

WORLD VISION®

February/March 1990



LATIN AMERICA'S LITTLE JUNKIES

ELIZABETH DOLE:
Her Calling, Her 'Kids'

Foreign Missions
in Your Living Room

4 Latin America's Little Junkies

Some are as young as 6. Many are homeless. They cluster on street corners and in back alleys of virtually every South American city. Gasoline, glue, cocaine paste, marijuana—these are the staples of their lives. They turn to them to escape, or to keep warm on chilly nights.

9 Reach the World From Your Living Room

Spreading the gospel to foreigners does not have to mean years overseas in a jungle hut and a wardrobe of Banana Republic khakis and pith helmets. In fact, you don't even have to leave your house. Getting acquainted with international students in your own community is a good way to make new friends and spread the gospel at the same time.

14 Reaching Kids From Capitol Hill

When Elizabeth Dole became Secretary of Labor last year, she decided from the outset to see the job in terms of human beings, not facts and statistics. If you ask her about un-employment among inner-city teen-agers spread-likely, she'll whip out a photo album and start telling you about her 35 "kids."

18 Sahara Journal

Cholera epidemics, sandstorms, and camel herds were a few of the things community developer David Scheimann encountered last year in Mauritania. "Sahara Dave" shares nuggets from his journal.

Earthquakes, Third World Children, & the World Series

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Stories about America's war on drugs get daily front-page coverage and top-of-the-TV-news billing. Drugs are the scourge of the nation. But not only in America, and not only among adults. Poverty's children in the Third World have taken to drugs to ease the pain of their wretched existence.

This past year World Vision helped 33,833 people deal with their drug-related problems in 17 projects at a cost of \$205,763.

Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

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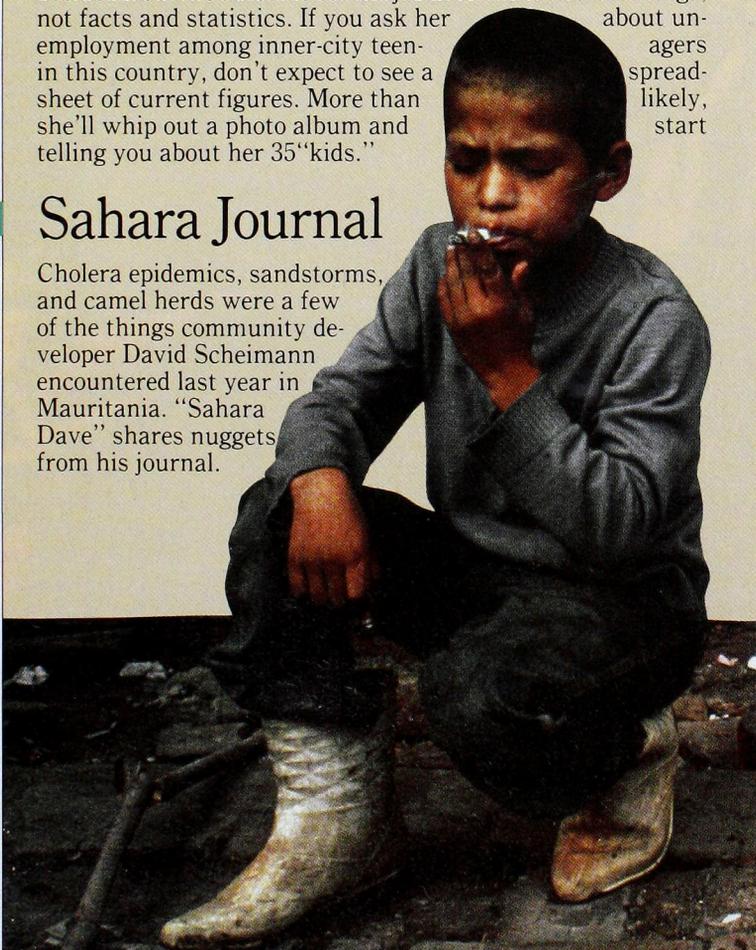
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COVER: Smoking basucos—cocaine cigarettes—popular among youth. (right) A young smoker sits up in Bogota.



© SUSAN MEISELAS / MAGNUM

COVER PHOTO: © TIMOTHY ROSS/PICTURE GROUP

EARTHQUAKES, THIRD WORLD CHILDREN & THE WORLD SERIES

The outline traced in the dust surprised me. The middle of a civil war in Mozambique was no place for a child's game. I was walking through a refugee camp of some 36,000 *deslocados* who were struggling to stay alive. They had barely enough food to survive and a score or more were dying each day.

And there they were—the lines of a hopscotch game drawn in the dust.

An optimist would call it a sign of hope, a rare commodity in that country. Or, perhaps, it was simply a child escaping from the disastrous present, turning from the horror of reality.

The Mozambican child, in the only way she knew how, was dealing with disaster. She certainly understood vulnerability. She could tell us a lot about helplessness.

Unlike another tragedy, the negative forces that shook her and turned her world upside down had lasted more than 15 seconds. Nor had she had a presidential visit nor much media attention. Troubled and afraid, she sought distraction and a hopeful respite in the form of a game of hopscotch.

Is there a message here for the victims of Hurricane Hugo or the San Francisco earthquake or for all of us? How can a child in a developing land, suffering under perpetual persecution, help us as we struggle with the apparent randomness of a sovereign God?

Normally we don't have to ask this question. The disasters of the past 50 years have affected mostly the poor. Few of us ever heard the phrase "upscale homeless."

Well, the rich and the poor have a great deal in common. Ultimately tragedy transcends economic status. It touches us all and makes us more sensitive to those who live in a perpetual state of disaster.

Tragedy strips us of our insulation, both psychological and material. Tragedy forces us to humbly recognize our neighbors, no matter who or where they are. Some neighbors are looking for

help and others are looking *to* help. The lines get quickly blurred.

Tragedy, with its common denominator, heartache, brings a solidarity with pain, death, and dying. And for the Christian, the identification with the Christ of Good Friday comes alive anew.

And what does the Mozambican child have to say about the randomness of it all? Why does God allow some to die while others live?

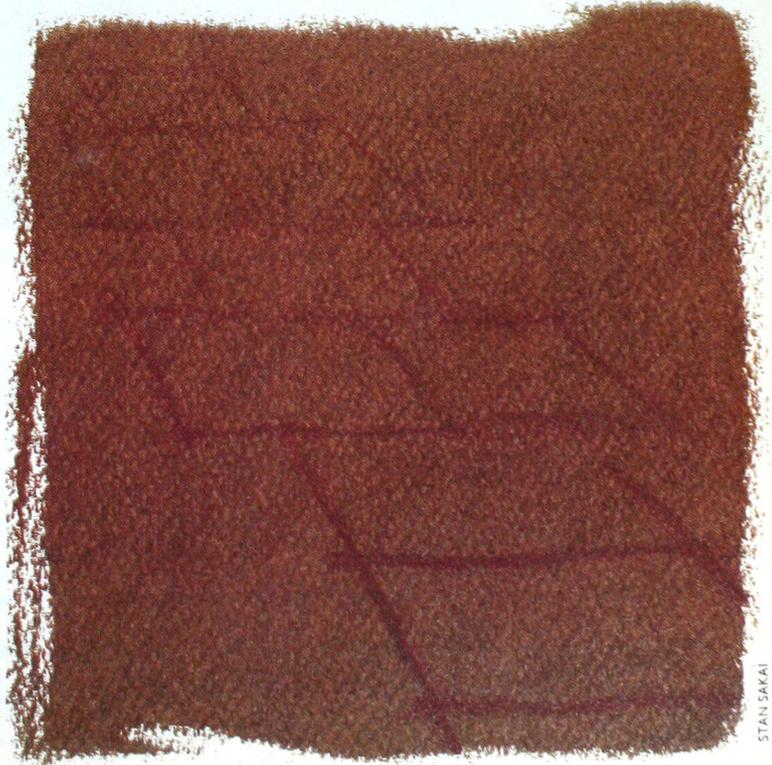
The child is silent on this, perhaps because she doesn't know. But, more importantly, the child doesn't choose to ask questions that God has never chosen to answer in the past. Is that good enough? Ultimately it has to be because it's all we've got.

But in the midst of the aftershocks and the search for victims and the funeral arrangements, should we have played the World Series?

I think so! I think we need healthy distractions. I think there are times for us to look forward, not backwards, perhaps in a way that will lessen our preoccupation with the terrible present.

Besides, that's what the Mozambican child would do. And she knows more about these things than we. □

**An optimist
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commodity
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country.**



STAN SAKAI

BY BRIAN BIRD

At one time, Archeological Park—in the heart of downtown Cochabamba, Bolivia—was a proud city monument. It was a place where colorful jungle gyms, bike paths, and cement dinosaurs lured middle-class kids on their way home from school.

But today the park is a painful reminder to Cochabamba's residents that their city's social structure is decaying. The jungle gyms are dilapidated. Its recreation building has been converted into jail space. The dinosaurs reek of human waste. And the four dozen or so youngsters who now hang out at the park every day are not there to play.

"I come here because I know I can get drugs easily," says 13-year-old runaway Miguel Avila. "My parents kicked me out of the house, so I know I can come here and be with my friends and smoke the cocaine paste. Then maybe I don't feel so hungry all the time."

At a time when many South American countries are flooding U.S. cities

Miguel Avila, a 13-year-old runaway and drug user in Bolivia.



