

WORLD VISION[®]

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Empowering the Poor:
**A CUP OF
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Racial Reconciliation:
**COMPLEMENTARY
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T ARE WE
TRASHING
OUR THIRD WORLD
NEIGHBORS?



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RASHING

OUR THIRD WORLD NEIGHBORS

The West is
sweeping
its garbage
under a
Third World
carpet.

BY KAREN E. KLEIN
AND STEPHEN A. SCAUZILLO

B**RUNO LOPEZ** *wonders how long his family will be able to stay on the small farm that has been his home for 60 years on the outskirts of Tijuana, Mexico. His extended family of 17 scrapes out a living growing cilantro, onions, spinach, and corn on their small acreage.*

But Lopez' age-old pepper trees have begun to dry up and die. His crops are small and sometimes the harvest doesn't come in at all. Three of his eight groundwater wells have dried up and five smell bad and look suspect.

The Lopez farm lies in the shadow of a huge complex of internationally owned assembly plants called "Industrial City." A few years ago, a greasy-looking new stream appeared on Bruno Lopez' land. It trickles from the factories directly across his property, sometimes running bright blue and sometimes dull green.

"My children are sick all the time. They never used to get sick," Lopez complains. Although the family no longer drinks the ground water they relied on for decades, they still use it to irrigate their crops, water their livestock, wash their clothes and dishes, and bathe in.

Lopez' neighbor, 58-year-old Francisco Diaz Hernandez, is selling his ranchito and plans to leave. "Now that the factories are here, this is no

place for a farm," Hernandez says. He reaches into a water trough for his cows. On the bottom, he dredges up solid brown sludge.

"This used to be clear. There was never anything on the bottom," he says.

He has asked government officials and a television reporter if his water can be tested for contamination, but so far nothing has been done. "Sometimes I am afraid to stay here," he says.

A recent environmental survey asked several U.S. elementary school children, "Where do you think all the trash goes?" The question elicited a telling response from one second-grader, who wrote, "To countries like Mexico." Unfortunately, she was closer to the mark than many Americans realize.

With landfill space becoming scarcer, fees for dumping increasing, federal regulations tightening, and Westerners more wary of the health dangers of trash and toxins, waste shipment companies and manufacturing giants are dumping — both legally and illegally — our garbage on the Third World.

Whether they build factories in border towns like Tijuana (where there are few environmental regulations and even fewer resources to enforce them), or pay developing countries to accept shipments of toxic waste, much of the Western world is using the Third World as a dumping ground. Environmentalists call it "toxic terror."

"In the U.S. it [Third World waste shipping] really is the status quo, and European countries are trying to expand on it," says Jim Vallette, coordinator of the anti-waste-trade campaign for the environmental group Greenpeace. The organization estimates that dealers have shipped more than 5 million tons of waste to the developing world since 1986.

Americans alone generate 200 million tons of garbage annually. Most collect it in trash cans, put it out on the curb every week, and forget it.

But the kitchen scraps, food wrappers, and junk mail don't go away. Household garbage piles up, along with poisonous chemicals and industrial waste. Where does it all go? In the past decade, the United States has lost 70 percent of its designated landfill capacity because of lack of space and tighter regulations on establishing new landfills. Along with that, a "not-in-my-backyard" mentality

has spread through the country.

But the trash has to go somewhere, and that's where waste trading comes in. No one seems to care when the dump is located in someone else's backyard, especially when that yard happens to be half a world away.

Dr. Edwin R. Squiers, director of the Randall Center for Environmental Studies at Taylor University in Indiana, tells his Christian college students that attitude is anti-Biblical. "We are charged with loving our neighbors as we love ourselves. I wouldn't put this garbage in my own backyard, so how can I foist it off on someone else?" asks Squiers.

But that's exactly what is being done. The Organization of Economic Cooperation and Development estimates that in 1987, international waste disposal was a \$20-billion-a-year business. Instead of paying up to \$350 per ton to dispose of

No one seems to care when the dump is located in someone else's backyard.

waste in the United States, garbage companies pack and ship large amounts of refuse to developing countries, paying them as little as \$40 per ton to accept their cargo.

Far-off places like Gonaives, Haiti; Cato Ridge, South Africa; Koko, Nigeria, and Beirut have become receptacles for trash

produced in the Western world. In Tijuana, residents regularly collect water for washing and bathing in large metal drums that once contained U.S.-made hazardous chemicals.

For many developing countries, the offer of millions of dollars is hard to turn down — even when hazardous strings are attached. One firm offered the small West African country of Guinea-Bissau an annual income four times its gross national product to dispose of 15 million tons of European toxic waste. The

In Tijuana, Mexico many families use these barrels that once contained toxic chemicals to carry and store water for bathing and cooking.



Congo, the Bahamas, and Guyana have each received similar offers but have rejected them.

The poorly regulated international companies that open up assembly plants along the U.S.-Mexico border generate hundreds of thousands of tons of hazardous waste every year, resulting in contamination of surface and ground water and air and land resources. But the Mexican government has encouraged the establishment of the factories, called *maquiladoras*, because they provide badly needed jobs and a shot-in-the-arm for the Mexican economy.

Economics professor Victor Castillo, who studies the ecology of the border area in the San Diego-Tijuana region, estimates that only 10 percent of the more than 500 *maquiladoras* operating in Tijuana have fully complied with environmental laws. Frequent toxic spills plague the modern factories that are built smack up against sad *colonias*, densely packed neighborhoods where workers and their families live in shacks without running water or electricity.

Much of the waste product from the factories ends up in the Tijuana River, which flows through the city of 850,000 people in a concrete channel choked with old tires, rotting garbage, and plastic bags. The waste-treatment plants built to handle the waste water are frequently inoperative, so beaches south of San Diego are often closed due to contamination from the river's outflow.

International waste shipping and the export of polluting industries take their toll mainly on the poor populations of the Third World. The losers are the economically and politically powerless, people like Bruno Lopez, who have the misfortune to live and die in places like Tijuana, Port-au-Prince, and Bangkok. "They're not empowered to make the choice (about whether to accept waste shipments). They may not be able to read and they may be desperate for foreign currency so they can buy food," says Squiers.

Last March, an explosion and fire tore through the Klong Toey port complex and shantytown in Bangkok, where the city's poorest slum dwellers make their homes out of scrap wood and cardboard. The makeshift shacks lit up like matchboxes, killing five residents and turning the entire community into blackened cinders in a matter of hours. The spontaneous chemical explosion engulfed a large pile of oxidized phosphorous, which was improperly stored out in the open. Because no records are kept of hazardous waste stored at the port, no one knows for sure how the chemicals got there. More than 1,000 destitute residents of Klong Toey were treated for sore throats, respiratory problems, skin rashes, nausea, and vomiting in the days after the fire. Eight died of complications in the month after the explosion.

Pattana Choombon Mai, a 9-year-old girl who lived in Klong Toey with her grandmother, gathered up her 18-month-old brother when she heard the first blasts of the explosion. "I knew we had to get out of there as quickly as we could because already some of the houses were burning, and there was a terrible smell in the air. I couldn't breathe very well," the girl recalls. "Then a piece of burning material fell on my head. It burned my head, and it hurt so badly. I tried to brush it off, but I had to hold on to my baby brother. Finally I got it off, but I was in a great deal of pain."

Along with the homelessness and

Wipa Jindaret worries about the health of her young children after the explosion and fire at Klong Toey: "The smell was very bad. My youngest son couldn't stop coughing the first night. I was afraid he might die."

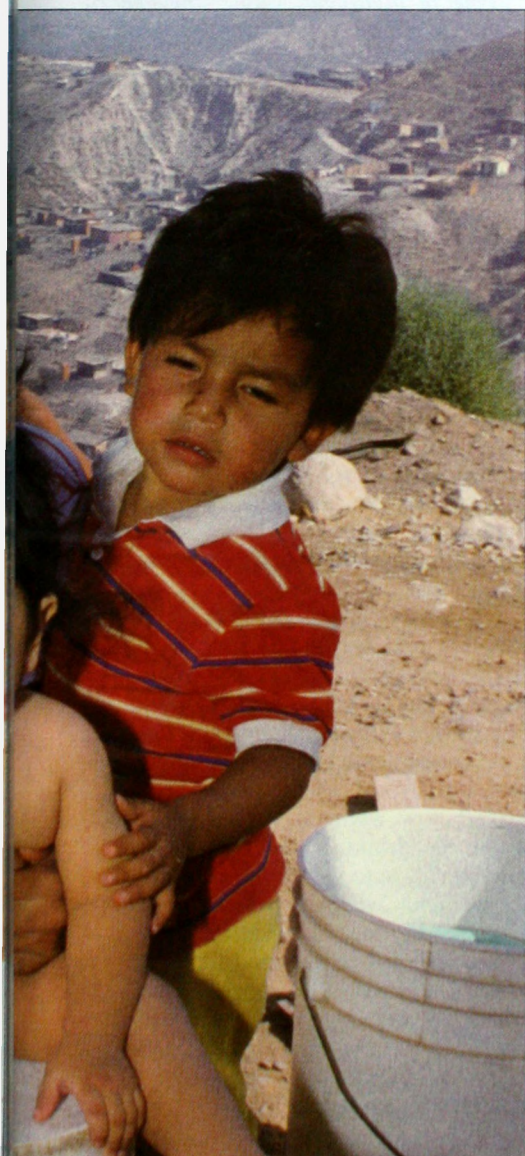


STEVE REYNOLDS / WORLD VISION

the initial illnesses, many questions remain unanswered about the long-term effects of the Klong Toey tragedy. Wipa Jindaret worries about the health of her young children. "The smell was very bad, it was difficult to breathe. My youngest son was only three months old at the time. The first night, he couldn't stop coughing. I was afraid he might die. He developed a rash which lasted for three days and he still coughs frequently," she says.

In the global waste trade, the most attractive dumping grounds are the countries that are the least industrialized and consequently have the fewest resources with which to properly treat and dispose of garbage. In August 1986, a U.S. company hired the cargo ship *Khian Sea* to dispose of 14,000 tons of municipal ash from Philadelphia. It unsuccessfully tried to dump the cargo on a Bahamian island and then began to wander the Caribbean, looking for a place to unload.

The *Khian Sea* landed at the port of Gonaives in Haiti in 1987, where it left about 4,000 tons of the ash, labeled as fertilizer, at a former shipping dock. Before it could finish unloading, however, government officials ordered it to halt



PATRICK HOUSE

and it fled the port. The potentially dangerous waste still sits on the beach.

One of the latest ways of shipping toxic peril overseas is to wrap it in a neat package and label it "recyclable," says Jan Huisman, of the United Nations International Registry of Potentially Toxic Chemicals. More than 60 percent of recent waste trade proposals he has reviewed claim some recycling angle.

"The export of non-ferrous metals to Asia is really massive," he says. "There are smelters in Taiwan where odors and fumes reach schools downwind and they have had to close the schools because kids have been found to have extremely high levels of lead in their blood." High levels of lead exposure in children leads to brain damage and lowered intelligence. In severe cases, it can even cause retardation.

"The Bible says that the sins of the fathers will be visited on the children, to the third and fourth generations,"

In 1987, international waste shipping was a \$20-billion-a-year business.

lems that go along with accepting Western refuse, and acting to stem the problem. In 1990, 83 countries banned waste imports.

This year, Africa's environmental ministers adopted a treaty making it illegal to ship hazardous and nuclear waste into the African continent. South Africa is the only country in Africa that now allows the importation of waste. According to Greenpeace, companies in South Africa regularly accept mercury waste from Europe and the United States.

Vallette notes that while 83 developing countries have banned waste imports, only two on the Western side of the waste trade have moved to ban exports: Italy

Squiers says. "Somewhere along the line, someone will pay for these kinds of abuses. It's always wrong to befool God's creation."

Despite the attraction of foreign capital, some developing countries are listening to the fears of their residents, seeing the health prob-

and Norway. "The rest have an open door regarding waste," Vallette says.

Many environmental organizations hope to see all waste exports banned, and are supporting legislation currently in Congress that would prohibit U.S. participation in the waste trade. □

Bruno Lopez' wife continues to wash the family's clothing in a tub on her back porch. Farmhand Robert Monroy waters a donkey at the mysterious stream that flows from Industrial City over the hill onto Lopez' farm. He pulls a wooden plank from the top of a well to show a curious visitor the white particles floating on top of the groundwater about 15 feet down. "The animals drink this water and nothing bad has happened to them," he says hopefully.

Outside of Francisco Diaz Hernandez' farm hangs a sign: Se Vende Este Rancho — "This Farm For Sale."

"We're getting out of this area," he says. "If you don't have water, you don't have a farm."

Karen E. Klein is a free-lance writer living in Monrovia, Calif. Stephen A. Scauzillo is an environmental writer.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

If you're concerned about the exporting of garbage to the Third World, here are some resources for more information about the issue and for taking action:

- Get a biblical perspective on stewardship of the earth. Three Christian organizations that provide literature and theological guidelines on the environment are: The North American Conference on Christianity and Ecology, P.O. Box 14305, San Francisco, CA 94114; the Au Sable Institute of Environmental Studies, 7526 Sunset Trail N.E., Mancelona, MI 49659; and the Christian Nature Federation, P.O. Box 33000, Fullerton, CA 92633. Taylor University's Randall Center for Environmental Studies does outreach and research on global, regional, and local environmental issues: 500 W. Reade Ave., Upland, IN 46989-1001.

- Investigate the current legislation, authored by U.S. Rep. Ed Towns, that would ban U.S. participation in shipments of waste overseas. Environmental groups that oppose waste-trading are asking supporters of the bill (Towns' Waste Export and Import Prohibition Act, H.R. 2580) to write their senators and representatives about it.

- Find out more about the ecology of the U.S. border areas. Two research groups studying industry's effects along the border are: The Border Ecology Project, P.O. Box 5, Naco, AZ 85620; and the Texas Center for Policy Studies, P.O. Box 2618, Austin, TX 78768.

- Being a conservator of creation starts at home. Sort and recycle your own garbage and cut down on the amount of trash going into our landfills. Get involved with local groups that are trying to make a difference in your own neighborhood. Buy recycled products and products that are biodegradable and less harmful to the environment.

WHAT WE'RE DOING

World Vision staff members, who work with the poor and disenfranchised worldwide, frequently see the aftermath of cross-border dumping on Third World populations. Ministering in shantytowns perched on the edges of trash dumps and in the crowded, dirty slums that are home to many people in the world's largest cities, here are some of the ways World Vision is confronting the problem:

- In the Philippines, a program in the planning stages called "Urban Advance" will address problems relating to the slum communities of metropolitan Manila. Residents there are profoundly affected both by garbage from the international waste trade and by pollution generated inside their own country. Insuring clean drinking water, stemming the spread of disease, and encouraging proper waste disposal will be paramount concerns of the new program which has a broad community focus.

- From Africa to Asia, Latin America, and the Middle East, World Vision projects provide clean drinking water to people who otherwise would be exposed to disease and health risks from contaminated water. In hundreds of sites, World Vision teams have drilled new wells to find untainted water for drinking and constructed infrastructure to pipe fresh water into towns and villages from running springs. In dozens of other areas, World Vision has provided filters for water supplies. In Mexico, World Vision has provided testing for some neighborhoods where existing water supplies are believed to be polluted or tainted with bacteria.

WHO IS REALLY POOR?

BY DEBBIE SHEPARDSON
WITH ANNA WATERHOUSE

The bus I'm on is like the United States. It is clean, plush, and quiet. The people understand each other, both in language and culture. I feel safe inside.

Still, I didn't come all this way just for a comfortable bus ride. I force myself to peek out my window. Outside is Cairo, Egypt. Neon signs flash advertisements in Arabic. Vendors hold strange, filthy fruits and vegetables. Tacky shops are plastered with English signs hawking souvenirs.

I see a mass of people, thousands of bodies jostling each other in an open market. The odors of strange spices and burning meat assail me. On all sides I hear the rat-tat-tat of Arabic. Hungry children push their hands through my window. An emaciated dog drags something dead across the street, leaving a trail of blood and guts.

Then it hits me. I am stuck here. For the next six weeks, I will be traveling through six Third World countries with Ministry of Money to experience a little of what the poor experience. But this strange world out my window closes in on me. I'm overwhelmed by its poverty and crowdedness. And although I'm here to give my 17-year-old mind some perspective on the way "other people" live, all I want to do is hide. I suddenly feel very close to the 13 other Americans on the bus.

That's the way I spend the next three days—wandering through Egypt, hiding inside my mind and my group, seeing very little. I am afraid to let myself go, afraid the anger and disgust and sorrow will undo me.

Then I'm swept into Sudan and a refugee camp. Some of the people here have walked hundreds of miles to escape war. They are beautiful. They don't beg. They want to hold our hands or touch us. I am uncomfortable, but I let them hold my hands. They show us the heaps of rubble they call home. Someone in my group hands out candy bars, which disappear almost immediately. One woman, noticing her pregnant friend hasn't gotten a candy bar, gives up her own, though she herself is malnourished.

As the days go by, my confusion grows. I want something monumental to happen. I want to accept these people as they accept me, yet I am afraid to touch them. I feel myself shutting everything out, and I hate myself for it.

In Kenya, my journey half over, I write a poem:

*Why is it, Lord, that I don't feel?
I've seen wounds that only you can heal
and poverty no one should bear.
Yet it's hard for me to care.
I want to care; I want to love,
but instead I tend to push and shove.*

*I don't look into their hungry eyes
or brush away the many flies.
Instead, I look the other way
and wish I didn't have to stay.
A wall goes up, and I'm not there.
But God, I really want to care.*

The day we leave for India, I sit in the airport and cry. Calcutta is a sewer, I've been told. After the plane lands, a dying bus takes us to a dingy hotel. People covered with blankets lie like stacked corpses on the sidewalk. Mange-eaten dogs roam freely. Pushy hands and hostile stares greet us. The air is heavy with heat and grime. Men urinate in streets already lined with moldy sewage. The oppression is touchable, the people loud and restless. I am petrified and sick.

The next morning we attend Mass with the Missionary Sisters of Charity (Mother Teresa's group). We enter a small, bare room with a crucifix on one end and open windows on the other. From those windows I hear the sounds of the waking city, sounds that remind me of the bedlam just outside.

