

WORLDVISION®

April/May 1991

NICOTINE'S NEW FRONTIER

*Marketing tobacco
in the Third World*

*Seattle and Calcutta:
CITIES OF
JOY &
SORROW*

*Ted W. Engstrom:
HOW TO FEED
THE FIVE
THOUSAND*



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With tobacco sales waning in the United States, American tobacco companies look toward a profitable new horizon—the Third World. And the approach seems to be working. Flashy, sophisticated promotions (and few health warnings) are turning more and more people to the “pleasures of smoking.”

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Readers of Spanish, Korean, or Tamil will note Cliff Nielsen’s not-so-subtle “Buy! Buy! Buy! Smoke! Smoke! Smoke!” on our cover. Read on in English about the true—and tragic—cost of smoking in the Third World.

And if you do a slow burn when you read some of our articles, don’t hesitate to write or call me. I’d like to discuss personally why we tackle some of the tough issues of life in the Third World and in the United States. Unfortunately, there are no simple answers.

Terry Madison

STEVE BJORKMAN



WORLD VISION

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IT MAKES **NO** SENSE

This Palestinian youth attends a Christian school not far from the site of the tear-gas attack.

The tension is about to boil over. Life is lived close to the flash point. One spark and racial hatred leads to unspeakable destruction. Perhaps it really started thousands of years ago, but for me it is punctuated and personalized here in a refugee camp on the Gaza Strip.

A young Israeli soldier makes a wrong turn into the camp. Innocent enough. A stone is thrown. The young man panics. With foot on the accelerator, his car bounces off a donkey cart.

in petrol, throws the lighted weapon into the car, and a young father—someone's husband, someone's son—is burned to death.

We have just come out of the Shati refugee camp, a few miles further north. A man is running toward us, gesticulating wildly, beckoning us to turn back in. His every movement suggests urgency. Then a woman, his wife, half-carrying, half-dragging their son, comes into view. Desperation is written all over her face.

The boy had been gassed. At his elementary school. A 6-year-old boy becomes the latest victim of senseless hatred.

I get out to help them into the car. The boy is unconscious, eyes half open but unseeing. His limp body is held together by his mother's arms.

Panic propels our car toward the Swedish hospital located a mile away. As the drama unfolds in the back seat, we talk to ease the tension. The father's expression tightens. "All day long they shoot at us," he says. He throws up his hands as if to say, "It makes no sense."

The mother cries softly, rocking back and forth with a son whose movements have stopped. "How can they deal with this?" I ask myself as a parent. Larger-than-life forces victimize the innocent, hatred taking out its rage on children still too young to understand the issues. And the victim has a face, the face of a 6-year-old boy.

As we approach the hospital, his body begins to convulse involuntarily. He begins to vomit. His mother takes care to catch the vomit on her own clothing without stopping the cradling. That's something only a mother could do. She is perspiring profusely now, her energy enveloping the life that she has brought into the world.

We roar into the dusty parking lot. The mother collapses as doctors relieve her of her son. The father stands next to the doctor, alternately looking at us and his son. He wants to catch our eye so as to voice a silent thanks. We take our leave, shaken but grateful.

How long, oh Lord, how long? When will this senselessness end? How much pain has to be inflicted? How many mothers must mourn the loss of loved ones? How many fathers must live with the pain of seeing their families dehumanized? How far must human dignity and sanctity of life erode? When will the world cry, "Enough!"?



The victim has a face, the face of a 6-year-old boy.

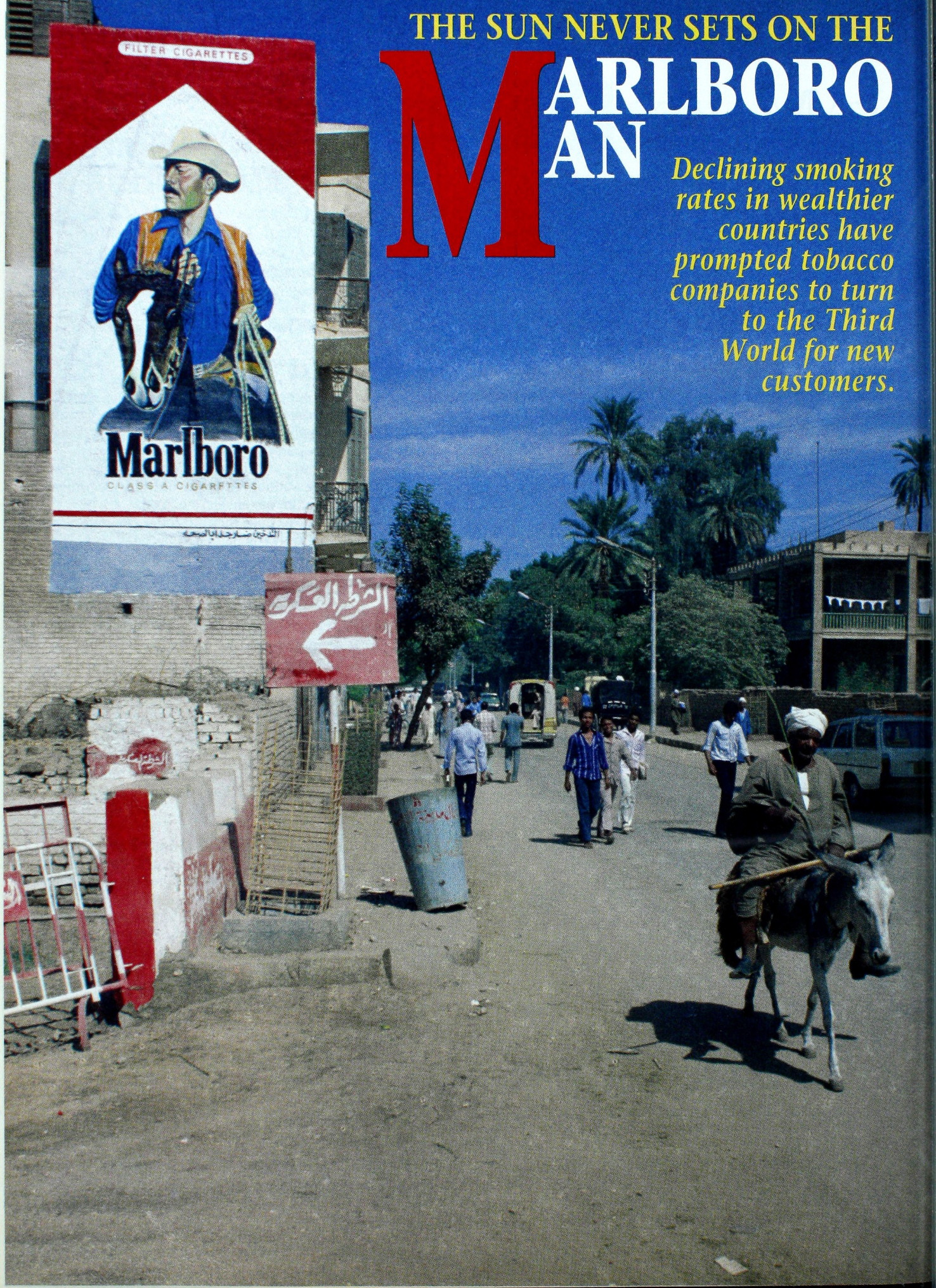
Two Palestinian children are hurt—how badly, no one is sure. But the rumors race wildly through the camp.

In a heartbeat, people encircle the car. The soldier cannot escape. More rocks are thrown. The car windows shatter and now the rocks are hitting the Israeli soldier. Someone soaks a rag

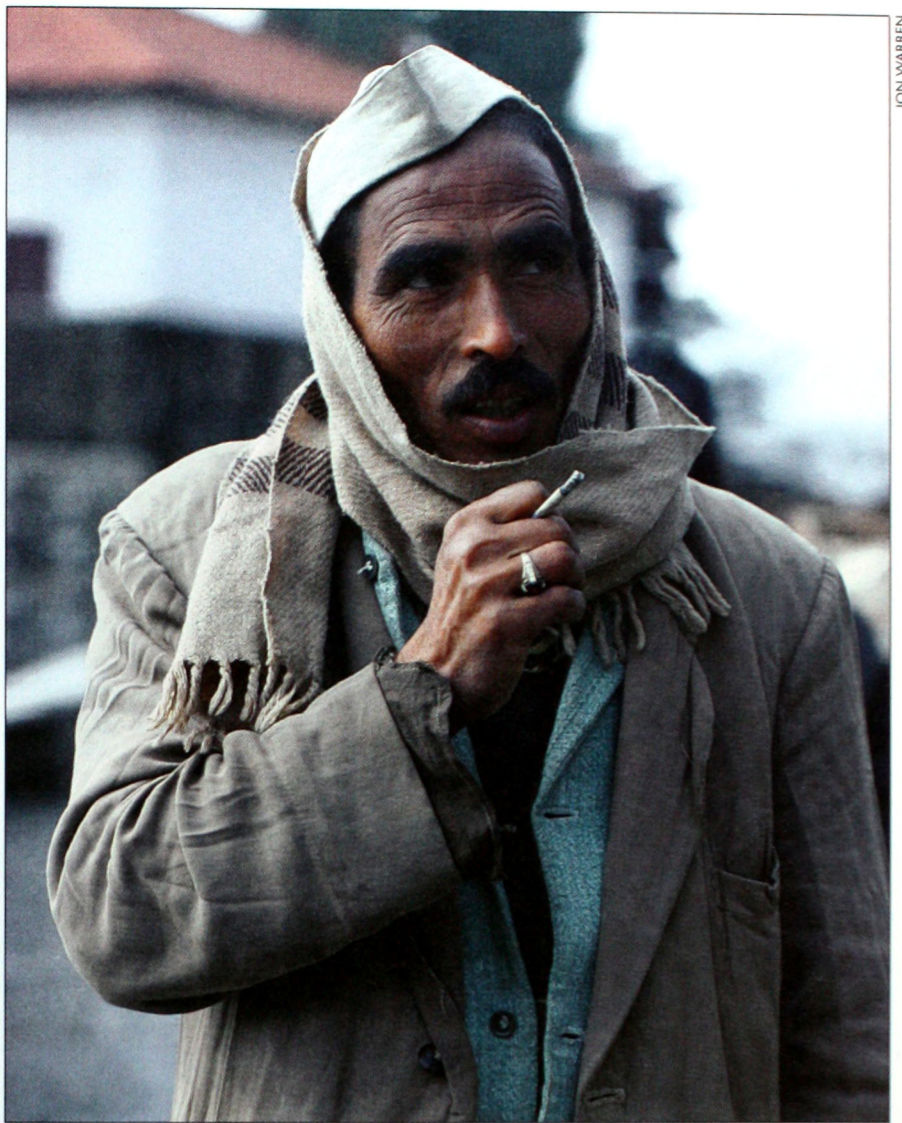
THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE

MARLBORO MAN

Declining smoking rates in wealthier countries have prompted tobacco companies to turn to the Third World for new customers.



Aggressive marketing of tobacco in the Third World has led to an increase in sales by 2 percent a year. These smokers pay a high price. Besides facing increased risks, smokers in some Third World countries spend enough money on tobacco every day to feed a family of two or three.



JON WARREN

BY BARBARA THOMPSON

In a hospital in Ghana, Stephen Asante struggles for breath. He has been losing weight for months, and X-rays show his lungs are filled with fluid. The doctors are not optimistic, but Asante is determined to rally from his tobacco-related lung disease. His family's economic survival depends on his good health. Without their father's steady income, his three school-age children cannot pay their school fees.

"Deciding to smoke was the biggest mistake I ever made," he tells a friend on his 55th birthday. "When I leave the hospital, I'm going to write a book warning young people about the dangers of tobacco."

It is a promise Stephen Asante will never keep. The day after his birthday, he suffers a relapse. With him dies the financial security of his family.

By conservative estimates, 2.5 million people around the world die each year from smoking cigarettes. A growing number of these casualties live in the developing world. Health officials predict that of all the children alive today, 250 million will die of tobacco-related causes. Seventy percent of these deaths will be in developing countries.

"The disease burden of the developing world is already so unfair," says Dr. William Foege, director of the Task Force for Child Survival. "People on a subsistence income, with low protein diets and plagued by an array of infectious diseases, will now carry the added burden of declining lung function, cancer, and heart disease."

Despite our great concern about the effect of Colombian cocaine on young Americans, more Colombians die today from diseases caused by tobacco products exported to their country by American tobacco companies than do Americans from Colombian cocaine.

—Dr. Peter Bourne, President American Association of World Health.

Ironically, the tobacco epidemic of the developing world is directly linked to growing health concerns and declining smoking rates in the United States and other developed countries. To sustain healthy profit margins, multinational tobacco companies have turned to the Third World for new customers.

"We recognized early that ours is a global business," says a Philip Morris Inc. executive. "Our future is particular-

NICK DANZIGER / UNICEF



SELVAKUMAR'S STORY



NOEL BERMAN / WORLD VISION SRI LANKA

At the age of 13, Selvakumar began smoking cigarettes. By 14, he was smoking 40 cigarettes a day to satisfy his craving for nicotine.

As a young man in Sri Lanka, off the coast of India, Selvakumar worked hard to support his wife and two children. He was promoted from laborer to officer on a tea plantation and dreamed of promotion to factory superintendent.

At the age of 34, with his dreams in reach, Selvakumar suffered first one stroke, then another. Doctors blamed his blood clots on tobacco use and strongly urged him to quit smoking. He stopped immediately.

But it was too late. Blood clots developed in Selvakumar's legs,

and an expensive operation failed to correct the problem. Both Selvakumar's legs were amputated.

By the time Selvakumar returned home, he'd lost his job. A short while later, his wife left, taking their two children. "She said she could not live with me when my salary was stopped," he says.

Today Selvakumar lives and works in a home for the disabled. He is studying computers and dreams of the day when he will marry again and find steady work. "I never knew about this disease," he says. "The doctors say that even if I only stay close to other smokers and inhale their smoke, I may lose my arms."

Barbara Thompson, with Noel Berman in Sri Lanka

exchange for five empty packs of Winstons. In Malaysia, tobacco companies subverted a television advertising ban by promoting "Salem" concerts featuring teen music idols Cyndi Lauper and Tina Turner.

Third World women are likewise a special target of tobacco advertisers. Smoking is connected with women's liberation, Western affluence, and The American Dream. Left unmentioned are the unique health hazards tobacco poses for women. These include pregnancy complications, higher rates of miscarriage, and an increased disease and death rate for small children.

Tobacco marketing executives find a powerful ally in cigarettes themselves. "It's amazing how little nicotine it takes to lose control," says Dr. Foege. "People in developing countries are getting addicted buying one or two cigarettes at a time." Many health experts, including former Surgeon General Everett Koop, believe nicotine is as addictive as cocaine or heroin.

Third World smokers pay a high

The enormous social cost of tobacco in the developing world includes environmental damage by tobacco production.

price for their addiction. In Bangladesh a person smoking just five cigarettes a day must cut food purchases by 15 percent. In Indonesia, an average smoker spends enough money every day to feed a family of two or three.

These smokers also face more alarming health hazards than smokers in the developed world. For example, cigarettes sold in their countries are often higher in tar, the cancer-causing ingredient of tobacco. In a study comparing similar brands in the U.S. and the Philippines, the tar content of the Philippines cigarettes was 50 percent higher. Yet Third World countries seldom have the benefit of warning labels on cigarette packs.

ly bright in developing areas, where income and population are growing."

The bright future of tobacco companies is reflected in some disturbing statistics. While cigarette sales are declining in developed countries by almost 2 percent a year, sales in Third World countries are growing by 2 percent. In Bangladesh, one of the poorest countries in the world, 50 percent of teenagers smoke. Among impoverished young Palestinians in Israel, smoking rates have climbed to 70 percent.

The growth of cigarette markets in the developing world is directly related to



STOP SELLING CIGARETTES WITHOUT HEALTH WARNINGS TO 3RD WORLD COUNTRIES

the billion-dollar advertising campaigns of multinational tobacco companies. The sun never sets on the Marlboro man, who rides billboards from Africa to Asia, wearing Western-style jeans and smoking a cigarette. On city streets or in remote rural villages, the message is the same: Smoking makes you rich, cosmopolitan, sophisticated, and successful.

"The problem is that U.S. manufacturers are not just exporting American cigarettes," says Lori Heise of the Worldwatch Institute. "They're exporting cigarette marketing—the high-gloss, hard-sell persuasion that tobacco firms have perfected."

Teenagers in the developing world are a frequent target of tobacco advertisement. Tobacco marketers know that few people begin smoking after their teenage years. A recent cigarette promotion in Taiwan included free tickets to a teenage disco in

Furthermore, the public health departments in most developing countries have little money to educate people about tobacco-related health risks. In some African countries, health budgets are as low as \$1 per person per year, compared to U.S. annual expenditures of \$400 to \$500 per person.

A host of immediate health problems, including AIDS and malaria, overshadow the long-range consequences of smoking. "The major challenge in many developing countries is to reach the age of 6, not to worry about contracting cancer," says one health expert.

Individuals who do live long

enough to contract a tobacco-related illness often cannot afford private medical care, and government hospitals are underfunded and understaffed.

In Thailand, where 65 percent of adult males smoke, lung cancer is now the number-one cancer in men. "The majority of these men never get treat-

Sixty-five percent of the males in Thailand smoke. Lung cancer is now the leading cancer in men. Despite these alarming statistics, threats of U.S. trade sanctions forced Thai officials to lift a ban on American cigarettes last December.



JON WARREN

ment," says Dr. Prakrit Vateesatokit, chairman of medicine at Mahidol University. "Government hospitals cannot afford to spend a lot of money on chemotherapy for patients with such a poor prognosis." (Even in the United States, the five-year survival rate for lung cancer patients is only 15 percent.)

In spite of the already-massive health problem, in December 1990 Thai officials agreed to lift a ban on U.S. cigarettes. Threats of American trade sanctions forced Thailand's hand. Still, a ban on cigarette advertising remains in effect in spite of U.S. pressure. Ironically, the dispute has prodded the Thai government to front an anti-smoking campaign and has given officials a newfound interest in public health.

Tobacco companies use First Amendment rights to argue against advertising bans. I think we can get around this very easily by requiring truth in advertising. If they, like other drug companies, were forced to provide a package insert detailing all the potential hazards of their product, they couldn't afford to advertise because they would be giving away a small book with every package of cigarettes.

Dr. William H. Foege
Director,
Task Force for Child Survival

Africa. Developed countries give us aid, then take our money from tobacco profits. They advertise with no regard for ethics or our welfare."

"I spent 25 years in public health, representing the United States with pride," says Dr. Foege. "We led the world in health concerns. Now in the 1990s, the United States threatens to become a net exporter of disease rather than health. That's very discouraging."

Dr. Foege points to Nigeria as one developing country effectively fighting against tobacco. The government has abolished cigarette advertising and has proposed fines for smoking in public places.

Public health advocates throughout the United States have called on church groups to oppose the exploitation of human lives for a profit. Evangelical churches, missions, and development agencies in particular seem a natural ally for this effort. Many are already playing a major role in providing medical care in the developing world. They also have a long history of

These smokers face more alarming health hazards than smokers in the developed world.

opposition to tobacco use.

Says Dr. Michelle Block, director of the Women vs. Smoking Network, "If there were a grassroots campaign by church groups, writing their congressmen, testifying in committee hearings, and galvanizing public opinion, this issue of U.S. tobacco marketing in the Third World would be dead overnight."

Meanwhile, health leaders around the world are crossing national boundaries with an increasingly vocal opposition to multinational tobacco companies. Although they perceive themselves as fighting an uphill battle, their commitment and determination are clear. "It's a David and Goliath story," says Ron Davis, director of the U.S. government's Office on Smoking and Health. "But although progress is slow, we're going to win." □

Barbara R. Thompson is a freelance writer in Atlanta, Ga.



A 15-year-old Ethiopian boy drew this anti-smoking picture as part of a collage depicting changes he wants to see in his lifetime.

The enormous cost of tobacco use in the developing world includes environmental damage caused by tobacco production. An increasing number of farmers are switching from high-risk, low-profit food crops to low-risk, high-profit tobacco plants. Deforestation also increases, since one acre of woodland must be used to process each acre of tobacco planted. In Malawi, for instance, one third of all cut trees are used for curing tobacco.

Despite the health and environmental damage caused by tobacco, few governments in the developing world can afford to interfere with tobacco sales or production. They, like their Western counterparts, are trapped in a complicated network of economics and politics. Of the estimated 33 million peo-

ple making a living from tobacco, 90 percent live in the developing world. In Zimbabwe, the tobacco industry employs one out of every eight workers. In Tanzania, money from cigarette taxes equals the total health budget.

Many developing world countries also depend on tobacco exports for desperately needed foreign exchange. Ironically, according to a study sponsored by the American Cancer Society, these profits often go up in smoke to pay import costs on Western cigarettes.

"The tobacco industry has fooled us in Africa," says Dr. Paul Wangai, a leading Kenyan health advocate. "Money from some of the poorest nations in the world finds its way to coffers of Europe and North America. We talk of famine and poverty plugging

A WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

BY REBECCA PRICE JANNEY

In 1899, Rudyard Kipling expressed white South Africa's imperial passion in his poem, "The White Man's Burden":

Take up the White Man's Burden,
send forth the best, ye breed.
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need.

In 1983, Sturgis Poorman went to Africa with a very different burden—to help reconcile black and white Christians.

His journey began with prayer asking whether to remain at his comfortable upstate New York parish or seek a different ministry. God answered by sending an exchange student from South Africa, Margaret Worthington-Smith, to live with Poorman and his wife, Joanne.

The Presbyterian minister listened intently as Margaret told him about the struggle of South Africa's blacks.

"She opened my eyes to how influential Christians were in the white racist government," says Poorman. "It disturbed me that people who were trying to live as Christians were also promoting and defending racist policies."

Poorman began to read everything he could on South Africa, but an article by the moderator of the Presbyterian Church in South Africa affected him most. "I saw the piece as a call to service," he says. He wrote to the moderator,

expressing his desire for ministry.

Many prayers and letters crossed the ocean before the Presbyterian Church of Southern Africa approved Poorman's call. Since a reconciliation ministry between blacks and whites best suited him, one possibility was City Presbyterian Church in Harare, Zimbabwe, with a 99 percent white membership in a country whose population is 96 percent black. "It was a white, colonial-style church," Poorman says. "I knew it would be a miracle if they called me."

The miracle happened. City Presbyterian hired Herbert Chikomo, a black pastor, to attract more blacks to the church. Poorman was hired as assistant pastor, the first white man in the history of the Presbyterian Church of Southern Africa to work under a black man.

When the Poormans arrived at their home in Harare, they were greeted by John Joya, their housekeeper, and his wife Monicah. Joanne protested that they didn't need domestic help, but Pastor Chikomo gently argued that if not for this job, John would be unemployed. The Poormans relented but still refused to let their new employee call Sturgis "master." A birthday party for Poorman turned into an embarrassing standoff when John Joya could not remain seated while Joanne served him dessert.

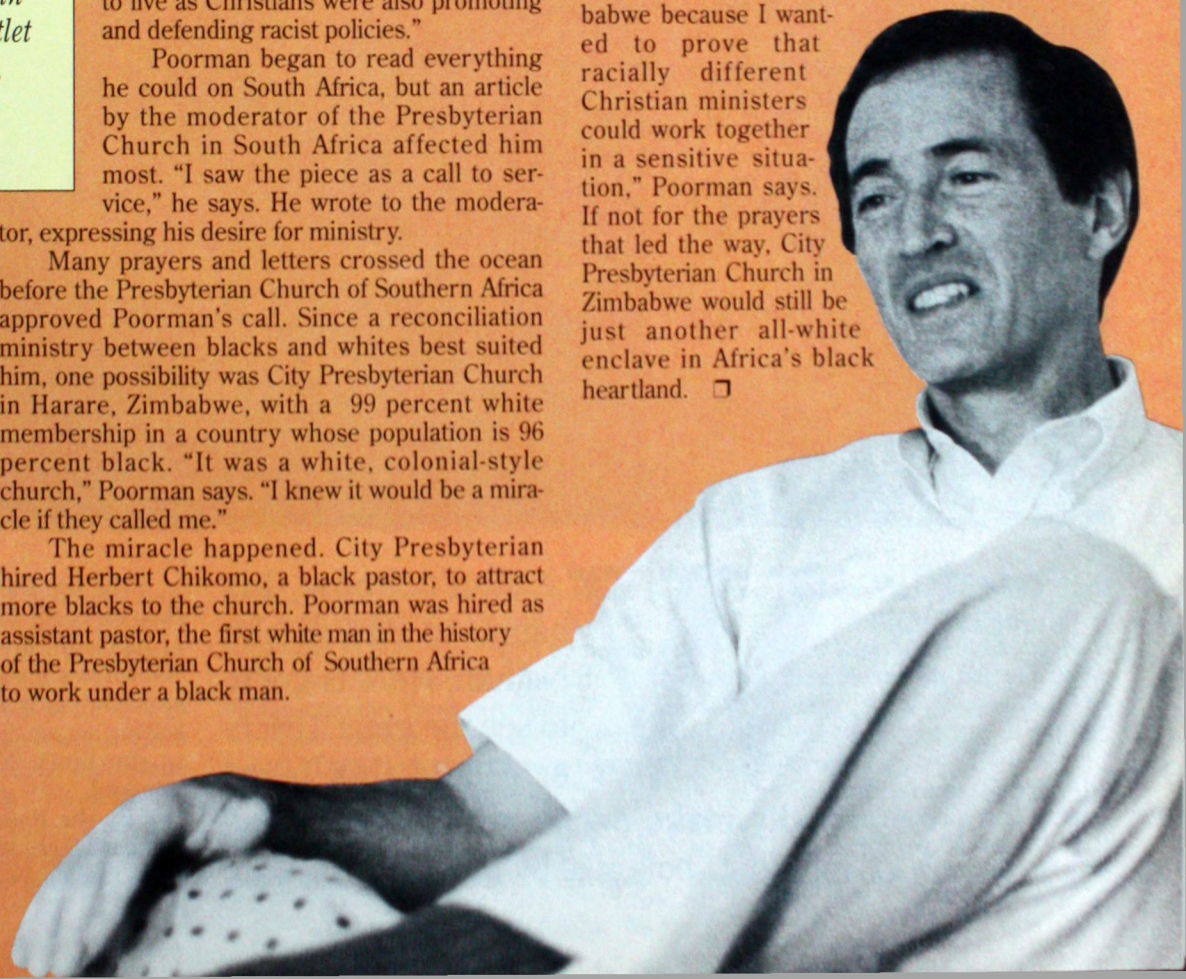
The first time Poorman drove Monicah to work, she "rolled down the car window because whites had instilled in blacks that they smelled bad," he recalls. Poorman's boys, who were in the car, started to laugh because the car got so cold. But Monicah thought they were making fun of her. "She and John were on the verge of leaving us until we explained what really happened," he recounts. By the time Poorman left Harare in 1986, City Church had gone from 1 percent black membership to 25 percent. John Joya serves as an elder/evangelist with the Presbyterian Church in Zimbabwe.

