hospital for mentally and physically disabled children. She says the work has "made me human again."

She first saw handicapped children while visiting an institution where 240 cold and neglected patients were supervised by a few staff members and volunteers. Many of the children were on the verge of death. Razija then volunteered to work at an institution near Fojnica. There, lack of cleaning supplies leave the halls smelling acrid and wet. Clothes are draped over stair railings to dry. But in a time that offers few certainties and comforts, work is one of the few things that keeps her going.

"Many things are happening to us that we don't like, but we still have to endure," says Razija, who now occupies a vacated Bosnian Croat house with her family. "I hope one day I will be able to earn my own living and support myself."

Razija Vukas, displaced by war, now works with handicapped children. She says the experience "made me human again."



SUZANNE NELSON / WORLD VISION

“People here know how to do many things. They just need a little support.”



SUZANNE NELSON / WORLD VISION

Mensudia Cuplov (lower center) organizes war victims to build support groups and businesses.

STANDING TOGETHER

Despite what she's been through, Mensudia Cuplov doesn't look or act downtrodden. Nor does she allow other women in her hearing to think of themselves as hapless casualties of war.

“Women in these war areas are now the heads of families. They have to feed the children, find clothing, welcome the husband home with a warm meal,” says Mensudia, a Muslim refugee in her 30s who helped form the Association of Civilian War Victims in Fojnica, the central Bosnian town, which is shattered by shelling.

“People here know how to do many things. They just need a little support. They don't like standing in line for humanitarian aid.”

Instead of bemoaning their losses or complaining about the miseries of their circumstances, Mensudia and her friends in the association are working to recover economic self-sufficiency and a sense of dignity. The association started a tailoring shop with four sewing machines and a shoestring budget. The shop is small, but it's one of the few businesses operating in Fojnica.

The chance for women to learn new skills is important. Most factories in Bosnia are quiet, and normal business is at a standstill.

For the women, the tailoring business provides economic stability, Mensudia says. They also find working

together therapeutic. The close-knit, nurturing environment allows them to speak of traumatic war experiences without risking public humiliation.

In much of rural Bosnia, especially among Muslims, rape is more than an act of hostility and aggression. It also showers disgrace upon the victim and shames the entire family. The association is tight-lipped about which women were raped or held in camps where rape often occurred.

Though Mensudia was not raped, she has seen the trauma of sexual assault. “I was seven months pregnant when I was arrested,” she says. “We were placed in one room—33 of us—with 10 to 15 children. For 20 days they beat us with rifles.”

Mensudia was present while other women were raped. “We never knew who'd be taken next,” she says. “There was constant fear.”

After almost two months in a second camp, Mensudia's labor pains began. She spent 15 days in labor before the soldiers let her go, telling her she would bear a dead baby. She gave birth to a healthy, 11-pound boy.

“Those 11 pounds changed my life,” she says smiling. “He gave me the incentive for all the things I'm doing now—new strength, everything.”

When she moved to Fojnica, she was happy just to take care of her baby, and she stayed to herself for a year. When finally she ventured out, however, she suffered an unexpected trial. She was the subject of malicious gossip.

“The townspeople thought I had been raped and had a Serb baby,” Mensudia says. “They were staring at me. But I held my head high. I didn't fall into depression or give them reason to gossip about me. I told myself, ‘I don't care. I have a child with the husband I love.’ In time, the gossip ended. Now I'm a very respected member of the community.”

While Mensudia still suffers psychological wounds, she says women in her association have developed a highly effective support network. Tears come to them easily. So do hugs and kisses.

“We see ourselves as ready to help other people who have suffered our experience,” she says. Meanwhile, Mensudia wants the international community to show more respect and less pity for the victims of Bosnia's war. “We want people to see that what we need is to stand strong again.”

“I touched my body, and my hand was covered with blood. I had a big hole in my chest.”

STRENGTH AND RECONCILIATION

Over the past four years, Vesna Kondic, 33, has survived snipers, long periods of freezing temperatures, and rocket grenades. But nothing was worse than being separated from her 9-year-old son.

In April 1992, Vesna left her sick son with a sister-in-law in a distant town, returning to her job as a department head in a marketing firm in the Bosnian capital, Sarajevo. Shortly afterward, war came to the city. It was four long months before she saw him again.

"The next time I saw my son, he was completely broken," says Vesna. The boy had seen on television the fighting that was consuming Sarajevo. "My husband and I had given him everything—all the love and material things we could manage. But I had to take him to a psychiatrist. He was following me everywhere, even to the toilet."

The trauma that the war has inflicted upon her son is the only thing she so far can't forgive, she says. But she keeps trying. She knows that forgiveness and reconciliation are the only hope for healing Bosnia.

Soon after the fighting began, Vesna's life became a bizarre pattern of rituals and survival techniques. She was always alert to which part of town was being shelled. She never sat in front of windows or doors.

One day, Vesna's workplace caught fire. Meanwhile, a sniper in a nearby building fired at her office and bullets hit the radiators, releasing jets of steam. She and her workmates lay on the floor trying to breathe the remaining air. Vesna's boss told them they would have to make a break for it.

"He said, 'We'll have to go outside or we'll be boiled alive,'" Vesna recalls. "He divided us into small groups and said, 'Go. Who survives, survives; who is killed, is killed.'"

Vesna escaped Sarajevo to her native town of Fojnica, which was still relatively peaceful. But war soon arrived there too.

"Women can and must do more to integrate Croats, Serbs, and Muslims. Every day of peace means many less victims."

She tells of walking down a street one day when she heard the whiz of an incoming artillery shell. Vesna knew she had only seconds to decide what to do and took three steps back. Three teenaged girls just ahead of her, inexperienced and confused, stopped.

"I remember the girls smiling at me. They thought it was a joke," Vesna says, describing how the explosion hurled their bodies into the air. "Later, at the hospital, I saw them come in. One showed signs of life. I prayed that she would die, because she was just a piece of meat."

Vesna was wounded in the legs. Today she still has difficulty walking. Despite her injuries, however, she serves as a humanitarian volunteer. Every day, from 7 a.m. until late in the evening, she works with the local Red Cross and other organizations.

Vesna insists on ethnic tolerance in her family, the result of being raised by a Serbian mother and a Muslim father who taught her respect for people of all backgrounds.

She insists, "Women can and must do more to reintegrate Croats, Serbs, and Muslims. Every day of peace means many less victims. I think of how I used to be afraid of the dark. Now it's funny to even mention fear. Until now, I didn't realize how much strength we have in ourselves."

BY DALE HANSON BOURKE

Not So Far Away

“**W**as it awful?” my friend Jane asks as we sit in my comfortable suburban living room the day after I return from a trip to Bosnia.

She’s a good friend and I want her to understand how I’m feeling. But I see fear in her eyes, the I-really-don’t-want-to-know look that I will encounter whenever I tell someone where I’ve been. “No, it wasn’t awful,” I say. “It was incredible. I want to go back.”

“Really?” she asks incredulously. “It sounds so dangerous, so overwhelming on the news. I guess I just try to block it out.”

I nod in understanding. Before I went to Bosnia I tried to block it out too. There were just too many shocking headlines to absorb. And my initial horror gave way to frustration as I listened to diplomats and strategists bicker over the best course of action. Yet while they couldn’t come up with a solution, I couldn’t even understand the problems.

But then I went to Bosnia. I wasn’t being particularly brave or directed. As a World Vision board member it was just my turn to travel to an area of the world where we were working. Since I had to be in Frankfurt on business anyway, Bosnia was an obvious destination.

I arrived in mid-October, just one week after the cease-fire was declared, and I was assured that I would visit only safe areas. World Vision staff would drive me, translate for me, and take care of my arrangements. All I had to do was observe.

It sounded so simple then. But sitting back home in my decorated living room in a house that needs little more than new paint, I try to explain to my friend why my heart aches to be back in Bosnia, where many houses are no longer standing and where no one worries about decor.

I describe for her the beauty of the former Yugoslavia. Croatia’s coastline, as stunning as any I have seen in Greece. Bosnia’s mountains and wide rivers, which reminded me of Switzerland. The ancient Turkish relics and the edifices of the Hapsburg era. The quaint

stone houses and the picturesque wooden bridges.

I tell her about Mostar, the ancient city that stood for 500 years as one of the most outstanding examples of Turkish architecture. The “friendship bridge” that spanned the Neretva River attracted tourists from all over the world until it was hit by missiles during the recent war and reduced to rubble, like much of the once-beautiful city.

Describing Bosnia’s quaint villages, I explain how horrible it is to see some houses burned and shelled while their neighbors’ are left standing. In some towns I saw mosques levelled and Muslim homes burned. In other cities the Catholic Croatians’ churches and homes are destroyed. Sometimes I passed villages where everything looked normal—and then I saw them: the homes of the families that were on “the wrong side.” The people who lived together for years, even married one another, then turned against each other in the name of ethnic cleansing.

It is hard to imagine how such nice

“A trip to the former Yugoslavia showed me that the issues that divide people there are not so different from the struggles we face in our own country.”

people did this to one another. Everywhere I went, people showed me kindness and generosity, no matter how meager their own rations. They are warm and open, with remarkably intact senses of humor. And they are resourceful, resilient, and every bit the sophisticated Europeans they were before the war. Even refugees I met took pride in styling their hair and wearing makeup.

Most are well-educated, industrious, and aware of the rest of the world. CNN is still beamed into this country, and word travels quickly about stories reported on U.S. television. They know about O.J. and Newt, and they know that we have watched footage of their war day after day and still did nothing. They don’t seem bitter, just confused. “How could you watch innocent people be killed and do nothing?” one woman asked me.

Others are more interested in talking about U.S. politics and culture. “Why do blacks and whites hate each other?” a man asked me, and I stuttered in response that it looks worse on the news than in daily life. I tried to tell him that in reality we live together quite happily for the most part, and he said, “Yes, just like Serbs and Bosnians.” As I relate this conversation to my friend Jane, I realize I have tears in my eyes.

Dale Hanson Bourke stands at a road sign reflecting days before Yugoslavia split into warring fragments.



BRIAN SELLERS-PETERSON / WORLD VISION



I explain to her that I have spent a week with people she would like, people who probably had lives very much like we do, until the war began and they started killing one another. I tell her how chilling it is to spend time in a country that seems so normal on one level and is so decimated on another.

I had heard many of the gory stories before, and I heard them repeated in Bosnia matter-of-factly. Tortures so hideous that I can't imagine who conceived of them. Deliberate killings of children. Rapes and murders of women begging for mercy from former neighbors.

I looked at those people who are so like me and tried to imagine what manner of lunacy descended on them. I wondered why no one said, "Stop!" when the craziness began.

I want to go back to Bosnia because I have come to love the people and the place. I must go back because I know I can help. And there is something else: I need to go back because I want to better understand how people like me could hurt each other so ruthlessly.

"The problems that tore apart Yugoslavia are not so different from the problems we face in this country," I tell my friend, and I see the look return to her eyes. I don't want to know, she says wordlessly. And I realize then that before I go back again to my new friends in Bosnia I need to talk more to my old friends here. My friends who are comfortable and secure in the belief that such cruelty could never happen in this coun-

try. That we are somehow more humane, more intelligent, more restrained than the former Yugoslavians.

I want them to understand what is good about Bosnia and Croatia so they can understand just how bad it is that this tragedy has occurred. I want to explain how much these people need help, how I am tempted to fill up suitcases and fly 10 short hours to unload blankets and socks and hats that may save lives.

I went to Bosnia as an observer. But I have returned a changed woman. I'm an advocate now. I need to tell friends and strangers here about a far off place called Bosnia that could be right next door. I want to help Bosnia before it is too late. And I want us to learn to look at Bosnia with open eyes so that we have the courage to see just how much their problems are like our own. I want us to see how easily hatred can grip a society and turn friends and neighbors into enemies. 🌐

Elderly man eats soup made with tables provided by World Vision at a reverted kindergarten in Maglaj. Now it is shelter for 40 to 50 elderly people with means of caring for themselves.

HOW WORLD VISION IS HELPING

World Vision has worked in cooperation with other humanitarian agencies in the former Yugoslavia almost since the start of the conflict there. Now the task of providing even minimal aid to millions of refugees and displaced people in Bosnia and Croatia is enormous. Needs are growing more dire while supplies diminish.

EMERGENCY RELIEF:

World Vision provides food and medicine to hospitals, social welfare institutions, and refugee camps, and winterizes damaged homes. The institution for mentally and physically handicapped children in Fojnica, where Razija Vukas serves as a volunteer, is one of many examples where World Vision's help has made a crucial difference in the lives of war victims.

COUNSELING AND RECONCILIATION:

World Vision, in partnership with 10 local women's associations, is providing psycho-social trauma counseling for more than 5,600 displaced people. A mobile reconciliation unit is designed to train trauma counselors and support multi-ethnic work projects, while a special program helps teachers identify and treat war trauma in their students.

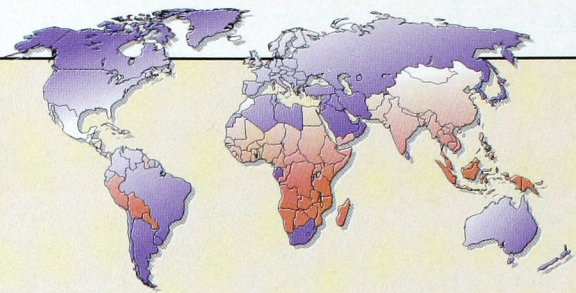
WOMEN'S INCOME GENERATION:

One of the most effective ways to help people endure the trauma of war is to aid them in becoming economically self-sufficient. "Skill development programs are the best form of therapy there is," says Seida Tomasevic, a World Vision worker, who points to the tailoring workshop in Fojnica, where Mensudia Cupolov works, as one of the most success-

ful income-generation projects World Vision has aided. World Vision supports projects for beekeeping, chicken farming, and rabbit raising, as well as job skill classes where women learn knitting, handicrafts, food preservation, candlestick making, and small-farm management. World Vision helped restore a cultural center in the community of Zepce, which is used to teach women foreign languages and computer skills.



WORLD VISION NEWS



DEVASTATED LIBERIA NEEDS PEACE, AID

We just want peace in Liberia," said 18-year-old David Johnson, who told a World Vision worker that six years of brutal civil war in his West African country have robbed him of his childhood and his future.

Johnson, who refused to join a rebel faction, said the war, which began in 1989, ended his education in the sixth grade. "All I've done ... is eat and sleep," he said, adding, "I want to learn a trade, like mechanics, and do something useful."



The mud-brick house of Larkpor Kelime, 5, bears children's graffiti: "No War" and "Peace to Liberia."

Many of his peers joined the fighting that cost huge numbers of Liberia's 2.5 million people their homes and perhaps 150,000 their lives. Children under 12 years of age became "SBUs" when they took up automatic rifles and machetes in rebel leader Charles Taylor's "small boys unit." In other factions, the mini-soldiers were known as "jungle warriors."

Now, as the nation stands in desperate need of food, medicines, and agricultural supplies, World Vision is working to raise as much as \$20 million for emergency assistance during 1996. Equally important are rehabilitation programs for people physically, socially, and mentally brutalized.

ANTI-MALARIA PROGRAM CUTS DEATHS IN LAOS VILLAGE

Continuing a policy of village-level assistance to the poor, a World Vision project in Laos has halted the depredations of malaria upon Kayong Kaew village in the Southeast Asian country's Champsak Province.

Malaria once killed an average of six people each year in the community of 33 families. In 1991, World Vision staff began working with villagers to keep grounds and houses clean and move domestic animals away from residences. The agency also provided mosquito nets treated with permethrin repellent to hang over beds. When no more than one villager died of malaria during 1994 and 1995, World Vision began plans to expand the malaria-prevention program to a large area of the country.

