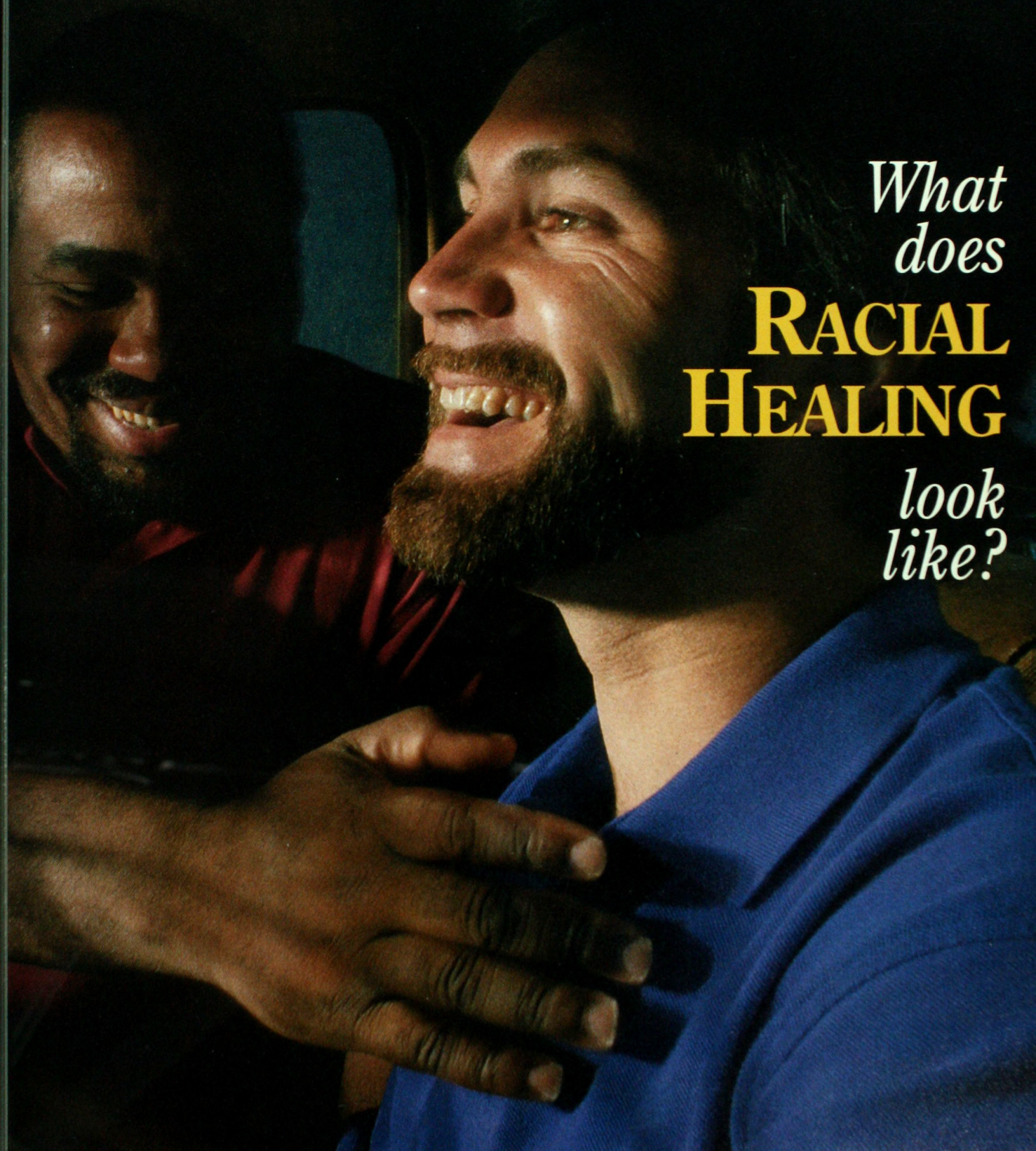


August/ September 1993

WORLD VISION[®]

*What
does*
**RACIAL
HEALING**
*look
like?*



FACES OF RECONCILIATION pg 2 GHETTO-ING IT TOGETHER pg 6 JOY, LIKE WATER POURING pg 18

HEALING THE WOUNDS

FACES *of*

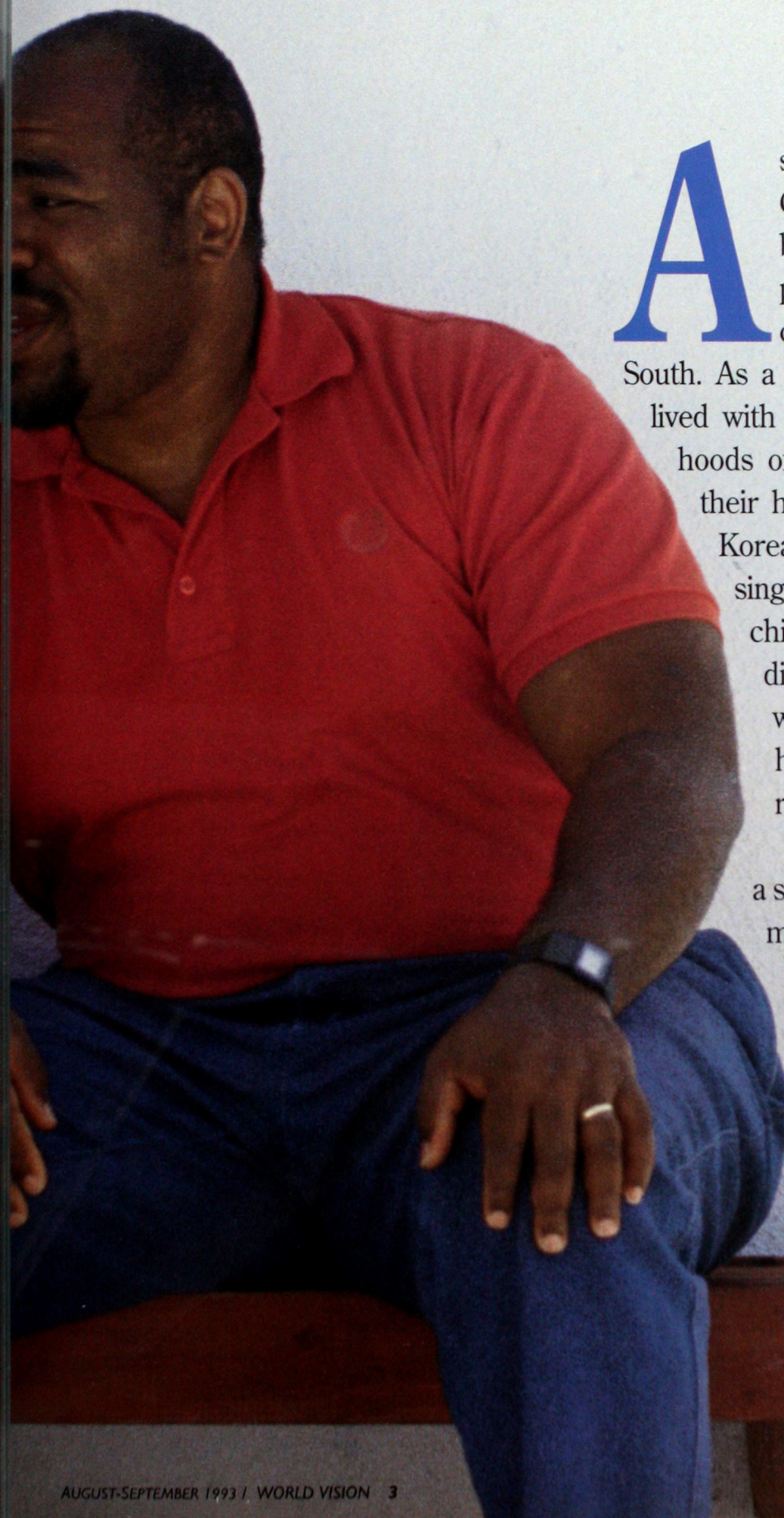
PHOTO BY PATRICK HOUSE

LIVING,
WORSHIPPING,
AND WORKING
SIDE BY SIDE,
PERKINS AND
RICE NOW SEE
IN EACH OTHER
THE FACES OF
RACIAL RECON-
CILIATION.

CHRIS RICE AND SPENCER PERKINS

RECONCILIATION

BY KEN SIDEY



As a pastor's kid in Connecticut, Chris Rice watched his father board a bus in 1964 to take part in the Freedom Summer civil rights campaign in the South. As a missionary kid in Korea, he lived with his parents in the neighborhoods of the people they served. In their home they sheltered some of Korea's most oppressed groups: single mothers and mixed-race children left behind by U.S. soldiers. And he learned what it was like to be a minority. But he had not yet learned what racial reconciliation looked like.

In September 1981, Rice left a small liberal arts college in Vermont to work as a short-term volunteer for Voice of Calvary Ministries (VOC), an interracial, inner-city ministry in Jackson, Miss. Two years later, he was still

there. But he hadn't yet learned what racial reconciliation looked like.

Neither had black staff member Spencer Perkins. He had lived in Mississippi most of his life. He had seen his father, pastor John Perkins, jailed and bloodied by white policemen. Spencer himself had been the target of spitballs and racial epithets in grade school, and of more subtle racial insults years later in predominantly white colleges. He had seen a string of white volunteers come and go at VOC, and had learned not to tie emotional strings too tightly to anyone.

But he had seen enough. On a hot July night in 1983, both Perkins and Rice attended a VOC staff meeting. Tensions mounted when Perkins demanded: "How come white people always come here and end up in charge? What are you white people doing here anyway?"

Perkins's question, and the anger that spawned it, confused Rice. *I'm no racist, he thought. I've sacrificed a lot to stay here. How can they tell me I'm part of the problem?*

The confrontation of that July night turned into a series of racial reconciliation meetings at VOC. And as Perkins and Rice sat down together to find answers to their questions, a friendship was born. Today their relationship can best be described as the knitting together of two hearts, like David and Jonathan in the Old Testament. Living, worshipping, and working side by side, Perkins and Rice now see in each other the face of racial reconciliation.

Love, Not Laws

Twenty-five years after the legal end of segregation in the United States, the vexing issue of race relations has again grabbed headlines. Smoke-filled images from South Central Los Angeles evoked memories of Watts and Detroit. Campaign rhetoric from ex-Klansman David Duke echoed with the themes of George Wallace. From Los Angeles, Calif., to Bensonhurst, N.Y., to Dubuque, Iowa, racial fears and frustrations left smoldering for two decades reignited.

As race is the topic, cities are the focus. Unemployment, crime, drugs—the list of urban ills has become a weary litany of failure, each a reflection of the continuing question of race relations. Despite 25 years of programs and approaches to these problems, little has really changed.

Is there an answer? Following last year's riots, the *Los Angeles Times* asked city residents what they thought was "the most important action that must be taken" to begin healing. Poll results showed that the least favored steps were "more government financial aid" and a "crackdown on gangs, drugs and lawlessness." Somewhat more favored

were improving education and the economy. What Angelenos prescribed most for themselves was to "renew efforts among groups to communicate and understand each other."

Improving race relations to improve the cities isn't a new idea. The 1968 Kerner Commission report, conducted in the wake of that year's riots in Watts and Detroit, noted that "new attitudes, new understanding and above all, new will" were needed to diffuse racial strife.

To Perkins and Rice, those conclusions have the familiar ring of Scripture: "Love your neighbor as yourself." But they don't believe for a moment that such a simply stated solution has gotten any easier. Racism today, Perkins says, has taken "a passive form, a less tangible form, in which you choose not to see, not to know what happens to another race."

A Personal Commitment

In the United States, Perkins says, "We have tried everything impersonal we can think of" to fight racism. "Laws, legislation, the Civil Rights Act. None of those things have worked to bridge the huge separation between races."

Reconciliation is not the same as integration, Rice says. "Integration was a political concept. It involved removing laws and legal barriers, opening the door of opportunity to all races. Those things lead to equality in the workplace and housing, but they are not going to lead to relationships of trust. That requires voluntary commitment."

And it's that personal, voluntary commitment that Spencer Perkins and Chris Rice have modeled for the past 10 years. From the reconciliation meetings in 1983, the ministry learned two lessons. The first was that VOC had to intentionally build black leadership, a decision that hurt and alienated some staff. Building black leadership, however, was not meant to devalue whites, but to ensure that the value of black leadership was recognized.

The second lesson, Rice says, was that "we could be dealing with all the right issues and still be separated as races." The division was not an economic problem, or a social problem. It was at its root a relational problem. In society at large, and even within VOC, whites and blacks could stand side by side and still live in separate worlds. "I realized in the aftermath of those meetings that I didn't have a single black person who I could name as a trusted peer, or who could name me," Rice says. "People will not develop a passion of reconciliation until race becomes personal to them. Until it moves from being an issue to a relationship."



Come Together

The growth of interracial friendships, anti-racism activists say, will require creating more opportunities and environments for them to come together. For some, that means addressing racism institutionally and socially, as well as personally.

Crossroads Ministry, with offices in Chicago, New York, and Milwaukee, helps institutions such as community organizations and churches develop multicultural diversity in their structures and practices. Crossroads' co-director, Joseph Barndt, has been involved in anti-racism work for more than 25 years.

"We have never yet in the U.S. attempted to deal directly with racism," says Barndt, author of *Dismantling Racism* and several other books on the topic. Racism is a white problem, he says, with power to delude victim and perpetrator alike. "If we whites have some grasp of it, our understanding is limited only to what racism does to hurt people of color. We don't see the brokenness of white society by racism. So we end up trying to 'fix' people of color. 'We're not broken, they are,' characterizes our attitude—a clearly distorted view."



"We [the evangelical church] don't have anything to say about reconciliation because we haven't lived it out," says Chris Rice. Voice of Calvary, however is living it out. Its racially mixed staff worships together on Sunday mornings, and is one of the relatively few intentionally mixed-race, urban churches in the country.

The solution, he says, lies in seeing "the brokenness of all people," in realizing what we all have lost through racism, and what we stand to gain by overcoming it. And that is a message the church in particular can deliver, if it is willing to return to and live by its biblical roots.

Working Side by Side

Rather than attack racism head on, some organizations are choosing to encourage interracial relationships by bringing them together to address community needs first. The relationships are developed in the process of working together. In Chicago, for example, a coalition of 15 African-American and Hispanic church-based ministries is tackling urban problems such as unemployment and inadequate housing. Though the interracial makeup of the group is intentional, the cultural bridge building has come as a result of working on shared concerns (see *Ghetto-ing It Together*, p. 6).

Bud Ipema is president of Mid-America Leadership Foundation in Chicago, and former director of the

Christian Reformed Church's committee on racial reconciliation. His experience has shown that more people get involved in reconciliation when they are addressing a particular community need. Confronting racism head on is too threatening for people. "So we draw people together around a point of self-interest," he says. "We let them work and sweat side by side. And then they start to look at each other differently."

Worshipping Side by Side

At Voice of Calvary, the racially mixed staff not only work side by side, they also worship together at Voice of Calvary Fellowship. The congregation of about 150, meeting in West Jackson, is about 60 percent African American, 40 percent white. Rice and Perkins both serve as elders; Perkins is also part of the pastoral team. The church is one of the relatively few intentionally mixed-race, urban congregations in the country.

"Eleven o'clock Sunday morning is still the most segregated hour in America," Perkins says, recalling the state-

ment made by Martin Luther King, Jr. almost 30 years ago. "We [the evangelical church] don't have anything to say about reconciliation in the world because we haven't lived it out."

The problem, says William Pannell, professor of preaching and practical theology and dean of Chapel at Fuller Theological Seminary, is that the white evangelical church has largely abandoned the inner city, where most ethnic groups live.

Pannell says that aligning with causes isn't the answer. "It's time for churches to become more radically involved at the neighborhood level. That's where the needs really are, and that's where the 'salt and light' needs to be expressed."

He is not optimistic, however, that suburban churches will reach effectively into urban areas. That leaves the work of reconciliation primarily to those Christian who still inhabit the inner city.

Living Together

Rice' and Perkins' commitment to each other goes further than their church and office, where together they edit *Urban Family* magazine. They even take it home with them.

Following the VOC racial reconciliation meetings, they and their wives, plus several others who were "serious" about the issue, met regularly for almost a year to study the Bible together. As they grew closer, they decided to form a mixed-race community. They purchased two large houses on six acres in West Jackson and moved in together—six adults, five children, plus frequent guests. They named their extended family the Antioch Community, inspired by the city described in Acts as the home of a racially mixed church. "The first place they were called 'Christians,'" Perkins notes.

At its heart, racial reconciliation is a spiritual issue, they say. What motivation other than following Christ could carry one through such difficult territory?

Rice and Perkins, who write about their experience in the book *More than Equals*, agree that their lifestyle and ministry is not for everyone. The demand for commitment is high. And some hurt is inevitable, because it involves other people's lives, not just a program. "We all have racial baggage," Rice says. For whites it's guilt and blame and ignorance. For blacks, Perkins says, it's bitterness and anger. "It's a spiritual battle to give that stuff up. But we each have to give up something from our own culture. You can't have reconciliation without sacrifice." ☉

Ken Sidey is a free-lance writer living in Greenfield, Iowa.