"I went to Zimbabwe because I wanted to prove that racially different Christian ministers could work together in a sensitive situation," Poorman says. If not for the prayers that led the way, City Presbyterian Church in Zimbabwe would still be just another all-white enclave in Africa's black heartland. □

God answers
sharp and sudden on
some prayers, And
thrusts the thing we
have prayed for in
our face, a gauntlet
with a gift in't.

Elizabeth Barrett
Browning

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lance writer in
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The miracle of the loaves and fishes provides a pattern for helping the poor.

HOW
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THE
FIVE
THOUSAND



BY TED W.
ENGSTROM

We don't know his name, so I'll call him Nathan. He was going to see the great Teacher. Could this Jesus really make people well? Was he the prophet spoken of by Moses?

The trip was long and exhausting. "You carry the food, Nathan," his mother had said. Rounding the last bend, Nathan was tired, hungry, and ready to stop. But as streams of people began spilling across the next meadow and up to the bluff, Nathan's enthusiasm returned.

By the time Nathan reached the meadow, there were at least 5,000 men there, besides women and children. All



"THE MIRACLE OF THE FIVE LOAVES" BY CLAUDE AUDRAN (1639-1684); HUNTINGTON LIBRARY, SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA

he could do was crowd in several hundred feet back. But even there he could catch bits of the Master's instruction and glimpses of excited listeners.

The hours seemed to fly. It was already late in the day when from around the other side of the bluff came a group of 10 or 12 men. "Those are his disciples," called a voice from the crowd. "Maybe they can heal too."

But instead they seemed to be

moving people away from Jesus and trying to disperse the crowd. Nathan heard one of them say, "Send the multitudes away, that they may go into the villages and buy themselves food."

Then Nathan heard the Master's voice: "They do not need to go away. You give them something to eat."

The disciples argued with Jesus that it was impossible for them to feed a crowd that size. But Jesus was insistent.

"How many loaves do you have? Go and see."

All eyes were looking about when Nathan remembered the bag of food he was carrying. "I've got something," he blurted out to one of the disciples. "Here, take this."

The disciple brought Jesus the news. "There is a lad here who has five barley loaves and two small fish, but what are they among so many?"

"I'll tell you what they are," thought Nathan. "They're my lashed hide when mother discovers I've given away everything she brought to eat."

"Make them sit down in groups of 50," said Jesus. Then he took the boy's fishes and loaves, and after he gave thanks he distributed them to the disciples to give to those sitting down. Everyone ate as much as they wanted. Then Jesus said, "Gather up the fragments that remain, so that nothing is lost." And the disciples gathered up the leftovers.

The miracle of the loaves and fishes provides a pattern for us to follow as we set about feeding the hungry and helping the poor.

First, maintain your compassion. The disciples had just returned from their first official mission as disciples. They were tired and needful of rest, and Christ was taking them off to "a deserted place." But when the crowds followed them, Jesus was moved with compassion to teach, heal, and feed them.

God has a full-time concern for the needy. Literally hundreds of verses focus on these needs, from the first food in Genesis to the final tree of life in Revelation. In fact, when the people of Israel neglected the needy, God neglected them. Jesus began his ministry by quoting Isaiah, which says, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor. He has sent Me to proclaim release to the captives ... to free those who are downtrodden ..." (Is. 61:1-2)

Second, don't be intimidated by the facts. The disciples didn't have enough money to purchase food. Philip estimated 200 denarii would not be enough. (One denarius was worth a day's wage, so 200 denarii was more than 6 months' wages.) If we become intimidated by the magnitude of the problem, we will shrink back into inaction. One of our jobs is to be aware of the facts while firmly relying on inexhaustible faith.

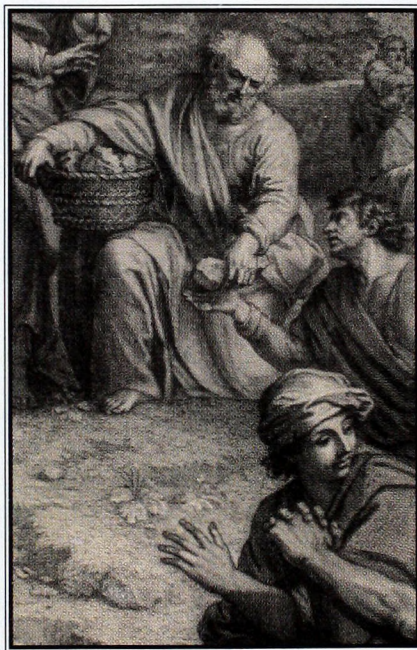
Third, use available resources from those God inspires to help. The disciples saw what they *didn't* have. Christ asked them what they *did* have. Even the most modest resource can reveal the way in which Christ has chosen to solve the problem.

The following is a true story. A respected grain merchant from Iowa was asked to be church treasurer. At first he refused, but the church members kept pleading with him to do it.

Finally he said he'd take the job under one condition. "Let me handle all the finances of the church, and don't ask me any questions," he told them. "At the end of the year I'll give you a full report." The members agreed.

It was a very successful year for that Iowa church. Everyone enjoyed having the bills paid on time and no financial worries. When the year was up, the church had a balance. Every bill was paid. The missions giving had doubled. But the whole community wondered, "How did he do it?" The congregation asked the grain merchant to reveal his secret.

"You bring me all your grain from month to month," he said. "I've taken 10 percent of everything you've brought me, put it aside and sold it for the church. That 10 percent, which you didn't even miss, has made us a profitable congregation." Whether it's dollars or food, how many times have we held onto a small portion of God's



answer to some problem without even knowing it? That's why we need a renewed vision of our modest resources.

Fourth, proceed in an orderly manner. Once the crowd realized the disciples had food, a riot could have resulted. God is not the author of confusion. Christ proceeded decently and in order by seating the crowd in ranks of fifties and hundreds. He planned. He organized. He led. He prayed. There is a time for every event. God's time. It is useless to plant if there is no water. In other words, make sure that everything is done in its place and in relationship to the whole.

Fifth, follow through on the task. Christ could have left the scraps of food lying about in the wilderness, but he didn't. Instead he ordered the disciples to pick up all the leftovers. Perhaps they buried the remains or distributed them yet again to those who had long distances to travel.

Finally, learn from your experience. On several later occasions Christ asked the disciples how many baskets they took up after this miracle (12). The Bible records the number in attendance as about 5,000 men, besides women and children. Quantifying results was apparently as important to Christ in his day as it is to a board of directors or planning committee today.

John Perkins is a black minister who grew up in Mississippi during some of the darkest days of white supremacy. His brother died in his arms from a gunshot wound inflicted by a police officer. John was almost beaten to death by a dozen highway patrolmen during a civil rights incident. But these experiences only drove John to apply the lessons he learned about Christian love to the needs of his fellow citizens. He asks us to learn from our experience:

- What is the one needy neighborhood or community you know the most about? What lessons from past miracles in your experience can help solve the present problems you see today?

- Now, imagine what ministries could be in place in that neighborhood 10 years from now. What reconciliation could take place in the next 10 years?

- Imagine that those 10 years have passed and your dreams are now reality. What miracles do you remember which serve as a vision for the future?

What do you think happened when Nathan returned home and told his village that his box lunch had served approximately 15,000 people? What does it feel like to break a loaf of bread into larger, not smaller, pieces?

You and I may not be able to perform such miracles ourselves. But we can gather together our meager lumps of fish and loaves, place them in the hands of the Lord's disciples, then stand back and watch our Lord perform the miracles for us. □

Ted W. Engstrom is president emeritus of World Vision Inc. His latest book about world hunger is The Midas Trap, published by Victor Books. This article is adapted from Hunger in the Heart of God, by Ted W. Engstrom with Robert C. Larson, copyright ©1989. Used by permission of Servant Publications, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Uptown Baptist Church

TOUCHING 'UPTOWN' WHERE IT HURTS

BY GINGER HOPE

In another church, it might have caused quite a stir. In the middle of the sermon, someone started talking. Someone drunk. Someone with long, dirty brown hair. A street person.

The preacher didn't miss a beat. Having a drunken street person in their church didn't seem to upset many people at Chicago's Uptown Baptist, maybe because some of their best people came in that way. "Papa Joe" Rubio, now a pillar of the church, is one. Another is Mike Durah, now a football coach at Trinity College in Deerfield, Ill.

"I stumbled in here because I needed the things they were offering," Durah says. "I needed food, I needed clothing, I needed shelter. They met those needs, and then they told me about what it means to be a Christian and live for the Lord Jesus."

When Uptown Baptist Church started in 1979, it wanted to represent a cross-section of Uptown, a 10-square-block area along Lake Michigan, about five miles north of the Chicago Loop. In the 1920s Uptown was as chic as its name, a motion picture capital and a fashionable resort spot. In the 1930s, however, the Depression left it a virtual ghost town of luxury hotels.

Those grand, bankrupt buildings made Uptown what it is today. Converted to cheap housing, the buildings have sheltered waves of destitute people: poor Southern whites in the 1950s, "urbanized" American Indians in the 1960s, poor black and Hispanic families in the 1970s. Uptown also became the Ellis Island of Chicago, a port of entry for penniless immigrants.

In the 1980s a new trend emerged: gentrification.

"People with money are trying to get rid of the undesirables," says Associate Pastor Danny Hester. "We would like to change Uptown too, but we would like to do it by letting God change the people who are already here."

To reach this diverse community, the church must extend itself in dozens of directions. Of Uptown's 100,000 residents, 25,000 are senior citizens. Eight thousand are de-institutionalized mental patients. Another 15,000 are homeless. At the local high school, students come from 55 different countries and speak 35 languages. About half the people in Uptown live in single-parent families.

How a church of 200 can make a dent here has something to do with the 200 volunteers that pass through every month. The cavernous old building is like a time-share condo. A basement room is God's Gym one day and a chapel for elderly Russian immigrants the next.

On Sunday morning what is striking is not so much the number of people in the building (no more than 200), but the number of things happening simultaneously. In the basement, the otherworldly strains of a Cambodian hymn mix with the scraping and squeaking of ancient metal folding chairs under squirming Sunday school kids. In the kitchen, street people meet for coffee and Bible study—led by Papa Joe.

In the gym, about 50 men and women in a disorderly circle sing simple songs with gusto and hand motions. They are called "housers," after the halfway houses they inhabit. But in this room, they are "God's People."

The people of this church scatter throughout the week to touch Uptown where it hurts, and they gather at 11 a.m. on Sunday for their own restoration. Over the past 12 years, bits and pieces of Uptown have joined them. There is a swaying, gospel feel to the music. Mothers rock their children to the beat.

"This is a crucial time for us," Hester says. "The ministry we're involved in is extremely draining. It's our worship service that keeps us charged up for the demands of the week."



JON WARREN

Those demands include, in a typical week, distributing food and clothing, serving a hot meal to several hundred people, tutoring schoolchildren, leading sobriety support groups, visiting neighbors, teaching Bible studies, lobbying local officials on behalf of Uptown residents, and coordinating the seven language-group churches connected with Uptown Baptist.

"It was always our goal to minister to the community," says Lindsay Cobb, a church elder. "Some of the things we do kind of fell into our lap."

Maybe. But it's not every church that would pick them up. □

*For more
information
contact Uptown
Baptist Church,
1011 W.
Wilson Ave.,
Chicago, IL
60640.*



hen Los Angeles headlines reported

the deaths of four transients due to hypothermia, a collective shiver ran through the community. People aren't supposed to die of cold in Southern California.

Although my humanitarian feelings were stirred, it was freezing and wet outside. I didn't want to drive across Los Angeles to Skid Row because my old Volvo was having trouble going more than 10 miles at a stretch. It would probably reach some graffiti-splattered shanty and die. Neither of us felt up to the outing.

Then The Salvation Army opened a temporary shelter for the homeless just three miles from my house. Worse, World Vision, my employer, was asking its employees to volunteer. I had run out of excuses.

I waited almost a week before calling, hoping my services would be pre-empted. "We're awfully sorry," they'd say, "but we've had so many calls that we're booked through 1993. Please call back in a few years." Instead, a cheery voice informed me I was their very first caller. They scheduled me for Friday night.

The next morning I told my co-

workers about volunteering. They avoided my gaze. Strange, I thought. They couldn't be feeling guilty, not this office of little-old-lady-helpers and puppy-rights petitioners. Then it dawned on me. They were worried about my safety.

As the week wore on, a few friends told me to "be careful." One former buddy mentioned that "over one-third of the homeless have mental problems." I thanked him for his wisdom and quietly scratched his name off my Christmas list.

Friday came. Wasn't Jesus crucified on a Friday? I kissed my family goodbye and hurried off to my singing class—pleasure before death. Rain battered the windows. My top notes squeaked. I couldn't seem to get enough air. In a barely audible whisper my voice teacher said, "You're too tiny to be working in a shelter, dear. They need a man, someone big and burly." My vibrato turned into a tremolo.

After class I ran out to the parking lot and played tug-of-war with the car door. A gust of wind kicked rain into my face. With no inside light, I squinted at my scribbled directions as my windshield wipers languished in the rain. Why in the world had I volunteered? I inched my way through the slick licorice streets, looking for this shanty of doom.

When I arrived, visions of a bug-infested former speakeasy gave way to a modern little building lit up like Times Square. I locked my purse in the glove compartment and, with a swagger I didn't know I had, sauntered inside.

The interior was darker than I had

hoped. I shook hands with my fellow volunteers, three smallish men who had probably never seen the back side of an alley and a blonde coed with all the street savvy of a toy poodle.

While we pulled plastic wrap off several dozen peanut butter sandwiches and cookies, our coordinator entertained us with stories. The previous week a Vietnam vet had hidden behind a chair and shot at people with a loaded finger. It had taken four volunteers to calm him down. I glanced at the sign-up list. We were expecting 19 guests and there were only five of us "hosts." We were definitely outnumbered.

Then the coordinator assigned us our posts. He put me behind a desk to greet lodgers as they entered and ask them a few questions. After that they'd deposit their gear in an adjoining room and be frisked for weapons.

Wait a minute. What weapons?

“You're too tiny to be working in a shelter, dear. They need a man, someone big and burly.”

LAND OF COOL

BY ANNA WATERHOUSE

I politely suggested that they be frisked before I interviewed them. My suggestion was ignored. I was to ask intimate questions to total strangers while standing behind a desk that reached just below my heart, providing a kind of by-the-numbers blueprint for those who wanted to stab me correctly.

At 10 p.m. the sojourners filed in. They shuffled up to the desk—tired, hungry, and extremely polite—answering questions I didn't want to ask. "Where did you sleep last night? Last week?" *Please, I thought, don't tell me you slept in the park or on a sidewalk. I don't want to know.*

Each one recited Social Security number, last known address, age, and military status. My mother had taught me to treat my elders with respect. Now I was an authority figure to the grandmother who stood before me on swollen legs. "How old are you?" My tongue felt like lead.

Most were just glad to be warm and dry, but a few wanted to talk, to explain how they had fallen on hard times, how tomorrow—or next week—things would be better. Carl had thumbed his way from Detroit in

They raised their arms like obedient children and allowed themselves to be frisked. I looked away.

search of sunshine. He told me about his "no-good family" and "friends who just get you into trouble." June had been in the army light-years ago and proudly possessed "four college degrees." Her sometime companion Charlie was at a nearby shelter. They had

turned her away. June apologized for her shabby clothes, then asked if she could help in some way. Her dignity broke my heart.

June, Carl, and the others shuffled from my desk and left their precious belongings on an old wooden bench. They raised their arms like obedient children and allowed themselves to be frisked. Although necessary for their safety as well as ours, this invasion of their privacy belittled us all. I looked away.

We spent the rest of the evening pouring coffee and placing more cookies on aluminum serving trays. There were no incidents, no crazies babbling to imaginary friends. There was only the low hum of fluorescent lights and the lower, sadder hum of poverty. With a passivity born of adversity, our guests waited for permission before getting a sandwich or a cup of coffee. They ate in silence, these dangerous people. Then,

thanking us, they crawled onto their sleeping mats and closed their eyes in safety.

I watched them drift off to sleep, bodies melting into the gray army cots. My little girl was probably asleep too, in her white canopy bed, surrounded by a benevolent army of dolls and stuffed animals. I drove home to her in the midnight drizzle, the Volvo's trusty Swedish heater insulating me against the icy air. I opened the wind wing just for a moment, as a reminder. Then I closed it again. □

STEVE BJORKMAN



SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Ginger Hope

“Did I have a choice between saving souls and saving bodies when a vacant lot beside my friend’s house was covered with rat-infested garbage? The politicians had called a meeting, discussed the need, and even had a garbage pit dug, but still the field of garbage grew. I asked the Christians to bring shovels. For a



ERIC MOONEYHAM / WORLD VISION

whole morning we shovelled the putrid rotting food, the rusty cans, the small snakes, cockroaches, ants, and poisonous centipedes into the hole and set it alight.

A lady approached from a neighboring house. “O praise God!” she said. “Last night I prayed, ‘Lord, I am unable alone to shift this rubbish.’ But day after day the winds blow its disease into my small house. Now, here you are, an answer to prayer.”

We are called to save souls. We are called to save the bodies of the children who get sick through the disease of a garbage dump. There is no choice between souls and environment.

Viv Griggs in *Companion to the Poor: Christ in the Urban Slums*



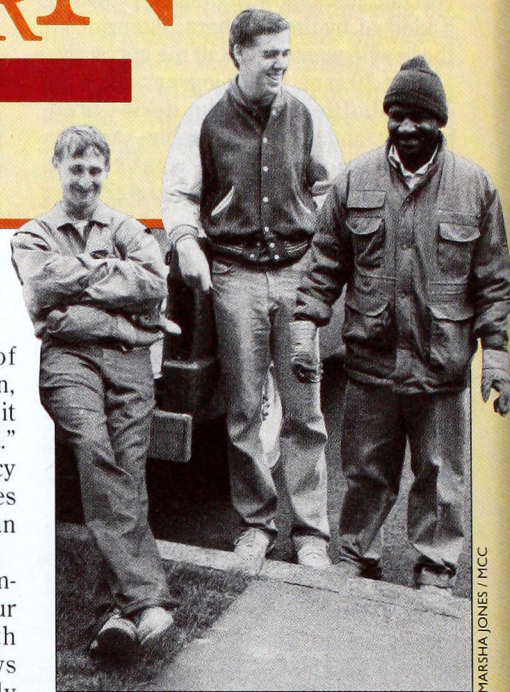
A DAY’S WORK

A leader of a work crew of developmentally disabled men, Jim Unruh is learning how it feels to be the one who’s “different.” Unruh works with a Christian agency called TASK in Atlanta, which gives seven men a supportive Christian setting for work and socializing.

Unruh and another staff member lead work crews of three or four men. After starting the day with Bible study and prayer, the crews tackle the day’s work—usually landscaping or construction site cleanup.

Ironically most of the men must limit themselves to 20 hours of work a week at minimum wage to keep their government benefits. “We can’t let them work more hours because they need medical insurance and other benefits we can’t afford to offer,” Unruh explains.

Some of the men are already committed Christians, and others have shown progress in that direction, Unruh says. “They talk a lot



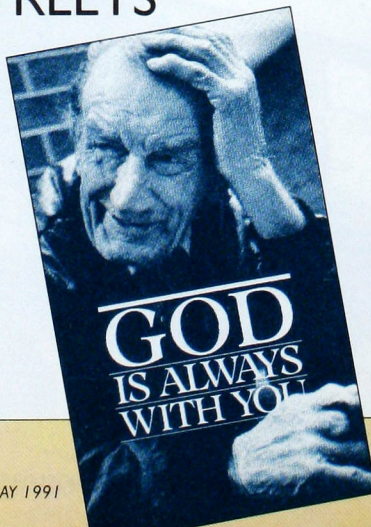
MARSHA JONES / MCC

Willie Ricks, Jim Unruh, and Ernest Pitts take a break from clearing out apartments in Smyrna, Ga.

with others about God while we’re working,” he says. “The men are really outgoing and enjoy being around other people. And other people—customers and neighbors at our job sites—seem to enjoy being around them too.”

For more information contact TASK of Atlanta, P.O. Box 17628, Atlanta, GA 30316; (404) 509-8909.

SCRIPTURE FOR THE STREETS



A new Scripture booklet for homeless people is available from the American Bible Society. Homeless men and women had a hand in choosing the Bible passages for “God Is Always With You,” and the 40-page publication is designed to be easily tucked into a pocket or bundle of belongings. It features photographs of people from the streets of New York City.

Bible Society officials hope the Scripture selections will be “a great source of strength and comfort to people who need to know they stand tall in the sight of God.”

Contact the American Bible Society at 1865 Broadway, New York, NY 10023; (212) 581-7400.

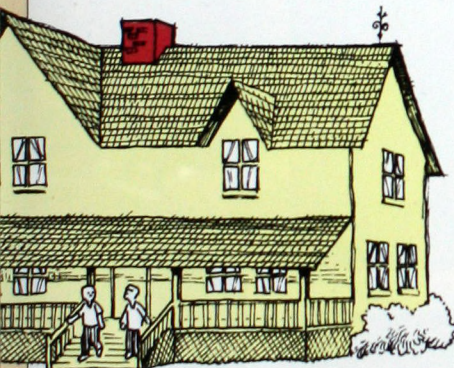
ILLUSTRATION BY STAN SAKAI

BOOT CAMP, PLUS HUGS

Time and again, Henry Salley watched it happen. Young men would try to start over after a prison term but would fall back into the street life they were trying to leave behind. What was missing, Salley thought, was a safe place to get a solid start before facing the old temptations head-on.

When his parents left him a four-bedroom home in southeast Grand Rapids, Mich., Salley got his chance to try out his idea, with the help of Madison Square Christian Reformed Church.

Young Christian men, most of them ex-offenders and many with histories of chemical dependency, live in the house for six months to



a year. Salley describes the program as a mix of "the precision of boot camp with the sincere and personal love of the staff." Less than five percent of these high-risk "graduates" have returned to jail or prison.

For information contact Mustard Seed Christian Ministries, P.O. Box 7551, Grand Rapids, MI 49510; (616) 774-8153.

Last night these young Americans came closer to starvation. And closer to God.



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J41PS1

School O Is Out

Worldwide, at least 100 million children live nowhere near a school. Another 100 million never finish the primary grades. These children will someday be added to the nearly 1 billion illiterate adults in the world today.

What happens to Third World children with no education? Rural kids usually help out on the farm. Urban kids don't have that simple a choice. The lucky ones find menial jobs. The others sell trinkets or their bodies on the streets.

Poor families in the developing world sometimes don't have the money to send a child to school. Even if the education is free, parents must buy school supplies, books, uniforms, and shoes. The rewards of an education seem ill-defined and far away.

But the United Nations has named the 1990s "The Decade of Education." The first World Conference On Education For All established a 10-year goal to raise the literacy rate of 14-year-olds to 80 percent.

There may still be hope for the world's children. □

A few years at this Muslim school in Jilib, Somalia, is the only education these boys will ever get.

Children like this young Nepalese boy often have to sacrifice schooling to work on the family farm.

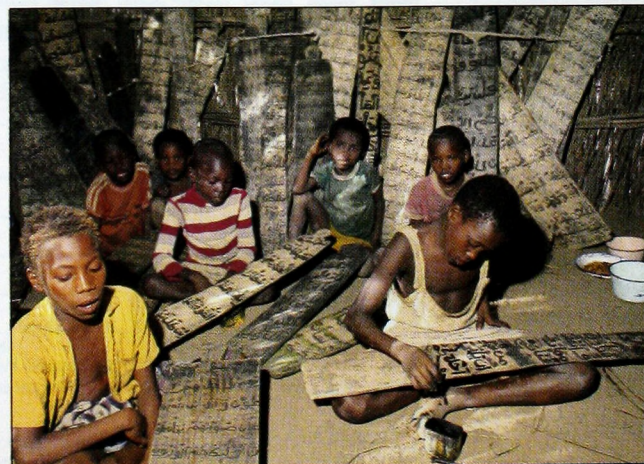


JON WARREN

Girls in rural Guatemala take a brief break from their studies.



JON WARREN



A Filipino youth gazes intently at his teacher.



WORLD VISION



JOHN STEWART / WORLD VISION

CITIES OF JOY & SORROW

BY TERRY MARCELL
WITH MARK CUTSHALL

Terry Marcell celebrated his 50th birthday with a wish come true. For four weeks he lived and worked with Mother Teresa's male order, the Missionaries of Charity. But it took memories of home to help him realize why he had come so far.