WV PROJECTS HELP LESSEN DRUG PROBLEM IN LEBANON

Two World Vision projects have joined a major drive to reduce drug production and use in Lebanon.

During the Middle Eastern country's civil war from 1978 to late 1991, Lebanon ranked sixth among the world's major drug producers. In one dry area where farmers had planted hashish, which grows well with little water, World Vision dug an artesian well to provide the region's 4,000 people with water for irrigation, then encouraged farmers to plant vegetables. Ultimately, the United Nations supervised destruction of 99 percent of Lebanon's hashish crop.

World Vision also assists a detoxification center at St. Charles Hospital near Beirut where teams of specialists provide addicts with medical and psychiatric care and counselling. During the war years, the number of drug addicts in

KAREN HOMER / WORLD VISION

HEARING-IMPAIRED LEARN DENTAL TECHNOLOGY

In a unique program in the south Asian country of Sri Lanka, World Vision is helping train people with hearing impairments for careers in dental technology.

The course, offered at the Islamic Center for the Physically Handicapped in the town of Thihariya 22 miles northeast of the capital city, Colombo, takes advantage of a high demand for dental technicians in the island nation. Discarding the conventional lecture method, instructors teach with pictures and sign language that the students invented for technical terms.

Both teachers and students come from various ethnic and religious groups, aiding good will in a nation where race and faith are politically sensitive issues. Graduates of the course are finding ready employment in the dental profession.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE SHIFTING TO DEVELOPING WORLD

While Christian influence declines in Europe and Australia and shows no growth in North America, the church's center of gravity is shifting to the developing world, reports World Vision's Mission Advanced Research and Communications Center (MARC) in Monrovia, Calif.

Latin America today holds more Christians than Africa, Asia, or North America. The Christian church is growing fastest in Africa. Churches in countries on Asia's Pacific Rim are expanding rapidly and becoming major sources for missionaries and aid to the needy.

Christian missionaries from the United States are decreasing slightly. Meanwhile, the number of missionaries dispatched from the developing world continues to increase. Developing world

Lebanon grew to an estimated 80,000, most of them males between 18 and 45 years of age. Today the number is down to an estimated 12,200.

World Vision also provides its sponsored children in Lebanon with education about drug abuse, AIDS, nutrition, and other health topics.

MUSLIM OFFICIAL IN UGANDA THANKS WV FOR ASSISTANCE

Sheik Muhammed Kibanga, secretary general of the Supreme Muslim Council in Uganda, expressed amazement when he discovered World Vision helping children in a school founded by Muslims.

The primary school, along with schools operated by Protestant and Catholic groups, lies in the Rakai area of southern Uganda, where one of the

world's worst AIDS epidemics has orphaned a third of the area's children. Granting assistance solely on the basis of need, World Vision donors sponsor children in all the area's schools.

"We wish to register our sincere appreciation and thanks to World Vision," the Muslim leader wrote to the agency's local director, "for this remarkable ... sign of nondiscrimination."

WWII VET SETS UP FUND FOR RECENT WAR VICTIMS

A decorated veteran who learned compassion as he fought his way through World War II Europe has set up a private fund for war victims in Bosnia and Rwanda.

"I know what it's like in war—people going through garbage cans to scrape food off used tins," said Richard Dugger, 74, of Elgin, Ill., who landed at Italy's Anzio Beach then served at Bastogne in Belgium and at the crossing of the Rhine River in Germany.

The father of 15 children, who lives with his wife, Joanne, on Social Security and army disability payments, established separate bank accounts for each country. Seeding the funds with personal contributions, the couple solicited further donations from city officials, friends, and "everybody I can get a hold of."

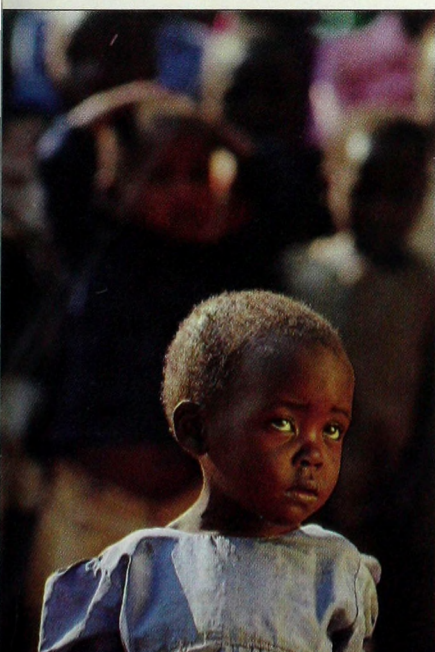
Dugger, a longtime World Vision donor, is channeling the funds through the agency's relief programs to assist orphans and displaced people in the war-racked areas.



Cuban believers gather for worship at a Methodist church in downtown Havana.

missions are expected to overtake those of the West in the first decade of the coming century. 🌐

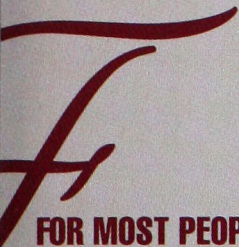
Orphaned by AIDS, 2-year-old Mary Nakabuga of Uganda looks toward an uncertain future.



DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

TERRY MADISON / WORLD VISION

What **BLACK**
CHRISTIANS
Want **WHITE**
CHRISTIANS
to Know



FOR MOST PEOPLE WHO GREW UP IN THE 1950S AND '60S, IMAGES OF RACIAL INJUSTICE, INTOLERANCE, AND SEGREGATION REMAIN INDELIBLY IMPRINTED ON THEIR MINDS.

Rosa Parks on a city bus in Montgomery, Ala.; police wielding firehoses in Selma, Ala.; and governors barricading college campuses in Birmingham, Ala. and Little Rock, Ark.—the battles for civil rights and equality were emotional, violent, moral, and deeply spiritual. Many of the leaders in the movement were deeply committed Christians, including activist-pastor Martin Luther King Jr., Professor William Pannell, of Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena, Calif., national radio personality Tom Skinner, and Pastor John Perkins of the Foundation on Reconciliation and Development in Pasadena.

These men of faith, and many others, battled not only political injustice but principalities and powers. And not without effect. Over the past 30 years, public schools have integrated, more African-Americans are studying in U.S. colleges and universities than ever before, and the racial makeup of most major corporations is gradually broadening. **Though much progress still needs to be made, African-Americans have made inroads into just about every major social institution in the United States—everywhere, seemingly, but the evangelical church.** There are white evangelical churches, there are black evangelical churches. There's the National Association of Evangelicals (NAE) and the National Black Association of Evangelicals (NBAE). And on it goes, despite Paul's proclamation in Galatians 3

that, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, slave nor free, male nor female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus."

In recent years, however, the people of God have been bridging the Great Divide. In 1994, leading black and white Pentecostal groups repented and united. Billy Graham identified racism as one of the major obstacles to revival in the United States. Promise Keepers, the national Christian men's organization meeting in sports stadiums across the country, made racial reconciliation one of its seven "promises" men must seek to fulfill. And last year, in Chicago, the NAE and the NBAE met for the first time in a giant step toward reconciliation.

The segregation of the evangelical church in the United States is a long-standing, painful wound on the Body of Christ. Healing that wound promises still more pain, because healing will require examining hard realities, past grievances, and deep-rooted fears.

In the interest of this task, **WORLD VISION magazine asked five leading African-American evangelicals to tell us what they most wanted white evangelical America to know.** Their responses on the following pages are edged with anger, their pleas tinged with frustration. But the responses are also filled with hope. Indeed, each one affirms that the gospel demands ongoing hope. As William Pannell said recently, racial reconciliation is "the Christian agenda. A fragmented church divided along racial and ethnic lines ... is a contradiction to the gospel itself."

For the sake of the gospel, we invite you to consider.

RESTORING A MISSING HISTORY

by Melvin Banks

On a recent broadcast of Focus on the Family, Dr. James Dobson took issue with the project known as Education 2000. His concern was that the new school plan would omit the names of such people as Thomas Edison, who is credited with inventing the electric light bulb. Such omissions, he contends, would leave children flawed in their education and deficient in their identity.

I too am concerned, though **I'm particularly disturbed about the way African and African-American history has been distorted to the detriment of African-Americans. This distortion has contributed to the poor race relations in this country, because it perpetuates stereotypes that destroy meaningful dialogue and lasting relationships with each other.**

Had Americans of days past understood and appreciated the worth of Africans they would not have enslaved and brutalized Africans, and the history of the United States would have been far different. To enslave black people, many whites concluded that Africans were somehow subhuman, and some Bible scholars justified this theologically by distorting Scripture.

Today if we truly want a society where races commingle in harmony—even Christian fellowship—then we must begin to value all our people. The distortions must end. You can't build enough prisons to contain the hostility of millions of people devoid of self-worth.

How many people know that the following inventors were of African descent? Benjamin Banneker created the first clock built in America. Norbert Rillieux patented a sugar refining process that revolutionized the sugar processing industry. Granville Woods invented more than 12 devices to improve electric railway cars. George Washington Carver developed 300 products from the peanut alone, and many more from sweet potatoes, soybeans, and pecans. Daniel Hale Williams is credited with performing the first open heart surgery. Charles Drew developed the blood bank. Meredith Gourdine discovered a way to make electricity from gas. George Carruthers recently developed a special camera to study the earth's upper atmosphere for space exploration.

Africans have been making contributions like these throughout history. Africans developed many

vaccines, eye salves, and surgical techniques. They made valuable contributions to the development of the rocking chair, iron smelting, moving pictures, soap, many of the tools we use today, and the pipe organ.

Despite documented evidence showing these things, some Europeans strongly tried to discredit African contributions to civilization.

Many Europeans and Americans have even distorted the Bible. In more than 60 references, the term "Cush" is used to designate the descendants of Ham—the forefathers of all Africans and African-Americans. The word itself means "black" or "burnt face." In other words, not all the people of biblical times were the blue-eyed, blond haired people so frequently pictured in many Bibles and Sunday school manuals.

Thankfully, many scholars are beginning to recognize the black presence in the Bible as they unearth growing evidence of their presence and significance. And they are beginning to correct their historical and biblical distortions.

Why is such corrected information so important in improving race relationships among ethnic groups in the United States? Our attitude toward one another is in part based on what we think of one another, and what we think of one another is determined in part by how we see each other's capabilities and accomplishments. Educating our children on achievements made by people of African descent would help change this country's attitudes concerning black people.

Furthermore, if our churches could begin acknowledging and proclaiming black contributions to our Christian

faith, it would take the wind out of the sails of radical groups like the Nation of Islam—reputed to be the fastest growing religious group among African-Americans. **The Nation of Islam teaches that Christianity is the white man's religion, created to keep black people in subjection. To silence such heretical teaching, we must remind people that Christianity was born and bred among people of color—including Africans—more than 600 years before Muhammad saw his "vision" of Allah and founded Islam.**

And while silencing the likes of Louis Farrakhan, such information would help affirm all African-Americans, providing them with a sense of dignity and self-worth.

Yes, Dr. Dobson is correct in pointing out the need for historical accuracy, but that accuracy must include all ethnic groups who have contributed to the history and faith of this country.

Melvin Banks is chairman and chief executive of Urban Ministries, Inc., in Chicago.

MOVING INTO A SHARED FUTURE

by Cheryl J. Sanders
with Barbara Thompson

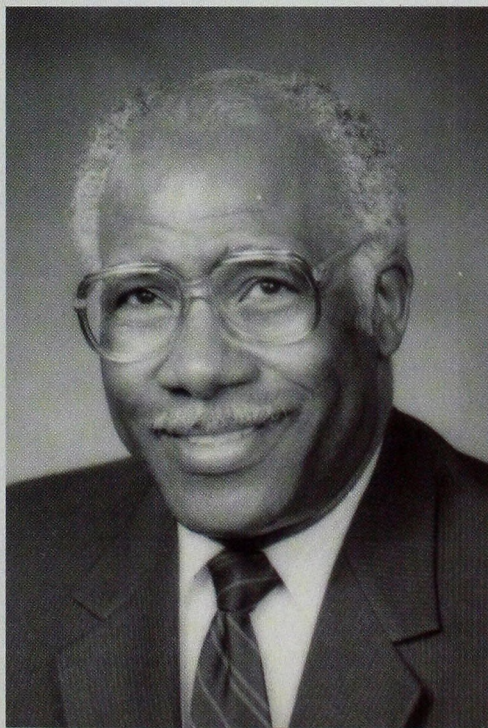
Historically, white evangelicals, with their roots in fundamentalism, have been concerned with propositional theology. There is a list of things that must be believed, like the inerrancy of Scripture, and if you don't believe these things, you are out.

The black community, on the other hand, has a tradition of oral theology, of folk preaching. It's not that they don't have doctrines and beliefs, but the hard, exclusionary line of a rigid doctrinal structure is somewhat alien.

There are pluses to an oral theology. When you use analytical words to communicate the gospel (as both liberals and conservatives have done), the Bible can come across as an elite discourse. The oral tradition, on the other hand, is accessible to people who can't read or don't have the necessary literacy skills to comprehend academic theology.

The assumption in oral theology is that it is important to express these truths in a form that people outside the academy can understand. Unfortunately, in some white evangelical communities, there isn't a desire to communicate beyond the exclusionary circle that has been drawn.

I think a similar orientation toward exclusion is one of the major differences between white and black evangelicalism. **It's not that the black community doesn't have its own form of elitism, but there is more openness to incorporating elements from other cultures. There isn't the a priori assump-**





tion that anyone who isn't my color is automatically inferior or deficient.

As it is, racism remains a central issue in the differences between black and white evangelicals. Along with this racism are the invisible structures intended to preserve "what's ours" and keep other people out. These include doctrine, management of resources, and access to education. If you ask the average white evangelical and average black evangelical what his or her vision of the future is, you get two different pictures. **For whites, the American dream might be a world without crime, where black people aren't violent, and everyone has the right to live in a world of people like him or her.**

Black evangelicals share many of these same aspirations. They want safe streets and neighborhoods, they want education and employment. **What's missing is the tendency to write other people out of the picture, to exclude them from a vision for the future.**

I believe that there can't be reconciliation between the races until there is repentance for this racism, and I think the full weight of Scripture supports me. Whoever refuses to hear the offense or face the facts can't repent. The fact is that white people today are benefitting from a system of privilege set in motion generations ago, while my ancestors were being robbed of their labor without recompense.

Unfortunately, this leads to a victim discourse, making genuine repentance difficult. **You can't have repentance without someone taking responsibility, and today we are all victims.**

Yet the question remains, "Are we going to advance from the past and move together into a future that is a shared future?" The

Bible is the ultimate, legitimate source for a vision of inclusiveness. One of the strongest biblical images is the kingdom of God, and there is no question that this is an inclusive kingdom. Whatever I desire for my own children, I ought to want the same things for other people's children.

In the kingdom of God, everyone has a stake, and everyone has dignity and respect, regardless of economic status, sex, color, or nationality. You see this "coming together" at Pentecost, a multi-national gathering. Yet **how many people lift up Pentecost as a vision of inclusivity? Instead, they use it to fight over whether or not we should speak in tongues. It is used to divide Pentecostals from evangelicals, and then Pentecostals from each other.**

The pastor of my church was an extraordinary man named Sam Hines. He recently died, but in his 25 years in Washington, D.C., he worked very hard to promote reconciliation. He used to say, "Dogma divides; mission unites." I think that, if there is going to be reconciliation among American Christians, it will come because we reach consensus about our mission to the United States.

