

WORLD VISION[®]



August/September 1991

A tribute to
STAN MOONEYHAM

AIDS in Uganda:
SLIM HOPE

Marian Wright Edelman:
**CRUSADING
FOR CHILDREN**

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Twenty percent of the children in the United States are living below the poverty line. For more than 17 years, Marian Wright Edelman and her Children's Defense Fund in Washington, D.C., have kept legislators scratching to find better ways to care for those children. Here she talks about her passion for children and justice, and the faith that keeps her going.

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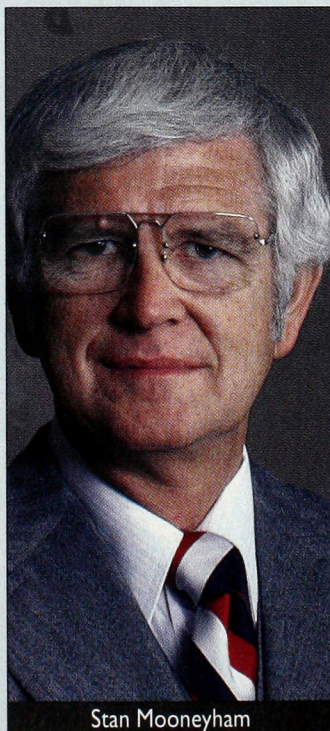
Ugandans call the dreaded disease "slim." Here in the West, we call it AIDS. Whatever the name, the disease is wiping out a whole generation in Uganda, once dubbed "the Pearl of Africa." More than one million men and women are believed to be infected by the virus. But the country's children, its orphans, may yet pay the highest price.

18 **An Unaccompanied Minor**

Karen Mains has visited refugee camps around the world, and it seems that wherever she's visited, a little child has reached out for her hand looking for comfort. But it took a child from her own backyard to discover that she didn't have to travel to distant countries to minister to a needy child.

14 **Photo Essay: "Escape to Reality, Part II"**

On Monday, June 3, 1991, Stan Mooneyham died, leaving behind a rich legacy as World Vision's second president. These photos and a tribute by World Vision President Bob Seiple honor this man in whom "myth and reality become one."



Stan Mooneyham

ERIC MOONEYHAM / WORLD VISION

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The tragic loss of two colleagues (next page) in Peru, and the untimely death of Stan Mooneyham, former World Vision president (pages 14-15), reminds us of the high price sometimes paid to serve the poor.

Although far less traumatic, the magazine counts as loss associate editor Ginger Hope's family move to Minnesota and assistant editor Anna Waterhouse's leave of absence to write a movie script. We wish them well.

Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

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REMEMBERING FRIENDS, AND THE GLORIES THAT AWAIT THEM

The news left me weak. Two of our World Vision colleagues, driving up to our office in Lima, Peru, were met by two men, one with a pistol and one with a sub-machine gun. As Norm Tattersall, Assistant Vice President for Latin America, and Jose Chuquin, our Field Director in Colombia, got out of the car, they were sprayed with bullets. Norm died before the day was out, and any lingering romantic notions about relief and development work around the world died with him.

Jose had 22 bullet holes in him, but somehow he defied all medical odds and hung on for 12 days. Finally infection set into his perforated body, he lapsed into a coma, and the medical miracle was over. An act of terrorism had claimed a second respected and much beloved friend.

I knew then that things would never be the same. Life could never again be taken for granted. No one is ever really safe, especially where there is poverty caused by war, famine, unstable governments, and unjust systems.

In trying to make sense out of this, I thought of Jesus as his disciples directed him to a deaf man with a speech impediment. Jesus healed the man, but before he did, he looked up to heaven with a deep sigh. Author Max Lucado calls this the "divine sigh."

It wasn't a gesture of impatience or anger, but rather a sense of frustration because it wasn't supposed to be this way. The creation was perfect and "never intended to be inhabited by evil. ..." The brokenness, the hurt, and the pain were not part of God's plan. And so God's Son gave a deep sigh for the pain of the world that didn't have to be.

But we're not capable of a divine sigh. Instead we ask the very predictable and human question, Why? Why were these two taken? Both were key personnel doing superb work in their most productive years. We needed them, and their wives and children needed them. Norm had two children and Jose had five.

All answers to the why question are never totally satisfying or complete, certainly on this side of glory. The best answer, perhaps, came from Jesus in an exchange between him and the disciples of John the Baptist. The disciples asked Jesus on John's behalf, "Are you the Messiah?" And Jesus answered: "Go, tell ... what you have heard: The blind can see again, the lame can walk, lepers are being cured, the deaf can hear, the dead are raised to life, and the Good News is preached to the poor." (Luke 7:22)

These are beautiful words, but they're a little troubling when we consider the context. John was in prison. This giant of the faith who had spent most of his life in the desert in faithful-

ness to the coming Messiah was constrained in a dark dungeon. Soon he would be beheaded, and Jesus himself was not long for this world. Both men would experience pain. Both would embrace a premature death. Both would know the savagery of harm intentionally inflicted.

But Jesus and John were cousins, so, of all people, given John's situation, couldn't Jesus have been more straightforward? Couldn't he have said something more helpful? Why didn't he share more of himself and of the hopes embodied in the "power of the resurrection"? Why didn't Jesus confide all the secrets of his divine plan to his most faithful relative, if for no other reason than to ease the impending pain?

Why? Some say we shouldn't ask God to answer questions he never chose to answer in the past. Perhaps! But might it not be possible that Jesus did give John all the answers he needed?

Jesus shared the Good News. He had come. And he had just demonstrated that his coming would allow pain and brokenness to be transcended. The blind now see, the lame walk, the lepers are cured, the deaf hear. And, yes, even more than that, the dead are raised to life.

The brokenness of sin can be overcome, and the effects of sin, death, can be transcended. This is indeed good news, and it was this Good News that Norm and Jose preached to the poor.

There is a place where there are no more sighs, no more questions, no more tears, and no more grief. But, meanwhile, is it wrong to grieve? Not at all. Although, as Paul says, "we are not like those who have no hope." Our grief, like death, is only temporary. And we are absolutely convinced that the sufferings of this present age are not to be compared to the glories that Norm and Jose are already experiencing. □



Norm Tattersall



Jose Chuquin

A memorial fund to assist projects in Latin America has been established in memory of Norm Tattersall and Jose Chuquin. Tax deductible gifts can be sent to: World Vision, Pasadena, CA 91131. Please indicate your gift is for: Tattersall/Chuquin Memorial Fund.

A
FLEA
FOR

JUSTICE

Whenever Marian Wright Edelman gives a speech, she invariably manages to weave in “the flea story.” It seems that in the 1800s, Sojourner Truth, a well-known black woman preacher, was speaking to a crowd when a white man tried to shout her down. “You’re nothing but a flea on a dog’s back,” he sneered. “That’s all right,” she shot back. “I’m going to keep you scratching.”

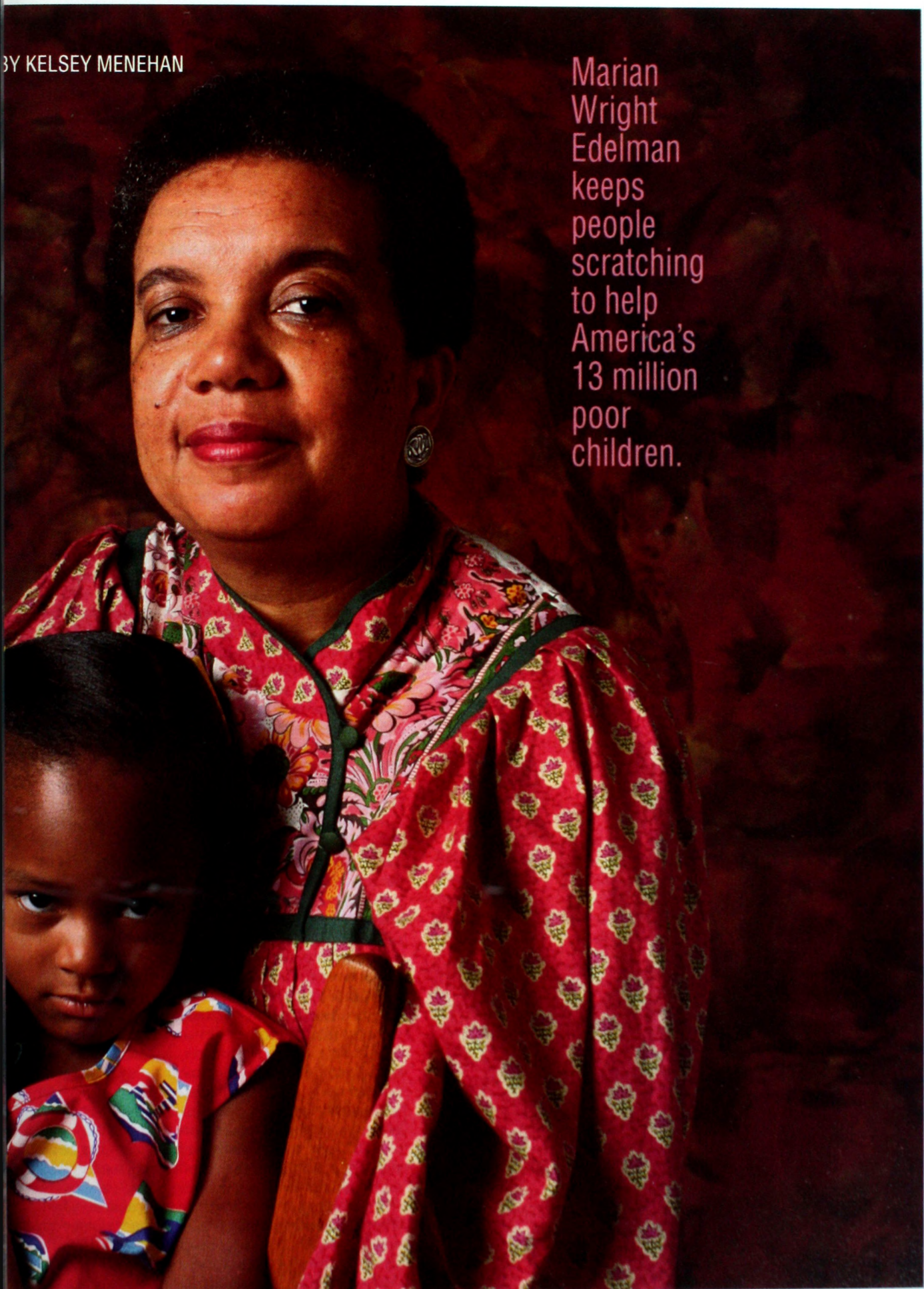
Marian likes to think of herself, and those with whom she works at the Children’s Defense Fund in Washington, D.C., as “fleas for justice.” For 17 years they have kept legislators scratching to come up with better ways to care for our nation’s children—20 percent of whom live below the poverty line.

“I think we have been rather hypo-

BY KELSEY MENEHAN

Marian
Wright
Edelman
keeps
people
scratching
to help
America's
13 million
poor
children.

JONATHAN LEVINE



critical as a nation," Marian says. "We talk about family values, but we don't support family values through public policy. We have not dealt with the extraordinary changes in family life. Today 10.5 million mothers of preschoolers are in the labor force. I'm for mothers having a choice to stay home. I believe in jobs that pay a living wage. I think two parents are better than one. But if a child has only one parent, I want to make sure that one parent can do the best possible job taking care of that child."

Much of CDF's effort goes into lobbying federal and state governments on issues crucial to families' and children's well-being, including health care, nutrition, and early education. Marian does not downplay the important role of the private sector. "All of us should be reaching out and doing far more than we are," Marian says. "But even if everyone did, it would be a drop in the bucket. There are 13 million poor children, 37 million Americans with no health insurance. How many of the uninsured can the churches take care of? Private charity is not a substitute for public justice."

As she speaks, Marian's passion is gentle but relentless. Moral imperatives and hard statistics, biblical allusions and homespun stories from her childhood blend together seamlessly. Says one aide, "Marian is not really a politician, although she's very astute. She's a moral crusader, and she figures she may not have you in the room again, so she may as well give you everything she's got."

Marian learned the art of persuasion and the necessity of serving others at her parents' knee. Arthur Jerome Wright, a Baptist preacher, and Maggie Leola Bowen Wright, the behind-the-scenes organizer and fund raiser, expected their five children to be exemplary role models for other kids in the small town of Bennettsville, S.C. That meant church every Sunday, homework each night, and regular service in the community. "Yes, I felt the pressure," Marian, the youngest, recalls. "But I think the advantages of being a preacher's kid outweighed the disadvantages."

One of the advantages was getting to watch ordinary people in her church face the indignities of a segregated South with extraordinary grace. "They lived their faith," Marian says. "They didn't have a whole lot, but they knew how to share. Every morning they got up and did the best they could. Nobody

Service is the rent you pay for living.

says you have to win, nobody says you have to make a big difference. You just do the thing at hand that needs to be done."

That ethic of service was reinforced for Marian at Spelman College in Atlanta, the nation's oldest private liberal arts college for black women. "At Spelman, we had required daily chapel, which I protested against," Marian says with a laugh. "But now most of the things I remember from college came from those chapels rather than from classes. We got to hear most of the great black preachers and doers of the day. The message that came through was the kingdom of God is within you, that everyone should seek to find out why you've been put on earth."

Marian's own search coincided with the civil rights movement of the 1960s. During a pivotal class trip to the Georgia State Legislature, she and her classmates discovered that the Legislature's visitors' gallery was segregated. They spontaneously decided to integrate it. They were quickly ordered out of the white section, but the course of Marian's life had been set.

A few weeks later she joined other students from black colleges in a demonstration at the Atlanta City Hall. She was arrested, along with 14 other Spelman students, and spent the night in jail, reading a copy of C. S. Lewis' *The Screwtape Letters* for inspiration. Soon after, Marian abandoned plans to seek a graduate degree in Russian Studies and applied to law school.

"I hated every minute of it," Marian says of her three years at Yale Law School. "I don't think I really had much of an aptitude for law, but at the time, that's what I needed to serve in the South." After law school, Marian moved to Mississippi to represent poor blacks and to help with voter registration efforts. At the time there were only three other black lawyers in a state with nearly a million black citizens. Marian was the first black woman to be admitted to the Mississippi bar.

Marian Wright Edelman and the Children's Defense Fund lobby on issues crucial to families' and children's well-being, including health care, nutrition, and early education.

It was a frightening time for civil rights advocates, black and white, to live and work in the South, especially Mississippi. Most of the black clients Marian represented had been beaten in jail. One had been shot and killed. Civil rights workers soon learned to start their cars with the door open in case of bombs. In the summer of 1964, thousands of white students came from the North to help register black voters. Three of them, Michael Schwerner, Andrew Goodman, and James Chaney, were arrested and turned over to the Ku Klux Klan. Their bodies were found buried in an earth dam.

In this crucible of anger, violence, and fear, grandiose ideas about achieving social justice burned away. What remained in Marian was an indomitable determination. Again, the ordinary people in Mississippi's small towns inspired her.

"There were people who cheerfully went about their lives, year after year, challenging segregation, withstanding violence, helping kids," she says. "What amazed me was how little bitterness they had. They had staying power, grit. Giving up was not even considered. Today when people ask me, 'How do you stay with it?' I think of those people. How do you *not* stay with it? This is what life is about. Service is the rent you pay for living."



JONATHAN LEVINE

In Mississippi, Marian also learned that it was one thing to get a law on the books and another to make the law work for poor people. In 1965, when federal legislation created Headstart, a program designed to prepare disadvantaged preschoolers for school, Mississippi refused to apply for funds.

So a few public, private, and church groups formed a coalition, applied for the grant, and got it. In its first year, the program served 12,000 poor children and created 2,500 jobs. It also raised the ire of the state's political power structure, which tried to shut it down. Marian shuttled back and forth between Mississippi and Washington, lobbying for the program's survival.

"That was really the seed for the Children's Defense Fund," Marian says. "I realized that the poor have no voice, no one to answer back to the power structures. You could win the big lawsuits and get the legislation passed, but if people don't have food and a place to stay, then political rights are pretty hollow. Laws are no better than their enforcement."

Marian moved to Washington, D.C., in 1968 and that summer married Peter Edelman, an attorney on Senator Robert F. Kennedy's staff. With racial tension at the boiling point in the aftermath of Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination that spring, Marian's marriage to a white man was a hopeful, symbolic sign of reconciliation to many in the civil rights movement.

For several years, Marian shuttled from Boston, where Peter was vice president of the University of Massachusetts, to Washington to oversee a research organization that gradually evolved into CDF.

In 1979, Peter took a job as professor at Georgetown Law Center, and the Edelmans settled permanently in Washington with their three young sons, Joshua, Jonah, and Ezra. Now the boys are nearly grown, but "like every parent, I hold my breath and pray every day," Marian says. "They each have to make their own way. Actually, I don't care what they decide to do with their lives as long as it's not just about themselves and money."

Marian admits she has had it much easier than the many poor families CDF is trying to help. "I don't know how some of those poor mothers manage," she says. "They're so stressed out from working all day and trying to care for children too. This is not a society that values parenting or prepares for it. When I was growing up, I went everywhere with my parents. There was no separation between work and family. There was a total community that supported kids and looked out for them. Today, we don't have that. Churches are even more needed now to give support to single parents and families."

Several years ago, Marian was talking to a group of Bennettsville teenagers. She asked them, "Why do you think kids are getting pregnant or getting into trouble with the law at such an early age?" One of them answered, "There's nothing better to do."



"If we don't invest in children early on," Marian says, "we will lose our investment later on when they drop out of school, get pregnant, go to prison."

The poor have no voice, no one to answer back to the power structures.

stake if the public and private sector fail to do something about these pressing social issues. "If we don't invest in children early on, we will lose our investment later on when they drop out of school, get pregnant, go to prison," she says. "In order to compete in the global market, in order to maintain our standard of living, we need every single one of our children. We don't have a child to waste."

When the struggle seems too much, Marian retreats to her back yard and digs. "I have names for all the weeds," she confesses. "Politicians, mostly. There's a kind of renewal for me out there. Watching the seasons and feeling the spirit is terribly important in keeping your perspective. You realize that no single event, no matter how bad, is determinative."

As she works the soil, her optimism returns. She remembers her parents, those tireless women in Mississippi, and all the single mothers who struggle to overcome. And she remembers that in God's eyes, being a flea is good enough as long as you keep on biting.

"We can get so bogged down in our own needs and wanting to be big dogs," she says. "But God uses little people and little things. The jawbone. The slingshot. Even God himself came as a poor baby who would not be any more welcome today in our rich country than he was then. I believe we just need to lay our little loaves and fishes out there and leave the rest to faith. Let those little loaves and fishes feed however many they can." □

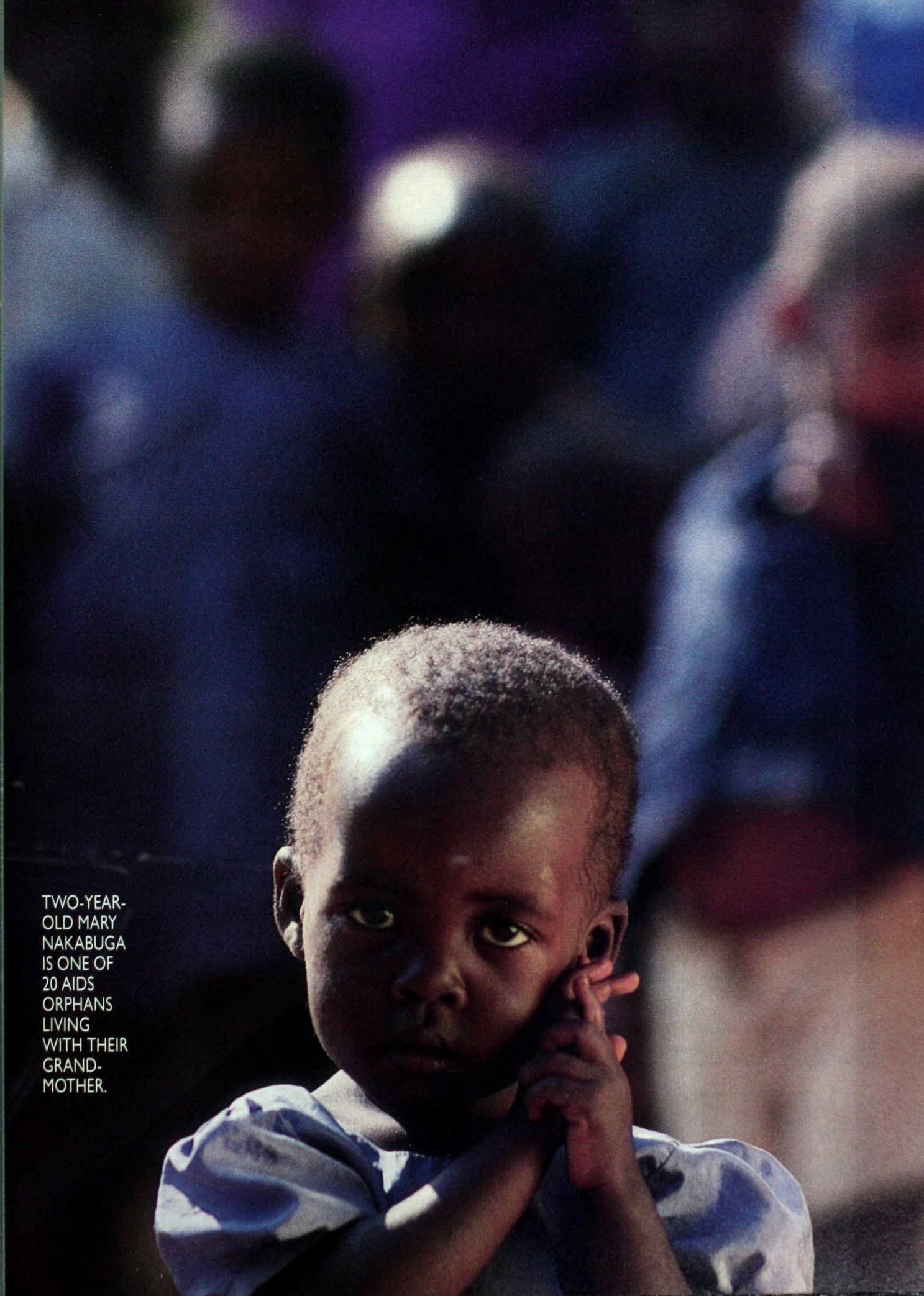
Kelsey Menchan is a freelance writer in Bethesda, Md.

AIDS HAS INFECTED
MORE THAN ONE
MILLION PEOPLE IN
UGANDA, TURNING
VILLAGES INTO
GHOST TOWNS AND
LEAVING CHILDREN
TO BURY THEIR
PARENTS.

S L I M H O P E

lim,” the Ugandans call it. Sounds like a cute nickname for a special friend. But *this* Slim is friend to no one. *This* Slim is a modern-day plague overrunning Uganda, along with most of its East and Central African neighbors. Here in the West, we call it AIDS.

Uganda was dubbed “the Pearl of Africa” by Winston Churchill for its vast resources and promising future. But the promise didn’t hold up. Idi Amin and a parade of other dictators



TWO-YEAR-
OLD MARY
NAKABUGA
IS ONE OF
20 AIDS
ORPHANS
LIVING
WITH THEIR
GRAND-
MOTHER.

dragged the nation through more than a decade of terror and economic collapse. Amid the chaos, few even noticed when Slim arrived.

Researchers believe that AIDS entered Uganda in 1982 at Kasengero, a speck of a trading post and fishing village in Rakai District, on the shore of Lake Victoria, near the Tanzanian border. There, villagers traded goods and contagion, and victims began to waste away from the emaciating effects of the virus, prompting their mystified peers to dub the disease "slim." Soon an ever-widening circle of communities became infected with the deadly virus, turning many villages into virtual ghost towns.

Nine years later, few families in this nation of 16 million persons remain untouched by Slim. More than one million Ugandans, men and women alike, are believed to be infected with HIV. (In Africa, AIDS is transmitted mainly through heterosexual contact.)

At Kampala's gleaming Nakasero Blood Bank, 10 percent of the blood

Even if the country could halt the spread of HIV, which doesn't seem likely despite an intensive health education campaign, Slim's impact among those already infected could make the Idi Amin regime look like the good old days.

Uganda may not be the worst-affected of African nations. It is merely one of the more forthright. One World Vision journalist recently visited the Rakai District, where volunteers have already registered nearly 40,000 children who have been orphaned by AIDS, because here is one window through which to glimpse this emerging human tragedy.

NJALA VILLAGE, RAKAI: Five-year-old Teopista Nassaka shows a visitor a fading black-and-white photograph of her parents and relatives. In 1989, on Christmas Day, she and her older siblings buried their mother in the front garden. One week later, on New Year's Day, the children buried their father alongside her. A pile of stones and two rough-hewn crosses mark their graves. No relative is left of their parents' generation except an aunt—a Roman Catholic nun.

A highway connects Uganda with Zaire, Rwanda, Tanzania, Burundi, and Kenya. Disease moves along this route as easily as do the trucks loaded with merchandise. The children's father, Joseph, was a truck driver who probably became infected with HIV along this route. Ugandan authorities believe the rapid spread of HIV is due, in no small part, to the promiscuous lifestyle of itinerant traders and truckers like Joseph.

Before he died, Joseph left his children a large banana plantation. Besides the bananas, the children also grow sweet potatoes, groundnuts, and beans.

But hailstones have left holes in the roof of their house. During the rainy season, except for one dry corner, the dirt floor becomes a muddy mess. The four children who still live at home—three girls and a boy—share a single metal bed frame without a mattress or blankets.

Neighbors help when they can, sometimes with meals, but they're needy too. In this tiny village, 42 children are already listed as AIDS orphans.