BRIAN BIRD / WORLD VISION



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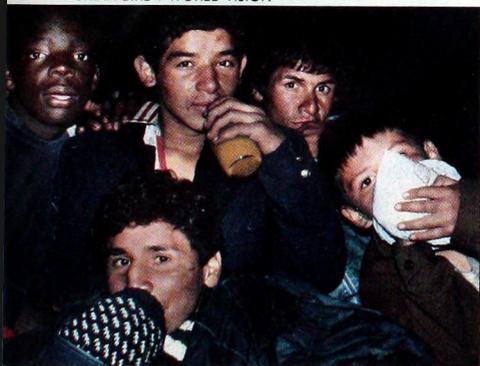
LATIN AMERICA'S LITTLE JUNKIES

Cheap drugs are an easy escape for kids on the fringe.



Poverty and a proliferation of cheap, low-grade cocaine are contributing to a rising drug problem among South American children.

BRIAN BIRD / WORLD VISION



Bogota, Colombia, has almost 5,000 homeless street children who stay warm at night sniffing glue.

with illicit drugs, the loss of one Latin American park to drugs hardly seems tragic. But it is the Miguel Avilas of the world who are concerning international health experts and drug enforcement officials.

They see a growing trend in Third World nations like Bolivia: Drug consumption is rising. In fact, health experts fear that narcotics use now may be engulfing dozens of poorer nations in Latin America and elsewhere, endangering the lives of hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of mostly young victims.

A recent report from the United

Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs predicted that drug abuse could become the top health threat to young people in developing nations in the 1990s; beyond child malnutrition, preventable diseases, and perhaps even AIDS.

While few reliable worldwide statistics exist, the U.N. report indicates that in some countries, a toleration of so-called "soft" drugs—such as marijuana—has led to increased abuse of "hard" drugs, such as cocaine and heroin. Some countries still assume that permitting unrestricted use of "soft" drugs would reduce the use of "hard" drugs. Indeed, says the report,

the reverse seems to have occurred.

The report also says drug abuse is spreading internationally: "Whenever illicit cultivation, production and trafficking occur, abuse among local populations nearly always ensues. This accounts for the spread of drug abuse geographically beyond the few countries which were once the main centers of such abuse. The fact is that very few countries now remain unaffected."

Some recent statistics are chilling:

- According to *Fortune* magazine, Colombia, home of the notorious cocaine cartels, now has about 500,000 cocaine smokers. That "probably translates into more addicts per capita than the U.S." In addition, the capital city of Bogota has an estimated 5,000 *gamins*, or homeless street children, who try to stay warm at night by sniffing glue and smoking marijuana.

- The *Latin America Evangelist* magazine estimated that in São Paulo, Brazil, there are 350,000 addicts, many of them children.



Cocaine has replaced coffee as Colombia's single largest export, earning almost \$5 billion dollars a year. Colombia also has more addicts per capita than the United States.

Colombia's children THE DRUG WAR'S FEARFUL VICTIMS

Perched on a school sofa, her white socks and black shoes swinging a few inches from the floor, Catalina, 11, remembers setting out with her mother on a recent Saturday to buy a birthday present.

"When we got to Bulevar Niza, the stores were closed and it was full of police," she said, referring to a fashionable shopping mall in Bogota, Colombia. "My mother told me someone had put a bomb there, so we had to go home. It was horrible."

Behind the bomb blasts and assassinations, the terror waged by Colombia's cocaine cartels is leaving a less visible trail of victims: children who are afraid to play in parks, to eat in restaurants, or to go shopping.

"Since Aug. 18, there is a lot of insecurity, a lot of mistrust," a child psychologist, Emilio Meluk Castro, said at his clinic in Bogota. "You can see it in the drawings, in the play."

Aug. 18 was the day gunmen stood up at a public campaign rally and killed Senator Luis Carlos Galan, a presidential candidate particularly popular among young Colombians. Since then, Colombian television has replayed the assassination over and over.

Message of the drawings

"There is a certain parallel with American children 25 years ago watching the assassination of President Kennedy," Meluk said. "This creates enormous insecurity."

To illustrate his point, Meluk pored over copies of drawings made by Catalina and a group of classmates at a private girls' school in Bogota.

"All this reflects insecurity," he said, pointing to a drawing that showed a child standing in the rain under thunder and lightning, locked out of an apartment building that was covered with "For Rent" signs. Another drawing showed a bomb exploding outside a

house, cracking it floor to ceiling.

At school, Catalina and her girlfriends spread the original drawings on the floor of the principal's office and explained their artistic intent to a visitor. They said they find their city an increasingly scary place.

"This shows the world we are living in," Adriana said, kneeling over a sketch depicting a man shooting bullets at a politician greeting a crowd.

Another drawing, showing a green school bus cutting off a small red car, recalled an incident that deeply marked several of the schoolchildren.

"We were in the bus when this man got out of a car with a gun," Jill, a 17-year-old junior, said. "We got on the floor, but the man started shooting in the air. We were all crying."

The man later identified himself as a member of one of Colombia's secret police forces. He said the bus driver had cut him off while he was in hot pursuit of a criminal. He evidently reasoned that the simplest way to move a school bus full of children was to fire a pistol in the air.

Colombia has a long history of violence. So it surprised Dr. Meluk and the teachers to learn that the recent violent events have sharply changed the daily lives of children.

"Mama says, 'Don't go out, don't go out,'" Ana Maria, 11, said, making a face. "I no longer can go out to the store

● In Bolivia, recent studies put the number of teenage drug users at 80,000, or 5 percent of the country's children. In Cochabamba—a city of 350,000 people and a growing hub for South American cocaine trafficking—anti-narcotics officers say that each week there are three new addicts, some no more than 6 or 7 years old. “The youth here have deteriorated,” one U.S. drug enforcement officer said. “The users are here, and they are young people.”

In the capital city of La Paz, 90 percent of all street kids say they sniff gasoline or acetone at least three times a day, according to Erick Roth, a psychiatrist who recently studied Bolivian street children. And La Paz' San Gabriel Foundation confirms that at least nine of every ten Bolivian street children take drugs.

● In Peru, drug use is rampant among children, the *Latin America Evangelist* said. In one Tingo Maria neighborhood—nicknamed “Little Chicago”—there are a growing number of child

The parents turn to alcohol. The kids turn to glue and drugs.”

addicts known as “green children” due to skin discoloration from cocaine abuse.

There seems to be a cause-effect relationship between nations that produce drugs for export, and then find their own people becoming addicted as well.

“What we've found in the last five or six years is that drug-producing nations now have large addict populations,” says Clyde D. Taylor, U.S. ambassador to Paraguay. “You can get coca paste delivered to your own home in Bogota, Colombia, as easily as you can get milk delivered in other parts of the world.”

And authorities in poorer coun-

tries are pessimistic about drug-abuse prevention and rehabilitation.

“Poverty, hopelessness, and spiritual destitution are powerful incentives to stay on drugs,” says David Medina, who works for Youth With a Mission in Bogota, Colombia. “And in countries where social services are rare, if not non-existent, there just aren't many places for a young person with a drug problem to turn.”

World Vision's Guillermo Hernandez, himself a former drug addict who now works with street children in Colombia, agrees. “We just don't have the resources we need to keep up with the problem. Sure, we can rescue one child, or even a handful of children, but this situation is just becoming so big.”

And social workers in economically depressed Bolivia—the second poorest nation in the western hemisphere—are hard pressed to keep up. “With the closure of all the tin mines in the country, we've had a flood of people come to cities like Cochabamba, look-

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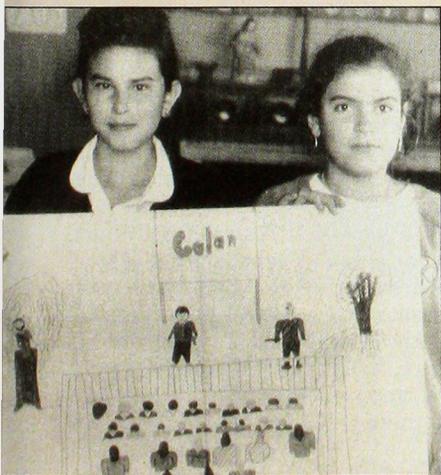
with my brother. We no longer go to play in the park.”

“Many young men call up shopping centers to say they have placed bombs,” she continued. “The storekeepers don't know if it is a joke or real so they send a lot of police.”

A reason for caution

Colombian parents have reason to be careful. Since the drug traffickers declared war on state and society last summer, they have set off hundreds of

The violence of Colombia's cocaine cartels is frightening that country's children. These children display a drawing reflecting their concern with Colombia's violence.



JAYES BROOKE / NYT PICTURES

bombs, mostly outside of stores and banks. Several children have been injured in the blasts.

Early in the terror war, the gangsters threatened to bomb schools. Reacting to this threat, many schools started evacuation drills—exercises that only increased some children's insecurity.

“We only had one because the children panicked,” one school principal said.

Despite their fear of the violence around them, Catalina and her girlfriends still dream of a better world, which they also reflected in their drawings.

“This shows the world we want to live in,” Catalina said. Drawn by a team of 11- and 12-year-olds, the watercolor was an articulate blueprint for the peace that so far has eluded Colombia's adults.

Left-wing guerrillas—marked M-19 and FARC—took part, disarmed, in an election rally. Nearby, rifles and pistols burned in garbage cans. On a campaign platform, two men stood next to two barrels.

“They are the drug traffickers giving up their gold and dollars,” Adriana explained.