Before Sam died, he spoke to me about his concern that everyone, whether conservative or liberal, seems to be dropping the poor from his or her agenda. If this is true, then we as Christians have a ready-made mission that can unite us. Jesus's primary ministry was to the poor, and he has given us a mandate to pursue the same course.

Cheryl J. Sanders teaches Christian ethics at Howard University Divinity School and is an associate pastor at the Third Street Church of God in Washington, D.C. She has written extensively on race and culture, and the holiness-pentecostal experience in African-American religion and culture. Her latest book, forthcoming from Fortress Press, is Empowerment Ethics for a Liberated People. Barbara Thompson is a free-lance writer in Decatur, Ga.

CHALLENGING THE RIGHTNESS OF WHITENESS

by William Dannel

Since the bloody murder of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. almost 30 years ago, blacks have made substantial progress in the United States. Jesse Jackson was a viable candidate for president in 1988. That same year, Ron Brown was elected national chairman of the Democratic Party, and during the Clinton years numerous black leaders have attained national status.

Among evangelical Christians, however, there has been little progress. **Evangelicalism in North America is still a white male enterprise.** No, blacks are not yet completely absent from evangelical institutions. But there are few black leaders in policy-making positions; no black input at major theological gatherings; no major position papers presented at key gatherings that subsequently make their way into official publications. Those few blacks who do appear are limited to roles as inspirational key-noters or leaders of seminars.

Many evangelical organizations have sought for a "qualified" African-American to serve on their board, but one rarely finds two blacks on a board. And one strains to recall a black president of any major evangelical institution. Few are called, none are chosen.

Old timers in the black community refer to this as the "rightness of whiteness" doctrine, and evangelicals have had little inclination to challenge that ideology. After all, black evangelicals have little control, power, or money to bring to the table.

But African-American people still



represent the unfinished agenda of the American dream. I say this with deep respect for the sufferings other minorities have experienced. But America's racial problems are still a family affair, and the family has always been black and white. It is black America that locates for the American people, even if unconsciously, the ethical center of the American Dream.

Evangelicals must recognize that they have failed to process the civil rights movement 30 years later for basically the same reason this

country has failed to process the Vietnam war: Too many people feel they lost too much in both these crusades. The “winners” were colored people. So evangelicals have retreated to “moral” issues such as abortion, prayer in schools, and the election of candidates who promise to restore to the majority their rightful place in the world.

Some evangelicals, however, are beginning to reach out to non-white America. Billy Graham goes on camera and calls racism most heinous expression of sin in our time. Promise Keepers’ Bill McCartney makes the same argument and fills stadiums across the nation. Luis Palau preaches about reconciliation from pulpits in Miami. The result has been that, occasionally, an African-American or Latino may grace a platform, sing a song, or consent to yet another interview on race relations. (I am still waiting for an invitation to talk about what I really do as a faculty member at Fuller Seminary, rather than my views on race relations.) And many people will now listen to certain black evangelicals who speak about reconciliation.

This is encouraging, but points to a problem, as well. Racism and reconciliation have become important Christian issues only because these leading white brothers have identified them as such. Over the past several years, however, when blacks themselves were crying out for justice and redress, the evangelical church had no such sense of urgency.

Reconciliation remains essential. Nothing less than the gospel is at stake.

For years I have found it difficult to take American missionary efforts seriously. How can American missionary organizations traverse the globe on behalf of colored peoples and have nothing to do with people of color in their own backyard? If I was a Third-World church leader and knew about the racism among evangelicals in the United States, I would have several misgivings about American missionaries in my country and their intentions, given the demands of the gospel.

For most African-American Christians this is the ethical crisis of modern missions. That is, if you’re not interested in reconciliation at home, you’re not going to be interested in it anywhere else in the world. And that raises serious questions about basic understandings of the gospel itself.

But our racial problems are much more complicated and intractable than we are now willing to address. I propose we build upon the conferences held during the past year that brought together evangelicals—black, white, and Hispanic—to confront one another and to expose the deep feelings that have kept us apart. In short, we need a domestic equivalent of a “Lausanne Conference.” This time, let’s get the egg-heads to

come, the scholars who are busy researching and writing about evangelicalism at the end of the century. They should be invited because few of their observations ever include evangelicals of color. It’s as if we simply do not exist, as if we have not made any contributions to God’s kingdom in the United States.

We need to talk—and the issue is not how to grow more churches, but how to grow more churches that look like Christ.

THE ISSUE IS POWER

by *Brenda Salter McNeil*
with *Barbara Thompson*

When I was in college at Rutgers University, there were a lot of evangelical ministries on campus, but the only person of color who attended their meetings was a black student who was not highly connected with the black community. If you were black and wanted to grow in Christ, as I did, it was almost as if you had to choose between spiritual growth, racial heritage, and identity.

It was an unfair choice, and it still is.

Discipleship must include ministering to people in their wholeness, including their race and gender. But in many of our evangelical organizations, people of color either leave to preserve their racial identity or become so “white” that they feel alienated in their home community and find it difficult to be involved in their own church anymore.

Evangelicals in the United States are racially divided, and the core issue is power. While some leaders are calling for reconciliation, unity, and for more people of color to join their church or organization, when they see the cost involved, it is generally too high. That’s because a genuine “coming together” requires sharing power, including decision-making and money.

True, some people of color are now working as leaders in evangelical organizations, but they serve mostly as figureheads. They are seldom given real power to effect change—and plenty of outstanding people of color have left evangelical organizations for just this reason.

Unfortunately, evangelicals don’t see racial diversity in their churches and organizations as an issue of survival. That is, even if we ignore biblical mandates about what the church should look like, we still have issues of credibility. **I believe that race and ethnicity are the number one issues facing our generation, and if we as Christians ignore them, we will lose our voice in the world.**

I’m not saying that reconciliation is easy. Sharing power is not easy. I’ve seen many evangelicals hear the cry for racial reconciliation, and it’s like the story of the rich

young ruler. They are attracted to the idea. Wouldn’t reconciliation be great! But when they start to count the cost and see what it all means, they say, “It’s just too idealistic.”

The problem is that they aren’t talking about genuine racial reconciliation. They do not understand the power-sharing issue, and **their concept of diversity has no root in absolute values. Their reconciliation means simply a peace treaty or standoff: “If you won’t bother me, I won’t bother you.”**

In a standoff, we are not moving toward better relationships. We simply don’t want to offend. We won’t say bad things about Latinos, African-Americans, or Jews.

But that’s not necessarily a change of heart. It doesn’t mean we’ve agreed to share power and do the hard work of becoming a part of each other’s lives.

The business world faces lawsuits if they fail to address issues of diversity. That’s why IBM and banks look more racially diverse than the church. They have an incentive. Churches, however, don’t have a legal incentive, and they’re not using the Word of God as their incentive.

For these reasons, we don’t often see racial reconciliation and growing diversity in our evangelical organizations. When it occurs, it’s usually on more an individual level—courageous people making a commitment to live differently.

There are practical steps that individuals can take to help achieve racial reconciliation. **It’s hard for adults to change their attitudes, but we can teach our children from an early age that racial reconciliation is part of being Christian. They should learn that respecting other human beings is as important as reading their Bible.**



At the same time, more of us need to work on creating strategic models of racial reconciliation. We must invite the Holy Spirit to show us how. **Let's make reconciliation an agenda item, put money toward it, and invite in new voices, the very people who we would normally marginalize.** Then together we can create a powerful, life-giving presence in a racially divided world.

Brenda Salter McNeil is a regional coordinator of multi-ethnic training for InterVarsity Christian Fellowship. She received a master of divinity degree from Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena, Calif. in 1984. She is a nationally recognized speaker on issues of race, gender, and reconciliation. Barbara Thompson is a free-lance writer in Decatur, Ga.

FAITH BEFORE RACE

by Spencer Perkins

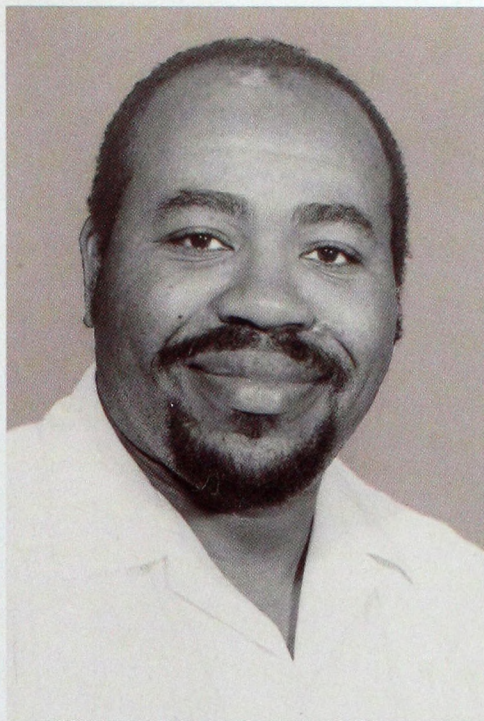
With all the ethnic and racial conflicts happening worldwide, it almost appears that God made a big mistake when he created humanity with so many superficial differences. To develop a light-skinned people and a dark-skinned people—surely God must have been on a long coffee break when this happened. What was he thinking?

Suppose God needed a New Testament sign to set his followers apart, to show the world the power of his gospel. What greater sign than the reconciliation of alienated people? **Vanney Samuels of Bangalore, India has called reconciliation, "One sign and wonder, biblically speaking, that alone can prove the power of the gospel." He goes on to say that Hindus and Islamic saints in India can produce and duplicate every miracle produced by Christianity except the miracle of black and white unity.**

Several years ago, my family moved into an all-white neighborhood. Within months, for sale signs started popping up. Within a few years, the neighborhood had made the familiar metamorphosis into an all-black community. As a black Christian moving into that neighborhood, I thought our faith would matter more than our race. But I found that even among Christians, race matters.

Yet if Christians could learn to put faith before race, it would witness so powerfully to non-Christian onlookers. As a black evangelical, I would like white evangelicals to understand three things:

1. Evangelical Christianity needs to be authenticated. Given the history of racial strife in America and the un-Christian-like behavior that has gone on in the name



of Christ, evangelicalism needs authentication. **Overcoming racial and ethnic divisions offers Christians the chance to show non-Christians the depth of our faith.**

Demonstrating racial healing and unity to the unbelieving world would support our claims that Jesus Christ is the answer. The world would have to acknowledge that our gospel has the power to do what governments, ideologies, and other religions can't. And when they ask us why and how reconciliation is possible—what a perfect opportunity for evangelism!

2. Reconciliation differs from the integration of the '60s and multiculturalism of the '90s. Thirty years ago, I fought on the front lines of the battle to integrate America. At age 13, I battled to desegregate Mississippi's schools. For two years my five brothers and sisters and I withstood the daily abuse that came with attending an all-white school in the mid-'60s. But our goal was clear: to break down the legal barriers that separated blacks from whites, and which limited our opportunities to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Although we achieved the legal victories, it left a bittersweet taste in my mouth. The legal changes dramatically improved our quality of life, but in no way achieved the brotherhood of which Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and young idealists like I dreamed. Laws can't force the descendants of slaves and former slave owners to sit down at the table of brotherhood together. That can only happen when both want it.

That's why it's important to understand that reconciliation is much different from integration.

While integration was a political concept, reconciliation is spiritual. Integration forced some people to change their behavior. Reconciliation invites the changing of hearts. Integration forced some Americans to live up to what our country claims to believe. Reconciliation asks Christians to live up to the high ideal of oneness that Christ taught.

Reconciliation is also much more than the multiculturalism and tolerance taught in the '90s. Tolerance isn't enough. Reconciliation encourages us to demonstrate love by not only tolerating but embracing each other.

3. Don't expect too much too fast. It took us a long time to dig the racial hole we stand in today. We'll need patience and perseverance to dig ourselves out.

Evangelicals must understand that black Christians have adjusted well to this country's segregated Christianity. Few tears were shed when black freedmen in the 1800s discovered that both their former slave masters and liberators refused to worship God with them. As a result, **a large and proud black church has developed in this country, and it's not all that excited about mixing it up with whites. Having the courage to forgive and trust will be as difficult for some blacks as it has been for white evangelicals to discover their racial blinders.**

So evangelicals who are serious about racial healing are going to have to persevere.

Despite all the obstacles and negative history that separates us, however, reconciliation is already beginning.

From all over the Christian world, especially among evangelicals whose past silence gave consent, the word "reconciliation" is buzzing, from black and white Pentecostals in Memphis to black and white evangelicals in Chicago, to the massive Promise Keepers movement, to the grass-roots Christian Community Development Association.

Sure, there will be setbacks. Sure, some will say that our efforts are too little, too late. But God has promised that if we, his people, will step over the rubble of the wall that has already been torn down between us, his name will be lifted up, and people of all races and nationalities will be drawn to him.

To evangelicals, whose prime concern is to introduce the world to Jesus Christ: Keep pursuing reconciliation. It just may be the best way to reach our goal.

Spencer Perkins is editor of Urban Family magazine and the Reconciler, a publication for people serious about racial healing. He, his wife, Nancy, and their three children live in Jackson, Miss.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

LET THE EARTH BE GLAD

In partnership with the Evangelical Environmental Network, World Vision offers an environmental church curriculum kit, *Let the Earth Be Glad*.

The kit recommends practical ways churches can help the poor by caring for God's creation. It contains resources for groups ranging from preschoolers through adults, including activities for children, retreat

groups, and adult study groups. Ideas include sermons on creation care and church property management, and advice on wise consumption. *Let the*



Earth Be Glad provokes deeper reflection on God's provisions for the earth and how abuse of its resources affects us today. The Evangelical Environmental Network, which won a national award for excellence in 1994, currently works with 825 churches, with the goal of reaching 1,400 churches nationwide.

For more information, or to order a kit priced at \$49, call the Evangelical Environmental Network at (610) 645-9392.

CONFERENCE TO DISCUSS CHURCH TRENDS

Future trends and questions relevant to the church in the '90s will be addressed at a national conference at the Glen Eyrie Conference Center, Colorado Springs, Colo., sponsored by Gospel Light and *Current Thoughts and Trends* magazine, from March 18-21.

"Trends Affecting You and The Church" will address such questions as: Where is the church in the United States headed? Are megachurches the wave of the future? How is ministry changing? How can the church effectively reach out to people in the '90s?

Featured speakers include George Barna, president of the Barna Group, a Los Angeles marketing and research company, and Russell Chandler, former religion writer for the *Los Angeles Times*. Registration costs range from \$300-\$500. For more information, call (800) 944-4536.

MAKING CONNECTIONS



Sociologist Andrew Billingsley, author of *Black Families in White America*, identified three types of churches: one private, one involved, and a third intensely enmeshed in community affairs.

African-American churches can enhance involvement in their communities by discovering the broad range of information offered by the Information Services Clearinghouse. ISC members receive the Interlock newsletter, *Interlock Info*, which

covers church issues worldwide; *Church Steps*, the African American Church Resource Guide; and ISC conference information. *A Directory of African American Religious Bodies* is another resource available. The ISC also offers programs ranging from continuing education to courses in computer technologies.

The Clearinghouse also focuses on preventing violence and drug abuse with a new Regional Alcohol and Drug Awareness Resource Network Specialty Center, RADAR.

The ISC is located at the Howard University School of Divinity in Washington, D.C.

For information, or to become a member of ISC, call (202) 806-0750.

Compiled and written by Stephanie Stevenson

WITH HEART AND HAND

Andrew Young, former U.S. ambassador to the United Nations asks, "Why are children more hostile and violent today than in the early 1900s? Is the church the missing link in children's development?"