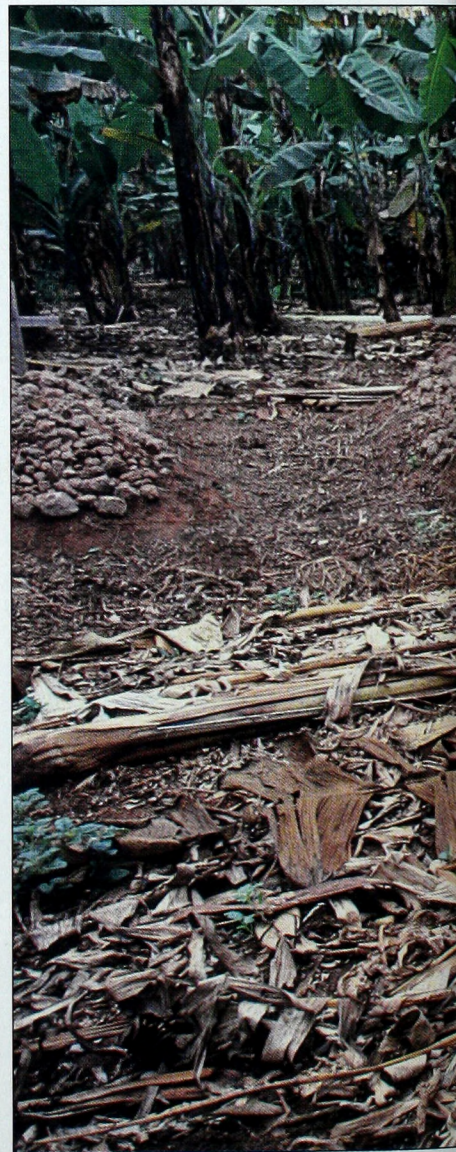
KABIRA SUBCOUNTY, RAKAI: Michael Ssentongo thought he had figured out a way to get around Slim. "I married someone from a distant village, thinking that would protect me." Just a few weeks after their 1987 wedding, however, Michael's wife began showing symptoms of AIDS. She lingered nearly two years, preceded in death by her sister and Michael's two brothers.

Now the 29-year-old is dealing with his own fevers, rashes, boils, and pain. "Sometimes I wake up in the dark, think-

ing maybe this is the night I will die," he says. "After this, I am too afraid to go back to sleep." When he dies, there will be no one left to care for Michael's nephew, Matayo Lukwago, who was born with AIDS. But since AIDS-infected children almost always die before their fifth birthday, chances are that Michael will outlive the little boy.

KYOTERA TOWN, RAKAI: A simple "How are you?" is a loaded question. Though Ponsiano Lubiirwa is only 35, he replies, "I'm waiting for my days to end. Sometimes I feel better, sometimes worse." Ponsiano has been sick for three years, making him a long-term resident in these parts. Because of Uganda's shattered health care system, few Ugandans with full-blown AIDS survive longer than a couple of years.

Ponsiano is a mechanic. His workshop is jammed with scraps of metal and salvaged automobile parts, greasy tools, and a welding set—the jumbled remnants of a productive past. "It is my



The United States, Brazil, and the Ivory Coast account for the biggest increase in AIDS cases in 1991. The largest numbers of reported AIDS cases are still in the Western world.

In the 10 worst-affected African countries alone, 10 million children are expected to be AIDS orphans by the close of this decade. By the year 2000, one million HIV-positive children will be born per year in those 10 African countries.

Globally, between 25 and 30 million people will carry the AIDS virus by the turn of the century.

(Source: World Health Organization)

given by high school students tests positive for HIV. Of the "replacement" blood donated by adult relatives of patients requiring transfusions, fully one-third is contaminated. In Kampala, at least one-fourth of the pregnant women are infected.

The long-term impact of AIDS will devastate an entire generation of Ugandans, wiping out the young adults and the middle-aged who would normally rebuild the country after a health crisis. Medical workers, teachers, parents, farmers, and merchants are all succumbing to the virus, leaving bleak futures for the elderly and the young who remain.

A MID THE CHAOS, FEW EVEN NOTICED WHEN SLIM ARRIVED.

nature to work hard," he says. "Once there were six of us here, working together. I had plenty of business. But I can't do much anymore. Some days, I feel too weak to do anything."

Ponsiano buried his wife in March 1990. "I loved her so much," he says. "I tried to remove all her things from the house so I wouldn't feel so bad. But then I found a necklace. It set me back a week." Now he sleeps in a corner on the floor of his workshop. "I can't stand to go home," he says. "When I'm home, no

matter what I do, it reminds me of her."

Ponsiano has his five children to think about, as well as his dead brother's two orphans. None of them attend school. "I can't pay their fees anymore," he says. "I don't want to leave any debts or create problems that could mean they would lose the house after I'm gone." Ponsiano is consumed with preparing for his death and making sure his children are provided for. He has even considered digging his own grave, so it will be done cheaply and well.

KYEBE SUBCOUNTY, RAKAI: Joseph Sebyoto-Lutaya is the highest political official in the subcounty. Journalists have flocked to this area, following the trail of Slim. "They always seem so interested," he says. "They write in their notebooks. They take many photographs. And they never come back."

Joseph is weary of showing visitors the worst of his country, so he takes World Vision photojournalist David Ward to a beautiful, windswept cliff over-

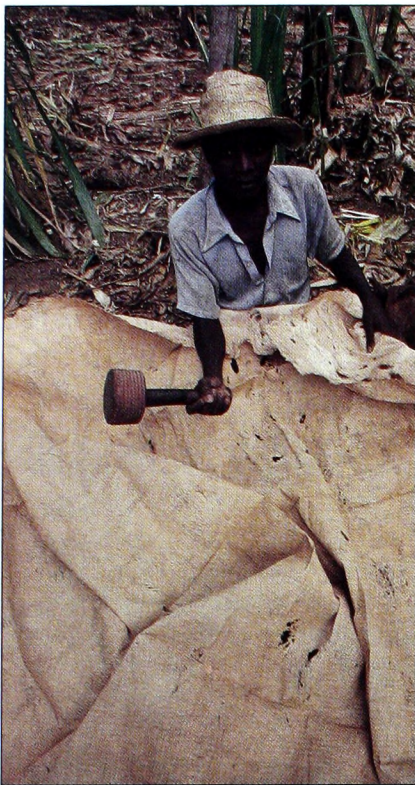
looking Lake Victoria and the distant hills of Tanzania. This is *his* Uganda, the source of the Nile, the one in which he grew up and raised his own family. But the present intrudes. "Of the 11 members of my old soccer team, only three of us are still living," he says. "Of our 20-member church choir, only seven are still alive. We buried six so far this year, three in the same month. I am like an old man of 90—all my friends are dead or dying."

He counts on World Vision to help relieve Uganda's suffering. He tells Ward, "I believe your visit is going to result in something important." World Vision's Ugandan Orphans Program will aid 300,000 orphans and their foster families.

The orphan problem is so widespread that orphanages alone would never be able to cope with the number. Instead, the Uganda Orphans Program will enable communities to care for their own by training local people in health care; by providing educational and voca-



THESE AIDS ORPHANS STAND IN FRONT OF THEIR HOUSE IN NJALA VILLAGE. TO THE LEFT ARE THE GRAVES OF THEIR MOTHER AND FATHER.



WITH THE AIDS EPIDEMIC, THE BARKCLOTH BUSINESS IS BOOMING. IT IS THE TRADITIONAL BURIAL SHROUD USED IN UGANDA.

tional help; by furnishing agricultural supplies to improve the food production of rural foster families.

Ironically, for some of Rakai's people, business has never been better. The Rakai district is renowned for its barkcloth, Uganda's traditional sheet-sized burial shroud. Barkcloth makers boil, soak, and pound the sheets out of tree bark. Bodies are then wrapped in multiple layers. Barkcloth-making is the only booming cottage industry in Rakai.

Gerazio Kabanda says every able-bodied man he knows is in the barkcloth business. He is proud of his workers' speed and efficiency. "If I get an order in the morning, I can have a first-quality barkcloth ready in time for a 2 o'clock burial," he says.

But as Uganda's elderly continue to bury their young, the barkcloth makers better hope that business gets worse, and soon. Because unlike war and pestilence, which mostly claim the very young and the very old, Slim is taking Uganda's mothers and fathers, its vital work force, its heart. This gap could be the worst crisis Uganda has yet had to face. □

David Ward is a photojournalist in Montreal.

Not long after her husband, Yoweri K. Museveni, became president of Uganda in 1986, Janet K. Museveni visited areas of the East African nation that had been scarred by years of civil war. As she journeyed, she saw that nearly the entire country had to be rebuilt, and she noticed something else: more than a million, abandoned children.

"I found all these children that had been left there," the First Lady recalls. "The government has everything to do, beginning with the roads in that country to everything you can think about that makes a country. And I wondered, 'If we don't do anything about this, if we just wait for that government to find a solution for this problem, how long is it going to take?'"

Museveni realized the children couldn't wait. She forged a coalition of women called UWESO (Ugandan Women's Effort to Save the Orphans) to meet the children's emergency needs—food, shelter, clothing, and medicines. "We didn't have much ourselves, but we started to deliver this because we were determined to find a solution," she says.

Since then, UWESO has grown from a national relief effort to an international network committed to the long-term well-being of the Ugandan orphans. With chapters in major cities throughout the world, UWESO is helping more than 150,000 orphaned children find relatives to serve as foster parents. The women are rehabilitating orphanages and setting up projects to help children attain life skills in carpentry, agriculture, livestock, and home management.

In 1990, UWESO began constructing a "model village" of 10 housing units as an alternative to traditional orphanages. When completed, the village will give orphans a family setting in which five to seven children will share a home unit with a mothering caretaker. Other villages are planned throughout Uganda and will include income-generating projects to make them self-sufficient.

Of the 1 million to 3 million orphans in Uganda, more than 120,000 have lost both their parents to the AIDS virus. "Now we have AIDS—and we have more orphans," Museveni says. "The problem is big, and we have very few resources."

Museveni and UWESO have found support outside of Uganda in the past few years. Last year, five women from the Congressional Wives Fellowship Group, led by Janet Hall,

wife of Rep. Tony Hall, met with Mrs. Museveni. They have since worked to raise awareness and financial support for the Ugandan orphans.

"It was probably one of the most overwhelming things I had ever seen, to see these orphans," Hall says. "Not only did a lot of them witness their parents being killed, but many of them probably had to watch parents die a slow death."

The Congressional Wives were impressed with the Museveni administration's massive AIDS education effort. Most African nations still deny the virus is affecting their countries. The honesty of the Museveni government is one reason nations around the world are interested in offering assistance to the Ugandan economy and social structures.

Janet Hall met Janet Museveni at the National Prayer Breakfast in 1988 and invited the First Lady to visit the Congressional Wives, who met twice a month for prayer, Bible study, and mutual support. Museveni told them her story: of living in exile in Kenya after Idi Amin took control of Uganda in 1972; of meeting her future husband there; of their life as refugees in Tanzania while helping her husband organize the fight against the Amin regime; of never knowing from one day to the next if she and her family were safe; of people coming late one night and telling her, her husband, and their four children they had to leave for Sweden immediately, without coats or any other belongings, and how people in Sweden handed them coats and clothes upon their arrival; how they lived in Sweden until the National Resistance Movement succeeded in forming the stable Republic of Uganda in 1986.

"I think it's something that's burned into her, that these people helped her and now it's her turn to help other people," Hall says. □
by Jeff Sellers

THE CHILDREN COULDN'T WAIT



JEFF M. SELLERS / WORLD VISION

A MIRACLE IN MOSCOW

BY JOHN ROBB AS TOLD TO BRENDA SPOELSTRA

I was in Moscow preparing to lead a seminar on cross-cultural missions. Ironically, I was having some cross-cultural difficulty myself. The staff in the hotel spoke only Russian, and I couldn't locate the conference room. I was off to a great start.

A young, olive-toned man stepped out of the crowd. Apparently he'd overheard my failed attempts at communicating in Russian. Speaking in broken English, he offered to interpret for me.

As we found the right room, he introduced himself as Mirza and stayed as I searched for an electrical outlet. Then I tried to figure out how to get hold of a screen to display my overhead transparencies. Mirza got a hotel bed sheet to serve as a screen, then found some tape to hang the sheet on the wall. The room was ready for the next day.

We have lost out because the focus of prayer today is to achieve direct results with God rather than to conform to the will and nature of God.

Katie Funk Wiebe

lions of unreached people in this vast country.

Throughout my visit I met people searching for spiritual substance—people I sat with in restaurants, crowds who stood on dark, freezing streets listening to Soviet preachers, even a Russian family who invited me home. But perhaps I saw the searching most clearly in Mirza. We went to my hotel for coffee and I learned that he is a doctor from the Azerbaijan Republic who now works in Moscow.

Azerbaijan is an almost entirely Muslim region. They know little of Christianity. In all of Azerbaijan, there are only 19 or 20 known converts to Christ.

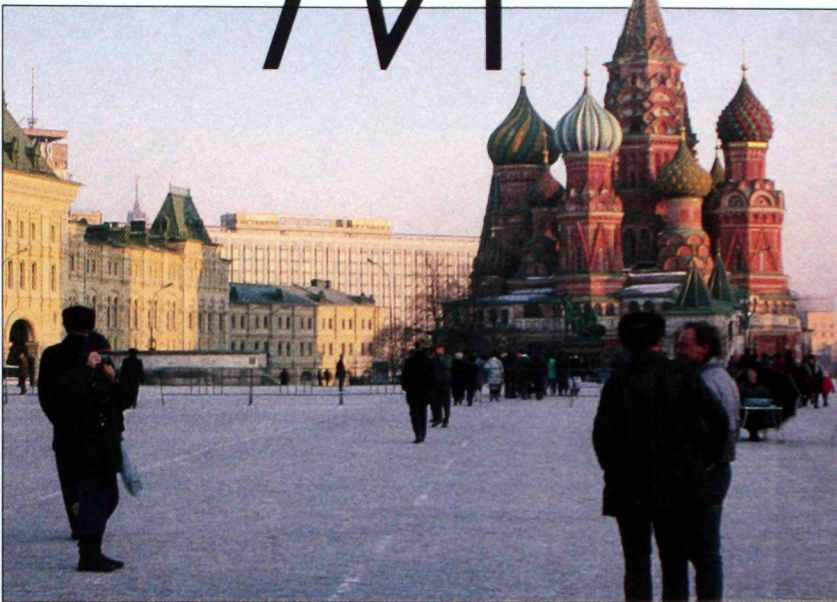
I asked Mirza if he had heard of Jesus Christ.

"Well, yes," he answered. "Isn't he a Japanese?"

I guess that was answer enough.

I had already given most of my Christian literature away, as well as the Bibles I'd brought, but I did have one piece left. Just one small tract. And it was written for Soviet Muslims. I handed it to Mirza, suggesting he read it if he wanted to know more about Jesus.

SHERYL WATKINS / WORLD VISION



The next morning Mirza called me. He had read the pamphlet and wanted to attend my seminar on unreached peoples. He fit right in with the Christian leaders from the Caucasus region, of which Azerbaijan is a part. They all joked and laughed together. Mirza even gave suggestions on how to reach the Muslim peoples for Christ.

At the end of the conference, Mirza and I said our goodbyes. But he showed up again the next day at my hotel room, just as I was leaving for the airport. He expressed his appreciation for my friendship, saying that he hoped we could meet again.

I thought, *Lord, what I'd give for a Russian New Testament right now.*

Not 10 seconds later there was a knock at the door. The Russian Gideons were there with a whole load of New Testaments. They had just received permission from the hotel management to place Bibles in every room! One of them held out a New Testament, as if to say, "Is this what you wanted?" I handed it to Mirza and we said goodbye.

I believe God has a purpose for Mirza. Our meeting wasn't just happenstance; it was ordained. And my sudden prayer was only one of many that had resulted in miraculous answers. Family, friends, and colleagues had prayed long before my trip began, and they prayed consistently while I was gone. Yes, Jesus is "able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine."

I received a letter from Mirza a few months later. He said, "I'd like to thank you once more for your present, the Bible. It became the most important book-friend and helper." □

Throughout my visit I met people searching for spiritual substance—people I sat with in restaurants, crowds who stood on dark, freezing streets.

A TRIBUTE TO
STAN MOONEYHAM
1926-1991



ESCAPE TO REALITY *Part II*

BY BOB SEIPLE

When Poland faced severe food shortages during the harsh winter of 1981-82, Stan Mooneyham and World Vision provided emergency food shipments behind the Iron Curtain.



WORLD VISION

In 1978, Stan Mooneyham committed World Vision to help rescue fleeing "boat people" from Southeast Asia.



On Monday, June 3, 1991, reality finally set in. The pain, the weakened body, the diseased tissues that Stan Mooneyham had carried with him for so many years, finally took their toll. A lifetime of travelling through the most desperate parts of the developing world transitioned Stan through death to the new reality of the incorruptible.

Stan certainly understood reality. In an article written for WORLD VISION magazine a decade ago, "Escape to Reality," Stan wrote, "As frightening as the prospect of transparent honesty may appear, reality is not necessarily hostile.



Stan Mooneyham showed World Vision's commitment to evangelism and the church, in 1972, when he helped celebrate 100 years of Christianity in Nagaland, one of the most remote and dangerous states in India.

It can be friendly. At least, that is my experience. It is where healing must be found, where health must be lived out. It precludes refuge in the drug and alcohol scene or in its religious equivalent."

Stan was in harmony with another great writer, Henri Nouwen. Nouwen wrote in the *Wounded Healer*, "The Christian leader is not one who reveals God to His people—who gives something he has to those who have nothing—but one who helps those who are searching to discover *reality* as the source of their existence."

Stan always lived one day at a time. He understood the faith of those who went before, and he certainly anticipated the glories that would await him. But more than that, he believed that faith was for the present, and life was always lived to the fullest there.

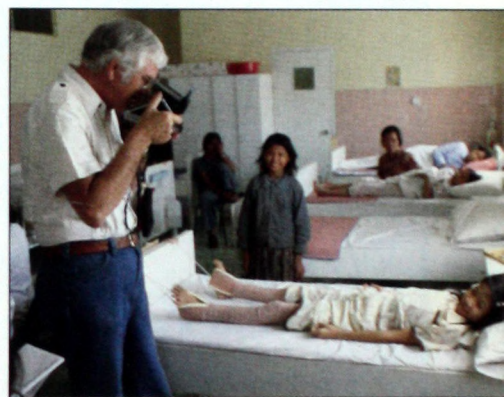
Now that he is gone, undoubtedly the life and times of Stan Mooneyham will take on mythic proportions. Fortunately, the myth will probably not be wrong, because the reality in which Stan lives was already so much bigger than life.

Everyone has their favorite Stan Mooneyham story, but let me share just one that comes out of the experience of the Vietnam "Boat People." In the late 1970s, seated on a beach in Thailand, Stan turned to the head of our video crew, Richard Davies, and said, "Dickie, there are people drowning out there. I'm going to get us a boat and save them. This will stand World Vision right up on its ear, but we've got to do it."

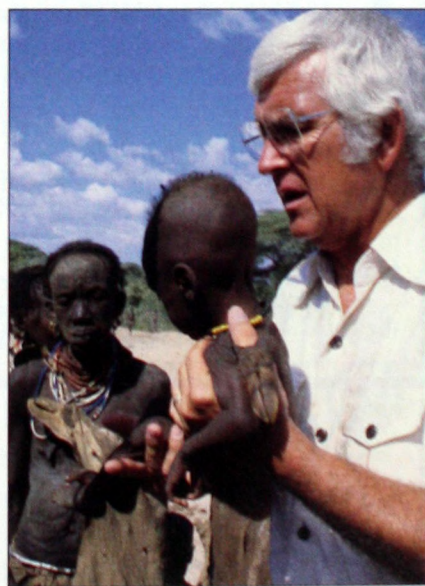
Above the objections of many, both within the organization as well as governments around the world, Stan did what he thought was right. Within six months after launching "Operation Seasweep" with a World Vision vessel, then-President Jimmy Carter instructed all the U.S. naval vessels in the area to do the same.

For a very few and rare individuals in history, the myth and reality become one. This is true of Stan Mooneyham. □

After the Khmer Rouge were driven from Cambodia, Stan Mooneyham led the way in reopening the World Vision Pediatric Hospital in Phnom Penh.



JON KUBLY / WORLD VISION



ERIC MOONEYHAM / WORLD VISION

Well before the Ethiopian famine captured the world's attention in 1984, Stan Mooneyham visited the starving people in Bume, in 1981. World Vision planes delivered food the very next day.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Ginger Hope

The NEW AMERICAN SAMPLER COOKBOOK



edited by LINDA BAUER

WHAT'S COOKING IN D.C.

In one of the most notable bipartisan efforts to come out of Washington in recent memory, a new cookbook to help fight world hunger features recipes from the White House and Capitol Hill—everything from George Bush's "Mexican Mound" to Ted Kennedy's "Cape Cod Fish Chowder" to John Rockefeller's "Chocolate Chocolate Angel Food Cake."

Part of the proceeds from sale of the cookbook will go to World Vision

to fight world hunger. *The New American Sampler Cookbook* (Linda Bauer, editor) can be ordered from most bookstores or directly from the publisher. To order directly, send a check or money order to The Kent State University Press, Kent, OH 44244; (216) 672-7913. Cost is \$24.75 per copy, plus shipping and handling (\$3.00 for first copy, 50 cents for each additional copy). New York state residents add 7 percent sales tax.

AWARD APPLICATIONS INVITED

Love INC, a ministry of World Vision, invites applications for the Mustard Seed Awards, grants

for churches with volunteer ministries to the poor. Criteria for the award include innovativeness, use of volunteer church members, focus on cause of needs rather than symptoms, and sound management practice.

For details and application forms, contact Love INC, P.O. Box 1616, Holland, MI 49422; (616) 392-8277. Deadline for application is Oct. 4, 1991.

GOLD MINE IN A DUMPSTER

Let's call him Sam, a 70-year-old man living, oh, somewhere in the 48 contiguous United States. Being a retired gold miner, Sam has a nose for hidden treasure. Over the past seven years he's dug up \$118,000 worth of help for the poor—from the dumpster behind a local supermarket.

Sam says this is a simple operation to duplicate. A few tips:

- Don't bother approaching the store's management. They can't officially let you do this. Just start showing up at the back of the store, picking out useable items from the garbage.

- Keep the area tidy; it's good public relations. When employees notice you, tell them you give the food to the needy. Make friends of the warehouse staff, who can tell you when to stay away during inspections.

- Establish a network of distributors to help get the food out to the needy. Consider your local rescue mission, food bank, Love INC., and churches with food cupboards. If necessary, use the food yourself, and give away the money you save.

We're not telling you to go out and do this. But it's something one man has done to stop waste at one store in one town.

For more practical hints, send Sam's spokesman a self-addressed, stamped envelope: John Haak, 24010 Old San Jose Road, Los Gatos, CA 95030.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY STAN SAKAI

A DIFFERENT WORK ETHIC

Most Christians today choose their careers for the money, security, or emotional satisfaction they hope to receive, according to a new Christian task force temporarily dubbed the Strategic Careers Project. The task force urges young people to enter fields with high "kingdom value." Some examples are



the fields of journalism, university teaching, government and foreign service, and the arts.

This is no plan for Christians to "gain control" of certain vocational fields, but focuses instead on helping the church be "an S&L operation—salt and light," said James Rutz, who convened the task force's first meeting in January 1991.

For information, contact Rutz at (714) 545-9744.

“We are guilty of many errors and many faults, but our worst crime is abandoning the children, neglecting the fountain of life. Many of the things we need can wait. The child cannot. Right now is the time bones are being formed, blood is being made and senses are being developed. To children we cannot answer "Tomorrow." The child's name is "Today."**”**

Gabriela Mistral,
Nobel Prize-winning poet, Chile.

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



They were stretched by a 30-hour weekend fast. Together with planned activities. Games. Films. Discussion. Prayers. Bible study. And songs.

These young Christians felt what it's like to be hungry. And they raised money to help feed hungry families around the world.

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That's the World Vision Planned Famine program. Share it with the young people of your church. And let them share their feelings with a hungry world.

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J81PS1

s t r ä n g e r

¿ Who is Thy Neighbor?



In

Am.

in a strange land .

When I wrote the book *The Fragile Curtain* about the world refugee crisis, I had to immerse myself in the pathos and drama of that situation for almost two years. After that, I looked for every opportunity to stay current on the problem of displaced populations. In July 1989, my husband David and I visited Hong Kong and took advantage of international relief contacts to visit one of the refugee camps there.

Jubilee Camp is a maze of grim cubicles, four floors high and an estimated 150 yards long, and houses a displaced-persons population of 6,000. As I walked through the courtyard, a little hand slipped into mine. I looked down into the black eyes and bangs-blocked face of a child, her shy smile showing front

This child holding my hand was a child without spiritual parents or next-of-kin, growing up in this refugee camp of a world.

AN UNACCOMPANIED MINOR

BY KAREN MAINS

teeth rotting from malnutrition. She had chosen me, for that moment, to be her friend.

I have visited a number of refugee camps throughout the world, and it seems like everywhere I've been, from the earthquake victims of Guatemala to the political refugees of Southeast Asia, some child has slipped a hand into mine.

Who was this tiny Asian refugee who held my hand? Many of the Vietnamese children in the camp are officially labeled "unaccompanied minors." These are the children who arrive without family—children whose parents had sent them away from home deliberately or who were separated from their parents while escaping from Vietnam.

When these children arrive at the camp, nurses, missionaries, and lay workers care for them. But they still agonize, especially the younger ones, over the separation from their parents

"The children are supposed to go to sleep at 9:30 at night," said a Vietnamese seminarian, himself a refugee. "I go into the dormitories to check on them about 11. Some of the children just sit by themselves and cry. They tell me they are homesick. They have no relatives, and they feel lonely. They worry because they don't have enough clothes. They worry about resettlement."