SANJAY SOJWAL / WORLD VISION

*I traveled
halfway
around the
world and
found myself
a few blocks
from home.*

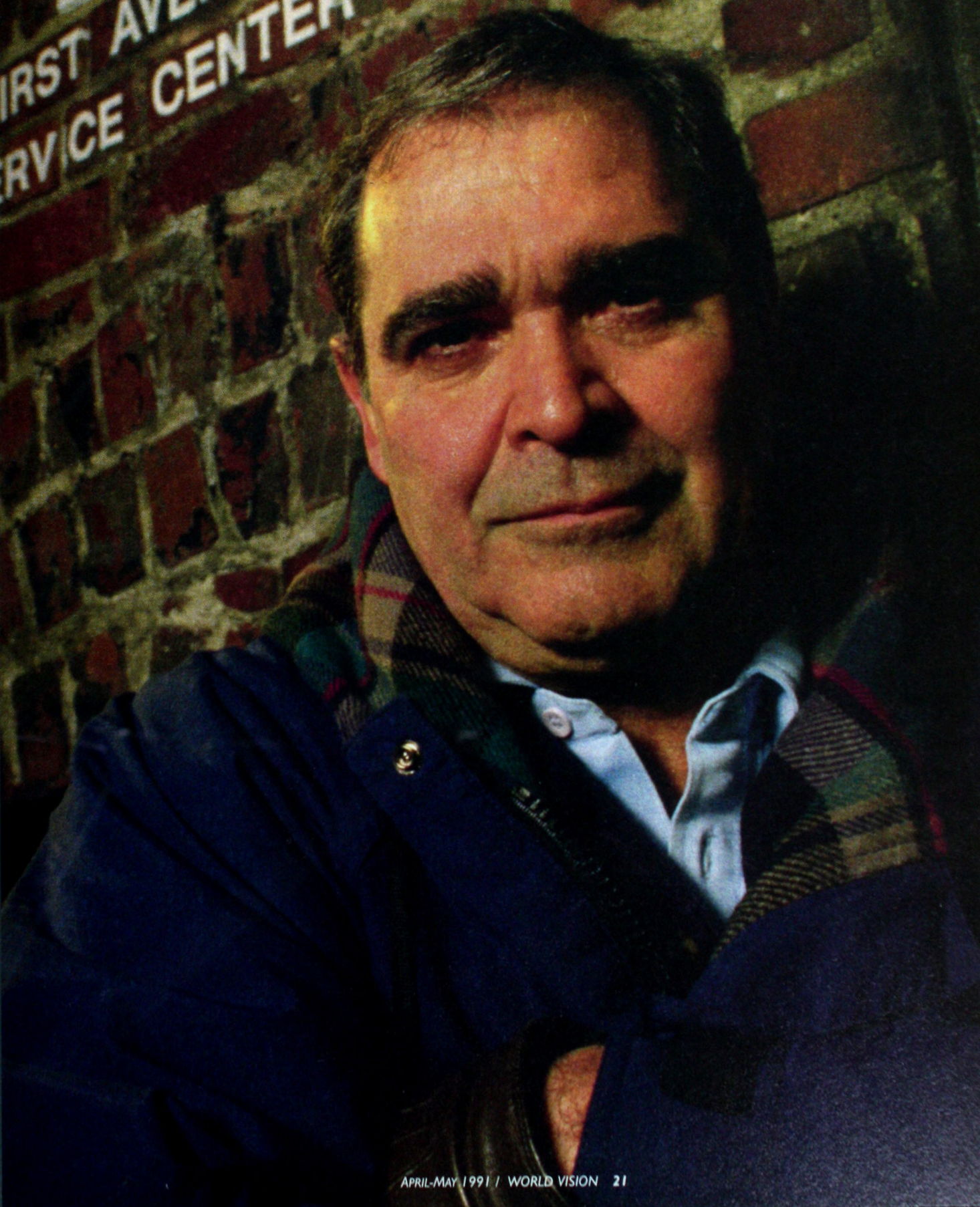
It is a cool Sunday night in February. I'm riding a bus from Calcutta to Barackpur, India. Several hours away is the leper colony that will be my home for the next seven days.

The sounds of crunching gears mingle with the smells of a hundred people lurching back and forth on wooden benches. Our diesel-driven holding tank of humanity is filled with the sweat and chatter of India. In my lap sits a brown-eyed girl, no older than 3. Her father plucked her out of her mother's grasp and put her in my lap, no explanation given. This never would have happened back in Seattle, I think to myself. My mind races home.

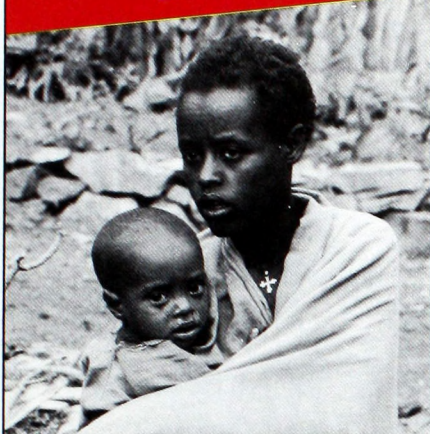
For weeks my son Shawn had watched me devour *The City of Joy* by Dominique Lapierre. I had served the street people of Seattle for more than 20 years, and the urge to go to Calcutta, to explore the heart of India, was unbearably strong. So for my birthday, Shawn gave me a round-trip airplane ticket to India.

The bus lurches to a stop. We've arrived. I step off the bus, feeling nervous. Where is 69 Murghee? I'm supposed to look for a blue gate, but despite the torches lighting the dirt roads and open sewers, all I see is darkness. I'm definitely lost. Finally an old man gives me directions.

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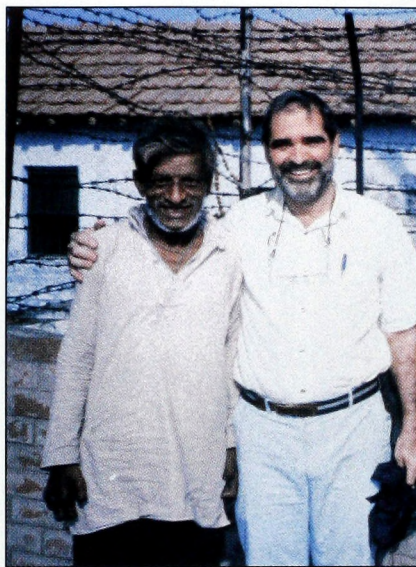
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A few minutes later, I am met by two huge German shepherds and a houseboy, who runs out to greet me. I am welcomed by warm, loving Indian men who speak English. The house is a mansion. Compared to the slums of Calcutta, my room is luxury itself, complete with mosquito netting, a table, and my own bed. I fall into it willingly.

At 4:30 the next morning, a rickety bus takes us the six miles to the leper center. The brothers and I pass through the gardens and rice fields and come into the main building. As I walk through the doorway, an older leper woman drops to her knees and kisses

Terry Marcell with his arm around a resident of the leper colony.



my feet. This is a custom in India, yet I feel very uncomfortable.

In an adjoining room, some 600 lepers are working on looms, making saris and cloth to be sold all over the world. "The work you see here," says my host, Brother Maria Dos, "is all part of the center's mission to provide a home where over 200 leper families can re-establish their self-esteem." Judging from the smiles on their faces, I get the sense that *dignity* is being woven back into their lives.

Still, I can't help but notice the obvious. A stump in the place of a hand. A club instead of a foot. But I seem to find gratefulness in the most unlikely places. Like the cutting room. This is where old flesh and bones are cut away to reach fresh nerve endings. The new stumps are immediately wrapped in gauze. Rehabilitated lepers do the cutting.

I sit next to a woman whose index finger is ready to be cut off. She is fully awake and alert, since the disease has caused her to lose feeling in her fingers. All that's painful now are her doctor's

words: "If only you hadn't forgotten to take the medicine that helps prevent the spread of leprosy, this operation wouldn't have been necessary." So many of them forget, so many don't know, so many don't believe.

Just like back home. I am 13,000 miles away from the broken wine bottles of Seattle's skid row area, but I could just as well be standing in the doorway of the First Avenue Service Center downtown, a refuge for street people whose self-respect has been eaten away by a kind of leprosy poured from a bottle.

I think about people like Joe Davis, chronic alcoholics, chronic inhabitants of the street. Joe is a gigantic man with an intimidating scar on his face. His white dress shirt is soiled gray, his scruffy pants have a half-broken zipper, and his tennis shoes are old and worn. He used to be a fighter, yet he flinches like someone who is afraid to go to sleep, afraid he'll be beaten and robbed like so many times before. He desperately needed help and he got it. We gave him a place to keep his insulin. We gave him a job. For a time he stopped drinking. Then he began spending his cash on drinks for friends. He stopped taking his medicine. He let his insulin needles get dirty. One day he hit a staff volunteer and we had to bar him from the premises.

The leper woman loses her finger. Joe Davis loses his future. Why is it that when help is available, some people still say no?

I continue to watch the Missionaries of Charity, to watch how they work. They have no expectations of people. They simply go about their business of helping, one at a time.

One day before my return flight, I am hunched over a drain on my hands and knees, scrubbing my shirt with lye soap on a cement floor. I am humbled, close to the ground, close to God. I am gradually learning to take care of the present moment, no matter how painful or hopeless it seems.

I begin packing my tote bag, ready to go back to the Joe Davises, the cut-up prostitutes, the young families who wander into the First Avenue Service Center looking for a dry room and a hot meal. I cannot take away their leprosy, whatever its form, but I can offer them myself. I *can* be a fellow sojourner who left his city behind and traveled halfway around the world, only to discover that First Avenue was just a few blocks away. □

Mark Cutshall is a free-lance writer in Seattle, Wash.

WE CONTINUE TO ASK

BY NANCY
EASTRIDGE

I saw his feet first. Gnarled, old, bony, bare feet in the entrance to the outdoor restaurant in Honduras where I had stopped for lunch. As my eyes moved upward from the dusty feet, I saw rags of clothing hanging on the thin frame of an old man. Then I saw his eyes, eyes that reflected the hunger and hopelessness that must have lived in him for a long time. Eyes that pled louder than the soft words asking for part of the food on my plate.

I turned away. I tried not to acknowledge I had seen or heard him. I turned away, hoping he would leave. He didn't. He stood in the entrance and I could still see him, despite my turned head. His eyes were locked on me. His soft, pleading voice pierced my ears.

Although the incident happened several years ago, I keep remembering. I remember the man, the food on my plate, the restaurant, my thoughts and feelings. But what I remember most is my turning away.

That was neither the first nor the last time I encountered a beggar, nor is it the only time I have turned away from someone asking me for something. It is, however, the time I recall most vividly. As I tried to finish my meal that day, I had a moment of insight. I realized we are all beggars. Even as I turned my head from someone begging for food, I was a stranger in his country begging for acceptance as I tried to communicate in a language foreign to me.

I had always thought of beggars as those who ask for food or spare change. I used more respectable titles for those who ask at higher levels. But I too am a beggar. I beg for understanding when I fail, for acceptance when my actions or words

are unacceptable, for love in all circumstances. When I am strong enough, I verbally beg for forgiveness for my blunders. When I am not strong enough to ask aloud, I beg silently. I ask that others invest time in recognizing me and my abilities and energy. Yet the beggar was asking only for a basic need to be filled, a need I take for granted. And I treated him as a non-person, as if he and his hunger did not exist.

Why do I ignore one who asks for a basic need and at the same time expect that I will always be able to provide my own needs? Do I turn away because I fear a time when I may be in that same situation? Can it be that material things mean so

much to me that I resent being asked to share them? Or am I truly convinced that all who beg for basic needs are lazy con artists and do not deserve my attention? These questions plague me. Since I ask so much of others, can I, in turn, fail to give what others ask of me? When I see a human being asking for money or a place to sleep, can I respond humanely? I know I can try.

I hope that one day I can hear all who beg for fulfillment as clearly

"I realized we are all beggars." as I heard the beggar in the restaurant that day. And after hearing, instead of turning away, I

pray I can respond in a way that recognizes the humanity and frailty in us all. Because just like the beggar at my table, our needs do not go away just because people do not respond. Like him we stand there, staring at a table laden with goodies, a table just beyond our reach. And we continue to ask. □

Nancy Eastridge is a freelance writer from El Paso, Texas.



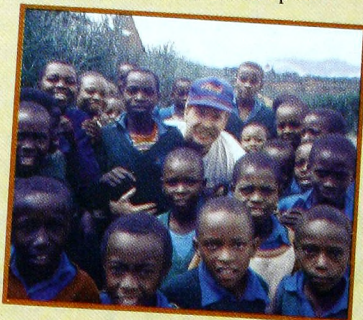
JOANNE BEARDWOOD

“I’ve seen it. I’ve been there. As a pastor and childcare sponsor, I wanted to see for myself what World Vision’s child sponsorship program really *does* for children.

So I went to Africa. And what I saw *astonished* me — and thrilled my heart.

I saw hungry children being fed, because of World Vision sponsorship... I saw sick children receiving excellent medical care, because someone back in the United States was sponsoring them.

But most important of all, in the countries I visited I saw sponsored children coming to Christ — accepting Him as their Lord and Savior — through the personal, practical, *daily Christian witness* of World Vision’s outstanding workers.



I came home more determined than ever to see *our church family* get involved in reaching children with the life-transforming message of the Gospel — *through World Vision sponsorship.*

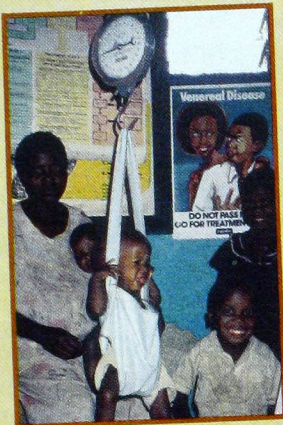
We began with our youth group. They set out an empty water jug and put loose change in it to sponsor one little Ethiopian girl. The excitement was contagious as they demonstrated the love of Christ in action.

Soon we all realized that if just a few of our young people, with nothing more than *pocket change*, can help transform one life for eternity — how much more could our whole church family accomplish for the cause of Christ?

Ever since, I’ve encouraged all the pastors I know to experience the joy of World Vision childcare sponsorship. And as a result, I’ve seen *114 needy children* sponsored by Sunday school classes, Bible study groups, adult classes and entire churches.

Please consider how *your church* can sponsor a child through World Vision, and see how your giving can touch a needy child’s life... *for eternity!*”

— Rev. Mark Barrett
Kumalani Chapel
Lahaina, Hawaii



If you have questions, comments,
or a change of address,
you may call toll-free:

1-800-777-5777.

YES! We’d like to consider group sponsorship of a needy child.

- Please send us more information about World Vision childcare sponsorship, including a photo and the personal story of a boy girl from Africa Asia Latin America where needed most.
- We’d like to go ahead and commit to sponsorship now. Enclosed is our first \$24 payment. Please send the photo and personal story requested above.

1700

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Group Name _____

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*Marketing tobacco
in the Third World*

Seattle and Calcutta:
**CITIES OF
JOY &
SORROW**

Ted W. Engstrom:
**HOW TO FEED
THE FIVE
THOUSAND**



4 **The Sun Never Sets on the Marlboro Man**

With tobacco sales waning in the United States, American tobacco companies look toward a profitable new horizon—the Third World. And the approach seems to be working. Flashy, sophisticated promotions (and few health warnings) are turning more and more people to the “pleasures of smoking.”

10 **How To Feed the Five Thousand**

Dr. Ted W. Engstrom, president emeritus of World Vision, uses the story of the loaves and the fishes to teach today’s church how to reach out to the poor and hungry.

20 **Cities of Joy and Sorrow**

Terry Marcell, accustomed to caring for Seattle’s street people, travels all the way to India thinking he will find a different kind of poverty. Instead, he finds that need has no borders.

14 **Land of Cool**

What happens when a reluctant do-gooder meets an immovable object—a ministry opportunity that just won’t go away.

It Makes No Sense 3
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Touching ‘Uptown’ Where It Hurts 13
Samaritan Sampler 16
School Is Out 18
Turning Points 23

Readers of Spanish, Korean, or Tamil will note Cliff Nielsen’s not-so-subtle “Buy! Buy! Buy! Smoke! Smoke! Smoke!” on our cover. Read on in English about the true—and tragic—cost of smoking in the Third World.

And if you do a slow burn when you read some of our articles, don’t hesitate to write or call me. I’d like to discuss personally why we tackle some of the tough issues of life in the Third World and in the United States. Unfortunately, there are no simple answers.

Terry Madison

STEVE BJORKMAN



WORLD VISION

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IT MAKES **NO** SENSE

This Palestinian youth attends a Christian school not far from the site of the tear-gas attack.

The tension is about to boil over. Life is lived close to the flash point. One spark and racial hatred leads to unspeakable destruction. Perhaps it really started thousands of years ago, but for me it is punctuated and personalized here in a refugee camp on the Gaza Strip.

A young Israeli soldier makes a wrong turn into the camp. Innocent enough. A stone is thrown. The young man panics. With foot on the accelerator, his car bounces off a donkey cart.

in petrol, throws the lighted weapon into the car, and a young father—someone's husband, someone's son—is burned to death.

We have just come out of the Shati refugee camp, a few miles further north. A man is running toward us, gesticulating wildly, beckoning us to turn back in. His every movement suggests urgency. Then a woman, his wife, half-carrying, half-dragging their son, comes into view. Desperation is written all over her face.

The boy had been gassed. At his elementary school. A 6-year-old boy becomes the latest victim of senseless hatred.

I get out to help them into the car. The boy is unconscious, eyes half open but unseeing. His limp body is held together by his mother's arms.

Panic propels our car toward the Swedish hospital located a mile away. As the drama unfolds in the back seat, we talk to ease the tension. The father's expression tightens. "All day long they shoot at us," he says. He throws up his hands as if to say, "It makes no sense."

The mother cries softly, rocking back and forth with a son whose movements have stopped. "How can they deal with this?" I ask myself as a parent. Larger-than-life forces victimize the innocent, hatred taking out its rage on children still too young to understand the issues. And the victim has a face, the face of a 6-year-old boy.

As we approach the hospital, his body begins to convulse involuntarily. He begins to vomit. His mother takes care to catch the vomit on her own clothing without stopping the cradling. That's something only a mother could do. She is perspiring profusely now, her energy enveloping the life that she has brought into the world.

We roar into the dusty parking lot. The mother collapses as doctors relieve her of her son. The father stands next to the doctor, alternately looking at us and his son. He wants to catch our eye so as to voice a silent thanks. We take our leave, shaken but grateful.

How long, oh Lord, how long? When will this senselessness end? How much pain has to be inflicted? How many mothers must mourn the loss of loved ones? How many fathers must live with the pain of seeing their families dehumanized? How far must human dignity and sanctity of life erode? When will the world cry, "Enough!"?



The victim has a face, the face of a 6-year-old boy.

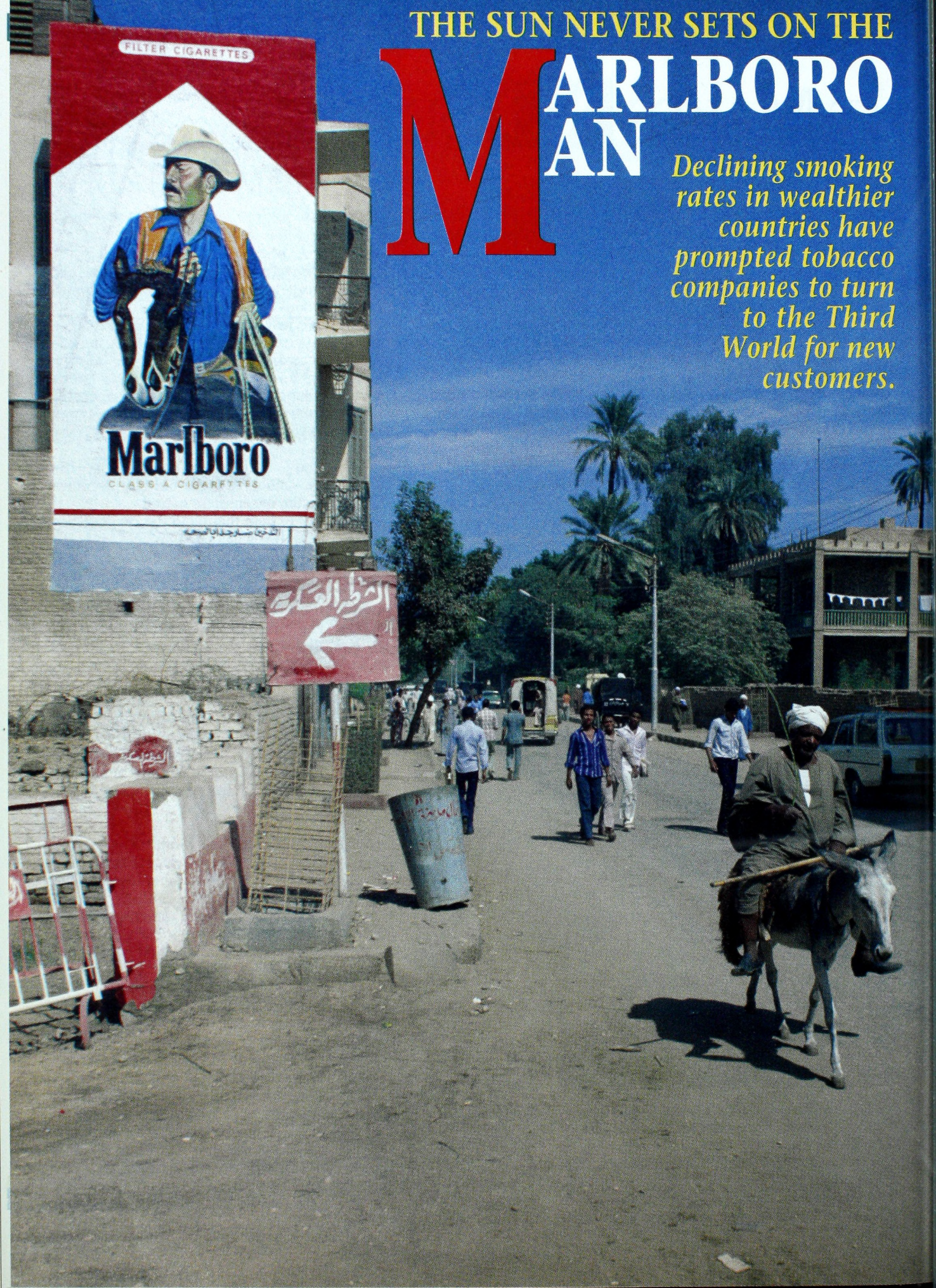
Two Palestinian children are hurt—how badly, no one is sure. But the rumors race wildly through the camp.

In a heartbeat, people encircle the car. The soldier cannot escape. More rocks are thrown. The car windows shatter and now the rocks are hitting the Israeli soldier. Someone soaks a rag

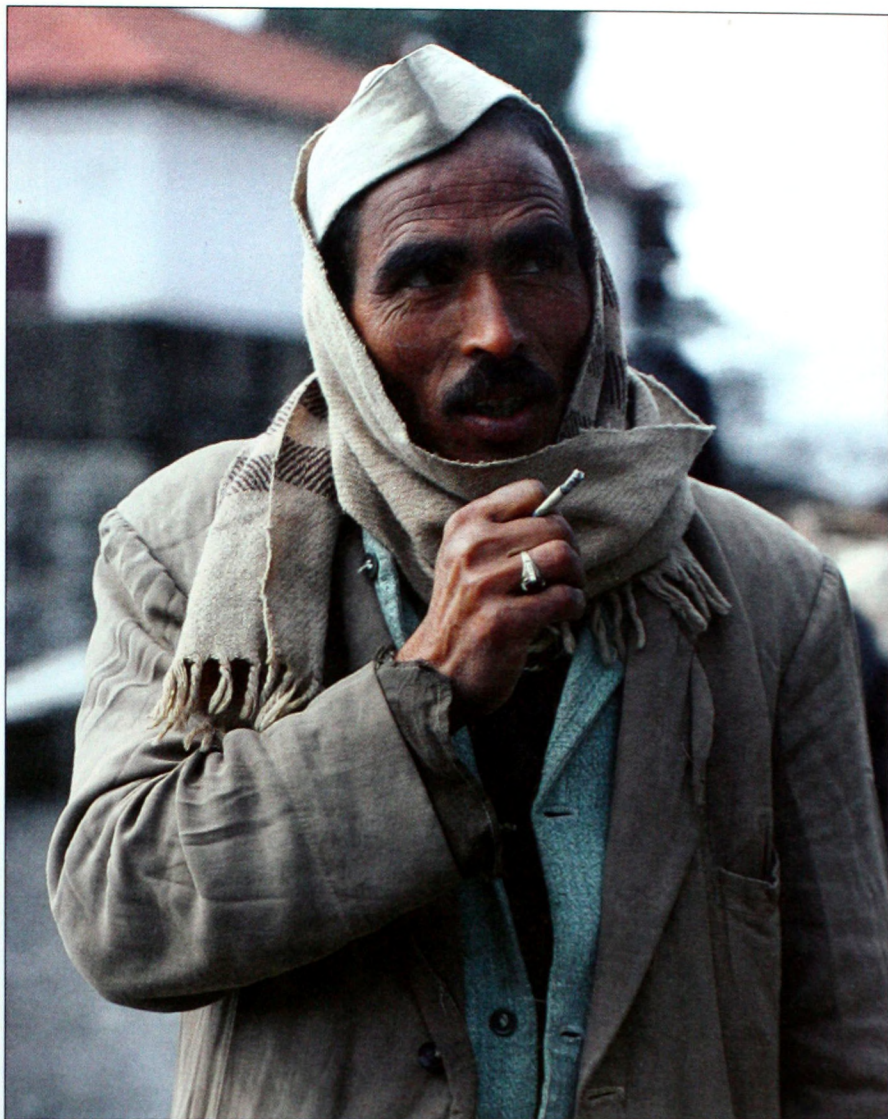
THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE

MARLBORO MAN

Declining smoking rates in wealthier countries have prompted tobacco companies to turn to the Third World for new customers.