The nuns file in, and I marvel at them. In the midst of this hell, they are calm. They begin to sing. Their voices are so sweet that, for the first time in weeks, I relax. I watch their faces as they worship. They are looking up, expressions full of love and joy.

I hear a commotion by the door and turn around. A tiny, wrinkled woman appears and hobbles to a stool. I hear whispers and gasps. It's Mother Teresa. What this small woman has accomplished in her lifetime moves through my mind like a litany.

My defenses collapse. I've been in this foreign world almost six weeks, trying to step around the wretchedness. Now I finally admit that it is I who am poor. Here, the only goal is to reach out to others and to worship God; whereas I set goals that are trivial and try to meet them at the expense of everything that is truly important. My goals enslave me because I have put them above caring, and I let them drive me.

These women who sing so beautifully to my God have nothing, yet they have everything. And I realize that it is not the pain or need of others I've been afraid to feel. It is my own. □

Debbie Shepardson, now 18, lives in Maryland Heights, Mo., and is currently an exchange student in Brazil.

MELISSA SUBER



Denied their government-provided milk, residents of a Brazilian slum unite to make changes.

Luiz Carlos Correia had sand in his shoes and a fire in his throat. He had spent a long morning under the intense Brazilian sun visiting families in an urban slum north of Natal. So he stopped at a snack bar, bought a bottle of lemon soda, and sat down.

Brazilian slums are called *favelas*, and most of the residents come from the countryside, swelling the cities to unmanageable proportions. The people of Favela Sarney, however, had been pushed out of another slum by a land developer.

So on a flat stretch of sand and grass used as a dump, they erected shelters from scrap wood, plastic, metal, and cardboard. Like thousands of squatter settlements surrounding Third World cities, sewage ran through open ditches, an occasional spigot supplied water, and crude electrical wiring provided weak lighting.

A boy of about 5, barefoot and wearing only a pair of stained blue shorts, approached Luiz Carlos and politely asked if Luiz would buy him a glass of milk.

Strange, Luiz thought. The government supplies milk for poor children. If the child lived in that

favela, his mother should get 30 tickets a month, each good for one glass of milk at a local distribution center.

When Luiz Carlos inquired, the owner of the snack bar explained.

"We have a problem here," he said. "The president of our neighborhood association is fighting with the president of the town council who is a friend of the man who controls the milk tickets. That's the way it is, Señor," he shrugged. "He's punishing our president by not giving our people their milk tickets."

Luiz Carlos Correia, left, knows how to ask the questions that lead the powerless to empower themselves.



A CUP OF COLD MILK



"So what have you done about it?" Luiz asked as a few of the neighbors came in.

They looked at each other, and finally one woman spoke. "What can we do? The community council is the only group that distributes the tickets." They all nodded in agreement.

"Well, how many times have you gotten together to try and solve the problem? Have you met with the president of your neighborhood association or the president of the council? Have you brought the two of them together?"

This was exactly the kind of problem Luiz liked to get his teeth in. As an urban coordinator for World Vision of Brazil, he had often seen situations like this.

"Do you know what the basic problem is?" he challenged them. They shook their heads. "The problem is that

the milk is not theirs to do with as they please. The government gives it to *you*. Why should you let them decide how to distribute your milk?"

That stirred them, but Luiz Carlos knew it would take much more than that. The Brazilian government has organized the slums into neighborhood-sized residents' associations that belong to a town council. But many of the people, uneducated and unemployed, have never learned to make the system work for them.

Most of the men in Favela Sarney were *biscateiros*, unskilled workers who did whatever they could find—cleaning, painting, construction. If they made 3,000 cruzeiros a week, they were lucky. If the women brought home the same, a family might earn the equivalent of \$60 to \$70 a

month, enough for beans and rice for a family of four or five.

Many families, however, had six or eight children living in one- or two-room shanties. More children meant more income, because children could earn money on the street to help support the family. On any given day half of Favela Sarney's children could be found in the marketplace selling chewing gum or chocolate, hanging around the docks, or eyeing the cameras around the tourists' necks on Natal's beaches.

Luiz Carlos proposed they send a delegation to the neighborhood association president's home. Poor Angelo! He must have wondered why this determined group of citizens crowded into his patio that afternoon.

Actually, Angelo wasn't as poor as the people who came to see him. He worked half-time in the ministry of edu-



The jungle of squatter's huts was replaced with neat rows of sturdy concrete block houses.

police because they're going to invade this man's house! But we had already told the police

what we planned to do and they had agreed.

"We rang the bell and finally the man came and told us, 'I can't meet with you now, but if you'll come to my office this afternoon, I'll give you 30 minutes.'

"We ended up staying four hours. He got involved in the case and said he'd send someone to check into it. The last time I heard they were sending

an engineer to see what needed to be done to make the area safe for the people.

"My job is to help the poor help themselves," Luiz Carlos says. "If they move from being dependent on us rather than the government, we really haven't helped them. They have the resources but they don't know how to use them."

A short time after the milk tickets were returned and the shanties rebuilt, a kindly political wind blew on the oppressed citizens of Favela Sarney. Elections were drawing near, and the government of President Jose Sarney, for whom the *favela* had been named, was extremely unpopular. Soon truckloads of concrete and building materials began arriving as part of a federal subsidy for slum improvement.

The cynics, of course, had their say, but Angelo's people were grateful. The jungle of dismal, dank squatter's huts was replaced with neat rows of small but sturdy concrete block houses. They had windows (but no glass), most had electricity, and a few even had running water.

Since these changes, Brazil has adopted an austerity program to stabilize its troubled economy. Many subsidies have fallen to the budget cutter's ax, and life is still difficult in Favela Sarney. Unemployment has risen and inflation is worsening. Money that the Favela Sarney residents earned last year will buy one-fifth less this year.

But despite these conditions, Angelo and the others now know they can improve their own lives. They know that if they're ever going to break the cycle of poverty, they can't depend upon anyone else. By the grace of God they can work together and do it themselves. □

Ron Wilson is a free-lance writer in Earlysville, Va. and a contributing editor to WORLD VISION magazine.

cation and half-time with community affairs. His home was a step or two up from those of Favela Sarney residents. But they had elected him president because they believed he had their welfare in mind.

Now, however, he was on the defensive. He bristled as they presented the problem.

"What can I do? What can I do?" He threw his hands up and talked loudly as men in that part of the country often do. "I am the enemy of the president of the town council."

"We know! We know!" they chorused. Then someone suggested they call the local secretary of health. Someone else said he had a passing acquaintance with the man. Luiz Carlos wanted the local churches to be involved. So they found a pastor to join them and went to the health secretary's office in the city.

It took several more meetings, but as Luiz guided them, the people of Favela Sarney began to see and understand the process. They had to work together. Sometimes they'd have to confront someone else. But they had the power to solve their own problems.

Finally, in a noisy public meeting with the health secretary, the presidents of the town council and the neighborhood association and the heads of the mother's clubs resolved the problem.

Surprised and elated, they left with the health secretary's promise: "I will send inspectors to make sure the milk is reaching you."

The community's next injustice affected a few families who had "invaded," as the Brazilians call it, an idle piece of land and erected a patchwork of flimsy shelters. Most land in Brazil is in the hands

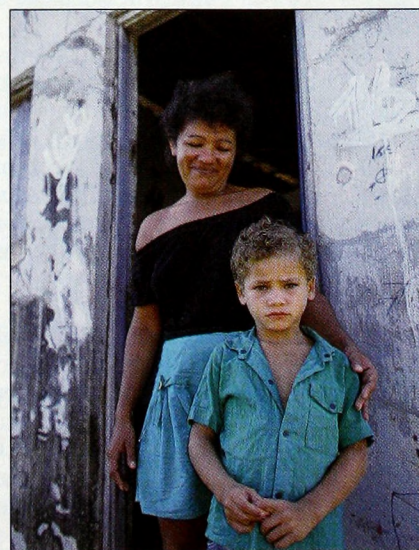
of a few. But the poor are beginning to fight back. In the past 25 years, more than 1,000 people have died over land-ownership conflicts.

No one died in Favela Sarney, but late one night, while most were sleeping, the landowner sent a small army of men with trucks to bulldoze the shanties. So, once again, Luiz Carlos called the people together and gently prodded them.

"You solved the milk problem," he said. "Why can't you work together and do something about this?"

A noisy discussion followed, and finally they chose a delegation to go to the government-housing agency. When the director wouldn't receive them, they met again and this time Angelo had an idea: "If he won't meet us in his office, we'll have breakfast with him at his house."

Luiz Carlos tells what happened: "At seven in the morning, 20 people gathered in front of the house of the housing director and began clapping their hands. It's a well-to-do district, and the neighbors came out and asked what was going on. Some suggested, 'Let's go to the



This boy, with his mother, was one of those who received government-provided milk.

*Third World
women, once taught
to keep silent,
are beginning to
speak up and
affect change in their
communities.*

WHISPERS OF CHANGE

CHARLES MAINGI / WORLD VISION



Rebecca Cherono, right, with a Maasai woman: "As I share my life with her, we discover we may have things in common."

I'm so poor."
The woman's voice was as dry as the ground under her black, leathery feet.

Sitting next to her was a Kenyan woman, a World Vision worker named Rebecca Cherono. Rebecca saw the woman's hut and her hungry children playing in the dirt. She looked into the woman's eyes and saw herself as a young Kenyan girl who spent seven hours a day searching for and carrying firewood.

"Is this your land?" asked Rebecca.

"Yes," the woman said.

"How much of it have you worked on?"

"I haven't," the woman replied. "We have no seeds, fertilizers, or hoes."

Rebecca asked if she would work the land if these things became available. The woman looked up. Everything in her face said "Yes."

Once again, Rebecca Cherono had encouraged a woman in development, one of many women in the Third World who are beginning to see them-

selves as part of the solution to economic development. Rebecca had thrown out a handful of carefully chosen questions to a stranger in need. Then she waited. Waited for them to take root in a stranger's imagination.

Two years later the woman was raising enough to feed her family.

This incident could be washed away like the seeds in one of Kenya's violent rains—except for a stark fact that floods the country: Women are responsible for 80 percent of the food produced in Africa today. Knowing this, Rebecca Cherono holds onto the words of Moisari Mbene: "Kenya will not change until Kenya's women change."

But throughout the Third World there is a frightful waste of women's lives. The United Nations recently determined how women from 30 different countries score on its development index. In most industrialized countries women rate about 20 percent below men. In Kenya, where women's development is about half that of men, the situation looks terrible.

That is, the slow harvest of self-confidence for Kenyan women has not come easily.

"Most households in Kenya's rural areas are run by women," says Rebecca, former field director for World Vision in Nairobi, Kenya. "The men must go into urban situations to look for employment. If they're fortunate to get a job, they may stay in the city 11 months of the year. This leaves the woman to manage the family."

Ever-changing economics have added pressure on many Kenyan women, Rebecca says. "Traditionally, men could dig, uproot the trees, and then let the women till the land. Now, women must do the man's work as well as their own."

This predicament has pushed Kenyan women to exhaustion. "They're the ones who will cook the last grain of rice, who will walk miles to bring their child to a clinic. The men come once or twice and give up. But the women will persistently come until something is done."

The problem isn't related to gender,

Rebecca says. "I think most of our African men are really responsible people." The greatest enemy facing Kenyan women in development is their own self-attitude. "For years women have been raised to suffer quietly. In the old days, we didn't have the freedom to speak in the presence of men."

That uncomfortable silence has given way to whispers of change. With an ear to their own people and a readiness to act, more Kenyan women are discovering that the necessities of food, water, and self-esteem, like a life-giving spring, are just below the surface. And Rebecca Cherono is helping them dig for answers.

"True development can only take place when people realize they have a problem," says Rebecca. "Years ago the Maasai in northern Kenya had a problem. Drought had wiped out most of their animals. These nomadic people live off their camels, cows, and goats. So they knew if their animals died they also would die. They knew they had a problem: They needed more goats. So we provided five goats each to some 300

families. It was women who cared for the goats, while the men were forced to drive their camels far away for water. Several years ago we went back to the area and the people showed us what their five goats had grown into. Some now had 300 goats; others had more."

For Rebecca, successful development is not a matter of telling others what to do. The key is asking them, "What do you have? What do you need? What are you willing to do about it?"

By asking the right questions, Rebecca holds up a mirror to women in development.

"I start by asking them, 'Tell me more about yourself. I want to listen to your story.' I want to ask questions that will make a woman feel good about herself. Then I tell her about myself—that I'm a mother, that I come from a certain village, and that I've learned lessons. As I share my life with her, we discover we may have things in common. Then, by the time we get down to the real things, she's already comfortable to talk about her real concerns."

"Then I'll walk with them a step at a time, sometimes even behind to see whether they can go on by themselves. That way when you retract they will move on."

Once women have identified a problem and owned it for themselves, Rebecca says, they act. "Sixty to 80 percent of the efforts to ensure development in Kenya have happened because women took the initiative," she says.

Take Chilulu, a community near Kenya's coastal port of Mombassa. For years it had no nearby water source. The men talked about doing something but



Women of Vision, a World Vision program, is a link of support and understanding between American women and needy women and their families in other countries. The program includes discussion groups about poverty, visits to projects that benefit women, and raising support for specific projects such as the water project at Chilulu, Kenya.

Currently, about 650 women are involved in Women of Vision in two California chapters with another chapter forming in Pennsylvania. These committed women help support five projects in Africa and Mexico, and two in the United States.

To learn more about helping support Women of Vision, contact Ann McKusick, World Vision, 919 W. Huntington Dr., Monrovia, CA 91016.

Once women realize that God has made them in a very special way just like men, then our world will be different.

LINDA VALENTINE



nothing was done. It was the women, going to the river every day and collecting water, who said, "This can't go on anymore."

The Chilulu women began thinking of ways to raise money. "They got together, organized themselves, and began hiring out pieces of land, raising crops, and selling them at market. By the time we got to know about them, they had already raised 6,000 shillings [\$300] for their water project.

"Today there is water in that village and the men are involved. Anything that is new, they want to be a part of."

Rebecca makes it clear that encouraging women in development is not meant to spark a battle of the sexes but rather to kindle a common effort

for building the entire community.

"I've met very few women who are selfish. It's not true that women look for independence so they can compete with men. In most cases women really are striving to make life better for themselves and their families."

In Chilulu, the success of the new water system has generated enthusiasm for other projects. Core groups of 10 to 20 women meet for mutual support and every week they bring two shillings to the group. Within a short time, each group raised between 10,000 and 20,000 shillings. Their goal is to build a common center where their children can be cared for while they go out and work.

"I've discovered that most women in Kenya and in other countries want to come together; they want to share ideas, learn from one another. This helps

women build confidence so they can forge ahead. For women in Kenya, the growing belief is, 'Together we can do something; alone I can't.'"

The issue of women in development is not unique to Kenya or to Africa.

"Women's issues are individual," Rebecca says. "Whether a woman is educated or illiterate. Whether she's in Africa, Asia, Latin America, or Europe, it is the positive view of herself as a woman that will break all the bondages that restrict women from doing and being what God would have us be.

"Once women realize that God has made them in a very special way just like men, and that they have something to contribute, then our world will be different."

Different. Like the Kenyan woman Rebecca learned about who raised half a million shillings to build a morgue in her own town so that the bodies of local children wouldn't have to be stored far away from their final resting place.

Different. Like a poor woman whose future had seemingly withered up and blown away until someone who had walked her road sidled up to her and invited her to think for herself ...

What do you have?

What have you done?

What are you willing to do?

Rebecca Cherono is asking these questions to a new generation of women. Her concern can raise consciousness and new possibilities. That way Rebecca Cherono will find the freedom of walking with other women. Not leading the way, but simply sharing it. The kind of freedom that made a poor woman rich when she unexpectedly met a woman named Rebecca Cherono, and who in growing her own food unknowingly discovered the meaning of Rainer Maria Rilke's words: "Live the questions now. Perhaps you will then gradually, without noticing it, live along some distant day into the answer." □

Mark Cutshall is a Seattle freelance writer who heads the Mark Cutshall Creative Services public relations firm.

FAMILY LIFE
EDUCATION
HEALTH
ARMED CONFLICT
SUBSTANCE ABUSE
CHILD LABOR

Top concerns for the world's children,
as identified by UNICEF

Numbing the *Pain*

Millions of children worldwide are drug addicts before their teens. Many of these children steal or sell their bodies for drugs. The less affluent dig through garbage dumps for discarded glue or solvent to sniff.

Why are drugs so attractive to Third World children? Some simply follow the example of their substance-abusing parents. But for many others, drugs numb the horror of poverty, exploitation, and sexual abuse; and help ward off hunger and cold.

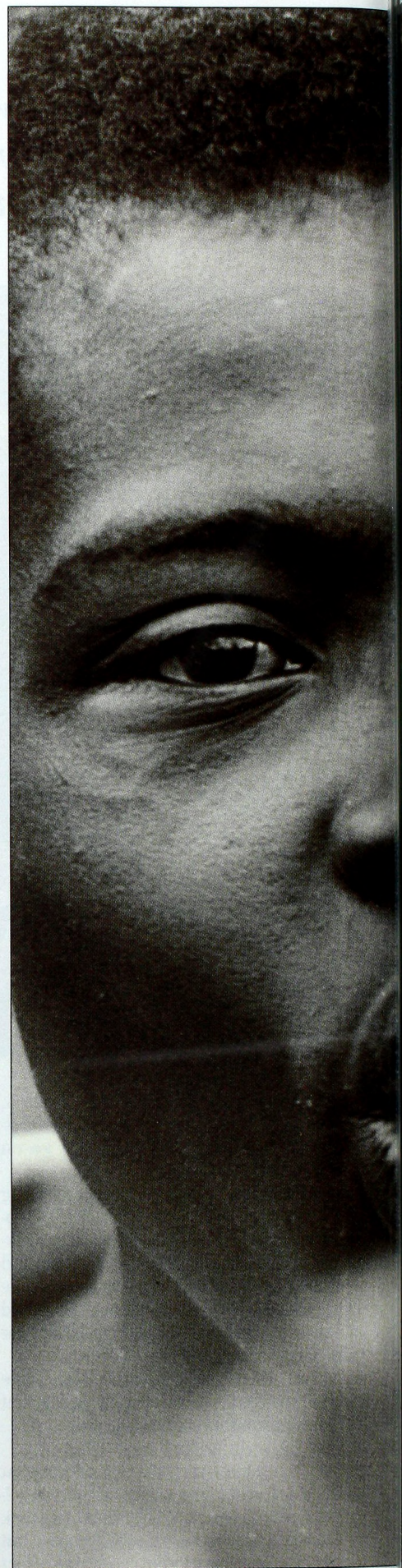
The consequences are frightening. An increasing number of children, their minds and bodies stunted, are wandering through life in a drug-induced stupor. AIDS is spreading among those who trade needles or sex for drugs.