With Heart and Hand, by Susan D. Newman, is a book for people who want to make a difference in the lives

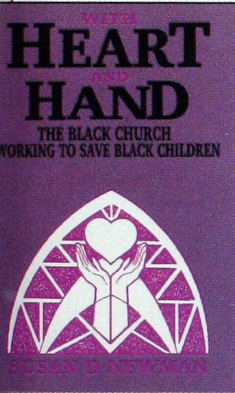
of children in their communities. It focuses on 10 model ministries in black churches of the United States that are helping children build their futures.

Each chapter includes a church ministry goal, program

description, financial sources, space and resource needs, and suggestions for volunteer training.

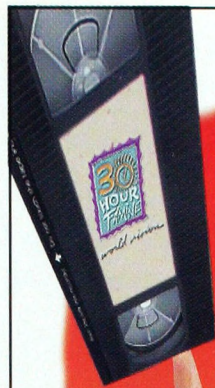
Instructions are included on how to write a successful proposal requesting grant money. The book also lists foundations that support African American churches' work with children, and national organizations that work for children.

To obtain a copy of *With Heart and Hand*, priced at \$8, call (800) 4JUDSON.



“ Don't pray when it rains if you don't pray when the sun shines.

—Satchel Paige
legendary baseball pitcher **”**



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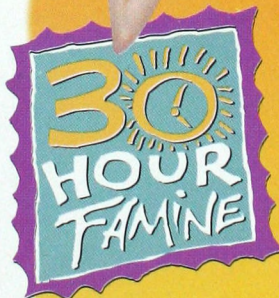
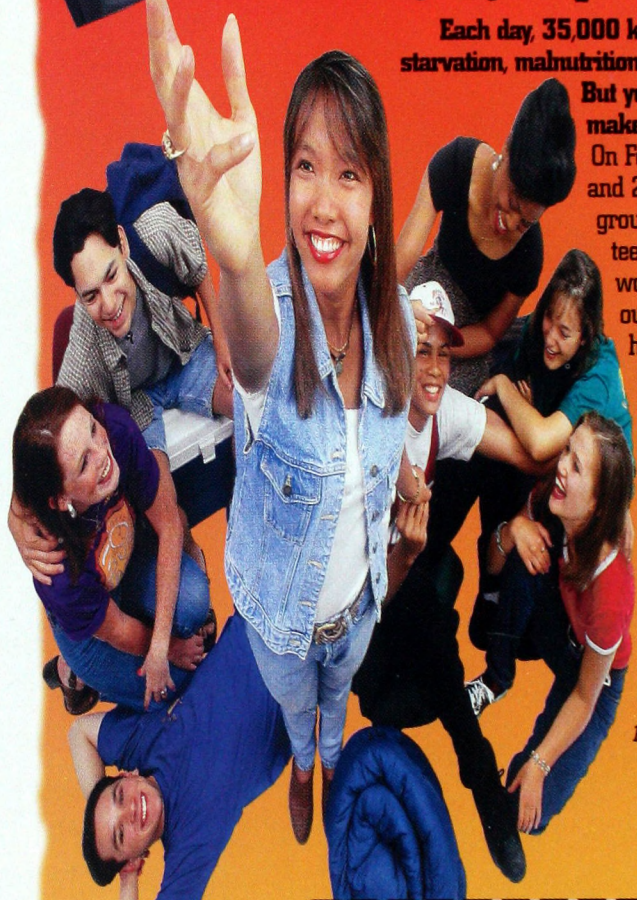
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MY FAMILY'S LEGACY

BY DR. PAUL BRAND AS TOLD TO PHILIP YANCEY

MY MOTHER BECAME SOMETHING OF A LEGEND IN THE HILLS OF SOUTH INDIA, AND WHENEVER I VISIT THERE NOW I AM TREATED LIKE THE LONG-LOST SON OF A BELOVED QUEEN. THE PEOPLE OF THE SETTLEMENT PLACE A FLORAL LEI AROUND MY NECK, SERVE ME A FEAST ON BANANA LEAVES, AND PUT ON A PROGRAM OF SONGS AND TRADITIONAL DANCES IN THE CHAPEL. INEVITABLY, SOME OF THEM STAND AND REMINISCE ABOUT GRANNY BRAND, AS THEY CALL HER. ON MY LAST VISIT, THE MAIN SPEAKER WAS A PROFESSOR IN A NURSING SCHOOL. SHE SAID SHE WAS ONE OF THE CHILDREN ABANDONED BY THE ROADSIDE AND "ADOPTED" BY MY MOTHER, WHO NURSED HER TO HEALTH, GAVE HER A PLACE TO LIVE, AND ARRANGED FOR HER EDUCATION ALL THE WAY THROUGH GRADUATE SCHOOL.

Not as many people remember my father, although an Indian doctor inspired by his life recently moved to the Kollis and opened the Jesse Brand Memorial Clinic. The house where we lived as a family still stands, and out back I can see the site of my tree house high in the jackfruit tree. I always visit the graves with their twin tombstones, and each time, I weep for the memory of my parents, two loving human beings who gave themselves so fully to so many. I had few years with them, far too few. But together they left me a priceless legacy.

I admired my father's even temperament, his scholarship, and his calm self-assurance, all of which my mother lacked. But through an abundance of courage and compassion she found her own way into the hearts of the hill people. The story of the guinea worm, the focal point of many horrible scenes of suffer-

ing from my childhood, may serve to capture their differences in style.

The guinea worm parasite infested most of the hill people at one time or another. Ingested in drinking water, the larvae penetrated the intestinal wall, got into the bloodstream, and migrated to soft tissues, usually settling down next to a vein. Though only the width of the lead in a pencil, the worms grew to enormous lengths, as much as a yard. You could sometimes see them rippling under the skin. If a sore developed, for example on the hip of a woman who carried a water pot, a guinea worm's tail might protrude through the boil. Yet if the woman killed the partially exposed worm, the rest of its body would decay inside her, causing an infection.

My father treated hundreds of guinea worm infections. Normally, I loved watching him work, but whenever one of

these patients showed up I ran and hid. Buckets of blood and pus would gush out when Dad lanced the swollen arm or thigh. He would stab along the line of abscesses with his knife or scalpel, probing for any residue of the decaying worm. With no anesthetic available, the patient could only grip the arms and hands of relatives, and stifle a scream.

Ever the inquisitive scientist, my father also studied the parasite's life cycle. He learned that the adult form was extremely sensitive to cold water, a fact he took advantage of. He had a patient stand in a pail of cold water for a few minutes until, *prick*, a guinea worm tail popped through the skin and busily started laying eggs in the water through its oviduct.

My father deftly seized the tail of the guinea worm and wound it around a small twig or matchstick. He pulled hard enough to get a few inches of the worm around the twig but not so hard as to break it off, then taped the twig to the patient's leg with adhesive. The worm would gradually adjust downward to relieve the tension on its body, and several hours later my father could wind a few more inches around the twig.

After many hours (or several days in the event of a long guinea worm), he would pull out the entire length of the guinea worm, and the patient would be rid of the parasite, with no danger of infection.

My father perfected the technique and took great pride in his skill at coaxing out the offenders. My mother never matched him in technique, and despised the messy process of treatment. After his



C

LOCKWISE

FROM TOP LEFT:

EVELYN AND JESSIE,

PAUL AND CONNIE

death she concentrated instead on prevention, applying what he had learned about the parasite's life cycle.

The guinea worm problem centered around the water supply. An infested villager who stood in the shallow well to dip a bucket was giving the guinea worm an ideal opportunity to pop out and lay eggs. These hatched into larvae that some other villager would scoop into a bucket and drink, activating the cycle all over again.

Mother led an all-out crusade to reform village water practices. She lectured the people, making them promise they would never stand in the wells and ponds, or drink water without first straining it. She badgered the government into stocking the larger ponds with fish to eat the larvae. She taught villagers to build stone walls around their wells in order to keep animals and children out of the drinking water. My mother had boundless energy and unshakable conviction. It took 15 years, but in the end she eradicated guinea worm infections from the entire range of hills.

Years later, when officials from the Malaria Eradication Unit came to the Kol-

**I ADMIRER
MY FATHER'S
EVEN TEMPERAMENT, HIS
SCHOLARSHIP, HIS CALM
SELF-ASSURANCE—**

**MY MOTHER'S
ABUNDANCE OF COURAGE
AND COMPASSION.**

lis with plans to spray DDT and kill the *Anopheles* mosquito, they met suspicious villagers who blocked their path, threw stones, and chased them away with dogs. The officials ended up dealing with a wrinkled old woman named Granny Brand. If she approved, the villagers said, they would go along. She had their trust, the most precious commodity any health worker can earn. She did approve, and the war against *Anopheles* continued until malaria was effectively abolished from the Koli Malai. (Unfortunately, the *Anopheles* has now become resistant to most insecticides, and drug-resistant malaria is making a comeback across India.) ☉

Philip Yancey is a free-lance writer in Evergreen, Colo. This article is excerpted from the book Pain: The Gift That Nobody Wants, © 1994, with permission of Harper Collins.

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NEXT TO THE LAST WORD

The Christian community lost a beloved statesman in the homegoing of the Rev. Richard Halverson, who died of congestive heart failure on Nov. 28, 1995 at the age of 79.

Halverson served as chaplain of the United States Senate for 14 years and senior pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Bethesda, Md., for more than 22 years. During his long career he wrote 21 books.

World Vision is indebted to Halverson for decisive leadership as a member of its board of directors and chairman of the board from 1966 to 1983. In the agency's early years, he traveled widely with founder Bob Pierce. He often told the story of awaking in the middle of the night to hear Pierce praying in his sleep for needy children of the world. Halverson also served as World Vision's interim president in the late 1960s.

A tribute to Halverson from those who knew and loved him is scheduled for our April-May 1996 issue.

—Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

Volume 40, Number 1

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SEND THE CARD AND PRUNE THE ROSES

It all seemed so petty, the day they stopped exchanging greeting cards. In the Bosnian city of Zenica, a church leader told me that he and the local heads of other faiths used to honor each other with cards commemorating high holy days. The Orthodox Christian priest would write to the Islamic Mufti at Ramadan. When Christmas came, the Mufti would reciprocate. The Roman Catholic priest also joined the cordial exchange.

Two years into the recent ethnic war, the Orthodox priest stopped receiving a greeting. Hurt, confused, he waited another year then angrily stopped sending his own greeting.

In this war, no slight was overlooked. A minor snub could pit neighbor against neighbor. Fear and prejudice degenerated into a mindset that demanded "ethnic cleansing." First your greeting card stops, then so does mine. Soon, it's kill or be killed.

With this mindset, relationships that cannot be restored must be destroyed. Destroyed completely! What follows is a systematic, intentional stamping out of the other person's worth as a human being—his dignity, self-esteem, respect. The multiple rapes; the killing of children to prevent retaliation in the next generation; the slow, torturous deaths of men—all are designed to traumatize the remnant. This is the ultimate in abusive, brutal power.

But people who perform such acts are never safe. Differences that never can be tolerated always will produce fear. Fear leads to more aggression, more killing, more war.

Where can we begin reconciliation, when wounds are so deep, ethnicity so distorted, hatred so rampant, and evil so deeply entrenched? Perhaps it is with the simple things. Maybe even by sending a greeting card that no longer is expected as war finally exhausts itself on its own carnage. Perhaps we send the card, even though we haven't received one yet. A little thing, but we do it intentionally. Then we are careful not to grow weary in well-doing.

Ultimately, no other alternative is acceptable. And no other gospel will work. If our gospel is to be good news to the people of Bosnia, reconciliation—the heart of the gospel—needs to be made visibly incarnational at every opportunity.

No place is too insignificant to start. No courtesy will be overlooked. No display of hospitality will go unappreciated by heaven's angels.

As I traveled from Zenica to the Bosnian capital



Bob Seiple walks amid the ruins of Gornji Vakuf town in central Bosnia.

of Sarajevo, I saw destruction everywhere, World War II type, achieved with artillery and machine guns. The Sarajevo Holiday Inn overlooking the infamous "Sniper Alley" is in disarray, virtually every window on one side shattered.

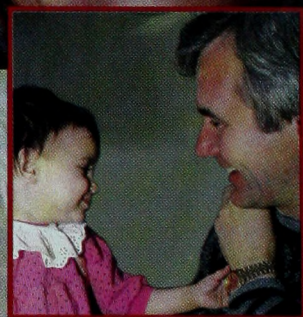
The sniper fire continued while I was there. One person was killed and more injured on a tram, even as the ink dried on the peace accord. Where will all this lead? Where will it end? I'm not sure anyone knows.

But amazingly, in front of the hotel, someone had taken time to prune the roses. Flower bushes prepared for spring are a sign of hope. An initiative that believes in tomorrow. A forward-looking act, not much, but very visible. Maybe people will notice. I did. May many people in Sarajevo respond in kind.

Intentional acts, easily replicated. The first infant steps toward reconciliation. Prune the roses. Send the card, even if one might not be returned. Imagine a better future. Build it. Make it visible, incarnationally. ☉

*As I
traveled
to the
Bosnian
capital of
Sarajevo,
I saw
destruction
everywhere.*

JESUS STILL MULTIPLIES LOAVES TO FEED THE HUNGRY



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Gary Dennis,
Pastor, La Cañada
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WORLD VISION[®]

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BOSNIA:

Voices from a Lacerated Land

BY SUZANNE NELSON

THE BLACK-HUED MOUNTAINS, CRUMBLING FORTRESSES, AND GLITTERING ADRIATIC SEASHORE OF THE FORMER YUGOSLAVIA CAN TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY. NOT LONG AGO, THE COUNTRY WAS A FAVORITE TOURIST PLAYGROUND. NOW LARGE PARTS OF THE LAND LIE DEVASTATED BY ITS FIERCE MULTI-ETHNIC WAR.

THE BREAKUP OF THE COUNTRY TOOK MANY YUGOSLAVIANS BY SURPRISE. IN 1990, THE REPUBLIC'S VARIOUS ETHNIC GROUPS BEGAN TO RESURRECT OLD NATIONALIST CAUSES LONG SUPPRESSED BY SOCIALIST RULERS. GROWING SEPARATIST FEELING AMONG SERBS, YUGOSLAVIA'S LARGEST ETHNIC GROUP, WAS MET BY DEMANDS FOR POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE IN SLOVENIA, CROATIA, AND EVENTUALLY BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA.

IN 1991, FIGHTING FLARED BETWEEN CROATIA AND THE FEDERATION OF SERBIA AND MONTENEGRO THAT CONTINUED TO CALL ITSELF YUGOSLAVIA.

IN 1992, THE WAR SPREAD TO BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA, A MULTI-ETHNIC REGION WHERE ABOUT 4 MILLION ROMAN CATHOLIC CROATS, EASTERN ORTHODOX SERBS, AND SLAVIC MUSLIMS LONG HAD LIVED AND WORKED TOGETHER.



DAVID BROWNE / WORLD VISION

All three sides committed atrocities as they fought to defend or carve out territories, although Serbs stand accused of the greatest share. In 1992 alone, Serbs evicted three-quarters of a million Muslims from their homes. Some of the victims were displaced a second time by Croat-Muslim fighting. Meanwhile, media crews from around the world captured the almost daily bloodletting. Stories of starvation, rape, and torture were commonplace.

While fragile peace treaties have come and gone on the battle lines, the suffering meted out by the war continues unabated. You can see it most clearly in the eyes of countless women and children, victims of strife that has destroyed countless homes and claimed an estimated 300,000 lives. Almost 80 percent of the casualties in Yugoslavia's war are women and children. Many have been caught in the middle of the brutal firefight combining ancient ethnic strife and territorial ambitions with high-tech modern weaponry.