Since 1975, more than 10,000 Indochinese children have fled to Thailand without parents or guardians. The United States considers these children of "profound humanitarian concern" and labors to resettle them quickly, taking a great majority itself.

But the plight of these children is compounded by the fact that many of them have been deliberately sent ahead by their families because their possible immigration provides relatives a foothold into the country. Resettlement is hastened if a refugee already has family in the country where he or she wants to resettle.

That doesn't mean the parents don't have any feelings for their children. Unaccompanied children are often from tightly knit, loving families. Because the children usually come from families at odds with the regime, opportunities in education and employment are grim. Establishing a secure future for children is so important in Vietnamese society that parents will often take unusual risks.

Unfortunately, the children are often too young to understand why their parents grabbed at a chance to send them away, and they wonder what they have done wrong, and how they are to

blame for the separation.

"The most pain-filled group are those children who are hopeless," a nurse said. "They arrived in Thailand one, two, or more than three years ago and have seen many other children come and go, and still they remain. What is even more frustrating is that these long-staying children have no idea if this year will bring them that long-hoped-for freedom. And because the international attitude toward these children is not at all welcoming, the workers cannot comfort them with false hope."

The vulnerability of unaccompanied minors recently affected me through a living metaphor. A neighbor's little girl appeared on our doorstep one Sunday, as she sometimes does, ready to go to church with us. After Sunday school that morning, I watched the little girl come down the aisle, searching past the faces

**Who is my
unaccompanied
minor? It is
often not the one
I choose,
but the one who
chooses me.**

of strangers, looking for someone familiar. She found me and then sat beside me in the pew.

It was obvious this little girl had dressed herself. She wore gym shoes, a T-shirt, a pink jacket, her father's racquetball gloves, and had taken only a cursory brush at her hair.

As we sang the hymn, I tapped out the words and notes in the hymnal as I have always done for my own children, and she followed along as well as she could. When the offering plate was passed, she took a crumpled dollar bill from her pocket and put it in.

When it came time to take communion, we stood in line, my little neighbor and I, waiting our turn at the railing, and she slipped her small hand, divested of

her father's glove, into mine. That's when my eyes were opened. Children reach out when they are uncertain, when they don't know what comes next or where they belong. They touch, grab a pantleg or a fistful of skirt, take the hand of the nearest sympathetic adult, so steady, so unmovable. Big people know what to do, where to stand, where to kneel, exactly what to say.

Like the children in the refugee camp in Hong Kong, this child holding my hand was an unaccompanied minor, a child without spiritual parents or next-of-kin, growing up in this refugee camp world; a child who gets up Sunday mornings, dresses herself, shoves a dollar into the pocket of her pink jacket, and runs to the neighbor's back door to be on time for church. It is easy to be concerned about children in refugee camps across the world. One so rarely sees them or touches them. Emotional commitments to them cost little.

Not so easy is a flesh-and-blood commitment to the little child next door. Some of the unaccompanied minors nearby may even be those unclean ones I don't want my children to play with. Some of those unaccompanied minors may be displaced persons—nuisances with behavioral problems.

My unaccompanied minor, in gym shoes, a T-shirt, and uncombed hair, sang the hymns and listened to the sermon with me. Then she went to the communion railing, her little hand thrust into mine, not to take communion, but to receive a blessing. Blinking against sudden tears, I saw her, I who have been busy with the world's needs, the *faraway* world's needs.

My unaccompanied minor is now very near to me, across the back yard, beyond the garden

and the basketball court, beyond the brush pile for burning. She lives in the blue house on the other side of the wooded lot. I can see the swing set, one seat tilted, the paint rusting. In the summer a plastic K mart swimming pool makes a ring mark on her grass.

Who is my unaccompanied minor? It is often not the one whom I choose, but the one who chooses me. The one next door. The one who looks to me for clues and approval. The one who slips a little hand into mine. □

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

Adapted from Friends and Strangers by Karen Mains, ©1990, Word Inc., Dallas, Texas.

CARING FOR THE KIDS

BRETHREN BAPTIST CHURCH



LYNN BROWN

It seems every town has an “other side of the tracks.” In Wenatchee, Wash., it’s known simply as “the south end of town.” Just on the fringes of the south end, where many former migrant workers have settled in recent years, is a church that in its more reflective moments has wondered, “If we ever pulled out of this neighborhood, would anybody miss us?”

To answer that question, slip into the Mustard Seed Daycare Center between 12:30 and 2:30—nap time—and ask head teacher Dee Roach what she’s doing there. She would probably answer in a half-whisper, “I feel it’s a mission. It’s an opportunity to touch a life. These children are not always with us for a long time, but while we have them, if we show them love, they have that forever.”

The Mustard Seed Daycare Center cares for 15 to 20 children a day. Only about a third of those come from families who can afford the daily rate of \$11. The rest pay the center a government subsidy of \$9.55 per day (which is available for children whose parents must work or take job training). Most centers can’t afford to take many children on the lower subsidy. This is the point of Mustard Seed Daycare Center: to provide quality care to children whose families couldn’t otherwise afford it.

Lynn Brown, the driving force behind the daycare center, says her faith seemed smaller than a mustard seed compared to the mountains that stood in the way of starting the center. At first, all she had was a feeling that something should be done for all the children she saw playing unsupervised in the neighborhood—and in the church parking lot. Brown, a former teacher at the nearby Lincoln Ele-

mentary School, knew that many of these children were on their own all day while their parents, often single mothers, worked away from home.

“We decided we should do something about this,” Brown says. So Brown formed a core group made up of herself and four other women who responded to her general invitation to the church to get involved. The five of them met often to pray and discuss what they could do. Finally they settled on a preschool center that would also offer part-time care to schoolchildren.

Obstacle one: a location. The center couldn’t be located in their own church because the building didn’t comply with license regulations.

The very day after the women prayed about a location for the center, the pastor of a nearby church, Wenatchee Christian Assembly, called. He said he had been praying for a Christian group to start childcare work in his church. The Mustard Seed group had their location, right in the heart of the area they hoped to serve.

“I can’t count the number of times I’ve gone from saying, ‘Lord, I can’t do this,’ to seeing God work in dramatic ways,” Brown says. “I’ve never been this needy of God’s help in my life, nor exercised this much faith, as I have since we started Mustard Seed.”

Volunteers from Brethren Baptist Church helped remodel the site and repair or construct its furnishings. The church contributed money as well. Volunteers continue to help with grocery shopping, laundry, and serving lunch. “This is a real live mission field,” says Pastor Tim Ledbetter. “It has unleashed a lot of energy in our church and given us a renewed sense of meaning.”

The Mustard Seed Daycare Center opened in April 1990. There was one child on the rolls that day. By summer, the center had a full enrollment of 20. “We knew they were out there, but we sort of wanted our advertising to be by word of mouth,” Brown says. “We don’t want too many of the slots to be taken up by people who can afford to go elsewhere.”

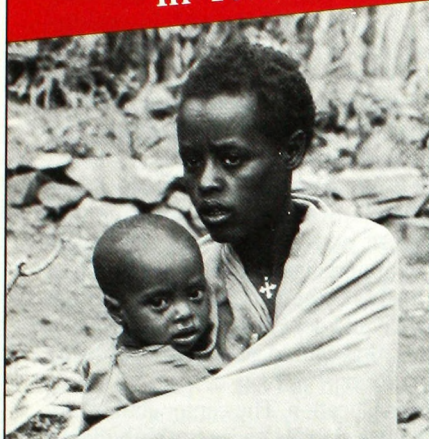
While working hard to ensure that the center serves the people who need it most, Brown is hesitant to use terms such as “serving the poor.”

“It sounds so condescending. I have had to deal with my own prejudices on this. Sometimes when I’m giving presentations I show a slide of our pastor’s daughter with a child who is on the subsidy program. I ask who is who, and nobody can tell. They’re just a couple of kids. It’s the same with the mothers. They’re not any different from me.” □

Ginger Hope

For more
information
contact Brethren
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Wenatchee, WA
98801
(509) 662-3681

Your people need to know more about Ethiopia's famine than what they read in *Time*



Ethiopia's people are in crisis, and while *Time* and *Newsweek* often describe their plight, they don't tell your people what they can do to help them.

Sociologist, author and dynamic Christian speaker Tony Campolo visited Africa. And in World Vision's 16-minute color film, "Africa in Crisis," he candidly reveals the compelling truth about the situation.



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READERS' RIGHT

I feel that God is the creator and that every child born in the world is planned and made in His will. I am offended by words like "birth control" (sounds like "pest control"). Children are one of the ways that the poor are rich in God's kingdom. God is not making a mistake!

Barbara Ricks
Kennesaw, Ga.

Children are an asset rather than a liability. When Jesus said "hinder not the little children ..." did he see them as assets or liabilities? God's Word teaches that a large family is a blessing from God, barrenness is a curse, and if these are what you are working to overcome, you are working against God, not with him.

We are called to feed the poor, not sterilize them. God commanded parents to "be fruitful and multiply." That command has never been rescinded, nor was it given with any stipulations such as "until the year 1990," or "unless faced with famine," or "unless you'd rather spend money on luxuries." Jeff and Ginny Silva
San Jose, Calif.

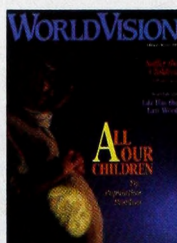
Why not fix the blame on Third World countries' corrupt governments which don't even allow relief aid to be properly distributed? Whose greed and lust for power work against the common good? Or blame the cultures and religions which allow men to violently oppress their women, people to live and die in castes, or starve rather than eat sacred animals?

Patricia J. Shearer
Scottsdale, Ariz.

The article implies that World Vision's position on birth control is one of limiting the number of children a woman has. It was certainly portrayed in a favorable light throughout the article. The message ... clearly favors birth control. This undermines what I thought was an excellent appraisal of the dilemma earlier in the article, that the problem isn't numbers, but access and distribution.

Chris Thomas
Johnson City, NY

WORLDVISION magazine received a lot of mail in response to Brian Bird and Karen E. Klein's article, "All Our Children" concerning overpopulation. (Feb/Mar issue) Some excerpts follow:



It seems we have left God's Word on [birth]. Psalm 127:3-5 *does teach* that children are a blessing and reward. Scripture *does teach* that barrenness is associated with godlessness (Job 15:34), and with God's judgment (Gen. 20:17,18). Scripture *does teach* that God will provide food and clothing for all who seek Him and His kingdom above all else (Matt. 6:25-34). I believe, however, that you have compromised godly values with the world's ideologies and philosophies.

Pastor Duane Stixrud
Brinnon Community Church, Wash.

The article did not belittle the Roman Catholic Church's teaching on natural methods of family planning, but each mention of those teachings or practices was presented in a way that would cause a reader to believe that Catholic teaching is part of the problem, not the solution.

Rev. Robert Barnhill
St. Mary's Church, Davey, Neb.

In the U.S., we have a 1.8 child-per-couple birth rate. A 2.2 child-per-couple rate is only replacement levels. We are slowly annihilating ourselves. In our local newspaper an article stated that there would not be enough people to fill jobs in our area in the year 2040. People are God's creative gift. "And the Lord will make you abound in prosperity, in the offspring of your body and in the offspring of your beast and in the produce of your ground, in the land which the Lord swore to your fathers to give to you." God promises lots of children, lots of livestock, and private property to those who follow His ways. He considers these things a blessing. We would do well to [do the same].

Kimberly K. Maring
Harris, Minn.

KENNY'S NEIGHBORHOOD

BY JEAN ALICIA ELSTER

"Mrs. Elster, Kenny died yesterday evening. Could you bake something and take it to the Campbell house before the funeral on Friday?"

Kenny is dead. The words resounded in my ears. *Kenny is dead.*

Kenny was the first neighbor my husband Bill and I met when we moved into our new home after our marriage. Actually, "met" is too formal a word. We had driven up and parked in the street in front of Kenny's house (there is no parking on our side of the street), and there on his porch stood Kenny. He looked about 65, had on old-but-clean overalls, running shoes, and a baseball cap, and from his clenched teeth hung an unlit cigar, soggy at the mouth end.

He stared at us as we got out. He stared as we unloaded sleeping bags and lamps from the trunk. And he stared at Bill and his outstretched hand. Bill's greeting went unacknowledged.

We had moved here because Bill was a minister and was starting a church in this formerly working-class neighborhood—now just another decrepit corner of Detroit, filled with drugs and alcohol, violent crime, and prostitution. Many of the old homeowners had either died or moved south. New renters filled their spaces, bringing with them vice and self-destruction. So people were leery of opening up to newcomers, even to a pastor and his wife.

Still, our block had been spared decay. Our neighbors were mostly retired homeowners who had lived here 25 or 30 years. There was a certain stability to the neighborhood. The other unusual thing was that they were all Christians. Block club meetings began with prayer, testimony, and singing. In the early dawn hours I could see lights in the homes of Mrs. Keys and Mrs. Harper. Their telephone prayer network had begun.

These were people who looked after one another. Part of that care meant saving old newspapers for Kenny. He would collect them from our front porches once a month and load them onto a pickup truck for transport to the refuse station. With his payment he would purchase one fat, hand-rolled cigar. It would last him a whole month.

Kenny looked after us, too. He would knock on our door to tell us when our parking space was again available. Sometimes I would leave cookies or a slice of gingerbread on top of the newspaper stack as an extra-special thanks. And even though his mental capabilities were on a par with an 8-year-old, Kenny had more sense than many a wasted addict born with full mental faculties.

After four years of living on that block I still marveled at the power of Jesus to keep away the ele-

ments of destruction that tore apart surrounding blocks. I continued to be awed by these stalwart disciples who led their lives in dignity and peace. But even after four years, Bill and I felt not only new to the block but new to the task of life as our neighbors had lived it—enduring and prospering for decades.

That's why the phone call announcing Kenny's death shocked me. It wasn't just the news. It was also the request. These neighbors had welcomed us, invited us to join the block club, and chatted with us freely and with warmth across backyard fences. But Bill and I knew we

were still babes in the flock. I would watch them hurry down the street, a look of concern on their faces, because someone's spouse had just died or taken a turn for the worse. I would watch them carry steaming casseroles to feed family and friends after "family hour" and funerals. We had not yet penetrated that inner circle of care.

So, after expressing my sorrow at Kenny's death and announcing my willingness to help, I realized how special this moment was. Kenny's death saddened us because he represented the vitality and endurance of this block. His steady presence had transformed him into a timeless character. Now we were being asked not only to help, but to mourn him as they mourned; to care as they cared. They were acknowledging that our roots were planted firmly in good soil, that our zeal for God wouldn't just blow away at the first sign of turmoil. And as the apostle Paul was finally accepted into the Christian community by Barnabas' intercession, we were accepted into *our* community because of Kenny's death.

Jean Alicia Elster is a housewife, mother of two, and free-lance writer in Detroit, Mich.



JIM HAYS

He looked about 65, had on old-but-clean overalls, running shoes, and a baseball cap.

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August/September 1991

A tribute to
STAN MOONEYHAM

AIDS in Uganda:
SLIM HOPE

Marian Wright Edelman:
**CRUSADING
FOR CHILDREN**

4 **Marian Edelman: A Flea for Justice**

Twenty percent of the children in the United States are living below the poverty line. For more than 17 years, Marian Wright Edelman and her Children's Defense Fund in Washington, D.C., have kept legislators scratching to find better ways to care for those children. Here she talks about her passion for children and justice, and the faith that keeps her going.

8 **AIDS in Uganda: Slim Hope**

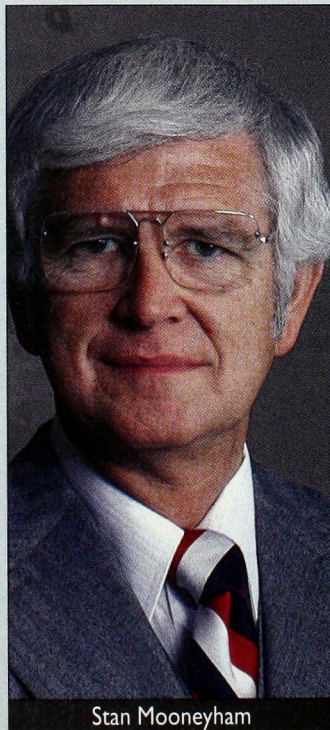
Ugandans call the dreaded disease "slim." Here in the West, we call it AIDS. Whatever the name, the disease is wiping out a whole generation in Uganda, once dubbed "the Pearl of Africa." More than one million men and women are believed to be infected by the virus. But the country's children, its orphans, may yet pay the highest price.

18 **An Unaccompanied Minor**

Karen Mains has visited refugee camps around the world, and it seems that wherever she's visited, a little child has reached out for her hand looking for comfort. But it took a child from her own backyard to discover that she didn't have to travel to distant countries to minister to a needy child.

14 **Photo Essay: "Escape to Reality, Part II"**

On Monday, June 3, 1991, Stan Mooneyham died, leaving behind a rich legacy as World Vision's second president. These photos and a tribute by World Vision President Bob Seiple honor this man in whom "myth and reality become one."



Stan Mooneyham

ERIC MOONEYHAM / WORLD VISION

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The tragic loss of two colleagues (next page) in Peru, and the untimely death of Stan Mooneyham, former World Vision president (pages 14-15), reminds us of the high price sometimes paid to serve the poor.

Although far less traumatic, the magazine counts as loss associate editor Ginger Hope's family move to Minnesota and assistant editor Anna Waterhouse's leave of absence to write a movie script. We wish them well.

Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

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REMEMBERING FRIENDS, AND THE GLORIES THAT AWAIT THEM

The news left me weak. Two of our World Vision colleagues, driving up to our office in Lima, Peru, were met by two men, one with a pistol and one with a sub-machine gun. As Norm Tattersall, Assistant Vice President for Latin America, and Jose Chuquin, our Field Director in Colombia, got out of the car, they were sprayed with bullets. Norm died before the day was out, and any lingering romantic notions about relief and development work around the world died with him.

Jose had 22 bullet holes in him, but somehow he defied all medical odds and hung on for 12 days. Finally infection set into his perforated body, he lapsed into a coma, and the medical miracle was over. An act of terrorism had claimed a second respected and much beloved friend.

I knew then that things would never be the same. Life could never again be taken for granted. No one is ever really safe, especially where there is poverty caused by war, famine, unstable governments, and unjust systems.

In trying to make sense out of this, I thought of Jesus as his disciples directed him to a deaf man with a speech impediment. Jesus healed the man, but before he did, he looked up to heaven with a deep sigh. Author Max Lucado calls this the "divine sigh."

It wasn't a gesture of impatience or anger, but rather a sense of frustration because it wasn't supposed to be this way. The creation was perfect and "never intended to be inhabited by evil. ..." The brokenness, the hurt, and the pain were not part of God's plan. And so God's Son gave a deep sigh for the pain of the world that didn't have to be.

But we're not capable of a divine sigh. Instead we ask the very predictable and human question, Why? Why were these two taken? Both were key personnel doing superb work in their most productive years. We needed them, and their wives and children needed them. Norm had two children and Jose had five.

All answers to the why question are never totally satisfying or complete, certainly on this side of glory. The best answer, perhaps, came from Jesus in an exchange between him and the disciples of John the Baptist. The disciples asked Jesus on John's behalf, "Are you the Messiah?" And Jesus answered: "Go, tell...what you have heard: The blind can see again, the lame can walk, lepers are being cured, the deaf can hear, the dead are raised to life, and the Good News is preached to the poor." (Luke 7:22)

These are beautiful words, but they're a little troubling when we consider the context. John was in prison. This giant of the faith who had spent most of his life in the desert in faithful-

ness to the coming Messiah was constrained in a dark dungeon. Soon he would be beheaded, and Jesus himself was not long for this world. Both men would experience pain. Both would embrace a premature death. Both would know the savagery of harm intentionally inflicted.

But Jesus and John were cousins, so, of all people, given John's situation, couldn't Jesus have been more straightforward? Couldn't he have said something more helpful? Why didn't he share more of himself and of the hopes embodied in the "power of the resurrection"? Why didn't Jesus confide all the secrets of his divine plan to his most faithful relative, if for no other reason than to ease the impending pain?

Why? Some say we shouldn't ask God to answer questions he never chose to answer in the past. Perhaps! But might it not be possible that Jesus did give John all the answers he needed?

Jesus shared the Good News. He had come. And he had just demonstrated that his coming would allow pain and brokenness to be transcended. The blind now see, the lame walk, the lepers are cured, the deaf hear. And, yes, even more than that, the dead are raised to life.

The brokenness of sin can be overcome, and the effects of sin, death, can be transcended. This is indeed good news, and it was this Good News that Norm and Jose preached to the poor.

There is a place where there are no more sighs, no more questions, no more tears, and no more grief. But, meanwhile, is it wrong to grieve? Not at all. Although, as Paul says, "we are not like those who have no hope." Our grief, like death, is only temporary. And we are absolutely convinced that the sufferings of this present age are not to be compared to the glories that Norm and Jose are already experiencing. □



Norm Tattersall



Jose Chuquin

A memorial fund to assist projects in Latin America has been established in memory of Norm Tattersall and Jose Chuquin. Tax deductible gifts can be sent to: World Vision, Pasadena, CA 91131. Please indicate your gift is for: Tattersall/Chuquin Memorial Fund.

A
FLEA
FOR

JUSTICE

Whenever Marian Wright Edelman gives a speech, she invariably manages to weave in “the flea story.” It seems that in the 1800s, Sojourner Truth, a well-known black woman preacher, was speaking to a crowd when a white man tried to shout her down. “You’re nothing but a flea on a dog’s back,” he sneered. “That’s all right,” she shot back. “I’m going to keep you scratching.”

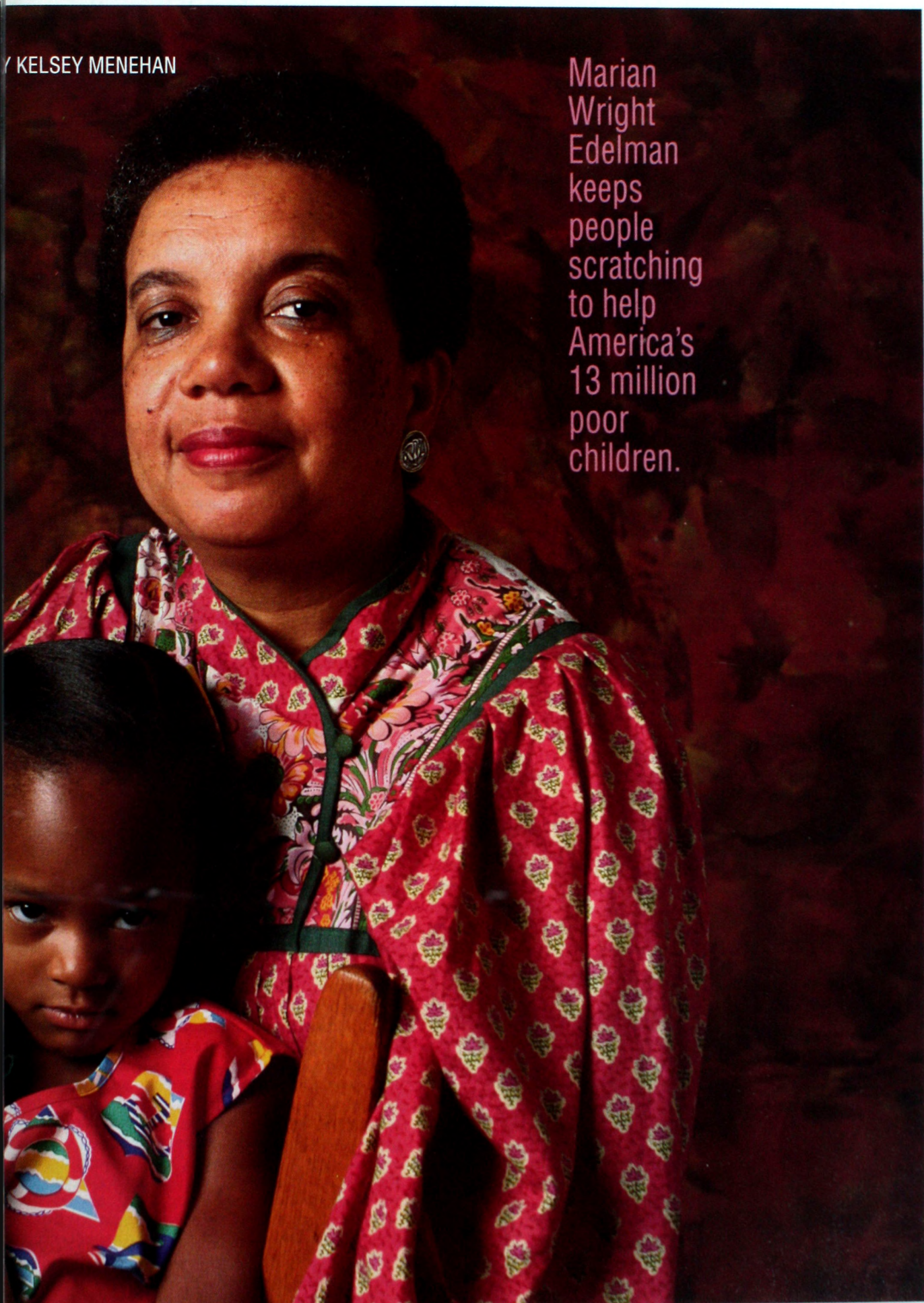
Marian likes to think of herself, and those with whom she works at the Children’s Defense Fund in Washington, D.C., as “fleas for justice.” For 17 years they have kept legislators scratching to come up with better ways to care for our nation’s children—20 percent of whom live below the poverty line.