Ghetto-ing It T O

An aerial photograph of a city street grid, likely Chicago, taken from a high vantage point. The streets are arranged in a dense, rectangular pattern, with a major highway interchange visible on the left side. The sky is filled with dramatic, golden light from a low sun, creating a strong contrast with the dark buildings and streets below. The overall mood is one of urban complexity and historical context.

In ethnically divided Lawndale, Vision Chicago has linked 15 African-American and Hispanic churches and ministries. Shown here are Vision Chicago board members Forrest Stampley, Noel Castellanos, Ken Kalina, and Luther Benton.



G E T T H E R

IN ONE OF THE WORST URBAN AREAS IN THE UNITED STATES, VISION CHICAGO IS LINKING CHURCH-BASED MINISTRIES, ETHNIC GROUPS, AND THE SUBURBS TO RECLAIM THE CITY FOR CHRIST.

TEXT BY KEN SIDEY
PHOTOS BY WILLIAM FAVATA

The view west from the 103rd floor of Chicago's Sears Tower shows an endless gridwork of streets and buildings. With the help of a few landmarks—expressways stretching to the west and southwest, an airport, a green patch of park—one can locate the city's Lawndale neighborhoods. From a distance, they blend easily into the sprawling cityscape. Up close, they reveal the dark mosaic of problems that comes to mind with the words *inner city*.

Three million people live in the city proper. One out of five lives below the poverty line, including half of all the city's African-American children and nearly one-third of its Latino children. With a high school dropout rate of more than 50 percent, Chicago's schools have been called the worst in the nation. Nearly 90,000 African-Americans and 30,000 Latinos are unemployed. And nowhere are those



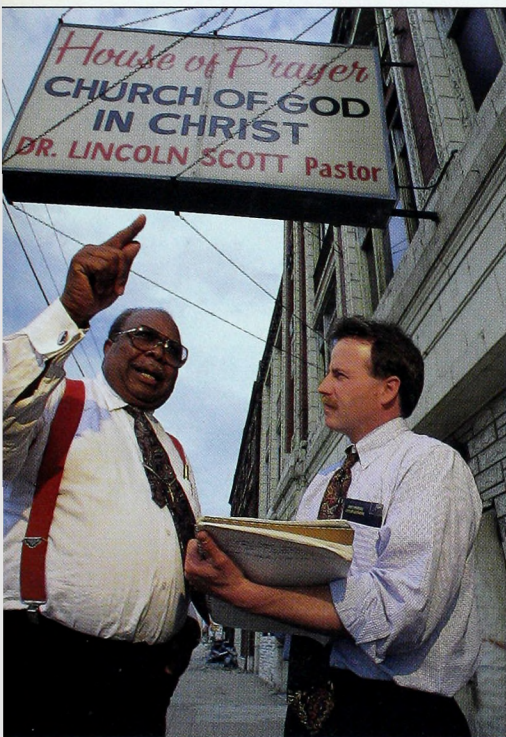
urban ills more visible than in Lawndale.

In predominantly black North Lawndale, abandoned three-story apartment buildings and boarded storefronts line the streets. Young men, out of school and out of work, linger in doorways and on street corners. Graffiti marks gang turf. Drugs change hands with ease.

Across Cermak Road, in the growing Latino neighborhood of South Lawndale, good housing—any housing—is hard to find. Low-paying jobs fail to lift workers out of poverty. Lack of education holds back young people and older immigrants alike. Gang violence has turned the streets into some of Chicago's most dangerous drives.

At Farragut High School, several measures have been taken to combat gang-inspired violence. Ten of the school's 12 doors have been permanently locked, and all students must enter and exit through the two remaining doors where they pass through metal detectors. Once

Vision Chicago is also building bridges to the suburbs. Greg Shaw (right) calls Lawndale pastor Lincoln Scott his "spiritual mentor."



predominantly black, the school population is now 70 percent Hispanic, and has become a flash point of tension between the two neighborhoods.

Bridges of Ministry

But there is hope in Lawndale. Downstairs in an otherwise unremarkable storefront church on West Roosevelt Road in North Lawndale, is a long, rectangular room filled with an odd collection of chairs and tables. It serves as a dining room, where hot

meals are provided to people who otherwise might not eat. Upstairs, 50 simple beds offer a place for the night. Because of the House of Prayer Church of God in Christ, there is an alternative to life on the streets.

Several years ago, when House of Prayer's pastor Lincoln Scott read that two young men had frozen to death on a winter's night not far from his church, he asked himself, "How can I reach people like them?" The answer was the meals program, which serves up to 170 daily, an addiction recovery program, and the shelter. In addition, ex-addicts and others in Scott's program are remodeling an empty store into a seafood restaurant, providing work for the men and an income source for the ministry.

A few blocks to the south, and a world away, hope is also found in Nueva Creacion, the housing rehabilitation effort of La Villita Community Church in South Lawndale. Located in the heart of the Latino community known as La Villita ("Little Village"), the church was planted two years ago with help from predominantly black Lawndale Community Church. Guided by Pastor Noel Castellano, the church also operates a day-care center and provides bilingual staff to a medical clinic run by Lawndale Community, which serves more than 1,000 people a week.

Feeding these efforts, and a dozen others like them, is Vision Chicago, a ministry partnership of World Vision and the MidAmerica Leadership Foundation. In March, ministry leaders announced their plans to link existing church-based services to provide affordable housing, job training, educational assistance, volunteer recruitment, and other community development programs. The plans include raising and investing \$6.3 million to help revitalize and unify Chicago neighborhoods.

Chicago has always had individuals and small groups with visions of developing their communities, says Bud Ipema, president of MidAmerica. But those visions seldom became reality. "What they lacked, first of all, were skills, usually in the areas of community organizing and programming. And second, they were always deficient of resources."

Vision Chicago was born in response to those deficiencies. World Vision is providing more than 40 years of experience in community ministry in the Third World—conditions often duplicated in U.S. cities. MidAmerica provides an experienced staff that for years has helped coordinate local ministries in Chicago, gaining credibility and respect among church leaders. The result is a linking of church-based ministries, focus-



ing on common problems, while intentionally crossing racial and ethnic lines.

Crossing Racial Lines

In North and South Lawndale, Vision Chicago has helped form a collaboration of 15 local churches and ministries (including House of Prayer, Lawndale Community, and La Villita), called the Lawndale Coalition for Christian Leadership. Its membership includes a balance of African-American and Hispanic ministries.

When organizing began nearly two years ago, many were skeptical the collaboration could successfully reach across the racial lines dividing the communities. People were also wary of "hidden agendas" in the efforts, having been exploited in the past by other community development projects.

But from the outset, Vision Chicago organizers Val Jordan, an African-American, and Carlos Perez, a Latino, modeled as well as motivated cooperation. "As we met with pastors and their wives, the first thing we did was pray," says Perez, who has worked in the community for more than 10 years. "There was a lot of listening, a lot of discernment going on, to test our motives."

From the start, meetings were held with simultaneous English-Spanish translation, so all could participate com-



One out of five people in Chicago lives below the poverty line, including half of all African-American children and almost one-third of Latino children. Chicago's schools have been called the worst in the country. And nowhere are these urban ills more visible than in Lawndale.

fortably. After several months, church leaders began building friendships, and decided to take advantage of the growing spirit of cooperation. So they organized a unity worship service, held last December, that drew more than 250 people from seven churches. The service included music from each church, singing, prayer, and workshops. The pastors were so encouraged, they are planning to hold more unity services in their communities.

Racial tension between North and South Lawndale is like "an exposed nerve," Perez says. "It makes people want to avoid dealing with the situation. It's too explosive."

But the coalition has brought the issue out front. "We've tried to create an atmosphere that says 'It is not a hopeless situation.' We can resolve the conflict, even if we can't resolve all the issues," he says. "One of the biggest accomplishments of the coalition is a changed attitude that says, 'We do not have to accept conditions as they are.'"

Bridges to the Suburbs

The bridges that Vision Chicago is building are spanning more than racial barriers. They are also linking urban

ministries—and people—with Christians in the suburbs.

House of Prayer is a long way out of the way for Greg Shaw. Shaw, 32, lives with his wife and three children in northwest suburban Hoffman Estates, and works as human resources manager for Continental Baking Company in River Grove, just outside the city. It would have been easy for Shaw, like so many others, to avoid neighborhoods like Lawndale altogether. But last October Vision Chicago took him to House of Prayer and showed him the community. The sights burdened Shaw. "How could one white guy possibly be effective?" Shaw asked himself. But moved to act, he contacted Pastor Scott.

"He was far more concerned for me and my spiritual condition, than what I could do for him," Shaw recalls of their first meeting. After that, Shaw returned to Lawndale several times to pray and study the Bible with Scott. "I might have started out thinking, 'What can I do for him?'" Shaw admits. "But he was concerned first and foremost about me."

Months later, Shaw says, the friendship "transformed my life. He was the spiritual mentor I had been praying for."

Shaw arranged to provide excess bread from Continental Baking to House of Prayer's meals program, some 500 to 700 loaves a month. He is now helping organize the incorporation of the church's homeless shelter.

That individual connection is also building a bridge between Shaw's church, Willow Creek Community Church in South Barrington, and Vision Chicago. The suburban megachurch hopes to provide scores of other volunteers like Shaw to assist various Vision Chicago projects.

Church Mentoring

Churches involved with Vision Chicago that have more practical experience in community outreach have emerged as mentors to those with less experience. One of those more experienced members is Lawndale Christian Reformed Church, which runs a job training program called Employment Plus. The three-year-old program teaches job search skills to post-high school age men through a five-hour training course and individual counseling. Program director Luther Benton says about 600 young men have completed the training; about 200 have been placed in jobs.

Benton, who took early retirement after a 22-year career with the Bell System to return to the church and neighborhood he grew up in, is now working with Castellano and others to start a similar job training program in South Lawndale.

That sort of cooperation among churches and ministries is a key to Vision Chicago's effectiveness, Ipema says. "Vision Chicago gathers what is really the only institutional resource left in many urban communities—the church—and turns it to outreach through community development." That approach has won the support of other agencies in Chicago. "Economic development goes hand in hand with spiritual development," says Pat Abrams, a member of the Community Ministry Council, which oversees project selection for Vision Chicago. Included on the council are representatives from city and county government, as well as a variety of churches and ministries. That group is now looking to expand outside of Lawndale.

By linking Chicago's Christian ministries and churches, Vision Chicago intends to help heal the city's sprawling ills, says Bill Leslie of MidAmerica. Healthy churches lead to healthy communities, healthy communities lead to healthy families, healthy families lead to healthy individuals. "An explosion of urban ministry" in areas like Lawndale, he says, "will take the city back for Christ." ☉

A nurse from the farming community of Halsey, Ore. finds God in the famine.

SOMALIA'S SAMARITAN

My first week in Somalia I was asking, 'Where's God?' It was like he had forgotten these people." Dorothy Scheffel had thought she was prepared. Long before she left her home last October to join the World Vision team in Somalia, she had seen the pictures of starving people. She had watched the news accounts of the famine. She had heard of the bandits who killed to steal food intended for the starving. She knew that 25 percent of Somalia's children under age 5 had already died, and about 300 people a day were dying in Baidoa, the town where she would live. But nothing prepared her for the reality of seeing the tragedy face to face.

"I have never seen so much injustice and human suffering as there is in this place," she wrote soon after her arrival. "These people have lost everything. There are skeletal children and elderly people all around, and then not far away is a market packed full of looted food that agencies brought in to feed these people."

Dorothy, 34, grew up in a Christian home on her parents' farm near Halsey, Ore. Since childhood, she wanted to be a nurse on the mission field.

World Vision nurse Dorothy Scheffel says the most rewarding part of her work is to see the children respond so quickly to food, love, and medical care.



"I don't consider myself brave or heroic for going into that kind of situation," she says. "I believe God has a heart of compassion toward those in need. And his people should also."

Starvation to Smiles

Dorothy is not a newcomer to East Africa. She previously worked six years as a nurse in Kenya and Uganda, and even encountered fighting and hunger while working in northern Uganda. But Somalia is the most challenging place she has ever been, she says.

Soon after arriving, Dorothy was put in charge of organizing the Rowlo feeding center. The population of Rowlo village had dwindled from 3,000 to 750 as the residents were killed by looters or starved to death. The survivors, like many others in Baidoa, had abandoned their homes and farms to find food.

Rowlo was one of five stations World Vision set up to feed children under age 5, the most vulnerable to starvation. Dorothy helped train Somali health workers to register the children and give them proper food and medicine. Many of the malnourished children also suffered from scabies, diarrhea, respiratory infections, and malaria.

A measles outbreak took its toll on the already fragile children. Every day for a couple of weeks, three or four children died in one of Dorothy's feeding centers. "It is heart-breaking," she says. "I go home in tears several days because we just can't save them all. Then I remind myself of all those who are gaining weight and smile at me as I make my rounds."

The most rewarding part of her work, Dorothy says, is to see the children respond so quickly

to food, love, and basic medical care. "In spite of the enormous obstacles we face, we are making a difference in a lot of those little lives."

Faduma was skeletal-thin and near death when she arrived at the feeding center. Her face, dry and cracked, appeared much older than her 8 years. Because of her critical condition, she received five milk feedings per day and three UNIMIX feedings (a porridge-like mixture of corn meal, bean flour, sunflower oil, and sugar), and high-energy biscuits twice daily.

"The change in her has been remarkable," Dorothy says. "She's got a beautiful smile and a sparkle in her eyes now."

Bearing With Bullets

Dorothy's responsibilities also included deciding when and where to start new feeding centers. It was hard when village leaders came asking for help for their people. She knew she couldn't help them all.

"I have to say no to most of them because we are way too busy now," she wrote in the middle of the crisis. "But it's hard to say no when you know they really need help."

Somalia's instability made expanding the feeding project difficult. Yet despite a steady backdrop of gunfire, the work continued. Bullets flew in every direction, and the World Vision team lived constantly with the threat of getting hit. Armed guards protected their compound and accompanied them as they visited outlying feeding centers.

Before the Marines arrived in Baidoa in mid-December, the atrocities increased. Gangs terrorized the area with widespread looting and shooting. World Vision evacuated most of their workers to Kenya, but Dorothy and three others remained to try to keep the six feeding centers functioning.

"Right at this moment, I would rather be anywhere else but here," Dorothy wrote. "Because of the UN troops coming in, the Somalis are out looting in full force! Yesterday we



When Dorothy first saw the widespread suffering in Somalia, she wondered: "Where's God?" But despite continual setbacks and hardship, today Dorothy says, "I know he hasn't forgotten these people. There are people like us here."

heard the rumor that the looters are saying, 'All the other agencies are being robbed except World Vision—now it is their turn.'

"We hired 11 extra guards. We have this old beat-up Land Cruiser-type vehicle parked out in our compound with this HUGE machine gun mounted on the back. We just got a radio message—that the American troops will arrive here tomorrow. That leaves tonight for the looters to do their thing!"

Ten days would pass, however, before the troops arrived in Baidoa. The day after Dorothy wrote her letter, more than 50 people were killed in the marketplace. The fighting spread and included a shoot-out in front of the World Vision compound.

"All we could do was pray," Dorothy says. "We shut the windows and got down on the floor. When there was a small lull in the shooting, we managed to get to one of the back rooms. My heart was thumping pretty good!"

Dancing and celebration in the streets replaced the gunfire when the troops arrived in Baidoa. World Vision survived the siege and was one of the few agencies not robbed. Security in Baidoa improved, at least initially—World Vision workers still travel with an armed guard because of continuing threats.

Long-Term Relief

The journalists and TV cameras have moved on to more sensational sto-

ries, but Somalia's problems still fester. UNICEF reported in March that half of the Somali children are still malnourished and sick. Relief and development aid will be needed for some time, and World Vision continues to expand its work in Somalia.

Extra medical personnel are providing additional health care. Dorothy and other workers have vaccinated children in the feeding centers for measles. In outlying areas, a mobile health team treats many others suffering from illnesses like malaria and diarrhea. They are also opening medical clinics and training Somali health workers.

The only long-term relief for Somalia's people, however, is to get the displaced families back to their farms where they can grow their own food again. Dorothy recently helped the survivors from Rowlo resettle in their village. A convoy including nine trucks, five World Vision vehicles, and an army escort transported supplies and 432 people returning to start over.

"This is our most wonderful day yet in Somalia," she wrote. "It's such a good feeling to see the feeding center close and the people again strong enough to go home."

In preparation for that day, Dorothy trained a local resident as a community health worker and helped assemble resettlement packs containing a few household items for every family. World Vision also provided seeds and tools along with a two-month food supply. Health care teams will visit the village every two weeks.

Somalia is no longer some God-forsaken corner of the world to Dorothy. "Now I know he hasn't forgotten these people," she says. "There are people like us here. We're feeding them. We're trying to bring them hope." ☺

Janice Lemke is a free-lance writer living in Eugene, Ore.