In a corner, a man and a woman were shown walking, hand in hand, into a church under a red heart. “That shows love and family,” Catalina said with a giggle. □



BRIAN BIRD / WORLD VISION

Basuco, South America's version of crack, is a crude cocaine paste mixed with marijuana or tobacco.

ing for work,” says Elba Crespo, a child-care worker. “There are whole squatter settlements of people without any employment. The parents turn to alcohol. The kids turn to glue and drugs.”

Another dilemma that outreach workers face is that while there are few resources for treatment and rehabilitation programs, the drug cartels have deluged their own countries with cheap, low-grade cocaine.

Just as crack, and now “ice,” have come along in the United States as low-cost, smokable versions of the more expensive cocaine, the South Ameri-

can cocaine barons have created a similar product for the Latin American marketplace. They package crude cocaine paste—rife with toxic refining chemicals—with marijuana or tobacco in a highly addictive cigarette called *basuco*, a label that has now taken on the western moniker of “bazooka” in some poorer communities.

“The kids are now able to get drugs at factory prices, and they are often involved in the drug trade,” says Father Patrick Henry, an American Maryknoll priest who works with runaway and homeless children in Cochabamba. He adds that most of the more than 1,000 children his program has helped have been involved in the drug trade, drug abuse, or both. And their drug of choice is *basuco*.

Like crack, *basuco* causes an immediate rush of euphoria. But it is so short-lived that an uncontrollable craving sets in for more. Research shows that continued use may lead to hallu-

“**S**ure, we can rescue one child, but this problem is just so big.”

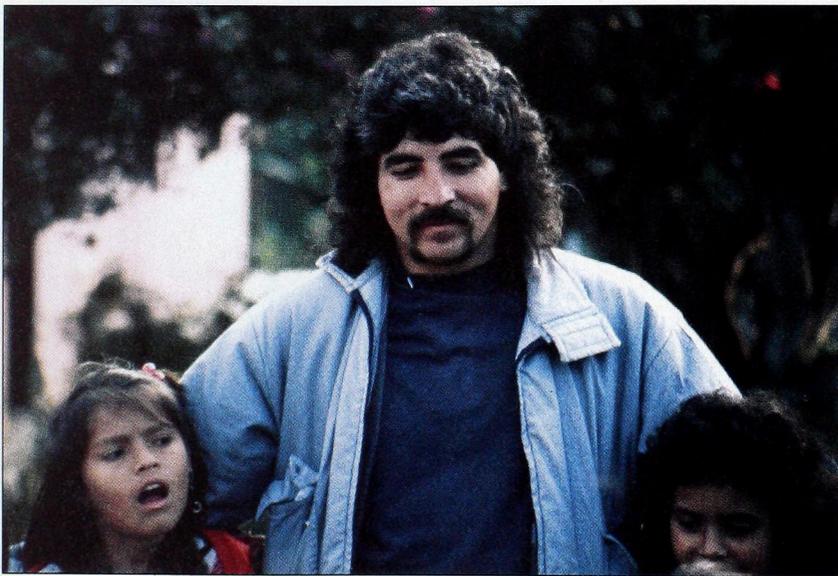
night and smoke the cocaine.”

Despite the recent crackdown on the drug cartels in Colombia and the Bush administration’s war on drugs, few hold any hope of crushing the international drug trade.

It is primarily a matter of money. According to *Fortune*, “The global drug trade may run up to \$500 billion a year, more than twice the value of all U.S. currency in circulation. The American market, the world’s biggest for these drugs, produces annual revenues of at least \$100 billion at retail—twice what U.S. consumers spend for oil.”

In Colombia, despite a strong legit-

Guillermo Hernandez works with street kids and poor families in Colombia, helping to stem the rising drug problem.



BRIAN BIRD / WORLD VISION

cinations and psychotic behavior. And the kerosene and other impurities in the paste may have long-term toxic effects.

Eloy Davilla Romero, a 12-year-old boy who works in Cochabamba’s central cemetery, watering flowers and sweeping out the mausoleum for bereaved visitors, says *basuco* helps him forget about his troubles: “I make three *bolivianos* [about \$1.50] a day doing this work, but my parents want me to bring home more, and sometimes they beat me if I don’t. Some of the older boys showed me how to smoke *basuco*, so if I don’t have enough money to take home, sometimes I just stay out all

imate economy, cocaine has replaced coffee as the single largest export—an estimated \$4 billion a year at wholesale prices. Says Colombian Senator Rodrigo Lloreada: “The size of this business overwhelms our economy. Just imagine if the U.S. had a Mafia richer than the federal budget.”

And make no mistake, for hundreds of thousands of poor Latin Americans, most of whom receive nothing from their governments, the drug business fulfills basic needs.

“There is a level of society in [Latin America] lower than most people in the United States could imagine,” a Colombian journalist recently wrote.

“It is composed of young men and teenagers virtually created by poverty. Misery is the only constant in their lives. They know nothing of a moral world, of ethics or values. Daily survival is their only creed.

“Poor people and drug traffickers form an alliance that no campaign can break. The business will go on unchanged because there is nothing to replace it.”

Despite such pessimism, several mission boards such as the Bolivian Baptist Union and Latin America Mission, and relief agencies like the Salvation Army and World Vision are addressing the problem in poor communities. World Vision, for instance, operates several drug rehabilitation units as part of its ongoing community development work. That work includes vocational and agricultural programs in Bolivia, Colombia, and other Latin countries.

“Even in the poorest barrios, we feel that helping families improve their chances to make money, send their kids to school, and understand Christian principles will keep those families together, and consequently keep their children from becoming hopeless and turning to drugs,” said World Vision’s Guillermo Hernandez.

But mostly, Latin churches have been unprepared to cope with the explosion of drug addiction in their communities. Even Pope John Paul II, in a 1988 visit to Bolivia, groped for a proper challenge that would encourage Bolivians to avoid the dangers of drugs. He warned them against an “egotistical and false escape of seeking irrational satisfaction of the appetites.

“The abuse of alcohol, drugs ... and the temptation of easy enrichment through narcotics trafficking are more of the concentrated seductions that threaten to destroy the person and the society,” he said.

But warnings like that sometimes fall on deaf ears among the very poor and the very young who escape the raw ache of hunger and the suffocating boredom of joblessness in a drug-induced haze.

“I don’t think *basuco* is really hurting me,” says Cochabamba’s Miguel Avila, sitting in the stench by a cement dinosaur with several other teenage addicts. Asked what he thinks of his future, Avila adds: “My future is right now, and it feels so good, it can’t be a bad thing.” □

Brian Bird is a screenwriter and journalist in Ontario, Calif.

*With so many
international students
in America,
you can ...*



Jonathan's eyes gleamed with anticipation as he prepared to travel to America to study political science. His hard work in his home country had paid off. An academic fellowship would pay all his school and living expenses for four years. Then he could expect a prominent government position in his own country.

But during his four years in the United States, Jonathan wanted to mingle with Americans. He was eager to make friends, explore the country, learn to eat the food, understand the culture. He also hoped to meet a family who would take the place of his own on holidays and school vacations.

And Christianity—Jonathan had heard such conflicting opinions about it that he wanted to meet someone who



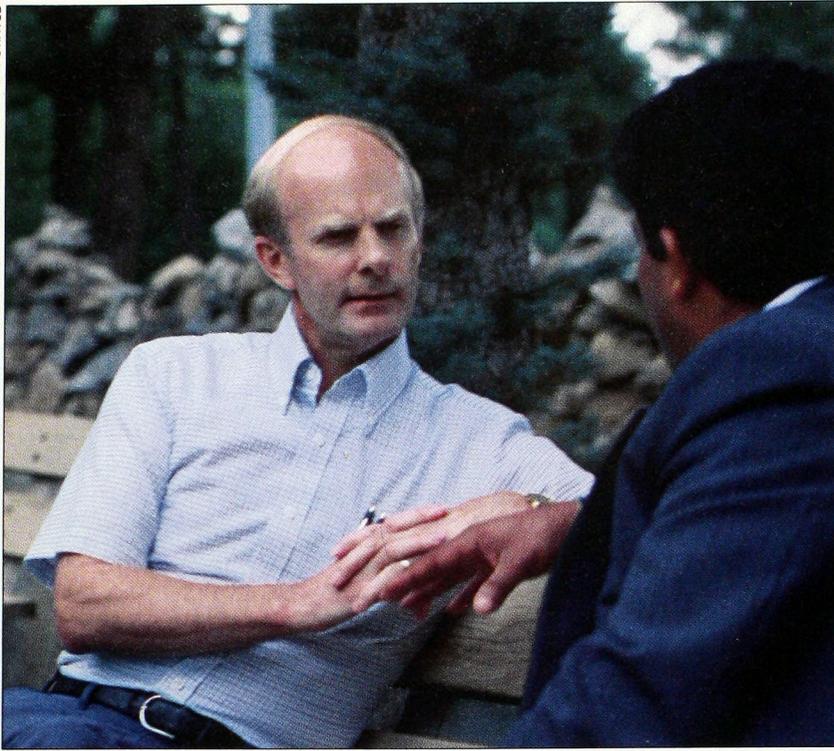
JEFF POHORSKI / TWENTYONEHUNDRED PRODUCTIONS

FROM YOUR LIVING ROOM

ROOM

BY GORDON LOUX

WITH
DEAN RIDINGS
AND
JOY CORDELL



Dan Bice, left, never made it to South America after he discovered a mission field at home.

could give him a real insider's view. This was an ideal time to explore it, he realized, before he settled down with a job and family.