“I think we have been rather hypo-

KELSEY MENEHAN

Marian
Wright
Edelman
keeps
people
scratching
to help
America's
13 million
poor
children.

JONATHAN LEVINE



critical as a nation," Marian says. "We talk about family values, but we don't support family values through public policy. We have not dealt with the extraordinary changes in family life. Today 10.5 million mothers of preschoolers are in the labor force. I'm for mothers having a choice to stay home. I believe in jobs that pay a living wage. I think two parents are better than one. But if a child has only one parent, I want to make sure that one parent can do the best possible job taking care of that child."

Much of CDF's effort goes into lobbying federal and state governments on issues crucial to families' and children's well-being, including health care, nutrition, and early education. Marian does not downplay the important role of the private sector. "All of us should be reaching out and doing far more than we are," Marian says. "But even if everyone did, it would be a drop in the bucket. There are 13 million poor children, 37 million Americans with no health insurance. How many of the uninsured can the churches take care of? Private charity is not a substitute for public justice."

As she speaks, Marian's passion is gentle but relentless. Moral imperatives and hard statistics, biblical allusions and homespun stories from her childhood blend together seamlessly. Says one aide, "Marian is not really a politician, although she's very astute. She's a moral crusader, and she figures she may not have you in the room again, so she may as well give you everything she's got."

Marian learned the art of persuasion and the necessity of serving others at her parents' knee. Arthur Jerome Wright, a Baptist preacher, and Maggie Leola Bowen Wright, the behind-the-scenes organizer and fund raiser, expected their five children to be exemplary role models for other kids in the small town of Bennettsville, S.C. That meant church every Sunday, homework each night, and regular service in the community. "Yes, I felt the pressure," Marian, the youngest, recalls. "But I think the advantages of being a preacher's kid outweighed the disadvantages."

One of the advantages was getting to watch ordinary people in her church face the indignities of a segregated South with extraordinary grace. "They lived their faith," Marian says. "They didn't have a whole lot, but they knew how to share. Every morning they got up and did the best they could. Nobody

Service is the rent you pay for living.

says you have to win, nobody says you have to make a big difference. You just do the thing at hand that needs to be done."

That ethic of service was reinforced for Marian at Spelman College in Atlanta, the nation's oldest private liberal arts college for black women. "At Spelman, we had required daily chapel, which I protested against," Marian says with a laugh. "But now most of the things I remember from college came from those chapels rather than from classes. We got to hear most of the great black preachers and doers of the day. The message that came through was the kingdom of God is within you, that everyone should seek to find out why you've been put on earth."

Marian's own search coincided with the civil rights movement of the 1960s. During a pivotal class trip to the Georgia State Legislature, she and her classmates discovered that the Legislature's visitors' gallery was segregated. They spontaneously decided to integrate it. They were quickly ordered out of the white section, but the course of Marian's life had been set.

A few weeks later she joined other students from black colleges in a demonstration at the Atlanta City Hall. She was arrested, along with 14 other Spelman students, and spent the night in jail, reading a copy of C. S. Lewis' *The Screwtape Letters* for inspiration. Soon after, Marian abandoned plans to seek a graduate degree in Russian Studies and applied to law school.

"I hated every minute of it," Marian says of her three years at Yale Law School. "I don't think I really had much of an aptitude for law, but at the time, that's what I needed to serve in the South." After law school, Marian moved to Mississippi to represent poor blacks and to help with voter registration efforts. At the time there were only three other black lawyers in a state with nearly a million black citizens. Marian was the first black woman to be admitted to the Mississippi bar.

Marian Wright Edelman and the Children's Defense Fund lobby on issues crucial to families' and children's well-being, including health care, nutrition, and early education.

It was a frightening time for civil rights advocates, black and white, to live and work in the South, especially Mississippi. Most of the black clients Marian represented had been beaten in jail. One had been shot and killed. Civil rights workers soon learned to start their cars with the door open in case of bombs. In the summer of 1964, thousands of white students came from the North to help register black voters. Three of them, Michael Schwerner, Andrew Goodman, and James Chaney, were arrested and turned over to the Ku Klux Klan. Their bodies were found buried in an earth dam.

In this crucible of anger, violence, and fear, grandiose ideas about achieving social justice burned away. What remained in Marian was an indomitable determination. Again, the ordinary people in Mississippi's small towns inspired her.

"There were people who cheerfully went about their lives, year after year, challenging segregation, withstanding violence, helping kids," she says. "What amazed me was how little bitterness they had. They had staying power, grit. Giving up was not even considered. Today when people ask me, 'How do you stay with it?' I think of those people. How do you *not* stay with it? This is what life is about. Service is the rent you pay for living."



JONATHAN LEVINE

In Mississippi, Marian also learned that it was one thing to get a law on the books and another to make the law work for poor people. In 1965, when federal legislation created Headstart, a program designed to prepare disadvantaged preschoolers for school, Mississippi refused to apply for funds.

So a few public, private, and church groups formed a coalition, applied for the grant, and got it. In its first year, the program served 12,000 poor children and created 2,500 jobs. It also raised the ire of the state's political power structure, which tried to shut it down. Marian shuttled back and forth between Mississippi and Washington, lobbying for the program's survival.

"That was really the seed for the Children's Defense Fund," Marian says. "I realized that the poor have no voice, no one to answer back to the power structures. You could win the big lawsuits and get the legislation passed, but if people don't have food and a place to stay, then political rights are pretty hollow. Laws are no better than their enforcement."

Marian moved to Washington, D.C., in 1968 and that summer married Peter Edelman, an attorney on Senator Robert F. Kennedy's staff. With racial tension at the boiling point in the aftermath of Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination that spring, Marian's marriage to a white man was a hopeful, symbolic sign of reconciliation to many in the civil rights movement.

For several years, Marian shuttled from Boston, where Peter was vice president of the University of Massachusetts, to Washington to oversee a research organization that gradually evolved into CDF.

In 1979, Peter took a job as professor at Georgetown Law Center, and the Edelmans settled permanently in Washington with their three young sons, Joshua, Jonah, and Ezra. Now the boys are nearly grown, but "like every parent, I hold my breath and pray every day," Marian says. "They each have to make their own way. Actually, I don't care what they decide to do with their lives as long as it's not just about themselves and money."

Marian admits she has had it much easier than the many poor families CDF is trying to help. "I don't know how some of those poor mothers manage," she says. "They're so stressed out from working all day and trying to care for children too. This is not a society that values parenting or prepares for it. When I was growing up, I went everywhere with my parents. There was no separation between work and family. There was a total community that supported kids and looked out for them. Today, we don't have that. Churches are even more needed now to give support to single parents and families."

Several years ago, Marian was talking to a group of Bennettsville teenagers. She asked them, "Why do you think kids are getting pregnant or getting into trouble with the law at such an early age?" One of them answered, "There's nothing better to do."



"If we don't invest in children early on," Marian says, "we will lose our investment later on when they drop out of school, get pregnant, go to prison."

The poor have no voice, no one to answer back to the power structures.

stake if the public and private sector fail to do something about these pressing social issues. "If we don't invest in children early on, we will lose our investment later on when they drop out of school, get pregnant, go to prison," she says. "In order to compete in the global market, in order to maintain our standard of living, we need every single one of our children. We don't have a child to waste."

When the struggle seems too much, Marian retreats to her back yard and digs. "I have names for all the weeds," she confesses. "Politicians, mostly. There's a kind of renewal for me out there. Watching the seasons and feeling the spirit is terribly important in keeping your perspective. You realize that no single event, no matter how bad, is determinative."

As she works the soil, her optimism returns. She remembers her parents, those tireless women in Mississippi, and all the single mothers who struggle to overcome. And she remembers that in God's eyes, being a flea is good enough as long as you keep on biting.

"We can get so bogged down in our own needs and wanting to be big dogs," she says. "But God uses little people and little things. The jawbone. The slingshot. Even God himself came as a poor baby who would not be any more welcome today in our rich country than he was then. I believe we just need to lay our little loaves and fishes out there and leave the rest to faith. Let those little loaves and fishes feed however many they can." □

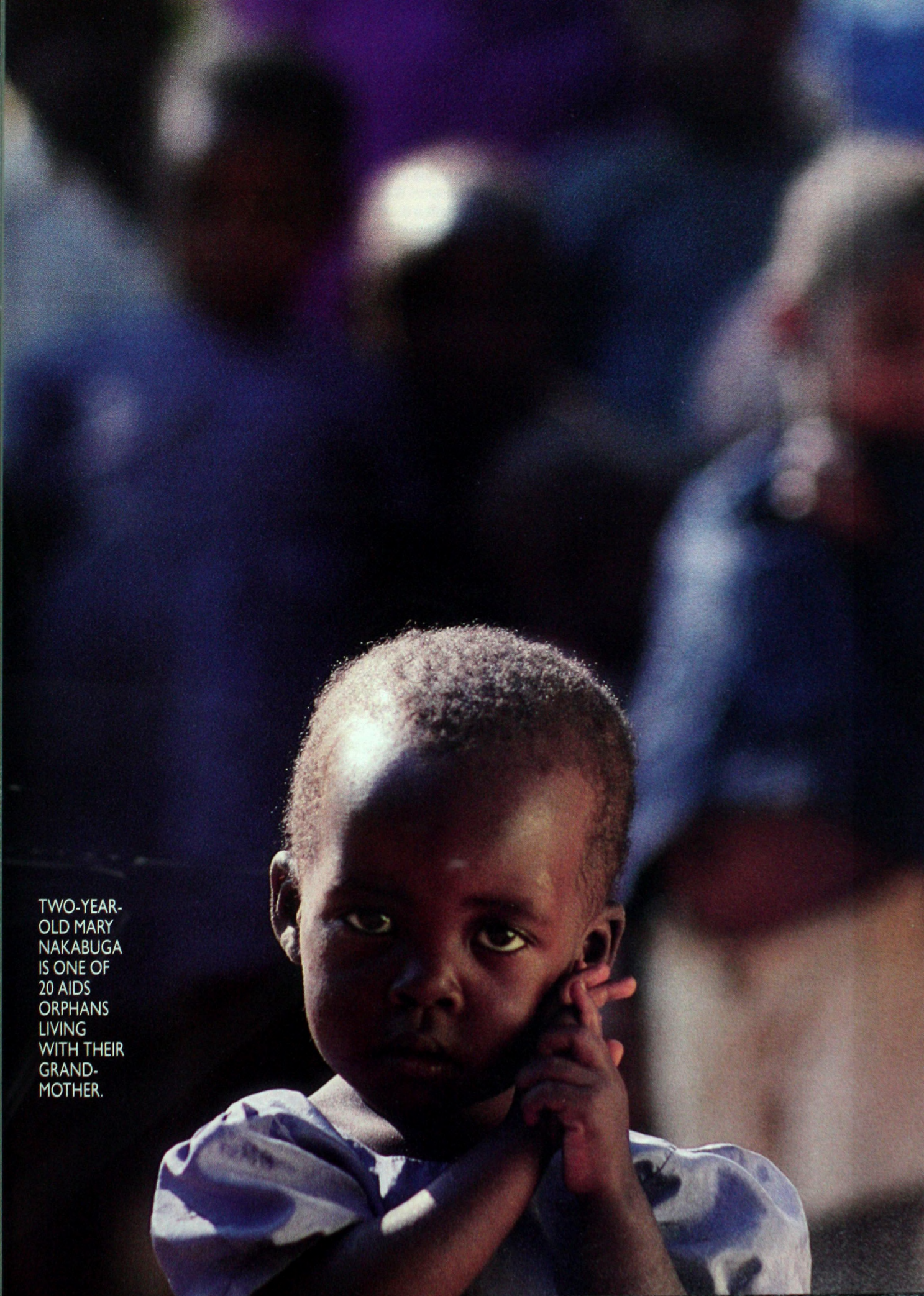
Kelsey Menahan is a freelance writer in Bethesda, Md.

AIDS HAS INFECTED
MORE THAN ONE
MILLION PEOPLE IN
UGANDA, TURNING
VILLAGES INTO
GHOST TOWNS AND
LEAVING CHILDREN
TO BURY THEIR
PARENTS.

S LIM HOPE

lim,” the Ugandans call it. Sounds like a cute nickname for a special friend. But *this* Slim is friend to no one. *This* Slim is a modern-day plague overrunning Uganda, along with most of its East and Central African neighbors. Here in the West, we call it AIDS.

Uganda was dubbed “the Pearl of Africa” by Winston Churchill for its vast resources and promising future. But the promise didn’t hold up. Idi Amin and a parade of other dictators



TWO-YEAR-
OLD MARY
NAKABUGA
IS ONE OF
20 AIDS
ORPHANS
LIVING
WITH THEIR
GRAND-
MOTHER.

dragged the nation through more than a decade of terror and economic collapse. Amid the chaos, few even noticed when Slim arrived.

Researchers believe that AIDS entered Uganda in 1982 at Kasengeru, a speck of a trading post and fishing village in Rakai District, on the shore of Lake Victoria, near the Tanzanian border. There, villagers traded goods and contagion, and victims began to waste away from the emaciating effects of the virus, prompting their mystified peers to dub the disease "slim." Soon an ever-widening circle of communities became infected with the deadly virus, turning many villages into virtual ghost towns.

Nine years later, few families in this nation of 16 million persons remain untouched by Slim. More than one million Ugandans, men and women alike, are believed to be infected with HIV. (In Africa, AIDS is transmitted mainly through heterosexual contact.)

At Kampala's gleaming Nakasero Blood Bank, 10 percent of the blood

The United States, Brazil, and the Ivory Coast account for the biggest increase in AIDS cases in 1991. The largest numbers of reported AIDS cases are still in the Western world.

In the 10 worst-affected African countries alone, 10 million children are expected to be AIDS orphans by the close of this decade. By the year 2000, one million HIV-positive children will be born per year in those 10 African countries.

Globally, between 25 and 30 million people will carry the AIDS virus by the turn of the century.

(Source: World Health Organization)

given by high school students tests positive for HIV. Of the "replacement" blood donated by adult relatives of patients requiring transfusions, fully one-third is contaminated. In Kampala, at least one-fourth of the pregnant women are infected.

The long-term impact of AIDS will devastate an entire generation of Ugandans, wiping out the young adults and the middle-aged who would normally rebuild the country after a health crisis. Medical workers, teachers, parents, farmers, and merchants are all succumbing to the virus, leaving bleak futures for the elderly and the young who remain.

Even if the country could halt the spread of HIV, which doesn't seem likely despite an intensive health education campaign, Slim's impact among those already infected could make the Idi Amin regime look like the good old days.

Uganda may not be the worst-affected of African nations. It is merely one of the more forthright. One World Vision journalist recently visited the Rakai District, where volunteers have already registered nearly 40,000 children who have been orphaned by AIDS, because here is one window through which to glimpse this emerging human tragedy.

NJALA VILLAGE, RAKAI: Five-year-old Teopista Nassaka shows a visitor a fading black-and-white photograph of her parents and relatives. In 1989, on Christmas Day, she and her older siblings buried their mother in the front garden. One week later, on New Year's Day, the children buried their father alongside her. A pile of stones and two rough-hewn crosses mark their graves. No relative is left of their parents' generation except an aunt—a Roman Catholic nun.

A highway connects Uganda with Zaire, Rwanda, Tanzania, Burundi, and Kenya. Disease moves along this route as easily as do the trucks loaded with merchandise. The children's father, Joseph, was a truck driver who probably became infected with HIV along this route. Ugandan authorities believe the rapid spread of HIV is due, in no small part, to the promiscuous lifestyle of itinerant traders and truckers like Joseph.

Before he died, Joseph left his children a large banana plantation. Besides the bananas, the children also grow sweet potatoes, groundnuts, and beans.

But hailstones have left holes in the roof of their house. During the rainy season, except for one dry corner, the dirt floor becomes a muddy mess. The four children who still live at home—three girls and a boy—share a single metal bed frame without a mattress or blankets.

Neighbors help when they can, sometimes with meals, but they're needy too. In this tiny village, 42 children are already listed as AIDS orphans.

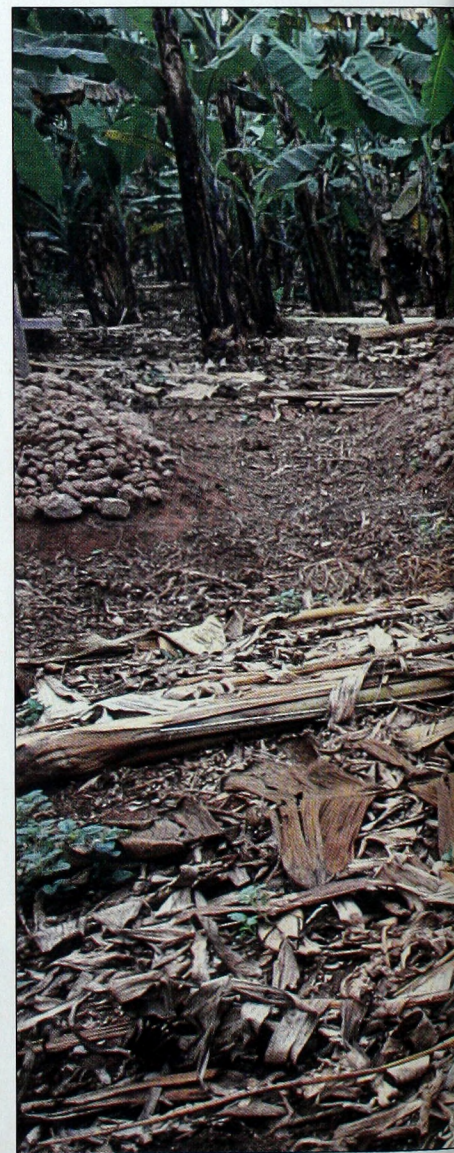
KABIRA SUBCOUNTY, RAKAI: Michael Ssentongo thought he had figured out a way to get around Slim. "I married someone from a distant village, thinking that would protect me." Just a few weeks after their 1987 wedding, however, Michael's wife began showing symptoms of AIDS. She lingered nearly two years, preceded in death by her sister and Michael's two brothers.

Now the 29-year-old is dealing with his own fevers, rashes, boils, and pain. "Sometimes I wake up in the dark, think-

ing maybe this is the night I will die," he says. "After this, I am too afraid to go back to sleep." When he dies, there will be no one left to care for Michael's nephew, Matayo Lukwago, who was born with AIDS. But since AIDS-infected children almost always die before their fifth birthday, chances are that Michael will outlive the little boy.

KYOTERA TOWN, RAKAI: A simple "How are you?" is a loaded question. Though Ponsiano Lubiirwa is only 35, he replies, "I'm waiting for my days to end. Sometimes I feel better, sometimes worse." Ponsiano has been sick for three years, making him a long-termer in these parts. Because of Uganda's shattered health care system, few Ugandans with full-blown AIDS survive longer than a couple of years.

Ponsiano is a mechanic. His workshop is jammed with scraps of metal and salvaged automobile parts, greasy tools, and a welding set—the jumbled remnants of a productive past. "It is my



A MID THE CHAOS, FEW EVEN NOTICED WHEN SLIM ARRIVED.

nature to work hard," he says. "Once there were six of us here, working together. I had plenty of business. But I can't do much anymore. Some days, I feel too weak to do anything."

Ponsiano buried his wife in March 1990. "I loved her so much," he says. "I tried to remove all her things from the house so I wouldn't feel so bad. But then I found a necklace. It set me back a week." Now he sleeps in a corner on the floor of his workshop. "I can't stand to go home," he says. "When I'm home, no

matter what I do, it reminds me of her."

Ponsiano has his five children to think about, as well as his dead brother's two orphans. None of them attend school. "I can't pay their fees anymore," he says. "I don't want to leave any debts or create problems that could mean they would lose the house after I'm gone." Ponsiano is consumed with preparing for his death and making sure his children are provided for. He has even considered digging his own grave, so it will be done cheaply and well.

KYEBE SUBCOUNTY, RAKAI: Joseph Sebyoto-Lutaya is the highest political official in the subcounty. Journalists have flocked to this area, following the trail of Slim. "They always seem so interested," he says. "They write in their notebooks. They take many photographs. And they never come back."

Joseph is weary of showing visitors the worst of his country, so he takes World Vision photojournalist David Ward to a beautiful, windswept cliff over-

looking Lake Victoria and the distant hills of Tanzania. This is *his* Uganda, the source of the Nile, the one in which he grew up and raised his own family. But the present intrudes. "Of the 11 members of my old soccer team, only three of us are still living," he says. "Of our 20-member church choir, only seven are still alive. We buried six so far this year, three in the same month. I am like an old man of 90—all my friends are dead or dying."

He counts on World Vision to help relieve Uganda's suffering. He tells Ward, "I believe your visit is going to result in something important." World Vision's Ugandan Orphans Program will aid 300,000 orphans and their foster families.

The orphan problem is so widespread that orphanages alone would never be able to cope with the number. Instead, the Uganda Orphans Program will enable communities to care for their own by training local people in health care; by providing educational and voca-



THESE AIDS ORPHANS STAND IN FRONT OF THEIR HOUSE IN NJALA VILLAGE. TO THE LEFT ARE THE GRAVES OF THEIR MOTHER AND FATHER.



WITH THE AIDS EPIDEMIC, THE BARKCLOTH BUSINESS IS BOOMING. IT IS THE TRADITIONAL BURIAL SHROUD USED IN UGANDA.

tional help; by furnishing agricultural supplies to improve the food production of rural foster families.

Ironically, for some of Rakai's people, business has never been better. The Rakai district is renowned for its barkcloth, Uganda's traditional sheet-sized burial shroud. Barkcloth makers boil, soak, and pound the sheets out of tree bark. Bodies are then wrapped in multiple layers. Barkcloth-making is the only booming cottage industry in Rakai.

Gerazio Kabanda says every able-bodied man he knows is in the barkcloth business. He is proud of his workers' speed and efficiency. "If I get an order in the morning, I can have a first-quality barkcloth ready in time for a 2 o'clock burial," he says.

But as Uganda's elderly continue to bury their young, the barkcloth makers better hope that business gets worse, and soon. Because unlike war and pestilence, which mostly claim the very young and the very old, Slim is taking Uganda's mothers and fathers, its vital work force, its heart. This gap could be the worst crisis Uganda has yet had to face. □

David Ward is a photojournalist in Montreal.

Not long after her husband, Yoweri K. Museveni, became president of Uganda in 1986, Janet K. Museveni visited areas of the East African nation that had been scarred by years of civil war. As she journeyed, she saw that nearly the entire country had to be rebuilt, and she noticed something else: more than a million, abandoned children.

"I found all these children that had been left there," the First Lady recalls. "The government has everything to do, beginning with the roads in that country to everything you can think about that makes a country. And I wondered, 'If we don't do anything about this, if we just wait for that government to find a solution for this problem, how long is it going to take?'"

Museveni realized the children couldn't wait. She forged a coalition of women called UWESO (Ugandan Women's Effort to Save the Orphans) to meet the children's emergency needs—food, shelter, clothing, and medicines. "We didn't have much ourselves, but we started to deliver this because we were determined to find a solution," she says.

Since then, UWESO has grown from a national relief effort to an international network committed to the long-term well-being of the Ugandan orphans. With chapters in major cities throughout the world, UWESO is helping more than 150,000 orphaned children find relatives to serve as foster parents. The women are rehabilitating orphanages and setting up projects to help children attain life skills in carpentry, agriculture, livestock, and home management.

In 1990, UWESO began constructing a "model village" of 10 housing units as an alternative to traditional orphanages. When completed, the village will give orphans a family setting in which five to seven children will share a home unit with a mothering caretaker. Other villages are planned throughout Uganda and will include income-generating projects to make them self-sufficient.

Of the 1 million to 3 million orphans in Uganda, more than 120,000 have lost both their parents to the AIDS virus. "Now we have AIDs—and we have more orphans," Museveni says. "The problem is big, and we have very few resources."

Museveni and UWESO have found support outside of Uganda in the past few years. Last year, five women from the Congressional Wives Fellowship Group, led by Janet Hall,

wife of Rep. Tony Hall, met with Mrs. Museveni. They have since worked to raise awareness and financial support for the Ugandan orphans.

"It was probably one of the most overwhelming things I had ever seen, to see these orphans," Hall says. "Not only did a lot of them witness their parents being killed, but many of them probably had to watch parents die a slow death."

The Congressional Wives were impressed with the Museveni administration's massive AIDS education effort. Most African nations still deny the virus is affecting their countries. The honesty of the Museveni government is one reason nations around the world are interested in offering assistance to the Ugandan economy and social structures.

Janet Hall met Janet Museveni at the National Prayer Breakfast in 1988 and invited the First Lady to visit the Congressional Wives, who met twice a month for prayer, Bible study, and mutual support. Museveni told them her story: of living in exile in Kenya after Idi Amin took control of Uganda in 1972; of meeting her future husband there; of their life as refugees in Tanzania while helping her husband organize the fight against the Amin regime; of never knowing from one day to the next if she and her family were safe; of people coming late one night and telling her, her husband, and their four children they had to leave for Sweden immediately, without coats or any other belongings, and how people in Sweden handed them coats and clothes upon their arrival; how they lived in Sweden until the National Resistance Movement succeeded in forming the stable Republic of Uganda in 1986.

"I think it's something that's burned into her, that these people helped her and now it's her turn to help other people," Hall says. □
by Jeff Sellers

THE CHILDREN COULDN'T WAIT



JEFF M. SELLERS / WORLD VISION

A MIRACLE IN MOSCOW

BY JOHN ROBB AS TOLD TO BRENDA SPOELSTRA

I was in Moscow preparing to lead a seminar on cross-cultural missions. Ironically, I was having some cross-cultural difficulty myself. The staff in the hotel spoke only Russian, and I couldn't locate the conference room. I was off to a great start.