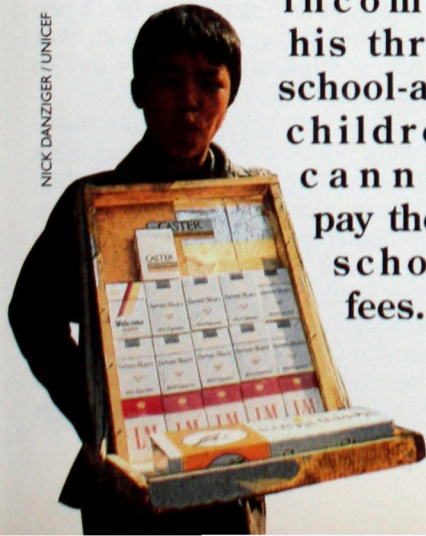
Aggressive marketing of tobacco in the Third World has led to an increase in sales by 2 percent a year. These smokers pay a high price. Besides facing increased risks, smokers in some Third World countries spend enough money on tobacco every day to feed a family of two or three.



JON WARREN

BY BARBARA THOMPSON

In a hospital in Ghana, Stephen Asante struggles for breath. He has been losing weight for months, and X-rays show his lungs are filled with fluid. The doctors are not optimistic, but Asante is determined to rally from his tobacco-related lung disease. His family's economic survival depends on his good health. Without their father's steady income, his three school-age children cannot pay their school fees.



NICK DANZIGER / UNICEF

"Deciding to smoke was the biggest mistake I ever made," he tells a friend on his 55th birthday. "When I leave the hospital, I'm going to write a book warning young people about the dangers of tobacco."

It is a promise Stephen Asante will never keep. The day after his birthday, he suffers a relapse. With him dies the financial security of his family.

By conservative estimates, 2.5 million people around the world die each year from smoking cigarettes. A growing number of these casualties live in the developing world. Health officials predict that of all the children alive today, 250 million will die of tobacco-related causes. Seventy percent of these deaths will be in developing countries.

"The disease burden of the developing world is already so unfair," says Dr. William Foege, director of the Task Force for Child Survival. "People on a subsistence income, with low protein diets and plagued by an array of infectious diseases, will now carry the added burden of declining lung function, cancer, and heart disease."

Despite our great concern about the effect of Colombian cocaine on young Americans, more Colombians die today from diseases caused by tobacco products exported to their country by American tobacco companies than do Americans from Colombian cocaine.

—Dr. Peter Bourne, President American Association of World Health.

Ironically, the tobacco epidemic of the developing world is directly linked to growing health concerns and declining smoking rates in the United States and other developed countries. To sustain healthy profit margins, multinational tobacco companies have turned to the Third World for new customers.

"We recognized early that ours is a global business," says a Philip Morris Inc. executive. "Our future is particular-

SELVAKUMAR'S STORY



At the age of 13, Selvakumar began smoking cigarettes. By 14, he was smoking 40 cigarettes a day to satisfy his craving for nicotine.

As a young man in Sri Lanka, off the coast of India, Selvakumar worked hard to support his wife and two children. He was promoted from laborer to officer on a tea plantation and dreamed of promotion to factory superintendent.

At the age of 34, with his dreams in reach, Selvakumar suffered first one stroke, then another. Doctors blamed his blood clots on tobacco use and strongly urged him to quit smoking. He stopped immediately.

But it was too late. Blood clots developed in Selvakumar's legs,

and an expensive operation failed to correct the problem. Both Selvakumar's legs were amputated.

By the time Selvakumar returned home, he'd lost his job. A short while later, his wife left, taking their two children. "She said she could not live with me when my salary was stopped," he says.

Today Selvakumar lives and works in a home for the disabled. He is studying computers and dreams of the day when he will marry again and find steady work. "I never knew about this disease," he says. "The doctors say that even if I only stay close to other smokers and inhale their smoke, I may lose my arms."

Barbara Thompson, with Noel Berman in Sri Lanka

exchange for five empty packs of Winstons. In Malaysia, tobacco companies subverted a television advertising ban by promoting "Salem" concerts featuring teen music idols Cyndi Lauper and Tina Turner.

Third World women are likewise a special target of tobacco advertisers. Smoking is connected with women's liberation, Western affluence, and The American Dream. Left unmentioned are the unique health hazards tobacco poses for women. These include pregnancy complications, higher rates of miscarriage, and an increased disease and death rate for small children.

Tobacco marketing executives find a powerful ally in cigarettes themselves. "It's amazing how little nicotine it takes to lose control," says Dr. Foege. "People in developing countries are getting addicted buying one or two cigarettes at a time." Many health experts, including former Surgeon General Everett Koop, believe nicotine is as addictive as cocaine or heroin.

Third World smokers pay a high

The enormous social cost of tobacco in the developing world includes environmental damage by tobacco production.

price for their addiction. In Bangladesh a person smoking just five cigarettes a day must cut food purchases by 15 percent. In Indonesia, an average smoker spends enough money every day to feed a family of two or three.

These smokers also face more alarming health hazards than smokers in the developed world. For example, cigarettes sold in their countries are often higher in tar, the cancer-causing ingredient of tobacco. In a study comparing similar brands in the U.S. and the Philippines, the tar content of the Philippines cigarettes was 50 percent higher. Yet Third World countries seldom have the benefit of warning labels on cigarette packs.

ly bright in developing areas, where income and population are growing."

The bright future of tobacco companies is reflected in some disturbing statistics. While cigarette sales are declining in developed countries by almost 2 percent a year, sales in Third World countries are growing by 2 percent. In Bangladesh, one of the poorest countries in the world, 50 percent of teenagers smoke. Among impoverished young Palestinians in Israel, smoking rates have climbed to 70 percent.

The growth of cigarette markets in the developing world is directly related to



STOP SELLING CIGARETTES WITHOUT HEALTH WARNINGS TO 3RD WORLD COUNTRIES

the billion-dollar advertising campaigns of multinational tobacco companies. The sun never sets on the Marlboro man, who rides billboards from Africa to Asia, wearing Western-style jeans and smoking a cigarette. On city streets or in remote rural villages, the message is the same: Smoking makes you rich, cosmopolitan, sophisticated, and successful.

"The problem is that U.S. manufacturers are not just exporting American cigarettes," says Lori Heise of the Worldwatch Institute. "They're exporting cigarette marketing—the high-gloss, hard-sell persuasion that tobacco firms have perfected."

Teenagers in the developing world are a frequent target of tobacco advertisement. Tobacco marketers know that few people begin smoking after their teenage years. A recent cigarette promotion in Taiwan included free tickets to a teenage disco in

Furthermore, the public health departments in most developing countries have little money to educate people about tobacco-related health risks. In some African countries, health budgets are as low as \$1 per person per year, compared to U.S. annual expenditures of \$400 to \$500 per person.

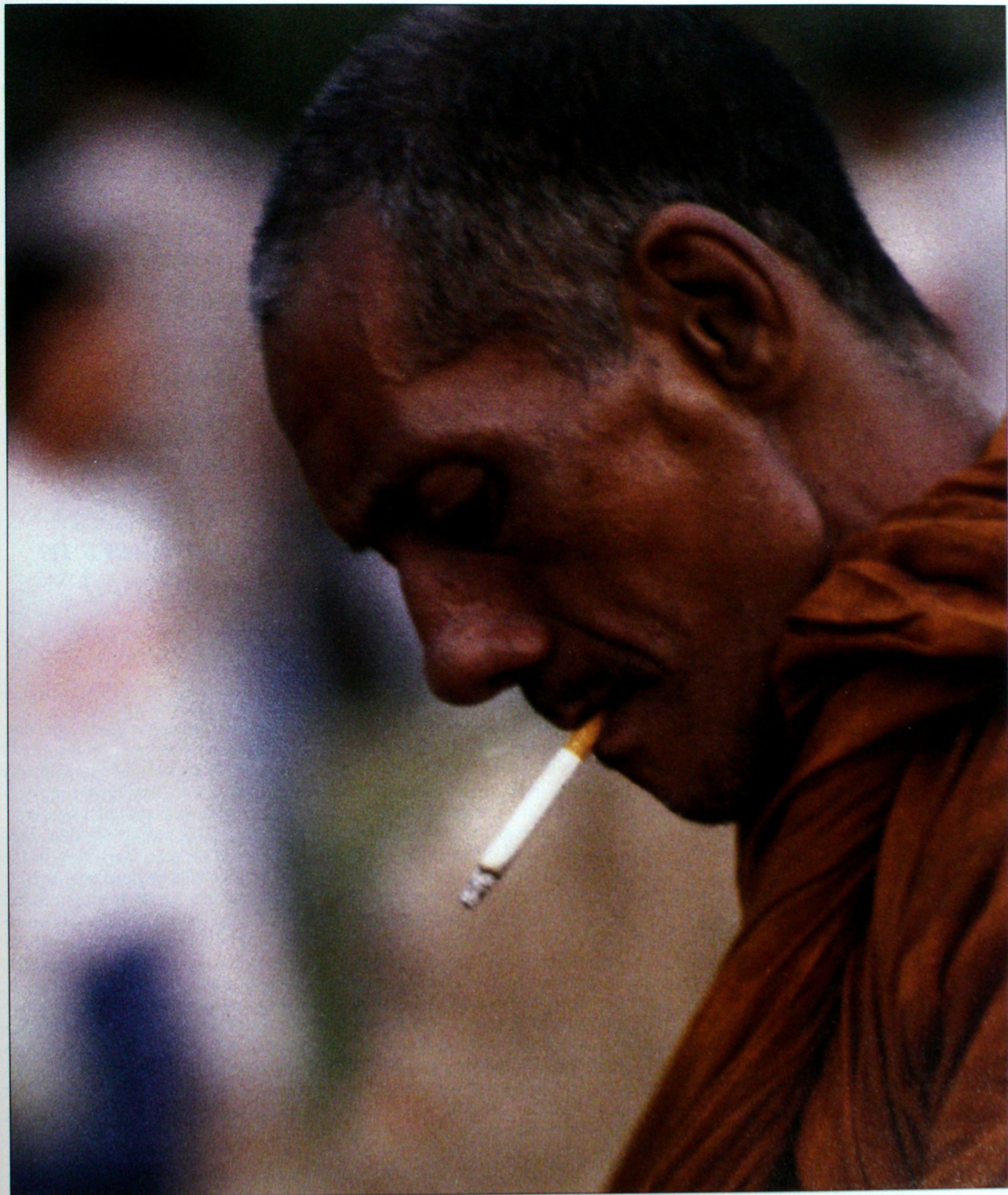
A host of immediate health problems, including AIDS and malaria, overshadow the long-range consequences of smoking. "The major challenge in many developing countries is to reach the age of 6, not to worry about contracting cancer," says one health expert.

Individuals who do live long

enough to contract a tobacco-related illness often cannot afford private medical care, and government hospitals are underfunded and understaffed.

In Thailand, where 65 percent of adult males smoke, lung cancer is now the number-one cancer in men. "The majority of these men never get treat-

Sixty-five percent of the males in Thailand smoke. Lung cancer is now the leading cancer in men. Despite these alarming statistics, threats of U.S. trade sanctions forced Thai officials to lift a ban on American cigarettes last December.



JON WARREN

ment," says Dr. Prakrit Vateesatokit, chairman of medicine at Mahidol University. "Government hospitals cannot afford to spend a lot of money on chemotherapy for patients with such a poor prognosis." (Even in the United States, the five-year survival rate for lung cancer patients is only 15 percent.)

In spite of the already-massive health problem, in December 1990 Thai officials agreed to lift a ban on U.S. cigarettes. Threats of American trade sanctions forced Thailand's hand. Still, a ban on cigarette advertising remains in effect in spite of U.S. pressure. Ironically, the dispute has prodded the Thai government to front an anti-smoking campaign and has given officials a newfound interest in public health.

Tobacco companies use First Amendment rights to argue against advertising bans. I think we can get around this very easily by requiring truth in advertising. If they, like other drug companies, were forced to provide a package insert detailing all the potential hazards of their product, they couldn't afford to advertise because they would be giving away a small book with every package of cigarettes.

Dr. William H. Foege
Director,
Task Force for Child Survival

Africa. Developed countries give us aid, then take our money from tobacco profits. They advertise with no regard for ethics or our welfare."

"I spent 25 years in public health, representing the United States with pride," says Dr. Foege. "We led the world in health concerns. Now in the 1990s, the United States threatens to become a net exporter of disease rather than health. That's very discouraging."

Dr. Foege points to Nigeria as one developing country effectively fighting against tobacco. The government has abolished cigarette advertising and has proposed fines for smoking in public places.

Public health advocates throughout the United States have called on church groups to oppose the exploitation of human lives for a profit. Evangelical churches, missions, and development agencies in particular seem a natural ally for this effort. Many are already playing a major role in providing medical care in the developing world. They also have a long history of

These smokers face more alarming health hazards than smokers in the developed world.

opposition to tobacco use.

Says Dr. Michelle Block, director of the Women vs. Smoking Network, "If there were a grassroots campaign by church groups, writing their congressmen, testifying in committee hearings, and galvanizing public opinion, this issue of U.S. tobacco marketing in the Third World would be dead overnight."

Meanwhile, health leaders around the world are crossing national boundaries with an increasingly vocal opposition to multinational tobacco companies. Although they perceive themselves as fighting an uphill battle, their commitment and determination are clear. "It's a David and Goliath story," says Ron Davis, director of the U.S. government's Office on Smoking and Health. "But although progress is slow, we're going to win." □

Barbara R. Thompson is a freelance writer in Atlanta, Ga.



A 15-year-old Ethiopian boy drew this anti-smoking picture as part of a collage depicting changes he wants to see in his lifetime.

The enormous cost of tobacco use in the developing world includes environmental damage caused by tobacco production. An increasing number of farmers are switching from high-risk, low-profit food crops to low-risk, high-profit tobacco plants. Deforestation also increases, since one acre of woodland must be used to process each acre of tobacco planted. In Malawi, for instance, one third of all cut trees are used for curing tobacco.

Despite the health and environmental damage caused by tobacco, few governments in the developing world can afford to interfere with tobacco sales or production. They, like their Western counterparts, are trapped in a complicated network of economics and politics. Of the estimated 33 million peo-

ple making a living from tobacco, 90 percent live in the developing world. In Zimbabwe, the tobacco industry employs one out of every eight workers. In Tanzania, money from cigarette taxes equals the total health budget.

Many developing world countries also depend on tobacco exports for desperately needed foreign exchange. Ironically, according to a study sponsored by the American Cancer Society, these profits often go up in smoke to pay import costs on Western cigarettes.

"The tobacco industry has fooled us in Africa," says Dr. Paul Wangai, a leading Kenyan health advocate. "Money from some of the poorest nations in the world finds its way to coffers of Europe and North America. We talk of famine and poverty plaguing

A WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

BY REBECCA PRICE JANNEY

In 1899, Rudyard Kipling expressed white South Africa's imperial passion in his poem, "The White Man's Burden":

Take up the White Man's Burden,
send forth the best, ye breed.
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need.

In 1983, Sturgis Poorman went to Africa with a very different burden—to help reconcile black and white Christians.

His journey began with prayer asking whether to remain at his comfortable upstate New York parish or seek a different ministry. God answered by sending an exchange student from South Africa, Margaret Worthington-Smith, to live with Poorman and his wife, Joanne.

The Presbyterian minister listened intently as Margaret told him about the struggle of South Africa's blacks.

"She opened my eyes to how influential Christians were in the white racist government," says Poorman. "It disturbed me that people who were trying to live as Christians were also promoting and defending racist policies."

Poorman began to read everything he could on South Africa, but an article by the moderator of the Presbyterian Church in South Africa affected him most. "I saw the piece as a call to service," he says. He wrote to the moderator,

expressing his desire for ministry.

Many prayers and letters crossed the ocean before the Presbyterian Church of Southern Africa approved Poorman's call. Since a reconciliation ministry between blacks and whites best suited him, one possibility was City Presbyterian Church in Harare, Zimbabwe, with a 99 percent white membership in a country whose population is 96 percent black. "It was a white, colonial-style church," Poorman says. "I knew it would be a miracle if they called me."

The miracle happened. City Presbyterian hired Herbert Chikomo, a black pastor, to attract more blacks to the church. Poorman was hired as assistant pastor, the first white man in the history of the Presbyterian Church of Southern Africa to work under a black man.

When the Poormans arrived at their home in Harare, they were greeted by John Joya, their housekeeper, and his wife Monicah. Joanne protested that they didn't need domestic help, but Pastor Chikomo gently argued that if not for this job, John would be unemployed. The Poormans relented but still refused to let their new employee call Sturgis "master." A birthday party for Poorman turned into an embarrassing standoff when John Joya could not remain seated while Joanne served him dessert.

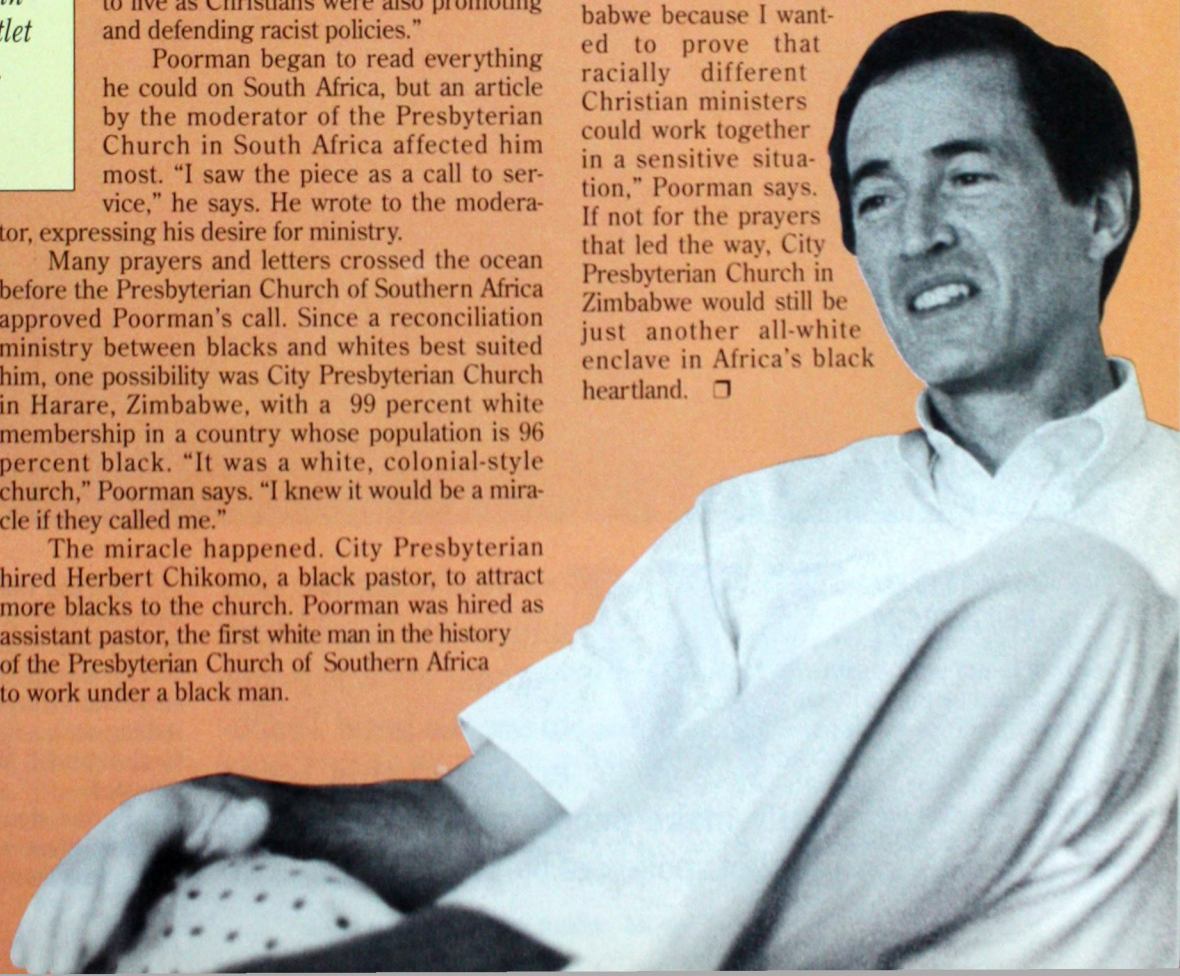
The first time Poorman drove Monicah to work, she "rolled down the car window because whites had instilled in blacks that they smelled bad," he recalls. Poorman's boys, who were in the car, started to laugh because the car got so cold. But Monicah thought they were making fun of her. "She and John were on the verge of leaving us until we explained what really happened," he recounts. By the time Poorman left Harare in 1986, City Church had gone from 1 percent black membership to 25 percent. John Joya serves as an elder/evangelist with the Presbyterian Church in Zimbabwe.

"I went to Zimbabwe because I wanted to prove that racially different Christian ministers could work together in a sensitive situation," Poorman says. "If not for the prayers that led the way, City Presbyterian Church in Zimbabwe would still be just another all-white enclave in Africa's black heartland. □"

God answers
sharp and sudden on
some prayers, And
thrusts the thing we
have prayed for in
our face, a gauntlet
with a gift in't.

Elizabeth Barrett
Browning

Rebecca Price
Janney is a free-
lance writer in
Collegeville, Penn.



The miracle of the loaves and fishes provides a pattern for helping the poor.

HOW F TO FEED THE FIVE THOUSAND



BY TED W.
ENGSTROM

We don't know his name, so I'll call him Nathan. He was going to see the great Teacher. Could this Jesus really make people well? Was he the prophet spoken of by Moses?

The trip was long and exhausting. "You carry the food, Nathan," his mother had said. Rounding the last bend, Nathan was tired, hungry, and ready to stop. But as streams of people began spilling across the next meadow and up to the bluff, Nathan's enthusiasm returned.

By the time Nathan reached the meadow, there were at least 5,000 men there, besides women and children. All



"THE MIRACLE OF THE FIVE LOAVES" BY CLAUDE AUDRAN (1639-1684); HUNTINGTON LIBRARY, SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA

he could do was crowd in several hundred feet back. But even there he could catch bits of the Master's instruction and glimpses of excited listeners.

The hours seemed to fly. It was already late in the day when from around the other side of the bluff came a group of 10 or 12 men. "Those are his disciples," called a voice from the crowd. "Maybe they can heal too."

But instead they seemed to be

moving people away from Jesus and trying to disperse the crowd. Nathan heard one of them say, "Send the multitudes away, that they may go into the villages and buy themselves food."

Then Nathan heard the Master's voice: "They do not need to go away. You give them something to eat."

The disciples argued with Jesus that it was impossible for them to feed a crowd that size. But Jesus was insistent.

"How many loaves do you have? Go and see."

All eyes were looking about when Nathan remembered the bag of food he was carrying. "I've got something," he blurted out to one of the disciples. "Here, take this."

The disciple brought Jesus the news. "There is a lad here who has five barley loaves and two small fish, but what are they among so many?"

"I'll tell you what they are," thought Nathan. "They're my lashed hide when mother discovers I've given away everything she brought to eat."

"Make them sit down in groups of 50," said Jesus. Then he took the boy's fishes and loaves, and after he gave thanks he distributed them to the disciples to give to those sitting down. Everyone ate as much as they wanted. Then Jesus said, "Gather up the fragments that remain, so that nothing is lost." And the disciples gathered up the leftovers.

The miracle of the loaves and fishes provides a pattern for us to follow as we set about feeding the hungry and helping the poor.

First, maintain your compassion. The disciples had just returned from their first official mission as disciples. They were tired and needful of rest, and Christ was taking them off to "a deserted place." But when the crowds followed them, Jesus was moved with compassion to teach, heal, and feed them.

God has a full-time concern for the needy. Literally hundreds of verses focus on these needs, from the first food in Genesis to the final tree of life in Revelation. In fact, when the people of Israel neglected the needy, God neglected them. Jesus began his ministry by quoting Isaiah, which says, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor. He has sent Me to proclaim release to the captives ... to free those who are downtrodden ..." (Is. 61:1-2)

Second, don't be intimidated by the facts. The disciples didn't have enough money to purchase food. Philip estimated 200 denarii would not be enough. (One denarius was worth a day's wage, so 200 denarii was more than 6 months' wages.) If we become intimidated by the magnitude of the problem, we will shrink back into inaction. One of our jobs is to be aware of the facts while firmly relying on inexhaustible faith.

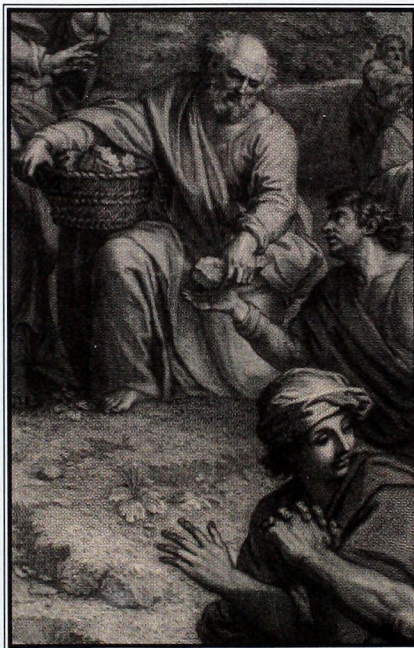
Third, use available resources from those God inspires to help. The disciples saw what they *didn't* have. Christ asked them what they *did* have. Even the most modest resource can reveal the way in which Christ has chosen to solve the problem.