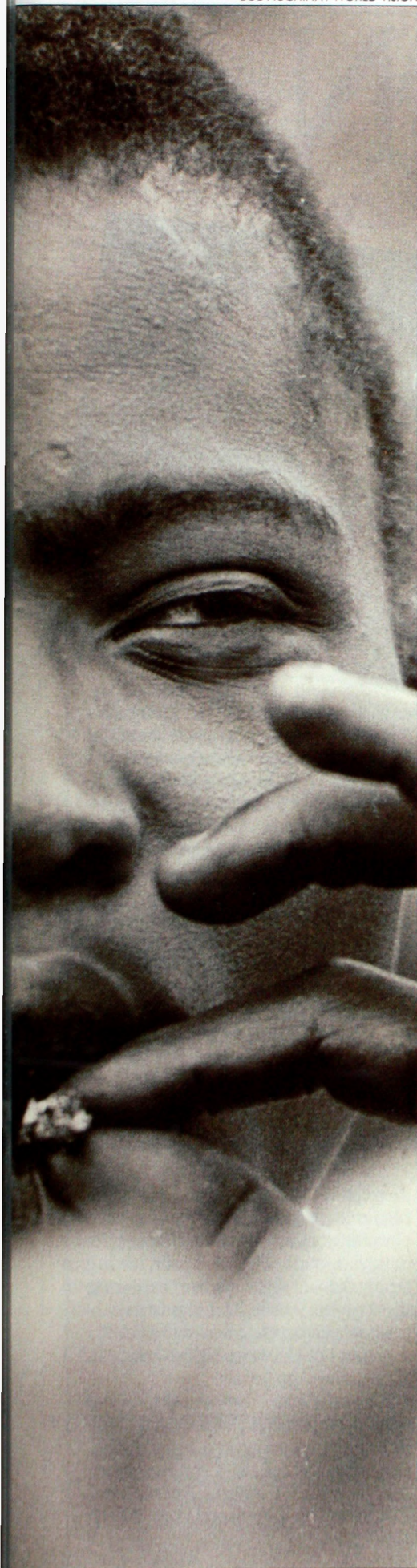
UNICEF's Convention on the Rights of the Child, however, has acknowledged children's right to protection from physical, emotional, mental, and sexual abuse related to drug use. The United Nations also included this issue at The World Summit for Children last year.

But until children can eat enough, keep warm, and live in a loving home, drugs will continue to be a substitute. □



These teenagers from a slum near Recife, Brazil spend hours each day inhaling the fumes from bottles of glue.





DAVID BROWNE / NEWS VISION



In Cochabamba, Bolivia, street children smoke "petillo," a cocaine derivative. There are at least 3,000 cocaine-addicted "polillas" (little moths) in the city.



TERRY MADISON / WORLD VISION

Opium addiction knows no age limitation in the mountains of northern Thailand. The elderly use it to dull the pain of disease; the young as an escape from their marginalized existence.

In Kenya, thousands of runaway and abandoned children, some as young as 3, survive by stealing and escape their misery with drugs.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Karen E. Klein

STEERING MONEY TO MISSIONS

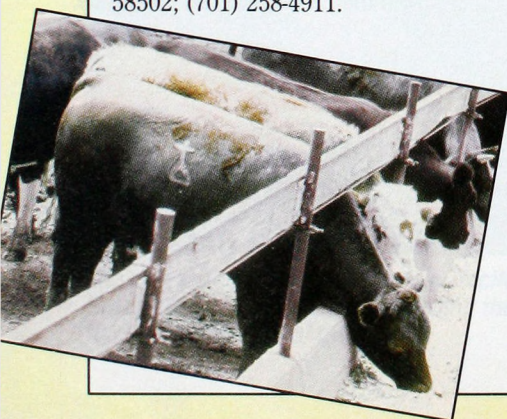
The cattle upon a thousand hills are mine," the Lord said in Psalms. A unique ministry that originated on the Great Plains aims to fulfill that verse.

STEER, Inc. raises funds for mission agencies through a partnership between donors and farmers. The donors contribute \$700 toward a farm animal or a crop which the farmer raises free of charge.

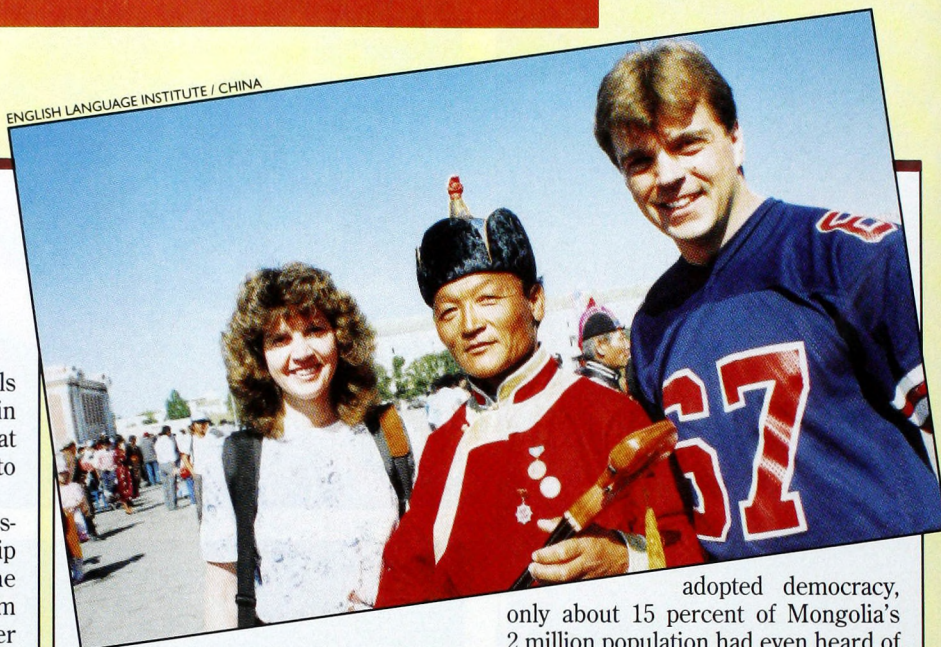
When the cow, sow, or sheep is sold or the crop is harvested, the profit is donated to a missions organization chosen by the donor. The farmer gets to choose the project or specific missionary within that organization. The original \$700 is then reinvested in a new crop or more livestock, perpetuating the donation. If a farmer is raising a dairy cow, the milk money goes to the missions agency on a weekly or monthly basis.

Since its founding in 1957, STEER, Inc. has raised \$3.7 million for missionary work worldwide. Some 75 evangelical mission societies, including World Vision, get financial support from the program—and that's not a bum steer.

For information, contact STEER, Inc., P.O. Box 1236, Bismarck, ND 58502; (701) 258-4911.



ENGLISH LANGUAGE INSTITUTE / CHINA



OUTER MONGOLIA, LORD?

When Jesus charged his disciples to take the good news to the ends of the earth, he may have been talking about Mongolia.

For centuries, the empire created by Genghis Khan has been one of the most isolated places in the world. Two years ago, when the Mongolian government abandoned communism and

adopted democracy, only about 15 percent of Mongolia's 2 million population had even heard of Jesus Christ. But with the change in government, Mongolia's borders have been opened for the first time to Christian professionals.

The English Language Institute, a Christian agency that sponsors English teachers overseas, has received one of the first invitations to send teachers to Mongolia. The group aims to send 100 Christians to teach English in the colleges and universities of Ulan Bator, Mongolia's capital.

Anyone interested in ministering in Mongolia should contact ELI at P.O. Box 265, San Dimas, CA 91773; (800) FON-ELIC.

WHOSE BIRTHDAY IS IT?

Hectic shopping in crowded malls, frantic decorating, baking, and caroling all lead up to the big moment—a visit from Santa Claus and his goodie-packed sleigh. Too often, Jesus gets excluded from Christmas celebrations, but a Christian-based social justice organization is trying to make room for Christ during the holidays.

Alternatives, which was organized in 1973 as a protest against the com-

mercialization of Christmas, publishes resource materials that encourage celebrations of Christ's birth. Giving gifts of time and money to the poor, having family Advent services, and exploring the true story of St. Nicholas (a fourth-century pastor who gave to the needy) are some of the suggestions made in Alternatives' materials.

Pamphlets, workbooks, and videos emphasizing alternative holiday celebrations geared toward families, small groups, and congregations are available through Alternatives, P.O. Box 429, Ellenwood, GA 30049; (404) 961-0102.

RED SQUARE OR BUST

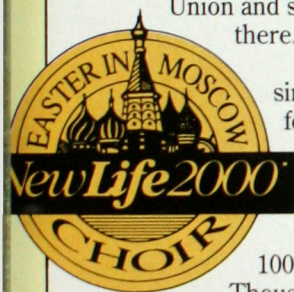
What will they think of next? How about taking a group of North American Christians to Moscow, turning them loose on Red Square, and letting them sing about the joy of the resurrection? That's exactly what Campus Crusade for Christ International is planning to pull off next Easter with a group it's calling the New Life 2000 Choir.

Applications for the group are being taken now, from both musicians and non-musicians who want to make the trip to the Soviet Union and share the gospel there.

Last year, a similar group performed in the Kremlin and on national television for an audience of 100 million Soviets.

Thousands of people received Christ through the choir's ministry. Howard Stevenson, associate pastor of the Evangelical Free Church of Fullerton, Calif., will direct the choir.

The trip is planned for April 20 to 30, 1992 and costs \$2,399, which includes airfare from New York, hotel costs, and meals. Deadline for registration is March 2, 1992. For more information, contact: Easter in Moscow, Keynote Communications, 22912 Mill Creek #A, Laguna Hills, CA 92653; (800) 92-CHOIR.



“By giving things away we undermine the power of the world.
—Jacques Ellul**”**

HE'S FEEDING THEIR HEARTS

DAVID WYLIE

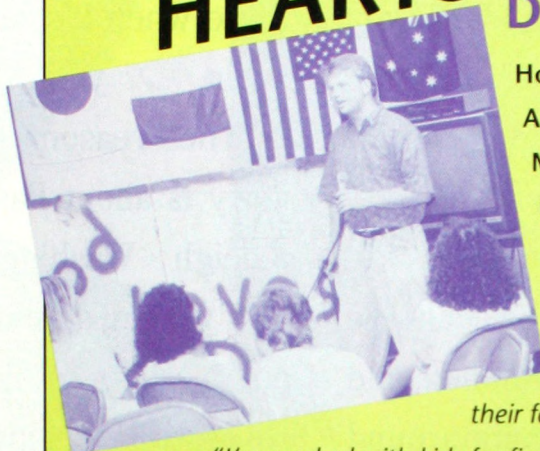
Home: Atlanta, Georgia

Age: 25

Ministry: Youth Pastor

Profile: Big-time extrovert, slightly out of control, loves kids, heart for those who hurt.

Latest Accomplishment: Helping young people put their faith into action.



"I've worked with kids for five years. The best activity we've ever done has been the 30 Hour Famine program. All who are involved become more aware of the reality of hunger, more compassionate in every area of their life."

His Advice: "The way to a young person's heart is through their stomach."

FIND A WAY TO THEIR HEARTS

Join thousands of people across North America on **February 21 & 22, 1992**

Go 30 hours without food and feel what 40,000 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 while raising money to fight the problem. World Vision supplies plenty of materials and ideas to make the 30 hours fun and eye-opening, so call now and start planning!

1-800-7FAMINE

YOUR YOUTH GROUP WILL NEVER BE THE SAME!



It's cold outside, but not yet the unrelenting Chicago winter. In a neighborhood so notorious even the taxi driver asks, "Honey, you SURE you got the right address?" a dinner party for 10 is being prepared at the two-story home of Glen and Lonni Kehrein. Clyde is in the kitchen helping Lonni grate cheese and chop olives; DuRhonda and Paul are arranging chairs around the table; and Clint announces that Ed and Dee are just locking their car doors out front.

Lights in the dining room are turned up, and just about the time Pastor and Paulette enter through the front door, one of the children is dispatched to pry Glen from his computer.

"Let's eat!" Glen says upon entering, and Pastor confirms, "Amen!" This

mini-congregation of Circle Urban Ministries gathers around the dinner table just as the sun is going down, and some of them will be there when it's ready to come up again.

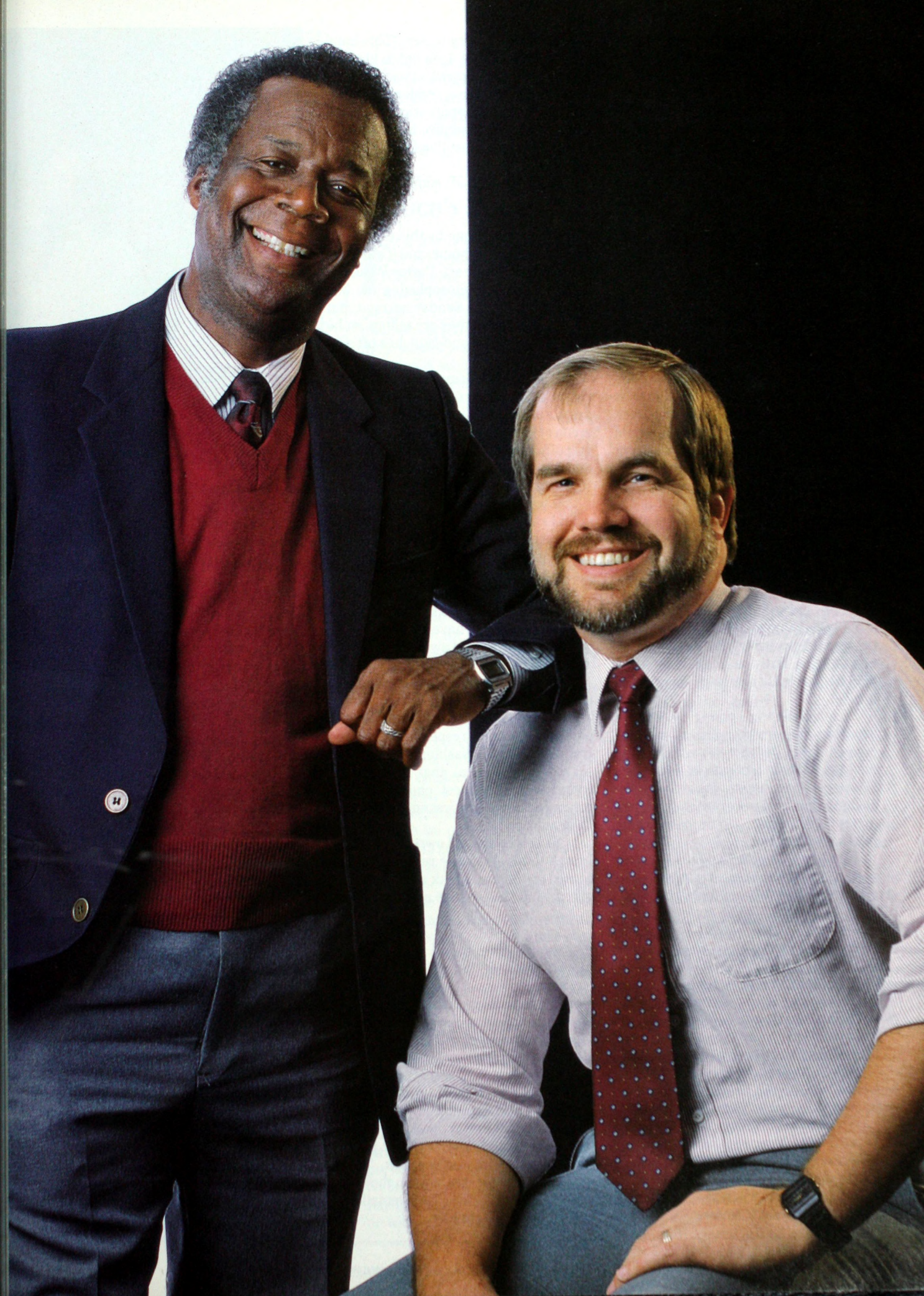
The reason this story is about Pastor Raleigh Washington and Glen Kehrein is not because of their successful work in the worst area of Chicago's inner city. Forget, for now, that Pastor's Rock of Our Salvation church is the leading black congregation in the Evangelical Free Church denomination. Forget that Glen manages one of the most successful parachurch organizations in the country, with over 18,000 people receiving services each year. Forget the speeches, the publica-

**RALEIGH
WASHINGTON
AND GLEN
KEHREIN
MODEL RECONCILIATION
IN THE MOST
RACIALLY
DIVIDED CITY
IN THE
COUNTRY.**



COMPLEMENTARY COLORS

BY LAURALEE MANNES
PHOTOS BY JON WARREN



tions, the achievements, the sacrifices, and the ministries. This story is about them because one is black and the other is white.

The team testimony they tell at that dinner table is one they've repeated so often they absently finish each other's sentences, correct each other's anecdotes, and yet still crack up at each other's jokes. They are better than friends; they have that brotherhood shared by men in combat together. And it is something like a war they wage—a war for racial reconciliation.

Raleigh Washington began his life in Florida where, he reminisces, "the weather is warm and sweet." Reared in a neighborhood so poor the projects were a step up, he was immersed in a climate of religion almost as ubiquitous as the racism that hung thick in the sultry Jacksonville air. Yet it would be years before he'd realize he'd never made a conscious choice about Christianity. Young Raleigh's dreams were buried deep inside, guarded by a distrust of white men and an anger at racial inequality.