A young, olive-toned man stepped out of the crowd. Apparently he'd overheard my failed attempts at communicating in Russian. Speaking in broken English, he offered to interpret for me.

As we found the right room, he introduced himself as Mirza and stayed as I searched for an electrical outlet. Then I tried to figure out how to get hold of a screen to display my overhead transparencies. Mirza got a hotel bed sheet to serve as a screen, then found some tape to hang the sheet on the wall. The room was ready for the next day.

We have lost out because the focus of prayer today is to achieve direct results with God rather than to conform to the will and nature of God.

Katie Funk Wiebe

I was in Moscow for a week-long Lausanne Soviet Congress on Evangelization. For the first time in 70 years, more than 1,100 Soviet Christian leaders were gathering to discuss ways they could evangelize the mil-

lions of unreached people in this vast country.

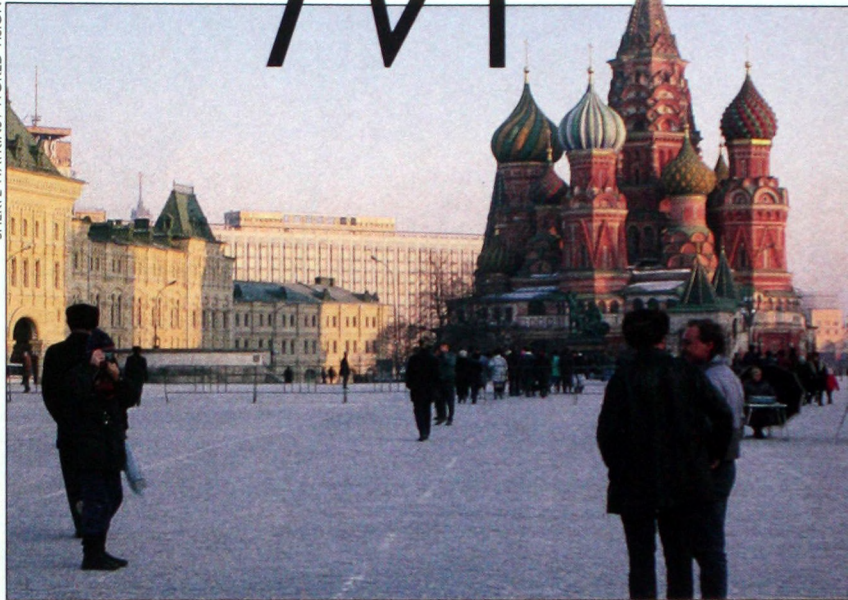
Throughout my visit I met people searching for spiritual substance—people I sat with in restaurants, crowds who stood on dark, freezing streets listening to Soviet preachers, even a Russian family who invited me home. But perhaps I saw the searching most clearly in Mirza. We went to my hotel for coffee and I learned that he is a doctor from the Azerbaijan Republic who now works in Moscow.

Azerbaijan is an almost entirely Muslim region. They know little of Christianity. In all of Azerbaijan, there are only 19 or 20 known converts to Christ.

I asked Mirza if he had heard of Jesus Christ. "Well, yes," he answered. "Isn't he a Japanese?" I guess that was answer enough.

I had already given most of my Christian literature away, as well as the Bibles I'd brought, but I did have one piece left. Just one small tract. And it was written for Soviet Muslims. I handed it to Mirza, suggesting he read it if he wanted to know more about Jesus.

SHERYL WATKINS / WORLD VISION



The next morning Mirza called me. He had read the pamphlet and wanted to attend my seminar on unreached peoples. He fit right in with the Christian leaders from the Caucasus region, of which Azerbaijan is a part. They all joked and laughed together. Mirza even gave suggestions on how to reach the Muslim peoples for Christ.

At the end of the conference, Mirza and I said our goodbyes. But he showed up again the next day at my hotel room, just as I was leaving for the airport. He expressed his appreciation for my friendship, saying that he hoped we could meet again.

I thought, *Lord, what I'd give for a Russian New Testament right now.*

Not 10 seconds later there was a knock at the door. The Russian Gideons were there with a whole load of New Testaments. They had just received permission from the hotel management to place Bibles in every room! One of them held out a New Testament, as if to say, "Is this what you wanted?" I handed it to Mirza and we said goodbye.

I believe God has a purpose for Mirza. Our meeting wasn't just happenstance; it was ordained. And my sudden prayer was only one of many that had resulted in miraculous answers. Family, friends, and colleagues had prayed long before my trip began, and they prayed consistently while I was gone. Yes, Jesus is "able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine."

I received a letter from Mirza a few months later. He said, "I'd like to thank you once more for your present, the Bible. It became the most important book-friend and helper." □

Throughout my visit I met people searching for spiritual substance—people I sat with in restaurants, crowds who stood on dark, freezing streets.

A TRIBUTE TO
STAN MOONEYHAM
1926-1991



ESCAPE TO REALITY *Part II*

BY BOB SEIPLE

When Poland faced severe food shortages during the harsh winter of 1981-82, Stan Mooneyham and World Vision provided emergency food shipments behind the Iron Curtain.



WORLD VISION

In 1978, Stan Mooneyham committed World Vision to help rescue fleeing "boat people" from Southeast Asia.



On Monday, June 3, 1991, reality finally set in. The pain, the weakened body, the diseased tissues that Stan Mooneyham had carried with him for so many years, finally took their toll. A lifetime of travelling through the most desperate parts of the developing world transitioned Stan through death to the new reality of the incorruptible.

Stan certainly understood reality. In an article written for *WORLD VISION* magazine a decade ago, "Escape to Reality," Stan wrote, "As frightening as the prospect of transparent honesty may appear, reality is not necessarily hostile.



Stan Mooneyham showed World Vision's commitment to evangelism and the church, in 1972, when he helped celebrate 100 years of Christianity in Nagaland, one of the most remote and dangerous states in India.

It can be friendly. At least, that is my experience. It is where healing must be found, where health must be lived out. It precludes refuge in the drug and alcohol scene or in its religious equivalent."

Stan was in harmony with another great writer, Henri Nouwen. Nouwen wrote in the *Wounded Healer*, "The Christian leader is not one who reveals God to His people—who gives something he has to those who have nothing—but one who helps those who are searching to discover *reality* as the source of their existence."

Stan always lived one day at a time. He understood the faith of those who went before, and he certainly anticipated the glories that would await him. But more than that, he believed that faith was for the present, and life was always lived to the fullest there.

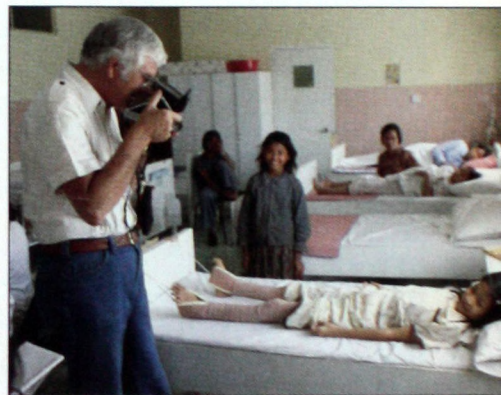
Now that he is gone, undoubtedly the life and times of Stan Mooneyham will take on mythic proportions. Fortunately, the myth will probably not be wrong, because the reality in which Stan lives was already so much bigger than life.

Everyone has their favorite Stan Mooneyham story, but let me share just one that comes out of the experience of the Vietnam "Boat People." In the late 1970s, seated on a beach in Thailand, Stan turned to the head of our video crew, Richard Davies, and said, "Dickie, there are people drowning out there. I'm going to get us a boat and save them. This will stand World Vision right up on its ear, but we've got to do it."

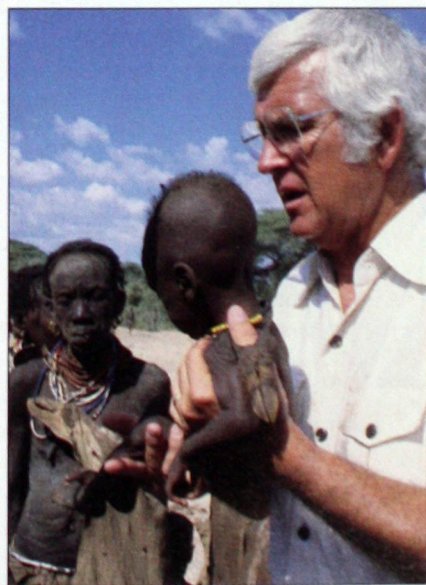
Above the objections of many, both within the organization as well as governments around the world, Stan did what he thought was right. Within six months after launching "Operation Seasweep" with a World Vision vessel, then-President Jimmy Carter instructed all the U.S. naval vessels in the area to do the same.

For a very few and rare individuals in history, the myth and reality become one. This is true of Stan Mooneyham. □

After the Khmer Rouge were driven from Cambodia, Stan Mooneyham led the way in reopening the World Vision Pediatric Hospital in Phnom Penh.



JON KUBLY / WORLD VISION



ERIC MOONEYHAM / WORLD VISION

Well before the Ethiopian famine captured the world's attention in 1984, Stan Mooneyham visited the starving people in Bume, in 1981. World Vision planes delivered food the very next day.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Ginger Hope

The NEW AMERICAN SAMPLER COOKBOOK



edited by LINDA BAUER

WHAT'S COOKING IN D.C.

In one of the most notable bipartisan efforts to come out of Washington in recent memory, a new cookbook to help fight world hunger features recipes from the White House and Capitol Hill—everything from George Bush's "Mexican Mound" to Ted Kennedy's "Cape Cod Fish Chowder" to John Rockefeller's "Chocolate Chocolate Angel Food Cake."

Part of the proceeds from sale of the cookbook will go to World Vision

to fight world hunger. *The New American Sampler Cookbook* (Linda Bauer, editor) can be ordered from most bookstores or directly from the publisher. To order directly, send a check or money order to The Kent State University Press, Kent, OH 44244; (216) 672-7913. Cost is \$24.75 per copy, plus shipping and handling (\$3.00 for first copy, 50 cents for each additional copy). New York state residents add 7 percent sales tax.

AWARD APPLICATIONS INVITED

Love INC, a ministry of World Vision, invites applications for the Mustard Seed Awards, grants

for churches with volunteer ministries to the poor. Criteria for the award include innovativeness, use of volunteer church members, focus on cause of needs rather than symptoms, and sound management practice.

For details and application forms, contact Love INC, P.O. Box 1616, Holland, MI 49422; (616) 392-8277. Deadline for application is Oct. 4, 1991.

GOLD MINE IN A DUMPSTER

Let's call him Sam, a 70-year-old man living, oh, somewhere in the 48 contiguous United States. Being a retired gold miner, Sam has a nose for hidden treasure. Over the past seven years he's dug up \$118,000 worth of help for the poor—from the dumpster behind a local supermarket.

Sam says this is a simple operation to duplicate. A few tips:

- Don't bother approaching the store's management. They can't officially let you do this. Just start showing up at the back of the store, picking out useable items from the garbage.

- Keep the area tidy; it's good public relations. When employees notice you, tell them you give the food to the needy. Make friends of the warehouse staff, who can tell you when to stay away during inspections.

- Establish a network of distributors to help get the food out to the needy. Consider your local rescue mission, food bank, Love INC., and churches with food cupboards. If necessary, use the food yourself, and give away the money you save.

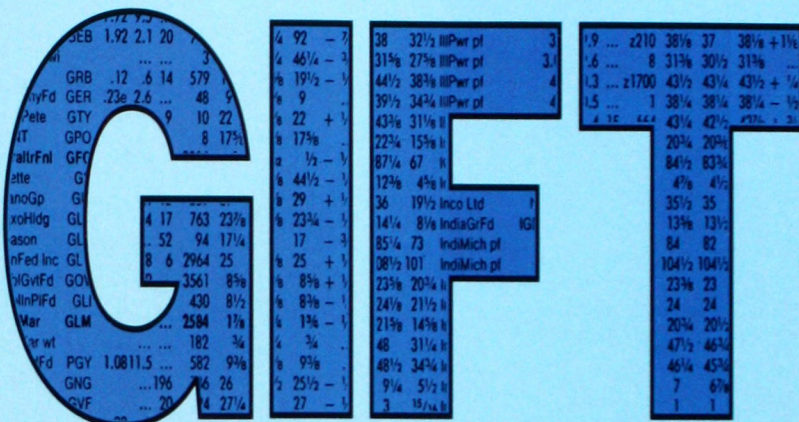
We're not telling you to go out and do this. But it's something one man has done to stop waste at one store in one town.

For more practical hints, send Sam's spokesman a self-addressed, stamped envelope: John Haak, 24010 Old San Jose Road, Los Gatos, CA 95030.



Capital Gain Shelter + Charitable Deduction =

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The 9.9% Solution

World Vision's Pooled Income Fund has a current yield of 9.9% and has returned an average of 10.9% to donors over the past three years.

World Vision's Pooled Income Fund is a unique way for you to give so that suffering children will receive food, clothing and shelter. And, of course, your generous giving to World Vision saves lives.

IF you need more income
 you can use substantial tax deductions
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Then World Vision's Pooled Income Fund will help you to:

1. Maximize your giving to help others.
2. Increase your personal income.

For more information, write to:

Gift Planning Office, World Vision, 919 West Huntington Drive,
 Monrovia, California 91016

Tell me more about World Vision's Pooled Income Fund.



Name _____
(Mr., Mrs., Miss)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (_____) _____

Date of Birth: _____ Second Beneficiary
Mo. Day Yr. Mo. Day Yr.

Date of Birth: _____
Mo. Day Yr.

FMA 108

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STAN SAKAI

A DIFFERENT WORK ETHIC

Most Christians today choose their careers for the money, security, or emotional satisfaction they hope to receive, according to a new Christian task force temporarily dubbed the Strategic Careers Project. The task force urges young people to enter fields with high "kingdom value." Some examples are



the fields of journalism, university teaching, government and foreign service, and the arts.

This is no plan for Christians to "gain control" of certain vocational fields, but focuses instead on helping the church be "an S&L operation—salt and light," said James Rutz, who convened the task force's first meeting in January 1991.

For information, contact Rutz at (714) 545-9744.

“We are guilty of many errors and many faults, but our worst crime is abandoning the children, neglecting the fountain of life. Many of the things we need can wait. The child cannot. Right now is the time bones are being formed, blood is being made and senses are being developed. To children we cannot answer "Tomorrow." The child's name is "Today."**”**

Gabriela Mistral,
 Nobel Prize-winning poet, Chile.

s t r ä n g e r

¿ Who is thy Neighbor ?



In

Am.

i n a s t r ä n g e l a n d .

When I wrote the book *The Fragile Curtain* about the world refugee crisis, I had to immerse myself in the pathos and drama of that situation for almost two years. After that, I looked for every opportunity to stay current on the problem of displaced populations. In July 1989, my husband David and I visited Hong Kong and took advantage of international relief contacts to visit one of the refugee camps there.

Jubilee Camp is a maze of grim cubicles, four floors high and an estimated 150 yards long, and houses a displaced-persons population of 6,000. As I walked through the courtyard, a little hand slipped into mine. I looked down into the black eyes and bangs-blocked face of a child, her shy smile showing front

This child holding my hand was a child without spiritual parents or next-of-kin, growing up in this refugee camp of a world.

AN UNACCOMPANIED MINOR

BY KAREN MAINS

teeth rotting from malnutrition. She had chosen me, for that moment, to be her friend.

I have visited a number of refugee camps throughout the world, and it seems like everywhere I've been, from the earthquake victims of Guatemala to the political refugees of Southeast Asia, some child has slipped a hand into mine.

Who was this tiny Asian refugee who held my hand? Many of the Vietnamese children in the camp are officially labeled "unaccompanied minors." These are the children who arrive without family—children whose parents had sent them away from home deliberately or who were separated from their parents while escaping from Vietnam.

When these children arrive at the camp, nurses, missionaries, and lay workers care for them. But they still agonize, especially the younger ones, over the separation from their parents

"The children are supposed to go to sleep at 9:30 at night," said a Vietnamese seminarian, himself a refugee. "I go into the dormitories to check on them about 11. Some of the children just sit by themselves and cry. They tell me they are homesick. They have no relatives, and they feel lonely. They worry because they don't have enough clothes. They worry about resettlement."

Since 1975, more than 10,000 Indochinese children have fled to Thailand without parents or guardians. The United States considers these children of "profound humanitarian concern" and labors to resettle them quickly, taking a great majority itself.

But the plight of these children is compounded by the fact that many of them have been deliberately sent ahead by their families because their possible immigration provides relatives a foothold into the country. Resettlement is hastened if a refugee already has family in the country where he or she wants to resettle.

That doesn't mean the parents don't have any feelings for their children. Unaccompanied children are often from tightly knit, loving families. Because the children usually come from families at odds with the regime, opportunities in education and employment are grim. Establishing a secure future for children is so important in Vietnamese society that parents will often take unusual risks.

Unfortunately, the children are often too young to understand why their parents grabbed at a chance to send them away, and they wonder what they have done wrong, and how they are to

blame for the separation.

"The most pain-filled group are those children who are hopeless," a nurse said. "They arrived in Thailand one, two, or more than three years ago and have seen many other children come and go, and still they remain. What is even more frustrating is that these long-staying children have no idea if this year will bring them that long-hoped-for freedom. And because the international attitude toward these children is not at all welcoming, the workers cannot comfort them with false hope."

The vulnerability of unaccompanied minors recently affected me through a living metaphor. A neighbor's little girl appeared on our doorstep one Sunday, as she sometimes does, ready to go to church with us. After Sunday school that morning, I watched the little girl come down the aisle, searching past the faces

**Who is my
unaccompanied
minor? It is
often not the one
I choose,
but the one who
chooses me.**

of strangers, looking for someone familiar. She found me and then sat beside me in the pew.

It was obvious this little girl had dressed herself. She wore gym shoes, a T-shirt, a pink jacket, her father's racquetball gloves, and had taken only a cursory brush at her hair.

As we sang the hymn, I tapped out the words and notes in the hymnal as I have always done for my own children, and she followed along as well as she could. When the offering plate was passed, she took a crumpled dollar bill from her pocket and put it in.

When it came time to take communion, we stood in line, my little neighbor and I, waiting our turn at the railing, and she slipped her small hand, divested of

her father's glove, into mine. That's when my eyes were opened. Children reach out when they are uncertain, when they don't know what comes next or where they belong. They touch, grab a pantleg or a fistful of skirt, take the hand of the nearest sympathetic adult, so steady, so unmovable. Big people know what to do, where to stand, where to kneel, exactly what to say.

Like the children in the refugee camp in Hong Kong, this child holding my hand was an unaccompanied minor, a child without spiritual parents or next-of-kin, growing up in this refugee camp world; a child who gets up Sunday mornings, dresses herself, shoves a dollar into the pocket of her pink jacket, and runs to the neighbor's back door to be on time for church. It is easy to be concerned about children in refugee camps across the world. One so rarely sees them or touches them. Emotional commitments to them cost little.

Not so easy is a flesh-and-blood commitment to the little child next door. Some of the unaccompanied minors nearby may even be those unclean ones I don't want my children to play with. Some of those unaccompanied minors may be displaced persons—nuisances with behavioral problems.

My unaccompanied minor, in gym shoes, a T-shirt, and uncombed hair, sang the hymns and listened to the sermon with me. Then she went to the communion railing, her little hand thrust into mine, not to take communion, but to receive a blessing. Blinking against sudden tears, I saw her, I who have been busy with the world's needs, the *faraway* world's needs.

My unaccompanied minor is now very near to me, across the back yard, beyond the garden and the basketball court, beyond the brush pile for burning. She lives in the blue house on the other side of the wooded lot. I can see the swing set, one seat tilted, the paint rusting. In the summer a plastic K mart swimming pool makes a ring mark on her grass.

Who is my unaccompanied minor? It is often not the one whom I choose, but the one who chooses me. The one next door. The one who looks to me for clues and approval. The one who slips a little hand into mine. □

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

Adapted from Friends and Strangers by Karen Mains, ©1990, Word Inc., Dallas, Texas.

CARING FOR THE KIDS

BRETHREN BAPTIST CHURCH



LYNN BROWN

It seems every town has an "other side of the tracks." In Wenatchee, Wash., it's known simply as "the south end of town." Just on the fringes of the south end, where many former migrant workers have settled in recent years, is a church that in its more reflective moments has wondered, "If we ever pulled out of this neighborhood, would anybody miss us?"

To answer that question, slip into the Mustard Seed Daycare Center between 12:30 and 2:30—nap time—and ask head teacher Dee Roach what she's doing there. She would probably answer in a half-whisper, "I feel it's a mission. It's an opportunity to touch a life. These children are not always with us for a long time, but while we have them, if we show them love, they have that forever."

The Mustard Seed Daycare Center cares for 15 to 20 children a day. Only about a third of those come from families who can afford the daily rate of \$11. The rest pay the center a government subsidy of \$9.55 per day (which is available for children whose parents must work or take job training). Most centers can't afford to take many children on the lower subsidy. This is the point of Mustard Seed Daycare Center: to provide quality care to children whose families couldn't otherwise afford it.

Lynn Brown, the driving force behind the daycare center, says her faith seemed smaller than a mustard seed compared to the mountains that stood in the way of starting the center. At first, all she had was a feeling that something should be done for all the children she saw playing unsupervised in the neighborhood—and in the church parking lot. Brown, a former teacher at the nearby Lincoln Ele-

mentary School, knew that many of these children were on their own all day while their parents, often single mothers, worked away from home.

"We decided we should do something about this," Brown says. So Brown formed a core group made up of herself and four other women who responded to her general invitation to the church to get involved. The five of them met often to pray and discuss what they could do. Finally they settled on a preschool center that would also offer part-time care to schoolchildren.

Obstacle one: a location. The center couldn't be located in their own church because the building didn't comply with license regulations.

The very day after the women prayed about a location for the center, the pastor of a nearby church, Wenatchee Christian Assembly, called. He said he had been praying for a Christian group to start childcare work in his church. The Mustard Seed group had their location, right in the heart of the area they hoped to serve.

"I can't count the number of times I've gone from saying, 'Lord, I can't do this,' to seeing God work in dramatic ways," Brown says. "I've never been this needy of God's help in my life, nor exercised this much faith, as I have since we started Mustard Seed."

Volunteers from Brethren Baptist Church helped remodel the site and repair or construct its furnishings. The church contributed money as well. Volunteers continue to help with grocery shopping, laundry, and serving lunch. "This is a real live mission field," says Pastor Tim Ledbetter. "It has unleashed a lot of energy in our church and given us a renewed sense of meaning."

The Mustard Seed Daycare Center opened in April 1990. There was one child on the rolls that day. By summer, the center had a full enrollment of 20. "We knew they were out there, but we sort of wanted our advertising to be by word of mouth," Brown says. "We don't want too many of the slots to be taken up by people who can afford to go elsewhere."

While working hard to ensure that the center serves the people who need it most, Brown is hesitant to use terms such as "serving the poor."

"It sounds so condescending. I have had to deal with my own prejudices on this. Sometimes when I'm giving presentations I show a slide of our pastor's daughter with a child who is on the subsidy program. I ask who is who, and nobody can tell. They're just a couple of kids. It's the same with the mothers. They're not any different from me." □

Ginger Hope

For more
information
contact Brethren
Baptist Church,
535 Okanogan Ave.,
Wenatchee, WA
98801
(509) 662-3681

READERS' RIGHT

LIMITED EDITION
GUARANTEED TO
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She may not look like a limited edition to you. But this child is one of a kind. More valuable than any artist's signed print or sculptor's statue. **She is a unique and priceless creation, lovingly crafted by the hand of God.**

But she may not see herself that way. She is poor, hungry and hurting. She needs the loving care of a Childcare Sponsor.

When you give \$24 a month to help a precious creation like this live through childhood and become a productive adult, you get something valuable in return.

You get a child's deepest appreciation—because your gifts provide such important things as food, clothing, medical care, a Christian education, help for the child's community and the chance to know Jesus' love.

To take a child into your heart, clip and mail the coupon below. You'll receive the photo and story of a child who needs your investment of love...

...Love that lifts your precious child above the pain of poverty and hunger and in return, lets you feel your child's deep appreciation.

Help One Precious Child!

- Enclosed is my first \$24 payment. Please send me a photo and information about a boy girl from Africa Asia Latin America where most needed.
- I can't sponsor a child right now, but here's a gift of \$_____ to help needy children. (1700)

Name _____

Address _____

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Please make your check payable to World Vision. Mail to:

A81WXM

WORLD VISION
CHILDCARE SPONSORSHIP
Pasadena, CA 91131



WORLDVISION magazine received a lot of mail in response to Brian Bird and Karen E. Klein's article, "All Our Children" concerning overpopulation. (Feb/Mar issue) Some excerpts follow:



It seems we have left God's Word on [birth]. Psalm 127:3-5 *does teach* that children are a blessing and reward. Scripture *does teach* that barrenness is associated with godlessness (Job 15:34), and with God's judgment (Gen. 20:17,18). Scripture *does teach* that God will provide food and clothing for all who seek Him and His kingdom above all else (Matt. 6:25-34). I believe, however, that you have compromised godly values with the world's ideologies and philosophies.

*Pastor Duane Stixrud
Brinnon Community Church, Wash.*

The article did not belittle the Roman Catholic Church's teaching on natural methods of family planning, but each mention of those teachings or practices was presented in a way that would cause a reader to believe that Catholic teaching is part of the problem, not the solution.