I'M ONLY A PENNILESS GIRL

BY MARTHA EMMERT

Life was difficult in Iowa during World War II. My family was terribly poor, though we labored hard on our own farm. During the week, I lived in town to attend high school. I tried working as a housekeeper for room and board, but I lacked adequate cleaning skills—I had never lived in a modern house with a modern toilet. I didn't even have enough money for bus fare. I failed my first year of high school and dropped out. I felt doomed to poverty and unhappiness.

One day a cousin sent me a gospel tract, which opened my eyes to a new possibility. I could be born again by believing in Christ as my savior. Christ's love is a gift, and I just had to accept it. But I was afraid. I had never prayed before, and I worried that nothing would happen.

Though I did not receive Christ then, hope began to grow in me. I wished I could find another Christian, someone who knew about being born again. I did not look in church, partly because I was embarrassed to go with muddy shoes, looking poverty-stricken.

Joining the massive war effort, I worked in a factory making ammunition boxes. The people around me seemed depressed, gloomy, and as tired as I. I was facing a futile and uncertain future, without purpose and joy. I longed to be born again. If such a miracle ever happened, I vowed, I would spend the rest of my life telling others about it.

One day I went to church to see my nephews and niece in a Christmas program. There I met a pastor who asked me if I wanted to be a Christian. As he prayed, I repeated the phrases after him. Afterward, I knew I was born again.

Yearning to know Christ and his will for me, I attended every church meeting possible. Someone gave me a Bible. I read it constantly, memorizing whole chapters. I learned inspiring hymns, spoke at Youth for Christ meetings, and smiled all the time. My Christian friends called me "Sunshine."

At home, my popularity declined. My parents were unhappy with my new faith and warned me my mind could become unhinged from too much religion. They were embarrassed because I spoke to almost everyone I met about Jesus and what he did for me. When I prayed silently before meals, Mama would bang pans on the

stove and my parents would argue loudly.

Then they decided to stop me from going to church. "If you love the people at church so much more than you love us, you can go live with them," they insisted. They chose my weakest spot. I loved my parents, and I didn't want to leave. I explained I did not love them less, I loved Jesus more. I needed to go to church to learn about him.

Unable to turn away from my faith, I took my few possessions and left home without knowing where to go. My eyes full of tears, I went to my choir director's home and explained my situation.

"This is your home," she said. And her husband just smiled as though I had always lived with them.

I went back to high school, and earned a little money through housekeeping, working in factories, and working for my teachers. At church I did everything from teaching Sunday school to cleaning up.

Three years later I completed high school and decided to continue my education in ministry. When I left for seminary in Chicago my mother turned from me coldly, refusing to kiss me goodbye. I boarded the late-night bus heartbroken and questioning whether I was indeed doing God's will. As I prayed and cried in the dark bus, I was aware of God's presence. Filled with wonder and new joy, I felt comforted and confirmed in my choice.

Over the next several years, I graduated, married, had two children, and moved to Africa to teach as part of a missionary team.

One day a 15-year-old high school student slumped before me and asked, "I am only a girl, penniless. How can I train for the ministry?"

Not many girls from her part of Zaire attended school, and she didn't have any money. I remembered facing that same question so many years before. I turned to my student. "If you truly feel God is calling you to serve him full time, then you can trust him to supply all you need to prepare for his work," I said. She left, and I lost track of her during my busy teaching life.

About eight years before my husband and I retired, we attended a ceremony for the first woman to be ordained in our mission. Pastor Mujinga Munzombo, whose churches were flourishing, approached me. I didn't recognize her. She reminded me, "You are the one who told me to go ahead and God would supply my needs. I did and so did he." 🌍

Martha Emmert is a freelance writer living in Fort Wayne, Ind. She was a schoolteacher and missionary in Africa for 35 years.

"If you truly feel God is calling you to serve him full time, then you can trust him to supply all you need to prepare for his work."

PHOTO BY MARGIE KAUN



Pastor Mujinga Munzombo with two of her four children, Suzette and Tresor.



Last year, then 10-year-old Magat Marag, who had not seen his parents for six years, fled to this refugee camp in northern Kenya. He represents thousands of refugees from Sudan where famine threatens 1.5 million lives.

IT DOESN'T TRICKLE DOWN

According to a recent United Nations report, the Third World still faces massive poverty because, despite the billions of dollars invested in foreign-aid programs, the rural poor have received little or no benefit.

The problem, says the report by the International Fund for Agricultural Development (IFAD), is that for the past 40 years foreign-aid officials have concentrated on developing the overall economies of Third World countries, assuming that prosperity would eventually reach the rural poor. But as the past 10 years have shown, even in the United States, trickle-down doesn't work.

And despite an explosive exodus of rural poor into cities during recent years, a huge proportion of Third World people still live in rural areas. Four billion people live in the world's 114 developing countries. Of the more than 2.5 billion people living in the world's rural areas, almost 1 billion live below the poverty line—633 million in Asia, 204 million in Africa, 76 million in Latin America and the Caribbean, and 27 million in the Near East and North Africa.

THE WORLD'S 10 POOREST COUNTRIES

The percent of rural poor plus factors such as literacy and health care are the bases for these rankings.

COUNTRY	RURAL POOR (1988)	% OF RURAL POP.
1. Bhutan	1.2 million	90%
2. Burkina Faso	7 million	90%
3. Somalia	3.2 million	70%
4. Mauritania	900,000	80%
5. Sudan	15.9 million	85%
6. C. African Republic	1.4 million	91%
7. Bangladesh	82 million	86%
8. Gambia	540,000	85%
9. Guinea	3.5 million	70%
10. Afghanistan	7.1 million	60%

Source: International Fund for Agricultural Development

The five worst countries for the rural poor, according to the report, are Bhutan, Burkina Faso, Somalia, Mauritania, and Sudan. The statistics for Somalia and Sudan were compiled before famine, warfare, and drought devastated much of their countries' population. The depths of their poverty have certainly worsened in the past year.

The report argues that Third World aid must emphasize more small-scale development projects in the countryside, especially among women, who do much of the agricultural work in the Third World.

"Nobody is simply poor," says Idriss Jazairy, former IFAD president. "The rural poor are poor farmers, poor herders, and poor fishermen. In short, they are poor producers: Their incomes are gained from their work. The answer to poverty lies in creating the conditions for them to earn more from their work." ☉

**FIVE ISSUES CONCERNING
THIRD WORLD WOMEN:**

LITERACY
EMPLOYMENT
CHILD BEARING
SINGLE PARENTING
AIDS





WOMEN OF THE DEVELOPING WORLD

More than 12 million people worldwide are infected with HIV, the virus that causes AIDS. Many women in the Third World lack access to basic health care and education, and do not know about the disease until they become ill or their family members and neighbors begin dying from it. In addition to their daily chores of cooking and several-mile treks for water, many Third World women also have the painful responsibility of caring for dying family members and orphans whose parents have died of AIDS.

Sixty-year-old Nakajeero Horivah has watched her village in the Rakai district of Uganda become like a ghost-town, as neighbors and family (including two sons and two daughters) died of AIDS. In Rakai, one of every three children is an orphan.

Although she already cares for four of her orphaned grandchildren, as often as possible she treks seven miles to a neighboring village to check on 6-year-old Nasaali Horivah and 18-month-old Peter Kizza, whose parents died of AIDS in February. She had nursed their sick parents and promised them that after they died she'd take care of their children.

In 1990, World Vision began the Orphans Project to help care for AIDS orphans. Project workers help dying parents write their wills and make sure their wishes are carried out. For orphans, they help organize community groups to plant gardens, generate income, and provide love, protection, and moral guidance.

More than 500 orphaned teenagers are being trained in job skills that will ensure they can support themselves and their siblings. In Uganda, where there is only one hospital for every 200,000 people, World Vision is helping renovate five health facilities in some of the areas most devastated by AIDS.

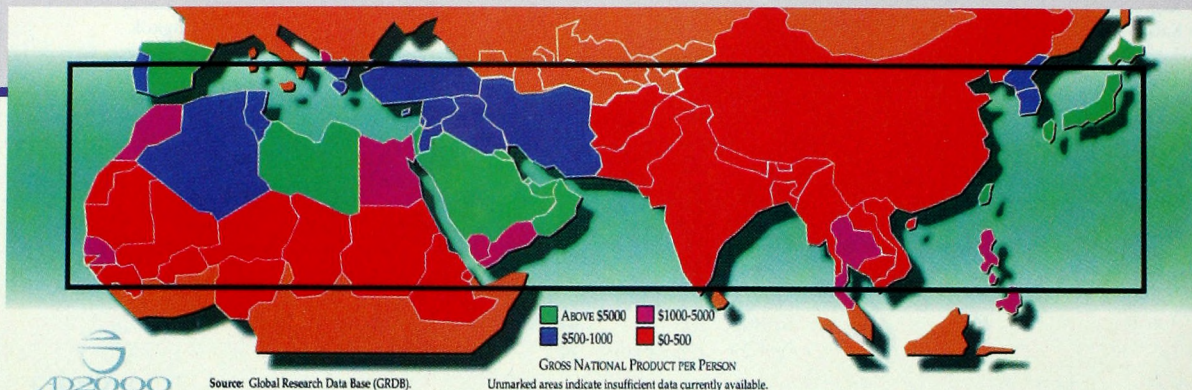
To ensure that an entire generation does not grow up illiterate and without job skills, the project is constructing eight new schools and has provided more than 10,300 orphans with school tuition, clothing, and school materials. 🌐

*Photographed by David Ward.
Reported by Lois Ephraim.
Written by Tamera Marko.*



SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST



10/40 WINDOW

Beginning Oct. 1, an expected 15 million people will share the same view through the 10/40 Window. This month-long intercessory prayer campaign called Praying

Through the Window encourages people worldwide to fast and pray for the unreached people groups who live in a belt between 10 degrees north and 40 degrees north of the equator (from West Africa to Asia).

Sponsored by the AD 2000 and Beyond Movement, the cam-

paign offers training materials for churches and ministries, including a 31-day guide with activities and prayer focus.

For more information, contact the Christian Information Network, 11025 Highway 83, Colorado Springs, CO 80921-3623; (719) 522-1040.

SEEKING A HIGHER HIRE?

Intercristo, a nonprofit employment network, connects people with jobs in more than 1,000 Christian, nonprofit organizations worldwide.

Part of CRISTA, a nonprofit, non-denominational ministry based in Seattle, Intercristo currently lists more than 18,000 job openings in 215 occupational categories, including health care, education, agriculture, science, maintenance and repair, and ministry.

To help job seekers assess career goals, improve job search skills, and learn about ministry opportunities, the organization also offers career development tools ranging from workbooks and cassette tapes to computer software.

Since 1967, Intercristo has helped more than 150,000 Christians with career development and placement and more than 10,000 Christian ministries with recruiting.

Subscriptions cost \$41.50 and include an updated job list every

month for three months. For more information about the programs, contact Intercristo, 19303 Fremont Ave. N., P.O. Box 33487, Seattle, WA 98133-3800; (800) 426-1343.

Right now you can find a satisfying job serving God and helping others.

Christian Placement Network Personal Profile

Inter Cristo

MISSION MANIA

Got the mission bug? Join more than 19,000 Christians at the 17th triennial URBANA '93 student mission convention from Dec. 27 to 31 at the University of Illinois. Sponsored by InterVarsity Christian Fellowship, this convention helps everyone from recent high school graduates to longtime pastors find their roles in Christian ministry. Such roles can range from praying for specific causes to short- or long-term missions overseas.

The convention offers daily videos, exhibits by more than 250 schools and mission agencies, more than 120 seminar topics, and small group Bible studies. Mission opportunities worldwide include evangelism, church planting, relief and development work, teaching, translating, and health care.

Attendees must be high school graduates and should register early. For more information, contact URBANA '93 Promotion, InterVarsity Christian Fellowship, P.O. Box 7895, Madison, WI 53707-7895; (608) 274-7995.

Compiled and written
by Tamera Marko and Stephanie Stevenson

ILLUSTRATION BY STAN SAKAI

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world; indeed, it's the only thing that ever has. —Margaret Mead.

With this thought in mind, "Children Hungering For Justice; Curriculum on Hunger and Children's Rights" was created. Produced by the Office on Global Education and Church World Service, in cooperation with the Center for Teaching International Relations, University of Denver, the curriculum is designed for kindergarten through grade 12. The lesson plans include

group and individual activities, statistics, quotes, and student handouts.



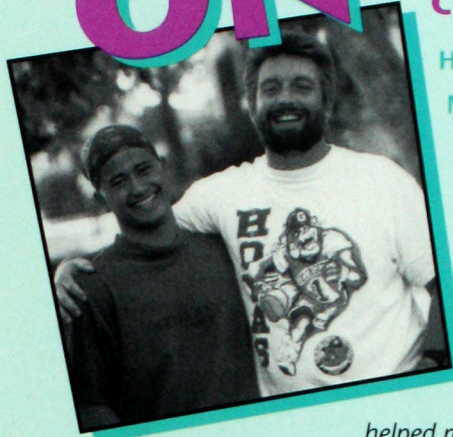
The material also includes ways students can do something about child hunger, examples of how other students have already helped, and additional written, audio, and visual resources about children's rights.

The curriculum was originally created for the 10th annual World Food Day on October 16. Sponsored by the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization, this day encourages people nationwide to focus attention on the world's food and farm problems and to search for solutions.

For more information about the free curriculum or World Food Day, contact the Coordinator, U.S. Committee for World Food Day, 1001 22nd Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20437; (202) 653-2404.

HE'S TURNING THEM ON

CHUCK BOOHER



Home: Azusa, California

Ministry: Youth Pastor

Profile: Contagiously crazy; fun-loving and gregarious; a deep desire to see teens grow in Christ

Latest Accomplishment: Turning young people on to faith in action.

"The 30 Hour Famine helped my kids understand why we're a church. As they began to have an outward focus on those who are less fortunate, they also began to see the need to take the gospel to their friends and schools. It became a partnership that from this moment on we're going to do something more real, more vital."

His Advice: "The 30 Hour Famine will broaden your teens' horizons to see needs beyond themselves. They'll see that they can make a difference."

MARK YOUR CALENDARS NOW!

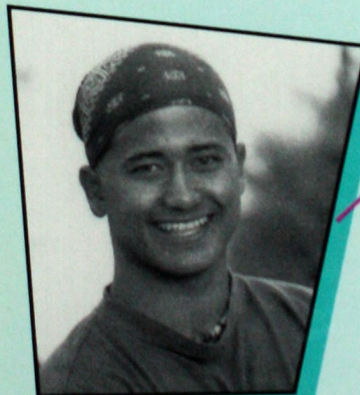
Join thousands of people across North America for the 1994 30 Hour Famine on

February 25 & 26, 1994

Go without food for 30 hours and feel what 36,000 children worldwide experience every day. Through World Vision's 30 Hour Famine, your youth group, school or individuals can learn about the causes of world hunger and Christ's compassion for the poor, while raising money to fight the problem. World Vision supplies plenty of materials and ideas to make the 30 hours fun and eye-opening.

Call 1-800-7FAMINE to find out more!

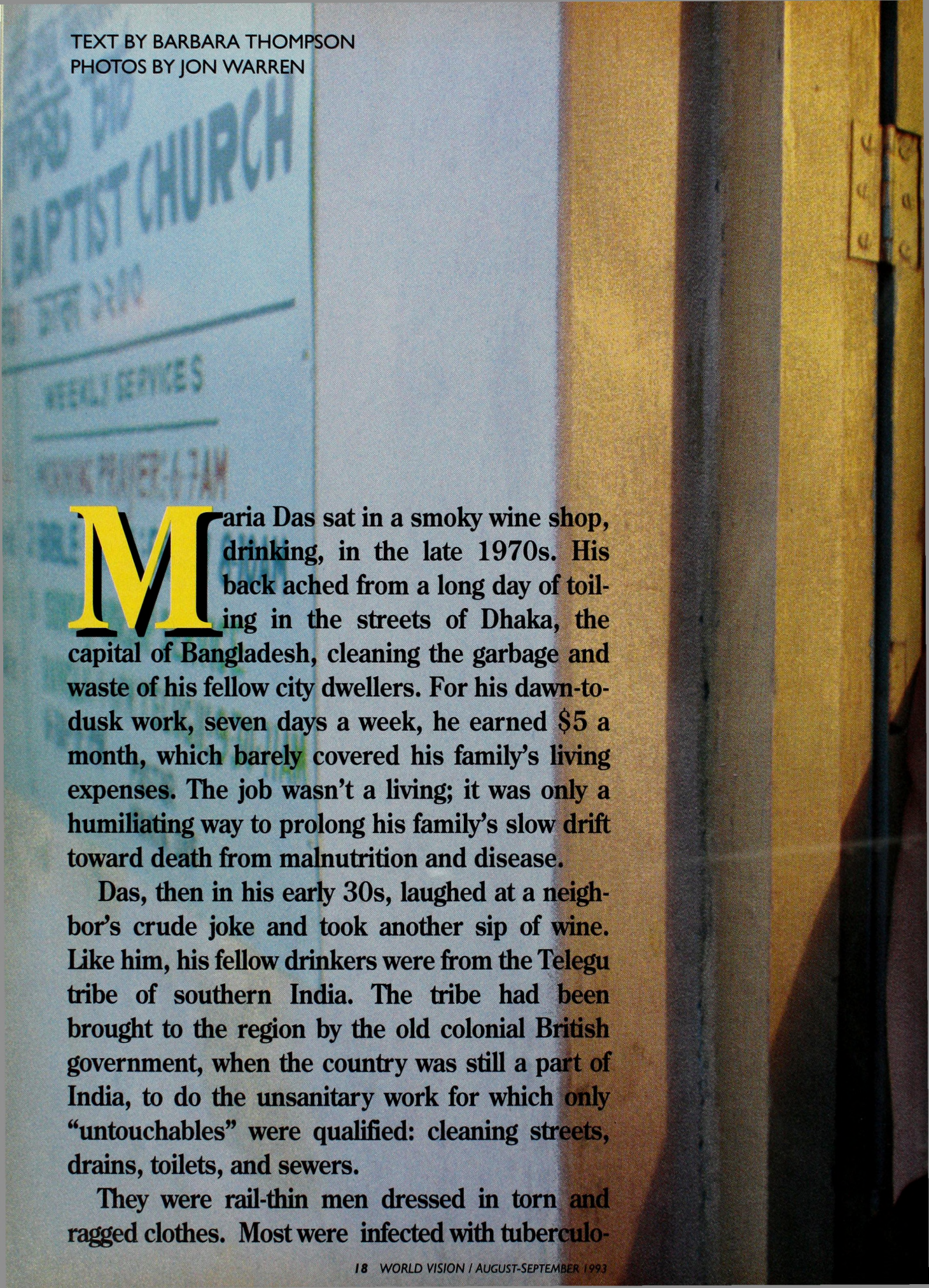
YOUR YOUTH GROUP WILL NEVER BE THE SAME!