The following is a true story. A respected grain merchant from Iowa was asked to be church treasurer. At first he refused, but the church members kept pleading with him to do it.

Finally he said he'd take the job under one condition. "Let me handle all the finances of the church, and don't ask me any questions," he told them. "At the end of the year I'll give you a full report." The members agreed.

It was a very successful year for that Iowa church. Everyone enjoyed having the bills paid on time and no financial worries. When the year was up, the church had a balance. Every bill was paid. The missions giving had doubled. But the whole community wondered, "How did he do it?" The congregation asked the grain merchant to reveal his secret.

"You bring me all your grain from month to month," he said. "I've taken 10 percent of everything you've brought me, put it aside and sold it for the church. That 10 percent, which you didn't even miss, has made us a profitable congregation." Whether it's dollars or food, how many times have we held onto a small portion of God's



answer to some problem without even knowing it? That's why we need a renewed vision of our modest resources.

Fourth, proceed in an orderly manner. Once the crowd realized the disciples had food, a riot could have resulted. God is not the author of confusion. Christ proceeded decently and in order by seating the crowd in ranks of fifties and hundreds. He planned. He organized. He led. He prayed. There is a time for every event. God's time. It is useless to plant if there is no water. In other words, make sure that everything is done in its place and in relationship to the whole.

Fifth, follow through on the task. Christ could have left the scraps of food lying about in the wilderness, but he didn't. Instead he ordered the disciples to pick up all the leftovers. Perhaps they buried the remains or distributed them yet again to those who had long distances to travel.

Finally, learn from your experience. On several later occasions Christ asked the disciples how many baskets they took up after this miracle (12). The Bible records the number in attendance as about 5,000 men, besides women and children. Quantifying results was apparently as important to Christ in his day as it is to a board of directors or planning committee today.

John Perkins is a black minister who grew up in Mississippi during some of the darkest days of white supremacy. His brother died in his arms from a gunshot wound inflicted by a police officer. John was almost beaten to death by a dozen highway patrolmen during a civil rights incident. But these experiences only drove John to apply the lessons he learned about Christian love to the needs of his fellow citizens. He asks us to learn from our experience:

- What is the one needy neighborhood or community you know the most about? What lessons from past miracles in your experience can help solve the present problems you see today?
- Now, imagine what ministries could be in place in that neighborhood 10 years from now. What reconciliation could take place in the next 10 years?
- Imagine that those 10 years have passed and your dreams are now reality. What miracles do you remember which serve as a vision for the future?

What do you think happened when Nathan returned home and told his village that his box lunch had served approximately 15,000 people? What does it feel like to break a loaf of bread into larger, not smaller, pieces?

You and I may not be able to perform such miracles ourselves. But we can gather together our meager lumps of fish and loaves, place them in the hands of the Lord's disciples, then stand back and watch our Lord perform the miracles for us. □

Ted W. Engstrom is president emeritus of World Vision Inc. His latest book about world hunger is The Midas Trap, published by Victor Books. This article is adapted from Hunger in the Heart of God, by Ted W. Engstrom with Robert C. Larson, copyright ©1989. Used by permission of Servant Publications, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Uptown Baptist Church

TOUCHING 'UPTOWN' WHERE IT HURTS

BY GINGER HOPE

In another church, it might have caused quite a stir. In the middle of the sermon, someone started talking. Someone drunk. Someone with long, dirty brown hair. A street person.

The preacher didn't miss a beat. Having a drunken street person in their church didn't seem to upset many people at Chicago's Uptown Baptist, maybe because some of their best people came in that way. "Papa Joe" Rubio, now a pillar of the church, is one. Another is Mike Durah, now a football coach at Trinity College in Deerfield, Ill.

"I stumbled in here because I needed the things they were offering," Durah says. "I needed food, I needed clothing, I needed shelter. They met those needs, and then they told me about what it means to be a Christian and live for the Lord Jesus."

When Uptown Baptist Church started in 1979, it wanted to represent a cross-section of Uptown, a 10-square-block area along Lake Michigan, about five miles north of the Chicago Loop. In the 1920s Uptown was as chic as its name, a motion picture capital and a fashionable resort spot. In the 1930s, however, the Depression left it a virtual ghost town of luxury hotels.

Those grand, bankrupt buildings made Uptown what it is today. Converted to cheap housing, the buildings have sheltered waves of destitute people: poor Southern whites in the 1950s, "urbanized" American Indians in the 1960s, poor black and Hispanic families in the 1970s. Uptown also became the Ellis Island of Chicago, a port of entry for penniless immigrants.

In the 1980s a new trend emerged: gentrification.

"People with money are trying to get rid of the undesirables," says Associate Pastor Danny Hester. "We would like to change Uptown too, but we would like to do it by letting God change the people who are already here."

To reach this diverse community, the church must extend itself in dozens of directions. Of Uptown's 100,000 residents, 25,000 are senior citizens. Eight thousand are de-institutionalized mental patients. Another 15,000 are homeless. At the local high school, students come from 55 different countries and speak 35 languages. About half the people in Uptown live in single-parent families.

How a church of 200 can make a dent here has something to do with the 200 volunteers that pass through every month. The cavernous old building is like a time-share condo. A basement room is God's Gym one day and a chapel for elderly Russian immigrants the next.

On Sunday morning what is striking is not so much the number of people in the building (no more than 200), but the number of things happening simultaneously. In the basement, the otherworldly strains of a Cambodian hymn mix with the scraping and squeaking of ancient metal folding chairs under squirming Sunday school kids. In the kitchen, street people meet for coffee and Bible study—led by Papa Joe.

In the gym, about 50 men and women in a disorderly circle sing simple songs with gusto and hand motions. They are called "housers," after the halfway houses they inhabit. But in this room, they are "God's People."

The people of this church scatter throughout the week to touch Uptown where it hurts, and they gather at 11 a.m. on Sunday for their own restoration. Over the past 12 years, bits and pieces of Uptown have joined them. There is a swaying, gospel feel to the music. Mothers rock their children to the beat.

"This is a crucial time for us," Hester says. "The ministry we're involved in is extremely draining. It's our worship service that keeps us charged up for the demands of the week."



JON WARREN

Those demands include, in a typical week, distributing food and clothing, serving a hot meal to several hundred people, tutoring schoolchildren, leading sobriety support groups, visiting neighbors, teaching Bible studies, lobbying local officials on behalf of Uptown residents, and coordinating the seven language-group churches connected with Uptown Baptist.

"It was always our goal to minister to the community," says Lindsay Cobb, a church elder. "Some of the things we do kind of fell into our lap."

Maybe. But it's not every church that would pick them up. □

*For more
information
contact Uptown
Baptist Church,
1011 W.
Wilson Ave.,
Chicago, IL
60640.*

W**hen Los Angeles headlines reported****the deaths of four transients due to hypothermia, a collective shiver ran through the community. People aren't supposed to die of cold in Southern California.**

Although my humanitarian feelings were stirred, it was freezing and wet outside. I didn't want to drive across Los Angeles to Skid Row because my old Volvo was having trouble going more than 10 miles at a stretch. It would probably reach some graffiti-splattered shanty and die. Neither of us felt up to the outing.

Then The Salvation Army opened a temporary shelter for the homeless just three miles from my house. Worse, World Vision, my employer, was asking its employees to volunteer. I had run out of excuses.

I waited almost a week before calling, hoping my services would be pre-empted. "We're awfully sorry," they'd say, "but we've had so many calls that we're booked through 1993. Please call back in a few years." Instead, a cheery voice informed me I was their very first caller. They scheduled me for Friday night.

The next morning I told my co-

workers about volunteering. They avoided my gaze. Strange, I thought. They couldn't be feeling guilty, not this office of little-old-lady-helpers and puppy-rights petitioners. Then it dawned on me. They were worried about my safety.

As the week wore on, a few friends told me to "be careful." One former buddy mentioned that "over one-third of the homeless have mental problems." I thanked him for his wisdom and quietly scratched his name off my Christmas list.

Friday came. Wasn't Jesus crucified on a Friday? I kissed my family goodbye and hurried off to my singing class—pleasure before death. Rain battered the windows. My top notes squeaked. I couldn't seem to get enough air. In a barely audible whisper my voice teacher said, "You're too tiny to be working in a shelter, dear. They need a man, someone big and burly." My vibrato turned into a tremolo.

After class I ran out to the parking lot and played tug-of-war with the car door. A gust of wind kicked rain into my face. With no inside light, I squinted at my scribbled directions as my windshield wipers languished in the rain. Why in the world had I volunteered? I inched my way through the slick licorice streets, looking for this shanty of doom.

When I arrived, visions of a bug-infested former speakeasy gave way to a modern little building lit up like Times Square. I locked my purse in the glove compartment and, with a swagger I didn't know I had, sauntered inside.

The interior was darker than I had

hoped. I shook hands with my fellow volunteers, three smallish men who had probably never seen the back side of an alley and a blonde coed with all the street savvy of a toy poodle.

While we pulled plastic wrap off several dozen peanut butter sandwiches and cookies, our coordinator entertained us with stories. The previous week a Vietnam vet had hidden behind a chair and shot at people with a loaded finger. It had taken four volunteers to calm him down. I glanced at the sign-up list. We were expecting 19 guests and there were only five of us "hosts." We were definitely outnumbered.

Then the coordinator assigned us our posts. He put me behind a desk to greet lodgers as they entered and ask them a few questions. After that they'd deposit their gear in an adjoining room and be frisked for weapons.

Wait a minute. What weapons?

"You're too tiny to be working in a shelter, dear. They need a man, someone big and burly."

LAND OF COOL

BY ANNA WATERHOUSE

I politely suggested that they be frisked before I interviewed them. My suggestion was ignored. I was to ask intimate questions to total strangers while standing behind a desk that reached just below my heart, providing a kind of by-the-numbers blueprint for those who wanted to stab me correctly.

At 10 p.m. the sojourners filed in. They shuffled up to the desk—tired, hungry, and extremely polite—answering questions I didn't want to ask. "Where did you sleep last night? Last week?" *Please, I thought, don't tell me you slept in the park or on a sidewalk. I don't want to know.*

Each one recited Social Security number, last known address, age, and military status. My mother had taught me to treat my elders with respect. Now I was an authority figure to the grandmother who stood before me on swollen legs. "How old are you?" My tongue felt like lead.

Most were just glad to be warm and dry, but a few wanted to talk, to explain how they had fallen on hard times, how tomorrow—or next week—things would be better. Carl had thumbed his way from Detroit in

They raised their arms like obedient children and allowed themselves to be frisked. I looked away.

search of sunshine. He told me about his "no-good family" and "friends who just get you into trouble." June had been in the army light-years ago and proudly possessed "four college degrees." Her sometime companion Charlie was at a nearby shelter. They had

turned her away. June apologized for her shabby clothes, then asked if she could help in some way. Her dignity broke my heart.

June, Carl, and the others shuffled from my desk and left their precious belongings on an old wooden bench. They raised their arms like obedient children and allowed themselves to be frisked. Although necessary for their safety as well as ours, this invasion of their privacy belittled us all. I looked away.

We spent the rest of the evening pouring coffee and placing more cookies on aluminum serving trays. There were no incidents, no crazies babbling to imaginary friends. There was only the low hum of fluorescent lights and the lower, sadder hum of poverty. With a passivity born of adversity, our guests waited for permission before getting a sandwich or a cup of coffee. They ate in silence, these dangerous people. Then,

thanking us, they crawled onto their sleeping mats and closed their eyes in safety.

I watched them drift off to sleep, bodies melting into the gray army cots. My little girl was probably asleep too, in her white canopy bed, surrounded by a benevolent army of dolls and stuffed animals. I drove home to her in the midnight drizzle, the Volvo's trusty Swedish heater insulating me against the icy air. I opened the wind wing just for a moment, as a reminder. Then I closed it again. □

STEVE BJORKMAN

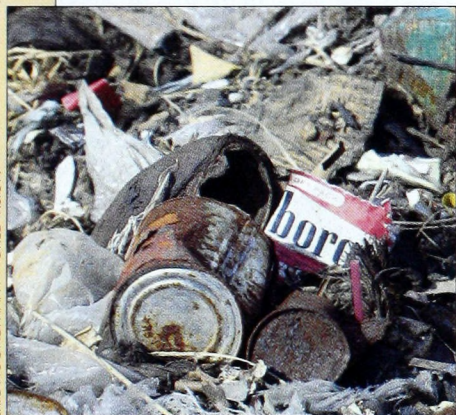


SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Ginger Hope

“Did I have a choice between saving souls and saving bodies when a vacant lot beside my friend's house was covered with rat-infested garbage? The politicians had called a meeting, discussed the need, and even had a garbage pit dug, but still the field of garbage grew. I asked the Christians to bring shovels. For a



whole morning we shovelled the putrid rotting food, the rusty cans, the small snakes, cockroaches, ants, and poisonous centipedes into the hole and set it alight.

A lady approached from a neighboring house. “O praise God!” she said. “Last night I prayed, ‘Lord, I am unable alone to shift this rubbish.’ But day after day the winds blow its disease into my small house. Now, here you are, an answer to prayer.”

We are called to save souls. We are called to save the bodies of the children who get sick through the disease of a garbage dump. There is no choice between souls and environment.

Viv Griggs in *Companion to the Poor: Christ in the Urban Slums*



A DAY'S WORK

As leader of a work crew of developmentally disabled men, Jim Unruh is learning how it feels to be the one who's “different.” Unruh works with a Christian agency called TASK in Atlanta, which gives seven men a supportive Christian setting for work and socializing.

Unruh and another staff member lead work crews of three or four men. After starting the day with Bible study and prayer, the crews tackle the day's work—usually landscaping or construction site cleanup.

Ironically most of the men must limit themselves to 20 hours of work a week at minimum wage to keep their government benefits. “We can't let them work more hours because they need medical insurance and other benefits we can't afford to offer,” Unruh explains.

Some of the men are already committed Christians, and others have shown progress in that direction, Unruh says. “They talk a lot

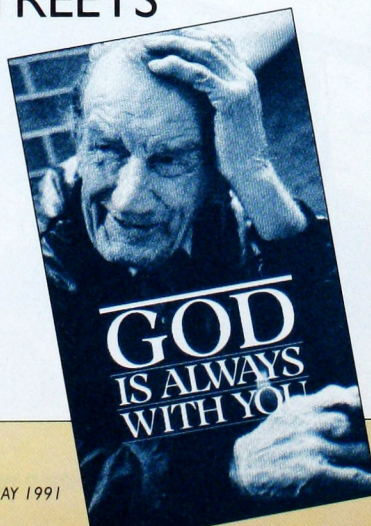


Willie Ricks, Jim Unruh, and Ernest Pitts take a break from clearing out apartments in Smyrna, Ga.

with others about God while we're working,” he says. “The men are really outgoing and enjoy being around other people. And other people—customers and neighbors at our job sites—seem to enjoy being around them too.”

For more information contact TASK of Atlanta, P.O. Box 17628, Atlanta, GA 30316; (404) 509-8909.

SCRIPTURE FOR THE STREETS



A new Scripture booklet for homeless people is available from the American Bible Society. Homeless men and women had a hand in choosing the Bible passages for “God Is Always With You,” and the 40-page publication is designed to be easily tucked into a pocket or bundle of belongings. It features photographs of people from the streets of New York City.

Bible Society officials hope the Scripture selections will be “a great source of strength and comfort to people who need to know they stand tall in the sight of God.”

Contact the American Bible Society at 1865 Broadway, New York, NY 10023; (212) 581-7400.

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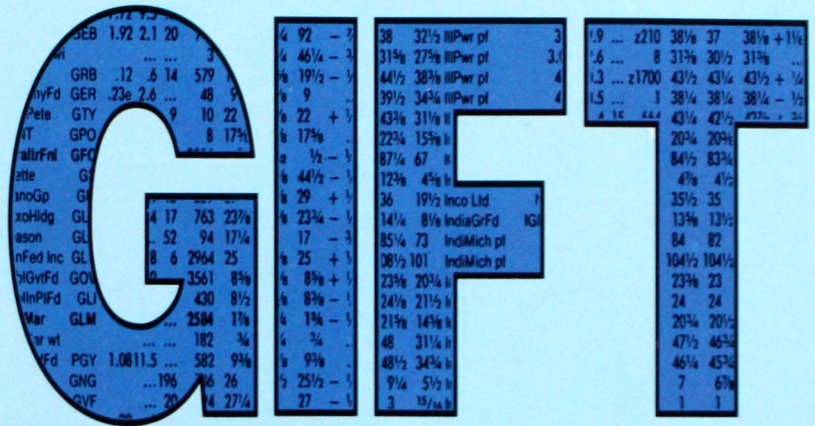


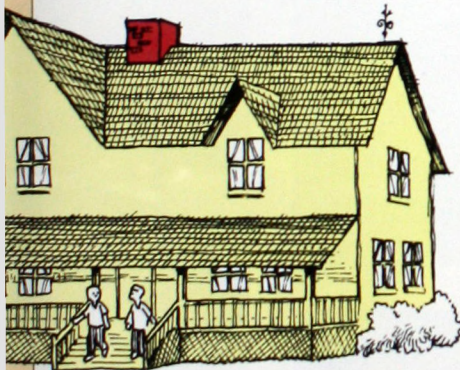
ILLUSTRATION BY STAN SAKAI

BOOT CAMP, PLUS HUGS

Time and again, Henry Salley watched it happen. Young men would try to start over after a prison term but would fall back into the street life they were trying to leave behind. What was missing, Salley thought, was a safe place to get a solid start before facing the old temptations head-on.

When his parents left him a four-bedroom home in southeast Grand Rapids, Mich., Salley got his chance to try out his idea, with the help of Madison Square Christian Reformed Church.

Young Christian men, most of them ex-offenders and many with histories of chemical dependency, live in the house for six months to



a year. Salley describes the program as a mix of "the precision of boot camp with the sincere and personal love of the staff." Less than five percent of these high-risk "graduates" have returned to jail or prison.

For information contact Mustard Seed Christian Ministries, P.O. Box 7551, Grand Rapids, MI 49510; (616) 774-8153.

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FMA 104

School Out

Worldwide, at least 100 million children live nowhere near a school. Another 100 million never finish the primary grades. These children will someday be added to the nearly 1 billion illiterate adults in the world today.

What happens to Third World children with no education? Rural kids usually help out on the farm. Urban kids don't have that simple a choice. The lucky ones find menial jobs. The others sell trinkets or their bodies on the streets.

Poor families in the developing world sometimes don't have the money to send a child to school. Even if the education is free, parents must buy school supplies, books, uniforms, and shoes. The rewards of an education seem ill-defined and far away.

But the United Nations has named the 1990s "The Decade of Education." The first World Conference On Education For All established a 10-year goal to raise the literacy rate of 14-year-olds to 80 percent.

There may still be hope for the world's children. □

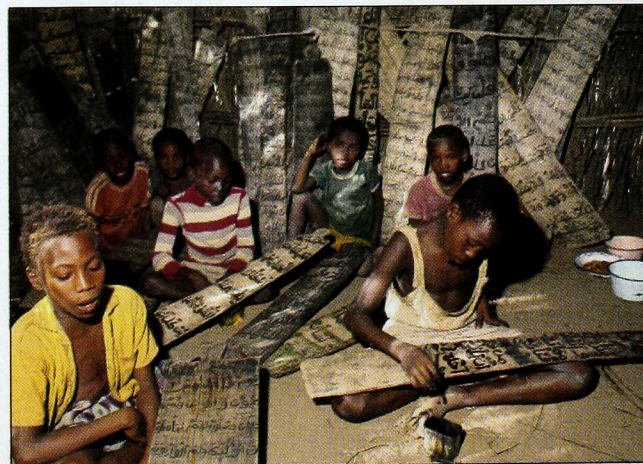
A few years at this Muslim school in Jilib, Somalia, is the only education these boys will ever get.

Children like this young Nepalese boy often have to sacrifice schooling to work on the family farm.



JON WARREN

Girls in rural Guatemala take a brief break from their studies.



JON WARREN

A Filipino youth gazes intently at his teacher.



WORLD VISION



JOHN STEWART / WORLD VISION

CITIES OF JOY & SORROW

BY TERRY MARCELL
WITH MARK CUTSHALL

Terry Marcell celebrated his 50th birthday with a wish come true. For four weeks he lived and worked with Mother Teresa's male order, the Missionaries of Charity. But it took memories of home to help him realize why he had come so far.



SANJAY SOJWAL / WORLD VISION

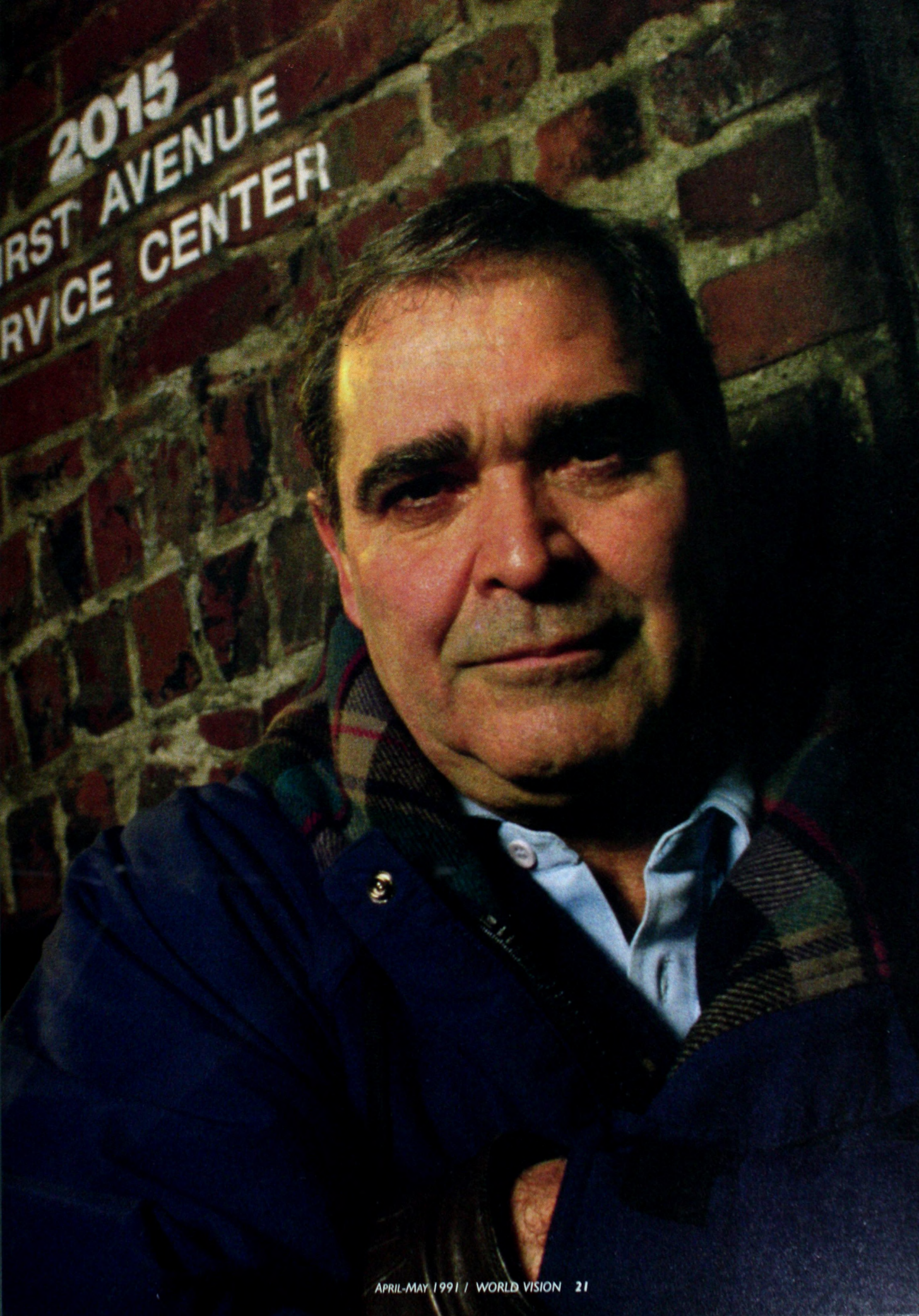
*I traveled
halfway
around the
world and
found myself
a few blocks
from home.*

It is a cool Sunday night in February. I'm riding a bus from Calcutta to Barackpur, India. Several hours away is the leper colony that will be my home for the next seven days.

The sounds of crunching gears mingle with the smells of a hundred people lurching back and forth on wooden benches. Our diesel-driven holding tank of humanity is filled with the sweat and chatter of India. In my lap sits a brown-eyed girl, no older than 3. Her father plucked her out of her mother's grasp and put her in my lap, no explanation given. This never would have happened back in Seattle, I think to myself. My mind races home.

For weeks my son Shawn had watched me devour *The City of Joy* by Dominique Lapierre. I had served the street people of Seattle for more than 20 years, and the urge to go to Calcutta, to explore the heart of India, was unbearably strong. So for my birthday, Shawn gave me a round-trip airplane ticket to India.

The bus lurches to a stop. We've arrived. I step off the bus, feeling nervous. Where is 69 Murghee? I'm supposed to look for a blue gate, but despite the torches lighting the dirt roads and open sewers, all I see is darkness. I'm definitely lost. Finally an old man gives me directions.



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■ It also means helping the child's community—because if the community's cycle of poverty remains unbroken, a child may never escape it.

■ So World Vision drills wells for clean water, builds schools and clinics, and provides seeds, tools, and agricultural training. How we help depends on the need. But the goal is always the same—self-sufficiency and a strong sense of dignity for the community...and the child.