Glen hails from a town with the improbable name of Ripon, Wis., home of Speed Queen washers, Ripon Good Cookies, and a little white courthouse proudly claiming to be "the birthplace of the Republican party." He can't remember the first time he heard that Jesus died for his sins, it was so much a part of his life.

Embedded in young Kehrein's heart was the conviction that all men are created equal. At 18 years old, headed for Moody Bible Institute in downtown Chicago, he might honestly have claimed that he'd never treated a black man with disrespect. On the other hand, he'd never met one.

Imagine Glen and Raleigh as young men at opposite sides of a table. Glen might well have offered Raleigh a hand

unstained by slavery to say, "This hand did not enslave you. I am not to blame. I have nothing against you." Young Raleigh might have evidenced fresh scars of inherited oppression to retort, "You deny responsibility for the sin of your fathers, but I still suffer its consequences."

These two had some ground to cover.

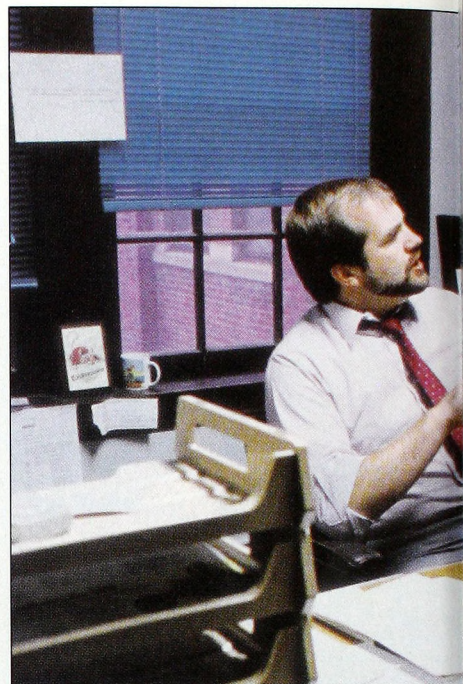
Hours have gone by this evening at the Kehrein home, and it's already time for dessert. Pastor Washington has trouble philosophizing too late the night before a Sunday sermon, but he loves the story they are telling, so he fills his coffee cup and launches off anyway.

It was in Indiana in the pre-civil rights atmosphere of 1958 that Raleigh first tasted reconciliation, in the unlikely arena of the U. S. Army. One evening several officers decided to go to dinner, and one restaurant after another refused them service because of Raleigh's color.

It was a too-familiar experience: All sound stops at their entrance, the hostess pretends she does not see four uniformed officers waiting to be seated, indignant murmurs waft like cheap cigar smoke in the room. Enraged, 2nd Lt. Lou Tagglia vowed, "We're gonna eat together if we have to go to every restaurant between Lawrence and Indianapolis."

Finally the last and most expensive restaurant in town welcomed them. When it came time to order and later to pay, the waitress respectfully ignored 2nd Lt. Raleigh Washington. But she served him a meal that started and ended with the finest choices on the menu, including his first encounter with chateaubriand.

"When I think of Lawrence, Indiana, I don't think about the restaurants that turned me down, I think about Lou Tagglia, and the love of one man that began



the change in my life." It was a simple act that cost 2nd Lt. Tagglia one dinner, but it suggested to Raleigh that brotherhood between whites and blacks was more than a whim. It was a possibility.

If Lou Tagglia was the start of Raleigh's ascendance from the strangehold of racism, then Dwight L. Moody was responsible for Glen's descendance into it. One night in 1968 he returned to his dorm to find Moody students gathered around the television, horrified as Walter Cronkite reported Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination. Glen remembers thinking, "All hell is going to break loose."

It must have looked like hell from the dorm rooftop a few nights later when Glen watched fires burning in the streets, and a city consumed by anguish. People back home were saying only animals would burn out their own neighborhoods, but Glen knew they were wrong. "I knew those people were expressing legitimate feelings. It was the anger, alienation, and frustration they'd been holding back because King promised things were getting better. For people who are trapped in the cycle of poverty, all they have is that dream."

There, from the top of Moody Bible Institute, he envisioned the Chicago fire of 1871, when Dwight L. Moody paced the very streets smoldering below and promised to bring hope to the burned-out neighborhood. What would Moody have done in response to this firestorm 100 years later? The institute sent its students home.

Glen was convinced, however, that Dwight L. Moody the man would have chosen to stay in Chicago, to take Christ

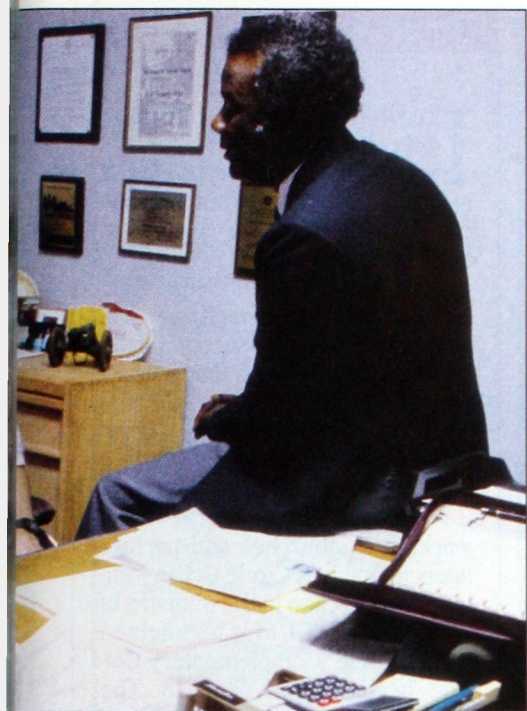
GLEN'S VOLUNTEERS

Into the conference room for volunteer orientation come white middle-class people with names like Bryan, Lois, Pearl, and Troy. They carry Bibles named *The Way* and *The Daily Walk*, covered in leather and satin and lace, bound like novels. They sit around a table, introducing themselves and explaining why they are in inner-city Chicago for vacation instead of a ski resort. Most of their answers reveal that deep down inside, they aren't really sure why they are there.

Glen Kehrein knows. "At the end

of a week's time, they'll say, 'I came here to minister, but it's my life that has been changed.'"

Like the Nebraska farmer who spent his volunteer week doing odd jobs around a newly purchased apartment complex. When he returned to the Tuesday morning coffee group he'd been a part of for more years than he could remember, he found himself walking away from the table when someone told a "nigger" joke. He realized, with some shock, "My lord, that's Pastor Washington they're talking about." The conversation hadn't changed. He had.



**THEY ARE
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to the burning streets. He thought about that the whole time he and his white classmates spent their unexpected vacation at Disneyland, spinning around in Mr. Toad's Wild Ride. He thought about it when he returned to Chicago, determined to challenge the prejudice and oppression he was beginning to see in himself, his society, and his religion. Twenty-two years later, around the dining room table, he is thinking about it still.

Since it's late, jump forward to find Lt. Col. Washington and his wife, Paulette, leaving the military to study their new Christian faith at Trinity Seminary in Deerfield, Ill. Glen and Lonni Kehrein, having settled in a black neighborhood on the west side of Chicago in 1973, are immersing themselves in understanding and serving their adopted community. When Raleigh graduates in 1983, he's looking for a meaningful cross-cultural pastorate. Glen is praying for a pastor. Both of them sense the need for something. Turns out to be each other.

Now their stories can be told together. The fact that Glen spent his childhood in a homogeneous environment without ever meeting a black man and Raleigh spent his whole life in church without ever meeting Christ explains a lot about what they feel called to do.

It makes a kind of poetic sense that Glen would gravitate toward the gospel of justice, empowerment, and quality of life, while Raleigh's passion is the gospel of salvation. Both of them reacted to childhood religious experiences that seemed incomplete, and when they col-

RALEIGH'S VOLUNTEERS

Just a few hours after the volunteer orientation, Pastor Raleigh Washington cheerleads his Growth Group of local church members. Mostly single, black mothers, as reflects the community, their stories would flabbergast the uninitiated white volunteers. Like the prayer request in the handout for "Baby Austin," a four-year-old boy who was pimped by his mother for cocaine money.

Wanda, a beautiful choir member, requests prayer for her son who was pressured to join a local gang last week. When he replied, "I can't do that. I go to church," he knew they'd take him into an alley and beat him up. Crying, the young mother says she doesn't know when she sends her boy off to school in the morning whether he will live to return in the afternoon. While Raleigh's wife, Paulette, comforts the woman, the pastor explains a salient point. "Wanda's son is six years old."

In this home group, bereft of lace Bible covers, ski vacation possibilities, or farm property, Raleigh gives a challenge. "We are sharing the ministry of the black and the white together. We are challenging them to be open and to get more involved in cross-cultural ministries. So, especially you brothers and sisters of the darker hue, when you see those volunteers come, you make it your business to love them."

A conspiracy is unveiling. Raleigh Washington and Glen Kehrein don't encourage church groups to come to Chicago just because they need people to sweep, clean, paint, or organize. They want to introduce two groups who have been strangers for too long. Two groups that will inevitably learn to love each other. Nebraska farmers who now come back to Chicago and visit, and black families who, never having seen the other side of Chicago, now take a week's vacation on a Nebraska farm. Two groups who, if Raleigh and Glen have anything to do with it, will become one.

lided, the occasion for true racial reconciliation took place.

They readily admit that their work would be impossible without each other. But more important, their lives would be impoverished without each other. Embedded in one of the poorest sections of the worst side of the most racially tense city in the country, the Kehreins and the Washingtons made a commitment to each other in order to take a special dream to the Austin district of Chicago.

Less than 10 years later, the evidence of their work is stunning. Within shouting distance of the notorious Cabrini Green Housing Project, Circle Urban Ministries recognizes the church as the traditional hub of power in the black community and works to introduce people to Christ by showing how faith and hard work can make their lives better.

They've purchased more than 12 slum apartment buildings and converted them into decent, affordable housing. They offer services like medical aid, legal aid, supplemental education, food, clothing, counseling, housing rehabilitation, and youth recreation and development. The community is beginning to trust them.

And right at the heart of it all is the Rock of Our Salvation Evangelical Free Church, a rollicking, good music, solid preaching, get-up-and-get-involved kind of church, that reminds its black and white children so often that Christ died for their sins, they can't remember the first time they heard it.

It's two in the morning at the dinner table. Even Raleigh's 15th cup of coffee is losing the power to keep him from yawning. Glen looks over at his friend, his pastor, and his executive superior and stops him with a gentle reminder, "Pastor, you've got to preach for an hour in the morning ..."

Raleigh stops short and cocks his head in mock inspiration and corrects him. "TWO hours tomorrow!" and he slaps his arm around Glen, laughing. It's a scene reminiscent of Martin Luther King Jr.'s dream, the dream that is a reality at Circle Urban Ministries. "Someday children of former slave owners and children of former slaves will be able to sit down together."

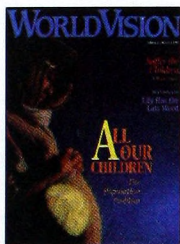
They will do better than that. They will stand, stretch their legs, and wish each other a good night's rest. And then, they will continue this story tomorrow. □

Lauralee Mannes is a free-lance writer in Pasadena, Calif. (For more information about CUM, contact: Circle Urban Ministries, 118 North Central, Chicago, IL 60644.)

READERS' RIGHT

Your article "All Our Children," [Feb./Mar. 1991] has served as the basis of a lecture I delivered to my Global Ecology class. I commend you and World Vision for being willing to "stick your neck out" and deal with issues that sting the middle-class church in North America. Truth is often quite unpopular—it was true in Jesus' day and is no less true today.

*Ed Squiers, Director
Randall Center for
Environmental Studies
Upland, IN*



I'm sure Marian Wright Edelman is dedicated in her crusade for children. However, as the founder of the very liberal Children's Defense Fund—which according to Focus on the Family's *Citizen* magazine supports federal day care and school based sex clinics and tends to share Planned Parenthood's libertarian philosophy on sexuality and abortion—I seriously question the integrity of presenting her as a model in a Christian magazine.

*Stephen C. Weber, Pastor
St. Marys, PA*

Most evangelical Christians, if they really knew, would be very concerned about the CDF's position and work on teen age pregnancy, sex education, and abortion. CDF might look good based upon a quick external

overview (and I do not doubt that they provide some much needed services to children at risk) but when you get right down to it they are not a pro-life organization and in fact they are networking with the dark forces of pro-abortion groups in our nation.

I would hope that you would reconsider your recent article, let your readers know what Marian Wright Edelman and the Children's Defense Fund really stands for, and the next time you decide to feature someone, please take a closer look at the views of that person and/or organization. In so doing you will better serve your contributors, your cause, and our Lord.

*Terry R. Timm, Pastor
Pittsburgh, PA*



Editor's Reply:

We believe it is possible to salute the commitment of Marian Wright Edelman, the woman of compassion, the crusader for American children, without necessarily endorsing all of her personal philosophies or the way in which the Children's Defense Fund deals with sexuality and abortion.

Mrs. Edelman describes the mission of her work in this way: "We must make it un-American for any child to have to grow up poor, or without adequate health care, child care, food, shelter, or education."

Every Christian, every church in America should have no argument with that goal. To it we would add the responsibility of the body of Christ to share the message of God's gift of salvation, and the need to personally claim it, to America's needy children in words and deeds easily understood by them.

As always, we invite readers to respond to articles that encourage, challenge, or offend.

I've always enjoyed television specials that take you "behind the scenes" to show how the special effects are done. Likewise, let me take you "behind the scenes" of this issue.

For example, Bob Seiple visited Myanmar (see facing page) just weeks before the second most devastating floods of the century struck the Asian country. Some 360,000 people were affected. World Vision responded quickly with relief and rehabilitation aid.

Closer to home, World Vision works with churches and partner agencies such as Circle Urban Ministries of Chicago in the ministry of reconciliation. CUM is highlighted in our article "Complementary Colors" beginning on page 18. The Community of Hope in Washington, D.C., the Memphis Leadership Foundation in Tennessee, and Family Consultation Services, Inc. in Atlanta are but a few other such vital ministries with which World Vision is pleased to be identified.

No special effects; just hard work!
—Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

Volume 35, Number 6

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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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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.

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A SENSE OF TIMING

Unrestrained joy accompanied the statement, "We didn't expect you to come so quickly." Two church leaders in Myanmar [formerly Burma] conveyed the same message during the last day of our visit. Our presence and intent to start a health-care ministry in this troubled land surprised the Christian leadership of Myanmar.

Apparently they assumed that it was too soon since "the difficulties," that euphemism they use to focus the pain of the last three years. No one is quite sure those "difficulties" are over, but the memories of Myanmar's most recent national trauma are deeply etched on the minds of the people.

We have seen the situation unfold many times around the world. Grass roots democracy movements appeal to something inherent in each individual. Hopes and dreams pour out into the streets. Students, emboldened by youthful idealism and hoping to secure a better future, lead the demonstrations.

The army is summoned. Anger mixes with fear, igniting a holocaust. Fire power reduces youthful optimism to pools of blood.

We saw it at Tiananmen Square. We held our breath at Red Square until the Soviet tanks retreated. In Myanmar, upward of 10,000 people, including young school children, were killed before the shooting stopped. A helpless sullenness replaced mutinous rage. Fear diluted their righteous indignation. A resentful silence fell over the land, and in this context came the hope of an oppressed people, "We didn't expect you to come so quickly."

It would be easy to allow our corporate ego to take over. World Vision likes to be first. We are known for pushing the limits of acceptable risks. Responsiveness is a core value. We have a bias for action, especially when we discern vulnerable people, poor people who need to witness and experience signs of hope.

We should be there, and other agencies should follow. The truth, however, is that no one in World Vision was even thinking about Myanmar. We had 96 other countries to worry about. Resources were already stretched. Recession had permeated an already dysfunctional world. This was a time to keep our head down, eyes forward. Reaching out towards something new, where marketing would be problematical at best, in a place where human rights had taken an extended holiday, made no pragmatic sense at all.

But three years ago, just before "the difficulties" began, a Kansas businessman and his wife stopped off in Myanmar during an extended around-the-world trip. They barely got out in time. Students were already rioting in the streets. The military was on the move. The airports were about to close and ugly rumors began to run rampant through the city of Rangoon.

It certainly wasn't the best part of a four-month holiday. Actually, it turned out to be the worst. Poor accommodations, lousy food, the oppression of a police state, and a premature exit characterized the visit. So it was somewhat surprising when this couple recently linked up with World Vision, desiring to become partners in a ministry focused on the poor and their children in Myanmar.



Surprising, but not strange. This couple had been materially blessed and wanted to return a portion of that blessing to others. Solution-oriented people, they realized that they had to be "in the ring" if the problems were to be solved. They replaced moral breast-beating and other forms of pontification with doing. They understood compassion as something other than a spectator sport. They brought an entrepreneurial spirit to one of the most complex problems on earth, the reconciliation of a people who had most recently looked at one another from both sides of a Kalashnikov rifle.

"We didn't expect you to come so quickly." Neither did we! But sometime before Myanmar erupted into chaos, God was already planting the seeds of solution, touching the hearts of people who would be bold enough, and obedient enough, to be his hands, in his timing, in a place where God had been long before any of us. □

SHERYL WATKINS / WORLD VISION

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COLORS**

T — ARE WE —
TRASHING
**OUR THIRD WORLD
NEIGHBORS?**



T

RASHING

OUR THIRD WORLD NEIGHBORS

The West is
sweeping
its garbage
under a
Third World
carpet.

BY KAREN E. KLEIN
AND STEPHEN A. SCAUZILLO

B**RUNO LOPEZ** wonders how long his family will be able to stay on the small farm that has been his home for 60 years on the outskirts of Tijuana, Mexico. His extended family of 17 scrapes out a living growing cilantro, onions, spinach, and corn on their small acreage.

But Lopez' age-old pepper trees have begun to dry up and die. His crops are small and sometimes the harvest doesn't come in at all. Three of his eight groundwater wells have dried up and five smell bad and look suspect.

The Lopez farm lies in the shadow of a huge complex of internationally owned assembly plants called "Industrial City." A few years ago, a greasy-looking new stream appeared on Bruno Lopez' land. It trickles from the factories directly across his property, sometimes running bright blue and sometimes dull green.