Jonathan's university was an excellent one and his professors were encouraging. But mostly his experience in America was disappointing. Like many other students who come to America, he was soon deeply disillusioned.

People seemed completely indifferent to his presence. Although fellow students greeted him politely and occasionally asked him about home, none invited him out or seriously tried to befriend him.

He immersed himself in his studies, but holidays were lonely and empty. His interest in the culture and religion of this country faded as he came to feel that its people were uncaring, arrogant, insincere. He forced himself to stay the four years, dreaming only of the day he would return to his home country and do his best to forget his unhappy sojourn in America.

Only one of far too many

Jonathan's experience is not uncommon among the more than 350,000 international students who study in American colleges and universities every year. Most students have a hard time distinguishing between Christianity, Americanism, and capitalism; in their rejection of one, some simply reject all.

It's ironic that while American

Christians allocate millions of dollars to foreign missions, they practically ignore the mission field right outside their door. Young international men and women come to our neighborhoods, they know our language, they are open to new ideas, and many desire to know more about Christianity. Yet when Mark D. Rentz, a professor at Arizona State University, set up a program to pair foreign students with American students for a weekly hour of conversation, the program almost died for lack of interest—American interest—even though it was inundated with requests from foreign students.

He never went south

Some, however, have found their way into this easily accessible ministry. In 1967, near the end of his studies, Dan Bice was all set to head for South America. Part of his cross-cultural training included working with internationals at the University of Colorado.

The first friend he made, Nelson, came from the Pacific island of Belau. The two spent hours together—shopping, talking, going to Bible studies.

When Nelson returned to Belau, he joined the legislature. Dan, however, never made it to South America.

"I suddenly realized the tremendous mission opportunities here in the United States," Dan says. "International students are in our back yard. They already speak our language. Most of them are going back to guaranteed

HOW TO LAUNCH A FOREIGN FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is the single most important step in reaching out to foreign students in the United States. For many, this country is strange and confusing. They need friends to help them through all sorts of cultural adjustments and such practical matters as renting an apartment or buying a car. It's fun to be that kind of friend. It can even be the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

How can you meet a foreign student? Staff members at International Students, Inc., suggest that you call the foreign-student advisor at a local college or university. Tell him you'd like to meet one or more foreign students. Or contact International Students, Inc., at P.O. Box C, Colorado Springs, CO 80901 (719) 576-2700.

Here are some practical ways you can befriend foreign students:

- Meet arriving students at the airport and make sure they have housing for the first night or two.
- Help them find permanent housing and get settled. Show them how to read classified ads. Provide them with city maps and bus schedules. Take them on orientation visits to local stores.
- Invite students home for meals or include them in other social activities.
- Sponsor or attend activities (picnics, retreats, sporting events, sight-seeing tours, zoo visits) designed particularly for international students.
- Encourage students interested in learning about Christianity to attend a church service or a church social event.
- Encourage church members to reach out to foreign students.
- Hold a one-day conference for students. Ask Christian teachers to give seminars on the Bible or Christian living. Ask members of your church to provide a meal, and a time for singing and games. □

Joy Cordell



positions of influence. They'll be leaders in government, business, and education."

Most foreign students come from family-centered societies. The individualistic society of the United States often alienates them. Michael, who came from a prominent family in Ethiopia, experienced severe culture shock. In two weeks he was fed up with hamburgers and fed up with Americans. He was ready to go home.

Michael's foreign-student advisor called Sam Oommen, who works with international students in Los Angeles. Sam took Michael to meet the Herrens, former medical missionaries in Africa. The Herrens made him feel like a member of their family. Michael joined their home Bible study.

After several months, he received Christ. Not long after that, the Ethiopian government went through an upheaval. His parents were jailed and one brother was killed. During those difficult days, Michael found strength

Students who take Christ back home establish a strong witness.

and support with his Christian family and friends here.

Dan Bice and his wife, Betty, felt that Christian internationals like Michael should learn to evangelize their fellow students. In 1979, while working at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, Dan helped coordinate a summer project in which he trained students from throughout the United States to reach out to internationals on campus.

Tamayo, a young woman from Japan, received Christ because of that summer program and soon became a leader within the international outreach. During introductory Bible classes, Tamayo's warm, ready smile helped new students feel at ease.

What began with Chen

Chen, a graduate student from China, became a close friend of Tamayo. One evening after a birthday party in her honor, he also received Christ.

About four months before Chen was to return to China, Dan Bice began meeting weekly with Chen, discussing the basic principles of Christian life, and ways to apply them.

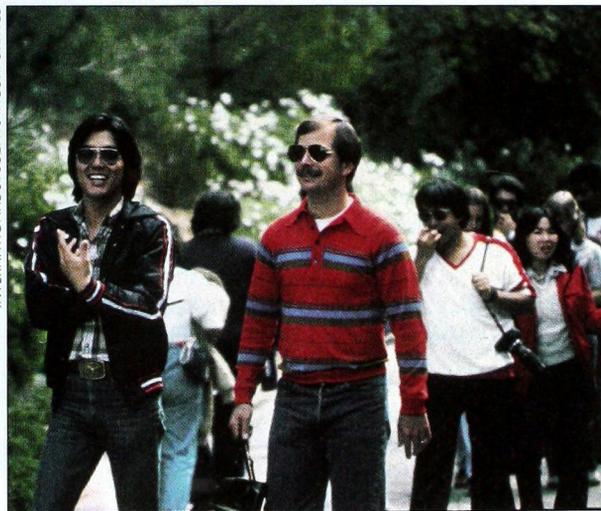
One month before returning home, Chen—whose wife and two children were in China—asked Dan to teach him about Christian family life. So Dan arranged for Chen to stay awhile with four different families.

When Chen returned home, he told his family about the love and unity he had observed in these homes, and about Jesus Christ. Before long, each family member received Christ. Chen, a science professor at a university, boldly shared his Christian faith with friends and associates, in churches, and at a weekly Bible study.

As he visited churches, Chen noticed that many ministers were old men, nearing retirement. He became increasingly concerned that young men should be trained to take their places. Chen decided to send his oldest son, Xing, to attend seminary in the United States. So Chen wrote to Dan.

Dan helped Xing secure the neces-

International students who find friendship among Christians remain more open to the faith.



sary funding to study in the United States. In 1988, a leading seminary accepted Xing, and gave him a scholarship. Dan met him at the airport.

Throughout that first year, Dan checked in with Xing and offered assistance with practical matters. During breaks and holidays, Xing stayed with the Bices.

As for Chen, he continues to witness for Christ in mainland China. He wrote Dan recently that he plans to encourage more young Chinese men to study in the United States.

"You [Dan] are an engineer, building a special bridge between our countries," he wrote.

Tamayo, meanwhile, returned to Japan. "When Tamayo came to America for an education, she planned not to return home," Dan says. "But after

she became a Christian, she became deeply concerned for her country. She began to see how important it was for her to be involved in ministry in Japan."

International students in the United States are particularly vulnerable to loneliness and the disruption of a new culture. They need friends who can help them adjust to American life, answer practical questions, and ease the loneliness of separation from friends and family.

Free to explore

Students from countries with restrictive religious laws come here curious and relatively free to explore other ideas. It is an outstanding opportunity that may not last.

In 1984, Iran sent 47,555 students—more than any other country—to study in the United States. But Iran soon closed itself to the West and most of its students returned home. Last year, almost 40,000 mainland Chinese students, researchers, and visiting professors studied at American universities, but this year the number of new students here from China has sharply decreased.

Christians in the United States are able right now to reach the future leaders of countries where evangelization is difficult. Students who take Christ back to their home nations often establish a strong witness that strengthens the church. Such indigenous evangelizers are often self-

supporting, and do not face the barriers of language and culture that hamper missionaries.

Of course, many international students do not receive Christ. But if they have found love and personal interest from Christians in the United States, they tend to remain more approachable and open to have missionaries in their home countries.

The potential of this kind of outreach is still largely untapped. Through the efforts of alert Christians like the Bices, the Steggals, the Herrens, and Tamayo, it's possible that bad experiences like Jonathan's will become the exception, not the rule. □

Gordon Loux is president of International Students, Inc., in Colorado Springs, Colo.

'DID YOU EVER FAIL?' SHE ASKED

She was smiling, but her voice was quavering and her eyes seemed about to overflow as she asked her question in four short words: "Did you ever fail?"

I'll call her Mary. For almost a week she had listened to me as I led a group of missionaries through training sessions on planning and strategy.

Her question disturbed me. What had I said? What had I not said? Had I been so facile, so quick with my answers that I sounded infallible?

In none of my previous presentations of the same workshop had anybody ever asked me such a question. How could it be that I, who almost pride myself on living in light of questions rather than settling for simple answers, could be so misunderstood?

"Did you ever fail?"

What did she mean by failure? Making mistakes? Sure, I've made mistakes. Often. Who doesn't? The Bible defines sin as missing the mark. I've missed that mark quite a few times.

Or did she mean failure as determined by some outside measurement? That's something we all feel in school. A special few get all A's. (I was never introduced into the mysteries of that fellowship!) But B, C, D? The message is, you didn't measure up. Is that the kind of failure she meant?

Shrunken expectations

We talked later. Mary and her husband had spent 12 years as missionaries. They had seen some results. They had a lot of questions. They had two small children. They had little other family support.