Thousands of people, especially among the urban, English-speaking younger generation, have emigrated abroad. Others have nowhere they can go. Their dismal refugee camps blot the landscape of Croatia, Serbia, Montenegro, and Hungary. An estimated 1.5 million displaced people remain in Bosnia alone.

People beyond the boundaries of the conflict cannot understand the extent of the anguish and need without somehow entering the lives of women and children who endure them daily, the casualties of a country gone insane. The following pages tell the stories of a few victims caught in the war and one American who visited their land. The stories reflect the plight of millions of people in a once tranquil and well-ordered region of Europe.

As the world hopes and prays for lasting peace there, organizations like World Vision are providing much-needed aid to more than 2 million victims of the war, most of them women and children. Without this help, the pain of war would linger and pass to new generations.

FINDING HER TEARS

In April 1992, as Bosnia sank into madness, Razija Vukas' life turned into a nightmare.

"There was such a silence in the town," says Razija, 29, a soft-spoken textile engineer from Rogatica, a predominantly Muslim town in eastern Bosnia. "I had a feeling something very bad was going to happen, because the dogs were barking so terribly."

The eerie silence continued for three weeks. Then Serb forces began 24-hour bombardment. One night as artillery shells whistled in and exploded, Razija set out for the other side of town to visit her brother, who had been shot by a sniper. While they were talking, a grenade suddenly exploded and Razija was hit by shrapnel.

"I touched my body and my hand was covered with blood," Razija says. "I had a big hole in my chest."

Razija was taken to her sister's house. She stayed there four days as the fighting continued. Then on June 23, Bosnian Army officials ordered the townspeople to flee.

"At first my mother said we would surrender because I was so sick," Razija recalls. But she insisted that she could walk. "I could hardly move for the first 200 meters," she says, "and then all of a sudden I had no pain. I think God sent that to me."

The family began a hellish flight with a column of terrified refugees hoping to make their way through Bosnian Serb territory. Walking along a river, the column ran into artillery fire. A woman next to Razija was killed.

Panic-stricken, the refugees reached a railway tunnel. Everybody ran around trying to discover who had been killed. Razija found a 4-year-old cousin "full of bullet holes." She says, "I bandaged him up, but after half an hour the little boy died." As she tried to help the boy's wounded father, his mother tried to commit suicide.

Razija and her sister continued the dangerous journey, walking at

night, hiking up and down mountains. By November they arrived in Fojnica in central Bosnia, where they found refuge with a friend.

Razija stops, her blue eyes welling with tears as she relives the events. She says it feels good to find her tears.

Today Razija volunteers at a local hospital for mentally and physically disabled children. She says the work has "made me human again."

She first saw handicapped children while visiting an institution where 240 cold and neglected patients were supervised by a few staff members and volunteers. Many of the children were on the verge of death. Razija then volunteered to work at an institution near Fojnica. There, lack of cleaning supplies leave the halls smelling acrid and wet. Clothes are draped over stair railings to dry. But in a time that offers few certainties and comforts, work is one of the few things that keeps her going.

"Many things are happening to us that we don't like, but we still have to endure," says Razija, who now occupies a vacated Bosnian Croat house with her family. "I hope one day I will be able to earn my own living and support myself."

Razija Vukas, displaced by war, now works with handicapped children. She says the experience "made me human again."



SUZANNE NELSON / WORLD VISION



SUZANNE NELSON / WORLD VISION

“People here know how to do many things. They just need a little support.”

Mensudia Cuplov (lower center) organizes war victims to build support groups and businesses.

STANDING TOGETHER

Despite what she’s been through, Mensudia Cuplov doesn’t look or act downtrodden. Nor does she allow other women in her hearing to think of themselves as hapless casualties of war.

“Women in these war areas are now the heads of families. They have to feed the children, find clothing, welcome the husband home with a warm meal,” says Mensudia, a Muslim refugee in her 30s who helped form the Association of Civilian War Victims in Fojnica, the central Bosnian town, which is shattered by shelling.

“People here know how to do many things. They just need a little support. They don’t like standing in line for humanitarian aid.”

Instead of bemoaning their losses or complaining about the miseries of their circumstances, Mensudia and her friends in the association are working to recover economic self-sufficiency and a sense of dignity. The association started a tailoring shop with four sewing machines and a shoestring budget. The shop is small, but it’s one of the few businesses operating in Fojnica.

The chance for women to learn new skills is important. Most factories in Bosnia are quiet, and normal business is at a standstill.

For the women, the tailoring business provides economic stability, Mensudia says. They also find working

together therapeutic. The close-knit, nurturing environment allows them to speak of traumatic war experiences without risking public humiliation.

In much of rural Bosnia, especially among Muslims, rape is more than an act of hostility and aggression. It also showers disgrace upon the victim and shames the entire family. The association is tight-lipped about which women were raped or held in camps where rape often occurred.

Though Mensudia was not raped, she has seen the trauma of sexual assault. “I was seven months pregnant when I was arrested,” she says. “We were placed in one room—33 of us—with 10 to 15 children. For 20 days they beat us with rifles.”

Mensudia was present while other women were raped. “We never knew who’d be taken next,” she says. “There was constant fear.”

After almost two months in a second camp, Mensudia’s labor pains began. She spent 15 days in labor before the soldiers let her go, telling her she would bear a dead baby. She gave birth to a healthy, 11-pound boy.

“Those 11 pounds changed my life,” she says smiling. “He gave me the incentive for all the things I’m doing now—new strength, everything.”

When she moved to Fojnica, she was happy just to take care of her baby, and she stayed to herself for a year. When finally she ventured out, however, she suffered an unexpected trial. She was the subject of malicious gossip.

“The townspeople thought I had been raped and had a Serb baby,” Mensudia says. “They were staring at me. But I held my head high. I didn’t fall into depression or give them reason to gossip about me. I told myself, ‘I don’t care. I have a child with the husband I love.’ In time, the gossip ended. Now I’m a very respected member of the community.”

While Mensudia still suffers psychological wounds, she says women in her association have developed a highly effective support network. Tears come to them easily. So do hugs and kisses.

“We see ourselves as ready to help other people who have suffered our experience,” she says. Meanwhile, Mensudia wants the international community to show more respect and less pity for the victims of Bosnia’s war. “We want people to see that what we need is to stand strong again.”

“I touched my body, and my hand was covered with blood. I had a big hole in my chest.”

STRENGTH AND RECONCILIATION

Over the past four years, Vesna Kondic, 33, has survived snipers, long periods of freezing temperatures, and rocket grenades. But nothing was worse than being separated from her 9-year-old son.

In April 1992, Vesna left her sick son with a sister-in-law in a distant town, returning to her job as a department head in a marketing firm in the Bosnian capital, Sarajevo. Shortly afterward, war came to the city. It was four long months before she saw him again.

"The next time I saw my son, he was completely broken," says Vesna. The boy had seen on television the fighting that was consuming Sarajevo. "My husband and I had given him everything—all the love and material things we could manage. But I had to take him to a psychiatrist. He was following me everywhere, even to the toilet."

The trauma that the war has inflicted upon her son is the only thing she so far can't forgive, she says. But she keeps trying. She knows that forgiveness and reconciliation are the only hope for healing Bosnia.

Soon after the fighting began, Vesna's life became a bizarre pattern of rituals and survival techniques. She was always alert to which part of town was being shelled. She never sat in front of windows or doors.

One day, Vesna's workplace caught fire. Meanwhile, a sniper in a nearby building fired at her office and bullets hit the radiators, releasing jets of steam. She and her workmates lay on the floor trying to breathe the remaining air. Vesna's boss told them they would have to make a break for it.

"He said, 'We'll have to go outside or we'll be boiled alive,'" Vesna recalls. "He divided us into small groups and said, 'Go. Who survives, survives; who is killed, is killed.'"

Vesna escaped Sarajevo to her native town of Fojnica, which was still relatively peaceful. But war soon arrived there too.

"Women can and must do more to integrate Croats, Serbs, and Muslims. Every day of peace means many less victims."

She tells of walking down a street one day when she heard the whiz of an incoming artillery shell. Vesna knew she had only seconds to decide what to do and took three steps back. Three teenaged girls just ahead of her, inexperienced and confused, stopped.

"I remember the girls smiling at me. They thought it was a joke," Vesna says, describing how the explosion hurled their bodies into the air. "Later, at the hospital, I saw them come in. One showed signs of life. I prayed that she would die, because she was just a piece of meat."

Vesna was wounded in the legs. Today she still has difficulty walking. Despite her injuries, however, she serves as a humanitarian volunteer. Every day, from 7 a.m. until late in the evening, she works with the local Red Cross and other organizations.

Vesna insists on ethnic tolerance in her family, the result of being raised by a Serbian mother and a Muslim father who taught her respect for people of all backgrounds.

She insists, "Women can and must do more to reintegrate Croats, Serbs, and Muslims. Every day of peace means many less victims. I think of how I used to be afraid of the dark. Now it's funny to even mention fear. Until now, I didn't realize how much strength we have in ourselves."

Not So Far Away

Was it awful?" my friend Jane asks as we sit in my comfortable suburban living room the day after I return from a trip to Bosnia.

She's a good friend and I want her to understand how I'm feeling. But I see fear in her eyes, the I-really-don't-want-to-know look that I will encounter whenever I tell someone where I've been. "No, it wasn't awful," I say. "It was incredible. I want to go back."

"Really?" she asks incredulously. "It sounds so dangerous, so overwhelming on the news. I guess I just try to block it out."

I nod in understanding. Before I went to Bosnia I tried to block it out too. There were just too many shocking headlines to absorb. And my initial horror gave way to frustration as I listened to diplomats and strategists bicker over the best course of action. Yet while they couldn't come up with a solution, I couldn't even understand the problems.

But then I went to Bosnia. I wasn't being particularly brave or directed. As a World Vision board member it was just my turn to travel to an area of the world where we were working. Since I had to be in Frankfurt on business anyway, Bosnia was an obvious destination.

I arrived in mid-October, just one week after the cease-fire was declared, and I was assured that I would visit only safe areas. World Vision staff would drive me, translate for me, and take care of my arrangements. All I had to do was observe.

It sounded so simple then. But sitting back home in my decorated living room in a house that needs little more than new paint, I try to explain to my friend why my heart aches to be back in Bosnia, where many houses are no longer standing and where no one worries about decor.

I describe for her the beauty of the former Yugoslavia. Croatia's coastline, as stunning as any I have seen in Greece. Bosnia's mountains and wide rivers, which reminded me of Switzerland. The ancient Turkish relics and the edifices of the Hapsburg era. The quaint

stone houses and the picturesque wooden bridges.

I tell her about Mostar, the ancient city that stood for 500 years as one of the most outstanding examples of Turkish architecture. The "friendship bridge" that spanned the Neretva River attracted tourists from all over the world until it was hit by missiles during the recent war and reduced to rubble, like much of the once-beautiful city.

Describing Bosnia's quaint villages, I explain how horrible it is to see some houses burned and shelled while their neighbors' are left standing. In some towns I saw mosques levelled and Muslim homes burned. In other cities the Catholic Croatians' churches and homes are destroyed. Sometimes I passed villages where everything looked normal—and then I saw them: the homes of the families that were on "the wrong side." The people who lived together for years, even married one another, then turned against each other in the name of ethnic cleansing.

It is hard to imagine how such nice

"A trip to the former Yugoslavia showed me that the issues that divide people there are not so different from the struggles we face in our own country."

people did this to one another. Everywhere I went, people showed me kindness and generosity, no matter how meager their own rations. They are warm and open, with remarkably intact senses of humor. And they are resourceful, resilient, and every bit the sophisticated Europeans they were before the war. Even refugees I met took pride in styling their hair and wearing makeup.

Most are well-educated, industrious, and aware of the rest of the world. CNN is still beamed into this country, and word travels quickly about stories reported on U.S. television. They know about O.J. and Newt, and they know that we have watched footage of their war day after day and still did nothing. They don't seem bitter, just confused. "How could you watch innocent people be killed and do nothing?" one woman asked me.

Others are more interested in talking about U.S. politics and culture. "Why do blacks and whites hate each other?" a man asked me, and I stuttered in response that it looks worse on the news than in daily life. I tried to tell him that in reality we live together quite happily for the most part, and he said, "Yes, just like Serbs and Bosnians." As I relate this conversation to my friend Jane, I realize I have tears in my eyes.

Dale Hanson Bourke stands at a road sign reflecting days before Yugoslavia split into warring fragments.



BRIAN SELLERS-PETERSON / WORLD VISION



I explain to her that I have spent a week with people she would like, people who probably had lives very much like we do, until the war began and they started killing one another. I tell her how chilling it is to spend time in a country that seems so normal on one level and is so decimated on another.

I had heard many of the gory stories before, and I heard them repeated in Bosnia matter-of-factly. Tortures so hideous that I can't imagine who conceived of them. Deliberate killings of children. Rapes and murders of women begging for mercy from former neighbors.

I looked at those people who are so like me and tried to imagine what manner of lunacy descended on them. I wondered why no one said, "Stop!" when the craziness began.

I want to go back to Bosnia because I have come to love the people and the place. I must go back because I know I can help. And there is something else: I need to go back because I want to better understand how people like me could hurt each other so ruthlessly.

"The problems that tore apart Yugoslavia are not so different from the problems we face in this country," I tell my friend, and I see the look return to her eyes. I don't want to know, she says wordlessly. And I realize then that before I go back again to my new friends in Bosnia I need to talk more to my old friends here. My friends who are comfortable and secure in the belief that such cruelty could never happen in this coun-

try. That we are somehow more humane, more intelligent, more restrained than the former Yugoslavians.

I want them to understand what is good about Bosnia and Croatia so they can understand just how bad it is that this tragedy has occurred. I want to explain how much these people need help, how I am tempted to fill up suitcases and fly 10 short hours to unload blankets and socks and hats that may save lives.

I went to Bosnia as an observer. But I have returned a changed woman. I'm an advocate now. I need to tell friends and strangers here about a far off place called Bosnia that could be right next door. I want to help Bosnia before it is too late. And I want us to learn to look at Bosnia with open eyes so that we have the courage to see just how much their problems are like our own. I want us to see how easily hatred can grip a society and turn friends and neighbors into enemies. ☉

Elderly man eats soup made with tables provided by World Vision at a reverted kindergarten in Maglaj. Now it is alter for 40 to 50 elderly people with means of caring for themselves.

HOW WORLD VISION IS HELPING

World Vision has worked in cooperation with other humanitarian agencies in the former Yugoslavia almost since the start of the conflict there. Now the task of providing even minimal aid to millions of refugees and displaced people in Bosnia and Croatia is enormous. Needs are growing more dire while supplies diminish.

EMERGENCY RELIEF:

World Vision provides food and medicine to hospitals, social welfare institutions, and refugee camps, and winterizes damaged homes. The institution for mentally and physically handicapped children in Fojnica, where Razija Vukas serves as a volunteer, is one of many examples where World Vision's help has made a crucial difference in the lives of war victims.

COUNSELING AND RECONCILIATION:

World Vision, in partnership with 10 local women's associations, is providing psycho-social trauma counseling for more than 5,600 displaced people. A mobile reconciliation unit is designed to train trauma counselors and support multi-ethnic work projects, while a special program helps teachers identify and treat war trauma in their students.