*Rev. Robert Barnhill
St. Mary's Church, Davey, Neb.*

In the U.S., we have a 1.8 child-per-couple birth rate. A 2.2 child-per-couple rate is only replacement levels. We are slowly annihilating ourselves. In our local newspaper an article stated that there would not be enough people to fill jobs in our area in the year 2040. People are God's creative gift. "And the Lord will make you abound in prosperity, in the offspring of your body and in the offspring of your beast and in the produce of your ground, in the land which the Lord swore to your fathers to give to you." God promises lots of children, lots of livestock, and private property to those who follow His way. He considers these things a blessing. We would do well to [do the same].

*Kimberly K. Maring
Harris, Minn.*

I feel that God is the creator and that every child born in the world is planned and made in His will. I am offended by words like "birth control" (sounds like "pest control"). Children are one of the ways that the poor are rich in God's kingdom. God is not making a mistake!

*Barbara Ricks
Kennesaw, Ga.*

Children are an asset rather than a liability. When Jesus said "hinder not the little children ..." did he see them as assets or liabilities? God's Word teaches that a large family is a blessing from God, barrenness is a curse, and if these are what you are working to overcome, you are working against God, not with him.

We are called to feed the poor, not sterilize them. God commanded parents to "be fruitful and multiply." That command has never been rescinded, nor was it given with any stipulations such as "until the year 1990," or "unless faced with famine," or "unless you'd rather spend money on luxuries." *Jeff and Ginny Silva
San Jose, Calif.*

Why not fix the blame on Third World countries' corrupt governments which don't even allow relief aid to be properly distributed? Whose greed and lust for power work against the common good? Or blame the cultures and religions which allow men to violently oppress their women, people to live and die in castes, or starve rather than eat sacred animals?

*Patricia J. Shearer
Scottsdale, Ariz.*

The article implies that World Vision's position on birth control is one of limiting the number of children a woman has. It was certainly portrayed in a favorable light throughout the article. The message ... clearly favors birth control. This undermines what I thought was an excellent appraisal of the dilemma earlier in the article, that the problem isn't numbers, but access and distribution.

*Chris Thomas
Johnson City, NY*

KENNY'S NEIGHBORHOOD

BY JEAN ALICIA ELSTER

“Mrs. Elster, Kenny died yesterday evening. Could you bake something and take it to the Campbell house before the funeral on Friday?”

Kenny is dead. The words resounded in my ears. *Kenny is dead.*

Kenny was the first neighbor my husband Bill and I met when we moved into our new home after our marriage. Actually, “met” is too formal a word. We had driven up and parked in the street in front of Kenny’s house (there is no parking on our side of the street), and there on his porch stood Kenny. He looked about 65, had on old-but-clean overalls, running shoes, and a baseball cap, and from his clenched teeth hung an unlit cigar, soggy at the mouth end.

He stared at us as we got out. He stared as we unloaded sleeping bags and lamps from the trunk. And he stared at Bill and his outstretched hand. Bill’s greeting went unacknowledged.

We had moved here because Bill was a minister and was starting a church in this formerly working-class neighborhood—now just another decrepit corner of Detroit, filled with drugs and alcohol, violent crime, and prostitution. Many of the old homeowners had either died or moved south. New renters filled their spaces, bringing with them vice and self-destruction. So people were leery of opening up to newcomers, even to a pastor and his wife.

Still, our block had been spared decay. Our neighbors were mostly retired homeowners who had lived here 25 or 30 years. There was a certain stability to the neighborhood. The other unusual thing was that they were all Christians. Block club meetings began with prayer, testimony, and singing. In the early dawn hours I could see lights in the homes of Mrs. Keys and Mrs. Harper. Their telephone prayer network had begun.

These were people who looked after one another. Part of that care meant saving old newspapers for Kenny. He would collect them from our front porches once a month and load them onto a pickup truck for transport to the refuse station. With his payment he would purchase one fat, hand-rolled cigar. It would last him a whole month.

Kenny looked after us, too. He would knock on our door to tell us when our parking space was again available. Sometimes I would leave cookies or a slice of gingerbread on top of the newspaper stack as an extra-special thanks. And even though his mental capabilities were on a par with an 8-year-old, Kenny had more sense than many a wasted addict born with full mental faculties.

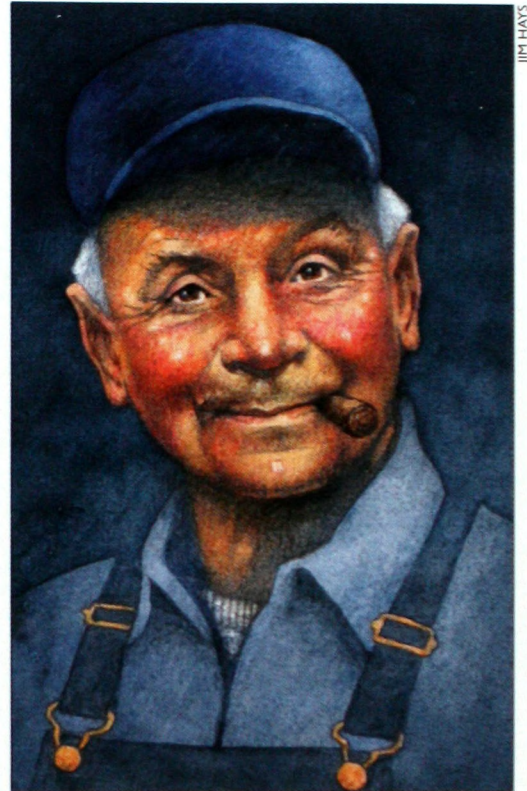
After four years of living on that block I still marveled at the power of Jesus to keep away the ele-

ments of destruction that tore apart surrounding blocks. I continued to be awed by these stalwart disciples who led their lives in dignity and peace. But even after four years, Bill and I felt not only new to the block but new to the task of life as our neighbors had lived it—enduring and prospering for decades.

That’s why the phone call announcing Kenny’s death shocked me. It wasn’t just the news. It was also the request. These neighbors had welcomed us, invited us to join the block club, and chatted with us freely and with warmth across backyard fences. But Bill and I knew we were still babes in the flock. I would watch them hurry down the street, a look of concern on their faces, because someone’s spouse had just died or taken a turn for the worse. I would watch them carry steaming casseroles to feed family and friends after “family hour” and funerals. We had not yet penetrated that inner circle of care.

So, after expressing my sorrow at Kenny’s death and announcing my willingness to help, I realized how special this moment was. Kenny’s death saddened us because he represented the vitality and endurance of this block. His steady presence had transformed him into a timeless character. Now we were being asked not only to help, but to mourn him as they mourned; to care as they cared. They were acknowledging that our roots were planted firmly in good soil, that our zeal for God wouldn’t just blow away at the first sign of turmoil. And as the apostle Paul was finally accepted into the Christian community by Barnabas’ intercession, we were accepted into *our* community because of Kenny’s death.

Jean Alicia Elster is a housewife, mother of two, and free-lance writer in Detroit, Mich.

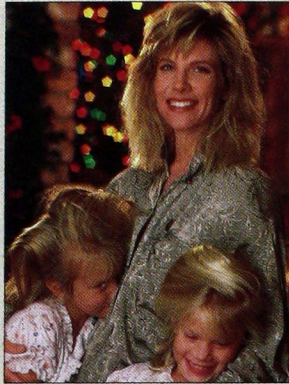


JIM HAYS

He looked about 65, had on old-but-clean overalls, running shoes, and a baseball cap.

IS THERE ROOM AT YOUR TABLE FOR ONE MORE?

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



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

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

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

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

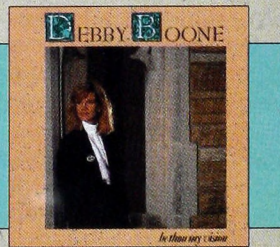
Each Childcare Sponsor gives a needy child things like food, medical care, clothing, shelter, and a Christian education. And the sponsor's support also helps the child's family and community. Best of all, a needy child is given the opportunity to know more about the love of Jesus Christ.

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

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

*God bless you
Debby Boone*

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



I Want to Make Room for a Needy Child!

- Please send me information and a photograph of a child who needs my help. I prefer to sponsor a boy girl living in Africa Asia Latin America or where needed most.
- Enclosed is my first month's payment of \$24. 1700
- I understand that in appreciation for my sponsoring a child, I will receive Debby Boone's recording, "Be Thou My Vision." I prefer: cassette 53 CD 54

Please make check payable to World Vision. Your sponsorship payments are tax deductible. Thank you!

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August/September 1991

A tribute to
STAN MOONEYHAM

AIDS in Uganda:
SLIM HOPE

Marian Wright Edelman:
**CRUSADING
FOR CHILDREN**

4 **Marian Edelman: A Flea for Justice**

Twenty percent of the children in the United States are living below the poverty line. For more than 17 years, Marian Wright Edelman and her Children's Defense Fund in Washington, D.C., have kept legislators scratching to find better ways to care for those children. Here she talks about her passion for children and justice, and the faith that keeps her going.

8 **AIDS in Uganda: Slim Hope**

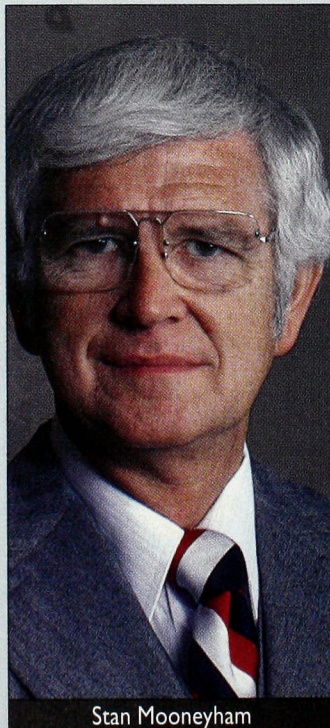
Ugandans call the dreaded disease "slim." Here in the West, we call it AIDS. Whatever the name, the disease is wiping out a whole generation in Uganda, once dubbed "the Pearl of Africa." More than one million men and women are believed to be infected by the virus. But the country's children, its orphans, may yet pay the highest price.

18 **An Unaccompanied Minor**

Karen Mains has visited refugee camps around the world, and it seems that wherever she's visited, a little child has reached out for her hand looking for comfort. But it took a child from her own backyard to discover that she didn't have to travel to distant countries to minister to a needy child.

14 **Photo Essay: "Escape to Reality, Part II"**

On Monday, June 3, 1991, Stan Mooneyham died, leaving behind a rich legacy as World Vision's second president. These photos and a tribute by World Vision President Bob Seiple honor this man in whom "myth and reality become one."



Stan Mooneyham

ERIC MOONEYHAM / WORLD VISION

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The tragic loss of two colleagues (next page) in Peru, and the untimely death of Stan Mooneyham, former World Vision president (pages 14-15), reminds us of the high price sometimes paid to serve the poor.

Although far less traumatic, the magazine counts as loss associate editor Ginger Hope's family move to Minnesota and assistant editor Anna Waterhouse's leave of absence to write a movie script. We wish them well.

Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

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REMEMBERING FRIENDS, AND THE GLORIES THAT AWAIT THEM

The news left me weak. Two of our World Vision colleagues, driving up to our office in Lima, Peru, were met by two men, one with a pistol and one with a sub-machine gun. As Norm Tattersall, Assistant Vice President for Latin America, and Jose Chuquin, our Field Director in Colombia, got out of the car, they were sprayed with bullets. Norm died before the day was out, and any lingering romantic notions about relief and development work around the world died with him.

Jose had 22 bullet holes in him, but somehow he defied all medical odds and hung on for 12 days. Finally infection set into his perforated body, he lapsed into a coma, and the medical miracle was over. An act of terrorism had claimed a second respected and much beloved friend.

I knew then that things would never be the same. Life could never again be taken for granted. No one is ever really safe, especially where there is poverty caused by war, famine, unstable governments, and unjust systems.

In trying to make sense out of this, I thought of Jesus as his disciples directed him to a deaf man with a speech impediment. Jesus healed the man, but before he did, he looked up to heaven with a deep sigh. Author Max Lucado calls this the "divine sigh."

It wasn't a gesture of impatience or anger, but rather a sense of frustration because it wasn't supposed to be this way. The creation was perfect and "never intended to be inhabited by evil. ..." The brokenness, the hurt, and the pain were not part of God's plan. And so God's Son gave a deep sigh for the pain of the world that didn't have to be.

But we're not capable of a divine sigh. Instead we ask the very predictable and human question, Why? Why were these two taken? Both were key personnel doing superb work in their most productive years. We needed them, and their wives and children needed them. Norm had two children and Jose had five.

All answers to the why question are never totally satisfying or complete, certainly on this side of glory. The best answer, perhaps, came from Jesus in an exchange between him and the disciples of John the Baptist. The disciples asked Jesus on John's behalf, "Are you the Messiah?" And Jesus answered: "Go, tell ... what you have heard: The blind can see again, the lame can walk, lepers are being cured, the deaf can hear, the dead are raised to life, and the Good News is preached to the poor." (Luke 7:22)

These are beautiful words, but they're a little troubling when we consider the context. John was in prison. This giant of the faith who had spent most of his life in the desert in faithful-

ness to the coming Messiah was constrained in a dark dungeon. Soon he would be beheaded, and Jesus himself was not long for this world. Both men would experience pain. Both would embrace a premature death. Both would know the savagery of harm intentionally inflicted.

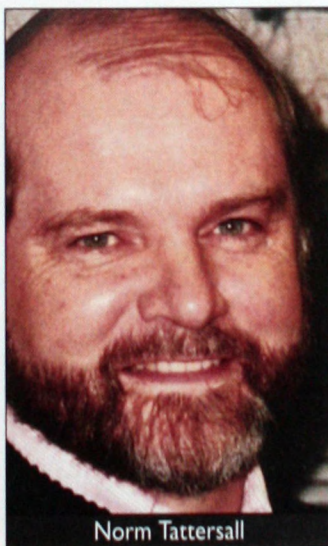
But Jesus and John were cousins, so, of all people, given John's situation, couldn't Jesus have been more straightforward? Couldn't he have said something more helpful? Why didn't he share more of himself and of the hopes embodied in the "power of the resurrection"? Why didn't Jesus confide all the secrets of his divine plan to his most faithful relative, if for no other reason than to ease the impending pain?

Why? Some say we shouldn't ask God to answer questions he never chose to answer in the past. Perhaps! But might it not be possible that Jesus did give John all the answers he needed?

Jesus shared the Good News. He had come. And he had just demonstrated that his coming would allow pain and brokenness to be transcended. The blind now see, the lame walk, the lepers are cured, the deaf hear. And, yes, even more than that, the dead are raised to life.

The brokenness of sin can be overcome, and the effects of sin, death, can be transcended. This is indeed good news, and it was this Good News that Norm and Jose preached to the poor.

There is a place where there are no more sighs, no more questions, no more tears, and no more grief. But, meanwhile, is it wrong to grieve? Not at all. Although, as Paul says, "we are not like those who have no hope." Our grief, like death, is only temporary. And we are absolutely convinced that the sufferings of this present age are not to be compared to the glories that Norm and Jose are already experiencing. □



Norm Tattersall



Jose Chuquin

A memorial fund to assist projects in Latin America has been established in memory of Norm Tattersall and Jose Chuquin. Tax deductible gifts can be sent to: World Vision, Pasadena, CA 91131. Please indicate your gift is for: Tattersall/Chuquin Memorial Fund.

A
FLEA
FOR

JUSTICE

Whenever Marian Wright Edelman gives a speech, she invariably manages to weave in “the flea story.” It seems that in the 1800s, Sojourner Truth, a well-known black woman preacher, was speaking to a crowd when a white man tried to shout her down. “You’re nothing but a flea on a dog’s back,” he sneered. “That’s all right,” she shot back. “I’m going to keep you scratching.”

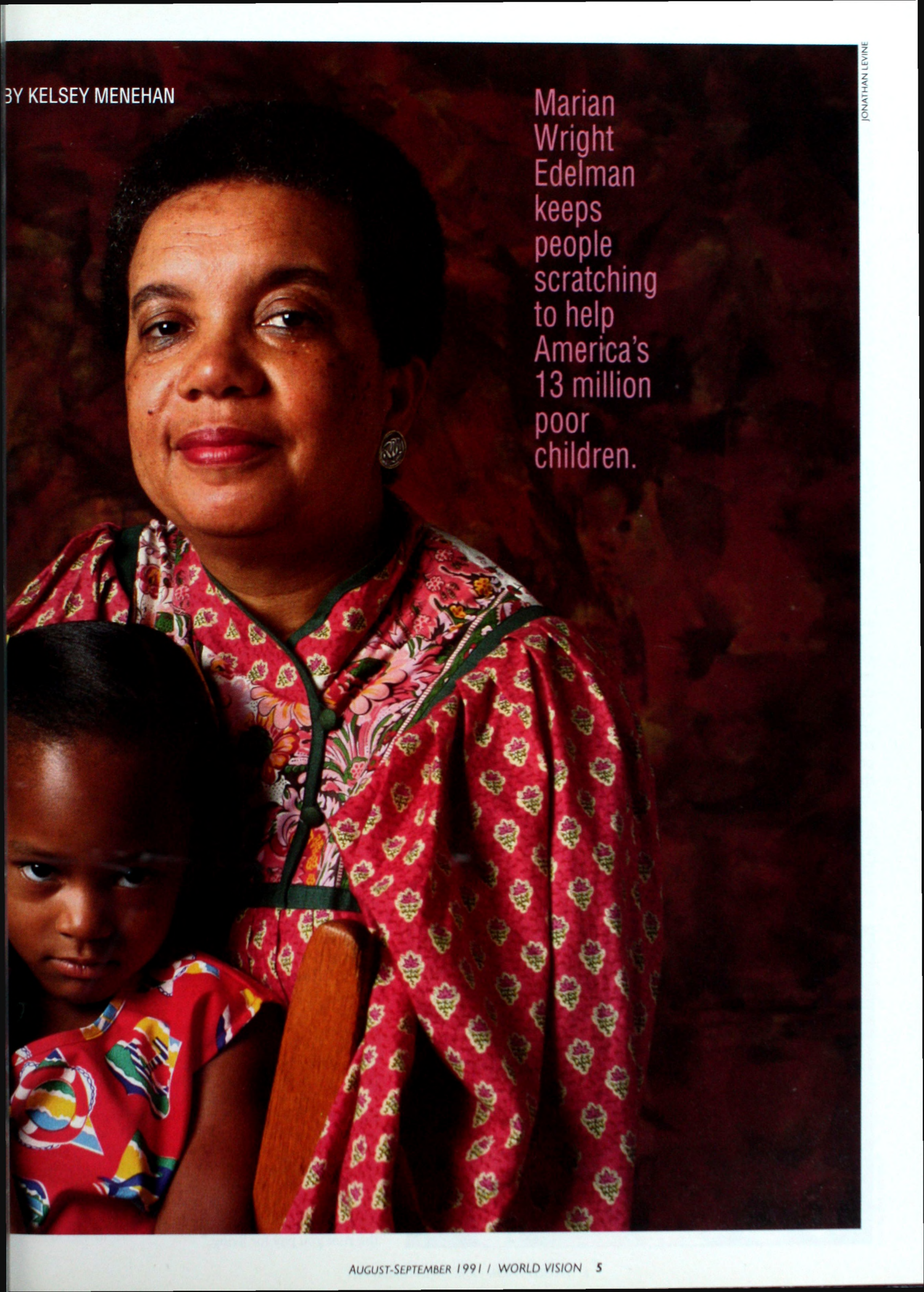
Marian likes to think of herself, and those with whom she works at the Children’s Defense Fund in Washington, D.C., as “fleas for justice.” For 17 years they have kept legislators scratching to come up with better ways to care for our nation’s children—20 percent of whom live below the poverty line.

“I think we have been rather hypo-

BY KELSEY MENEHAN

Marian
Wright
Edelman
keeps
people
scratching
to help
America's
13 million
poor
children.

JONATHAN LEVINE



critical as a nation," Marian says. "We talk about family values, but we don't support family values through public policy. We have not dealt with the extraordinary changes in family life. Today 10.5 million mothers of preschoolers are in the labor force. I'm for mothers having a choice to stay home. I believe in jobs that pay a living wage. I think two parents are better than one. But if a child has only one parent, I want to make sure that one parent can do the best possible job taking care of that child."

Much of CDF's effort goes into lobbying federal and state governments on issues crucial to families' and children's well-being, including health care, nutrition, and early education. Marian does not downplay the important role of the private sector. "All of us should be reaching out and doing far more than we are," Marian says. "But even if everyone did, it would be a drop in the bucket. There are 13 million poor children, 37 million Americans with no health insurance. How many of the uninsured can the churches take care of? Private charity is not a substitute for public justice."

As she speaks, Marian's passion is gentle but relentless. Moral imperatives and hard statistics, biblical allusions and homespun stories from her childhood blend together seamlessly. Says one aide, "Marian is not really a politician, although she's very astute. She's a moral crusader, and she figures she may not have you in the room again, so she may as well give you everything she's got."

Marian learned the art of persuasion and the necessity of serving others at her parents' knee. Arthur Jerome Wright, a Baptist preacher, and Maggie Leola Bowen Wright, the behind-the-scenes organizer and fund raiser, expected their five children to be exemplary role models for other kids in the small town of Bennettsville, S.C. That meant church every Sunday, homework each night, and regular service in the community. "Yes, I felt the pressure," Marian, the youngest, recalls. "But I think the advantages of being a preacher's kid outweighed the disadvantages."

One of the advantages was getting to watch ordinary people in her church face the indignities of a segregated South with extraordinary grace. "They lived their faith," Marian says. "They didn't have a whole lot, but they knew how to share. Every morning they got up and did the best they could. Nobody

Service
is the
rent
you pay for
living.

says you have to win, nobody says you have to make a big difference. You just do the thing at hand that needs to be done."

That ethic of service was reinforced for Marian at Spelman College in Atlanta, the nation's oldest private liberal arts college for black women. "At Spelman, we had required daily chapel, which I protested against," Marian says with a laugh. "But now most of the things I remember from college came from those chapels rather than from classes. We got to hear most of the great black preachers and doers of the day. The message that came through was the kingdom of God is within you, that everyone should seek to find out why you've been put on earth."

Marian's own search coincided with the civil rights movement of the 1960s. During a pivotal class trip to the Georgia State Legislature, she and her classmates discovered that the Legislature's visitors' gallery was segregated. They spontaneously decided to integrate it. They were quickly ordered out of the white section, but the course of Marian's life had been set.

A few weeks later she joined other students from black colleges in a demonstration at the Atlanta City Hall. She was arrested, along with 14 other Spelman students, and spent the night in jail, reading a copy of C. S. Lewis' *The Screwtape Letters* for inspiration. Soon after, Marian abandoned plans to seek a graduate degree in Russian Studies and applied to law school.

"I hated every minute of it," Marian says of her three years at Yale Law School. "I don't think I really had much of an aptitude for law, but at the time, that's what I needed to serve in the South." After law school, Marian moved to Mississippi to represent poor blacks and to help with voter registration efforts. At the time there were only three other black lawyers in a state with nearly a million black citizens. Marian was the first black woman to be admitted to the Mississippi bar.

Marian Wright Edelman and the Children's Defense Fund lobby on issues crucial to families' and children's well-being, including health care, nutrition, and early education.

It was a frightening time for civil rights advocates, black and white, to live and work in the South, especially Mississippi. Most of the black clients Marian represented had been beaten in jail. One had been shot and killed. Civil rights workers soon learned to start their cars with the door open in case of bombs. In the summer of 1964, thousands of white students came from the North to help register black voters. Three of them, Michael Schwerner, Andrew Goodman, and James Chaney, were arrested and turned over to the Ku Klux Klan. Their bodies were found buried in an earth dam.

In this crucible of anger, violence, and fear, grandiose ideas about achieving social justice burned away. What remained in Marian was an indomitable determination. Again, the ordinary people in Mississippi's small towns inspired her.

"There were people who cheerfully went about their lives, year after year, challenging segregation, withstanding violence, helping kids," she says. "What amazed me was how little bitterness they had. They had staying power, grit. Giving up was not even considered. Today when people ask me, 'How do you stay with it?' I think of those people. How do you *not* stay with it? This is what life is about. Service is the rent you pay for living."



JONATHAN LEVINE

In Mississippi, Marian also learned that it was one thing to get a law on the books and another to make the law work for poor people. In 1965, when federal legislation created Headstart, a program designed to prepare disadvantaged preschoolers for school, Mississippi refused to apply for funds.

So a few public, private, and church groups formed a coalition, applied for the grant, and got it. In its first year, the program served 12,000 poor children and created 2,500 jobs. It also raised the ire of the state's political power structure, which tried to shut it down. Marian shuttled back and forth between Mississippi and Washington, lobbying for the program's survival.

"That was really the seed for the Children's Defense Fund," Marian says. "I realized that the poor have no voice, no one to answer back to the power structures. You could win the big lawsuits and get the legislation passed, but if people don't have food and a place to stay, then political rights are pretty hollow. Laws are no better than their enforcement."

Marian moved to Washington, D.C., in 1968 and that summer married Peter Edelman, an attorney on Senator Robert F. Kennedy's staff. With racial tension at the boiling point in the aftermath of Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination that spring, Marian's marriage to a white man was a hopeful, symbolic sign of reconciliation to many in the civil rights movement.

For several years, Marian shuttled from Boston, where Peter was vice president of the University of Massachusetts, to Washington to oversee a research organization that gradually evolved into CDF.

In 1979, Peter took a job as professor at Georgetown Law Center, and the Edelmans settled permanently in Washington with their three young sons, Joshua, Jonah, and Ezra. Now the boys are nearly grown, but "like every parent, I hold my breath and pray every day," Marian says. "They each have to make their own way. Actually, I don't care what they decide to do with their lives as long as it's not just about themselves and money."

Marian admits she has had it much easier than the many poor families CDF is trying to help. "I don't know how some of those poor mothers manage," she says. "They're so stressed out from working all day and trying to care for children too. This is not a society that values parenting or prepares for it. When I was growing up, I went everywhere with my parents. There was no separation between work and family. There was a total community that supported kids and looked out for them. Today, we don't have that. Churches are even more needed now to give support to single parents and families."