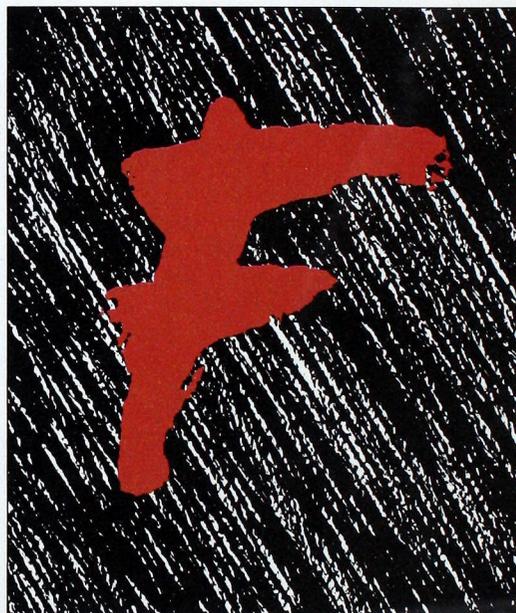
They would spend another six months in the United States and then return to the mission field. Mary was not sure what would happen. One of the children would be away in a mission school for the first time. She didn't know how she would handle that.

No, she wasn't sure what her husband's goals were. They were in this together, she said. She just went with him.

Now I understood the question. It was not about me and my experiences with failure. To Mary, I just happened to represent the expectation of success.

To Mary, life was failure. Her question really was something like this: "Are all of these struggles in my life part of something that has meaning, purpose—something that is not failure?"

Plans may go awry. Dreams may shatter. Visions may fade. But where you serve Christ, his kingdom grows.



STAN SAKAI

For worse and for better

Yes, Mary, life often seems like so much failure. Plans go awry. Dreams are shattered. Visions grow dim. But you and I and all our failures are part of the greatest success story in the world.

It's a mystery. It's at least a paradox. It's the best of times and the worst of times. The world gets worse every day, but in the midst of it Christ's kingdom grows.

Failure? Yes, much of life is falling short, missing the mark. But Mary, you are the very evidence of Jesus' coming kingdom. You are the fragrant perfume of life. Because you are you, because you are Christ's, because you are there where you are needed—even when you feel like a failure.

Did I ever fail? Often. But Jesus Christ never did and never will. □

OUT OF THE MONSTER'S GRIP

Ibrahim Odour began drinking before he turned 10. By his mid-teens he was brewing a back-alley bootleg distillate called *changaa*, and living with a succession of older women and prostitutes while he perfected his brewing skills. Whenever he could, he also smoked opium and chewed a mild narcotic called *miraa*. Once, he attempted legitimate work with Kenya's forestry department, but that didn't last long. During a weekend binge he drank away seven months' salary.

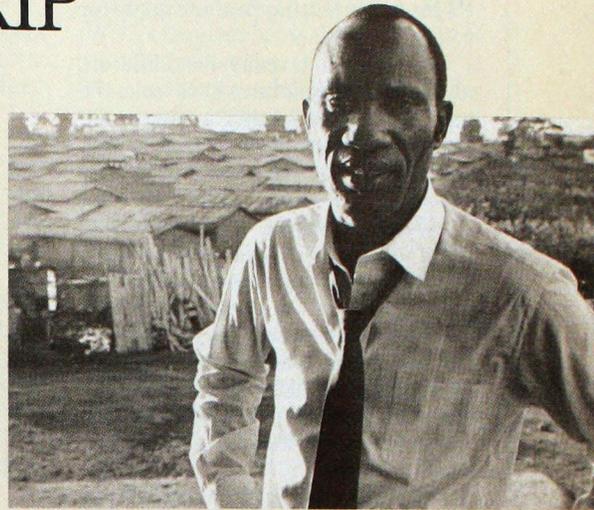
Ibrahim Odour stands in front of his parish—the Korogocho slum in Nairobi, Kenya.

Falling into such a life was easy for a kid who grew up with an alcoholic father, and whose household chores revolved around the distillation of a coconut liquor. Falling out of it was a little more difficult. Especially when his home community—Nairobi's wretched Korogocho slum, comprised of some 100,000 destitute people—held such a powerful lure for impoverished individuals looking for a quick, easy way to make money. And, with a lifetime of experience in the trade, Ibrahim was able to find work easily.

Every night, for years, he toiled, filthy and drunk, in a secret distillery, turning out drums of *changaa*. He received 25 shillings (about \$1.20) per drum from the 10 women who owned the illegal business. Usually, he made about 250 shillings a night—a fortune in Korogocho.

"I never needed money to buy liquor because I could get it at the factory," he says, "yet I never saved a bit of the money I earned. I was in the grip of a monster. I hadn't seen my family in 15 years. I slept in the streets. I was doomed. And I wasn't even 30."

Then one night, after he'd left a drinking party and was making his way home, he heard a voice calling him. It was a powerful message, almost audible, like a prayer: "Ibrahim, unless you change, you are going to die." He now believes God was speaking to him, but at the time he



JOHN SCHENK / WORLD VISION

ignored the voice. He ignored it even when he heard it a second time. But what happened after he heard it a third time caught his attention. "After I heard it for the third time, I was struck to the ground and lay unconscious for several hours." When he regained consciousness the next morning, he found a church, where he asked questions about God, and finally prayed and received Christ.

Give us grace, O God, to dare to do the deed which we well know cries to be done.

W.E.B. Du Bois

Today, Ibrahim is an evangelist with the Redeemed Gospel Church, and a social worker and health trainer with the Korogocho Family Development Project. He frequently interprets at large rallies for English-speaking evangelists who visit Kenya. And he has just begun studies at a Bible college.

In Korogocho, the danger of falling into a cycle of alcohol and despair is ever present, especially for the women, the single mothers, Ibrahim says, because it is so tempting for them to just sink back into the easy money they can get from brewing alcohol.

"I know," he adds, thinking back to his own past, "because even now sometimes when I pass a place where *changaa* is made, I hear a voice telling me how easy it would be to have money if only I brewed."

Thankfully, he also knows what can happen when a positive response is made to another kind of voice in one's life. □

John Schenk, with Randy Miller

Matters for Prayer

- ◆ **Pray for** the children hooked on drugs. Ask that God will increase efforts to help these children, and to fight the poverty and greed that sustain the drug industry (pages 4-8).
- ◆ **Thank God** for public servants who see government as a way to reach out to people in need (pages 14-15).
- ◆ **Thank God** for the opportunity to reach out to international students in the United States. Consider how you might offer hospitality and friendship to someone who is far from home (pages 10-11).

BY BETH SPRING

REACHING KIDS FROM CAPITOL HILL

*For
Elizabeth
Dole,
govern-
ment isn't
politics
but a way
to touch
people.*

Take a look at some of my kids," says Elizabeth Dole. She pulls two compact photo albums off her impeccably organized desk.

"They live in Boston," she says. "This one is getting ready to apply for college."

They're not really her children, although in the pictures Dole looks the part of a proud mother or aunt. Her "kids" are black, inner-city students, the type social workers might label "at-risk."

These students, and others like them throughout the nation, have become Dole's top priority since she took her place in President George Bush's cabinet as secretary of labor.

When she was offered the post, Dole hesitated. After 20 years in government, she had turned her attention toward private efforts to meet human need.

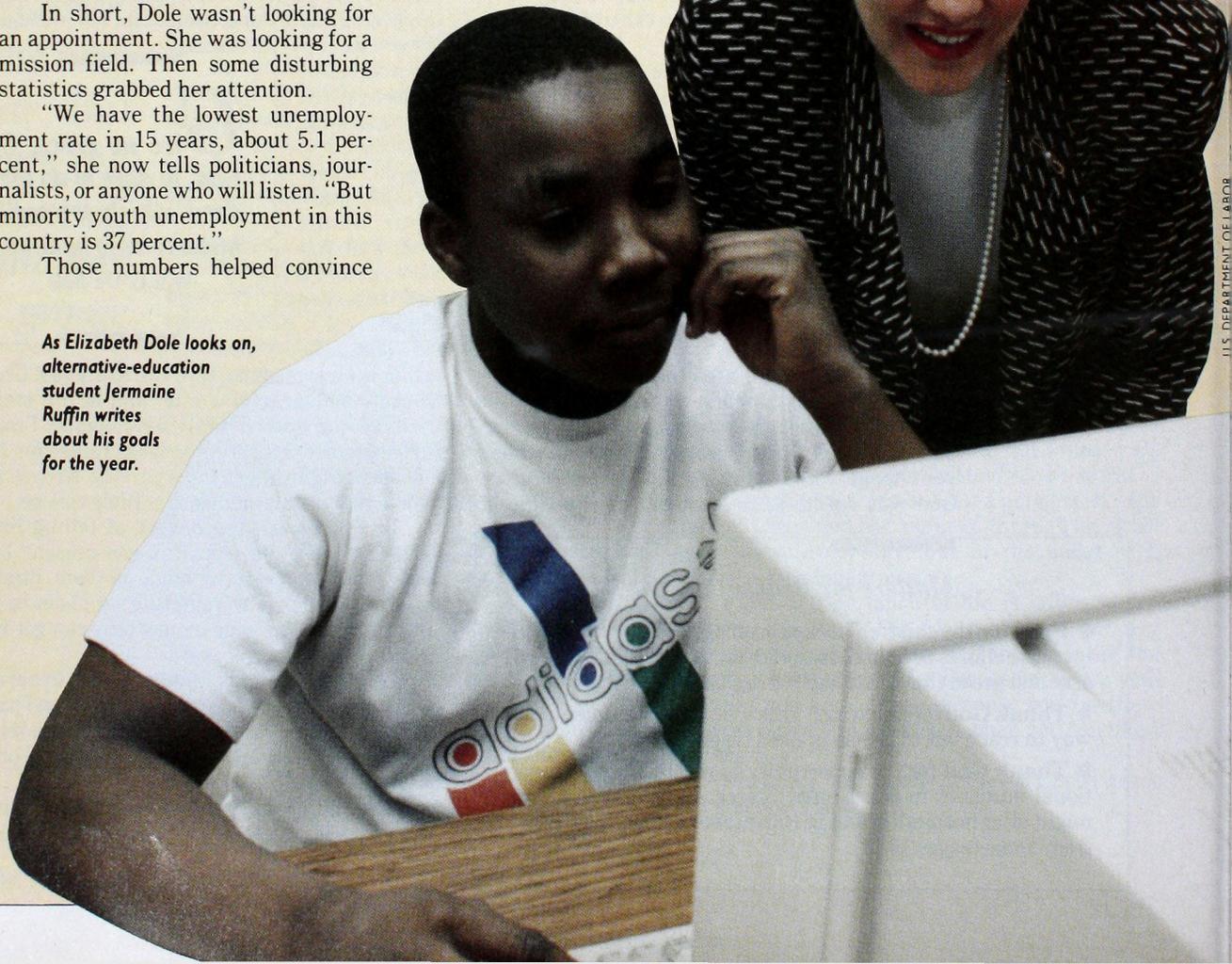
"I was exploring ways to increase charitable giving in this country," she says. "We do give a lot, but for our size and wealth we don't measure up to other nations. We've been so blessed, and there's much more we can do."