"My children are sick all the time. They never used to get sick," Lopez complains. Although the family no longer drinks the ground water they relied on for decades, they still use it to irrigate their crops, water their livestock, wash their clothes and dishes, and bathe in.

Lopez' neighbor, 58-year-old Francisco Diaz Hernandez, is selling his ranchito and plans to leave. "Now that the factories are here, this is no

place for a farm," Hernandez says. He reaches into a water trough for his cows. On the bottom, he dredges up solid brown sludge.

"This used to be clear. There was never anything on the bottom," he says.

He has asked government officials and a television reporter if his water can be tested for contamination, but so far nothing has been done. "Sometimes I am afraid to stay here," he says.

A recent environmental survey asked several U.S. elementary school children, "Where do you think all the trash goes?" The question elicited a telling response from one second-grader, who wrote, "To countries like Mexico." Unfortunately, she was closer to the mark than many Americans realize.

With landfill space becoming scarcer, fees for dumping increasing, federal regulations tightening, and Westerners more wary of the health dangers of trash and toxins, waste shipment companies and manufacturing giants are dumping — both legally and illegally — our garbage on the Third World.

Whether they build factories in border towns like Tijuana (where there are few environmental regulations and even fewer resources to enforce them), or pay developing countries to accept shipments of toxic waste, much of the Western world is using the Third World as a dumping ground. Environmentalists call it "toxic terror."

"In the U.S. it [Third World waste shipping] really is the status quo, and European countries are trying to expand on it," says Jim Vallette, coordinator of the anti-waste-trade campaign for the environmental group Greenpeace. The organization estimates that dealers have shipped more than 5 million tons of waste to the developing world since 1986.

Americans alone generate 200 million tons of garbage annually. Most collect it in trash cans, put it out on the curb every week, and forget it.

But the kitchen scraps, food wrappers, and junk mail don't go away. Household garbage piles up, along with poisonous chemicals and industrial waste. Where does it all go? In the past decade, the United States has lost 70 percent of its designated landfill capacity because of lack of space and tighter regulations on establishing new landfills. Along with that, a "not-in-my-backyard" men-

tality has spread through the country.

But the trash has to go somewhere, and that's where waste trading comes in. No one seems to care when the dump is located in someone else's backyard, especially when that yard happens to be half a world away.

Dr. Edwin R. Squiers, director of the Randall Center for Environmental Studies at Taylor University in Indiana, tells his Christian college students that attitude is anti-Biblical. "We are charged with loving our neighbors as we love ourselves. I wouldn't put this garbage in my own backyard, so how can I foist it off on someone else?" asks Squiers.

But that's exactly what is being done. The Organization of Economic Cooperation and Development estimates that in 1987, international waste disposal was a \$20-billion-a-year business. Instead of paying up to \$350 per ton to dispose of

No one seems to care when the dump is located in someone else's backyard.

waste in the United States, garbage companies pack and ship large amounts of refuse to developing countries, paying them as little as \$40 per ton to accept their cargo.

Far-off places like Gonaives, Haiti; Cato Ridge, South Africa; Koko, Nigeria, and Beirut have become receptacles for trash

produced in the Western world. In Tijuana, residents regularly collect water for washing and bathing in large metal drums that once contained U.S.-made hazardous chemicals.

For many developing countries, the offer of millions of dollars is hard to turn down — even when hazardous strings are attached. One firm offered the small West African country of Guinea-Bissau an annual income four times its gross national product to dispose of 15 million tons of European toxic waste. The



In Tijuana, Mexico many families use these barrels that once contained toxic chemicals to carry and store water for bathing and cooking.

Congo, the Bahamas, and Guyana have each received similar offers but have rejected them.

The poorly regulated international companies that open up assembly plants along the U.S.-Mexico border generate hundreds of thousands of tons of hazardous waste every year, resulting in contamination of surface and ground water and air and land resources. But the Mexican government has encouraged the establishment of the factories, called *maquiladoras*, because they provide badly needed jobs and a shot-in-the-arm for the Mexican economy.

Economics professor Victor Castilho, who studies the ecology of the border area in the San Diego-Tijuana region, estimates that only 10 percent of the more than 500 *maquiladoras* operating in Tijuana have fully complied with environmental laws. Frequent toxic spills plague the modern factories that are built smack up against sad *colonias*, densely packed neighborhoods where workers and their families live in shacks without running water or electricity.

Much of the waste product from the factories ends up in the Tijuana River, which flows through the city of 850,000 people in a concrete channel choked with old tires, rotting garbage, and plastic bags. The waste-treatment plants built to handle the waste water are frequently inoperative, so beaches south of San Diego are often closed due to contamination from the river's outflow.

International waste shipping and the export of polluting industries take their toll mainly on the poor populations of the Third World. The losers are the economically and politically powerless, people like Bruno Lopez, who have the misfortune to live and die in places like Tijuana, Port-au-Prince, and Bangkok. "They're not empowered to make the choice (about whether to accept waste shipments). They may not be able to read and they may be desperate for foreign currency so they can buy food," says Squiers.

Last March, an explosion and fire tore through the Klong Toey port complex and shantytown in Bangkok, where the city's poorest slum dwellers make their homes out of scrap wood and cardboard. The makeshift shacks lit up like matchboxes, killing five residents and turning the entire community into blackened cinders in a matter of hours. The spontaneous chemical explosion engulfed a large pile of oxidized phosphorous, which was improperly stored out in the open. Because no records are kept of hazardous waste stored at the port, no one knows for sure how the chemicals got there. More than 1,000 destitute residents of Klong Toey were treated for sore throats, respiratory problems, skin rashes, nausea, and vomiting in the days after the fire. Eight died of complications in the month after the explosion.

Pattana Choombon Mai, a 9-year-old girl who lived in Klong Toey with her grandmother, gathered up her 18-month-old brother when she heard the first blasts of the explosion. "I knew we had to get out of there as quickly as we could because already some of the houses were burning, and there was a terrible smell in the air. I couldn't breathe very well," the girl recalls. "Then a piece of burning material fell on my head. It burned my head, and it hurt so badly. I tried to brush it off, but I had to hold on to my baby brother. Finally I got it off, but I was in a great deal of pain."

Along with the homelessness and

Wipa Jindaret worries about the health of her young children after the explosion and fire at Klong Toey: "The smell was very bad. My youngest son couldn't stop coughing the first night. I was afraid he might die."

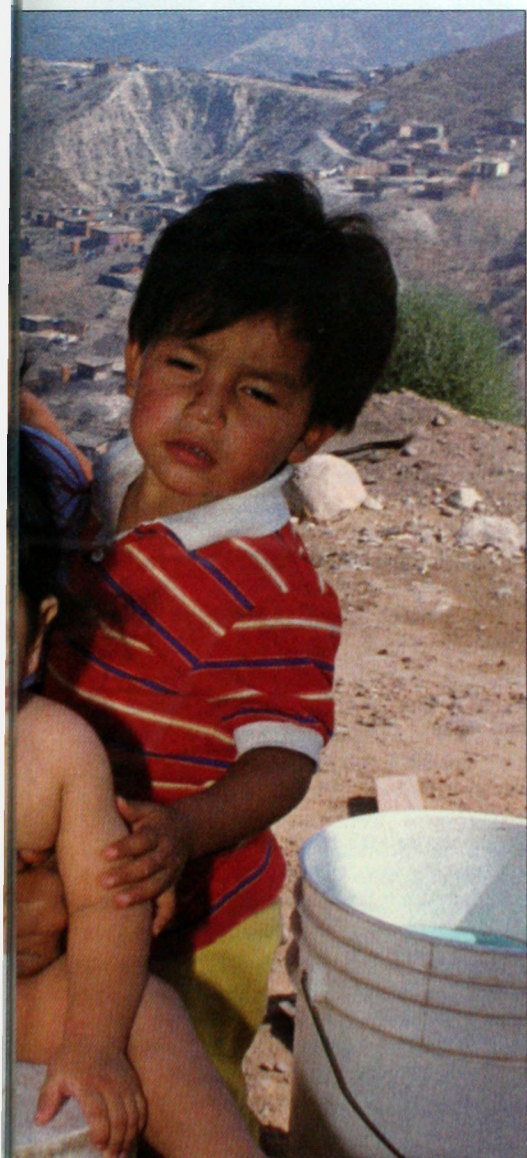


STEVE REYNOLDS / WORLD VISION

the initial illnesses, many questions remain unanswered about the long-term effects of the Klong Toey tragedy. Wipa Jindaret worries about the health of her young children. "The smell was very bad, it was difficult to breathe. My youngest son was only three months old at the time. The first night, he couldn't stop coughing. I was afraid he might die. He developed a rash which lasted for three days and he still coughs frequently," she says.

In the global waste trade, the most attractive dumping grounds are the countries that are the least industrialized and consequently have the fewest resources with which to properly treat and dispose of garbage. In August 1986, a U.S. company hired the cargo ship *Khian Sea* to dispose of 14,000 tons of municipal ash from Philadelphia. It unsuccessfully tried to dump the cargo on a Bahamian island and then began to wander the Caribbean, looking for a place to unload.

The *Khian Sea* landed at the port of Gonaives in Haiti in 1987, where it left about 4,000 tons of the ash, labeled as fertilizer, at a former shipping dock. Before it could finish unloading, however, government officials ordered it to halt



PATRICK HOUSE

and it fled the port. The potentially dangerous waste still sits on the beach.

One of the latest ways of shipping toxic peril overseas is to wrap it in a neat package and label it "recyclable," says Jan Huisman, of the United Nations International Registry of Potentially Toxic Chemicals. More than 60 percent of recent waste trade proposals he has reviewed claim some recycling angle.

"The export of non-ferrous metals to Asia is really massive," he says. "There are smelters in Taiwan where odors and fumes reach schools downwind and they have had to close the schools because kids have been found to have extremely high levels of lead in their blood." High levels of lead exposure in children leads to brain damage and lowered intelligence. In severe cases, it can even cause retardation.

"The Bible says that the sins of the fathers will be visited on the children, to the third and fourth generations,"

In 1987, international waste shipping was a \$20-billion-a-year business.

lems that go along with accepting Western refuse, and acting to stem the problem. In 1990, 83 countries banned waste imports.

This year, Africa's environmental ministers adopted a treaty making it illegal to ship hazardous and nuclear waste into the African continent. South Africa is the only country in Africa that now allows the importation of waste. According to Greenpeace, companies in South Africa regularly accept mercury waste from Europe and the United States.

Vallette notes that while 83 developing countries have banned waste imports, only two on the Western side of the waste trade have moved to ban exports: Italy

Squiers says. "Somewhere along the line, someone will pay for these kinds of abuses. It's always wrong to befool God's creation."

Despite the attraction of foreign capital, some developing countries are listening to the fears of their residents, seeing the health prob-

and Norway. "The rest have an open door regarding waste," Vallette says.

Many environmental organizations hope to see all waste exports banned, and are supporting legislation currently in Congress that would prohibit U.S. participation in the waste trade. □

Bruno Lopez' wife continues to wash the family's clothing in a tub on her back porch. Farmhand Robert Monroy waters a donkey at the mysterious stream that flows from Industrial City over the hill onto Lopez' farm. He pulls a wooden plank from the top of a well to show a curious visitor the white particles floating on top of the groundwater about 15 feet down. "The animals drink this water and nothing bad has happened to them," he says hopefully.

Outside of Francisco Diaz Hernandez' farm hangs a sign: Se Vende Este Rancho — "This Farm For Sale."

"We're getting out of this area," he says. "If you don't have water, you don't have a farm."

Karen E. Klein is a free-lance writer living in Monrovia, Calif. Stephen A. Scauzillo is an environmental writer.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

If you're concerned about the exporting of garbage to the Third World, here are some resources for more information about the issue and for taking action:

- Get a biblical perspective on stewardship of the earth. Three Christian organizations that provide literature and theological guidelines on the environment are: The North American Conference on Christianity and Ecology, P.O. Box 14305, San Francisco, CA 94114; the Au Sable Institute of Environmental Studies, 7526 Sunset Trail N.E., Mancelona, MI 49659; and the Christian Nature Federation, P.O. Box 33000, Fullerton, CA 92633. Taylor University's Randall Center for Environmental Studies does outreach and research on global, regional, and local environmental issues: 500 W. Reade Ave., Upland, IN 46989-1001.

- Investigate the current legislation, authored by U.S. Rep. Ed Towns, that would ban U.S. participation in shipments of waste overseas. Environmental groups that oppose waste-trading are asking supporters of the bill (Towns' Waste Export and Import Prohibition Act, H.R. 2580) to write their senators and representatives about it.

- Find out more about the ecology of the U.S. border areas. Two research groups studying industry's effects along the border are: The Border Ecology Project, P.O. Box 5, Naco, AZ 85620; and the Texas Center for Policy Studies, P.O. Box 2618, Austin, TX 78768.

- Being a conservator of creation starts at home. Sort and recycle your own garbage and cut down on the amount of trash going into our landfills. Get involved with local groups that are trying to make a difference in your own neighborhood. Buy recycled products and products that are biodegradable and less harmful to the environment.

WHAT WE'RE DOING

World Vision staff members, who work with the poor and disenfranchised worldwide, frequently see the aftermath of cross-border dumping on Third World populations. Ministering in shantytowns perched on the edges of trash dumps and in the crowded, dirty slums that are home to many people in the world's largest cities, here are some of the ways World Vision is confronting the problem:

- In the Philippines, a program in the planning stages called "Urban Advance" will address problems relating to the slum communities of metropolitan Manila. Residents there are profoundly affected both by garbage from the international waste trade and by pollution generated inside their own country. Insuring clean drinking water, stemming the spread of disease, and encouraging proper waste disposal will be paramount concerns of the new program which has a broad community focus.

- From Africa to Asia, Latin America, and the Middle East, World Vision projects provide clean drinking water to people who otherwise would be exposed to disease and health risks from contaminated water. In hundreds of sites, World Vision teams have drilled new wells to find untainted water for drinking and constructed infrastructure to pipe fresh water into towns and villages from running springs. In dozens of other areas, World Vision has provided filters for water supplies. In Mexico, World Vision has provided testing for some neighborhoods where existing water supplies are believed to be polluted or tainted with bacteria.

WHO IS REALLY POOR?

BY DEBBIE SHEPARDSON
WITH ANNA WATERHOUSE

The bus I'm on is like the United States. It is clean, plush, and quiet. The people understand each other, both in language and culture. I feel safe inside.

Still, I didn't come all this way just for a comfortable bus ride. I force myself to peek out my window. Outside is Cairo, Egypt. Neon signs flash advertisements in Arabic. Vendors hold strange, filthy fruits and vegetables. Tacky shops are plastered with English signs hawking souvenirs.

I see a mass of people, thousands of bodies jostling each other in an open market. The odors of strange spices and burning meat assail me. On all sides I hear the rat-tat-tat of Arabic. Hungry children push their hands through my window. An emaciated dog drags something dead across the street, leaving a trail of blood and guts.

Then it hits me. I am stuck here. For the next six weeks, I will be traveling through six Third World countries with Ministry of Money to experience a little of what the poor experience. But this strange world out my window closes in on me. I'm overwhelmed by its poverty and crowdedness. And although I'm here to give my 17-year-old mind some perspective on the way "other people" live, all I want to do is hide. I suddenly feel very close to the 13 other Americans on the bus.

That's the way I spend the next three days—wandering through Egypt, hiding inside my mind and my group, seeing very little. I am afraid to let myself go, afraid the anger and disgust and sorrow will undo me.

Then I'm swept into Sudan and a refugee camp. Some of the people here have walked hundreds of miles to escape war. They are beautiful. They don't beg. They want to hold our hands or touch us. I am uncomfortable, but I let them hold my hands. They show us the heaps of rubble they call home. Someone in my group hands out candy bars, which disappear almost immediately. One woman, noticing her pregnant friend hasn't gotten a candy bar, gives up her own, though she herself is malnourished.

As the days go by, my confusion grows. I want something monumental to happen. I want to accept these people as they accept me, yet I am afraid to touch them. I feel myself shutting everything out, and I hate myself for it.

In Kenya, my journey half over, I write a poem:

*Why is it, Lord, that I don't feel?
I've seen wounds that only you can heal
and poverty no one should bear.
Yet it's hard for me to care.
I want to care; I want to love,
but instead I tend to push and shove.*

*I don't look into their hungry eyes
or brush away the many flies.
Instead, I look the other way
and wish I didn't have to stay.
A wall goes up, and I'm not there.
But God, I really want to care.*

The day we leave for India, I sit in the airport and cry. Calcutta is a sewer, I've been told. After the plane lands, a dying bus takes us to a dingy hotel. People covered with blankets lie like stacked corpses on the sidewalk. Mange-eaten dogs roam freely. Pushy hands and hostile stares greet us. The air is heavy with heat and grime. Men urinate in streets already lined with moldy sewage. The oppression is touchable, the people loud and restless. I am petrified and sick.

The next morning we attend Mass with the Missionary Sisters of Charity (Mother Teresa's group). We enter a small, bare room with a crucifix on one end and open windows on the other. From those windows I hear the sounds of the waking city, sounds that remind me of the bedlam just outside.

The nuns file in, and I marvel at them. In the midst of this hell, they are calm. They begin to sing. Their voices are so sweet that, for the first time in weeks, I relax. I watch their faces as they worship. They are looking up, expressions full of love and joy.

I hear a commotion by the door and turn around. A tiny, wrinkled woman appears and hobbles to a stool. I hear whispers and gasps. It's Mother Teresa. What this small woman has accomplished in her lifetime moves through my mind like a litany.

My defenses collapse. I've been in this foreign world almost six weeks, trying to step around the wretchedness. Now I finally admit that it is I who am poor. Here, the only goal is to reach out to others and to worship God; whereas I set goals that are trivial and try to meet them at the expense of everything that is truly important. My goals enslave me because I have put them above caring, and I let them drive me.

These women who sing so beautifully to my God have nothing, yet they have everything. And I realize that it is not the pain or need of others I've been afraid to feel. It is my own. □

Debbie Shepardson, now 18, lives in Maryland Heights, Mo., and is currently an exchange student in Brazil.