30

WORLD VISION
30 HOUR FAMINE

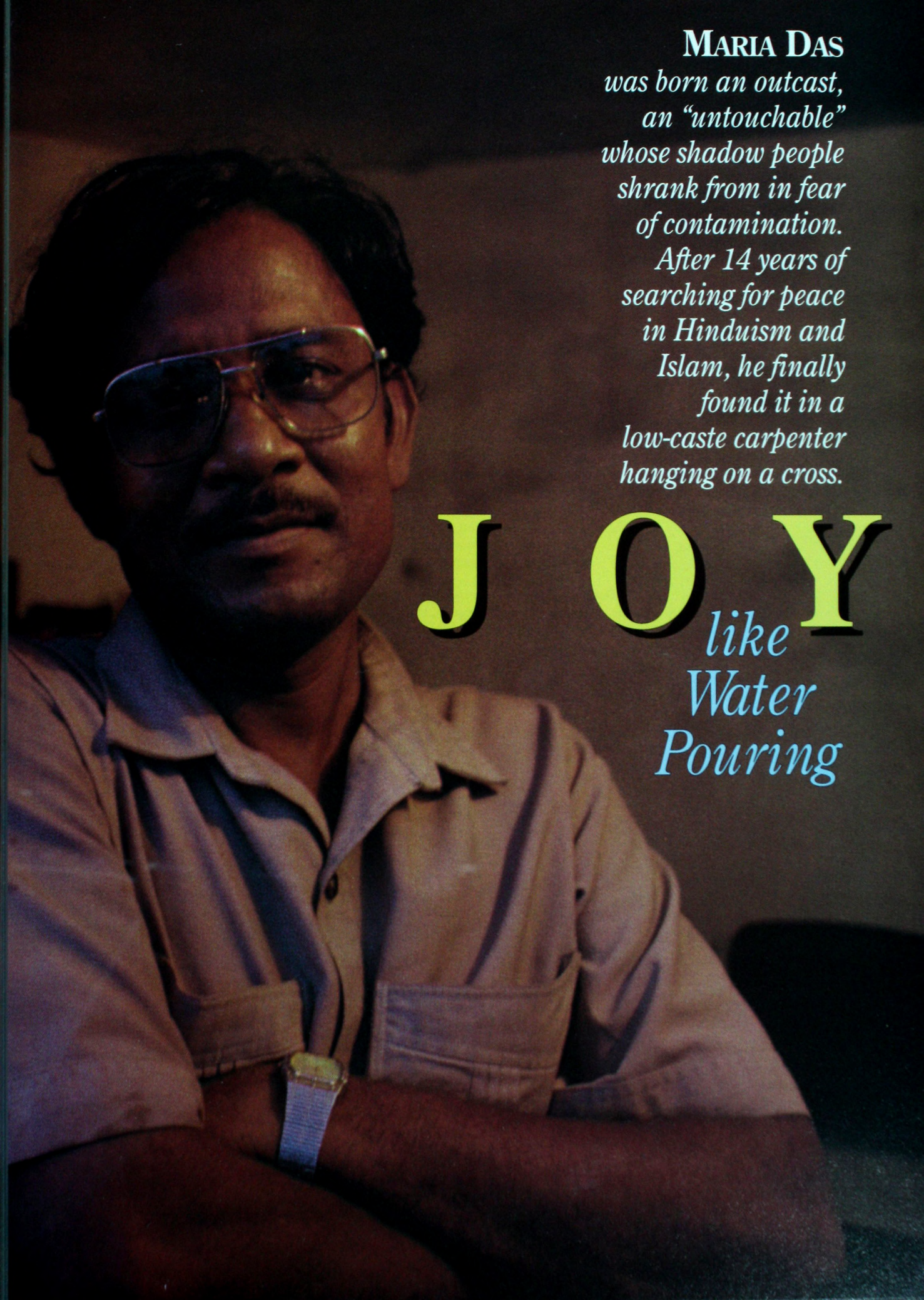
"IT WAS AN AWESOME EXPERIENCE. I KNOW NEXT YEAR I'M GONNA GET A LOT OF FRIENDS TO COME ALONG."
—JASON KARMAN



Maria Das sat in a smoky wine shop, drinking, in the late 1970s. His back ached from a long day of toiling in the streets of Dhaka, the capital of Bangladesh, cleaning the garbage and waste of his fellow city dwellers. For his dawn-to-dusk work, seven days a week, he earned \$5 a month, which barely covered his family's living expenses. The job wasn't a living; it was only a humiliating way to prolong his family's slow drift toward death from malnutrition and disease.

Das, then in his early 30s, laughed at a neighbor's crude joke and took another sip of wine. Like him, his fellow drinkers were from the Telegu tribe of southern India. The tribe had been brought to the region by the old colonial British government, when the country was still a part of India, to do the unsanitary work for which only "untouchables" were qualified: cleaning streets, drains, toilets, and sewers.

They were rail-thin men dressed in torn and ragged clothes. Most were infected with tuberculo-



MARIA DAS

*was born an outcast,
an "untouchable"
whose shadow people
shrank from in fear
of contamination.*

*After 14 years of
searching for peace
in Hinduism and
Islam, he finally
found it in a
low-caste carpenter
hanging on a cross.*

J O Y
like
Water
Pouring

sis, a contagious disease that passes quickly among Dhaka's poor. The men drank cheap wine to numb their sense of smell and help them get through their stench-filled days of menial labor. Now the greater portion of their starvation wages went to buy alcohol and, with a little luck, hashish.

"Who could blame us?" Das asked himself bitterly. In punishment for unidentifiable misdeeds committed in another life, he and his neighbors were born "untouchables," people designated to a social position so far from the golden circle of India's privileged castes that they were literally "outcast"—belonging to no caste at all.

Through small but searing acts of contempt, Das himself had come to understand the price of untouchability even before he could talk. If his father wanted a cup of tea from a shopkeeper, he had to drink it outside. If his son accidentally touched a piece of bread or a sweet in a shop, it was thrown away. High-caste Hindus could be polluted even by the shadow of an untouchable child.

"These experiences made me hate myself inside," Das recalled years later. "As a child I felt God had made me equal, but I had no right to claim equality in society."

Das ordered another drink and thought for a moment of his own children. Three boys and five girls. What future would they have? The boys would clean streets, toilets, and sewers—and drink. The girls would marry a boy or a man who did the same thing. They and their children after them would be permanently chained to the bottom of Bangladeshi society.

It was a formidable bottom. Perhaps the lowest in the world. Battered by cyclones and floods, overcrowded and undernourished, and exploited by the greedy, the people of Bangladesh limped from one disaster to another. With the nation's unemployment running up to 80 percent, Das' children and grandchildren would be lucky to find a job at all, even one like his, cleaning toilets and sewers in the streets.

Das felt a stab of guilt. Because he spent his money on wine and hashish, his own children ate less than others. But what did it matter? They, like him, had no future. Their only hope was an early death and a rebirth into a better caste. Das sighed and looked at his empty cup. There was only one cure for guilt. Too bad. His money was gone.

SEARCHING FOR SERENITY

Today Maria Das is 16 years away from his last drink. A pastor, teacher, and scholar, he is the gentle leader of a growing number of Telegu untouchables in India who have left Hinduism behind to follow a low-caste carpenter with a simple message of love and redemption.

Rising at 5:30 a.m. to read his Bible and pray, Das spends his day visiting the sick, teaching Bible studies, strategizing development projects, and fathering the 25 "untouchable" orphans who live in his home.

"I believe Jesus came to the world to save the world," says Das, a slight man in wire-rim glasses. "He forgives all my sins, and therefore I love him and understand him. I want to share with the people about his love."

Das's faith, while simple, is the result of a long and deeply felt spiritual journey. His slow road to conversion led him through addiction, devastating poverty, and some of the world's major religions.

Ironically, Das's conversion began when he abandoned the Catholic faith of his childhood. "My father was a cate-

Maria Das is the pastor of more than 300 "untouchables" who have received Christ in this Bangladeshi slum. He has also helped start a medical clinic, a "savings and loan" program, and several schools for "untouchable" children. In 1989, World Vision awarded Das with its Bob Pierce award, given annually to encourage unrecognized Christian leaders in the developing world.



CASTE IS DESTINY

Though Bangladesh is a Muslim country, it was once a part of India, and Hindu beliefs about caste still affect all levels of society (14 percent of Bangladesh is Hindu). Despite the fact that Maria Das was raised a Catholic, the culture's caste system assigned him a rigid role at birth, preventing his upward mobility.

In Bangladesh, as in India, caste is destiny: It determines one's job, spouse, neighborhood, and lifestyle. Untouchables, the lowest group, cannot own land in the city, safely send their children to school, or compete for any but the most menial jobs. They are despised by everyone but other untouchables and grow up with the crippling awareness of their physical and spiritual "untouchability."

Wherever Hinduism has a foothold, there are untouchables. In Nepal, one of the world's poorest countries, one of every four people is an untouchable. There are untouchables even in New York City. But India is home to the world's largest outcast population—150 million people.

chist in the Catholic church. But when I moved to Dhaka as a teenager, I couldn't speak Bengali, and the priests couldn't speak Telegu. Since I couldn't go to confession, my sins piled up."

Das lived with a Hindu man and longed to participate in the singing and dancing of the Hindu festivals, a welcome change from the austerity of Catholicism. "I became a Hindu and learned to recite Hinduism's sacred scriptures," Das remembers. "Eventually I even became a Hindu priest." He was a Hindu for seven years.

At the same time, however, Das was drinking wine and, when he could afford it, smoking hashish. But, he says, "There was no forgiveness of sins, and I could not find peace of heart or comfort. I could not find a real god."

In his late 20s, Das met a Muslim priest, who gave him lessons from the Koran. "For six or seven years I studied Islam. But soon questions arose in my mind that the master couldn't answer. Why did Mohammed fight in battle? Why were there so many wars? I wanted to be a good Muslim, but I could not find peace."

JOY, LIKE WATER POURING

Das was 33 years old and drinking in a wine shop when a friend suggested he play the drums for a Protestant church. "Soon, every evening I joined with them," Das recalls. "I drank and smoked hashish and drummed for the congregation.

"One day they were singing a song about confession. I was listening deeply. All the bad things I did came before me. It was a vision. I cried in my heart."

As the singing continued, Das saw a clear image of Jesus bleeding on the cross. "He said to me, 'Maria Das, what do you see?'"

"I said, 'All the bad deeds I have done, and for this reason I am unclean.'"

"Jesus said, 'For this reason I am on the cross. Not only for you, but for all the people. All the bad deeds you have done, if you come to me I will forgive them.'"

With a simple prayer of confession, Das felt all his unhappiness disappear. "It became joy, like someone pouring water. There was so much peace, I felt like dancing."

Soon after his conversion, Das began sharing his new faith with friends. During church services, he interpreted the Telegu language for a local evangelist. As the handful of Telegu converts grew to dozens of new believers, Das became the full-time minister of the first church in the Telegu community.

PASTORING THE POOR

Das, now 47, walks down a narrow, muddy path between what appears to be an endless row of low-lying shacks. Outside one home, a group of small, emaciated children huddle around an older child who is peeling with care a half-rotten passion fruit. There is a hum of excitement running through the slum—American visitors!—but the children never take their eyes off the fruit. To turn away even for a moment might cost them a morsel of food.

The children are among 60,000 Telegu untouchables living in Bangladesh in slums whose misery and devastation defy description. Tuberculosis, malnutrition, domestic violence, and alcoholism afflict almost every family.

It is here that Maria Das preaches and lives out the Christian message of grace, redemption, and social empowerment. "Equality is not a hard idea for untouchables to understand," Das says. "They want to hear that message. It is the high-caste people who do not understand."

For the 25 orphaned Telegu children living in Das's home, empowerment comes through nutritious food, school, Bible study, and two hours of tutoring every afternoon. Despite harassment by

classmates, the children all attend public schools.

As a pastor, Das leads church services for the 300-plus Christians in the Telegu community. He preaches, evangelizes, visits the sick, counsels, reads letters and documents for the illiterate, and plants new churches. Despite his eighth grade education, he is a scholarly man and continues his own spiritual journey through reading and study.

Das was instrumental in establishing a medical clinic in the Telegu community. He also founded a "savings and loan" program that has benefited almost 1,000 Telegu, and a number of schools for untouchable children.

In 1989 Das received the Bob Pierce Award, given by World Vision to encourage unrecognized Christian leaders in the developing world. "I was an untouchable, but God has made me his ambassador to proclaim the world of his kingdom," Das said in his acceptance speech.

Like most visionaries, Das's dreams for the future are far bigger than his financial resources. He would like to



World Vision operates a sponsorship program in a children's home that Das founded.

start a technical training school for untouchables. He would like to buy land to establish a community where Telegu families could have their own schools and live peacefully.

Whatever the future holds for Das, he holds fast to the simple message that first came to him in a vision: "Jesus loves me. He loves all. And he came to the world to save it." ☉

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



A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

Kariuki Mburu, one of 11 children, stood proudly next to the faucet bringing fresh, safe water to his house. He was happy and healthy, but little did this sponsored child (the first of 300 in this Makuyu community 50 miles north of Nairobi, Kenya) know just how important he was to the success story unfolding in his neighborhood. The chairman of the community development committee said it all: "The sponsored child is the direct link between World Vision donors and the success of this project."

Two years ago the Makuyu area was a hostile environment for people. This was marginal farmland with unreliable rainfall. Water that was collected quickly stagnated, and waterborne diseases were rampant among the children.

Poverty was just as crushing. These families were "squatters," at the beck and call of the large coffee plantations, with limited self-esteem and a future so diminished that hope was unrealistic.

The first sponsorship dollars went to dig a well and provide a transformer to pump water to all parts of the community. The community made water its top priority, and more than 200 people provided the "sweat equity" by digging all the connecting trenches. In just 10 days, every foot of pipe was covered.

"Since the project started, the people have experienced a new kind of love," the chairman said effusively. "Every member of the community contributes 50 shillings (about 79 cents) to take care of the maintenance of the system. We take turns keeping the starter motor [for the pump] in our homes to provide greater security. We are accountable for every dollar that comes from the outside. We even have a committee already in place for when World Vision leaves! The project will be sustainable."

I asked about the local church. "We have many churches here. They used to fight a lot. Now the churches are working together, brother and sister. Each one knows he or she needs the other. We can do so much more together. At harvest

time all the churches meet together. The water has transformed us."

The chairman's vision for the people was matched by the compassion of his heart. He was the one who gave the land for the well. His example was infectious. Trees were cut down so they would not fall on the water tanks. The community cut up the trees for firewood, sold the wood back to the community, and put the

collected money back into the project for future enhancements.

Because there is safe water, more children are now attending the local school. Women's groups have sprung up, a tree-planting exercise was started, and seeds are disbursed, along with seminars stressing how to properly grow trees. And the women pray daily for the donors!

Given a newfound ability to dream,



Eleven-year-old Kariuki Mburu (second from left) is one of 300 World Vision-sponsored children in this Kenyan community. What I saw in his village was sponsorship and holistic community development at its best. More importantly, I saw Kingdom values in action: selflessness, service, love, compassion, self-esteem, good health, and abundant life.

It seems we "blew it" with a last minute anecdotal addition to our April/May cover story. Unfortunately, author Calvin DeWitt did not see our revisions before we went to press. He has provided us with a detailed response to our inadvertent inaccuracies in the lead. Please write me for a copy of his reply.