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A31WSM


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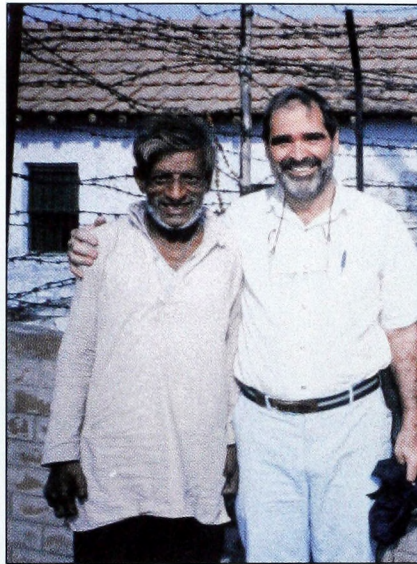
Mail to: 

WORLD VISION Childcare Sponsorship
Pasadena, CA 91131 

A few minutes later, I am met by two huge German shepherds and a houseboy, who runs out to greet me. I am welcomed by warm, loving Indian men who speak English. The house is a mansion. Compared to the slums of Calcutta, my room is luxury itself, complete with mosquito netting, a table, and my own bed. I fall into it willingly.

At 4:30 the next morning, a rickety bus takes us the six miles to the leper center. The brothers and I pass through the gardens and rice fields and come into the main building. As I walk through the doorway, an older leper woman drops to her knees and kisses

Terry Marcell with his arm around a resident of the leper colony.



my feet. This is a custom in India, yet I feel very uncomfortable.

In an adjoining room, some 600 lepers are working on looms, making saris and cloth to be sold all over the world. "The work you see here," says my host, Brother Maria Dos, "is all part of the center's mission to provide a home where over 200 leper families can re-establish their self-esteem." Judging from the smiles on their faces, I get the sense that *dignity* is being woven back into their lives.

Still, I can't help but notice the obvious. A stump in the place of a hand. A club instead of a foot. But I seem to find gratefulness in the most unlikely places. Like the cutting room. This is where old flesh and bones are cut away to reach fresh nerve endings. The new stumps are immediately wrapped in gauze. Rehabilitated lepers do the cutting.

I sit next to a woman whose index finger is ready to be cut off. She is fully awake and alert, since the disease has caused her to lose feeling in her fingers. All that's painful now are her doctor's

words: "If only you hadn't forgotten to take the medicine that helps prevent the spread of leprosy, this operation wouldn't have been necessary." So many of them forget, so many don't know, so many don't believe.

Just like back home. I am 13,000 miles away from the broken wine bottles of Seattle's skid row area, but I could just as well be standing in the doorway of the First Avenue Service Center downtown, a refuge for street people whose self-respect has been eaten away by a kind of leprosy poured from a bottle.

I think about people like Joe Davis, chronic alcoholics, chronic inhabitants of the street. Joe is a gigantic man with an intimidating scar on his face. His white dress shirt is soiled gray, his scruffy pants have a half-broken zipper, and his tennis shoes are old and worn. He used to be a fighter, yet he flinches like someone who is afraid to go to sleep, afraid he'll be beaten and robbed like so many times before. He desperately needed help and he got it. We gave him a place to keep his insulin. We gave him a job. For a time he stopped drinking. Then he began spending his cash on drinks for friends. He stopped taking his medicine. He let his insulin needles get dirty. One day he hit a staff volunteer and we had to bar him from the premises.

The leper woman loses her finger. Joe Davis loses his future. Why is it that when help is available, some people still say no?

I continue to watch the Missionaries of Charity, to watch how they work. They have no expectations of people. They simply go about their business of helping, one at a time.

One day before my return flight, I am hunched over a drain on my hands and knees, scrubbing my shirt with lye soap on a cement floor. I am humbled, close to the ground, close to God. I am gradually learning to take care of the present moment, no matter how painful or hopeless it seems.

I begin packing my tote bag, ready to go back to the Joe Davises, the cut-up prostitutes, the young families who wander into the First Avenue Service Center looking for a dry room and a hot meal. I cannot take away their leprosy, whatever its form, but I can offer them myself. I *can* be a fellow sojourner who left his city behind and traveled halfway around the world, only to discover that First Avenue was just a few blocks away. □

Mark Cutshall is a free-lance writer in Seattle, Wash.

WE CONTINUE TO ASK

BY NANCY
EASTRIDGE

I saw his feet first. Gnarled, old, bony, bare feet in the entrance to the outdoor restaurant in Honduras where I had stopped for lunch. As my eyes moved upward from the dusty feet, I saw rags of clothing hanging on the thin frame of an old man. Then I saw his eyes, eyes that reflected the hunger and hopelessness that must have lived in him for a long time. Eyes that pled louder than the soft words asking for part of the food on my plate.

I turned away. I tried not to acknowledge I had seen or heard him. I turned away, hoping he would leave. He didn't. He stood in the entrance and I could still see him, despite my turned head. His eyes were locked on me. His soft, pleading voice pierced my ears.

Although the incident happened several years ago, I keep remembering. I remember the man, the food on my plate, the restaurant, my thoughts and feelings. But what I remember most is my turning away.

That was neither the first nor the last time I encountered a beggar, nor is it the only time I have turned away from someone asking me for something. It is, however, the time I recall most vividly. As I tried to finish my meal that day, I had a moment of insight. I realized we are all beggars. Even as I turned my head from someone begging for food, I was a stranger in his country begging for acceptance as I tried to communicate in a language foreign to me.

I had always thought of beggars as those who ask for food or spare change. I used more respectable titles for those who ask at higher levels. But I too am a beggar. I beg for understanding when I fail, for acceptance when my actions or words

are unacceptable, for love in all circumstances. When I am strong enough, I verbally beg for forgiveness for my blunders. When I am not strong enough to ask aloud, I beg silently. I ask that others invest time in recognizing me and my abilities and energy. Yet the beggar was asking only for a basic need to be filled, a need I take for granted. And I treated him as a non-person, as if he and his hunger did not exist.

Why do I ignore one who asks for a basic need and at the same time expect that I will always be able to provide my own needs? Do I turn away because I fear a time when I may be in that same situation? Can it be that material things mean so

much to me that I resent being asked to share them? Or am I truly convinced that all who beg for basic needs are lazy con artists and do not deserve my attention? These questions plague me. Since I ask so much of others, can I, in turn, fail to give what others ask of me? When I see a human being asking for money or a place to sleep, can I respond humanely? I know I can try.

I hope that one day I can hear all who beg for fulfillment

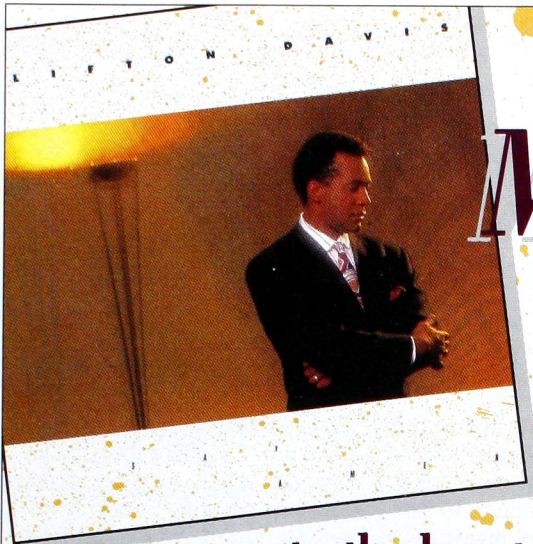
as clearly as I heard the beggar in the restaurant that day. And after hearing, instead of turning away, I

pray I can respond in a way that recognizes the humanity and frailty in us all. Because just like the beggar at my table, our needs do not go away just because people do not respond. Like him we stand there, staring at a table laden with goodies, a table just beyond our reach. And we continue to ask. □

Nancy Eastridge is a freelance writer from El Paso, Texas.



JOANNE BEARDWOOD



Music that will inspire you . . . and bring hope to the heart of a needy child.

Clifton Davis, star of the T.V. series "Amen," has recently released his first gospel recording, *Say Amen*, which is now being made available to you through a special opportunity.

Say Amen is a rich, vibrant recording that combines both traditional and more contemporary songs, using upbeat jazz and gospel styles.

And in this exceptional recording, Clifton Davis' vocal talents demonstrate his outstanding versatility and creative style.

Woven throughout the recording are powerful messages that will stir and uplift your heart and spirit as a listener. Inspiring arrangements for songs like "Blessed Assurance," "Jesus Paid It All," and "Victory" also reveal the personal commitment and passion Davis has — not only for his music, but for the Lord.

Right now *Say Amen* can be yours, in appreciation from World Vision, when you give a gift of \$25 or more to help suffering children around the world . . .

. . . And as you reflect on the uplifting songs in *Say Amen*, you can be certain that your compassion is bringing life-changing hope to the heart of a needy little boy or girl . . . through practical help like food, clothing, medical care, and the opportunity to know more about the love of Jesus Christ.

As a friend of World Vision, Clifton Davis, a professional actor, songwriter and vocalist, cares deeply about the needs of suffering children around the world.



Because of his great concern, Clifton has become a World Vision Childcare Sponsor for five needy children!

If you have questions, comments,
or a change of address,
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HOW TO FEED
THE FIVE
THOUSAND*



4 **The Sun Never Sets on the Marlboro Man**

With tobacco sales waning in the United States, American tobacco companies look toward a profitable new horizon—the Third World. And the approach seems to be working. Flashy, sophisticated promotions (and few health warnings) are turning more and more people to the “pleasures of smoking.”

10 **How To Feed the Five Thousand**

Dr. Ted W. Engstrom, president emeritus of World Vision, uses the story of the loaves and the fishes to teach today’s church how to reach out to the poor and hungry.

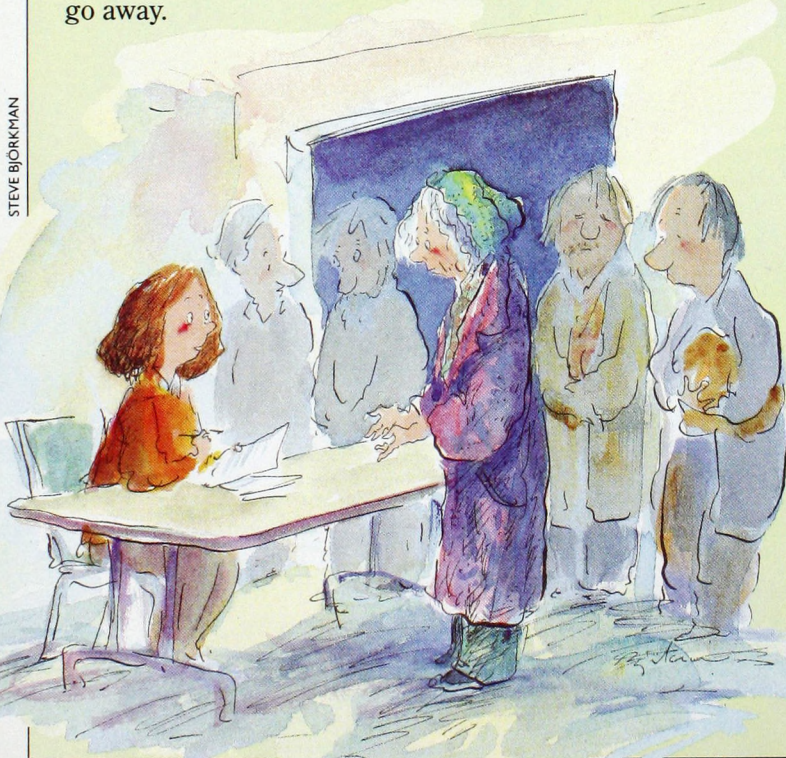
20 **Cities of Joy and Sorrow**

Terry Marcell, accustomed to caring for Seattle’s street people, travels all the way to India thinking he will find a different kind of poverty. Instead, he finds that need has no borders.

14 **Land of Cool**

What happens when a reluctant do-gooder meets an immovable object—a ministry opportunity that just won’t go away.

STEVE BJORKMAN



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School Is Out 18
Turning Points 23

Readers of Spanish, Korean, or Tamil will note Cliff Nielsen’s not-so-subtle “Buy! Buy! Buy! Smoke! Smoke! Smoke!” on our cover. Read on in English about the true—and tragic—cost of smoking in the Third World.

And if you do a slow burn when you read some of our articles, don’t hesitate to write or call me. I’d like to discuss personally why we tackle some of the tough issues of life in the Third World and in the United States. Unfortunately, there are no simple answers.

Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

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IT MAKES **NO** SENSE

This Palestinian youth attends a Christian school not far from the site of the tear-gas attack.

The tension is about to boil over. Life is lived close to the flash point. One spark and racial hatred leads to unspeakable destruction. Perhaps it really started thousands of years ago, but for me it is punctuated and personalized here in a refugee camp on the Gaza Strip.

A young Israeli soldier makes a wrong turn into the camp. Innocent enough. A stone is thrown. The young man panics. With foot on the accelerator, his car bounces off a donkey cart.

in petrol, throws the lighted weapon into the car, and a young father—someone's husband, someone's son—is burned to death.

We have just come out of the Shati refugee camp, a few miles further north. A man is running toward us, gesticulating wildly, beckoning us to turn back in. His every movement suggests urgency. Then a woman, his wife, half-carrying, half-dragging their son, comes into view. Desperation is written all over her face.

The boy had been gassed. At his elementary school. A 6-year-old boy becomes the latest victim of senseless hatred.

I get out to help them into the car. The boy is unconscious, eyes half open but unseeing. His limp body is held together by his mother's arms.

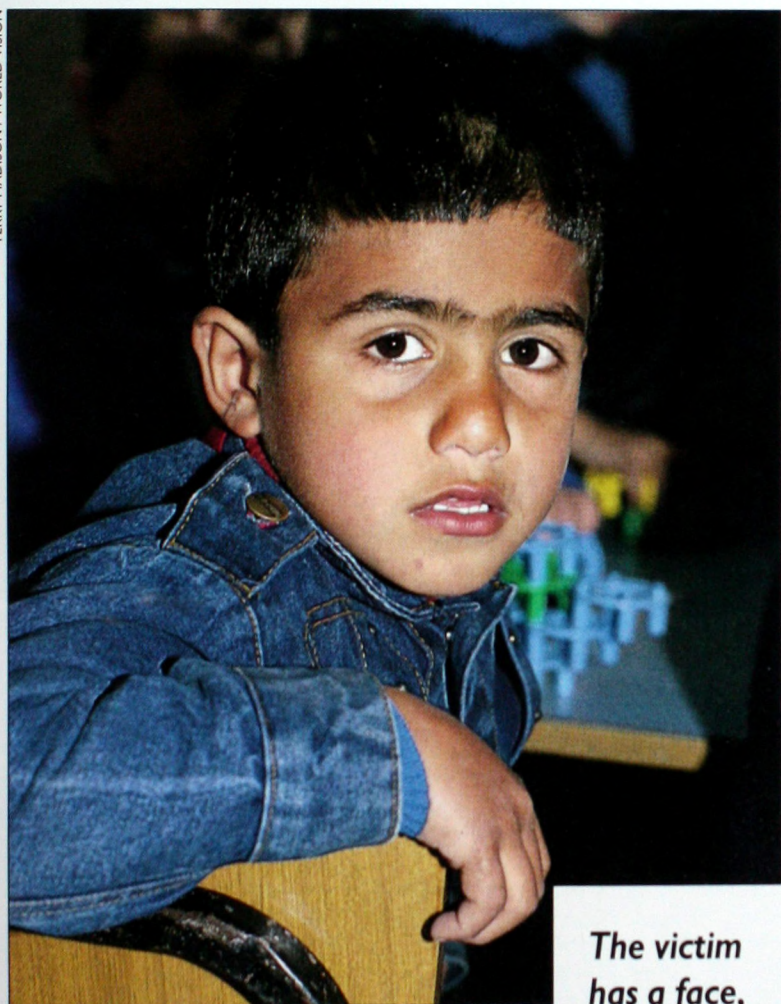
Panic propels our car toward the Swedish hospital located a mile away. As the drama unfolds in the back seat, we talk to ease the tension. The father's expression tightens. "All day long they shoot at us," he says. He throws up his hands as if to say, "It makes no sense."

The mother cries softly, rocking back and forth with a son whose movements have stopped. "How can they deal with this?" I ask myself as a parent. Larger-than-life forces victimize the innocent, hatred taking out its rage on children still too young to understand the issues. And the victim has a face, the face of a 6-year-old boy.

As we approach the hospital, his body begins to convulse involuntarily. He begins to vomit. His mother takes care to catch the vomit on her own clothing without stopping the cradling. That's something only a mother could do. She is perspiring profusely now, her energy enveloping the life that she has brought into the world.

We roar into the dusty parking lot. The mother collapses as doctors relieve her of her son. The father stands next to the doctor, alternately looking at us and his son. He wants to catch our eye so as to voice a silent thanks. We take our leave, shaken but grateful.

How long, oh Lord, how long? When will this senselessness end? How much pain has to be inflicted? How many mothers must mourn the loss of loved ones? How many fathers must live with the pain of seeing their families dehumanized? How far must human dignity and sanctity of life erode? When will the world cry, "Enough!"?



The victim has a face, the face of a 6-year-old boy.

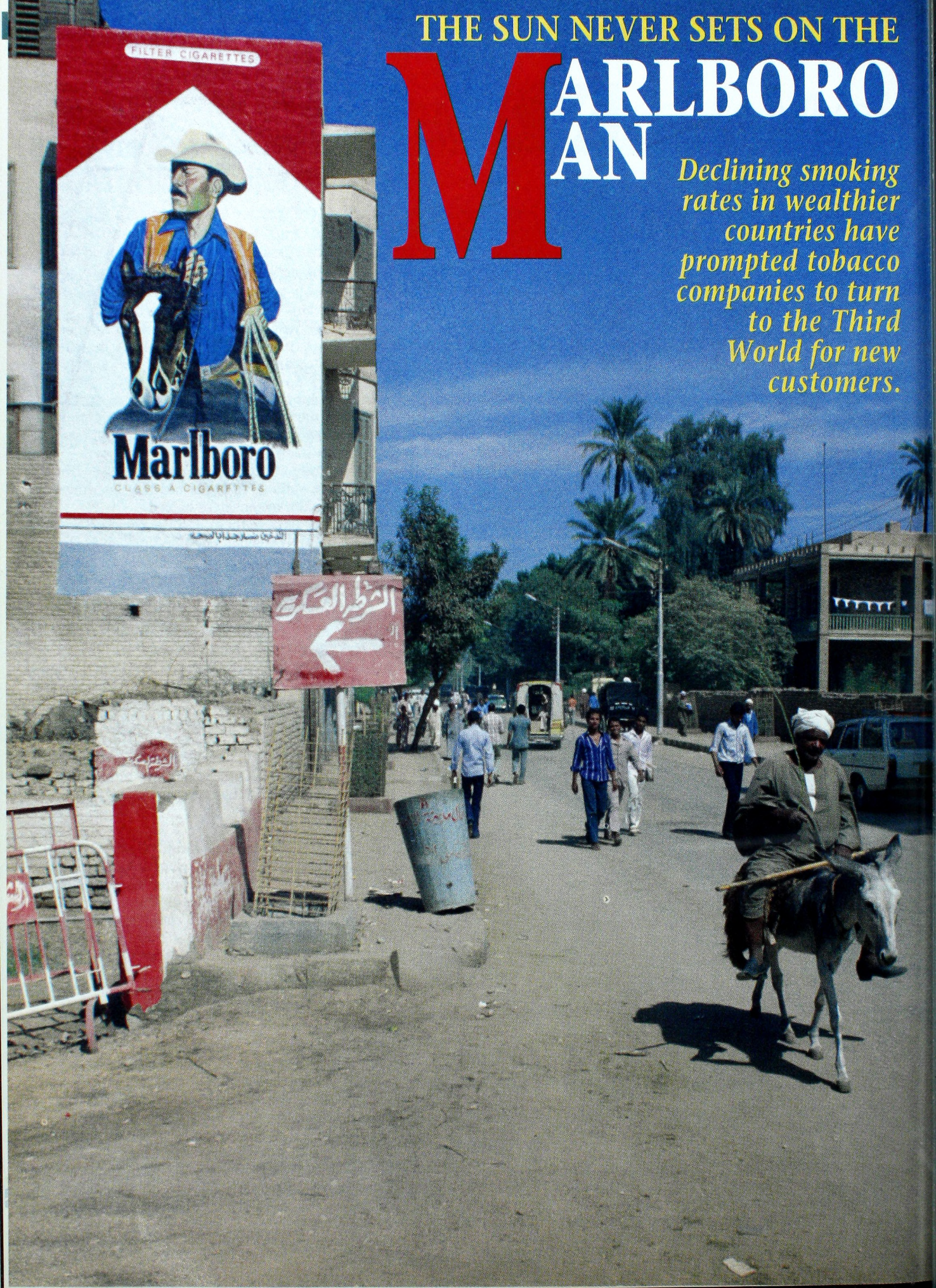
Two Palestinian children are hurt—how badly, no one is sure. But the rumors race wildly through the camp.

In a heartbeat, people encircle the car. The soldier cannot escape. More rocks are thrown. The car windows shatter and now the rocks are hitting the Israeli soldier. Someone soaks a rag

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE

MARLBORO MAN

Declining smoking rates in wealthier countries have prompted tobacco companies to turn to the Third World for new customers.



Aggressive marketing of tobacco in the Third World has led to an increase in sales by 2 percent a year. These smokers pay a high price. Besides facing increased risks, smokers in some Third World countries spend enough money on tobacco every day to feed a family of two or three.



JON WARREN

BY BARBARA THOMPSON

In a hospital in Ghana, Stephen Asante struggles for breath. He has been losing weight for months, and X-rays show his lungs are filled with fluid. The doctors are not optimistic, but Asante is determined to rally from his tobacco-related lung disease. His family's economic survival depends on his good health. Without their father's steady income, his three school-age children cannot pay their school fees.

"Deciding to smoke was the biggest mistake I ever made," he tells a friend on his 55th birthday. "When I leave the hospital, I'm going to write a book warning young people about the dangers of tobacco."

It is a promise Stephen Asante will never keep. The day after his birthday, he suffers a relapse. With him dies the financial security of his family.

By conservative estimates, 2.5 million people around the world die each year from smoking cigarettes. A growing number of these casualties live in the developing world. Health officials predict that of all the children alive today, 250 million will die of tobacco-related causes. Seventy percent of these deaths will be in developing countries.

"The disease burden of the developing world is already so unfair," says Dr. William Foege, director of the Task Force for Child Survival. "People on a subsistence income, with low protein diets and plagued by an array of infectious diseases, will now carry the added burden of declining lung function, cancer, and heart disease."

Despite our great concern about the effect of Colombian cocaine on young Americans, more Colombians die today from diseases caused by tobacco products exported to their country by American tobacco companies than do Americans from Colombian cocaine.

—Dr. Peter Bourne, President American Association of World Health.

Ironically, the tobacco epidemic of the developing world is directly linked to growing health concerns and declining smoking rates in the United States and other developed countries. To sustain healthy profit margins, multinational tobacco companies have turned to the Third World for new customers.

"We recognized early that ours is a global business," says a Philip Morris Inc. executive. "Our future is particular-

NICK DANZIGER / UNICEF



SELVAKUMAR'S STORY



NOEL BERMAN / WORLD VISION SRI LANKA

At the age of 13, Selvakumar began smoking cigarettes. By 14, he was smoking 40 cigarettes a day to satisfy his craving for nicotine.

As a young man in Sri Lanka, off the coast of India, Selvakumar worked hard to support his wife and two children. He was promoted from laborer to officer on a tea plantation and dreamed of promotion to factory superintendent.

At the age of 34, with his dreams in reach, Selvakumar suffered first one stroke, then another. Doctors blamed his blood clots on tobacco use and strongly urged him to quit smoking. He stopped immediately.

But it was too late. Blood clots developed in Selvakumar's legs,

and an expensive operation failed to correct the problem. Both Selvakumar's legs were amputated.

By the time Selvakumar returned home, he'd lost his job. A short while later, his wife left, taking their two children. "She said she could not live with me when my salary was stopped," he says.

Today Selvakumar lives and works in a home for the disabled. He is studying computers and dreams of the day when he will marry again and find steady work. "I never knew about this disease," he says. "The doctors say that even if I only stay close to other smokers and inhale their smoke, I may lose my arms."

Barbara Thompson, with Noel Berman in Sri Lanka

exchange for five empty packs of Winstons. In Malaysia, tobacco companies subverted a television advertising ban by promoting "Salem" concerts featuring teen music idols Cyndi Lauper and Tina Turner.

Third World women are likewise a special target of tobacco advertisers. Smoking is connected with women's liberation, Western affluence, and The American Dream. Left unmentioned are the unique health hazards tobacco poses for women. These include pregnancy complications, higher rates of miscarriage, and an increased disease and death rate for small children.

Tobacco marketing executives find a powerful ally in cigarettes themselves. "It's amazing how little nicotine it takes to lose control," says Dr. Foegen. "People in developing countries are getting addicted buying one or two cigarettes at a time." Many health experts, including former Surgeon General Everett Koop, believe nicotine is as addictive as cocaine or heroin.

Third World smokers pay a high

The enormous social cost of tobacco in the developing world includes environmental damage by tobacco production.

price for their addiction. In Bangladesh a person smoking just five cigarettes a day must cut food purchases by 15 percent. In Indonesia, an average smoker spends enough money every day to feed a family of two or three.

These smokers also face more alarming health hazards than smokers in the developed world. For example, cigarettes sold in their countries are often higher in tar, the cancer-causing ingredient of tobacco. In a study comparing similar brands in the U.S. and the Philippines, the tar content of the Philippines cigarettes was 50 percent higher. Yet Third World countries seldom have the benefit of warning labels on cigarette packs.

ly bright in developing areas, where income and population are growing."