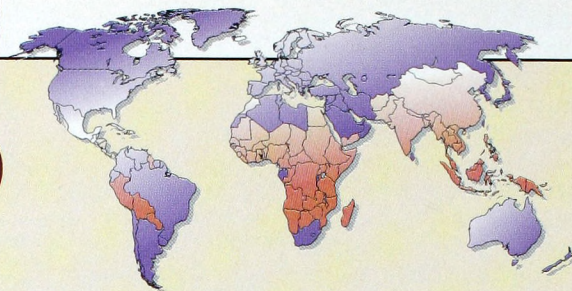
WOMEN'S INCOME GENERATION:

One of the most effective ways to help people endure the trauma of war is to aid them in becoming economically self-sufficient. "Skill development programs are the best form of therapy there is," says Seida Tomasevic, a World Vision worker, who points to the tailoring workshop in Fojnica, where Mensudia Cupolov works, as one of the most success-

ful income-generation projects World Vision has aided. World Vision supports projects for beekeeping, chicken farming, and rabbit raising, as well as job skill classes where women learn knitting, handicrafts, food preservation, candlestick making, and small-farm management. World Vision helped restore a cultural center in the community of Zepce, which is used to teach women foreign languages and computer skills.



WORLD VISION NEWS



DEVASTATED LIBERIA NEEDS PEACE, AID

We just want peace in Liberia," said 18-year-old David Johnson, who told a World Vision worker that six years of brutal civil war in his West African country have robbed him of his childhood and his future.

Johnson, who refused to join a rebel faction, said the war, which began in 1989, ended his education in the sixth grade. "All I've done ... is eat and sleep," he said, adding, "I want to learn a trade, like mechanics, and do something useful."



KAREN HOMER / WORLD VISION

The mud-brick house of Larkpor Kelime, 5, bears children's graffiti: "No War" and "Peace to Liberia."

Many of his peers joined the fighting that cost huge numbers of Liberia's 2.5 million people their homes and perhaps 150,000 their lives. Children under 12 years of age became "SBUs" when they took up automatic rifles and machetes in rebel leader Charles Taylor's "small boys unit." In other factions, the mini-soldiers were known as "jungle warriors."

Now, as the nation stands in desperate need of food, medicines, and agricultural supplies, World Vision is working to raise as much as \$20 million for emergency assistance during 1996. Equally important are rehabilitation programs for people physically, socially, and mentally brutalized.

ANTI-MALARIA PROGRAM CUTS DEATHS IN LAOS VILLAGE

Continuing a policy of village-level assistance to the poor, a World Vision project in Laos has halted the depredations of malaria upon Kayong Kaew village in the Southeast Asian country's Champsak Province.

Malaria once killed an average of six people each year in the community of 33 families. In 1991, World Vision staff began working with villagers to keep grounds and houses clean and move domestic animals away from residences. The agency also provided mosquito nets treated with permethrin repellent to hang over beds. When no more than one villager died of malaria during 1994 and 1995, World Vision began plans to expand the malaria-prevention program to a large area of the country.

WV PROJECTS HELP LESSEN DRUG PROBLEM IN LEBANON

Two World Vision projects have joined a major drive to reduce drug production and use in Lebanon.

During the Middle Eastern country's civil war from 1978 to late 1991, Lebanon ranked sixth among the world's major drug producers. In one dry area where farmers had planted hashish, which grows well with little water, World Vision dug an artesian well to provide the region's 4,000 people with water for irrigation, then encouraged farmers to plant vegetables. Ultimately, the United Nations supervised destruction of 99 percent of Lebanon's hashish crop.

World Vision also assists a detoxification center at St. Charles Hospital near Beirut where teams of specialists provide addicts with medical and psychiatric care and counselling. During the war years, the number of drug addicts in

HEARING-IMPAIRED LEARN DENTAL TECHNOLOGY

In a unique program in the south Asian country of Sri Lanka, World Vision is helping train people with hearing impairments for careers in dental technology.

The course, offered at the Islamic Center for the Physically Handicapped in the town of Thihariya 22 miles northeast of the capital city, Colombo, takes advantage of a high demand for dental technicians in the island nation. Discarding the conventional lecture method, instructors teach with pictures and sign language that the students invented for technical terms.

Both teachers and students come from various ethnic and religious groups, aiding good will in a nation where race and faith are politically sensitive issues. Graduates of the course are finding ready employment in the dental profession.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE SHIFTING TO DEVELOPING WORLD

While Christian influence declines in Europe and Australia and shows no growth in North America, the church's center of gravity is shifting to the developing world, reports World Vision's Mission Advanced Research and Communications Center (MARC) in Monrovia, Calif.

Latin America today holds more Christians than Africa, Asia, or North America. The Christian church is growing fastest in Africa. Churches in countries on Asia's Pacific Rim are expanding rapidly and becoming major sources for missionaries and aid to the needy.

Christian missionaries from the United States are decreasing slightly. Meanwhile, the number of missionaries dispatched from the developing world continues to increase. Developing world

Lebanon grew to an estimated 80,000, most of them males between 18 and 45 years of age. Today the number is down to an estimated 12,200.

World Vision also provides its sponsored children in Lebanon with education about drug abuse, AIDS, nutrition, and other health topics.

MUSLIM OFFICIAL IN UGANDA THANKS WV FOR ASSISTANCE

Sheik Muhammed Kibanga, secretary general of the Supreme Muslim Council in Uganda, expressed amazement when he discovered World Vision helping children in a school founded by Muslims.

The primary school, along with schools operated by Protestant and Catholic groups, lies in the Rakai area of southern Uganda, where one of the

world's worst AIDS epidemics has orphaned a third of the area's children. Granting assistance solely on the basis of need, World Vision donors sponsor children in all the area's schools.

"We wish to register our sincere appreciation and thanks to World Vision," the Muslim leader wrote to the agency's local director, "for this remarkable ... sign of nondiscrimination."

WWII VET SETS UP FUND FOR RECENT WAR VICTIMS

A decorated veteran who learned compassion as he fought his way through World War II Europe has set up a private fund for war victims in Bosnia and Rwanda.

"I know what it's like in war—people going through garbage cans to scrape food off used tins," said Richard Dugger, 74, of Elgin, Ill., who landed at Italy's Anzio Beach then served at Bastogne in Belgium and at the crossing of the Rhine River in Germany.

The father of 15 children, who lives with his wife, Joanne, on Social Security and army disability payments, established separate bank accounts for each country. Seeding the funds with personal contributions, the couple solicited further donations from city officials, friends, and "everybody I can get a hold of."

Dugger, a longtime World Vision donor, is channeling the funds through the agency's relief programs to assist orphans and displaced people in the war-ravaged areas.



Cuban believers gather for worship at a Methodist church in downtown Havana.

missions are expected to overtake those of the West in the first decade of the coming century. 🌐


Orphaned by AIDS, 2-year-old Mary Nakabuga of Uganda looks toward an uncertain future.



DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

TERRY MADISON / WORLD VISION

What **BLACK**
CHRISTIANS
Want **WHITE**
CHRISTIANS
to Know



FOR MOST PEOPLE WHO GREW UP IN THE 1950S AND '60S, IMAGES OF RACIAL INJUSTICE, INTOLERANCE, AND SEGREGATION REMAIN INDELIBLY IMPRINTED ON THEIR MINDS.

Rosa Parks on a city bus in Montgomery, Ala.; police wielding firehoses in Selma, Ala.; and governors barricading college campuses in Birmingham, Ala. and Little Rock, Ark.—the battles for civil rights and equality were emotional, violent, moral, and deeply spiritual. Many of the leaders in the movement were deeply committed Christians, including activist-pastor Martin Luther King Jr., Professor William Pannell, of Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena, Calif., national radio personality Tom Skinner, and Pastor John Perkins of the Foundation on Reconciliation and Development in Pasadena.

These men of faith, and many others, battled not only political injustice but principalities and powers. And not without effect. Over the past 30 years, public schools have integrated, more African-Americans are studying in U.S. colleges and universities than ever before, and the racial makeup of most major corporations is gradually broadening. **Though much progress still needs to be made, African-Americans have made inroads into just about every major social institution in the United States—everywhere, seemingly, but the evangelical church.** There are white evangelical churches, there are black evangelical churches. There's the National Association of Evangelicals (NAE) and the National Black Association of Evangelicals (NBAE). And on it goes, despite Paul's proclamation in Galatians 3

that, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, slave nor free, male nor female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus."

In recent years, however, the people of God have been bridging the Great Divide. In 1994, leading black and white Pentecostal groups repented and united. Billy Graham identified racism as one of the major obstacles to revival in the United States. Promise Keepers, the national Christian men's organization meeting in sports stadiums across the country, made racial reconciliation one of its seven "promises" men must seek to fulfill. And last year, in Chicago, the NAE and the NBAE met for the first time in a giant step toward reconciliation.

The segregation of the evangelical church in the United States is a long-standing, painful wound on the Body of Christ. Healing that wound promises still more pain, because healing will require examining hard realities, past grievances, and deep-rooted fears.

In the interest of this task, **WORLD VISION magazine asked five leading African-American evangelicals to tell us what they most wanted white evangelical America to know.** Their responses on the following pages are edged with anger, their pleas tinged with frustration. But the responses are also filled with hope. Indeed, each one affirms that the gospel demands ongoing hope. As William Pannell said recently, racial reconciliation is "the Christian agenda. A fragmented church divided along racial and ethnic lines ... is a contradiction to the gospel itself."

For the sake of the gospel, we invite you to consider.

RESTORING A MISSING HISTORY

by Melvin Banks

On a recent broadcast of Focus on the Family, Dr. James Dobson took issue with the project known as Education 2000. His concern was that the new school plan would omit the names of such people as Thomas Edison, who is credited with inventing the electric light bulb. Such omissions, he contends, would leave children flawed in their education and deficient in their identity.

I too am concerned, though I'm particularly disturbed about the way African and African-American history has been distorted to the detriment of African-Americans. This distortion has contributed to the poor race relations in this country, because it perpetuates stereotypes that destroy meaningful dialogue and lasting relationships with each other.

Had Americans of days past understood and appreciated the worth of Africans they would not have enslaved and brutalized Africans, and the history of the United States would have been far different. To enslave black people, many whites concluded that Africans were somehow subhuman, and some Bible scholars justified this theologically by distorting Scripture.

Today if we truly want a society where races commingle in harmony—even Christian fellowship—then we must begin to value all our people. The distortions must end. You can't build enough prisons to contain the hostility of millions of people devoid of self-worth.

How many people know that the following inventors were of African descent? Benjamin Banneker created the first clock built in America. Norbert Rillieux patented a sugar refining process that revolutionized the sugar processing industry. Granville Woods invented more than 12 devices to improve electric railway cars. George Washington Carver developed 300 products from the peanut alone, and many more from sweet potatoes, soybeans, and pecans. Daniel Hale Williams is credited with performing the first open heart surgery. Charles Drew developed the blood bank. Meredith Gourdine discovered a way to make electricity from gas. George Carruthers recently developed a special camera to study the earth's upper atmosphere for space exploration.

Africans have been making contributions like these throughout history. Africans developed many

vaccines, eye salves, and surgical techniques. They made valuable contributions to the development of the rocking chair, iron smelting, moving pictures, soap, many of the tools we use today, and the pipe organ.

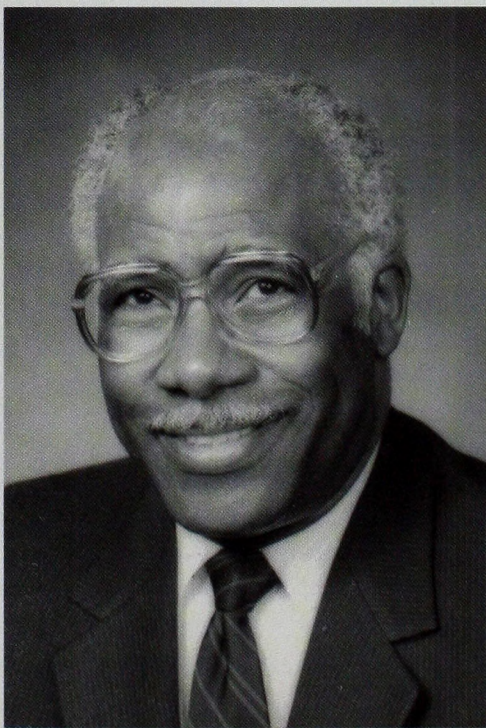
Despite documented evidence showing these things, some Europeans strongly tried to discredit African contributions to civilization.

Many Europeans and Americans have even distorted the Bible. In more than 60 references, the term "Cush" is used to designate the descendants of Ham—the forefathers of all Africans and African-Americans. The word itself means "black" or "burnt face." In other words, not all the people of biblical times were the blue-eyed, blond haired people so frequently pictured in many Bibles and Sunday school manuals.

Thankfully, many scholars are beginning to recognize the black presence in the Bible as they unearth growing evidence of their presence and significance. And they are beginning to correct their historical and biblical distortions.

Why is such corrected information so important in improving race relationships among ethnic groups in the United States? Our attitude toward one another is in part based on what we think of one another, and what we think of one another is determined in part by how we see each other's capabilities and accomplishments. Educating our children on achievements made by people of African descent would help change this country's attitudes concerning black people.

Furthermore, if our churches could begin acknowledging and proclaiming black contributions to our Christian



faith, it would take the wind out of the sails of radical groups like the Nation of Islam—reputed to be the fastest growing religious group among African-Americans. **The Nation of Islam teaches that Christianity is the white man's religion, created to keep black people in subjection. To silence such heretical teaching, we must remind people that Christianity was born and bred among people of color—including Africans—more than 600 years before Muhammad saw his "vision" of Allah and founded Islam.**

And while silencing the likes of Louis Farrakhan, such information would help affirm all African-Americans, providing them with a sense of dignity and self-worth.

Yes, Dr. Dobson is correct in pointing out the need for historical accuracy, but that accuracy must include all ethnic groups who have contributed to the history and faith of this country.

Melvin Banks is chairman and chief executive of Urban Ministries, Inc., in Chicago.

MOVING INTO A SHARED FUTURE

by Cheryl J. Sanders
with Barbara Thompson

Historically, white evangelicals, with their roots in fundamentalism, have been concerned with propositional theology. There is a list of things that must be believed, like the inerrancy of Scripture, and if you don't believe these things, you are out.

The black community, on the other hand, has a tradition of oral theology, of folk preaching. It's not that they don't have doctrines and beliefs, but the hard, exclusionary line of a rigid doctrinal structure is somewhat alien.

There are pluses to an oral theology. When you use analytical words to communicate the gospel (as both liberals and conservatives have done), the Bible can come across as an elite discourse. The oral tradition, on the other hand, is accessible to people who can't read or don't have the necessary literacy skills to comprehend academic theology.

The assumption in oral theology is that it is important to express these truths in a form that people outside the academy can understand. Unfortunately, in some white evangelical communities, there isn't a desire to communicate beyond the exclusionary circle that has been drawn.

I think a similar orientation toward exclusion is one of the major differences between white and black evangelicalism. **It's not that the black community doesn't have its own form of elitism, but there is more openness to incorporating elements from other cultures. There isn't the a priori assump-**



tion that anyone who isn't my color is automatically inferior or deficient.

As it is, racism remains a central issue in the differences between black and white evangelicals. Along with this racism are the invisible structures intended to preserve "what's ours" and keep other people out. These include doctrine, management of resources, and access to education. If you ask the average white evangelical and average black evangelical what his or her vision of the future is, you get two different pictures. **For whites, the American dream might be a world without crime, where black people aren't violent, and everyone has the right to live in a world of people like him or her.**

Black evangelicals share many of these same aspirations. They want safe streets and neighborhoods, they want education and employment. **What's missing is the tendency to write other people out of the picture, to exclude them from a vision for the future.**

I believe that there can't be reconciliation between the races until there is repentance for this racism, and I think the full weight of Scripture supports me. Whoever refuses to hear the offense or face the facts can't repent. The fact is that white people today are benefitting from a system of privilege set in motion generations ago, while my ancestors were being robbed of their labor without recompense.