But just to prove that we do some things right, the Evangelical Press Association (EPA), for the fourth time in five years, honored WORLD VISION magazine with the "Award of Excellence" (Magazine of the Year) in the missionary category. This is the latest of more than 50 awards the magazine has won during the past five years.

Barbara Thompson's "Working Against the Tide" (June/July '92) and my interview with Al Gore Jr. (Dec. '92/Jan. '93) won first place awards from the Associated Church Press (ACP). But the awards we treasure most were won by the "Boys in Orphanage #10, Romania" (Oct./Nov. '92). Their photography took second and fourth place awards with ACP and EPA.

—Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

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

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the squatters began to buy their own small plots of land. Each family is now fully invested with one to two acres of irrigated farmland.

This is holistic community development at its best. We saw a superb project. More importantly, we witnessed Kingdom values in action. Selflessness, service, love, compassion, self-esteem, good health, an abundant life—all were visible. There were also thankful hearts, a sense of community, an understanding of "who is my neighbor," and freedom from life-threatening diseases. In short, the praise

Little did this sponsored child know just how important he was to the success story unfolding in his neighborhood.

that flowed from the mouths of these people was heartfelt and profound.

But back to Kariuki. Someone 10,000 miles away had sponsored this child; ministry was taking place in his household, as well. For a family in the United States, Kariuki represents

a window to the world. A name, a face, a personality, a person. Kariuki is tangible. The awful totality of the world's negative statistics need not paralyze us. Millions of children *do* go hungry; thousands *die* each day. Obviously we can't do everything, but each of us can do something. So a picture of Kariuki goes up on the refrigerator—and Kingdom values are taught to an entire family.

One child. Twenty dollars a month. Not much more than a mustard seed. Three hundred families sponsoring 300 children, and a Kenyan community of 5,000 people find hope, experience love, gain self-respect, and know the joy of serving one another. What leverage! What a bargain!

The chairman had a final word: "Our need was water; our goal was knowing God physically and spiritually." Thanks to holistic development, funded through the sponsorship of a child, all goals were met! 🌍

In Your Spare

Time

You Can Help Save Starving Children



Time is a precious commodity these days.

That's why we're all so careful about how we spend it.

Why not use some of your spare time for something that counts?

Volunteer to become a World Vision Countertop Partner. It's a simple but important way you can help hungry people throughout the world.

When you place the countertop displays in your neighborhood stores and restaurants, you're giving others a chance to give their spare change to make a difference. Each time you collect the money, you are helping to care for hungry children and families.



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Your church can perform a modern-day miracle!



A long time ago, Jesus fed thousands using just a few loaves of bread and a couple fish. With food from one boy, He met the needs of an enormous crowd.

Today, with 40,000 children dying every day of hunger, we need another miracle. Our churches can be the place where miracles begin.

Last year, more than 2,000 churches like yours used these loaves and raised over \$600,000 to feed hungry children. That money helped thousands of families survive. It helped to change their future.

Through participating in World Vision's Love Loaf program your

church will care for the hungry, as Jesus taught. In the process, the lives of your congregation will also be changed. Members will experience God's joy in sharing. Children will learn compassion. All will share the fellowship of caring together for those who suffer.

Part of the money raised can also go to your own church projects. World Vision provides the Love Loaves at no cost to you.

Call or write today to order your Love Loaves or ask for more information.

Miracles can begin here!

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August/ September 1993

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*What
does*
**RACIAL
HEALING**
*look
like?*

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FACES *of*

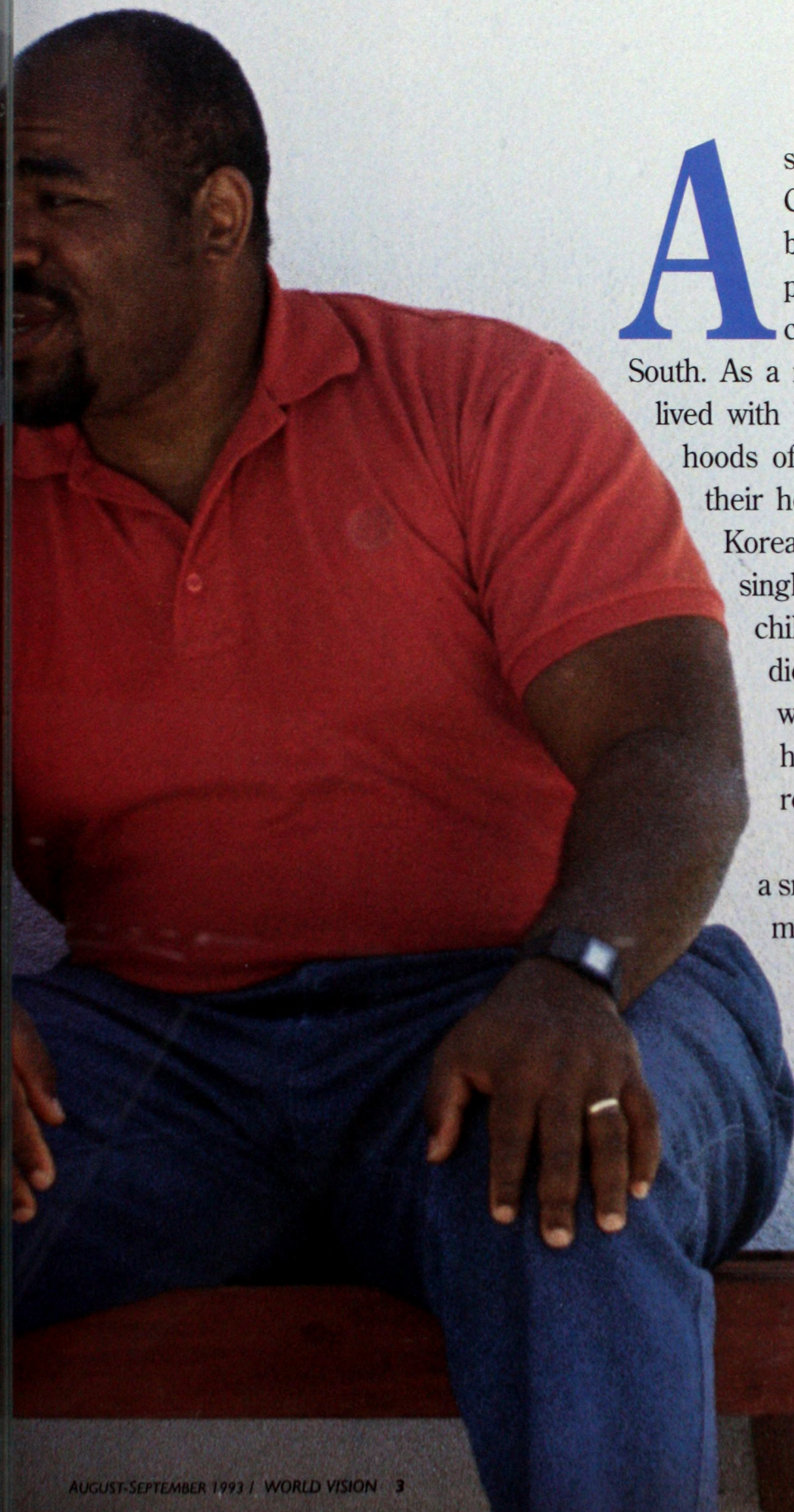
PHOTO BY PATRICK HOUSE

LIVING,
WORSHIPPING,
AND WORKING
SIDE BY SIDE,
PERKINS AND
RICE NOW SEE
IN EACH OTHER
THE FACES OF
RACIAL RECON-
CILIATION.

CHRIS RICE AND SPENCER PERKINS

RECONCILIATION

BY KEN SIDEY



As a pastor's kid in Connecticut, Chris Rice watched his father board a bus in 1964 to take part in the Freedom Summer civil rights campaign in the South. As a missionary kid in Korea, he lived with his parents in the neighborhoods of the people they served. In their home they sheltered some of Korea's most oppressed groups: single mothers and mixed-race children left behind by U.S. soldiers. And he learned what it was like to be a minority. But he had not yet learned what racial reconciliation looked like.

In September 1981, Rice left a small liberal arts college in Vermont to work as a short-term volunteer for Voice of Calvary Ministries (VOC), an interracial, inner-city ministry in Jackson, Miss. Two years later, he was still

there. But he hadn't yet learned what racial reconciliation looked like.

Neither had black staff member Spencer Perkins. He had lived in Mississippi most of his life. He had seen his father, pastor John Perkins, jailed and bloodied by white policemen. Spencer himself had been the target of spitballs and racial epithets in grade school, and of more subtle racial insults years later in predominantly white colleges. He had seen a string of white volunteers come and go at VOC, and had learned not to tie emotional strings too tightly to anyone.

But he had seen enough. On a hot July night in 1983, both Perkins and Rice attended a VOC staff meeting. Tensions mounted when Perkins demanded: "How come white people always come here and end up in charge? What are you white people doing here anyway?"

Perkins's question, and the anger that spawned it, confused Rice. *I'm no racist, he thought. I've sacrificed a lot to stay here. How can they tell me I'm part of the problem?*

The confrontation of that July night turned into a series of racial reconciliation meetings at VOC. And as Perkins and Rice sat down together to find answers to their questions, a friendship was born. Today their relationship can best be described as the knitting together of two hearts, like David and Jonathan in the Old Testament. Living, worshipping, and working side by side, Perkins and Rice now see in each other the face of racial reconciliation.

Love, Not Laws

Twenty-five years after the legal end of segregation in the United States, the vexing issue of race relations has again grabbed headlines. Smoke-filled images from South Central Los Angeles evoked memories of Watts and Detroit. Campaign rhetoric from ex-Klansman David Duke echoed with the themes of George Wallace. From Los Angeles, Calif., to Bensonhurst, N.Y., to Dubuque, Iowa, racial fears and frustrations left smoldering for two decades reignited.

As race is the topic, cities are the focus. Unemployment, crime, drugs—the list of urban ills has become a weary litany of failure, each a reflection of the continuing question of race relations. Despite 25 years of programs and approaches to these problems, little has really changed.

Is there an answer? Following last year's riots, the *Los Angeles Times* asked city residents what they thought was "the most important action that must be taken" to begin healing. Poll results showed that the least favored steps were "more government financial aid" and a "crackdown on gangs, drugs and lawlessness." Somewhat more favored

were improving education and the economy. What Angelenos prescribed most for themselves was to "renew efforts among groups to communicate and understand each other."

Improving race relations to improve the cities isn't a new idea. The 1968 Kerner Commission report, conducted in the wake of that year's riots in Watts and Detroit, noted that "new attitudes, new understanding and above all, new will" were needed to diffuse racial strife.

To Perkins and Rice, those conclusions have the familiar ring of Scripture: "Love your neighbor as yourself." But they don't believe for a moment that such a simply stated solution has gotten any easier. Racism today, Perkins says, has taken "a passive form, a less tangible form, in which you choose not to see, not to know what happens to another race."

A Personal Commitment

In the United States, Perkins says, "We have tried everything impersonal we can think of" to fight racism. "Laws, legislation, the Civil Rights Act. None of those things have worked to bridge the huge separation between races."

Reconciliation is not the same as integration, Rice says. "Integration was a political concept. It involved removing laws and legal barriers, opening the door of opportunity to all races. Those things lead to equality in the workplace and housing, but they are not going to lead to relationships of trust. That requires voluntary commitment."

And it's that personal, voluntary commitment that Spencer Perkins and Chris Rice have modeled for the past 10 years. From the reconciliation meetings in 1983, the ministry learned two lessons. The first was that VOC had to intentionally build black leadership, a decision that hurt and alienated some staff. Building black leadership, however, was not meant to devalue whites, but to ensure that the value of black leadership was recognized.

The second lesson, Rice says, was that "we could be dealing with all the right issues and still be separated as races." The division was not an economic problem, or a social problem. It was at its root a relational problem. In society at large, and even within VOC, whites and blacks could stand side by side and still live in separate worlds. "I realized in the aftermath of those meetings that I didn't have a single black person who I could name as a trusted peer, or who could name me," Rice says. "People will not develop a passion of reconciliation until race becomes personal to them. Until it moves from being an issue to a relationship."



Come Together

The growth of interracial friendships, anti-racism activists say, will require creating more opportunities and environments for them to come together. For some, that means addressing racism institutionally and socially, as well as personally.

Crossroads Ministry, with offices in Chicago, New York, and Milwaukee, helps institutions such as community organizations and churches develop multicultural diversity in their structures and practices. Crossroads' co-director, Joseph Barndt, has been involved in anti-racism work for more than 25 years.

"We have never yet in the U.S. attempted to deal directly with racism," says Barndt, author of *Dismantling Racism* and several other books on the topic. Racism is a white problem, he says, with power to delude victim and perpetrator alike. "If we whites have some grasp of it, our understanding is limited only to what racism does to hurt people of color. We don't see the brokenness of white society by racism. So we end up trying to 'fix' people of color. 'We're not broken, they are,' characterizes our attitude—a clearly distorted view."



"We [the evangelical church] don't have anything to say about reconciliation because we haven't lived it out," says Chris Rice. Voice of Calvary, however is living it out. Its racially mixed staff worships together on Sunday mornings, and is one of the relatively few intentionally mixed-race, urban churches in the country.

The solution, he says, lies in seeing "the brokenness of all people," in realizing what we all have lost through racism, and what we stand to gain by overcoming it. And that is a message the church in particular can deliver, if it is willing to return to and live by its biblical roots.

Working Side by Side

Rather than attack racism head on, some organizations are choosing to encourage interracial relationships by bringing them together to address community needs first. The relationships are developed in the process of working together. In Chicago, for example, a coalition of 15 African-American and Hispanic church-based ministries is tackling urban problems such as unemployment and inadequate housing. Though the interracial makeup of the group is intentional, the cultural bridge building has come as a result of working on shared concerns (see *Ghetto-ing It Together*, p. 6).

Bud Ipema is president of Mid-America Leadership Foundation in Chicago, and former director of the

Christian Reformed Church's committee on racial reconciliation. His experience has shown that more people get involved in reconciliation when they are addressing a particular community need. Confronting racism head on is too threatening for people. "So we draw people together around a point of self-interest," he says. "We let them work and sweat side by side. And then they start to look at each other differently."

Worshipping Side by Side

At Voice of Calvary, the racially mixed staff not only work side by side, they also worship together at Voice of Calvary Fellowship. The congregation of about 150, meeting in West Jackson, is about 60 percent African American, 40 percent white. Rice and Perkins both serve as elders; Perkins is also part of the pastoral team. The church is one of the relatively few intentionally mixed-race, urban congregations in the country.

"Eleven o'clock Sunday morning is still the most segregated hour in America," Perkins says, recalling the state-

ment made by Martin Luther King, Jr. almost 30 years ago. "We [the evangelical church] don't have anything to say about reconciliation in the world because we haven't lived it out."

The problem, says William Pannell, professor of preaching and practical theology and dean of Chapel at Fuller Theological Seminary, is that the white evangelical church has largely abandoned the inner city, where most ethnic groups live.

Pannell says that aligning with causes isn't the answer. "It's time for churches to become more radically involved at the neighborhood level. That's where the needs really are, and that's where the 'salt and light' needs to be expressed."

He is not optimistic, however, that suburban churches will reach effectively into urban areas. That leaves the work of reconciliation primarily to those Christian who still inhabit the inner city.

Living Together

Rice' and Perkins' commitment to each other goes further than their church and office, where together they edit *Urban Family* magazine. They even take it home with them.

Following the VOC racial reconciliation meetings, they and their wives, plus several others who were "serious" about the issue, met regularly for almost a year to study the Bible together. As they grew closer, they decided to form a mixed-race community. They purchased two large houses on six acres in West Jackson and moved in together—six adults, five children, plus frequent guests. They named their extended family the Antioch Community, inspired by the city described in Acts as the home of a racially mixed church. "The first place they were called 'Christians,'" Perkins notes.

At its heart, racial reconciliation is a spiritual issue, they say. What motivation other than following Christ could carry one through such difficult territory?

Rice and Perkins, who write about their experience in the book *More than Equals*, agree that their lifestyle and ministry is not for everyone. The demand for commitment is high. And some hurt is inevitable, because it involves other people's lives, not just a program. "We all have racial baggage," Rice says. For whites it's guilt and blame and ignorance. For blacks, Perkins says, it's bitterness and anger. "It's a spiritual battle to give that stuff up. But we each have to give up something from our own culture. You can't have reconciliation without sacrifice." ☉

Ken Sidey is a free-lance writer living in Greenfield, Iowa.

Ghetto-ing It T O

An aerial photograph of a city street grid, likely Chicago, taken from a high vantage point. The streets are arranged in a regular pattern, with a major highway interchange visible on the left side. The sky is filled with dramatic, golden light from a low sun, creating a hazy atmosphere over the city. The buildings are mostly low-rise, with some taller structures scattered throughout.

In ethnically divided Lawndale, Vision Chicago has linked 15 African-American and Hispanic churches and ministries. Shown here are Vision Chicago board members Forrest Stampley, Noel Castellanos, Ken Kalina, and Luther Benton.