In short, Dole wasn't looking for an appointment. She was looking for a mission field. Then some disturbing statistics grabbed her attention.

"We have the lowest unemployment rate in 15 years, about 5.1 percent," she now tells politicians, journalists, or anyone who will listen. "But minority youth unemployment in this country is 37 percent."

Those numbers helped convince

As Elizabeth Dole looks on, alternative-education student Jermaine Ruffin writes about his goals for the year.



Dole to take the cabinet post. She had found a mission.

"If you want to use a government position to make a positive difference for people," she explains, "you can consider that your mission field. You set priorities according to how you can make a difference.

"What could be a higher priority than these young people? We can help them turn their lives around. Here's our chance to move up those who have been at the back of the line."

Shortly after she was sworn in, Dole met with some of the young people she hoped to help. Many are high-school dropouts, and most have abandoned any hope of getting a decent foothold in the job market.

More than a pep talk

Dole brought them news she hoped would encourage them. The work force is growing at about 1 percent a year, she pointed out, and that trend will probably continue through the 1990s.

"There will be jobs without people, and employers will compete for workers," she says. "This is a window of opportunity for many who've been on the outside looking in."

Her message to the youths she met was this: "You're wanted, you're needed, you're respected—if you have the skills."

It was more than a pep talk and a pat on the back. As she spent time with the young people, Dole quickly grasped their need for much more than traditional job training and a first placement.

The dropouts, the throwaway kids, the victims of neglect and drug abuse need much more. They need basic skills such as reading and arithmetic, and they need to learn the unwritten rules of the work place.

Dole is pressing hard on Capitol Hill for funds to meet those needs. Last

spring she brought along a few of "her kids" to speak to a congressional subcommittee.

"I was not the nicest kid you'd want to meet," said Timothy Douglas, looking a panel of lawmakers right in the eye. "I was evil, mean, and I didn't want to be bothered."

He proved too much for the New York City public school he attended, so he ended up in High School Redirection, an alternative school.

Timothy had no use for his new school, either, but one teacher there wouldn't leave him alone. "She would always say nice things. She said she saw something in me that told her I could make it," he recalled.

Timothy began learning, really grasping the material for the first time. The teachers are not just teachers at High School Redirection, he told the subcommittee. "They take you out to dinner and to meet their families."

Timothy plans to go to college.

She begins every day with a prayer from a tattered Sunday bulletin.

Timothy and others like him have a seasoned, respected advocate in Dole. She and her husband, Senator Bob Dole, are often regarded as second only to the president and first lady in combined political influence. And Elizabeth Dole has always been a woman with a mission.

She's worked for every administration since Lyndon B. Johnson. Under Johnson, in the late 1960s, she used her job in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to promote equal education opportunities for people with disabilities.

In the Nixon administration Dole plowed new ground in consumer protection. Then, in a seven-year term on the Federal Trade Commission, she addressed such issues as nursing-home neglect, TV advertising aimed at children, shady encyclopedia deals, and shoddy housing construction.

In 1983 Dole had her first cabinet post, in President Reagan's administration. The Department of Transpor-

tation is not readily likened to a mission post, but Dole notes that even in that line of work it is possible to focus on fairness and protection for individuals.

When Dole speaks of her government positions as mission fields, it's not in the sense of ideology or partisan politics. She is zealous for individuals. What energizes her is the possibility of removing barriers that stand in the way of people who have had fewer opportunities, fewer advantages, and more tough breaks than she has known.

Her sense of mission is rooted in a personal faith in Christ. She begins every day with a prayer from a tattered Sunday bulletin of Foundry Methodist Church, where she and Bob are members.

"Oh God," she prays, "fill my soul with so entire a love of thee that I may love and do nothing but for thy sake. Give me the grace to study thy Word daily, that the more I come to know thee, the more I may love thee. May it be the one business of my life to glorify thee, by every word of my tongue and every work of my hand."

"That's the goal," Dole says, pointing to the bulletin.

Purtillia's story

Dole is quick to brag about one of her "kids." Holding a framed photograph, she tells the story of Purtillia Bryant.

Purtillia came from a broken home in North Carolina. Without a permanent family, she had little motivation or self-esteem, and did poorly in high school.

Then she linked up with an Opportunities Industrialization Center in Washington, D.C. A job counselor there helped her work on life skills and job skills. Today Purtillia types 70 words a minute as a clerk-typist for the Navy, and she works at a car rental office in the evenings.

Dole invited Purtillia to share her story at the White House. "She handled it beautifully," Dole says. "She said her dream was to go to college, but she didn't know if that would be possible. The next day, the president of the University of the District of Columbia called and offered her a four-year scholarship."

Seeing even one life change because of something the government has done right is what keeps Elizabeth Dole where she is. "Purtillia," she says, "is an inspiration." □

Beth Spring is a writer living in Washington, D.C.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Ginger Hope

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

Just about every Christian medical professional qualifies for mission service, according to Helen Roseveare, who spent 20 years in Zaire. Roseveare counted the ways in a recent issue of *Pulse* newsletter:

1. Long-term. Doctors and nurses are still in demand to staff mission hospitals, train national medics, and work in "closed" countries.
2. Short-term. Roseveare knows of five surgeons who share a group practice. Each one takes a turn for three months in the mission field



THEY ARE THE WORLD

Children *Around the World*, a series of books for children ages 8 to 12, brings to life the colorful worlds of eight children.

There is Li Hua, for instance, a Chinese girl who overcomes the belief that only boys bring good fortune to a family. There is Chebet, who embarks on an adventurous search for her lost baby goat in western Kenya.

There is Dawa Bema, a Tibetan shepherd boy who is a reluctant monastery recruit.

In each setting, the good news of Jesus Christ takes on a different look. An Australian surfer gets to know the "great rescuer," thanks to her new Aborigine friend. A Brazilian street child finds a new life of love and security. Chayna, a Bangladeshi girl whose name means "not wanted," learns what it means to be highly prized.

The series is published by Eerdmans; each volume retails for \$7.95.

AN ADVANCED RETREAT

In a big oak woods in southeastern Wisconsin there's a Christian retreat center that calls itself "totally barrier-free."

"We specialize in giving disabled people experiences that they normally miss out on," says David Layhew, director of Inspiration Center. "It's a place for renewal, for meeting Christ, for being loved just as they are."

That includes a full summer camping program for people with physical and mental handicaps. This summer there will also be retreats for disabled couples and singles.



The great outdoors:
Inspiration Center

Inspiration Center is part of the Christian League for the Handicapped. For information, write P.O. Box 948, Walworth, WI 53184; or call (414) 275-5753.

THE
DOCTOR
IS
OUT!



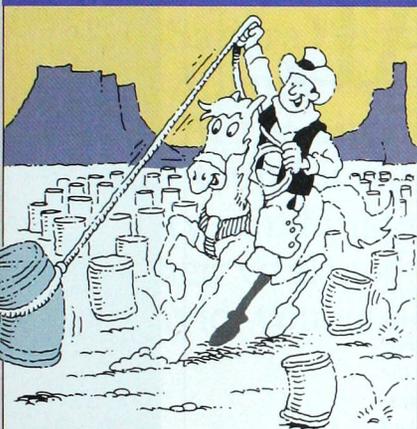
while the other four stay home, cover the practice, and pay for the trip.

3. At home. "Every doctor in the United States could practically support a whole hospital overseas," Roseveare says. Even something as small as supplying up-to-date medical journals can be a great help, she reports. *Pulse*, 27 October 1989

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STAN SAKAI

“ I want to serve truly worthy poor people. The problem is they are hard to find. ... Maybe to be truly poor means to be prideless, impatient, manipulative, desperate. ... But truly worthy? Are any of us *truly* worthy?