MELISSA SUBER



Denied their government-provided milk, residents of a Brazilian slum unite to make changes.

Luiz Carlos Correia had sand in his shoes and a fire in his throat. He had spent a long morning under the intense Brazilian sun visiting families in an urban slum north of Natal. So he stopped at a snack bar, bought a bottle of lemon soda, and sat down.

Brazilian slums are called *favelas*, and most of the residents come from the countryside, swelling the cities to unmanageable proportions. The people of Favela Sarney, however, had been pushed out of another slum by a land developer.

So on a flat stretch of sand and grass used as a dump, they erected shelters from scrap wood, plastic, metal, and cardboard. Like thousands of squatter settlements surrounding Third World cities, sewage ran through open ditches, an occasional spigot supplied water, and crude electrical wiring provided weak lighting.

Luiz Carlos Correia, left, knows how to ask the questions that lead the powerless to empower themselves.



A CUP OF COLD MILK

A boy of about 5, bare-foot and wearing only a pair of stained blue shorts, approached Luiz Carlos and politely asked if Luiz would buy him a glass of milk.

Strange, Luiz thought. The government supplies milk for poor children. If the child lived in that

favela, his mother should get 30 tickets a month, each good for one glass of milk at a local distribution center.

When Luiz Carlos inquired, the owner of the snack bar explained.

"We have a problem here," he said. "The president of our neighborhood association is fighting with the president of the town council who is a friend of the man who controls the milk tickets. That's the way it is, Señor," he shrugged. "He's punishing our president by not giving our people their milk tickets."



"So what have you done about it?" Luiz asked as a few of the neighbors came in.

They looked at each other, and finally one woman spoke. "What can we do? The community council is the only group that distributes the tickets." They all nodded in agreement.

"Well, how many times have you gotten together to try and solve the problem? Have you met with the president of your neighborhood association or the president of the council? Have you brought the two of them together?"

This was exactly the kind of problem Luiz liked to get his teeth in. As an urban coordinator for World Vision of Brazil, he had often seen situations like this.

"Do you know what the basic problem is?" he challenged them. They shook their heads. "The problem is that

the milk is not theirs to do with as they please. The government gives it to *you*. Why should you let them decide how to distribute your milk?"

That stirred them, but Luiz Carlos knew it would take much more than that. The Brazilian government has organized the slums into neighborhood-sized residents' associations that belong to a town council. But many of the people, uneducated and unemployed, have never learned to make the system work for them.

Most of the men in Favela Sarney were *biscateiros*, unskilled workers who did whatever they could find—cleaning, painting, construction. If they made 3,000 cruzeiros a week, they were lucky. If the women brought home the same, a family might earn the equivalent of \$60 to \$70 a

month, enough for beans and rice for a family of four or five.

Many families, however, had six or eight children living in one- or two-room shanties. More children meant *more* income, because children could earn money on the street to help support the family. On any given day half of Favela Sarney's children could be found in the marketplace selling chewing gum or chocolate, hanging around the docks, or eyeing the cameras around the tourists' necks on Natal's beaches.

Luiz Carlos proposed they send a delegation to the neighborhood association president's home. Poor Angelo! He must have wondered why this determined group of citizens crowded into his patio that afternoon.

Actually, Angelo wasn't as poor as the people who came to see him. He worked half-time in the ministry of edu-



The jungle of squatter's huts was replaced with neat rows of sturdy concrete block houses.

police because they're going to invade this man's house! But we had already told the police

what we planned to do and they had agreed.

"We rang the bell and finally the man came and told us, 'I can't meet with you now, but if you'll come to my office this afternoon, I'll give you 30 minutes.'

"We ended up staying four hours. He got involved in the case and said he'd send someone to check into it. The last time I heard they were sending

an engineer to see what needed to be done to make the area safe for the people.

"My job is to help the poor help themselves," Luiz Carlos says. "If they move from being dependent on us rather than the government, we really haven't helped them. They have the resources but they don't know how to use them."

A short time after the milk tickets were returned and the shanties rebuilt, a kindly political wind blew on the oppressed citizens of Favela Sarney. Elections were drawing near, and the government of President Jose Sarney, for whom the *favela* had been named, was extremely unpopular. Soon truckloads of concrete and building materials began arriving as part of a federal subsidy for slum improvement.

The cynics, of course, had their say, but Angelo's people were grateful. The jungle of dismal, dank squatter's huts was replaced with neat rows of small but sturdy concrete block houses. They had windows (but no glass), most had electricity, and a few even had running water.

Since these changes, Brazil has adopted an austerity program to stabilize its troubled economy. Many subsidies have fallen to the budget cutter's ax, and life is still difficult in Favela Sarney. Unemployment has risen and inflation is worsening. Money that the Favela Sarney residents earned last year will buy one-fifth less this year.

But despite these conditions, Angelo and the others now know they can improve their own lives. They know that if they're ever going to break the cycle of poverty, they can't depend upon anyone else. By the grace of God they can work together and do it themselves. □

Ron Wilson is a free-lance writer in Earlsville, Va. and a contributing editor to WORLD VISION magazine.

cation and half-time with community affairs. His home was a step or two up from those of Favela Sarney residents. But they had elected him president because they believed he had their welfare in mind.

Now, however, he was on the defensive. He bristled as they presented the problem.

"What can I do? What can I do?" He threw his hands up and talked loudly as men in that part of the country often do. "I am the enemy of the president of the town council."

"We know! We know!" they chorused. Then someone suggested they call the local secretary of health. Someone else said he had a passing acquaintance with the man. Luiz Carlos wanted the local churches to be involved. So they found a pastor to join them and went to the health secretary's office in the city.

It took several more meetings, but as Luiz guided them, the people of Favela Sarney began to see and understand the process. They had to work together. Sometimes they'd have to confront someone else. But they had the power to solve their own problems.

Finally, in a noisy public meeting with the health secretary, the presidents of the town council and the neighborhood association and the heads of the mother's clubs resolved the problem.

Surprised and elated, they left with the health secretary's promise: "I will send inspectors to make sure the milk is reaching you."

The community's next injustice affected a few families who had "invaded," as the Brazilians call it, an idle piece of land and erected a patchwork of flimsy shelters. Most land in Brazil is in the hands

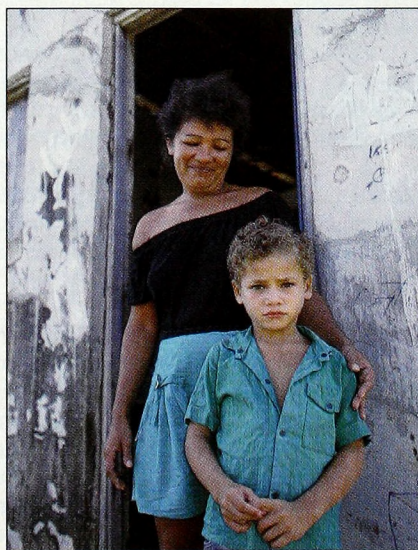
of a few. But the poor are beginning to fight back. In the past 25 years, more than 1,000 people have died over land-ownership conflicts.

No one died in Favela Sarney, but late one night, while most were sleeping, the landowner sent a small army of men with trucks to bulldoze the shanties. So, once again, Luiz Carlos called the people together and gently prodded them.

"You solved the milk problem," he said. "Why can't you work together and do something about this?"

A noisy discussion followed, and finally they chose a delegation to go to the government-housing agency. When the director wouldn't receive them, they met again and this time Angelo had an idea: "If he won't meet us in his office, we'll have breakfast with him at his house."

Luiz Carlos tells what happened: "At seven in the morning, 20 people gathered in front of the house of the housing director and began clapping their hands. It's a well-to-do district, and the neighbors came out and asked what was going on. Some suggested, 'Let's go to the



This boy, with his mother, was one of those who received government-provided milk.

*Third World
women, once taught
to keep silent,
are beginning to
speak up and
affect change in their
communities.*

WHISPERS OF CHANGE

CHARLES MAINGI / WORLD VISION



Rebecca Cherono, right, with a Maasai woman: "As I share my life with her, we discover we may have things in common."

I'm so poor."

The woman's voice was as dry as the ground under her black, leathery feet.

Sitting next to her was a Kenyan woman, a World Vision worker named Rebecca Cherono. Rebecca saw the woman's hut and her hungry children playing in the dirt. She looked into the woman's eyes and saw herself as a young Kenyan girl who spent seven hours a day searching for and carrying firewood.

"Is this your land?" asked Rebecca.

"Yes," the woman said.

"How much of it have you worked on?"

"I haven't," the woman replied. "We have no seeds, fertilizers, or hoes."

Rebecca asked if she would work the land if these things became available. The woman looked up. Everything in her face said "Yes."

Once again, Rebecca Cherono had encouraged a woman in development, one of many women in the Third World who are beginning to see them-

selves as part of the solution to economic development. Rebecca had thrown out a handful of carefully chosen questions to a stranger in need. Then she waited. Waited for them to take root in a stranger's imagination.

Two years later the woman was raising enough to feed her family.

This incident could be washed away like the seeds in one of Kenya's violent rains—except for a stark fact that floods the country: Women are responsible for 80 percent of the food produced in Africa today. Knowing this, Rebecca Cherono holds onto the words of Moisari Mbene: "Kenya will not change until Kenya's women change."

But throughout the Third World there is a frightful waste of women's lives. The United Nations recently determined how women from 30 different countries score on its development index. In most industrialised countries women rate about 20 percent below men. In Kenya, where women's development is about half that of men, the situation looks terrible.

That is, the slow harvest of self-confidence for Kenyan women has not come easily.

"Most households in Kenya's rural areas are run by women," says Rebecca, former field director for World Vision in Nairobi, Kenya. "The men must go into urban situations to look for employment. If they're fortunate to get a job, they may stay in the city 11 months of the year. This leaves the woman to manage the family."

Ever-changing economics have added pressure on many Kenyan women, Rebecca says. "Traditionally, men could dig, uproot the trees, and then let the women till the land. Now, women must do the man's work as well as their own."

This predicament has pushed Kenyan women to exhaustion. "They're the ones who will cook the last grain of rice, who will walk miles to bring their child to a clinic. The men come once or twice and give up. But the women will persistently come until something is done."

The problem isn't related to gender,

Rebecca says. "I think most of our African men are really responsible people." The greatest enemy facing Kenyan women in development is their own self-attitude. "For years women have been raised to suffer quietly. In the old days, we didn't have the freedom to speak in the presence of men."

That uncomfortable silence has given way to whispers of change. With an ear to their own people and a readiness to act, more Kenyan women are discovering that the necessities of food, water, and self-esteem, like a life-giving spring, are just below the surface. And Rebecca Cherono is helping them dig for answers.

"True development can only take place when people realize they have a problem," says Rebecca. "Years ago the Maasai in northern Kenya had a problem. Drought had wiped out most of their animals. These nomadic people live off their camels, cows, and goats. So they knew if their animals died they also would die. They knew they had a problem: They needed more goats. So we provided five goats each to some 300

families. It was women who cared for the goats, while the men were forced to drive their camels far away for water. Several years ago we went back to the area and the people showed us what their five goats had grown into. Some now had 300 goats; others had more."

For Rebecca, successful development is not a matter of telling others what to do. The key is asking them, "What do you have? What do you need? What are you willing to do about it?"

By asking the right questions, Rebecca holds up a mirror to women in development.

"I start by asking them, 'Tell me more about yourself. I want to listen to your story.' I want to ask questions that will make a woman feel good about herself. Then I tell her about myself—that I'm a mother, that I come from a certain village, and that I've learned lessons. As I share my life with her, we discover we may have things in common. Then, by the time we get down to the real things, she's already comfortable to talk about her real concerns."

"Then I'll walk with them a step at a time, sometimes even behind to see whether they can go on by themselves. That way when you retract they will move on."

Once women have identified a problem and owned it for themselves, Rebecca says, they act. "Sixty to 80 percent of the efforts to ensure development in Kenya have happened because women took the initiative," she says.

Take Chilulu, a community near Kenya's coastal port of Mombassa. For years it had no nearby water source. The men talked about doing something but



Women of Vision, a World Vision program, is a link of support and understanding between American women and needy women and their families in other countries. The program includes discussion groups about poverty, visits to projects that benefit women, and raising support for specific projects such as the water project at Chilulu, Kenya.

Currently, about 650 women are involved in Women of Vision in two California chapters with another chapter forming in Pennsylvania. These committed women help support five projects in Africa and Mexico, and two in the United States.

To learn more about helping support Women of Vision, contact Ann McKusick, World Vision, 919 W. Huntington Dr., Monrovia, CA 91016.

Once women realize that God has made them in a very special way just like men, then our world will be different.

LINDA VALENTINE



nothing was done. It was the women, going to the river every day and collecting water, who said, "This can't go on anymore."

The Chilulu women began thinking of ways to raise money. "They got together, organized themselves, and began hiring out pieces of land, raising crops, and selling them at market. By the time we got to know about them, they had already raised 6,000 shillings [\$300] for their water project.

"Today there is water in that village and the men are involved. Anything that is new, they want to be a part of."

Rebecca makes it clear that encouraging women in development is not meant to spark a battle of the sexes but rather to kindle a common effort

for building the entire community.

"I've met very few women who are selfish. It's not true that women look for independence so they can compete with men. In most cases women really are striving to make life better for themselves and their families."

In Chilulu, the success of the new water system has generated enthusiasm for other projects. Core groups of 10 to 20 women meet for mutual support and every week they bring two shillings to the group. Within a short time, each group raised between 10,000 and 20,000 shillings. Their goal is to build a common center where their children can be cared for while they go out and work.

"I've discovered that most women in Kenya and in other countries want to come together; they want to share ideas, learn from one another. This helps

women build confidence so they can forge ahead. For women in Kenya, the growing belief is, 'Together we can do something; alone I can't.'"

The issue of women in development is not unique to Kenya or to Africa.

"Women's issues are individual," Rebecca says. "Whether a woman is educated or illiterate. Whether she's in Africa, Asia, Latin America, or Europe, it is the positive view of herself as a woman that will break all the bondages that restrict women from doing and being what God would have us be.

"Once women realize that God has made them in a very special way just like men, and that they have something to contribute, then our world will be different."

Different. Like the Kenyan woman Rebecca learned about who raised half a million shillings to build a morgue in her own town so that the bodies of local children wouldn't have to be stored far away from their final resting place.

Different. Like a poor woman whose future had seemingly withered up and blown away until someone who had walked her road sidled up to her and invited her to think for herself ...

What do you have?

What have you done?

What are you willing to do?

Rebecca Cherono is asking these questions to a new generation of women. Her concern can raise consciousness and new possibilities. That way Rebecca Cherono will find the freedom of walking with other women. Not leading the way, but simply sharing it. The kind of freedom that made a poor woman rich when she unexpectedly met a woman named Rebecca Cherono, and who in growing her own food unknowingly discovered the meaning of Rainer Maria Rilke's words: "Live the questions now. Perhaps you will then gradually, without noticing it, live along some distant day into the answer." □

Mark Cutshall is a Seattle freelance writer who heads the Mark Cutshall Creative Services public relations firm.

Numbing the *P*ain

Millions of children worldwide are drug addicts before their teens. Many of these children steal or sell their bodies for drugs. The less affluent dig through garbage dumps for discarded glue or solvent to sniff.

Why are drugs so attractive to Third World children? Some simply follow the example of their substance-abusing parents. But for many others, drugs numb the horror of poverty, exploitation, and sexual abuse; and help ward off hunger and cold.

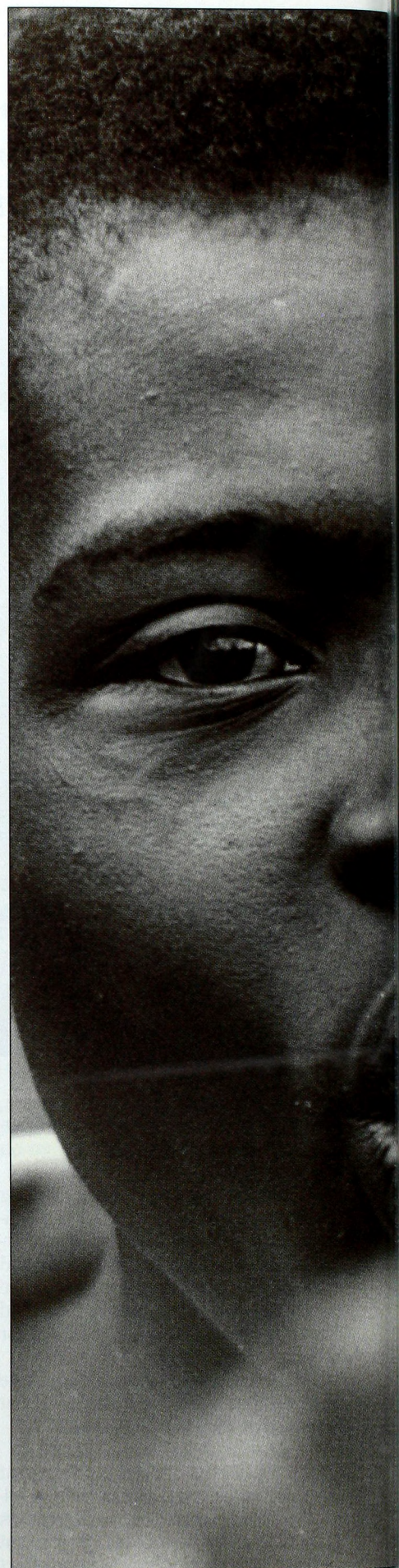
The consequences are frightening. An increasing number of children, their minds and bodies stunted, are wandering through life in a drug-induced stupor. AIDS is spreading among those who trade needles or sex for drugs.