Several years ago, Marian was talking to a group of Bennettsville teenagers. She asked them, "Why do you think kids are getting pregnant or getting into trouble with the law at such an early age?" One of them answered, "There's nothing better to do."



"If we don't invest in children early on," Marian says, "we will lose our investment later on when they drop out of school, get pregnant, go to prison."

The poor have no voice, no one to answer back to the power structures.

stake if the public and private sector fail to do something about these pressing social issues. "If we don't invest in children early on, we will lose our investment later on when they drop out of school, get pregnant, go to prison," she says. "In order to compete in the global market, in order to maintain our standard of living, we need every single one of our children. We don't have a child to waste."

When the struggle seems too much, Marian retreats to her back yard and digs. "I have names for all the weeds," she confesses. "Politicians, mostly. There's a kind of renewal for me out there. Watching the seasons and feeling the spirit is terribly important in keeping your perspective. You realize that no single event, no matter how bad, is determinative."

As she works the soil, her optimism returns. She remembers her parents, those tireless women in Mississippi, and all the single mothers who struggle to overcome. And she remembers that in God's eyes, being a flea is good enough as long as you keep on biting.

"We can get so bogged down in our own needs and wanting to be big dogs," she says. "But God uses little people and little things. The jawbone. The slingshot. Even God himself came as a poor baby who would not be any more welcome today in our rich country than he was then. I believe we just need to lay our little loaves and fishes out there and leave the rest to faith. Let those little loaves and fishes feed however many they can." □

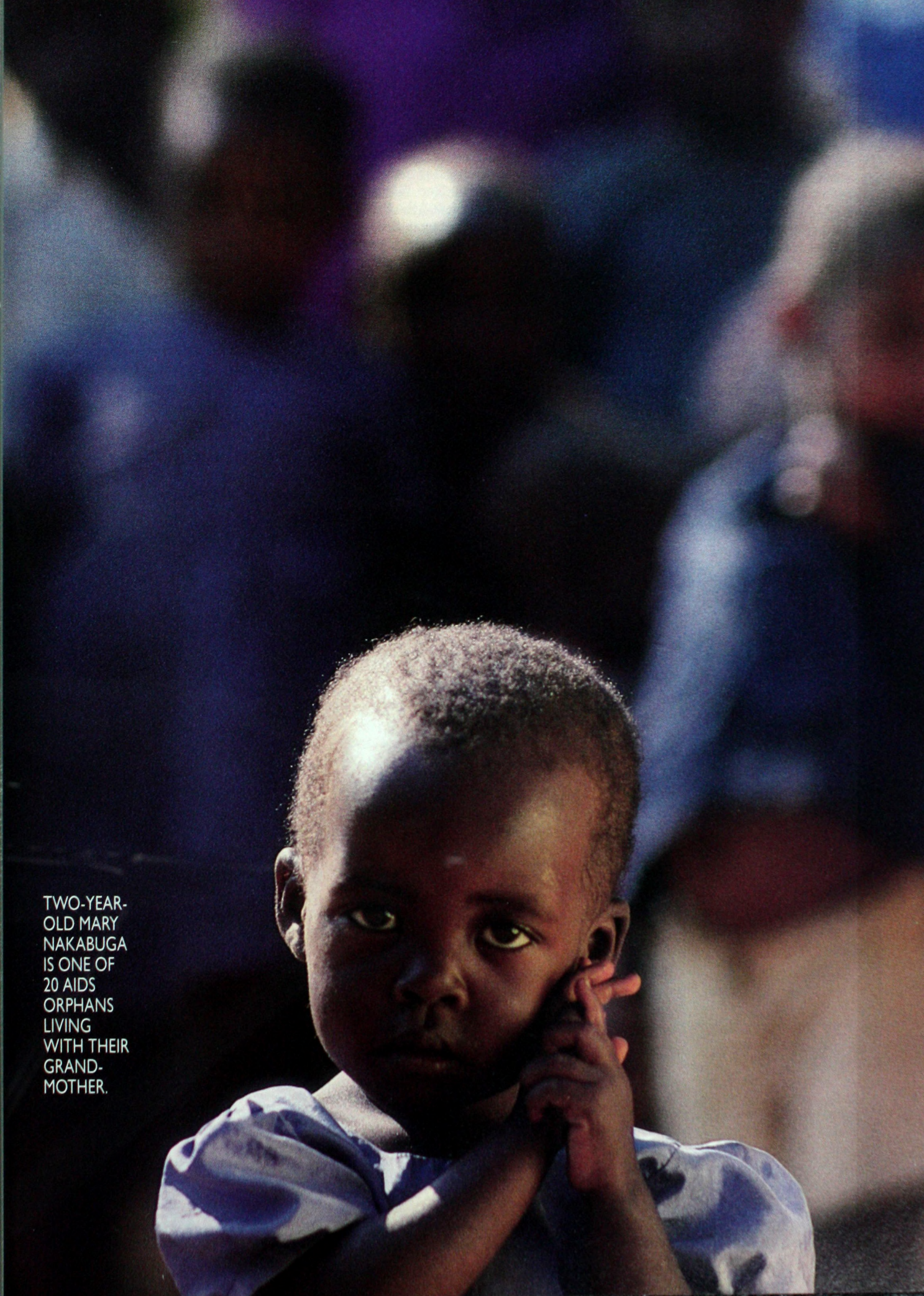
Kelsey Menehan is a freelance writer in Bethesda, Md.

AIDS HAS INFECTED
MORE THAN ONE
MILLION PEOPLE IN
UGANDA, TURNING
VILLAGES INTO
GHOST TOWNS AND
LEAVING CHILDREN
TO BURY THEIR
PARENTS.

S L I M H O P E

lim,” the Ugandans call it. Sounds like a cute nickname for a special friend. But *this* Slim is friend to no one. *This* Slim is a modern-day plague overrunning Uganda, along with most of its East and Central African neighbors. Here in the West, we call it AIDS.

Uganda was dubbed “the Pearl of Africa” by Winston Churchill for its vast resources and promising future. But the promise didn’t hold up. Idi Amin and a parade of other dictators



TWO-YEAR-
OLD MARY
NAKABUGA
IS ONE OF
20 AIDS
ORPHANS
LIVING
WITH THEIR
GRAND-
MOTHER.

dragged the nation through more than a decade of terror and economic collapse. Amid the chaos, few even noticed when Slim arrived.

Researchers believe that AIDS entered Uganda in 1982 at Kasengeru, a speck of a trading post and fishing village in Rakai District, on the shore of Lake Victoria, near the Tanzanian border. There, villagers traded goods and contagion, and victims began to waste away from the emaciating effects of the virus, prompting their mystified peers to dub the disease "slim." Soon an ever-widening circle of communities became infected with the deadly virus, turning many villages into virtual ghost towns.

Nine years later, few families in this nation of 16 million persons remain untouched by Slim. More than one million Ugandans, men and women alike, are believed to be infected with HIV. (In Africa, AIDS is transmitted mainly through heterosexual contact.)

At Kampala's gleaming Nakasero Blood Bank, 10 percent of the blood

Even if the country could halt the spread of HIV, which doesn't seem likely despite an intensive health education campaign, Slim's impact among those already infected could make the Idi Amin regime look like the good old days.

Uganda may not be the worst-affected of African nations. It is merely one of the more forthright. One World Vision journalist recently visited the Rakai District, where volunteers have already registered nearly 40,000 children who have been orphaned by AIDS, because here is one window through which to glimpse this emerging human tragedy.

NJALA VILLAGE, RAKAI: Five-year-old Teopista Nassaka shows a visitor a fading black-and-white photograph of her parents and relatives. In 1989, on Christmas Day, she and her older siblings buried their mother in the front garden. One week later, on New Year's Day, the children buried their father alongside her. A pile of stones and two rough-hewn crosses mark their graves. No relative is left of their parents' generation except an aunt—a Roman Catholic nun.

A highway connects Uganda with Zaire, Rwanda, Tanzania, Burundi, and Kenya. Disease moves along this route as easily as do the trucks loaded with merchandise. The children's father, Joseph, was a truck driver who probably became infected with HIV along this route. Ugandan authorities believe the rapid spread of HIV is due, in no small part, to the promiscuous lifestyle of itinerant traders and truckers like Joseph.

Before he died, Joseph left his children a large banana plantation. Besides the bananas, the children also grow sweet potatoes, groundnuts, and beans.

But hailstones have left holes in the roof of their house. During the rainy season, except for one dry corner, the dirt floor becomes a muddy mess. The four children who still live at home—three girls and a boy—share a single metal bed frame without a mattress or blankets.

Neighbors help when they can, sometimes with meals, but they're needy too. In this tiny village, 42 children are already listed as AIDS orphans.

KABIRA SUBCOUNTY, RAKAI: Michael Ssentongo thought he had figured out a way to get around Slim. "I married someone from a distant village, thinking that would protect me." Just a few weeks after their 1987 wedding, however, Michael's wife began showing symptoms of AIDS. She lingered nearly two years, preceded in death by her sister and Michael's two brothers.

Now the 29-year-old is dealing with his own fevers, rashes, boils, and pain. "Sometimes I wake up in the dark, think-

ing maybe this is the night I will die," he says. "After this, I am too afraid to go back to sleep." When he dies, there will be no one left to care for Michael's nephew, Matayo Lukwago, who was born with AIDS. But since AIDS-infected children almost always die before their fifth birthday, chances are that Michael will outlive the little boy.

KYOTERA TOWN, RAKAI: A simple "How are you?" is a loaded question. Though Ponsiano Lubiirwa is only 35, he replies, "I'm waiting for my days to end. Sometimes I feel better, sometimes worse." Ponsiano has been sick for three years, making him a long-term resident in these parts. Because of Uganda's shattered health care system, few Ugandans with full-blown AIDS survive longer than a couple of years.

Ponsiano is a mechanic. His workshop is jammed with scraps of metal and salvaged automobile parts, greasy tools, and a welding set—the jumbled remnants of a productive past. "It is my

The United States, Brazil, and the Ivory Coast account for the biggest increase in AIDS cases in 1991. The largest numbers of reported AIDS cases are still in the Western world.

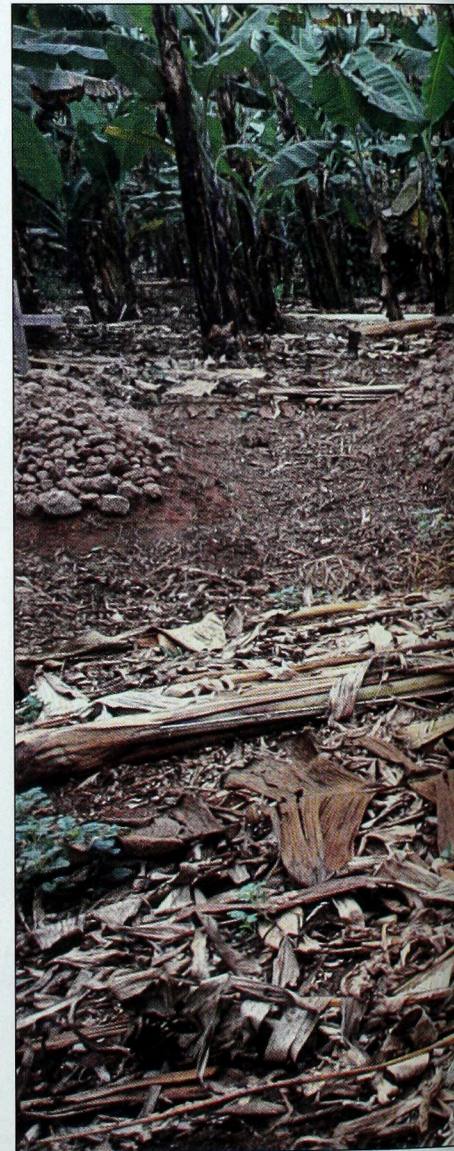
In the 10 worst-affected African countries alone, 10 million children are expected to be AIDS orphans by the close of this decade. By the year 2000, one million HIV-positive children will be born per year in those 10 African countries.

Globally, between 25 and 30 million people will carry the AIDS virus by the turn of the century.

(Source: World Health Organization)

given by high school students tests positive for HIV. Of the "replacement" blood donated by adult relatives of patients requiring transfusions, fully one-third is contaminated. In Kampala, at least one-fourth of the pregnant women are infected.

The long-term impact of AIDS will devastate an entire generation of Ugandans, wiping out the young adults and the middle-aged who would normally rebuild the country after a health crisis. Medical workers, teachers, parents, farmers, and merchants are all succumbing to the virus, leaving bleak futures for the elderly and the young who remain.



A MID THE CHAOS, FEW EVEN NOTICED WHEN SLIM ARRIVED.

nature to work hard," he says. "Once there were six of us here, working together. I had plenty of business. But I can't do much anymore. Some days, I feel too weak to do anything."

Ponsiano buried his wife in March 1990. "I loved her so much," he says. "I tried to remove all her things from the house so I wouldn't feel so bad. But then I found a necklace. It set me back a week." Now he sleeps in a corner on the floor of his workshop. "I can't stand to go home," he says. "When I'm home, no

matter what I do, it reminds me of her."

Ponsiano has his five children to think about, as well as his dead brother's two orphans. None of them attend school. "I can't pay their fees anymore," he says. "I don't want to leave any debts or create problems that could mean they would lose the house after I'm gone." Ponsiano is consumed with preparing for his death and making sure his children are provided for. He has even considered digging his own grave, so it will be done cheaply and well.

KYEBE SUBCOUNTY, RAKAI: Joseph Sebyoto-Lutaya is the highest political official in the subcounty. Journalists have flocked to this area, following the trail of Slim. "They always seem so interested," he says. "They write in their notebooks. They take many photographs. And they never come back."

Joseph is weary of showing visitors the worst of his country, so he takes World Vision photojournalist David Ward to a beautiful, windswept cliff over-

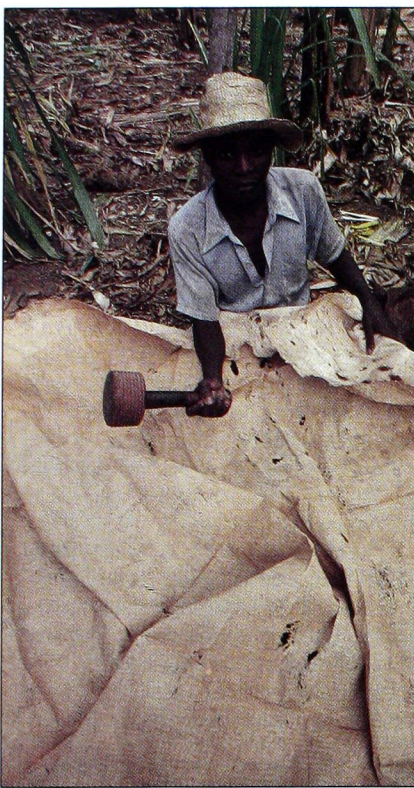
looking Lake Victoria and the distant hills of Tanzania. This is *his* Uganda, the source of the Nile, the one in which he grew up and raised his own family. But the present intrudes. "Of the 11 members of my old soccer team, only three of us are still living," he says. "Of our 20-member church choir, only seven are still alive. We buried six so far this year, three in the same month. I am like an old man of 90—all my friends are dead or dying."

He counts on World Vision to help relieve Uganda's suffering. He tells Ward, "I believe your visit is going to result in something important." World Vision's Ugandan Orphans Program will aid 300,000 orphans and their foster families.

The orphan problem is so widespread that orphanages alone would never be able to cope with the number. Instead, the Uganda Orphans Program will enable communities to care for their own by training local people in health care; by providing educational and voca-



THESE AIDS ORPHANS STAND IN FRONT OF THEIR HOUSE IN NJALA VILLAGE. TO THE LEFT ARE THE GRAVES OF THEIR MOTHER AND FATHER.



WITH THE AIDS EPIDEMIC, THE BARKCLOTH BUSINESS IS BOOMING. IT IS THE TRADITIONAL BURIAL SHROUD USED IN UGANDA.

tional help; by furnishing agricultural supplies to improve the food production of rural foster families.

Ironically, for some of Rakai's people, business has never been better. The Rakai district is renowned for its barkcloth, Uganda's traditional sheet-sized burial shroud. Barkcloth makers boil, soak, and pound the sheets out of tree bark. Bodies are then wrapped in multiple layers. Barkcloth-making is the only booming cottage industry in Rakai.

Gerazio Kabanda says every able-bodied man he knows is in the barkcloth business. He is proud of his workers' speed and efficiency. "If I get an order in the morning, I can have a first-quality barkcloth ready in time for a 2 o'clock burial," he says.

But as Uganda's elderly continue to bury their young, the barkcloth makers better hope that business gets worse, and soon. Because unlike war and pestilence, which mostly claim the very young and the very old, Slim is taking Uganda's mothers and fathers, its vital work force, its heart. This gap could be the worst crisis Uganda has yet had to face. □

David Ward is a photojournalist in Montreal.

Not long after her husband, Yoweri K. Museveni, became president of Uganda in 1986, Janet K. Museveni visited areas of the East African nation that had been scarred by years of civil war. As she journeyed, she saw that nearly the entire country had to be rebuilt, and she noticed something else: more than a million, abandoned children.

"I found all these children that had been left there," the First Lady recalls. "The government has everything to do, beginning with the roads in that country to everything you can think about that makes a country. And I wondered, 'If we don't do anything about this, if we just wait for that government to find a solution for this problem, how long is it going to take?'"

Museveni realized the children couldn't wait. She forged a coalition of women called UWESO (Ugandan Women's Effort to Save the Orphans) to meet the children's emergency needs—food, shelter, clothing, and medicines. "We didn't have much ourselves, but we started to deliver this because we were determined to find a solution," she says.

Since then, UWESO has grown from a national relief effort to an international network committed to the long-term well-being of the Ugandan orphans. With chapters in major cities throughout the world, UWESO is helping more than 150,000 orphaned children find relatives to serve as foster parents. The women are rehabilitating orphanages and setting up projects to help children attain life skills in carpentry, agriculture, livestock, and home management.

In 1990, UWESO began constructing a "model village" of 10 housing units as an alternative to traditional orphanages. When completed, the village will give orphans a family setting in which five to seven children will share a home unit with a mothering caretaker. Other villages are planned throughout Uganda and will include income-generating projects to make them self-sufficient.

Of the 1 million to 3 million orphans in Uganda, more than 120,000 have lost both their parents to the AIDS virus. "Now we have AIDs—and we have more orphans," Museveni says. "The problem is big, and we have very few resources."

Museveni and UWESO have found support outside of Uganda in the past few years. Last year, five women from the Congressional Wives Fellowship Group, led by Janet Hall,

wife of Rep. Tony Hall, met with Mrs. Museveni. They have since worked to raise awareness and financial support for the Ugandan orphans.

"It was probably one of the most overwhelming things I had ever seen, to see these orphans," Hall says. "Not only did a lot of them witness their parents being killed, but many of them probably had to watch parents die a slow death."

The Congressional Wives were impressed with the Museveni administration's massive AIDS education effort. Most African nations still deny the virus is affecting their countries. The honesty of the Museveni government is one reason nations around the world are interested in offering assistance to the Ugandan economy and social structures.

Janet Hall met Janet Museveni at the National Prayer Breakfast in 1988 and invited the First Lady to visit the Congressional Wives, who met twice a month for prayer, Bible study, and mutual support. Museveni told them her story: of living in exile in Kenya after Idi Amin took control of Uganda in 1972; of meeting her future husband there; of their life as refugees in Tanzania while helping her husband organize the fight against the Amin regime; of never knowing from one day to the next if she and her family were safe; of people coming late one night and telling her, her husband, and their four children they had to leave for Sweden immediately, without coats or any other belongings, and how people in Sweden handed them coats and clothes upon their arrival; how they lived in Sweden until the National Resistance Movement succeeded in forming the stable Republic of Uganda in 1986.

"I think it's something that's burned into her, that these people helped her and now it's her turn to help other people," Hall says. □
by Jeff Sellers

THE CHILDREN COULDN'T WAIT



JEFF M. SELLERS / WORLD VISION

A MIRACLE IN MOSCOW

BY JOHN ROBB AS TOLD TO BRENDA SPOELSTRA

I was in Moscow preparing to lead a seminar on cross-cultural missions. Ironically, I was having some cross-cultural difficulty myself. The staff in the hotel spoke only Russian, and I couldn't locate the conference room. I was off to a great start.

A young, olive-toned man stepped out of the crowd. Apparently he'd overheard my failed attempts at communicating in Russian. Speaking in broken English, he offered to interpret for me.

As we found the right room, he introduced himself as Mirza and stayed as I searched for an electrical outlet. Then I tried to figure out how to get hold of a screen to display my overhead transparencies. Mirza got a hotel bed sheet to serve as a screen, then found some tape to hang the sheet on the wall. The room was ready for the next day.

I was in Moscow for a week-long Lausanne Soviet Congress on Evangelization. For the first time in 70 years, more than 1,100 Soviet Christian leaders were gathering to discuss ways they could evangelize the mil-

lions of unreached people in this vast country.

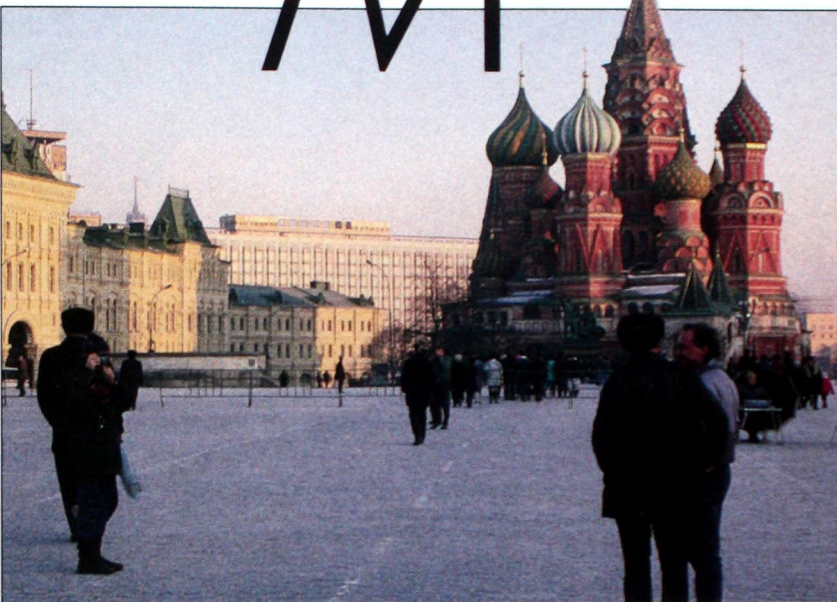
Throughout my visit I met people searching for spiritual substance—people I sat with in restaurants, crowds who stood on dark, freezing streets listening to Soviet preachers, even a Russian family who invited me home. But perhaps I saw the searching most clearly in Mirza. We went to my hotel for coffee and I learned that he is a doctor from the Azerbaijan Republic who now works in Moscow.

Azerbaijan is an almost entirely Muslim region. They know little of Christianity. In all of Azerbaijan, there are only 19 or 20 known converts to Christ.

I asked Mirza if he had heard of Jesus Christ. "Well, yes," he answered. "Isn't he a Japanese?" I guess that was answer enough.

I had already given most of my Christian literature away, as well as the Bibles I'd brought, but I did have one piece left. Just one small tract. And it was written for Soviet Muslims. I handed it to Mirza, suggesting he read it if he wanted to know more about Jesus.

SHERYL WATKINS / WORLD VISION



The next morning Mirza called me. He had read the pamphlet and wanted to attend my seminar on unreached peoples. He fit right in with the Christian leaders from the Caucasus region, of which Azerbaijan is a part. They all joked and laughed together. Mirza even gave suggestions on how to reach the Muslim peoples for Christ.

At the end of the conference, Mirza and I said our goodbyes. But he showed up again the next day at my hotel room, just as I was leaving for the airport. He expressed his appreciation for my friendship, saying that he hoped we could meet again.

I thought, *Lord, what I'd give for a Russian New Testament right now.*

Not 10 seconds later there was a knock at the door. The Russian Gideons were there with a whole load of New Testaments. They had just received permission from the hotel management to place Bibles in every room! One of them held out a New Testament, as if to say, "Is this what you wanted?" I handed it to Mirza and we said goodbye.

I believe God has a purpose for Mirza. Our meeting wasn't just happenstance; it was ordained. And my sudden prayer was only one of many that had resulted in miraculous answers. Family, friends, and colleagues had prayed long before my trip began, and they prayed consistently while I was gone. Yes, Jesus is "able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine."

I received a letter from Mirza a few months later. He said, "I'd like to thank you once more for your present, the Bible. It became the most important book-friend and helper." □

We have lost out because the focus of prayer today is to achieve direct results with God rather than to conform to the will and nature of God.

Katie Funk Wiebe

Throughout my visit I met people searching for spiritual substance—people I sat with in restaurants, crowds who stood on dark, freezing streets.

A TRIBUTE TO
STAN MOONEYHAM
1926-1991



ESCAPE TO REALITY *Part II*

BY BOB SEIPLE

When Poland faced severe food shortages during the harsh winter of 1981-82, Stan Mooneyham and World Vision provided emergency food shipments behind the Iron Curtain.



WORLD VISION

In 1978, Stan Mooneyham committed World Vision to help rescue fleeing "boat people" from Southeast Asia.



On Monday, June 3, 1991, reality finally set in. The pain, the weakened body, the diseased tissues that Stan Mooneyham had carried with him for so many years, finally took their toll. A lifetime of travelling through the most desperate parts of the developing world transitioned Stan through death to the new reality of the incorruptible.