The bright future of tobacco companies is reflected in some disturbing statistics. While cigarette sales are declining in developed countries by almost 2 percent a year, sales in Third World countries are growing by 2 percent. In Bangladesh, one of the poorest countries in the world, 50 percent of teenagers smoke. Among impoverished young Palestinians in Israel, smoking rates have climbed to 70 percent.

The growth of cigarette markets in the developing world is directly related to



STOP SELLING
CIGARETTES WITHOUT
HEALTH WARNINGS TO
3RD WORLD COUNTRIES

ROBERT FOX / IMPACT VISUALS

the billion-dollar advertising campaigns of multinational tobacco companies. The sun never sets on the Marlboro man, who rides billboards from Africa to Asia, wearing Western-style jeans and smoking a cigarette. On city streets or in remote rural villages, the message is the same: Smoking makes you rich, cosmopolitan, sophisticated, and successful.

"The problem is that U.S. manufacturers are not just exporting American cigarettes," says Lori Heise of the Worldwatch Institute. "They're exporting cigarette marketing—the high-gloss, hard-sell persuasion that tobacco firms have perfected."

Teenagers in the developing world are a frequent target of tobacco advertisement. Tobacco marketers know that few people begin smoking after their teenage years. A recent cigarette promotion in Taiwan included free tickets to a teenage disco in

Furthermore, the public health departments in most developing countries have little money to educate people about tobacco-related health risks. In some African countries, health budgets are as low as \$1 per person per year, compared to U.S. annual expenditures of \$400 to \$500 per person.

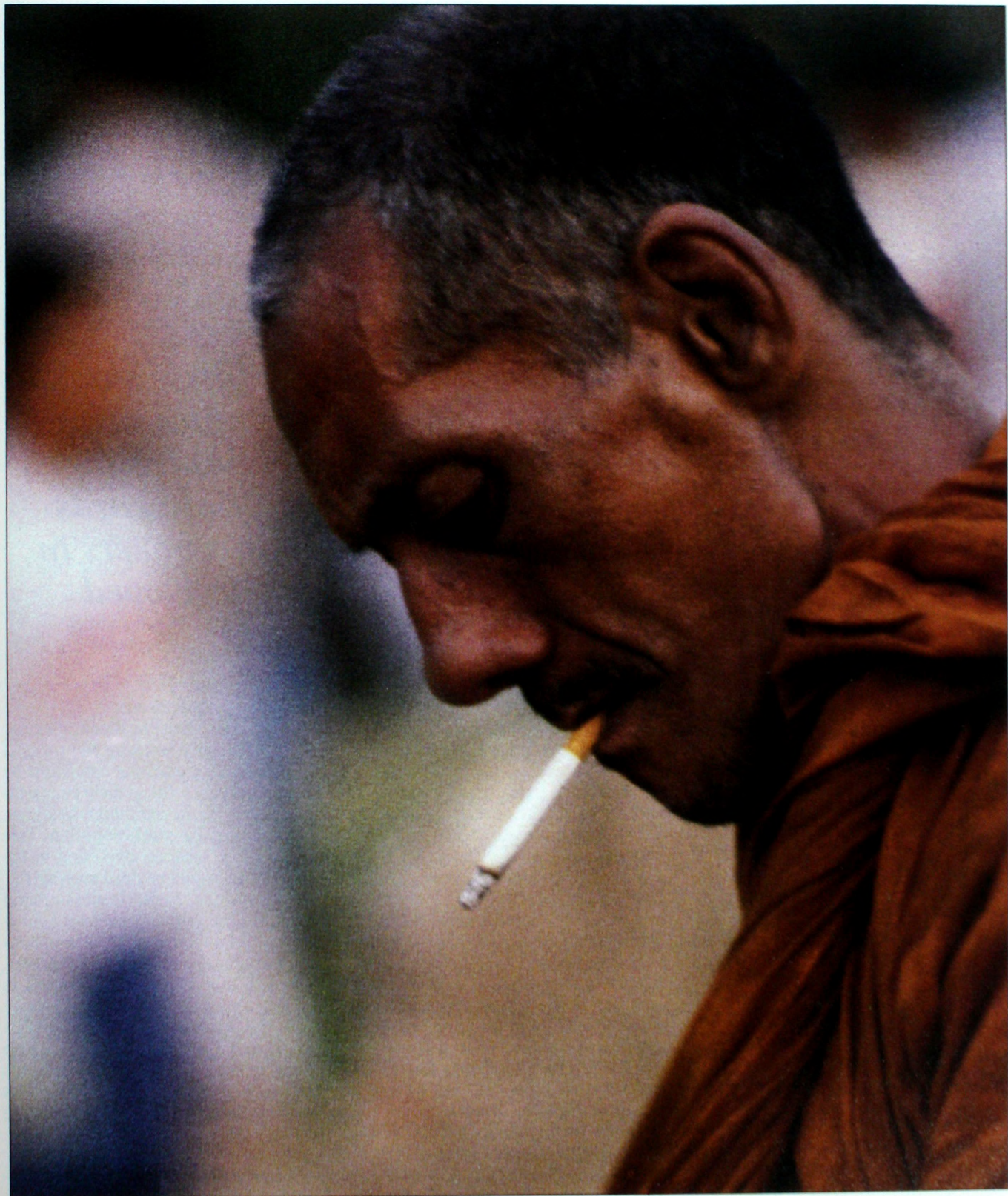
A host of immediate health problems, including AIDS and malaria, overshadow the long-range consequences of smoking. "The major challenge in many developing countries is to reach the age of 6, not to worry about contracting cancer," says one health expert.

Individuals who do live long

enough to contract a tobacco-related illness often cannot afford private medical care, and government hospitals are underfunded and understaffed.

In Thailand, where 65 percent of adult males smoke, lung cancer is now the number-one cancer in men. "The majority of these men never get treat-

Sixty-five percent of the males in Thailand smoke. Lung cancer is now the leading cancer in men. Despite these alarming statistics, threats of U.S. trade sanctions forced Thai officials to lift a ban on American cigarettes last December.



JON WARREN

ment," says Dr. Prakrit Vateesatokit, chairman of medicine at Mahidol University. "Government hospitals cannot afford to spend a lot of money on chemotherapy for patients with such a poor prognosis." (Even in the United States, the five-year survival rate for lung cancer patients is only 15 percent.)

In spite of the already-massive health problem, in December 1990 Thai officials agreed to lift a ban on U.S. cigarettes. Threats of American trade sanctions forced Thailand's hand. Still, a ban on cigarette advertising remains in effect in spite of U.S. pressure. Ironically, the dispute has prodded the Thai government to front an anti-smoking campaign and has given officials a newfound interest in public health.

Tobacco companies use First Amendment rights to argue against advertising bans. I think we can get around this very easily by requiring truth in advertising. If they, like other drug companies, were forced to provide a package insert detailing all the potential hazards of their product, they couldn't afford to advertise because they would be giving away a small book with every package of cigarettes.

Dr. William H. Foege
Director,
Task Force for Child Survival

Africa. Developed countries give us aid, then take our money from tobacco profits. They advertise with no regard for ethics or our welfare."

"I spent 25 years in public health, representing the United States with pride," says Dr. Foege. "We led the world in health concerns. Now in the 1990s, the United States threatens to become a net exporter of disease rather than health. That's very discouraging."

Dr. Foege points to Nigeria as one developing country effectively fighting against tobacco. The government has abolished cigarette advertising and has proposed fines for smoking in public places.

Public health advocates throughout the United States have called on church groups to oppose the exploitation of human lives for a profit. Evangelical churches, missions, and development agencies in particular seem a natural ally for this effort. Many are already playing a major role in providing medical care in the developing world. They also have a long history of

These smokers face more alarming health hazards than smokers in the developed world.

opposition to tobacco use.

Says Dr. Michelle Block, director of the Women vs. Smoking Network, "If there were a grassroots campaign by church groups, writing their congressmen, testifying in committee hearings, and galvanizing public opinion, this issue of U.S. tobacco marketing in the Third World would be dead overnight."

Meanwhile, health leaders around the world are crossing national boundaries with an increasingly vocal opposition to multinational tobacco companies. Although they perceive themselves as fighting an uphill battle, their commitment and determination are clear. "It's a David and Goliath story," says Ron Davis, director of the U.S. government's Office on Smoking and Health. "But although progress is slow, we're going to win." □

Barbara R. Thompson is a freelance writer in Atlanta, Ga.



A 15-year-old Ethiopian boy drew this anti-smoking picture as part of a collage depicting changes he wants to see in his lifetime.

The enormous cost of tobacco use in the developing world includes environmental damage caused by tobacco production. An increasing number of farmers are switching from high-risk, low-profit food crops to low-risk, high-profit tobacco plants. Deforestation also increases, since one acre of woodland must be used to process each acre of tobacco planted. In Malawi, for instance, one third of all cut trees are used for curing tobacco.

Despite the health and environmental damage caused by tobacco, few governments in the developing world can afford to interfere with tobacco sales or production. They, like their Western counterparts, are trapped in a complicated network of economics and politics. Of the estimated 33 million peo-

ple making a living from tobacco, 90 percent live in the developing world. In Zimbabwe, the tobacco industry employs one out of every eight workers. In Tanzania, money from cigarette taxes equals the total health budget.

Many developing world countries also depend on tobacco exports for desperately needed foreign exchange. Ironically, according to a study sponsored by the American Cancer Society, these profits often go up in smoke to pay import costs on Western cigarettes.

"The tobacco industry has fooled us in Africa," says Dr. Paul Wangai, a leading Kenyan health advocate. "Money from some of the poorest nations in the world finds its way to coffers of Europe and North America. We talk of famine and poverty plaguing

A WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

BY REBECCA PRICE JANNEY

In 1899, Rudyard Kipling expressed white South Africa's imperial passion in his poem, "The White Man's Burden":

Take up the White Man's Burden,
send forth the best, ye breed.
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need.

In 1983, Sturgis Poorman went to Africa with a very different burden—to help reconcile black and white Christians.

His journey began with prayer asking whether to remain at his comfortable upstate New York parish or seek a different ministry. God answered by sending an exchange student from South Africa, Margaret Worthington-Smith, to live with Poorman and his wife, Joanne.

The Presbyterian minister listened intently as Margaret told him about the struggle of South Africa's blacks.

"She opened my eyes to how influential Christians were in the white racist government," says Poorman. "It disturbed me that people who were trying to live as Christians were also promoting and defending racist policies."

Poorman began to read everything he could on South Africa, but an article by the moderator of the Presbyterian Church in South Africa affected him most. "I saw the piece as a call to service," he says. He wrote to the moderator, expressing his desire for ministry.

Many prayers and letters crossed the ocean before the Presbyterian Church of Southern Africa approved Poorman's call. Since a reconciliation ministry between blacks and whites best suited him, one possibility was City Presbyterian Church in Harare, Zimbabwe, with a 99 percent white membership in a country whose population is 96 percent black. "It was a white, colonial-style church," Poorman says. "I knew it would be a miracle if they called me."

The miracle happened. City Presbyterian hired Herbert Chikomo, a black pastor, to attract more blacks to the church. Poorman was hired as assistant pastor, the first white man in the history of the Presbyterian Church of Southern Africa to work under a black man.

When the Poormans arrived at their home in Harare, they were greeted by John Joya, their housekeeper, and his wife Monicah. Joanne protested that they didn't need domestic help, but Pastor Chikomo gently argued that if not for this job, John would be unemployed. The Poormans relented but still refused to let their new employee call Sturgis "master." A birthday party for Poorman turned into an embarrassing standoff when John Joya could not remain seated while Joanne served him dessert.

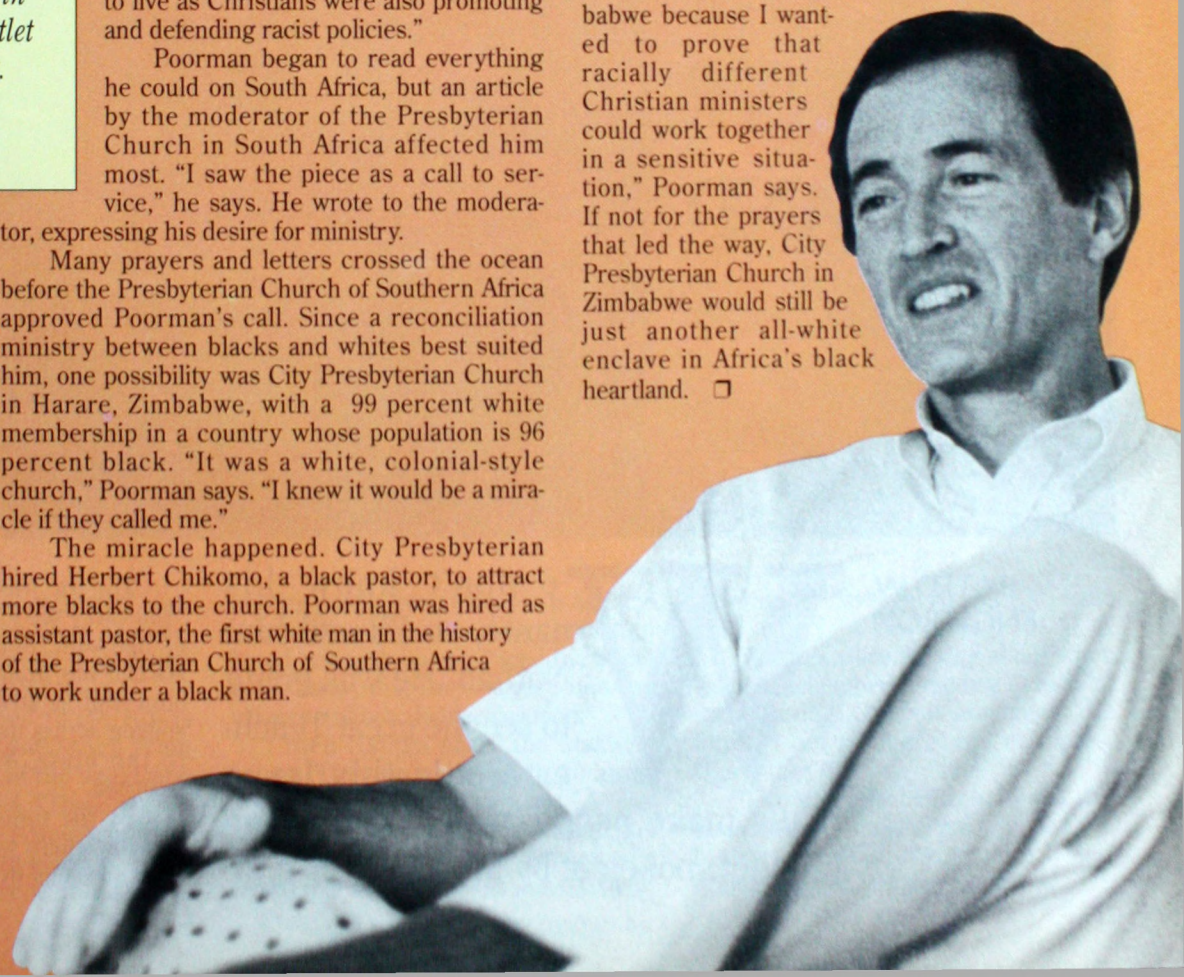
The first time Poorman drove Monicah to work, she "rolled down the car window because whites had instilled in blacks that they smelled bad," he recalls. Poorman's boys, who were in the car, started to laugh because the car got so cold. But Monicah thought they were making fun of her. "She and John were on the verge of leaving us until we explained what really happened," he recounts. By the time Poorman left Harare in 1986, City Church had gone from 1 percent black membership to 25 percent. John Joya serves as an elder/evangelist with the Presbyterian Church in Zimbabwe.

"I went to Zimbabwe because I wanted to prove that racially different Christian ministers could work together in a sensitive situation," Poorman says. If not for the prayers that led the way, City Presbyterian Church in Zimbabwe would still be just another all-white enclave in Africa's black heartland. □

God answers
sharp and sudden on
some prayers, And
thrusts the thing we
have prayed for in
our face, a gauntlet
with a gift in't.

Elizabeth Barrett
Browning

Rebecca Price
Janney is a free-
lance writer in
Collegeville, Penn.



The miracle of the loaves and fishes provides a pattern for helping the poor.

HOW
F TO
EED
THE
FIVE
THOUSAND



BY TED W.
ENGSTROM

We don't know his name, so I'll call him Nathan. He was going to see the great Teacher. Could this Jesus really make people well? Was he the prophet spoken of by Moses?

The trip was long and exhausting. "You carry the food, Nathan," his mother had said. Rounding the last bend, Nathan was tired, hungry, and ready to stop. But as streams of people began spilling across the next meadow and up to the bluff, Nathan's enthusiasm returned.

By the time Nathan reached the meadow, there were at least 5,000 men there, besides women and children. All



"THE MIRACLE OF THE FIVE LOAVES" BY CLAUDE AUDRAN (1639-1684); HUNTINGTON LIBRARY, SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA

he could do was crowd in several hundred feet back. But even there he could catch bits of the Master's instruction and glimpses of excited listeners.

The hours seemed to fly. It was already late in the day when from around the other side of the bluff came a group of 10 or 12 men. "Those are his disciples," called a voice from the crowd. "Maybe they can heal too."

But instead they seemed to be

moving people away from Jesus and trying to disperse the crowd. Nathan heard one of them say, "Send the multitudes away, that they may go into the villages and buy themselves food."

Then Nathan heard the Master's voice: "They do not need to go away. You give them something to eat."

The disciples argued with Jesus that it was impossible for them to feed a crowd that size. But Jesus was insistent.

"How many loaves do you have? Go and see."

All eyes were looking about when Nathan remembered the bag of food he was carrying. "I've got something," he blurted out to one of the disciples. "Here, take this."

The disciple brought Jesus the news. "There is a lad here who has five barley loaves and two small fish, but what are they among so many?"

"I'll tell you what they are," thought Nathan. "They're my lashed hide when mother discovers I've given away everything she brought to eat."

"Make them sit down in groups of 50," said Jesus. Then he took the boy's fishes and loaves, and after he gave thanks he distributed them to the disciples to give to those sitting down. Everyone ate as much as they wanted. Then Jesus said, "Gather up the fragments that remain, so that nothing is lost." And the disciples gathered up the leftovers.

The miracle of the loaves and fishes provides a pattern for us to follow as we set about feeding the hungry and helping the poor.

First, maintain your compassion. The disciples had just returned from their first official mission as disciples. They were tired and needful of rest, and Christ was taking them off to "a deserted place." But when the crowds followed them, Jesus was moved with compassion to teach, heal, and feed them.

God has a full-time concern for the needy. Literally hundreds of verses focus on these needs, from the first food in Genesis to the final tree of life in Revelation. In fact, when the people of Israel neglected the needy, God neglected them. Jesus began his ministry by quoting Isaiah, which says, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor. He has sent Me to proclaim release to the captives ... to free those who are downtrodden ..." (Is. 61:1-2)

Second, don't be intimidated by the facts. The disciples didn't have enough money to purchase food. Philip estimated 200 denarii would not be enough. (One denarius was worth a day's wage, so 200 denarii was more than 6 months' wages.) If we become intimidated by the magnitude of the problem, we will shrink back into inaction. One of our jobs is to be aware of the facts while firmly relying on inexhaustible faith.

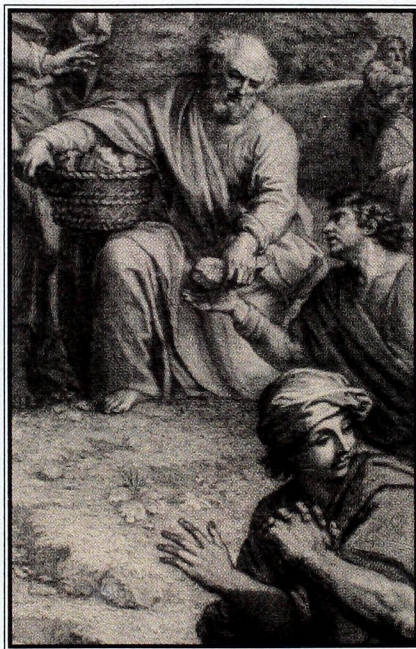
Third, use available resources from those God inspires to help. The disciples saw what they *didn't* have. Christ asked them what they *did* have. Even the most modest resource can reveal the way in which Christ has chosen to solve the problem.

The following is a true story. A respected grain merchant from Iowa was asked to be church treasurer. At first he refused, but the church members kept pleading with him to do it.

Finally he said he'd take the job under one condition. "Let me handle all the finances of the church, and don't ask me any questions," he told them. "At the end of the year I'll give you a full report." The members agreed.

It was a very successful year for that Iowa church. Everyone enjoyed having the bills paid on time and no financial worries. When the year was up, the church had a balance. Every bill was paid. The missions giving had doubled. But the whole community wondered, "How did he do it?" The congregation asked the grain merchant to reveal his secret.

"You bring me all your grain from month to month," he said. "I've taken 10 percent of everything you've brought me, put it aside and sold it for the church. That 10 percent, which you didn't even miss, has made us a profitable congregation." Whether it's dollars or food, how many times have we held onto a small portion of God's



answer to some problem without even knowing it? That's why we need a renewed vision of our modest resources.

Fourth, proceed in an orderly manner. Once the crowd realized the disciples had food, a riot could have resulted. God is not the author of confusion. Christ proceeded decently and in order by seating the crowd in ranks of fifties and hundreds. He planned. He organized. He led. He prayed. There is a time for every event. God's time. It is useless to plant if there is no water. In other words, make sure that everything is done in its place and in relationship to the whole.

Fifth, follow through on the task. Christ could have left the scraps of food lying about in the wilderness, but he didn't. Instead he ordered the disciples to pick up all the leftovers. Perhaps they buried the remains or distributed them yet again to those who had long distances to travel.

Finally, learn from your experience. On several later occasions Christ asked the disciples how many baskets they took up after this miracle (12). The Bible records the number in attendance as about 5,000 men, besides women and children. Quantifying results was apparently as important to Christ in his day as it is to a board of directors or planning committee today.

John Perkins is a black minister who grew up in Mississippi during some of the darkest days of white supremacy. His brother died in his arms from a gunshot wound inflicted by a police officer. John was almost beaten to death by a dozen highway patrolmen during a civil rights incident. But these experiences only drove John to apply the lessons he learned about Christian love to the needs of his fellow citizens. He asks us to learn from our experience:

- What is the one needy neighborhood or community you know the most about? What lessons from past miracles in your experience can help solve the present problems you see today?

- Now, imagine what ministries could be in place in that neighborhood 10 years from now. What reconciliation could take place in the next 10 years?

- Imagine that those 10 years have passed and your dreams are now reality. What miracles do you remember which serve as a vision for the future?

What do you think happened when Nathan returned home and told his village that his box lunch had served approximately 15,000 people? What does it feel like to break a loaf of bread into larger, not smaller, pieces?

You and I may not be able to perform such miracles ourselves. But we can gather together our meager lumps of fish and loaves, place them in the hands of the Lord's disciples, then stand back and watch our Lord perform the miracles for us. □

Ted W. Engstrom is president emeritus of World Vision Inc. His latest book about world hunger is The Midas Trap, published by Victor Books. This article is adapted from Hunger in the Heart of God, by Ted W. Engstrom with Robert C. Larson, copyright ©1989. Used by permission of Servant Publications, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Uptown Baptist Church

TOUCHING 'UPTOWN' WHERE IT HURTS

BY GINGER HOPE

In another church, it might have caused quite a stir. In the middle of the sermon, someone started talking. Someone drunk. Someone with long, dirty brown hair. A street person.

The preacher didn't miss a beat. Having a drunken street person in their church didn't seem to upset many people at Chicago's Uptown Baptist, maybe because some of their best people came in that way. "Papa Joe" Rubio, now a pillar of the church, is one. Another is Mike Durah, now a football coach at Trinity College in Deerfield, Ill.

"I stumbled in here because I needed the things they were offering," Durah says. "I needed food, I needed clothing, I needed shelter. They met those needs, and then they told me about what it means to be a Christian and live for the Lord Jesus."

When Uptown Baptist Church started in 1979, it wanted to represent a cross-section of Uptown, a 10-square-block area along Lake Michigan, about five miles north of the Chicago Loop. In the 1920s Uptown was as chic as its name, a motion picture capital and a fashionable resort spot. In the 1930s, however, the Depression left it a virtual ghost town of luxury hotels.

Those grand, bankrupt buildings made Uptown what it is today. Converted to cheap housing, the buildings have sheltered waves of destitute people: poor Southern whites in the 1950s, "urbanized" American Indians in the 1960s, poor black and Hispanic families in the 1970s. Uptown also became the Ellis Island of Chicago, a port of entry for penniless immigrants.

In the 1980s a new trend emerged: gentrification.

"People with money are trying to get rid of the undesirables," says Associate Pastor Danny Hester. "We would like to change Uptown too, but we would like to do it by letting God change the people who are already here."

To reach this diverse community, the church must extend itself in dozens of directions. Of Uptown's 100,000 residents, 25,000 are senior citizens. Eight thousand are de-institutionalized mental patients. Another 15,000 are homeless. At the local high school, students come from 55 different countries and speak 35 languages. About half the people in Uptown live in single-parent families.

How a church of 200 can make a dent here has something to do with the 200 volunteers that pass through every month. The cavernous old building is like a time-share condo. A basement room is God's Gym one day and a chapel for elderly Russian immigrants the next.

On Sunday morning what is striking is not so much the number of people in the building (no more than 200), but the number of things happening simultaneously. In the basement, the otherworldly strains of a Cambodian hymn mix with the scraping and squeaking of ancient metal folding chairs under squirming Sunday school kids. In the kitchen, street people meet for coffee and Bible study—led by Papa Joe.