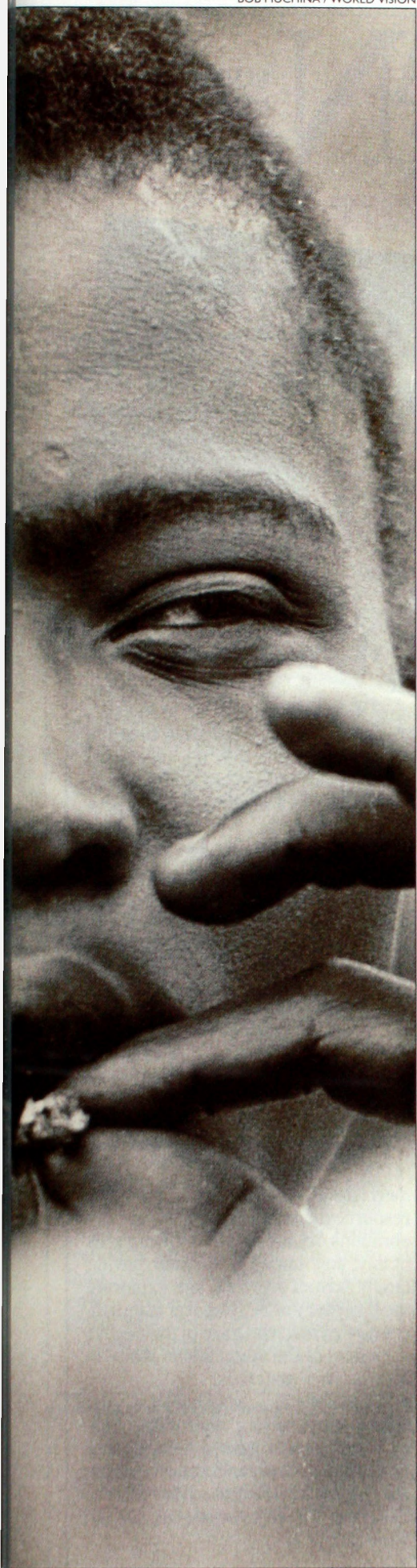
UNICEF's Convention on the Rights of the Child, however, has acknowledged children's right to protection from physical, emotional, mental, and sexual abuse related to drug use. The United Nations also included this issue at The World Summit for Children last year.

But until children can eat enough, keep warm, and live in a loving home, drugs will continue to be a substitute. □



These teenagers from a slum near Recife, Brazil spend hours each day inhaling the fumes from bottles of glue.





DAVID BROWNE / NEWS VISION



In Cochabamba, Bolivia, street children smoke "petillo," a cocaine derivative. There are at least 3,000 cocaine-addicted "polillas" (little moths) in the city.



TERRY MADISON / WORLD VISION

Opium addiction knows no age limitation in the mountains of northern Thailand. The elderly use it to dull the pain of disease; the young as an escape from their marginalized existence.

In Kenya, thousands of runaway and abandoned children, some as young as 3, survive by stealing and escape their misery with drugs.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Karen E. Klein

STEERING MONEY TO MISSIONS

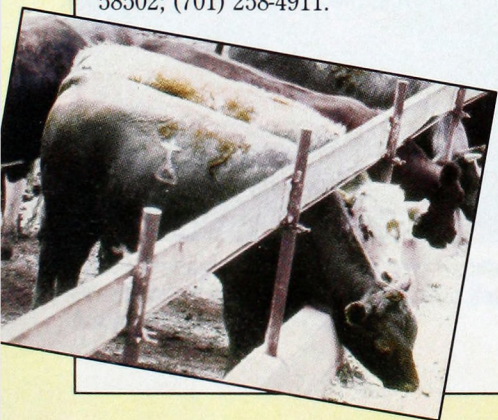
The cattle upon a thousand hills are mine," the Lord said in Psalms. A unique ministry that originated on the Great Plains aims to fulfill that verse.

STEER, Inc. raises funds for mission agencies through a partnership between donors and farmers. The donors contribute \$700 toward a farm animal or a crop which the farmer raises free of charge.

When the cow, sow, or sheep is sold or the crop is harvested, the profit is donated to a missions organization chosen by the donor. The farmer gets to choose the project or specific missionary within that organization. The original \$700 is then reinvested in a new crop or more livestock, perpetuating the donation. If a farmer is raising a dairy cow, the milk money goes to the missions agency on a weekly or monthly basis.

Since its founding in 1957, STEER, Inc. has raised \$3.7 million for missionary work worldwide. Some 75 evangelical mission societies, including World Vision, get financial support from the program—and that's not a bum steer.

For information, contact STEER, Inc., P.O. Box 1236, Bismarck, ND 58502; (701) 258-4911.



ENGLISH LANGUAGE INSTITUTE / CHINA



OUTER MONGOLIA, LORD?

When Jesus charged his disciples to take the good news to the ends of the earth, he may have been talking about Mongolia.

For centuries, the empire created by Genghis Khan has been one of the most isolated places in the world. Two years ago, when the Mongolian government abandoned communism and

adopted democracy, only about 15 percent of Mongolia's 2 million population had even heard of Jesus Christ. But with the change in government, Mongolia's borders have been opened for the first time to Christian professionals.

The English Language Institute, a Christian agency that sponsors English teachers overseas, has received one of the first invitations to send teachers to Mongolia. The group aims to send 100 Christians to teach English in the colleges and universities of Ulan Bator, Mongolia's capital.

Anyone interested in ministering in Mongolia should contact ELI at P.O. Box 265, San Dimas, CA 91773; (800) FON-ELIC.

WHOSE BIRTHDAY IS IT?

Hectic shopping in crowded malls, frantic decorating, baking, and caroling all lead up to the big moment—a visit from Santa Claus and his goodie-packed sleigh. Too often, Jesus gets excluded from Christmas celebrations, but a Christian-based social justice organization is trying to make room for Christ during the holidays.

Alternatives, which was organized in 1973 as a protest against the com-

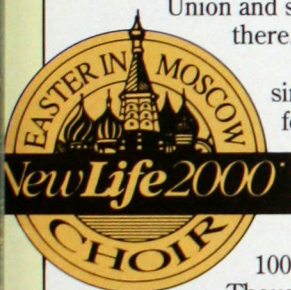
mercialization of Christmas, publishes resource materials that encourage celebrations of Christ's birth. Giving gifts of time and money to the poor, having family Advent services, and exploring the true story of St. Nicholas (a fourth-century pastor who gave to the needy) are some of the suggestions made in Alternatives' materials.

Pamphlets, workbooks, and videos emphasizing alternative holiday celebrations geared toward families, small groups, and congregations are available through Alternatives, P.O. Box 429, Ellenwood, GA 30049; (404) 961-0102.

RED SQUARE OR BUST

What will they think of next? How about taking a group of North American Christians to Moscow, turning them loose on Red Square, and letting them sing about the joy of the resurrection? That's exactly what Campus Crusade for Christ International is planning to pull off next Easter with a group it's calling the New Life 2000 Choir.

Applications for the group are being taken now, from both musicians and non-musicians who want to make the trip to the Soviet Union and share the gospel there.



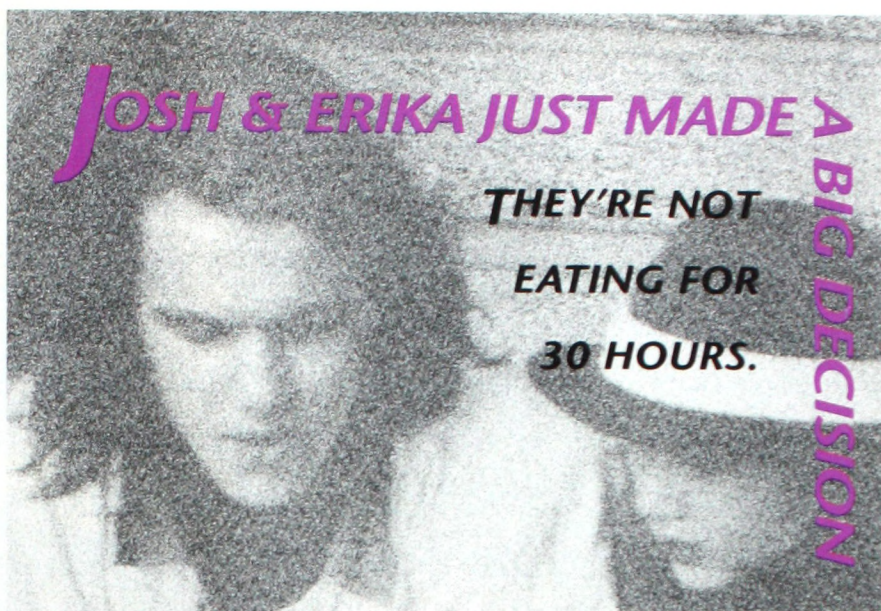
Last year, a similar group performed in the Kremlin and on national television for an audience of 100 million Soviets.

Thousands of people received Christ through the choir's ministry. Howard Stevenson, associate pastor of the Evangelical Free Church of Fullerton, Calif., will direct the choir.

The trip is planned for April 20 to 30, 1992 and costs \$2,399, which includes airfare from New York, hotel costs, and meals. Deadline for registration is March 2, 1992. For more information, contact: Easter in Moscow, Keynote Communications, 22912 Mill Creek #A, Laguna Hills, CA 92653; (800) 92-CHOIR.

“By giving things away we undermine the power of the world.
—Jacques Ellul**”**

JOSH & ERIKA JUST MADE A BIG DECISION
THEY'RE NOT EATING FOR 30 HOURS.



There IS something you can do about the hungry in our world. Join over 100,000 North Americans: give up solid food on February 21-22 and collect sponsors.

You'll PERSONALLY understand the problem, AND you'll be part of the solution. Do it with your family. Take it to your kid's school. Or, get your friends and church groups involved.

World Vision supplies plenty of videos and materials to make the 30 hours fun and meaningful. Find out more.

Call now and



MAKE IT HAPPEN!

CALL 1-800-7FAMINE To GET YOUR FAMINE KIT

t's cold outside, but not yet the unrelenting Chicago winter. In a neighborhood so notorious even the taxi driver asks, "Honey, you SURE you got the right address?" a dinner party for 10 is being prepared at the two-story home of Glen and Lonni Kehrein. Clyde is in the kitchen helping Lonni grate cheese and chop olives; DuRhonda and Paul are arranging chairs around the table; and Clint announces that Ed and Dee are just locking their car doors out front.

Lights in the dining room are turned up, and just about the time Pastor and Paulette enter through the front door, one of the children is dispatched to pry Glen from his computer.

"Let's eat!" Glen says upon entering, and Pastor confirms, "Amen!" This

mini-congregation of Circle Urban Ministries gathers around the dinner table just as the sun is going down, and some of them will be there when it's ready to come up again.

The reason this story is about Pastor Raleigh Washington and Glen Kehrein is not because of their successful work in the worst area of Chicago's inner city. Forget, for now, that Pastor's Rock of Our Salvation

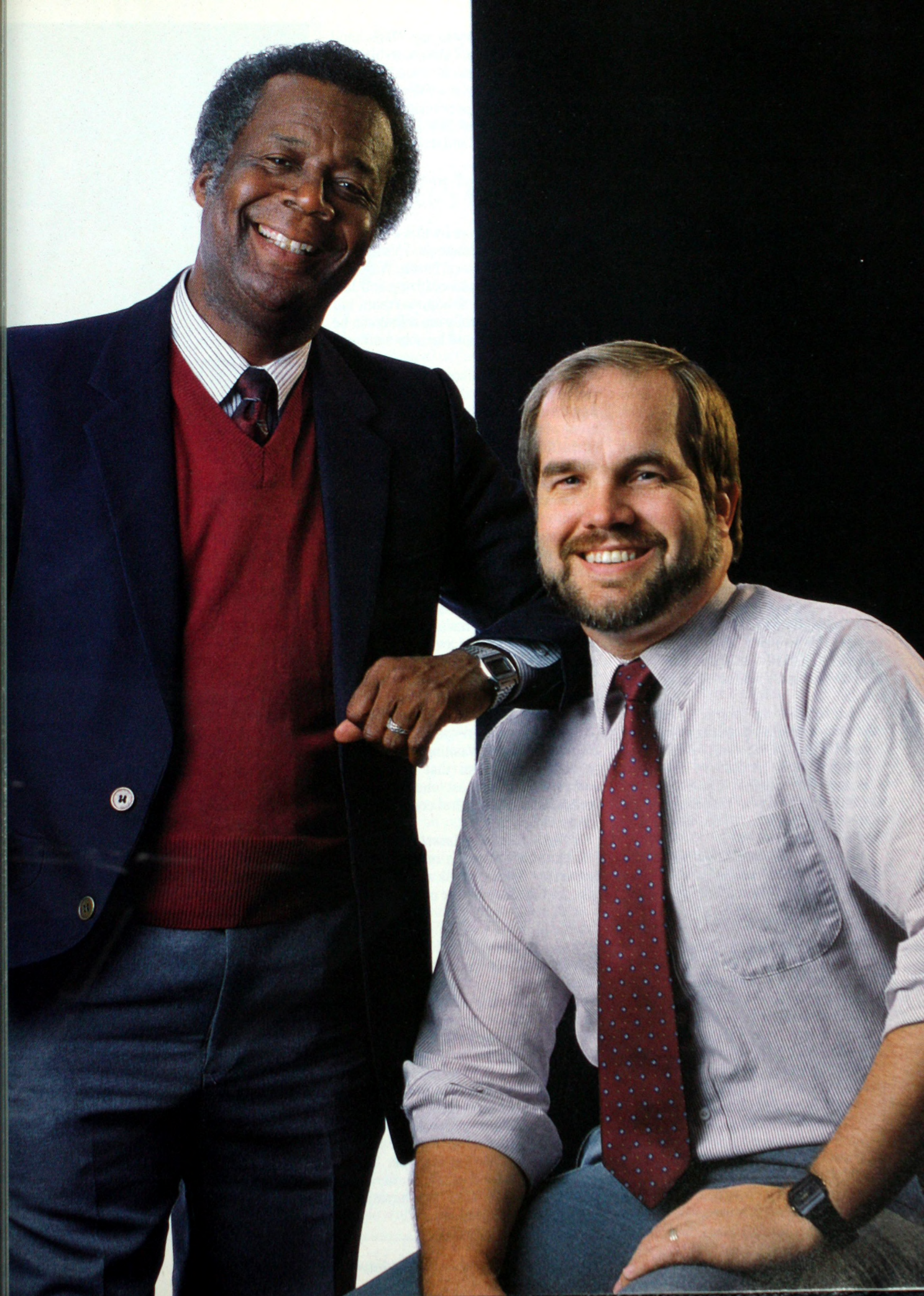
church is the leading black congregation in the Evangelical Free Church denomination. Forget that Glen manages one of the most successful parachurch organizations in the country, with over 18,000 people receiving services each year. Forget the speeches, the publica-

**RALEIGH
WASHINGTON
AND GLEN
KEHREIN
MODEL REC-
ONCILIATION
IN THE MOST
RACIALLY
DIVIDED CITY
IN THE
COUNTRY.**



COMPLEMENTARY COLORS

BY LAURALEE MANNES
PHOTOS BY JON WARREN



tions, the achievements, the sacrifices, and the ministries. This story is about them because one is black and the other is white.

The team testimony they tell at that dinner table is one they've repeated so often they absently finish each other's sentences, correct each other's anecdotes, and yet still crack up at each other's jokes. They are better than friends; they have that brotherhood shared by men in combat together. And it is something like a war they wage—a war for racial reconciliation.

Raleigh Washington began his life in Florida where, he reminisces, “the weather is warm and sweet.” Reared in a neighborhood so poor the projects were a step up, he was immersed in a climate of religion almost as ubiquitous as the racism that hung thick in the sultry Jacksonville air. Yet it would be years before he'd realize he'd never made a conscious choice about Christianity. Young Raleigh's dreams were buried deep inside, guarded by a distrust of white men and an anger at racial inequality.

Glen hails from a town with the improbable name of Ripon, Wis., home of Speed Queen washers, Ripon Good Cookies, and a little white courthouse proudly claiming to be “the birthplace of the Republican party.” He can't remember the first time he heard that Jesus died for his sins, it was so much a part of his life.

Embedded in young Kehrein's heart was the conviction that all men are created equal. At 18 years old, headed for Moody Bible Institute in downtown Chicago, he might honestly have claimed that he'd never treated a black man with disrespect. On the other hand, he'd never met one.

Imagine Glen and Raleigh as young men at opposite sides of a table. Glen might well have offered Raleigh a hand

unstained by slavery to say, “This hand did not enslave you. I am not to blame. I have nothing against you.” Young Raleigh might have evidenced fresh scars of inherited oppression to retort, “You deny responsibility for the sin of your fathers, but I still suffer its consequences.”

These two had some ground to cover.

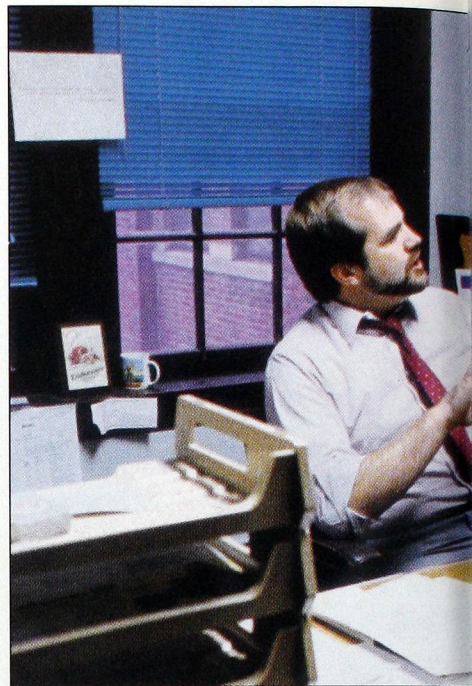
Hours have gone by this evening at the Kehrein home, and it's already time for dessert. Pastor Washington has trouble philosophizing too late the night before a Sunday sermon, but he loves the story they are telling, so he fills his coffee cup and launches off anyway.

It was in Indiana in the pre-civil rights atmosphere of 1958 that Raleigh first tasted reconciliation, in the unlikely arena of the U. S. Army. One evening several officers decided to go to dinner, and one restaurant after another refused them service because of Raleigh's color.

It was a too-familiar experience: All sound stops at their entrance, the hostess pretends she does not see four uniformed officers waiting to be seated, indignant murmurs waft like cheap cigar smoke in the room. Enraged, 2nd Lt. Lou Taggla vowed, “We're gonna eat together if we have to go to every restaurant between Lawrence and Indianapolis.”