G E T T H E R

IN ONE OF THE WORST URBAN AREAS IN THE UNITED STATES, VISION CHICAGO IS LINKING CHURCH-BASED MINISTRIES, ETHNIC GROUPS, AND THE SUBURBS TO RECLAIM THE CITY FOR CHRIST.

TEXT BY KEN SIDEY
PHOTOS BY WILLIAM FAVATA

The view west from the 103rd floor of Chicago's Sears Tower shows an endless gridwork of streets and buildings. With the help of a few landmarks—expressways stretching to the west and southwest, an airport, a green patch of park—one can locate the city's Lawndale neighborhoods. From a distance, they blend easily into the sprawling cityscape. Up close, they reveal the dark mosaic of problems that comes to mind with the words *inner city*.

Three million people live in the city proper. One out of five lives below the poverty line, including half of all the city's African-American children and nearly one-third of its Latino children. With a high school dropout rate of more than 50 percent, Chicago's schools have been called the worst in the nation. Nearly 90,000 African-Americans and 30,000 Latinos are unemployed. And nowhere are those



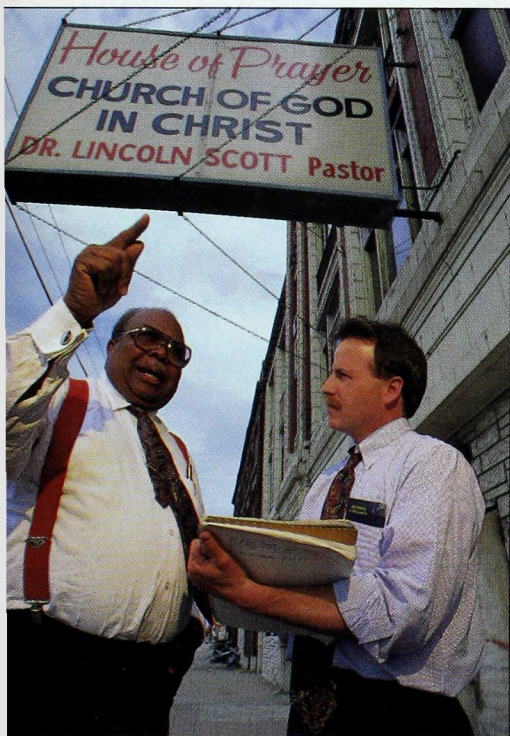
urban ills more visible than in Lawndale.

In predominantly black North Lawndale, abandoned three-story apartment buildings and boarded storefronts line the streets. Young men, out of school and out of work, linger in doorways and on street corners. Graffiti marks gang turf. Drugs change hands with ease.

Across Cermak Road, in the growing Latino neighborhood of South Lawndale, good housing—any housing—is hard to find. Low-paying jobs fail to lift workers out of poverty. Lack of education holds back young people and older immigrants alike. Gang violence has turned the streets into some of Chicago's most dangerous drives.

At Farragut High School, several measures have been taken to combat gang-inspired violence. Ten of the school's 12 doors have been permanently locked, and all students must enter and exit through the two remaining doors where they pass through metal detectors. Once

Vision Chicago is also building bridges to the suburbs. Greg Shaw (right) calls Lawndale pastor Lincoln Scott his "spiritual mentor."



predominantly black, the school population is now 70 percent Hispanic, and has become a flash point of tension between the two neighborhoods.

Bridges of Ministry

But there is hope in Lawndale. Downstairs in an otherwise unremarkable storefront church on West Roosevelt Road in North Lawndale, is a long, rectangular room filled with an odd collection of chairs and tables. It serves as a dining room, where hot

meals are provided to people who otherwise might not eat. Upstairs, 50 simple beds offer a place for the night. Because of the House of Prayer Church of God in Christ, there is an alternative to life on the streets.

Several years ago, when House of Prayer's pastor Lincoln Scott read that two young men had frozen to death on a winter's night not far from his church, he asked himself, "How can I reach people like them?" The answer was the meals program, which serves up to 170 daily, an addiction recovery program, and the shelter. In addition, ex-addicts and others in Scott's program are remodeling an empty store into a seafood restaurant, providing work for the men and an income source for the ministry.

A few blocks to the south, and a world away, hope is also found in Nueva Creacion, the housing rehabilitation effort of La Villita Community Church in South Lawndale. Located in the heart of the Latino community known as La Villita ("Little Village"), the church was planted two years ago with help from predominantly black Lawndale Community Church. Guided by Pastor Noel Castellano, the church also operates a day-care center and provides bilingual staff to a medical clinic run by Lawndale Community, which serves more than 1,000 people a week.

Feeding these efforts, and a dozen others like them, is Vision Chicago, a ministry partnership of World Vision and the MidAmerica Leadership Foundation. In March, ministry leaders announced their plans to link existing church-based services to provide affordable housing, job training, educational assistance, volunteer recruitment, and other community development programs. The plans include raising and investing \$6.3 million to help revitalize and unify Chicago neighborhoods.

Chicago has always had individuals and small groups with visions of developing their communities, says Bud Ipema, president of MidAmerica. But those visions seldom became reality. "What they lacked, first of all, were skills, usually in the areas of community organizing and programming. And second, they were always deficient of resources."

Vision Chicago was born in response to those deficiencies. World Vision is providing more than 40 years of experience in community ministry in the Third World—conditions often duplicated in U.S. cities. MidAmerica provides an experienced staff that for years has helped coordinate local ministries in Chicago, gaining credibility and respect among church leaders. The result is a linking of church-based ministries, focus-



ing on common problems, while intentionally crossing racial and ethnic lines.

Crossing Racial Lines

In North and South Lawndale, Vision Chicago has helped form a collaboration of 15 local churches and ministries (including House of Prayer, Lawndale Community, and La Villita), called the Lawndale Coalition for Christian Leadership. Its membership includes a balance of African-American and Hispanic ministries.

When organizing began nearly two years ago, many were skeptical the collaboration could successfully reach across the racial lines dividing the communities. People were also wary of "hidden agendas" in the efforts, having been exploited in the past by other community development projects.

But from the outset, Vision Chicago organizers Val Jordan, an African-American, and Carlos Perez, a Latino, modeled as well as motivated cooperation. "As we met with pastors and their wives, the first thing we did was pray," says Perez, who has worked in the community for more than 10 years. "There was a lot of listening, a lot of discernment going on, to test our motives."

From the start, meetings were held with simultaneous English-Spanish translation, so all could participate com-



One out of five people in Chicago lives below the poverty line, including half of all African-American children and almost one-third of Latino children. Chicago's schools have been called the worst in the country. And nowhere are these urban ills more visible than in Lawndale.

fortably. After several months, church leaders began building friendships, and decided to take advantage of the growing spirit of cooperation. So they organized a unity worship service, held last December, that drew more than 250 people from seven churches. The service included music from each church, singing, prayer, and workshops. The pastors were so encouraged, they are planning to hold more unity services in their communities.

Racial tension between North and South Lawndale is like "an exposed nerve," Perez says. "It makes people want to avoid dealing with the situation. It's too explosive."

But the coalition has brought the issue out front. "We've tried to create an atmosphere that says 'It is not a hopeless situation.' We can resolve the conflict, even if we can't resolve all the issues," he says. "One of the biggest accomplishments of the coalition is a changed attitude that says, 'We do not have to accept conditions as they are.'"

Bridges to the Suburbs

The bridges that Vision Chicago is building are spanning more than racial barriers. They are also linking urban

ministries—and people—with Christians in the suburbs.

House of Prayer is a long way out of the way for Greg Shaw. Shaw, 32, lives with his wife and three children in northwest suburban Hoffman Estates, and works as human resources manager for Continental Baking Company in River Grove, just outside the city. It would have been easy for Shaw, like so many others, to avoid neighborhoods like Lawndale altogether. But last October Vision Chicago took him to House of Prayer and showed him the community. The sights burdened Shaw. "How could one white guy possibly be effective?" Shaw asked himself. But moved to act, he contacted Pastor Scott.

"He was far more concerned for me and my spiritual condition, than what I could do for him," Shaw recalls of their first meeting. After that, Shaw returned to Lawndale several times to pray and study the Bible with Scott. "I might have started out thinking, 'What can I do for him?'" Shaw admits. "But he was concerned first and foremost about me."

Months later, Shaw says, the friendship "transformed my life. He was the spiritual mentor I had been praying for."

Shaw arranged to provide excess bread from Continental Baking to House of Prayer's meals program, some 500 to 700 loaves a month. He is now helping organize the incorporation of the church's homeless shelter.

That individual connection is also building a bridge between Shaw's church, Willow Creek Community Church in South Barrington, and Vision Chicago. The suburban megachurch hopes to provide scores of other volunteers like Shaw to assist various Vision Chicago projects.

Church Mentoring

Churches involved with Vision Chicago that have more practical experience in community outreach have emerged as mentors to those with less experience. One of those more experienced members is Lawndale Christian Reformed Church, which runs a job training program called Employment Plus. The three-year-old program teaches job search skills to post-high school age men through a five-hour training course and individual counseling. Program director Luther Benton says about 600 young men have completed the training; about 200 have been placed in jobs.

Benton, who took early retirement after a 22-year career with the Bell System to return to the church and neighborhood he grew up in, is now working with Castellano and others to start a similar job training program in South Lawndale.

That sort of cooperation among churches and ministries is a key to Vision Chicago's effectiveness, Ipema says. "Vision Chicago gathers what is really the only institutional resource left in many urban communities—the church—and turns it to outreach through community development." That approach has won the support of other agencies in Chicago. "Economic development goes hand in hand with spiritual development," says Pat Abrams, a member of the Community Ministry Council, which oversees project selection for Vision Chicago. Included on the council are representatives from city and county government, as well as a variety of churches and ministries. That group is now looking to expand outside of Lawndale.

By linking Chicago's Christian ministries and churches, Vision Chicago intends to help heal the city's sprawling ills, says Bill Leslie of MidAmerica. Healthy churches lead to healthy communities, healthy communities lead to healthy families, healthy families lead to healthy individuals. "An explosion of urban ministry" in areas like Lawndale, he says, "will take the city back for Christ." ☉

A nurse from the farming community of Halsey, Ore. finds God in the famine.

SOMALIA'S SAMARITAN

My first week in Somalia I was asking, 'Where's God?' It was like he had forgotten these people." Dorothy Scheffel had thought she was prepared. Long before she left her home last October to join the World Vision team in Somalia, she had seen the pictures of starving people. She had watched the news accounts of the famine. She had heard of the bandits who killed to steal food intended for the starving. She knew that 25 percent of Somalia's children under age 5 had already died, and about 300 people a day were dying in Baidoa, the town where she would live. But nothing prepared her for the reality of seeing the tragedy face to face.

"I have never seen so much injustice and human suffering as there is in this place," she wrote soon after her arrival. "These people have lost everything. There are skeletal children and elderly people all around, and then not far away is a market packed full of looted food that agencies brought in to feed these people."

Dorothy, 34, grew up in a Christian home on her parents' farm near Halsey, Ore. Since childhood, she wanted to be a nurse on the mission field.

World Vision nurse Dorothy Scheffel says the most rewarding part of her work is to see the children respond so quickly to food, love, and medical care.



"I don't consider myself brave or heroic for going into that kind of situation," she says. "I believe God has a heart of compassion toward those in need. And his people should also."

Starvation to Smiles

Dorothy is not a newcomer to East Africa. She previously worked six years as a nurse in Kenya and Uganda, and even encountered fighting and hunger while working in northern Uganda. But Somalia is the most challenging place she has ever been, she says.

Soon after arriving, Dorothy was put in charge of organizing the Rowlo feeding center. The population of Rowlo village had dwindled from 3,000 to 750 as the residents were killed by looters or starved to death. The survivors, like many others in Baidoa, had abandoned their homes and farms to find food.

Rowlo was one of five stations World Vision set up to feed children under age 5, the most vulnerable to starvation. Dorothy helped train Somali health workers to register the children and give them proper food and medicine. Many of the malnourished children also suffered from scabies, diarrhea, respiratory infections, and malaria.

A measles outbreak took its toll on the already fragile children. Every day for a couple of weeks, three or four children died in one of Dorothy's feeding centers. "It is heart-breaking," she says. "I go home in tears several days because we just can't save them all. Then I remind myself of all those who are gaining weight and smile at me as I make my rounds."

The most rewarding part of her work, Dorothy says, is to see the children respond so quickly

to food, love, and basic medical care. "In spite of the enormous obstacles we face, we are making a difference in a lot of those little lives."

Faduma was skeletal-thin and near death when she arrived at the feeding center. Her face, dry and cracked, appeared much older than her 8 years. Because of her critical condition, she received five milk feedings per day and three UNIMIX feedings (a porridge-like mixture of corn meal, bean flour, sunflower oil, and sugar), and high-energy biscuits twice daily.

"The change in her has been remarkable," Dorothy says. "She's got a beautiful smile and a sparkle in her eyes now."

Bearing With Bullets

Dorothy's responsibilities also included deciding when and where to start new feeding centers. It was hard when village leaders came asking for help for their people. She knew she couldn't help them all.

"I have to say no to most of them because we are way too busy now," she wrote in the middle of the crisis. "But it's hard to say no when you know they really need help."

Somalia's instability made expanding the feeding project difficult. Yet despite a steady backdrop of gunfire, the work continued. Bullets flew in every direction, and the World Vision team lived constantly with the threat of getting hit. Armed guards protected their compound and accompanied them as they visited outlying feeding centers.

Before the Marines arrived in Baidoa in mid-December, the atrocities increased. Gangs terrorized the area with widespread looting and shooting. World Vision evacuated most of their workers to Kenya, but Dorothy and three others remained to try to keep the six feeding centers functioning.

"Right at this moment, I would rather be anywhere else but here," Dorothy wrote. "Because of the UN troops coming in, the Somalis are out looting in full force! Yesterday we



When Dorothy first saw the widespread suffering in Somalia, she wondered: "Where's God?" But despite continual setbacks and hardship, today Dorothy says, "I know he hasn't forgotten these people. There are people like us here."

heard the rumor that the looters are saying, 'All the other agencies are being robbed except World Vision—now it is their turn.'

"We hired 11 extra guards. We have this old beat-up Land Cruiser-type vehicle parked out in our compound with this HUGE machine gun mounted on the back. We just got a radio message—that the American troops will arrive here tomorrow. That leaves tonight for the looters to do their thing!"

Ten days would pass, however, before the troops arrived in Baidoa. The day after Dorothy wrote her letter, more than 50 people were killed in the marketplace. The fighting spread and included a shoot-out in front of the World Vision compound.

"All we could do was pray," Dorothy says. "We shut the windows and got down on the floor. When there was a small lull in the shooting, we managed to get to one of the back rooms. My heart was thumping pretty good!"

Dancing and celebration in the streets replaced the gunfire when the troops arrived in Baidoa. World Vision survived the siege and was one of the few agencies not robbed. Security in Baidoa improved, at least initially—World Vision workers still travel with an armed guard because of continuing threats.

Long-Term Relief

The journalists and TV cameras have moved on to more sensational sto-

ries, but Somalia's problems still fester. UNICEF reported in March that half of the Somali children are still malnourished and sick. Relief and development aid will be needed for some time, and World Vision continues to expand its work in Somalia.

Extra medical personnel are providing additional health care. Dorothy and other workers have vaccinated children in the feeding centers for measles. In outlying areas, a mobile health team treats many others suffering from illnesses like malaria and diarrhea. They are also opening medical clinics and training Somali health workers.

The only long-term relief for Somalia's people, however, is to get the displaced families back to their farms where they can grow their own food again. Dorothy recently helped the survivors from Rowlo resettle in their village. A convoy including nine trucks, five World Vision vehicles, and an army escort transported supplies and 432 people returning to start over.

"This is our most wonderful day yet in Somalia," she wrote. "It's such a good feeling to see the feeding center close and the people again strong enough to go home."

In preparation for that day, Dorothy trained a local resident as a community health worker and helped assemble resettlement packs containing a few household items for every family. World Vision also provided seeds and tools along with a two-month food supply. Health care teams will visit the village every two weeks.

Somalia is no longer some God-forsaken corner of the world to Dorothy. "Now I know he hasn't forgotten these people," she says. "There are people like us here. We're feeding them. We're trying to bring them hope." ☺

Janice Lemke is a free-lance writer living in Eugene, Ore.

I'M ONLY A PENNILESS GIRL

BY MARTHA EMMERT

Life was difficult in Iowa during World War II. My family was terribly poor, though we labored hard on our own farm. During the week, I lived in town to attend high school. I tried working as a housekeeper for room and board, but I lacked adequate cleaning skills—I had never lived in a modern house with a modern toilet. I didn't even have enough money for bus fare. I failed my first year of high school and dropped out. I felt doomed to poverty and unhappiness.

One day a cousin sent me a gospel tract, which opened my eyes to a new possibility. I could be born again by believing in Christ as my savior. Christ's love is a gift, and I just had to accept it. But I was afraid. I had never prayed before, and I worried that nothing would happen.