In the gym, about 50 men and women in a disorderly circle sing simple songs with gusto and hand motions. They are called "housers," after the halfway houses they inhabit. But in this room, they are "God's People."

The people of this church scatter throughout the week to touch Uptown where it hurts, and they gather at 11 a.m. on Sunday for their own restoration. Over the past 12 years, bits and pieces of Uptown have joined them. There is a swaying, gospel feel to the music. Mothers rock their children to the beat.

"This is a crucial time for us," Hester says. "The ministry we're involved in is extremely draining. It's our worship service that keeps us charged up for the demands of the week."

JON WARREN



Those demands include, in a typical week, distributing food and clothing, serving a hot meal to several hundred people, tutoring schoolchildren, leading sobriety support groups, visiting neighbors, teaching Bible studies, lobbying local officials on behalf of Uptown residents, and coordinating the seven language-group churches connected with Uptown Baptist.

"It was always our goal to minister to the community," says Lindsay Cobb, a church elder. "Some of the things we do kind of fell into our lap."

Maybe. But it's not every church that would pick them up. □

*For more
information
contact Uptown
Baptist Church,
1011 W.
Wilson Ave.,
Chicago, IL
60640.*

W

hen Los Angeles headlines reported

the deaths of four transients due to hypothermia, a collective shiver ran through the community. People aren't supposed to die of cold in Southern California.

Although my humanitarian feelings were stirred, it was freezing and wet outside. I didn't want to drive across Los Angeles to Skid Row because my old Volvo was having trouble going more than 10 miles at a stretch. It would probably reach some graffiti-splattered shanty and die. Neither of us felt up to the outing.

Then The Salvation Army opened a temporary shelter for the homeless just three miles from my house. Worse, World Vision, my employer, was asking its employees to volunteer. I had run out of excuses.

I waited almost a week before calling, hoping my services would be pre-empted. "We're awfully sorry," they'd say, "but we've had so many calls that we're booked through 1993. Please call back in a few years." Instead, a cheery voice informed me I was their very first caller. They scheduled me for Friday night.

The next morning I told my co-

workers about volunteering. They avoided my gaze. Strange, I thought. They couldn't be feeling guilty, not this office of little-old-lady-helpers and puppy-rights petitioners. Then it dawned on me. They were worried about my safety.

As the week wore on, a few friends told me to "be careful." One former buddy mentioned that "over one-third of the homeless have mental problems." I thanked him for his wisdom and quietly scratched his name off my Christmas list.

Friday came. Wasn't Jesus crucified on a Friday? I kissed my family goodbye and hurried off to my singing class—pleasure before death. Rain battered the windows. My top notes squeaked. I couldn't seem to get enough air. In a barely audible whisper my voice teacher said, "You're too tiny to be working in a shelter, dear. They need a man, someone big and burly." My vibrato turned into a tremolo.

After class I ran out to the parking lot and played tug-of-war with the car door. A gust of wind kicked rain into my face. With no inside light, I squinted at my scribbled directions as my windshield wipers languished in the rain. Why in the world had I volunteered? I inched my way through the slick licorice streets, looking for this shanty of doom.

When I arrived, visions of a bug-infested former speakeasy gave way to a modern little building lit up like Times Square. I locked my purse in the glove compartment and, with a swagger I didn't know I had, sauntered inside.

The interior was darker than I had

hoped. I shook hands with my fellow volunteers, three smallish men who had probably never seen the back side of an alley and a blonde coed with all the street savvy of a toy poodle.

While we pulled plastic wrap off several dozen peanut butter sandwiches and cookies, our coordinator entertained us with stories. The previous week a Vietnam vet had hidden behind a chair and shot at people with a loaded finger. It had taken four volunteers to calm him down. I glanced at the sign-up list. We were expecting 19 guests and there were only five of us "hosts." We were definitely outnumbered.

Then the coordinator assigned us our posts. He put me behind a desk to greet lodgers as they entered and ask them a few questions. After that they'd deposit their gear in an adjoining room and be frisked for weapons.

Wait a minute. What weapons?

“You’re too tiny to be working in a shelter, dear. They need a man, someone big and burly.”

LAND OF COOL

BY ANNA WATERHOUSE

I politely suggested that they be frisked before I interviewed them. My suggestion was ignored. I was to ask intimate questions to total strangers while standing behind a desk that reached just below my heart, providing a kind of by-the-numbers blueprint for those who wanted to stab me correctly.

At 10 p.m. the sojourners filed in. They shuffled up to the desk—tired, hungry, and extremely polite—answering questions I didn't want to ask. "Where did you sleep last night? Last week?" *Please, I thought, don't tell me you slept in the park or on a sidewalk. I don't want to know.*

Each one recited Social Security number, last known address, age, and military status. My mother had taught me to treat my elders with respect. Now I was an authority figure to the grandmother who stood before me on swollen legs. "How old are you?" My tongue felt like lead.

Most were just glad to be warm and dry, but a few wanted to talk, to explain how they had fallen on hard times, how tomorrow—or next week—things would be better. Carl had thumbed his way from Detroit in

They raised their arms like obedient children and allowed themselves to be frisked. I looked away.

search of sunshine. He told me about his "no-good family" and "friends who just get you into trouble." June had been in the army light-years ago and proudly possessed "four college degrees." Her sometime companion Charlie was at a nearby shelter. They had

turned her away. June apologized for her shabby clothes, then asked if she could help in some way. Her dignity broke my heart.

June, Carl, and the others shuffled from my desk and left their precious belongings on an old wooden bench. They raised their arms like obedient children and allowed themselves to be frisked. Although necessary for their safety as well as ours, this invasion of their privacy belittled us all. I looked away.

We spent the rest of the evening pouring coffee and placing more cookies on aluminum serving trays. There were no incidents, no crazies babbling to imaginary friends. There was only the low hum of fluorescent lights and the lower, sadder hum of poverty. With a passivity born of adversity, our guests waited for permission before getting a sandwich or a cup of coffee. They ate in silence, these dangerous people. Then,

thanking us, they crawled onto their sleeping mats and closed their eyes in safety.

I watched them drift off to sleep, bodies melting into the gray army cots. My little girl was probably asleep too, in her white canopy bed, surrounded by a benevolent army of dolls and stuffed animals. I drove home to her in the midnight drizzle, the Volvo's trusty Swedish heater insulating me against the icy air. I opened the wind wing just for a moment, as a reminder. Then I closed it again. □

STEVE BJORKMAN



SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Ginger Hope

“Did I have a choice between saving souls and saving bodies when a vacant lot beside my friend's house was covered with rat-infested garbage? The politicians had called a meeting, discussed the need, and even had a garbage pit dug, but still the field of garbage grew. I asked the Christians to bring shovels. For a



whole morning we shoveled the putrid rotting food, the rusty cans, the small snakes, cockroaches, ants, and poisonous centipedes into the hole and set it alight.

A lady approached from a neighboring house. "O praise God!" she said. "Last night I prayed, 'Lord, I am unable alone to shift this rubbish.' But day after day the winds blow its disease into my small house. Now, here you are, an answer to prayer."

We are called to save souls. We are called to save the bodies of the children who get sick through the disease of a garbage dump. There is no choice between souls and environment.

Viv Griggs in *Companion to the Poor: Christ in the Urban Slums*



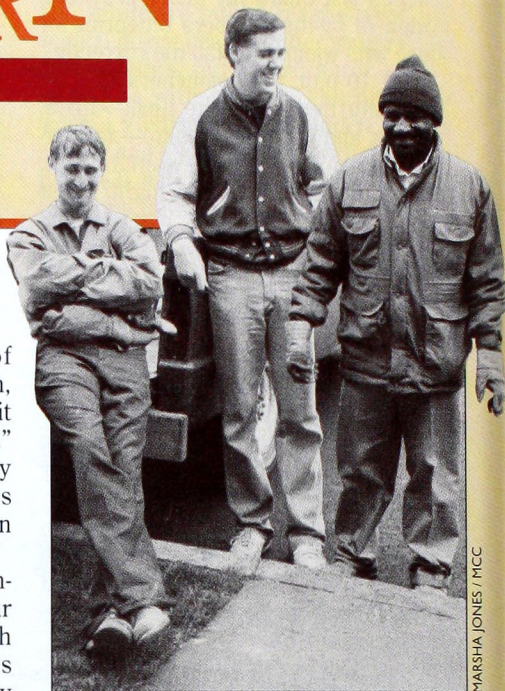
A DAY'S WORK

As leader of a work crew of developmentally disabled men, Jim Unruh is learning how it feels to be the one who's "different." Unruh works with a Christian agency called TASK in Atlanta, which gives seven men a supportive Christian setting for work and socializing.

Unruh and another staff member lead work crews of three or four men. After starting the day with Bible study and prayer, the crews tackle the day's work—usually landscaping or construction site cleanup.

Ironically most of the men must limit themselves to 20 hours of work a week at minimum wage to keep their government benefits. "We can't let them work more hours because they need medical insurance and other benefits we can't afford to offer," Unruh explains.

Some of the men are already committed Christians, and others have shown progress in that direction, Unruh says. "They talk a lot

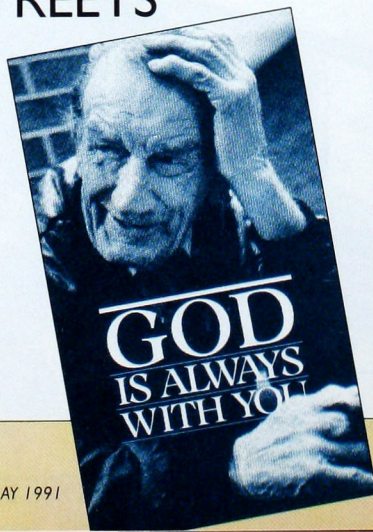


Willie Ricks, Jim Unruh, and Ernest Pitts take a break from clearing out apartments in Smyrna, Ga.

with others about God while we're working," he says. "The men are really outgoing and enjoy being around other people. And other people—customers and neighbors at our job sites—seem to enjoy being around them too."

For more information contact TASK of Atlanta, P.O. Box 17628, Atlanta, GA 30316; (404) 509-8909.

SCRIPTURE FOR THE STREETS



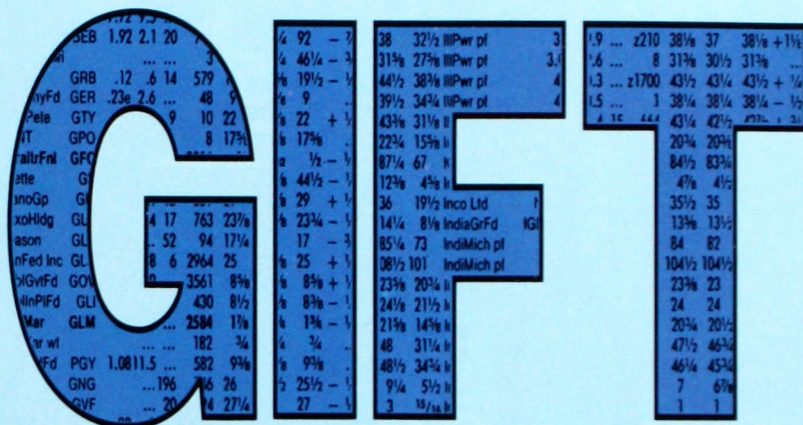
A new Scripture booklet for homeless people is available from the American Bible Society. Homeless men and women had a hand in choosing the Bible passages for "God Is Always With You," and the 40-page publication is designed to be easily tucked into a pocket or bundle of belongings. It features photographs of people from the streets of New York City.

Bible Society officials hope the Scripture selections will be "a great source of strength and comfort to people who need to know they stand tall in the sight of God."

Contact the American Bible Society at 1865 Broadway, New York, NY 10023; (212) 581-7400.

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FMA 104

ILLUSTRATION BY STAN SAKAI

BOOT CAMP, PLUS HUGS

Time and again, Henry Salley watched it happen. Young men would try to start over after a prison term but would fall back into the street life they were trying to leave behind. What was missing, Salley thought, was a safe place to get a solid start before facing the old temptations head-on.

When his parents left him a four-bedroom home in southeast Grand Rapids, Mich., Salley got his chance to try out his idea, with the help of Madison Square Christian Reformed Church.

Young Christian men, most of them ex-offenders and many with histories of chemical dependency, live in the house for six months to

a year. Salley describes the program as a mix of "the precision of boot camp with the sincere and personal love of the staff." Less than five percent of these high-risk "graduates" have returned to jail or prison.

For information contact Mustard Seed Christian Ministries, P.O. Box 7551, Grand Rapids, MI 49510; (616) 774-8153.

School Out

Worldwide, at least 100 million children live nowhere near a school. Another 100 million never finish the primary grades. These children will someday be added to the nearly 1 billion illiterate adults in the world today.

What happens to Third World children with no education? Rural kids usually help out on the farm. Urban kids don't have that simple a choice. The lucky ones find menial jobs. The others sell trinkets or their bodies on the streets.

Poor families in the developing world sometimes don't have the money to send a child to school. Even if the education is free, parents must buy school supplies, books, uniforms, and shoes. The rewards of an education seem ill-defined and far away.

But the United Nations has named the 1990s "The Decade of Education." The first World Conference On Education For All established a 10-year goal to raise the literacy rate of 14-year-olds to 80 percent.

There may still be hope for the world's children. □

A few years at this Muslim school in Jilib, Somalia, is the only education these boys will ever get.

Children like this young Nepalese boy often have to sacrifice schooling to work on the family farm.

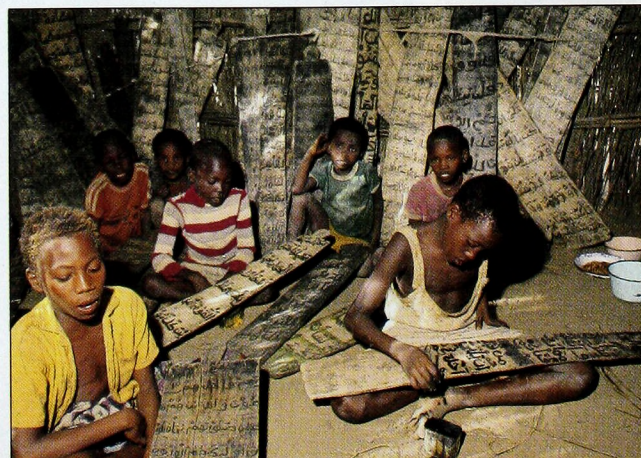


JON WARREN

Girls in rural Guatemala take a brief break from their studies.



JON WARREN



A Filipino youth gazes intently at his teacher.



WORLD VISION



JOHN STEWART / WORLD VISION

CITIES OF JOY & SORROW

BY TERRY MARCELL
WITH MARK CUTSHALL

Terry Marcell celebrated his 50th birthday with a wish come true. For four weeks he lived and worked with Mother Teresa's male order, the Missionaries of Charity. But it took memories of home to help him realize why he had come so far.



SANJAY SOJWAL / WORLD VISION

*I traveled
halfway
around the
world and
found myself
a few blocks
from home.*

It is a cool Sunday night in February. I'm riding a bus from Calcutta to Barackpur, India. Several hours away is the leper colony that will be my home for the next seven days.

The sounds of crunching gears mingle with the smells of a hundred people lurching back and forth on wooden benches. Our diesel-driven holding tank of humanity is filled with the sweat and chatter of India. In my lap sits a brown-eyed girl, no older than 3. Her father plucked her out of her mother's grasp and put her in my lap, no explanation given. This never would have happened back in Seattle, I think to myself. My mind races home.

For weeks my son Shawn had watched me devour *The City of Joy* by Dominique Lapierre. I had served the street people of Seattle for more than 20 years, and the urge to go to Calcutta, to explore the heart of India, was unbearably strong. So for my birthday, Shawn gave me a round-trip airplane ticket to India.

The bus lurches to a stop. We've arrived. I step off the bus, feeling nervous. Where is 69 Murghee? I'm supposed to look for a blue gate, but despite the torches lighting the dirt roads and open sewers, all I see is darkness. I'm definitely lost. Finally an old man gives me directions.



2015
FIRST AVENUE
SERVICE CENTER

WILL SPONSORSHIP MAKE HIM DEPENDENT?

■ We believe the last thing a sponsor wants to do is rob a child of his God-given dignity and the ability, someday, to meet his own needs.

■ That's why World Vision Childcare Sponsorship is such a unique opportunity.

■ Monthly gifts of \$24 can give a child what he needs to become a self-sufficient adult.

■ That means providing the basics: an understanding of God's love...and things like food, clothing, medical care and an education. Without those a child can't even begin to dream about tomorrow.

■ It also means helping the child's community—because if the community's cycle of poverty remains unbroken, a child may never escape it.

■ So World Vision drills wells for clean water, builds schools and clinics, and provides seeds, tools, and agricultural training. How we help depends on the need. But the goal is always the same—self-sufficiency and a strong sense of dignity for the community...and the child.

■ When we meet those goals, a child is dependent on only one thing: love.

■ Please share yours by becoming a sponsor today.

A CHILD CAN DEPEND ON MY LOVE!

Please send me a photo and story today of a boy girl from Africa Asia Latin America where the need is greatest.

Enclosed is my first monthly \$24 payment.



I can't sponsor a child right now, but would like to contribute \$ _____ 1700 A31WSM

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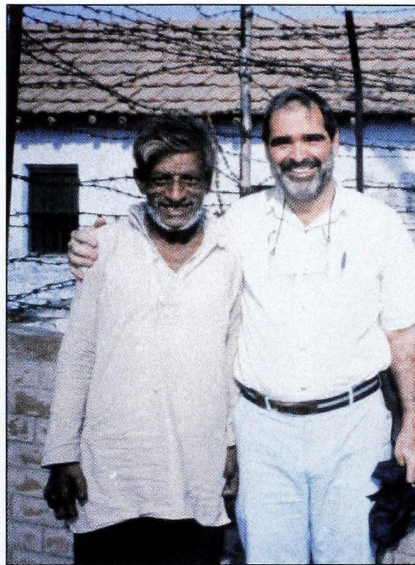
Please make your check payable to World Vision.

Mail to:  Childcare Sponsorship
Pasadena, CA 91131 

A few minutes later, I am met by two huge German shepherds and a houseboy, who runs out to greet me. I am welcomed by warm, loving Indian men who speak English. The house is a mansion. Compared to the slums of Calcutta, my room is luxury itself, complete with mosquito netting, a table, and my own bed. I fall into it willingly.

At 4:30 the next morning, a rickety bus takes us the six miles to the leper center. The brothers and I pass through the gardens and rice fields and come into the main building. As I walk through the doorway, an older leper woman drops to her knees and kisses

Terry Marcell with his arm around a resident of the leper colony.



my feet. This is a custom in India, yet I feel very uncomfortable.

In an adjoining room, some 600 lepers are working on looms, making saris and cloth to be sold all over the world. "The work you see here," says my host, Brother Maria Dos, "is all part of the center's mission to provide a home where over 200 leper families can re-establish their self-esteem." Judging from the smiles on their faces, I get the sense that *dignity* is being woven back into their lives.

Still, I can't help but notice the obvious. A stump in the place of a hand. A club instead of a foot. But I seem to find gratefulness in the most unlikely places. Like the cutting room. This is where old flesh and bones are cut away to reach fresh nerve endings. The new stumps are immediately wrapped in gauze. Rehabilitated lepers do the cutting.

I sit next to a woman whose index finger is ready to be cut off. She is fully awake and alert, since the disease has caused her to lose feeling in her fingers. All that's painful now are her doctor's

words: "If only you hadn't forgotten to take the medicine that helps prevent the spread of leprosy, this operation wouldn't have been necessary." So many of them forget, so many don't know, so many don't believe.

Just like back home. I am 13,000 miles away from the broken wine bottles of Seattle's skid row area, but I could just as well be standing in the doorway of the First Avenue Service Center downtown, a refuge for street people whose self-respect has been eaten away by a kind of leprosy poured from a bottle.

I think about people like Joe Davis, chronic alcoholics, chronic inhabitants of the street. Joe is a gigantic man with an intimidating scar on his face. His white dress shirt is soiled gray, his scruffy pants have a half-broken zipper, and his tennis shoes are old and worn. He used to be a fighter, yet he flinches like someone who is afraid to go to sleep, afraid he'll be beaten and robbed like so many times before. He desperately needed help and he got it. We gave him a place to keep his insulin. We gave him a job. For a time he stopped drinking. Then he began spending his cash on drinks for friends. He stopped taking his medicine. He let his insulin needles get dirty. One day he hit a staff volunteer and we had to bar him from the premises.

The leper woman loses her finger. Joe Davis loses his future. Why is it that when help is available, some people still say no?

I continue to watch the Missionaries of Charity, to watch how they work. They have no expectations of people. They simply go about their business of helping, one at a time.

One day before my return flight, I am hunched over a drain on my hands and knees, scrubbing my shirt with lye soap on a cement floor. I am humbled, close to the ground, close to God. I am gradually learning to take care of the present moment, no matter how painful or hopeless it seems.

I begin packing my tote bag, ready to go back to the Joe Davises, the cut-up prostitutes, the young families who wander into the First Avenue Service Center looking for a dry room and a hot meal. I cannot take away their leprosy, whatever its form, but I can offer them myself. I *can* be a fellow sojourner who left his city behind and traveled halfway around the world, only to discover that First Avenue was just a few blocks away.

Mark Cutshall is a free-lance writer in Seattle, Wash.

WE CONTINUE TO ASK

BY NANCY
EASTRIDGE

I saw his feet first. Gnarled, old, bony, bare feet in the entrance to the outdoor restaurant in Honduras where I had stopped for lunch. As my eyes moved upward from the dusty feet, I saw rags of clothing hanging on the thin frame of an old man. Then I saw his eyes, eyes that reflected the hunger and hopelessness that must have lived in him for a long time. Eyes that pled louder than the soft words asking for part of the food on my plate.

I turned away. I tried not to acknowledge I had seen or heard him. I turned away, hoping he would leave. He didn't. He stood in the entrance and I could still see him, despite my turned head. His eyes were locked on me. His soft, pleading voice pierced my ears.

Although the incident happened several years ago, I keep remembering. I remember the man, the food on my plate, the restaurant, my thoughts and feelings. But what I remember most is my turning away.

That was neither the first nor the last time I encountered a beggar, nor is it the only time I have turned away from someone asking me for something. It is, however, the time I recall most vividly. As I tried to finish my meal that day, I had a moment of insight. I realized we are all beggars. Even as I turned my head from someone begging for food, I was a stranger in his country begging for acceptance as I tried to communicate in a language foreign to me.

I had always thought of beggars as those who ask for food or spare change. I used more respectable titles for those who ask at higher levels. But I too am a beggar. I beg for understanding when I fail, for acceptance when my actions or words

are unacceptable, for love in all circumstances. When I am strong enough, I verbally beg for forgiveness for my blunders. When I am not strong enough to ask aloud, I beg silently. I ask that others invest time in recognizing me and my abilities and energy. Yet the beggar was asking only for a basic need to be filled, a need I take for granted. And I treated him as a non-person, as if he and his hunger did not exist.

Why do I ignore one who asks for a basic need and at the same time expect that I will always be able to provide my own needs? Do I turn away because I fear a time when I may be in that same situation? Can it be that material things mean so

much to me that I resent being asked to share them? Or am I truly convinced that all who beg for basic needs are lazy con artists and do not deserve my attention? These questions plague me. Since I ask so much of others, can I, in turn, fail to give what others ask of me? When I see a human being asking for money or a place to sleep, can I respond humanely? I know I can try.

I hope that one day I can hear all who beg for fulfillment as clearly as I heard the beggar in the restaurant that day. And after hearing, instead of turning away, I

pray I can respond in a way that recognizes the humanity and frailty in us all. Because just like the beggar at my table, our needs do not go away just because people do not respond. Like him we stand there, staring at a table laden with goodies, a table just beyond our reach. And we continue to ask. □

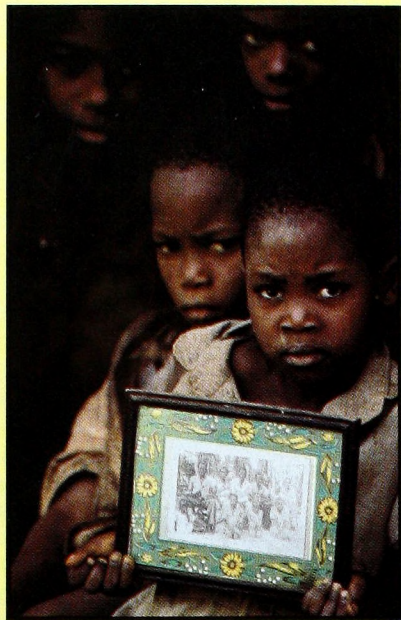
Nancy Eastridge is a freelance writer from El Paso, Texas.



JOANNE BEARDWOOD

ORPHANED

BY AIDS



An estimated 1 million innocent children have been orphaned by the AIDS epidemic in Uganda. In Africa, aunts and uncles are the ones who step in to care for orphaned children. But in Uganda, aunts and uncles are dying, too, leaving only grandparents—some who are barely able to stand or move around. Young children are caring for their brothers and sisters because there are no adults left.

In response to the tremendous need, World Vision has launched a three-year effort to bring the touch of God's love to these devastated children, helping them in their own communities.

Our strategies include bolstering community health care; therapeutic counseling; providing agricultural supplies, seeds and breeder stock; tuition assistance; and vocational training for children who have already missed school.

The good news is that the government of Uganda and the World Bank offered a \$4.7 million grant to help us accomplish these things. But we must still raise more than \$300,000 to put these steps into operation. Will you help?

I DO WANT TO HELP THE UGANDA ORPHANS. I'LL GIVE:

\$100 \$300 \$600

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Please make checks payable to World Vision. Thank you!

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