Finally the last and most expensive restaurant in town welcomed them. When it came time to order and later to pay, the waitress respectfully ignored 2nd Lt. Raleigh Washington. But she served him a meal that started and ended with the finest choices on the menu, including his first encounter with chateaubriand.

“When I think of Lawrence, Indiana, I don't think about the restaurants that turned me down, I think about Lou Taggla, and the love of one man that began



the change in my life.” It was a simple act that cost 2nd Lt. Taggla one dinner, but it suggested to Raleigh that brotherhood between whites and blacks was more than a whim. It was a possibility.

If Lou Taggla was the start of Raleigh's ascendance from the stranglehold of racism, then Dwight L. Moody was responsible for Glen's descent into it. One night in 1968 he returned to his dorm to find Moody students gathered around the television, horrified as Walter Cronkite reported Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination. Glen remembers thinking, “All hell is going to break loose.”

It must have looked like hell from the dorm rooftop a few nights later when Glen watched fires burning in the streets, and a city consumed by anguish. People back home were saying only animals would burn out their own neighborhoods, but Glen knew they were wrong. “I knew those people were expressing legitimate feelings. It was the anger, alienation, and frustration they'd been holding back because King promised things were getting better. For people who are trapped in the cycle of poverty, all they have is that dream.”

There, from the top of Moody Bible Institute, he envisioned the Chicago fire of 1871, when Dwight L. Moody paced the very streets smoldering below and promised to bring hope to the burned-out neighborhood. What would Moody have done in response to this firestorm 100 years later? The institute sent its students home.

Glen was convinced, however, that Dwight L. Moody the man would have chosen to stay in Chicago, to take Christ

GLEN'S VOLUNTEERS

Into the conference room for volunteer orientation come white middle-class people with names like Bryan, Lois, Pearl, and Troy. They carry Bibles named *The Way* and *The Daily Walk*, covered in leather and satin and lace, bound like novels. They sit around a table, introducing themselves and explaining why they are in inner-city Chicago for vacation instead of a ski resort. Most of their answers reveal that deep down inside, they aren't really sure why they are there.

Glen Kehrein knows. “At the end

of a week's time, they'll say, ‘I came here to minister, but it's my life that has been changed.’”

Like the Nebraska farmer who spent his volunteer week doing odd jobs around a newly purchased apartment complex. When he returned to the Tuesday morning coffee group he'd been a part of for more years than he could remember, he found himself walking away from the table when someone told a “nigger” joke. He realized, with some shock, “My lord, that's Pastor Washington they're talking about.” The conversation hadn't changed. He had.



**THEY ARE
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IN COMBAT
TOGETHER.**

sion he was beginning to see in himself, his society, and his religion. Twenty-two years later, around the dining room table, he is thinking about it still.

Since it's late, jump forward to find Lt. Col. Washington and his wife, Paulette, leaving the military to study their new Christian faith at Trinity Seminary in Deerfield, Ill. Glen and Lonni Kehrein, having settled in a black neighborhood on the west side of Chicago in 1973, are immersing themselves in understanding and serving their adopted community. When Raleigh graduates in 1983, he's looking for a meaningful cross-cultural pastorate. Glen is praying for a pastor. Both of them sense the need for something. Turns out to be each other.

Now their stories can be told together. The fact that Glen spent his childhood in a homogeneous environment without ever meeting a black man and Raleigh spent his whole life in church without ever meeting Christ explains a lot about what they feel called to do.

to the burning streets. He thought about that the whole time he and his white classmates spent their unexpected vacation at Disneyland, spinning around in Mr. Toad's Wild Ride. He thought about it when he returned to Chicago, determined to challenge the prejudice and oppres-

It makes a kind of poetic sense that Glen would gravitate toward the gospel of justice, empowerment, and quality of life, while Raleigh's passion is the gospel of salvation. Both of them reacted to childhood religious experiences that seemed incomplete, and when they col-

RALEIGH'S VOLUNTEERS

Just a few hours after the volunteer orientation, Pastor Raleigh Washington cheerleads his Growth Group of local church members. Mostly single, black mothers, as reflects the community, their stories would flabbergast the uninitiated white volunteers. Like the prayer request in the handout for "Baby Austin," a four-year-old boy who was pimped by his mother for cocaine money.

Wanda, a beautiful choir member, requests prayer for her son who was pressured to join a local gang last week. When he replied, "I can't do that. I go to church," he knew they'd take him into an alley and beat him up. Crying, the young mother says she doesn't know when she sends her boy off to school in the morning whether he will live to return in the afternoon. While Raleigh's wife, Paulette, comforts the woman, the pastor explains a salient point. "Wanda's son is six years old."

In this home group, bereft of lace Bible covers, ski vacation possibilities, or farm property, Raleigh gives a challenge. "We are sharing the ministry of the black and the white together. We are challenging them to be open and to get more involved in cross-cultural ministries. So, especially you brothers and sisters of the darker hue, when you see those volunteers come, you make it your business to love them."

A conspiracy is unveiling. Raleigh Washington and Glen Kehrein don't encourage church groups to come to Chicago just because they need people to sweep, clean, paint, or organize. They want to introduce two groups who have been strangers for too long. Two groups that will inevitably learn to love each other. Nebraska farmers who now come back to Chicago and visit, and black families who, never having seen the other side of Chicago, now take a week's vacation on a Nebraska farm. Two groups who, if Raleigh and Glen have anything to do with it, will become one.

lided, the occasion for true racial reconciliation took place.

They readily admit that their work would be impossible without each other. But more important, their lives would be impoverished without each other. Embedded in one of the poorest sections of the worst side of the most racially tense city in the country, the Kehreins and the Washingtons made a commitment to each other in order to take a special dream to the Austin district of Chicago.

Less than 10 years later, the evidence of their work is stunning. Within shouting distance of the notorious Cabrini Green Housing Project, Circle Urban Ministries recognizes the church as the traditional hub of power in the black community and works to introduce people to Christ by showing how faith and hard work can make their lives better.

They've purchased more than 12 slum apartment buildings and converted them into decent, affordable housing. They offer services like medical aid, legal aid, supplemental education, food, clothing, counseling, housing rehabilitation, and youth recreation and development. The community is beginning to trust them.

And right at the heart of it all is the Rock of Our Salvation Evangelical Free Church, a rollicking, good music, solid preaching, get-up-and-get-involved kind of church, that reminds its black and white children so often that Christ died for their sins, they can't remember the first time they heard it.

It's two in the morning at the dinner table. Even Raleigh's 15th cup of coffee is losing the power to keep him from yawning. Glen looks over at his friend, his pastor, and his executive superior and stops him with a gentle reminder, "Pastor, you've got to preach for an hour in the morning ..."

Raleigh stops short and cocks his head in mock inspiration and corrects him. "TWO hours tomorrow!" and he slaps his arm around Glen, laughing. It's a scene reminiscent of Martin Luther King Jr.'s dream, the dream that is a reality at Circle Urban Ministries. "Someday children of former slave owners and children of former slaves will be able to sit down together."

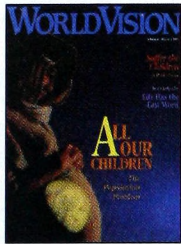
They will do better than that. They will stand, stretch their legs, and wish each other a good night's rest. And then, they will continue this story tomorrow. □

Lauralee Mannes is a free-lance writer in Pasadena, Calif. (For more information about CUM, contact: Circle Urban Ministries, 118 North Central, Chicago, IL 60644.)

READERS' RIGHT

Your article "All Our Children," [Feb./Mar. 1991] has served as the basis of a lecture I delivered to my Global Ecology class. I commend you and World Vision for being willing to "stick your neck out" and deal with issues that sting the middle-class church in North America. Truth is often quite unpopular—it was true in Jesus' day and is no less true today.

*Ed Squiers, Director
Randall Center for
Environmental Studies
Upland, IN*



overview (and I do not doubt that they provide some much needed services to children at risk) but when you get right down to it they are not a pro-life organization and in fact they are networking with the dark forces of pro-abortion groups in our nation.

I would hope that you would reconsider your recent article, let your readers know what Marian Wright Edelman and the Children's Defense Fund really stands for, and the next time you decide to feature someone, please take a closer look at the views of that person and/or organization. In so doing you will better serve your contributors, your cause, and our Lord.

*Terry R. Timm, Pastor
Pittsburgh, PA*

I'm sure Marian Wright Edelman is dedicated in her crusade for children. However, as the founder of the very liberal Children's Defense Fund—which according to Focus on the Family's *Citizen* magazine supports federal day care and school based sex clinics and tends to share Planned Parenthood's libertarian philosophy on sexuality and abortion—I seriously question the integrity of presenting her as a model in a Christian magazine.

*Stephen C. Weber, Pastor
St. Marys, PA*

Most evangelical Christians, if they really knew, would be very concerned about the CDF's position and work on teen age pregnancy, sex education, and abortion. CDF might look good based upon a quick external



Editor's Reply:

We believe it is possible to salute the commitment of Marian Wright Edelman, the woman of compassion, the crusader for American children, without necessarily endorsing all of her personal philosophies or the way in which the Children's Defense Fund deals with sexuality and abortion.

Mrs. Edelman describes the mission of her work in this way: "We must make it un-American for any child to have to grow up poor, or without adequate health care, child care, food, shelter, or education."

Every Christian, every church in America should have no argument with that goal. To it we would add the responsibility of the body of Christ to share the message of God's gift of salvation, and the need to personally claim it, to America's needy children in words and deeds easily understood by them.

As always, we invite readers to respond to articles that encourage, challenge, or offend.

I've always enjoyed television specials that take you "behind the scenes" to show how the special effects are done. Likewise, let me take you "behind the scenes" of this issue.

For example, Bob Seiple visited Myanmar (see facing page) just weeks before the second most devastating floods of the century struck the Asian country. Some 360,000 people were affected. World Vision responded quickly with relief and rehabilitation aid.

Closer to home, World Vision works with churches and partner agencies such as Circle Urban Ministries of Chicago in the ministry of reconciliation. CUM is highlighted in our article "Complementary Colors" beginning on page 18. The Community of Hope in Washington, D.C., the Memphis Leadership Foundation in Tennessee, and Family Consultation Services, Inc. in Atlanta are but a few other such vital ministries with which World Vision is pleased to be identified.

No special effects; just hard work!
—Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

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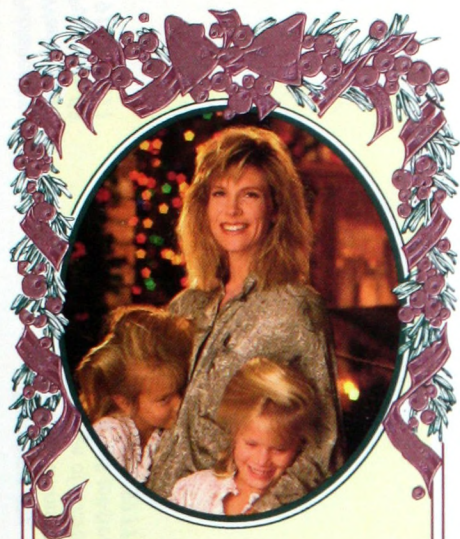
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World Vision is a nonprofit, Christian humanitarian agency dedicated to serving God by helping people care for those in need. It ministers to children and families, provides emergency aid, fosters self-reliance, furthers evangelism, strengthens Christian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

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A SENSE OF TIMING



For You— The Debby Boone Christmas Recording

World Vision is grateful to caring friends like you who open their hearts to the needy children of the world.

So as a special thank-you when you send a gift of \$25 or more to help a needy child this holiday season, we've made arrangements for you to receive a cassette or compact disc of Debby Boone's Christmas recording, *Home for Christmas*.

You'll enjoy Debby's clear, sweet voice in a holiday sampler of 11 Christmas favorites. They include "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," "Silent Night," and "White Christmas" in an unforgettable duet with Rosemary Clooney.

So if you've been considering a special gift to help a needy child this Christmas, give it now, and enjoy this wonderful recording for many Christmases to come.



Yes, send me Debby Boone's Christmas Recording.

Enclosed is my gift of \$25 or more for a child who needs my help.

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I prefer ☐ Cassette (76) ☐ CD (77) ¹⁷⁰⁰

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WORLD VISION

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Unrestrained joy accompanied the statement, "We didn't expect you to come so quickly." Two church leaders in Myanmar [formerly Burma] conveyed the same message during the last day of our visit. Our presence and intent to start a health-care ministry in this troubled land surprised the Christian leadership of Myanmar.

Apparently they assumed that it was too soon since "the difficulties," that euphemism they use to focus the pain of the last three years. No one is quite sure those "difficulties" are over, but the memories of Myanmar's most recent national trauma are deeply etched on the minds of the people.

We have seen the situation unfold many times around the world. Grass roots democracy movements appeal to something inherent in each individual. Hopes and dreams pour out into the streets. Students, emboldened by youthful idealism and hoping to secure a better future, lead the demonstrations.

The army is summoned. Anger mixes with fear, igniting a holocaust. Fire power reduces youthful optimism to pools of blood.

We saw it at Tiananmen Square. We held our breath at Red Square until the Soviet tanks retreated. In Myanmar, upward of 10,000 people, including young school children, were killed before the shooting stopped. A helpless sullenness replaced mutinous rage. Fear diluted their righteous indignation. A resentful silence fell over the land, and in this context came the hope of an oppressed people, "We didn't expect you to come so quickly."

It would be easy to allow our corporate ego to take over. World Vision likes to be first. We are known for pushing the limits of acceptable risks. Responsiveness is a core value. We have a bias for action, especially when we discern vulnerable people, poor people who need to witness and experience signs of hope.

We should be there, and other agencies should follow. The truth, however, is that no one in World Vision was even thinking about Myanmar. We had 96 other countries to worry about. Resources were already stretched. Recession had permeated an already dysfunctional world. This was a time to keep our head down, eyes forward. Reaching out towards something new, where marketing would be problematical at best, in a place where human rights had taken an extended holiday, made no pragmatic sense at all.

But three years ago, just before "the difficulties" began, a Kansas businessman and his wife stopped off in Myanmar during an extended around-the-world trip. They barely got out in time. Students were already rioting in the streets. The military was on the move. The airports were about to close and ugly rumors began to run rampant through the city of Rangoon.

It certainly wasn't the best part of a four-month holiday. Actually, it turned out to be the worst. Poor accommodations, lousy food, the oppression of a police state, and a premature exit characterized the visit. So it was somewhat surprising when this couple recently linked up with World Vision, desiring to become partners in a ministry focused on the poor and their children in Myanmar.

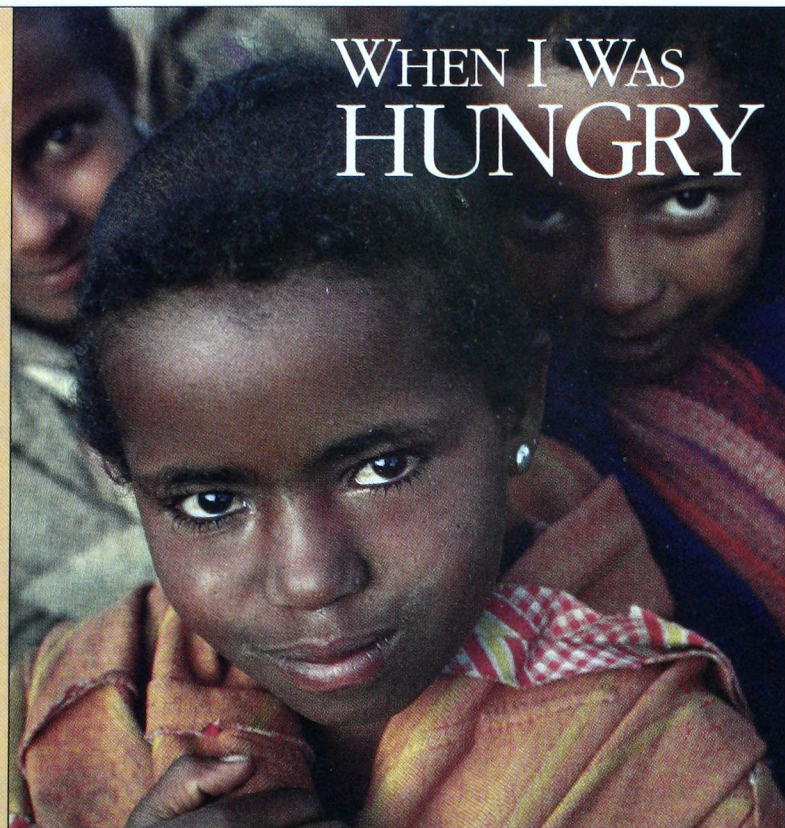


Surprising, but not strange. This couple had been materially blessed and wanted to return a portion of that blessing to others. Solution-oriented people, they realized that they had to be "in the ring" if the problems were to be solved. They replaced moral breast-beating and other forms of pontification with doing. They understood compassion as something other than a spectator sport. They brought an entrepreneurial spirit to one of the most complex problems on earth, the reconciliation of a people who had most recently looked at one another from both sides of a Kalashnikov rifle.

"We didn't expect you to come so quickly." Neither did we! But sometime before Myanmar erupted into chaos, God was already planting the seeds of solution, touching the hearts of people who would be bold enough, and obedient enough, to be his hands, in his timing, in a place where God had been long before any of us. □

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WHEN I WAS HUNGRY

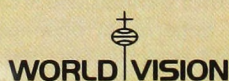
For most of the world's poor, hunger is subtle. It works slowly. Poor diet and occasional days without food cripple the body's immune system. Diarrhea and other diseases, often carried by dirty drinking water, take hold and often lead to death.

Saddest of all, the world has enough food to feed itself. Drought, war, bad government economic policies and poor distribution are the real culprits.

Is there hope? Absolutely. The hope comes from people like you, working through World Vision, who offer a cup of cold water in Jesus' name to people in need—providing emergency food, medicine and health care as tangible expressions of God's love.

Your generosity today means life for hungry people. "For when I was hungry you gave me food," Jesus said in Matthew 25.

Please join us in helping.



Yes, I Want To Help!

I'm enclosing ☐ \$150 ☐ \$400 ☐ \$900 ☐ _____
other

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Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

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

Mail today to: **World Vision/Hunger**

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