Stan certainly understood reality. In an article written for WORLD VISION magazine a decade ago, "Escape to Reality," Stan wrote, "As frightening as the prospect of transparent honesty may appear, reality is not necessarily hostile.



Stan Mooneyham showed World Vision's commitment to evangelism and the church, in 1972, when he helped celebrate 100 years of Christianity in Nagaland, one of the most remote and dangerous states in India.

It can be friendly. At least, that is my experience. It is where healing must be found, where health must be lived out. It precludes refuge in the drug and alcohol scene or in its religious equivalent."

Stan was in harmony with another great writer, Henri Nouwen. Nouwen wrote in the *Wounded Healer*, "The Christian leader is not one who reveals God to His people—who gives something he has to those who have nothing—but one who helps those who are searching to discover *reality* as the source of their existence."

Stan always lived one day at a time. He understood the faith of those who went before, and he certainly anticipated the glories that would await him. But more than that, he believed that faith was for the present, and life was always lived to the fullest there.

Now that he is gone, undoubtedly the life and times of Stan Mooneyham will take on mythic proportions. Fortunately, the myth will probably not be wrong, because the reality in which Stan lives was already so much bigger than life.

Everyone has their favorite Stan Mooneyham story, but let me share just one that comes out of the experience of the Vietnam "Boat People." In the late 1970s, seated on a beach in Thailand, Stan turned to the head of our video crew, Richard Davies, and said, "Dickie, there are people drowning out there. I'm going to get us a boat and save them. This will stand World Vision right up on its ear, but we've got to do it."

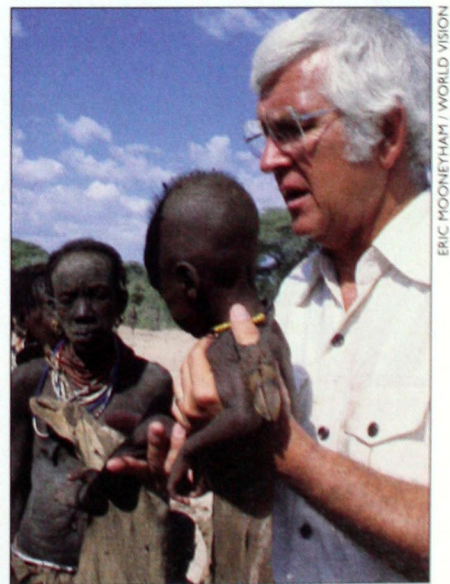
Above the objections of many, both within the organization as well as governments around the world, Stan did what he thought was right. Within six months after launching "Operation Seasweep" with a World Vision vessel, then-President Jimmy Carter instructed all the U.S. naval vessels in the area to do the same.

For a very few and rare individuals in history, the myth and reality become one. This is true of Stan Mooneyham. □

After the Khmer Rouge were driven from Cambodia, Stan Mooneyham led the way in reopening the World Vision Pediatric Hospital in Phnom Penh.



JON KUBLY / WORLD VISION



ERIC MOONEYHAM / WORLD VISION

Well before the Ethiopian famine captured the world's attention in 1984, Stan Mooneyham visited the starving people in Bume, in 1981. World Vision planes delivered food the very next day.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Ginger Hope

The NEW AMERICAN SAMPLER COOKBOOK



edited by LINDA BAUER

WHAT'S COOKING IN D.C.

In one of the most notable bipartisan efforts to come out of Washington in recent memory, a new cookbook to help fight world hunger features recipes from the White House and Capitol Hill—everything from George Bush's "Mexican Mound" to Ted Kennedy's "Cape Cod Fish Chowder" to John Rockefeller's "Chocolate Chocolate Angel Food Cake."

Part of the proceeds from sale of the cookbook will go to World Vision

to fight world hunger. *The New American Sampler Cookbook* (Linda Bauer, editor) can be ordered from most bookstores or directly from the publisher. To order directly, send a check or money order to The Kent State University Press, Kent, OH 44244; (216) 672-7913. Cost is \$24.75 per copy, plus shipping and handling (\$3.00 for first copy, 50 cents for each additional copy). New York state residents add 7 percent sales tax.

AWARD APPLICATIONS INVITED

Love INC, a ministry of World Vision, invites applications for the Mustard Seed Awards, grants

for churches with volunteer ministries to the poor. Criteria for the award include innovativeness, use of volunteer church members, focus on cause of needs rather than symptoms, and sound management practice.

For details and application forms, contact Love INC, P.O. Box 1616, Holland, MI 49422; (616) 392-8277. Deadline for application is Oct. 4, 1991.

GOLD MINE IN A DUMPSTER

Let's call him Sam, a 70-year-old man living, oh, somewhere in the 48 contiguous United States. Being a retired gold miner, Sam has a nose for hidden treasure. Over the past seven years he's dug up \$118,000 worth of help for the poor—from the dumpster behind a local supermarket.

Sam says this is a simple operation to duplicate. A few tips:

- Don't bother approaching the store's management. They can't officially let you do this. Just start showing up at the back of the store, picking out useable items from the garbage.

- Keep the area tidy; it's good public relations. When employees notice you, tell them you give the food to the needy. Make friends of the warehouse staff, who can tell you when to stay away during inspections.

- Establish a network of distributors to help get the food out to the needy. Consider your local rescue mission, food bank, Love INC., and churches with food cupboards. If necessary, use the food yourself, and give away the money you save.

We're not telling you to go out and do this. But it's something one man has done to stop waste at one store in one town.

For more practical hints, send Sam's spokesman a self-addressed, stamped envelope: John Haak, 24010 Old San Jose Road, Los Gatos, CA 95030.



Capital Gain Shelter + Charitable Deduction =

World Vision's Pooled Income Fund



The 9.9% Solution

World Vision's Pooled Income Fund has a current yield of 9.9% and has returned an average of 10.9% to donors over the past three years.

World Vision's Pooled Income Fund is a unique way for you to give so that suffering children will receive food, clothing and shelter. And, of course, your generous giving to World Vision saves lives.

IF you need more income
 you can use substantial tax deductions
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Then World Vision's Pooled Income Fund will help you to:

1. Maximize your giving to help others.
2. Increase your personal income.

For more information, write to:

Gift Planning Office, World Vision, 919 West Huntington Drive,
 Monrovia, California 91016

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STAN SAKAI

A DIFFERENT WORK ETHIC

Most Christians today choose their careers for the money, security, or emotional satisfaction they hope to receive, according to a new Christian task force temporarily dubbed the Strategic Careers Project. The task force urges young people to enter fields with high "kingdom value." Some examples are



the fields of journalism, university teaching, government and foreign service, and the arts.

This is no plan for Christians to "gain control" of certain vocational fields, but focuses instead on helping the church be "an S&L operation—salt and light," said James Rutz, who convened the task force's first meeting in January 1991.

For information, contact Rutz at (714) 545-9744.

“We are guilty of many errors and many faults, but our worst crime is abandoning the children, neglecting the fountain of life. Many of the things we need can wait. The child cannot. Right now is the time bones are being formed, blood is being made and senses are being developed. To children we cannot answer "Tomorrow." The child's name is "Today."**”**

Gabriela Mistral,
 Nobel Prize-winning poet, Chile.

Tell me more about World Vision's Pooled Income Fund.



Name _____
(Mr., Mrs., Miss)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (_____) _____

Date of Birth: _____ Second Beneficiary
Mo. Day Yr. Mo. Day Yr.

FMA 108

s t r ä n g e r

¿ Who is thy Neighbor?



In

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i n a s t r ä n g e l a n d .

When I wrote the book *The Fragile Curtain* about the world refugee crisis, I had to immerse myself in the pathos and drama of that situation for almost two years. After that, I looked for every opportunity to stay current on the problem of displaced populations. In July 1989, my husband David and I visited Hong Kong and took advantage of international relief contacts to visit one of the refugee camps there.

Jubilee Camp is a maze of grim cubicles, four floors high and an estimated 150 yards long, and houses a displaced-persons population of 6,000. As I walked through the courtyard, a little hand slipped into mine. I looked down into the black eyes and bangs-blocked face of a child, her shy smile showing front

This child holding my hand was a child without spiritual parents or next-of-kin, growing up in this refugee camp of a world.

AN UNACCOMPANIED MINOR

BY KAREN MAINS

teeth rotting from malnutrition. She had chosen me, for that moment, to be her friend.

I have visited a number of refugee camps throughout the world, and it seems like everywhere I've been, from the earthquake victims of Guatemala to the political refugees of Southeast Asia, some child has slipped a hand into mine.

Who was this tiny Asian refugee who held my hand? Many of the Vietnamese children in the camp are officially labeled "unaccompanied minors." These are the children who arrive without family—children whose parents had sent them away from home deliberately or who were separated from their parents while escaping from Vietnam.

When these children arrive at the camp, nurses, missionaries, and lay workers care for them. But they still agonize, especially the younger ones, over the separation from their parents

"The children are supposed to go to sleep at 9:30 at night," said a Vietnamese seminarian, himself a refugee. "I go into the dormitories to check on them about 11. Some of the children just sit by themselves and cry. They tell me they are homesick. They have no relatives, and they feel lonely. They worry because they don't have enough clothes. They worry about resettlement."

Since 1975, more than 10,000 Indochinese children have fled to Thailand without parents or guardians. The United States considers these children of "profound humanitarian concern" and labors to resettle them quickly, taking a great majority itself.

But the plight of these children is compounded by the fact that many of them have been deliberately sent ahead by their families because their possible immigration provides relatives a foothold into the country. Resettlement is hastened if a refugee already has family in the country where he or she wants to resettle.

That doesn't mean the parents don't have any feelings for their children. Unaccompanied children are often from tightly knit, loving families. Because the children usually come from families at odds with the regime, opportunities in education and employment are grim. Establishing a secure future for children is so important in Vietnamese society that parents will often take unusual risks.

Unfortunately, the children are often too young to understand why their parents grabbed at a chance to send them away, and they wonder what they have done wrong, and how they are to

blame for the separation.

"The most pain-filled group are those children who are hopeless," a nurse said. "They arrived in Thailand one, two, or more than three years ago and have seen many other children come and go, and still they remain. What is even more frustrating is that these long-staying children have no idea if this year will bring them that long-hoped-for freedom. And because the international attitude toward these children is not at all welcoming, the workers cannot comfort them with false hope."

The vulnerability of unaccompanied minors recently affected me through a living metaphor. A neighbor's little girl appeared on our doorstep one Sunday, as she sometimes does, ready to go to church with us. After Sunday school that morning, I watched the little girl come down the aisle, searching past the faces

her father's glove, into mine. That's when my eyes were opened. Children reach out when they are uncertain, when they don't know what comes next or where they belong. They touch, grab a pantleg or a fistful of skirt, take the hand of the nearest sympathetic adult, so steady, so unmovable. Big people know what to do, where to stand, where to kneel, exactly what to say.

Like the children in the refugee camp in Hong Kong, this child holding my hand was an unaccompanied minor, a child without spiritual parents or next-of-kin, growing up in this refugee camp world; a child who gets up Sunday mornings, dresses herself, shoves a dollar into the pocket of her pink jacket, and runs to the neighbor's back door to be on time for church. It is easy to be concerned about children in refugee camps across the world. One so rarely sees them or touches them. Emotional commitments to them cost little.

Not so easy is a flesh-and-blood commitment to the little child next door. Some of the unaccompanied minors nearby may even be those unclean ones I don't want my children to play with. Some of those unaccompanied minors may be displaced persons—nuisances with behavioral problems.

My unaccompanied minor, in gym shoes, a T-shirt, and uncombed hair, sang the hymns and listened to the sermon with me. Then she went to the communion railing, her little hand thrust into mine, not to take communion, but to receive a blessing. Blinking against sudden tears, I saw her, I who have been busy with the world's needs, the *faraway* world's needs.

My unaccompanied minor is now very near to me, across the back yard, beyond the garden and the basketball court, beyond the brush pile for burning. She lives in the blue house on the other side of the wooded lot. I can see the swing set, one seat tilted, the paint rusting. In the summer a plastic K mart swimming pool makes a ring mark on her grass.

Who is my unaccompanied minor? It is often not the one whom I choose, but the one who chooses me. The one next door. The one who looks to me for clues and approval. The one who slips a little hand into mine. □

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

Adapted from Friends and Strangers by Karen Mains, ©1990, Word Inc., Dallas, Texas.

Who is my
unaccompanied
minor? It is
often not the one
I choose,
but the one who
chooses me.

of strangers, looking for someone familiar. She found me and then sat beside me in the pew.

It was obvious this little girl had dressed herself. She wore gym shoes, a T-shirt, a pink jacket, her father's racquetball gloves, and had taken only a cursory brush at her hair.

As we sang the hymn, I tapped out the words and notes in the hymnal as I have always done for my own children, and she followed along as well as she could. When the offering plate was passed, she took a crumpled dollar bill from her pocket and put it in.

When it came time to take communion, we stood in line, my little neighbor and I, waiting our turn at the railing, and she slipped her small hand, divested of

CARING FOR THE KIDS

BRETHREN BAPTIST CHURCH



LYNN BROWN

It seems every town has an “other side of the tracks.” In Wenatchee, Wash., it’s known simply as “the south end of town.” Just on the fringes of the south end, where many former migrant workers have settled in recent years, is a church that in its more reflective moments has wondered, “If we ever pulled out of this neighborhood, would anybody miss us?”

To answer that question, slip into the Mustard Seed Daycare Center between 12:30 and 2:30—nap time—and ask head teacher Dee Roach what she’s doing there. She would probably answer in a half-whisper, “I feel it’s a mission. It’s an opportunity to touch a life. These children are not always with us for a long time, but while we have them, if we show them love, they have that forever.”

The Mustard Seed Daycare Center cares for 15 to 20 children a day. Only about a third of those come from families who can afford the daily rate of \$11. The rest pay the center a government subsidy of \$9.55 per day (which is available for children whose parents must work or take job training). Most centers can’t afford to take many children on the lower subsidy. This is the point of Mustard Seed Daycare Center: to provide quality care to children whose families couldn’t otherwise afford it.

Lynn Brown, the driving force behind the daycare center, says her faith seemed smaller than a mustard seed compared to the mountains that stood in the way of starting the center. At first, all she had was a feeling that something should be done for all the children she saw playing unsupervised in the neighborhood—and in the church parking lot. Brown, a former teacher at the nearby Lincoln Ele-

mentary School, knew that many of these children were on their own all day while their parents, often single mothers, worked away from home.

“We decided we should do something about this,” Brown says. So Brown formed a core group made up of herself and four other women who responded to her general invitation to the church to get involved. The five of them met often to pray and discuss what they could do. Finally they settled on a preschool center that would also offer part-time care to schoolchildren.

Obstacle one: a location. The center couldn’t be located in their own church because the building didn’t comply with license regulations.

The very day after the women prayed about a location for the center, the pastor of a nearby church, Wenatchee Christian Assembly, called. He said he had been praying for a Christian group to start childcare work in his church. The Mustard Seed group had their location, right in the heart of the area they hoped to serve.

“I can’t count the number of times I’ve gone from saying, ‘Lord, I can’t do this,’ to seeing God work in dramatic ways,” Brown says. “I’ve never been this needy of God’s help in my life, nor exercised this much faith, as I have since we started Mustard Seed.”

Volunteers from Brethren Baptist Church helped remodel the site and repair or construct its furnishings. The church contributed money as well. Volunteers continue to help with grocery shopping, laundry, and serving lunch. “This is a real live mission field,” says Pastor Tim Ledbetter. “It has unleashed a lot of energy in our church and given us a renewed sense of meaning.”

The Mustard Seed Daycare Center opened in April 1990. There was one child on the rolls that day. By summer, the center had a full enrollment of 20. “We knew they were out there, but we sort of wanted our advertising to be by word of mouth,” Brown says. “We don’t want too many of the slots to be taken up by people who can afford to go elsewhere.”

While working hard to ensure that the center serves the people who need it most, Brown is hesitant to use terms such as “serving the poor.”

“It sounds so condescending. I have had to deal with my own prejudices on this. Sometimes when I’m giving presentations I show a slide of our pastor’s daughter with a child who is on the subsidy program. I ask who is who, and nobody can tell. They’re just a couple of kids. It’s the same with the mothers. They’re not any different from me.” □

Ginger Hope

For more information contact Brethren Baptist Church, 535 Okanogan Ave., Wenatchee, WA 98801 (509) 662-3681

READERS' RIGHT

WORLD VISION magazine received a lot of mail in response to Brian Bird and Karen E. Klein's article, "All Our Children" concerning overpopulation. (Feb/Mar issue) Some excerpts follow:



It seems we have left God's Word on [birth]. Psalm 127:3-5 *does teach* that children are a blessing and reward. Scripture *does teach* that barrenness is associated with godlessness (Job 15:34), and with God's judgment (Gen. 20:17,18). Scripture *does teach* that God will provide food and clothing for all who seek Him and His kingdom above all else (Matt. 6:25-34). I believe, however, that you have compromised godly values with the world's ideologies and philosophies.

*Pastor Duane Stixrud
Brinnon Community Church, Wash.*

The article did not belittle the Roman Catholic Church's teaching on natural methods of family planning, but each mention of those teachings or practices was presented in a way that would cause a reader to believe that Catholic teaching is part of the problem, not the solution.

*Rev. Robert Barnhill
St. Mary's Church, Davey, Neb.*

In the U.S., we have a 1.8 child-per-couple birth rate. A 2.2 child-per-couple rate is only replacement levels. We are slowly annihilating ourselves. In our local newspaper an article stated that there would not be enough people to fill jobs in our area in the year 2040. People are God's creative gift. "And the Lord will make you abound in prosperity, in the offspring of your body and in the offspring of your beast and in the produce of your ground, in the land which the Lord swore to your fathers to give to you." God promises lots of children, lots of livestock, and private property to those who follow His ways. He considers these things a blessing. We would do well to [do the same].

*Kimberly K. Maring
Harris, Minn.*

I feel that God is the creator and that every child born in the world is planned and made in His will. I am offended by words like "birth control" (sounds like "pest control"). Children are one of the ways that the poor are rich in God's kingdom. God is not making a mistake!

*Barbara Ricks
Kennesaw, Ga.*

Children are an asset rather than a liability. When Jesus said "hinder not the little children ..." did he see them as assets or liabilities? God's Word teaches that a large family is a blessing from God, barrenness is a curse, and if these are what you are working to overcome, you are working against God, not with him.

We are called to feed the poor, not sterilize them. God commanded parents to "be fruitful and multiply." That command has never been rescinded, nor was it given with any stipulations such as "until the year 1990," or "unless faced with famine," or "unless you'd rather spend money on luxuries." *Jeff and Ginny Silva
San Jose, Calif.*

Why not fix the blame on Third World countries' corrupt governments which don't even allow relief aid to be properly distributed? Whose greed and lust for power work against the common good? Or blame the cultures and religions which allow men to violently oppress their women, people to live and die in castes, or starve rather than eat sacred animals?

*Patricia J. Shearer
Scottsdale, Ariz.*

The article implies that World Vision's position on birth control is one of limiting the number of children a woman has. It was certainly portrayed in a favorable light throughout the article. The message ... clearly favors birth control. This undermines what I thought was an excellent appraisal of the dilemma earlier in the article, that the problem isn't numbers, but access and distribution.

*Chris Thomas
Johnson City, NY*

LIMITED EDITION GUARANTEED TO APPRECIATE



She may not look like a limited edition to you. But this child is one of a kind. More valuable than any artist's signed print or sculptor's statue.

She is a unique and priceless creation, lovingly crafted by the hand of God.

But she may not see herself that way. She is poor, hungry and hurting. She needs the loving care of a Childcare Sponsor.

When you give \$24 a month to help a precious creation like this live through childhood and become a productive adult, you get something valuable in return.

You get a child's deepest appreciation—because your gifts provide such important things as food, clothing, medical care, a Christian education, help for the child's community and the chance to know Jesus' love.

To take a child into your heart, clip and mail the coupon below. You'll receive the photo and story of a child who needs your investment of love...

...Love that lifts your precious child above the pain of poverty and hunger and in return, lets you feel your child's deep appreciation.

Help One Precious Child!

- Enclosed is my first \$24 payment. Please send me a photo and information about a boy girl from Africa Asia Latin America where most needed.
- I can't sponsor a child right now, but here's a gift of \$_____ (1700) to help needy children.

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Please make your check payable to World Vision. Mail to:

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KENNY'S NEIGHBORHOOD

BY JEAN ALICIA ELSTER

Mrs. Elster, Kenny died yesterday evening. Could you bake something and take it to the Campbell house before the funeral on Friday?"

Kenny is dead. The words resounded in my ears. *Kenny is dead.*

Kenny was the first neighbor my husband Bill and I met when we moved into our new home after our marriage. Actually, "met" is too formal a word. We had driven up and parked in the street in front of Kenny's house (there is no parking on our side of the street), and there on his porch stood Kenny. He looked about 65, had on old-but-clean overalls, running shoes, and a baseball cap, and from his clenched teeth hung an unlit cigar, soggy at the mouth end.

He stared at us as we got out. He stared as we unloaded sleeping bags and lamps from the trunk. And he stared at Bill and his outstretched hand. Bill's greeting went unacknowledged.

We had moved here because Bill was a minister and was starting a church in this formerly working-class neighborhood—now just another decrepit corner of Detroit, filled with drugs and alcohol, violent crime, and prostitution. Many of the old homeowners had either died or moved south. New renters filled their spaces, bringing with them vice and self-destruction. So people were leery of opening up to newcomers, even to a pastor and his wife.

Still, our block had been spared decay. Our neighbors were mostly retired homeowners who had lived here 25 or 30 years. There was a certain stability to the neighborhood. The other unusual thing was that they were all Christians. Block club meetings began with prayer, testimony, and singing. In the early dawn hours I could see lights in the homes of Mrs. Keys and Mrs. Harper. Their telephone prayer network had begun.

These were people who looked after one another. Part of that care meant saving old newspapers for Kenny. He would collect them from our front porches once a month and load them onto a pickup truck for transport to the refuse station. With his payment he would purchase one fat, hand-rolled cigar. It would last him a whole month.

Kenny looked after us, too. He would knock on our door to tell us when our parking space was again available. Sometimes I would leave cookies or a slice of gingerbread on top of the newspaper stack as an extra-special thanks. And even though his mental capabilities were on a par with an 8-year-old, Kenny had more sense than many a wasted addict born with full mental faculties.

After four years of living on that block I still marveled at the power of Jesus to keep away the ele-

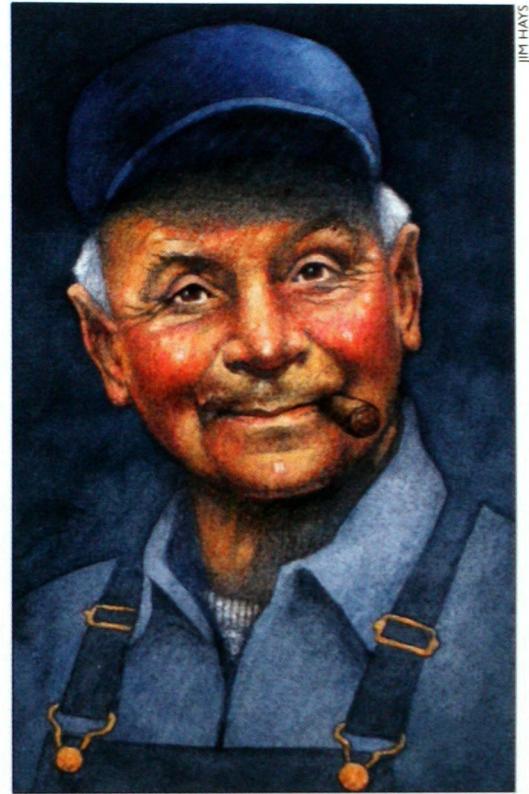
ments of destruction that tore apart surrounding blocks. I continued to be awed by these stalwart disciples who led their lives in dignity and peace. But even after four years, Bill and I felt not only new to the block but new to the task of life as our neighbors had lived it—enduring and prospering for decades.

That's why the phone call announcing Kenny's death shocked me. It wasn't just the news. It was also the request. These neighbors had welcomed us, invited us to join the block club, and chatted with us freely and with warmth across backyard fences. But Bill and I knew we

were still babes in the flock. I would watch them hurry down the street, a look of concern on their faces, because someone's spouse had just died or taken a turn for the worse. I would watch them carry steaming casseroles to feed family and friends after "family hour" and funerals. We had not yet penetrated that inner circle of care.

So, after expressing my sorrow at Kenny's death and announcing my willingness to help, I realized how special this moment was. Kenny's death saddened us because he represented the vitality and endurance of this block. His steady presence had transformed him into a timeless character. Now we were being asked not only to help, but to mourn him as they mourned; to care as they cared. They were acknowledging that our roots were planted firmly in good soil, that our zeal for God wouldn't just blow away at the first sign of turmoil. And as the apostle Paul was finally accepted into the Christian community by Barnabas' intercession, we were accepted into *our* community because of Kenny's death.

Jean Alicia Elster is a housewife, mother of two, and free-lance writer in Detroit, Mich.



JIM HAYS

He looked about 65, had on old-but-clean overalls, running shoes, and a baseball cap.

THEY NEED YOUR HELP



FAMINE HAS RETURNED

Millions stand on the brink of starvation in Ethiopia, Somalia, and Sudan. Because of recurring famine and drought, there is simply not enough food and the number of people who will die could be unprecedented in human history—far worse than the nightmare of the mid-1980's.

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Please help us get food to the children and families of Africa before starvation and related disease claim them.



YES! I WANT TO GIVE DESPERATELY NEEDED FOOD TO THE STARVING CHILDREN AND FAMILIES IN THE HORN OF AFRICA.

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