Unfortunately, this leads to a victim discourse, making genuine repentance difficult. **You can't have repentance without someone taking responsibility, and today we are all victims.**

Yet the question remains, "Are we going to advance from the past and move together into a future that is a shared future?" The

Bible is the ultimate, legitimate source for a vision of inclusiveness. One of the strongest biblical images is the kingdom of God, and there is no question that this is an inclusive kingdom. Whatever I desire for my own children, I ought to want the same things for other people's children.

In the kingdom of God, everyone has a stake, and everyone has dignity and respect, regardless of economic status, sex, color, or nationality. You see this "coming together" at Pentecost, a multi-national gathering. Yet **how many people lift up Pentecost as a vision of inclusivity? Instead, they use it to fight over whether or not we should speak in tongues. It is used to divide Pentecostals from evangelicals, and then Pentecostals from each other.**

The pastor of my church was an extraordinary man named Sam Hines. He recently died, but in his 25 years in Washington, D.C., he worked very hard to promote reconciliation. He used to say, "Dogma divides; mission unites." I think that, if there is going to be reconciliation among American Christians, it will come because we reach consensus about our mission to the United States.

Before Sam died, he spoke to me about his concern that everyone, whether conservative or liberal, seems to be dropping the poor from his or her agenda. If this is true, then we as Christians have a ready-made mission that can unite us. Jesus's primary ministry was to the poor, and he has given us a mandate to pursue the same course.

Cheryl J. Sanders teaches Christian ethics at Howard University Divinity School and is an associate pastor at the Third Street Church of God in Washington, D.C. She has written extensively on race and culture, and the holiness-pentecostal experience in African-American religion and culture. Her latest book, forthcoming from Fortress Press, is Empowerment Ethics for a Liberated People. Barbara Thompson is a free-lance writer in Decatur, Ga.

CHALLENGING THE RIGHTNESS OF WHITENESS

by William Dannel

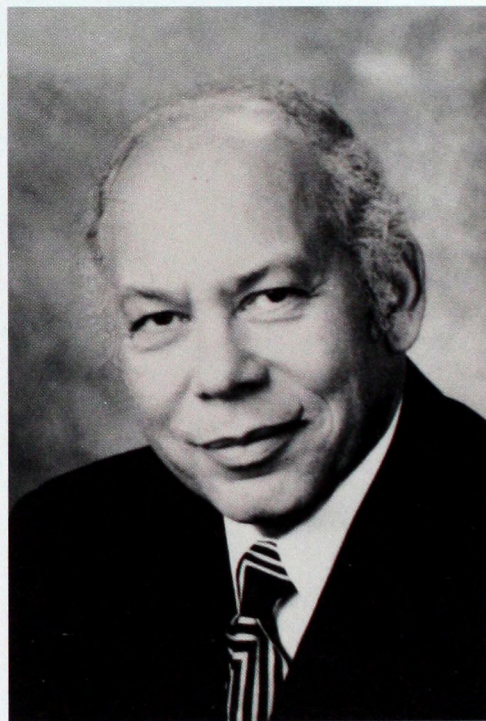
Since the bloody murder of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. almost 30 years ago, blacks have made substantial progress in the United States. Jesse Jackson was a viable candidate for president in 1988. That same year, Ron Brown was elected national chairman of the Democratic Party, and during the Clinton years numerous black leaders have attained national status.

Among evangelical Christians, however, there has been little progress. **Evangelicalism in North America is still a white male enterprise.** No, blacks are not yet completely absent from evangelical institutions. But there are few black leaders in policy-making positions; no black input at major theological gatherings; no major position papers presented at key gatherings that subsequently make their way into official publications. Those few blacks who do appear are limited to roles as inspirational key-noters or leaders of seminars.

Many evangelical organizations have sought for a "qualified" African-American to serve on their board, but one rarely finds two blacks on a board. And one strains to recall a black president of any major evangelical institution. Few are called, none are chosen.

Old timers in the black community refer to this as the "rightness of whiteness" doctrine, and evangelicals have had little inclination to challenge that ideology. After all, black evangelicals have little control, power, or money to bring to the table.

But African-American people still



represent the unfinished agenda of the American dream. I say this with deep respect for the sufferings other minorities have experienced. But America's racial problems are still a family affair, and the family has always been black and white. It is black America that locates for the American people, even if unconsciously, the ethical center of the American Dream.

Evangelicals must recognize that they have failed to process the civil rights movement 30 years later for basically the same reason this

country has failed to process the Vietnam war: Too many people feel they lost too much in both these crusades. The “winners” were colored people. So evangelicals have retreated to “moral” issues such as abortion, prayer in schools, and the election of candidates who promise to restore to the majority their rightful place in the world.

Some evangelicals, however, are beginning to reach out to non-white America. Billy Graham goes on camera and calls racism most heinous expression of sin in our time. Promise Keepers’ Bill McCartney makes the same argument and fills stadiums across the nation. Luis Palau preaches about reconciliation from pulpits in Miami. The result has been that, occasionally, an African-American or Latino may grace a platform, sing a song, or consent to yet another interview on race relations. (I am still waiting for an invitation to talk about what I really do as a faculty member at Fuller Seminary, rather than my views on race relations.) And many people will now listen to certain black evangelicals who speak about reconciliation.

This is encouraging, but points to a problem, as well. Racism and reconciliation have become important Christian issues only because these leading white brothers have identified them as such. Over the past several years, however, when blacks themselves were crying out for justice and redress, the evangelical church had no such sense of urgency.

Reconciliation remains essential. Nothing less than the gospel is at stake.

For years I have found it difficult to take American missionary efforts seriously. How can American missionary organizations traverse the globe on behalf of colored peoples and have nothing to do with people of color in their own backyard? If I was a Third-World church leader and knew about the racism among evangelicals in the United States, I would have several misgivings about American missionaries in my country and their intentions, given the demands of the gospel.

For most African-American Christians this is the ethical crisis of modern missions. That is, if you’re not interested in reconciliation at home, you’re not going to be interested in it anywhere else in the world. And that raises serious questions about basic understandings of the gospel itself.

But our racial problems are much more complicated and intractable than we are now willing to address. I propose we build upon the conferences held during the past year that brought together evangelicals—black, white, and Hispanic—to confront one another and to expose the deep feelings that have kept us apart. In short, we need a domestic equivalent of a “Lausanne Conference.” This time, let’s get the egg-heads to

come, the scholars who are busy researching and writing about evangelicalism at the end of the century. They should be invited because few of their observations ever include evangelicals of color. It’s as if we simply do not exist, as if we have not made any contributions to God’s kingdom in the United States.

We need to talk—and the issue is not how to grow more churches, but how to grow more churches that look like Christ.

THE ISSUE IS POWER

*by Brenda Salter McNeil
with Barbara Thompson*

When I was in college at Rutgers University, there were a lot of evangelical ministries on campus, but the only person of color who attended their meetings was a black student who was not highly connected with the black community. If you were black and wanted to grow in Christ, as I did, it was almost as if you had to choose between spiritual growth, racial heritage, and identity.

It was an unfair choice, and it still is. **Discipleship must include ministering to people in their wholeness, including their race and gender. But in many of our evangelical organizations, people of color either leave to preserve their racial identity or become so “white” that they feel alienated in their home community and find it difficult to be involved in their own church anymore.**

Evangelicals in the United States are racially divided, and the core issue is power. While some leaders are calling for reconciliation, unity, and for more people of color to join their church or organization, when they see the cost involved, it is generally too high. That’s because a genuine “coming together” requires sharing power, including decision-making and money.

True, some people of color are now working as leaders in evangelical organizations, but they serve mostly as figureheads. They are seldom given real power to effect change—and plenty of outstanding people of color have left evangelical organizations for just this reason.

Unfortunately, evangelicals don’t see racial diversity in their churches and organizations as an issue of survival. That is, even if we ignore biblical mandates about what the church should look like, we still have issues of credibility. **I believe that race and ethnicity are the number one issues facing our generation, and if we as Christians ignore them, we will lose our voice in the world.**

I’m not saying that reconciliation is easy. Sharing power is not easy. I’ve seen many evangelicals hear the cry for racial reconciliation, and it’s like the story of the rich

young ruler. They are attracted to the idea. Wouldn’t reconciliation be great! But when they start to count the cost and see what it all means, they say, “It’s just too idealistic.”

The problem is that they aren’t talking about genuine racial reconciliation. They do not understand the power-sharing issue, and **their concept of diversity has no root in absolute values. Their reconciliation means simply a peace treaty or standoff: “If you won’t bother me, I won’t bother you.”**

In a standoff, we are not moving toward better relationships. We simply don’t want to offend. We won’t say bad things about Latinos, African-Americans, or Jews.

But that’s not necessarily a change of heart. It doesn’t mean we’ve agreed to share power and do the hard work of becoming a part of each other’s lives.

The business world faces lawsuits if they fail to address issues of diversity. That’s why IBM and banks look more racially diverse than the church. They have an incentive. Churches, however, don’t have a legal incentive, and they’re not using the Word of God as their incentive.

For these reasons, we don’t often see racial reconciliation and growing diversity in our evangelical organizations. When it occurs, it’s usually on more an individual level—courageous people making a commitment to live differently.

There are practical steps that individuals can take to help achieve racial reconciliation. **It’s hard for adults to change their attitudes, but we can teach our children from an early age that racial reconciliation is part of being Christian. They should learn that respecting other human beings is as important as reading their Bible.**



At the same time, more of us need to work on creating strategic models of racial reconciliation. We must invite the Holy Spirit to show us how. **Let's make reconciliation an agenda item, put money toward it, and invite in new voices, the very people who we would normally marginalize.** Then together we can create a powerful, life-giving presence in a racially divided world.

Brenda Salter McNeil is a regional coordinator of multi-ethnic training for InterVarsity Christian Fellowship. She received a master of divinity degree from Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena, Calif. in 1984. She is a nationally recognized speaker on issues of race, gender, and reconciliation. Barbara Thompson is a free-lance writer in Decatur, Ga.

FAITH BEFORE RACE

by Spencer Perkins

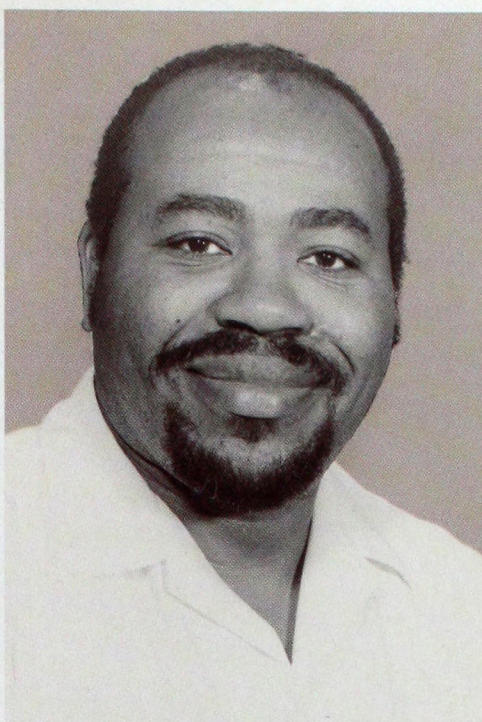
With all the ethnic and racial conflicts happening worldwide, it almost appears that God made a big mistake when he created humanity with so many superficial differences. To develop a light-skinned people and a dark-skinned people—surely God must have been on a long coffee break when this happened. What was he thinking?

Suppose God needed a New Testament sign to set his followers apart, to show the world the power of his gospel. What greater sign than the reconciliation of alienated people? **Vanney Samuels of Bangalore, India has called reconciliation, "One sign and wonder, biblically speaking, that alone can prove the power of the gospel." He goes on to say that Hindus and Islamic saints in India can produce and duplicate every miracle produced by Christianity except the miracle of black and white unity.**

Several years ago, my family moved into an all-white neighborhood. Within months, for sale signs started popping up. Within a few years, the neighborhood had made the familiar metamorphosis into an all-black community. As a black Christian moving into that neighborhood, I thought our faith would matter more than our race. But I found that even among Christians, race matters.

Yet if Christians could learn to put faith before race, it would witness so powerfully to non-Christian onlookers. As a black evangelical, I would like white evangelicals to understand three things:

1. Evangelical Christianity needs to be authenticated. Given the history of racial strife in America and the un-Christ-like behavior that has gone on in the name



of Christ, evangelicalism needs authentication. **Overcoming racial and ethnic divisions offers Christians the chance to show non-Christians the depth of our faith.**

Demonstrating racial healing and unity to the unbelieving world would support our claims that Jesus Christ is the answer. The world would have to acknowledge that our gospel has the power to do what governments, ideologies, and other religions can't. And when they ask us why and how reconciliation is possible—what a perfect opportunity for evangelism!

2. Reconciliation differs from the integration of the '60s and multiculturalism of the '90s. Thirty years ago, I fought on the front lines of the battle to integrate America. At age 13, I battled to desegregate Mississippi's schools. For two years my five brothers and sisters and I withstood the daily abuse that came with attending an all-white school in the mid-'60s. But our goal was clear: to break down the legal barriers that separated blacks from whites, and which limited our opportunities to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Although we achieved the legal victories, it left a bittersweet taste in my mouth. The legal changes dramatically improved our quality of life, but in no way achieved the brotherhood of which Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and young idealists like I dreamed. Laws can't force the descendants of slaves and former slave owners to sit down at the table of brotherhood together. That can only happen when both want it.

That's why it's important to understand that reconciliation is much different from integration.

While integration was a political concept, reconciliation is spiritual. Integration forced some people to change their behavior. Reconciliation invites the changing of hearts. Integration forced some Americans to live up to what our country claims to believe. Reconciliation asks Christians to live up to the high ideal of oneness that Christ taught.

Reconciliation is also much more than the multiculturalism and tolerance taught in the '90s. Tolerance isn't enough. Reconciliation encourages us to demonstrate love by not only tolerating but embracing each other.

3. Don't expect too much too fast. It took us a long time to dig the racial hole we stand in today. We'll need patience and perseverance to dig ourselves out.

Evangelicals must understand that black Christians have adjusted well to this country's segregated Christianity. Few tears were shed when black freedmen in the 1800s discovered that both their former slave masters and liberators refused to worship God with them. As a result, **a large and proud black church has developed in this country, and it's not all that excited about mixing it up with whites. Having the courage to forgive and trust will be as difficult for some blacks as it has been for white evangelicals to discover their racial blinders.**

So evangelicals who are serious about racial healing are going to have to persevere.

Despite all the obstacles and negative history that separates us, however, reconciliation is already beginning.

From all over the Christian world, especially among evangelicals whose past silence gave consent, the word "reconciliation" is buzzing, from black and white Pentecostals in Memphis to black and white evangelicals in Chicago, to the massive Promise Keepers movement, to the grass-roots Christian Community Development Association.

Sure, there will be setbacks. Sure, some will say that our efforts are too little, too late. But God has promised that if we, his people, will step over the rubble of the wall that has already been torn down between us, his name will be lifted up, and people of all races and nationalities will be drawn to him.

To evangelicals, whose prime concern is to introduce the world to Jesus Christ: Keep pursuing reconciliation. It just may be the best way to reach our goal.