Though I did not receive Christ then, hope began to grow in me. I wished I could find another Christian, someone who knew about being born again. I did not look in church, partly because I was embarrassed to go with muddy shoes, looking poverty-stricken.

Joining the massive war effort, I worked in a factory making ammunition boxes. The people around me seemed depressed, gloomy, and as tired as I. I was facing a futile and uncertain future, without purpose and joy. I longed to be born again. If such a miracle ever happened, I vowed, I would spend the rest of my life telling others about it.

One day I went to church to see my nephews and niece in a Christmas program. There I met a pastor who asked me if I wanted to be a Christian. As he prayed, I repeated the phrases after him. Afterward, I knew I was born again.

Yearning to know Christ and his will for me, I attended every church meeting possible. Someone gave me a Bible. I read it constantly, memorizing whole chapters. I learned inspiring hymns, spoke at Youth for Christ meetings, and smiled all the time. My Christian friends called me "Sunshine."

At home, my popularity declined. My parents were unhappy with my new faith and warned me my mind could become unhinged from too much religion. They were embarrassed because I spoke to almost everyone I met about Jesus and what he did for me. When I prayed silently before meals, Mama would bang pans on the

stove and my parents would argue loudly.

Then they decided to stop me from going to church. "If you love the people at church so much more than you love us, you can go live with them," they insisted. They chose my weakest spot. I loved my parents, and I didn't want to leave. I explained I did not love them less, I loved Jesus more. I needed to go to church to learn about him.

Unable to turn away from my faith, I took my few possessions and left home without knowing where to go. My eyes full of tears, I went to my choir director's home and explained my situation.

"This is your home," she said. And her husband just smiled as though I had always lived with them.

I went back to high school, and earned a little money through housekeeping, working in factories, and working for my teachers. At church I did everything from teaching Sunday school to cleaning up.

Three years later I completed high school and decided to continue my education in ministry. When I left for seminary in Chicago my mother turned from me coldly, refusing to kiss me goodbye. I boarded the late-night bus heartbroken and questioning whether I was indeed doing God's will. As I prayed and cried in the dark bus, I was aware of God's presence. Filled with wonder and new joy, I felt comforted and confirmed in my choice.

Over the next several years, I graduated, married, had two children, and moved to Africa to teach as part of a missionary team.

One day a 15-year-old high school student slumped before me and asked, "I am only a girl, penniless. How can I train for the ministry?"

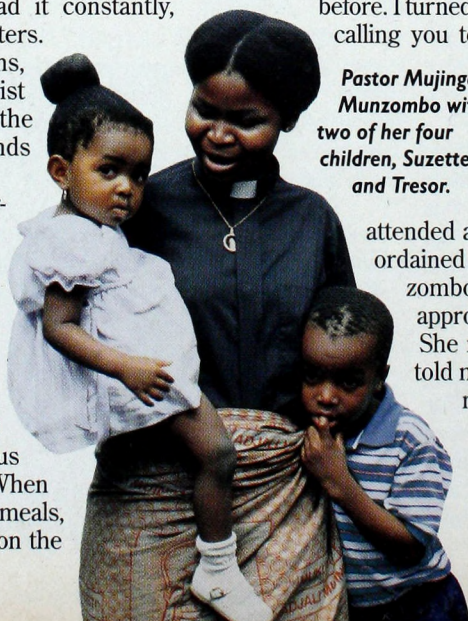
Not many girls from her part of Zaire attended school, and she didn't have any money. I remembered facing that same question so many years before. I turned to my student. "If you truly feel God is calling you to serve him full time, then you can trust him to supply all you need to prepare for his work," I said. She left, and I lost track of her during my busy teaching life.

About eight years before my husband and I retired, we attended a ceremony for the first woman to be ordained in our mission. Pastor Mujinga Munzombo, whose churches were flourishing, approached me. I didn't recognize her. She reminded me, "You are the one who told me to go ahead and God would supply my needs. I did and so did he." 🌐

Martha Emmert is a freelance writer living in Fort Wayne, Ind. She was a schoolteacher and missionary in Africa for 35 years.

"If you truly feel God is calling you to serve him full time, then you can trust him to supply all you need to prepare for his work."

PHOTO BY MARGIE KAUN



Pastor Mujinga Munzombo with two of her four children, Suzette and Tresor.

Last year, then 10-year-old Magat Marag, who had not seen his parents for six years, fled to this refugee camp in northern Kenya. He represents thousands of refugees from Sudan where famine threatens 1.5 million lives.

IT DOESN'T TRICKLE DOWN

According to a recent United Nations report, the Third World still faces massive poverty because, despite the billions of dollars invested in foreign-aid programs, the rural poor have received little or no benefit.

The problem, says the report by the International Fund for Agricultural Development (IFAD), is that for the past 40 years foreign-aid officials have concentrated on developing the overall economies of Third World countries, assuming that prosperity would eventually reach the rural poor. But as the past 10 years have shown, even in the United States, trickle-down doesn't work.

And despite an explosive exodus of rural poor into cities during recent years, a huge proportion of Third World people still live in rural areas. Four billion people live in the world's 114 developing countries. Of the more than 2.5 billion people living in the world's rural areas, almost 1 billion live below the poverty line—633 million in Asia, 204 million in Africa, 76 million in Latin America and the Caribbean, and 27 million in the Near East and North Africa.

THE WORLD'S 10 POOREST COUNTRIES

The percent of rural poor plus factors such as literacy and health care are the bases for these rankings.

COUNTRY	RURAL POOR (1988)	% OF RURAL POP.
1. Bhutan	1.2 million	90%
2. Burkina Faso	7 million	90%
3. Somalia	3.2 million	70%
4. Mauritania	900,000	80%
5. Sudan	15.9 million	85%
6. C. African Republic	1.4 million	91%
7. Bangladesh	82 million	86%
8. Gambia	540,000	85%
9. Guinea	3.5 million	70%
10. Afghanistan	7.1 million	60%

Source: International Fund for Agricultural Development

The five worst countries for the rural poor, according to the report, are Bhutan, Burkina Faso, Somalia, Mauritania, and Sudan. The statistics for Somalia and Sudan were compiled before famine, warfare, and drought devastated much of their countries' population. The depths of their poverty have certainly worsened in the past year.

The report argues that Third World aid must emphasize more small-scale development projects in the countryside, especially among women, who do much of the agricultural work in the Third World.

"Nobody is simply poor," says Idriss Jazairy, former IFAD president. "The rural poor are poor farmers, poor herders, and poor fishermen. In short, they are poor producers: Their incomes are gained from their work. The answer to poverty lies in creating the conditions for them to earn more from their work." ☉

**FIVE ISSUES CONCERNING
THIRD WORLD WOMEN:**

LITERACY
EMPLOYMENT
CHILD BEARING
SINGLE PARENTING
AIDS





WOMEN OF THE DEVELOPING WORLD

More than 12 million people worldwide are infected with HIV, the virus that causes AIDS. Many women in the Third World lack access to basic health care and education, and do not know about the disease until they become ill or their family members and neighbors begin dying from it. In addition to their daily chores of cooking and several-mile treks for water, many Third World women also have the painful responsibility of caring for dying family members and orphans whose parents have died of AIDS.

Sixty-year-old Nakajeero Horivah has watched her village in the Rakai district of Uganda become like a ghost-town, as neighbors and family (including two sons and two daughters) died of AIDS. In Rakai, one of every three children is an orphan.

Although she already cares for four of her orphaned grandchildren, as often as possible she treks seven miles to a neighboring village to check on 6-year-old Nasaali Horivah and 18-month-old Peter Kizza, whose parents died of AIDS in February. She had nursed their sick parents and promised them that after they died she'd take care of their children.

In 1990, World Vision began the Orphans Project to help care for AIDS orphans. Project workers help dying parents write their wills and make sure their wishes are carried out. For orphans, they help organize community groups to plant gardens, generate income, and provide love, protection, and moral guidance.

More than 500 orphaned teenagers are being trained in job skills that will ensure they can support themselves and their siblings. In Uganda, where there is only one hospital for every 200,000 people, World Vision is helping renovate five health facilities in some of the areas most devastated by AIDS.

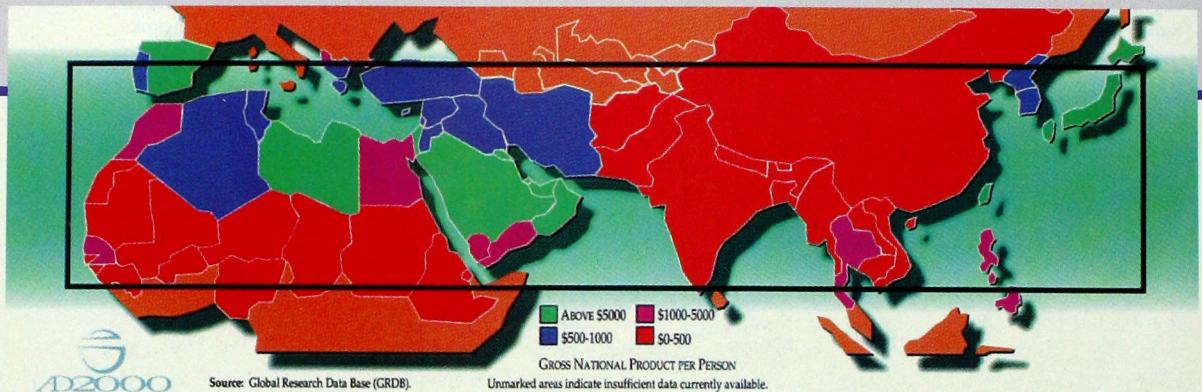
To ensure that an entire generation does not grow up illiterate and without job skills, the project is constructing eight new schools and has provided more than 10,300 orphans with school tuition, clothing, and school materials. 🌐

*Photographed by David Ward.
Reported by Lois Ephraim.
Written by Tamera Marko.*



SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST



10/40 WINDOW

Beginning Oct. 1, an expected 15 million people will share the same view through the 10/40 Window. This month-long intercessory prayer campaign called Praying

Through the Window encourages people worldwide to fast and pray for the unreached people groups who live in a belt between 10 degrees north and 40 degrees north of the equator (from West Africa to Asia).

Sponsored by the AD 2000 and Beyond Movement, the cam-

paign offers training materials for churches and ministries, including a 31-day guide with activities and prayer focus.

For more information, contact the Christian Information Network, 11025 Highway 83, Colorado Springs, CO 80921-3623; (719) 522-1040.

SEEKING A HIGHER HIRE?

Intercristo, a nonprofit employment network, connects people with jobs in more than 1,000 Christian, nonprofit organizations worldwide.

Part of CRISTA, a nonprofit, non-denominational ministry based in Seattle, Intercristo currently lists more than 18,000 job openings in 215 occupational categories, including health care, education, agriculture, science, maintenance and repair, and ministry.

To help job seekers assess career goals, improve job search skills, and learn about ministry opportunities, the organization also offers career development tools ranging from workbooks and cassette tapes to computer software.

Since 1967, Intercristo has helped more than 150,000 Christians with career development and placement and more than 10,000 Christian ministries with recruiting.

Subscriptions cost \$41.50 and include an updated job list every

month for three months. For more information about the programs, contact Intercristo, 19303 Fremont Ave. N., P.O. Box 33487, Seattle, WA 98133-3800; (800) 426-1343.

"Right now you can find a satisfying job serving God and helping others."

Christian Placement Network
Personal Profile

Inter
cristo

MISSION MANIA

Got the mission bug? Join more than 19,000 Christians at the 17th triennial URBANA '93 student mission convention from Dec. 27 to 31 at the University of Illinois. Sponsored by InterVarsity Christian Fellowship, this convention helps everyone from recent high school graduates to longtime pastors find their roles in Christian ministry. Such roles can range from praying for specific causes to short- or long-term missions overseas.

The convention offers daily videos, exhibits by more than 250 schools and mission agencies, more than 120 seminar topics, and small group Bible studies. Mission opportunities worldwide include evangelism, church planting, relief and development work, teaching, translating, and health care.

Attendees must be high school graduates and should register early. For more information, contact URBANA '93 Promotion, InterVarsity Christian Fellowship, P.O. Box 7895, Madison, WI 53707-7895; (608) 274-7995.

Compiled and written
by Tamera Marko and Stephanie Stevenson

ILLUSTRATION BY STAN SAKAI

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world; indeed, it's the only thing that ever has. —Margaret Mead.

With this thought in mind, "Children Hungering For Justice; Curriculum on Hunger and Children's Rights" was created. Produced by the Office on Global Education and Church World Service, in cooperation with the Center for Teaching International Relations, University of Denver, the curriculum is designed for kindergarten through grade 12. The lesson plans include group and individual

activities, statistics, quotes, and student handouts.

The material also includes ways students can do

something

about child hunger, examples of how other students have already helped, and additional written, audio, and visual resources about children's rights.

The curriculum was originally created for the 10th annual World Food Day on October 16. Sponsored by the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization, this day encourages people nationwide to focus attention on the world's food and farm problems and to search for solutions.

For more information about the free curriculum or World Food Day, contact the Coordinator, U.S. Committee for World Food Day, 1001 22nd Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20437; (202) 653-2404.



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55	6.7%	33%
65	7.3%	40%
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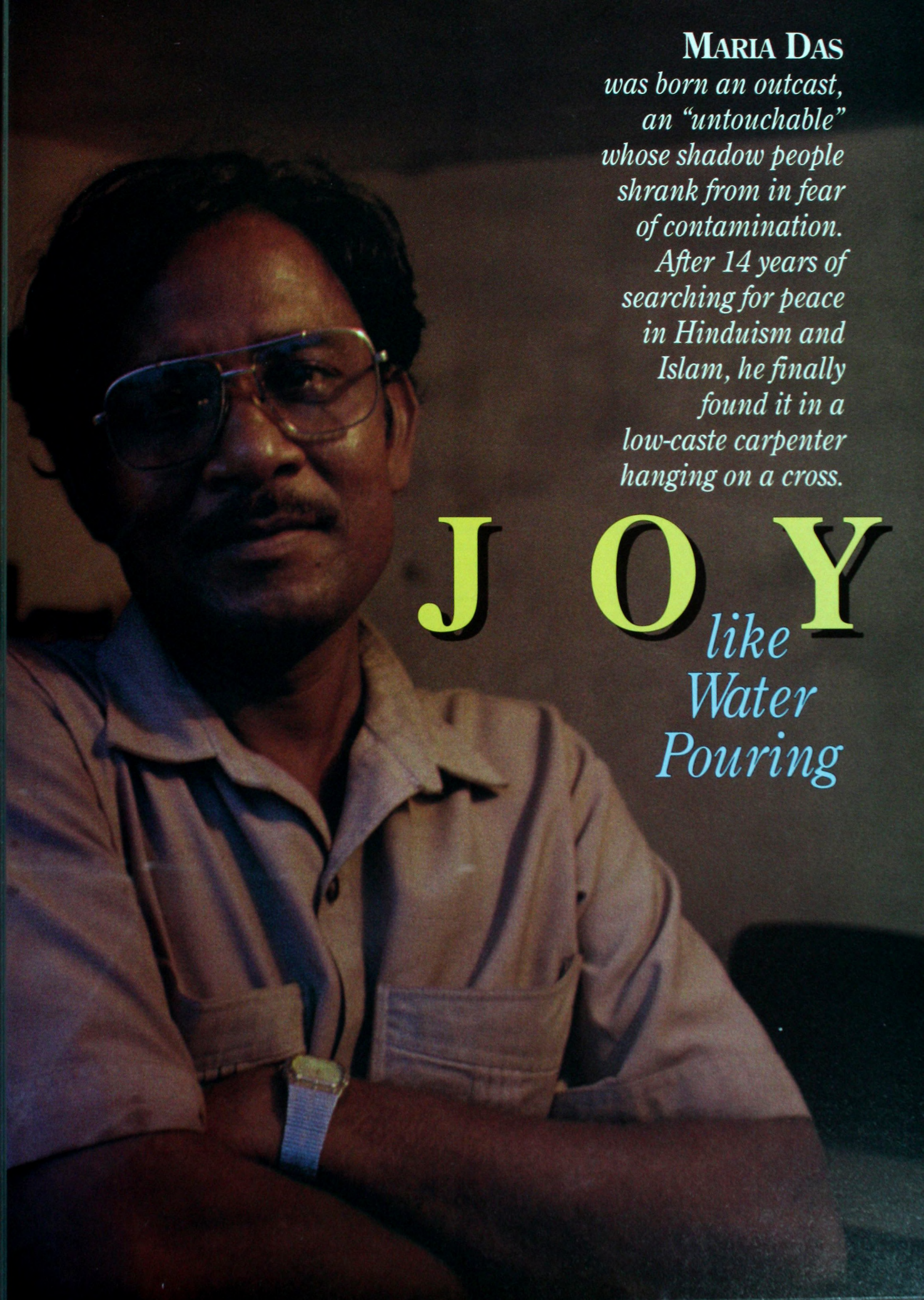
PHOTOS BY JON WARREN

A photograph of a wooden door with a sign that reads "BAPTIST CHURCH" and "WEEKLY SERVICES". The door is slightly ajar, and the lighting is warm and somewhat dim, suggesting an indoor setting. The sign is in the background, and the door is in the foreground.