Bob Lupton in *Theirs Is the Kingdom* (see review, page 22)

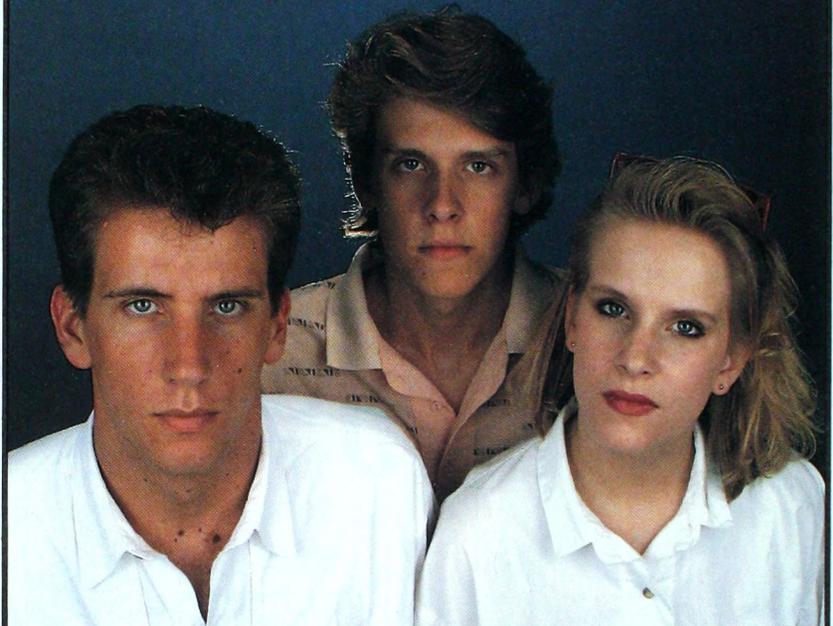


HERE'S THE BEEF

And then there's the ministry of canning. Last fall the Mennonite Central Committee consecrated three men to butcher and process donated beef for distribution to hungry people. Between October 1989 and March 1990 the mobil meat canner will make 30 stops in 11 states.

Last year's six-month canning drive yielded over 280,000 cans of beef, which fed the hungry in the United States, Egypt, Mexico, Nicaragua, Haiti, Jamaica, Korea, Lebanon, Sudan, and the West Bank. Broth was also canned and left with local food banks and other institutions.

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



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

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

They shared an unforgettable night and day of fellowship and fun. Hunger and joy. They shared an experience that brought them closer to each other. Closer to a starving world. And closer to God.

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

**Find out more about the complete Planned Famine program
for your church's young people.**

Call today Toll-free  **1-800-444-2522** Or mail this coupon and we'll call you.



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Please send me materials needed to organize our Planned Famine today. We are considering the date: _____
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J20PS1

BY DAVID SCHEIMAN

*Musings from
Mauritania*
**SAHARA
JOURNAL**



*In October
Scheimann
left Hunts-
ville, Ala.,*

*for the sear-
ing winds, encroaching desert, and pov-
erty of Mauritania, in West Africa. For
one year, he would live in one of the
world's most inhospitable climates,
working as a community developer and
nutritionist among some of the world's
poorest people.*

*1988, David
left Hunts-
ville, Ala.,*

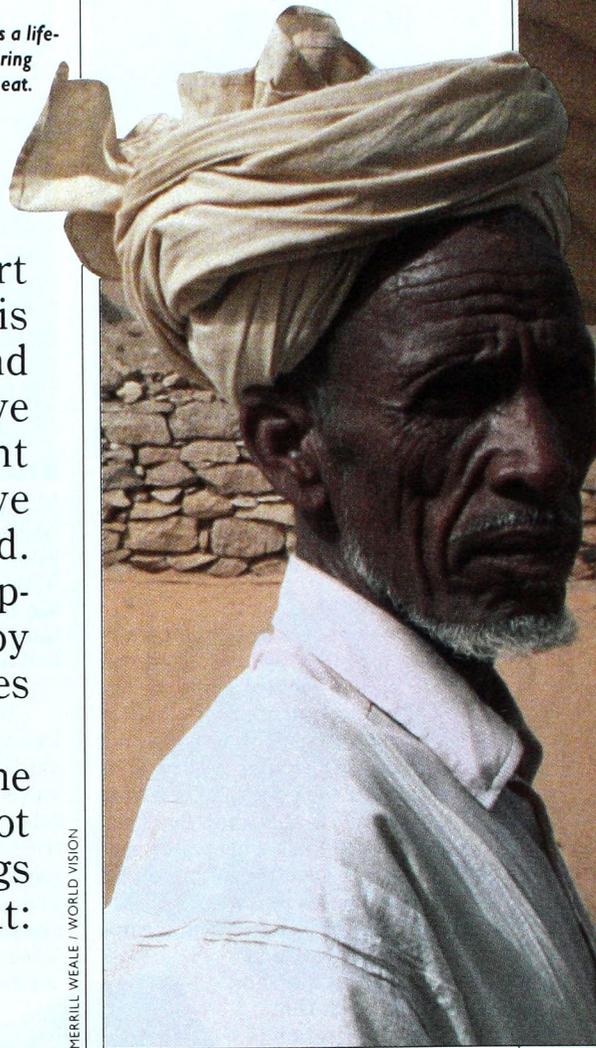
*In his journal, David documented
not just the disease, death, and hardship
he encountered, but also the people's
pride and dignity, humor and wisdom.
These pages are filled with just a few of
David's musings in Mauritania.*



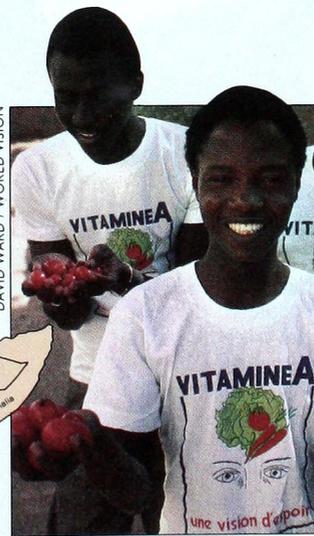
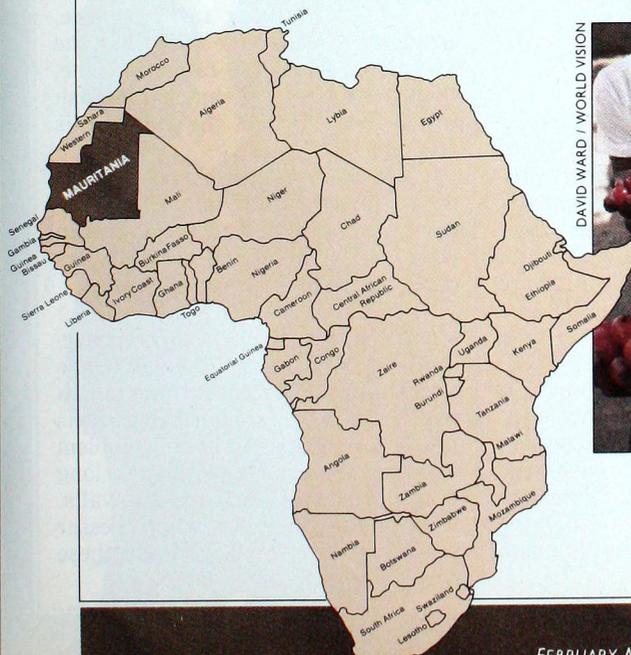
This man's face reflects a lifetime of Mauritania's searing winds and desert heat.

Flying over the Sahara Desert is incredible. The desert is a bunch of nothing. Sand stretches as far as the eye can see without even a hint of vegetation or life. It's hard to believe a city could exist in this sea of sand. Yet three sides of Nouakchott, the capital of Mauritania, are surrounded by the Sahara Desert. The other side faces the Atlantic Ocean.

At the airport, as I walked off the jet I found it difficult to breathe. Hot dusty wind instantly robbed my lungs of their vital moisture. My first thought: "David, you've blown it!"



MERRILL WEALE / WORLD VISION



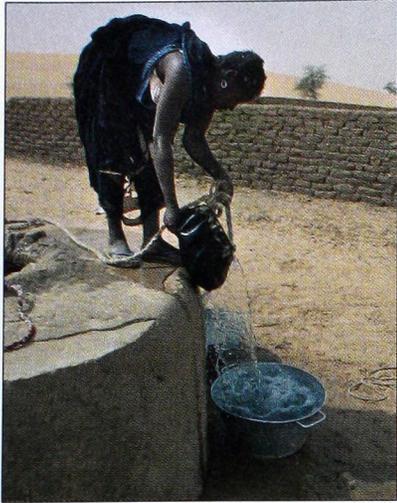
DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

Eating more vitamin-A rich vegetables will help stop night blindness in children.

During my first few days in Kiffa, my new home, I attended a seminar at the local hospital promoting the growth and consumption of vegetables. By eating more vegetables, the villagers will obtain the vitamins they are missing in their diets. It will also help stop night blindness in children due to lack of vitamin A.

During the first day of the seminar, I kept noticing villagers carrying sick people into the hospital. Some of the victims were moving, some were not. The next day, I discovered that cholera had broken out in the city. Worse, as people were dying it seemed there was little help coming to the city. I think action was slow in coming because the people were poor. But death is no stranger in Kiffa.

STEVE REYNOLDS / WORLD VISION



In Kiffa there is not one reliable clean-water source. The only qualification for a good well is that it always has water.

Cholera is caused by drinking water or eating food that has been contaminated by human waste. I always cringe when I see people drinking from dirty pools of water. But in Kiffa, there is not one reliable clean-water source. The city trucks get their water from a shallow well, which is only a few feet from a contaminated lake. This water goes to the hospital, government buildings, and private houses in town.