Spencer Perkins is editor of Urban Family magazine and the Reconciler, a publication for people serious about racial healing. He, his wife, Nancy, and their three children live in Jackson, Miss.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

LET THE EARTH BE GLAD

In partnership with the Evangelical Environmental Network, World Vision offers an environmental church curriculum kit, *Let the Earth Be Glad*.

The kit recommends practical ways churches can help the poor by caring for God's creation. It contains resources for groups ranging from preschoolers through adults, including activities for children, retreat

groups, and adult study groups. Ideas include sermons on creation care and church property management, and advice on wise consumption. *Let the*



Earth Be Glad provokes deeper reflection on God's provisions for the earth and how abuse of its resources affects us today. The Evangelical Environmental Network, which won a national award for excellence in 1994, currently works with 825 churches, with the goal of reaching 1,400 churches nationwide.

For more information, or to order a kit priced at \$49, call the Evangelical Environmental Network at (610) 645-9392.

CONFERENCE TO DISCUSS CHURCH TRENDS

Future trends and questions relevant to the church in the '90s will be addressed at a national conference at the Glen Eyrie Conference Center, Colorado Springs, Colo., sponsored by Gospel Light and *Current Thoughts and Trends* magazine, from March 18-21.

"Trends Affecting You and The Church" will address such questions as: Where is the church in the United States headed? Are megachurches the wave of the future? How is ministry changing? How can the church effectively reach out to people in the '90s?

Featured speakers include George Barna, president of the Barna Group, a Los Angeles marketing and research company, and Russell Chandler, former religion writer for the *Los Angeles Times*. Registration costs range from \$300-\$500. For more information, call (800) 944-4536.

MAKING CONNECTIONS



Sociologist Andrew Billingsley, author of *Black Families in White America*, identified three types of churches: one private, one involved, and a third intensely enmeshed in community affairs.

African-American churches can enhance involvement in their communities by discovering the broad range of information offered by the Information Services Clearinghouse. ISC members receive the Interlock newsletter, *Interlock Info*, which

covers church issues worldwide; *Church Steps*, the African American Church Resource Guide; and ISC conference information. *A Directory of African American Religious Bodies* is another resource available. The ISC also offers programs ranging from continuing education to courses in computer technologies.

The Clearinghouse also focuses on preventing violence and drug abuse with a new Regional Alcohol and Drug Awareness Resource Network Specialty Center, RADAR.

The ISC is located at the Howard University School of Divinity in Washington, D.C.

For information, or to become a member of ISC, call (202) 806-0750.

Compiled and written by Stephanie Stevenson

WITH HEART AND HAND

Andrew Young, former U.S. ambassador to the United Nations asks, "Why are children more hostile and violent today than in the early 1900s? Is the church the missing link in children's development?"

With Heart and Hand, by Susan D. Newman, is a book for people who want to make a difference in the lives

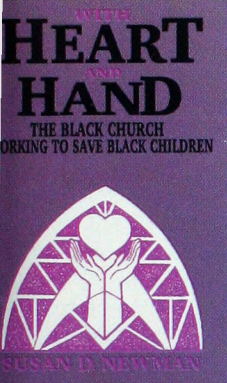
of children in their communities. It focuses on 10 model ministries in black churches of the United States that are helping children build their futures.

Each chapter includes a church ministry goal, program

description, financial sources, space and resource needs, and suggestions for volunteer training.

Instructions are included on how to write a successful proposal requesting grant money. The book also lists foundations that support African American churches' work with children, and national organizations that work for children.

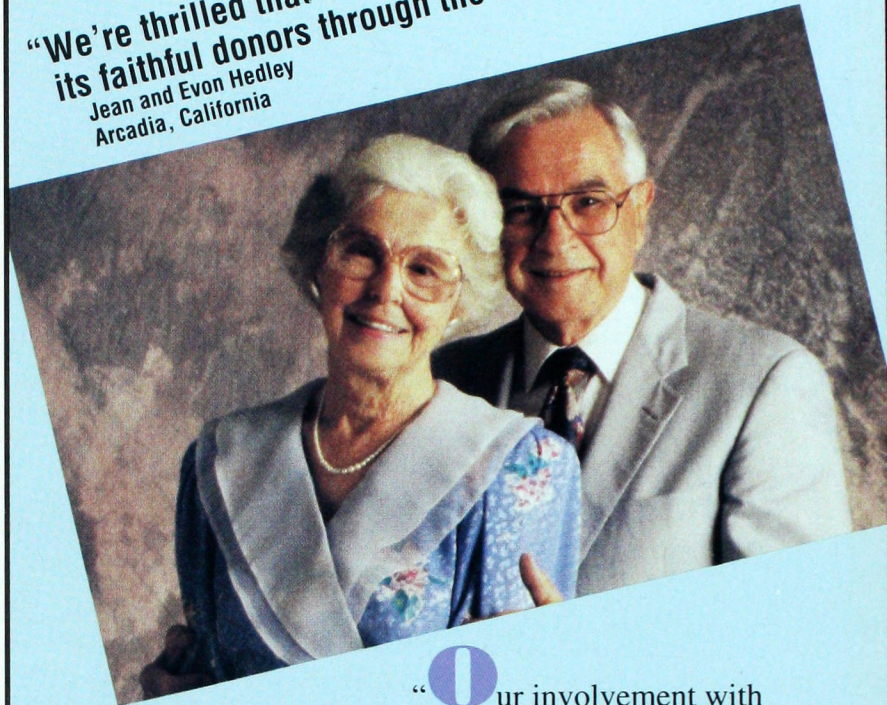
To obtain a copy of *With Heart and Hand*, priced at \$8, call (800) 4JUDSON.



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—Satchel Paige
legendary baseball pitcher

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FWV296

MY FAMILY'S LEGACY

BY DR. PAUL BRAND AS TOLD TO PHILIP YANCEY

MY MOTHER BECAME SOMETHING OF A LEGEND IN THE HILLS OF SOUTH INDIA, AND WHENEVER I VISIT THERE NOW I AM TREATED LIKE THE LONG-LOST SON OF A BELOVED QUEEN. THE PEOPLE OF THE SETTLEMENT PLACE A FLORAL LEI AROUND MY NECK, SERVE ME A FEAST ON BANANA LEAVES, AND PUT ON A PROGRAM OF SONGS AND TRADITIONAL DANCES IN THE CHAPEL. INEVITABLY, SOME OF THEM STAND AND REMINISCE ABOUT GRANNY BRAND, AS THEY CALL HER. ON MY LAST VISIT, THE MAIN SPEAKER WAS A PROFESSOR IN A NURSING SCHOOL. SHE SAID SHE WAS ONE OF THE CHILDREN ABANDONED BY THE ROADSIDE AND "ADOPTED" BY MY MOTHER, WHO NURSED HER TO HEALTH, GAVE HER A PLACE TO LIVE, AND ARRANGED FOR HER EDUCATION ALL THE WAY THROUGH GRADUATE SCHOOL.

Not as many people remember my father, although an Indian doctor inspired by his life recently moved to the Kollis and opened the Jesse Brand Memorial Clinic. The house where we lived as a family still stands, and out back I can see the site of my tree house high in the jackfruit tree. I always visit the graves with their twin tombstones, and each time, I weep for the memory of my parents, two loving human beings who gave themselves so fully to so many. I had few years with them, far too few. But together they left me a priceless legacy.

I admired my father's even temperament, his scholarship, and his calm self-assurance, all of which my mother lacked. But through an abundance of courage and compassion she found her own way into the hearts of the hill people. The story of the guinea worm, the focal point of many horrible scenes of suffer-

ing from my childhood, may serve to capture their differences in style.

The guinea worm parasite infested most of the hill people at one time or another. Ingested in drinking water, the larvae penetrated the intestinal wall, got into the bloodstream, and migrated to soft tissues, usually settling down next to a vein. Though only the width of the lead in a pencil, the worms grew to enormous lengths, as much as a yard. You could sometimes see them rippling under the skin. If a sore developed, for example on the hip of a woman who carried a water pot, a guinea worm's tail might protrude through the boil. Yet if the woman killed the partially exposed worm, the rest of its body would decay inside her, causing an infection.

My father treated hundreds of guinea worm infections. Normally, I loved watching him work, but whenever one of

these patients showed up I ran and hid. Buckets of blood and pus would gush out when Dad lanced the swollen arm or thigh. He would stab along the line of abscesses with his knife or scalpel, probing for any residue of the decaying worm. With no anesthetic available, the patient could only grip the arms and hands of relatives, and stifle a scream.

Ever the inquisitive scientist, my father also studied the parasite's life cycle. He learned that the adult form was extremely sensitive to cold water, a fact he took advantage of. He had a patient stand in a pail of cold water for a few minutes until, *prick*, a guinea worm tail popped through the skin and busily started laying eggs in the water through its oviduct.

My father deftly seized the tail of the guinea worm and wound it around a small twig or matchstick. He pulled hard enough to get a few inches of the worm around the twig but not so hard as to break it off, then taped the twig to the patient's leg with adhesive. The worm would gradually adjust downward to relieve the tension on its body, and several hours later my father could wind a few more inches around the twig.

After many hours (or several days in the event of a long guinea worm), he would pull out the entire length of the guinea worm, and the patient would be rid of the parasite, with no danger of infection.

My father perfected the technique and took great pride in his skill at coaxing out the offenders. My mother never matched him in technique, and despised the messy process of treatment. After his



*C*LOCKWISE
FROM TOP LEFT:
EVELYN AND JESSIE,
PAUL AND CONNIE

death she concentrated instead on prevention, applying what he had learned about the parasite's life cycle.

The guinea worm problem centered around the water supply. An infested villager who stood in the shallow well to dip a bucket was giving the guinea worm an ideal opportunity to pop out and lay eggs. These hatched into larvae that some other villager would scoop into a bucket and drink, activating the cycle all over again.

Mother led an all-out crusade to reform village water practices. She lectured the people, making them promise they would never stand in the wells and ponds, or drink water without first straining it. She badgered the government into stocking the larger ponds with fish to eat the larvae. She taught villagers to build stone walls around their wells in order to keep animals and children out of the drinking water. My mother had boundless energy and unshakable conviction. It took 15 years, but in the end she eradicated guinea worm infections from the entire range of hills.

Years later, when officials from the Malaria Eradication Unit came to the Kol-

I ADMIRER MY FATHER'S EVEN TEMPERAMENT, HIS SCHOLARSHIP, HIS CALM SELF-ASSURANCE— MY MOTHER'S ABUNDANCE OF COURAGE AND COMPASSION.

lis with plans to spray DDT and kill the *Anopheles* mosquito, they met suspicious villagers who blocked their path, threw stones, and chased them away with dogs. The officials ended up dealing with a wrinkled old woman named Granny Brand. If she approved, the villagers said, they would go along. She had their trust, the most precious commodity any health worker can earn. She did approve, and the war against *Anopheles* continued until malaria was effectively abolished from the Koli Malai. (Unfortunately, the *Anopheles* has now become resistant to most insecticides, and drug-resistant malaria is making a comeback across India.)

Philip Yancey is a free-lance writer in Evergreen, Colo. This article is excerpted from the book Pain: The Gift That Nobody Wants, © 1994, with permission of Harper Collins.



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 Child Sponsorship, he can help change our hurting world—one child at a time.

You, too, can have a special relationship with a needy child. A monthly gift of \$20 can provide things like food, clothing, medical care, education and the chance to know God's love.

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NEXT TO THE LAST WORD

The Christian community lost a beloved statesman in the homegoing of the Rev. Richard Halverson, who died of congestive heart failure on Nov. 28, 1995 at the age of 79.

Halverson served as chaplain of the United States Senate for 14 years and senior pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Bethesda, Md., for more than 22 years. During his long career he wrote 21 books.

World Vision is indebted to Halverson for decisive leadership as a member of its board of directors and chairman of the board from 1966 to 1983. In the agency's early years, he traveled widely with founder Bob Pierce. He often told the story of awaking in the middle of the night to hear Pierce praying in his sleep for needy children of the world. Halverson also served as World Vision's interim president in the late 1960s.

A tribute to Halverson from those who knew and loved him is scheduled for our April-May 1996 issue.

—Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

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SEND THE CARD AND PRUNE THE ROSES

It all seemed so petty, the day they stopped exchanging greeting cards. In the Bosnian city of Zenica, a church leader told me that he and the local heads of other faiths used to honor each other with cards commemorating high holy days. The Orthodox Christian priest would write to the Islamic Mufti at Ramadan. When Christmas came, the Mufti would reciprocate. The Roman Catholic priest also joined the cordial exchange.

Two years into the recent ethnic war, the Orthodox priest stopped receiving a greeting. Hurt, confused, he waited another year then angrily stopped sending his own greeting.

In this war, no slight was overlooked. A minor snub could pit neighbor against neighbor. Fear and prejudice degenerated into a mindset that demanded "ethnic cleansing." First your greeting card stops, then so does mine. Soon, it's kill or be killed.

With this mindset, relationships that cannot be restored must be destroyed. Destroyed completely! What follows is a systematic, intentional stamping out of the other person's worth as a human being—his dignity, self-esteem, respect. The multiple rapes; the killing of children to prevent retaliation in the next generation; the slow, torturous deaths of men—all are designed to traumatize the remnant. This is the ultimate in abusive, brutal power.

But people who perform such acts are never safe. Differences that never can be tolerated always will produce fear. Fear leads to more aggression, more killing, more war.

Where can we begin reconciliation, when wounds are so deep, ethnicity so distorted, hatred so rampant, and evil so deeply entrenched? Perhaps it is with the simple things. Maybe even by sending a greeting card that no longer is expected as war finally exhausts itself on its own carnage. Perhaps we send the card, even though we haven't received one yet. A little thing, but we do it intentionally. Then we are careful not to grow weary in well-doing.

Ultimately, no other alternative is acceptable. And no other gospel will work. If our gospel is to be good news to the people of Bosnia, reconciliation—the heart of the gospel—needs to be made visibly incarnational at every opportunity.

No place is too insignificant to start. No courtesy will be overlooked. No display of hospitality will go unapplauded by heaven's angels.

As I traveled from Zenica to the Bosnian capital



Bob Seiple walks amid the ruins of Gornji Vakuf town in central Bosnia.

of Sarajevo, I saw destruction everywhere, World War II type, achieved with artillery and machine guns. The Sarajevo Holiday Inn overlooking the infamous "Sniper Alley" is in disarray, virtually every window on one side shattered.

The sniper fire continued while I was there. One person was killed and more injured on a tram, even as the ink dried on the peace accord. Where will all this lead? Where will it end? I'm not sure anyone knows.

But amazingly, in front of the hotel, someone had taken time to prune the roses. Flower bushes prepared for spring are a sign of hope. An initiative that believes in tomorrow. A forward-looking act, not much, but very visible. Maybe people will notice. I did. May many people in Sarajevo respond in kind.

Intentional acts, easily replicated. The first infant steps toward reconciliation. Prune the roses. Send the card, even if one might not be returned. Imagine a better future. Build it. Make it visible, incarnationally. 🌐

As I
traveled
to the
Bosnian
capital of
Sarajevo,
I saw
destruction
everywhere.

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"I recently made a donation to World Vision from my parents' estate that will nourish the physical and spiritual needs of the world's poor."

Using estate planning techniques, Miss Kay's father, D. Reginald "Buster" Kay and her step mother Evelyn Kepple Kay created a legacy of love to nourish the physical and spiritual needs of the world's poor. Such techniques also offer many financial benefits to help you provide for the future.



Lois Kay
Pasadena,
California

To familiarize you with the advantages of estate planning, World Vision has a valuable, free estate planning kit available. It includes a guide on selecting financial advisors, a financial inventory form and a November, 1995, reprint from *Money* magazine on estate planning.

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


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