Maria Das sat in a smoky wine shop, drinking, in the late 1970s. His back ached from a long day of toiling in the streets of Dhaka, the capital of Bangladesh, cleaning the garbage and waste of his fellow city dwellers. For his dawn-to-dusk work, seven days a week, he earned \$5 a month, which barely covered his family's living expenses. The job wasn't a living; it was only a humiliating way to prolong his family's slow drift toward death from malnutrition and disease.

Das, then in his early 30s, laughed at a neighbor's crude joke and took another sip of wine. Like him, his fellow drinkers were from the Telegu tribe of southern India. The tribe had been brought to the region by the old colonial British government, when the country was still a part of India, to do the unsanitary work for which only "untouchables" were qualified: cleaning streets, drains, toilets, and sewers.

They were rail-thin men dressed in torn and ragged clothes. Most were infected with tuberculo-



MARIA DAS

*was born an outcast,
an "untouchable"
whose shadow people
shrank from in fear
of contamination.*

*After 14 years of
searching for peace
in Hinduism and
Islam, he finally
found it in a
low-caste carpenter
hanging on a cross.*

J O Y
like
Water
Pouring

sis, a contagious disease that passes quickly among Dhaka's poor. The men drank cheap wine to numb their sense of smell and help them get through their stench-filled days of menial labor. Now the greater portion of their starvation wages went to buy alcohol and, with a little luck, hashish.

"Who could blame us?" Das asked himself bitterly. In punishment for unidentifiable misdeeds committed in another life, he and his neighbors were born "untouchables," people designated to a social position so far from the golden circle of India's privileged castes that they were literally "outcast"—belonging to no caste at all.

Through small but searing acts of contempt, Das himself had come to understand the price of untouchability even before he could talk. If his father wanted a cup of tea from a shopkeeper, he had to drink it outside. If his son accidentally touched a piece of bread or a sweet in a shop, it was thrown away. High-caste Hindus could be polluted even by the shadow of an untouchable child.

"These experiences made me hate myself inside," Das recalled years later. "As a child I felt God had made me equal, but I had no right to claim equality in society."

Das ordered another drink and thought for a moment of his own children. Three boys and five girls. What future would they have? The boys would clean streets, toilets, and sewers—and drink. The girls would marry a boy or a man who did the same thing. They and their children after them would be permanently chained to the bottom of Bangladeshi society.

It was a formidable bottom. Perhaps the lowest in the world. Battered by cyclones and floods, overcrowded and undernourished, and exploited by the greedy, the people of Bangladesh limped from one disaster to another. With the nation's unemployment running up to 80 percent, Das' children and grandchildren would be lucky to find a job at all, even one like his, cleaning toilets and sewers in the streets.

Das felt a stab of guilt. Because he spent his money on wine and hashish, his own children ate less than others. But what did it matter? They, like him, had no future. Their only hope was an early death and a rebirth into a better caste. Das sighed and looked at his empty cup. There was only one cure for guilt. Too bad. His money was gone.

SEARCHING FOR SERENITY

Today Maria Das is 16 years away from his last drink. A pastor, teacher, and scholar, he is the gentle leader of a growing number of Telegu untouchables in India who have left Hinduism behind to follow a low-caste carpenter with a simple message of love and redemption.

Rising at 5:30 a.m. to read his Bible and pray, Das spends his day visiting the sick, teaching Bible studies, strategizing development projects, and fathering the 25 "untouchable" orphans who live in his home.

"I believe Jesus came to the world to save the world," says Das, a slight man in wire-rim glasses. "He forgives all my sins, and therefore I love him and understand him. I want to share with the people about his love."

Das' faith, while simple, is the result of a long and deeply felt spiritual journey. His slow road to conversion led him through addiction, devastating poverty, and some of the world's major religions.

Ironically, Das' conversion began when he abandoned the Catholic faith of his childhood. "My father was a cate-

Maria Das is the pastor of more than 300 "untouchables" who have received Christ in this Bangladeshi slum. He has also helped start a medical clinic, a "savings and loan" program, and several schools for "untouchable" children. In 1989, World Vision awarded Das with its Bob Pierce award, given annually to encourage unrecognized Christian leaders in the developing world.



CASTE IS DESTINY

Though Bangladesh is a Muslim country, it was once a part of India, and Hindu beliefs about caste still affect all levels of society (14 percent of Bangladesh is Hindu). Despite the fact that Maria Das was raised a Catholic, the culture's caste system assigned him a rigid role at birth, preventing his upward mobility.

In Bangladesh, as in India, caste is destiny: It determines one's job, spouse, neighborhood, and lifestyle. Untouchables, the lowest group, cannot own land in the city, safely send their children to school, or compete for any but the most menial jobs. They are despised by everyone but other untouchables and grow up with the crippling awareness of their physical and spiritual "untouchability."

Wherever Hinduism has a foothold, there are untouchables. In Nepal, one of the world's poorest countries, one of every four people is an untouchable. There are untouchables even in New York City. But India is home to the world's largest outcast population—150 million people.

chist in the Catholic church. But when I moved to Dhaka as a teenager, I couldn't speak Bengali, and the priests couldn't speak Telegu. Since I couldn't go to confession, my sins piled up."

Das lived with a Hindu man and longed to participate in the singing and dancing of the Hindu festivals, a welcome change from the austerity of Catholicism. "I became a Hindu and learned to recite Hinduism's sacred scriptures," Das remembers. "Eventually I even became a Hindu priest." He was a Hindu for seven years.

At the same time, however, Das was drinking wine and, when he could afford it, smoking hashish. But, he says, "There was no forgiveness of sins, and I could not find peace of heart or comfort. I could not find a real god."

In his late 20s, Das met a Muslim priest, who gave him lessons from the Koran. "For six or seven years I studied Islam. But soon questions arose in my mind that the master couldn't answer. Why did Mohammed fight in battle? Why were there so many wars? I wanted to be a good Muslim, but I could not find peace."

JOY, LIKE WATER POURING

Das was 33 years old and drinking in a wine shop when a friend suggested he play the drums for a Protestant church. "Soon, every evening I joined with them," Das recalls. "I drank and smoked hashish and drummed for the congregation.

"One day they were singing a song about confession. I was listening deeply. All the bad things I did came before me. It was a vision. I cried in my heart."

As the singing continued, Das saw a clear image of Jesus bleeding on the cross. "He said to me, 'Maria Das, what do you see?'"

"I said, 'All the bad deeds I have done, and for this reason I am unclean.'"

"Jesus said, 'For this reason I am on the cross. Not only for you, but for all the people. All the bad deeds you have done, if you come to me I will forgive them.'"

With a simple prayer of confession, Das felt all his unhappiness disappear. "It became joy, like someone pouring water. There was so much peace, I felt like dancing."

Soon after his conversion, Das began sharing his new faith with friends. During church services, he interpreted the Telegu language for a local evangelist. As the handful of Telegu converts grew to dozens of new believers, Das became the full-time minister of the first church in the Telegu community.

PASTORING THE POOR

Das, now 47, walks down a narrow, muddy path between what appears to be an endless row of low-lying shacks. Outside one home, a group of small, emaciated children huddle around an older child who is peeling with care a half-rotten passion fruit. There is a hum of excitement running through the slum—American visitors!—but the children never take their eyes off the fruit. To turn away even for a moment might cost them a morsel of food.

The children are among 60,000 Telegu untouchables living in Bangladesh in slums whose misery and devastation defy description. Tuberculosis, malnutrition, domestic violence, and alcoholism afflict almost every family.

It is here that Maria Das preaches and lives out the Christian message of grace, redemption, and social empowerment. "Equality is not a hard idea for untouchables to understand," Das says. "They want to hear that message. It is the high-caste people who do not understand."

For the 25 orphaned Telegu children living in Das's home, empowerment comes through nutritious food, school, Bible study, and two hours of tutoring every afternoon. Despite harassment by

classmates, the children all attend public schools.

As a pastor, Das leads church services for the 300-plus Christians in the Telegu community. He preaches, evangelizes, visits the sick, counsels, reads letters and documents for the illiterate, and plants new churches. Despite his eighth grade education, he is a scholarly man and continues his own spiritual journey through reading and study.

Das was instrumental in establishing a medical clinic in the Telegu community. He also founded a "savings and loan" program that has benefited almost 1,000 Telegu, and a number of schools for untouchable children.

In 1989 Das received the Bob Pierce Award, given by World Vision to encourage unrecognized Christian leaders in the developing world. "I was an untouchable, but God has made me his ambassador to proclaim the world of his kingdom," Das said in his acceptance speech.

Like most visionaries, Das's dreams for the future are far bigger than his financial resources. He would like to



World Vision operates a sponsorship program in a children's home that Das founded.

start a technical training school for untouchables. He would like to buy land to establish a community where Telegu families could have their own schools and live peacefully.

Whatever the future holds for Das, he holds fast to the simple message that first came to him in a vision: "Jesus loves me. He loves all. And he came to the world to save it." ☉

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



A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

Kariuki Mburu, one of 11 children, stood proudly next to the faucet bringing fresh, safe water to his house. He was happy and healthy, but little did this sponsored child (the first of 300 in this Makuyu community 50 miles north of Nairobi, Kenya) know just how important he was to the success story unfolding in his neighborhood. The chairman of the community development committee said it all: "The sponsored child is the direct link between World Vision donors and the success of this project."

Two years ago the Makuyu area was a hostile environment for people. This was marginal farmland with unreliable rainfall. Water that was collected quickly stagnated, and waterborne diseases were rampant among the children.

Poverty was just as crushing. These families were "squatters," at the beck and call of the large coffee plantations, with limited self-esteem and a future so diminished that hope was unrealistic.

The first sponsorship dollars went to dig a well and provide a transformer to pump water to all parts of the community. The community made water its top priority, and more than 200 people provided the "sweat equity" by digging all the connecting trenches. In just 10 days, every foot of pipe was covered.

"Since the project started, the people have experienced a new kind of love," the chairman said effusively. "Every member of the community contributes 50 shillings (about 79 cents) to take care of the maintenance of the system. We take turns keeping the starter motor [for the pump] in our homes to provide greater security. We are accountable for every dollar that comes from the outside. We even have a committee already in place for when World Vision leaves! The project will be sustainable."

I asked about the local church. "We have many churches here. They used to fight a lot. Now the churches are working together, brother and sister. Each one knows he or she needs the other. We can do so much more together. At harvest

time all the churches meet together. The water has transformed us."

The chairman's vision for the people was matched by the compassion of his heart. He was the one who gave the land for the well. His example was infectious. Trees were cut down so they would not fall on the water tanks. The community cut up the trees for firewood, sold the wood back to the community, and put the

collected money back into the project for future enhancements.

Because there is safe water, more children are now attending the local school. Women's groups have sprung up, a tree-planting exercise was started, and seeds are disbursed, along with seminars stressing how to properly grow trees. And the women pray daily for the donors! Given a newfound ability to dream,



Eleven-year-old Kariuki Mburu (second from left) is one of 300 World Vision-sponsored children in this Kenyan community. What I saw in his village was sponsorship and holistic community development at its best. More importantly, I saw Kingdom values in action: selflessness, service, love, compassion, self-esteem, good health, and abundant life.

It seems we "blew it" with a last minute anecdotal addition to our April/May cover story. Unfortunately, author Calvin DeWitt did not see our revisions before we went to press. He has provided us with a detailed response to our inadvertent inaccuracies in the lead. Please write me for a copy of his reply.

But just to prove that we do some things right, the Evangelical Press Association (EPA), for the fourth time in five years, honored WORLD VISION magazine with the "Award of Excellence" (Magazine of the Year) in the missionary category. This is the latest of more than 50 awards the magazine has won during the past five years.

Barbara Thompson's "Working Against the Tide" (June/July '92) and my interview with Al Gore Jr. (Dec. '92/Jan. '93) won first place awards from the Associated Church Press (ACP). But the awards we treasure most were won by the "Boys in Orphanage #10, Romania" (Oct./Nov. '92). Their photography took second and fourth place awards with ACP and EPA.

—Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

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A young minister, Bob Pierce, wrote those words 40 years ago. Motivated by Jesus' love for children, he began recruiting people to sponsor needy children. *And World Vision was born.*

Today thousands are sponsoring over 900,000 needy children worldwide through World Vision.

For \$20 a month *you*, too, can help change a needy child's life. You can provide a child with things like food, clothing, medical care, education, and the opportunity to know God's love. Your sponsorship gifts can also help your child's family and community become self-reliant. And you'll come to know that child through personal letters and regular updates.

Won't you let your heart be broken... *Become a Childcare Sponsor today.*

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- I prefer to sponsor a boy girl living in Africa Asia Latin America where the need is greatest.
- Enclosed is my first month's gift of \$20.
- I will send my first month's gift of \$20 within 10 days of receiving my sponsorship packet, or I will return it so someone else can help.
- I can't sponsor a child right now, but I would like to contribute \$_____ 1993.

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Address _____

City, State, ZIP _____

Thank you! Please make your check payable to World Vision. Mail to: A73WSD

WORLD VISION

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the squatters began to buy their own small plots of land. Each family is now fully invested with one to two acres of irrigated farmland.

This is holistic community development at its best. We saw a superb project. More importantly, we witnessed Kingdom values in action. Selflessness, service, love, compassion, self-esteem, good health, an abundant life—all were visible. There were also thankful hearts, a sense of community, an understanding of "who is my neighbor," and freedom from life-threatening diseases. In short, the praise

Little did this sponsored child know just how important he was to the success story unfolding in his neighborhood.

that flowed from the mouths of these people was heartfelt and profound.

But back to Kariuki. Someone 10,000 miles away had sponsored this child; ministry was taking place in his household, as well. For a family in the United States, Kariuki represents

a window to the world. A name, a face, a personality, a person. Kariuki is tangible. The awful totality of the world's negative statistics need not paralyze us. Millions of children *do* go hungry; thousands *die* each day. Obviously we can't do everything, but each of us can do something. So a picture of Kariuki goes up on the refrigerator—and Kingdom values are taught to an entire family.

One child. Twenty dollars a month. Not much more than a mustard seed. Three hundred families sponsoring 300 children, and a Kenyan community of 5,000 people find hope, experience love, gain self-respect, and know the joy of serving one another. What leverage! What a bargain!

The chairman had a final word: "Our need was water; our goal was knowing God physically and spiritually." Thanks to holistic development, funded through the sponsorship of a child, all goals were met! ☉

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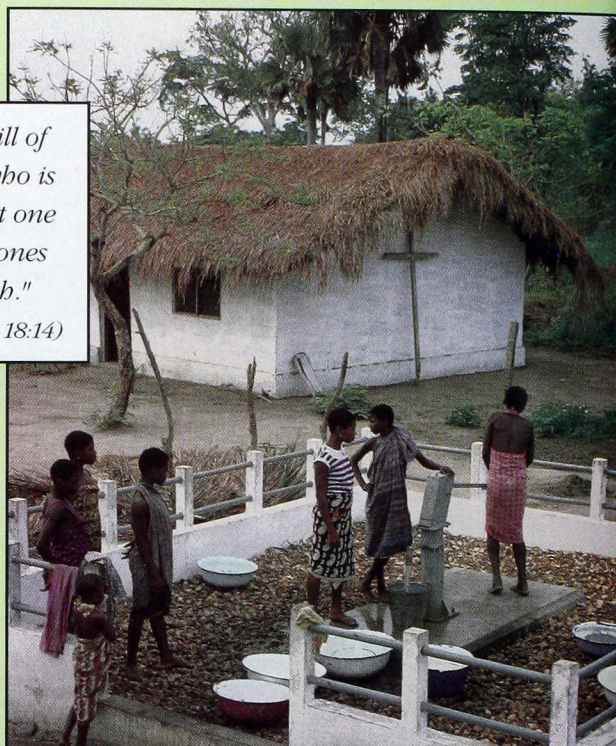
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*"It is not the will of
your Father who is
in heaven that one
of these little ones
should perish."*

(Matthew 18:14)



The Need

Dirty, unsafe water and poor sanitation together make up the world's most efficient transportation lines—carrying disease and death to far too many.


Too few of the world's rural poor have adequate sanitation. Latrines are scarce, and open sewage contaminates the air and the water. Houses are constructed from bits of scrap; children play amid the refuse. The importance of even simple hygienic practices, such as hand-washing, has not been taught in places like these.

The Response

Clean, safe water is a vital ingredient—whether used with oral rehydration mixtures, in medicine, or for cooking nutritious food. World Vision, in partnership with caring people, improves water and sanitation systems by:

- protecting existing wells from animals and other contaminants;
- teaching simple hygienic practices, such as boiling water
- sealing open sewers and digging garbage sites; and
- teaching simple sanitary practices that help curb the spread of disease.

Please join us in bringing hope and health in Jesus' name to suffering children and families. Your generous gift can make a world of difference today.


WORLD VISION

Yes, I want to help!

I am enclosing:

\$175 \$450 \$775

Other \$ _____

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

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Mail today to: Z2M352/3000

World Vision / Water

P.O. Box 1131

Pasadena, CA 91131-0101



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