I had been told the city water came from a good well, which I thought meant deep and pure. I found out that the only qualification for a good well in Mauritania is one that always has water in it.

To help battle the cholera epidemic, we equipped a vehicle with a loud-speaker, and our Mauritanian staff members drove throughout the town warning people how to stop cholera. If we had not intervened, many more people would have died.

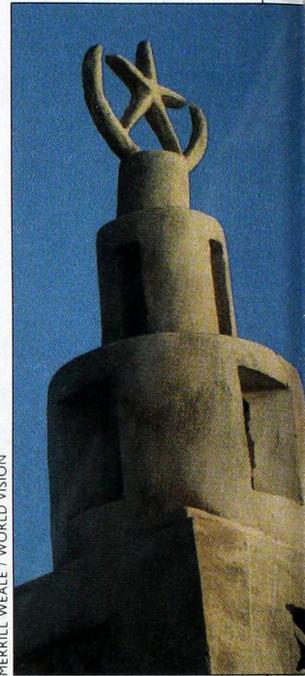
The gap between the rich and poor in this country is staggering. One thing that always irks me is to see donated food, with the label "not to be sold" clearly displayed on the containers, being sold in the market. Many times the poor, for whom the food is intended, can't afford it. Thus the rich get richer and the poor get poorer.

Last year the president of Mauritania came to Kiffa to praise the citizens for planting an area of trees. The locals were so excited to see the president that they started breaking the branches off the small trees and waving them to show support. They destroyed the very thing the president had come to commemorate!

In several of the villages we visited, locusts had completely devoured the gardens. One of the saddest cases involved two women who were wearing robes riddled with holes. They had tried to cover their gardens with their robes to protect the plants. The locusts just ate through the garments and destroyed the vegetables.

Mauritanian teachers are often sent to remote villages that do not even have a school building, much less books or desks. The teacher's first job is to build a classroom for the children. Can you imagine American teachers being asked to build their schools?

The star and crescent symbolize Islam, Mauritania's dominant religion.



MERRILL WEALE / WORLD VISION

At sunset, there is nothing like relaxing on mats while drinking strong tea and discussing earth-shaking events with my Mauritanian friends. One topic centers on the outrageous price of wives these days. They can hardly believe it when I tell them wives don't cost anything in America.

Life is hard for farmers here. Droughts are more the norm than the exception. When the rains do come, they wash away the thin soil in flash floods. Very little of the moisture is retained.

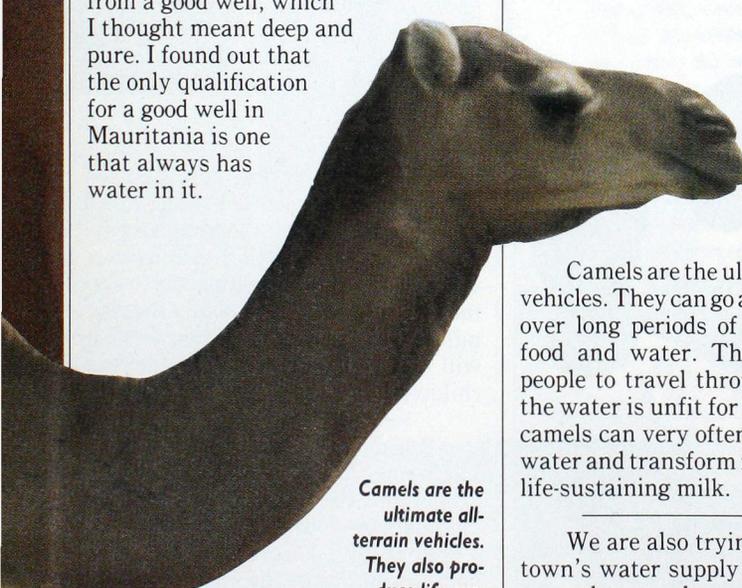
After it rains, grasshoppers hatch in seemingly infinite numbers, forming swarms that destroy everything in their path. And if the grasshoppers don't eat the plants, the locusts do.

It's also a struggle to keep livestock out of the fields. I thought it was a great idea when some farmers built a five-foot brick wall around their gardens to keep out the goats. The only problem was that the camels, with their long necks, could still reach over the walls. It seems like you can't win here. Lesser people would give up. I admire these people's tenacity.

Camels are the ultimate all-terrain vehicles. They can go almost anywhere, over long periods of time, with little food and water. The camels enable people to travel through areas where the water is unfit for humans. But the camels can very often drink this same water and transform it into nutritious, life-sustaining milk.

We are also trying to improve the town's water supply by requiring the man who runs the water pump to add a small amount of chlorine to each tank-load of water. If we can make sure the people have access to clean water, the health situation will improve dramatically.

Camels are the ultimate all-terrain vehicles. They also produce life-sustaining milk in a country with little good water.



NATHAN SHOWALTER / WORLD VISION

Africa is not underdeveloped because Africans are lazy, as some people believe. Try working all day when the temperature is well over 100 degrees and you have had nothing to eat and only foul water to drink. Then we'll see how productive you are.

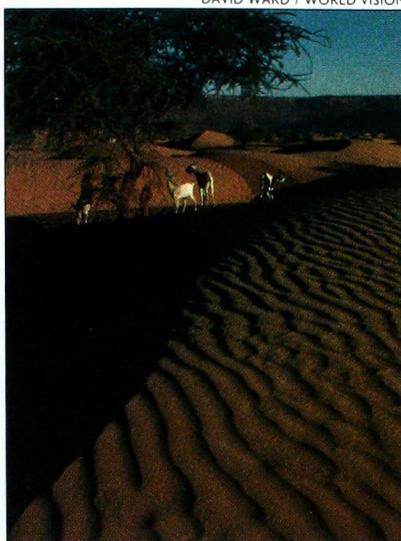
In one village, I saw a boy with a guinea worm protruding from his ankle. The people had tried to burn it out with a hot iron and then covered it with ashes, causing a terrible infection. The boy had caught the worm by drinking contaminated water. All I could do was drain and clean the wound and give him antibiotics.

During my visit to the north, I saw many villages engulfed by this sea of sand. The giant dunes destroy everything. The more they destroy, the bigger and stronger they seem to grow. There is almost no way to stop them.

It usually starts when the sand dunes completely cover the soil, making it futile to plant anymore. Then,

One favorite topic of discussion among my Mauritanian friends is the outrageous price of wives these days.

DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION



DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

The desert is rapidly engulfing whole huts and villages. Some sand dunes are so high, goats are able to reach and eat the tops of the few remaining trees.



This mobile clinic reaches people in remote desert villages in order to vaccinate children and mothers.

since the men can't plant, they leave, searching for work in other villages. The women and children are left behind.

Eventually the dunes start engulfing and destroying the huts. The goats climb higher and higher, eating off the tree tops, destroying the very things that were holding back the sand. The remaining trees are chopped down for firewood. At this point the sand has won. There is no hope for the village.

I asked one man, "What do you plan on doing after the sand destroys your house?"

"I will move into a tent and keep raising it up higher on top of the sand," he said.

"How are you going to feed your family?"

He had no answer.

"Are you afraid of what will happen in the future?"

"Of course I am afraid, but I cannot change things."



JOHN SHADID / WORLD VISION

"Can you move south to some better land?"

"No, all the good land has been taken long ago."

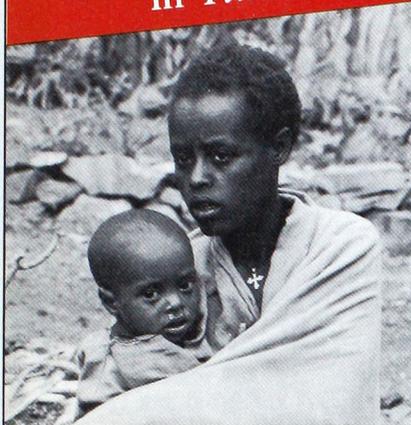
There is no happy ending. His village and way of life are doomed.

A lot of people ask me how I could go to the middle of nowhere without the so-called necessities of life. I always answer, "How can you fight traffic each morning on the way to a job you don't like? How do you sit behind a desk 40 hours a week while your waistline grows larger? Not to mention the constant stress."

I really believe in what I'm doing. I look forward to getting up each morning, and I never have to worry about traffic jams—just an occasional herd of camels.

No, it's not always easy here, but there isn't anything else I'd rather be doing. So don't feel  sorry for poor Dave in Africa.

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



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

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BOOKS

THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM: CELEBRATING THE GOSPEL IN URBAN AMERICA

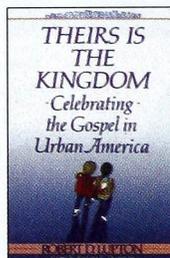
By Robert D. Lupton, edited by Barbara R. Thompson. Harper & Row, 121 pages, \$6.95. Reviewed by Ginger Hope.

When Bob Lupton and his family moved into inner-city Atlanta in 1971, they saw themselves as missionaries carrying the light of the gospel into the darkness of the ghetto. That changed in a hurry.

"How surprised we were when we discovered that the One who had called us already preceded us," Lupton writes.

They found great faith, sacrificial caring, and courage in Atlanta—and plenty of surprises. This book is a collection of short stories about the Luptons' 18 years on the city streets. The stories are brief glimpses into the rich, sometimes irritating, energizing, upside-down life God gave them in the city.

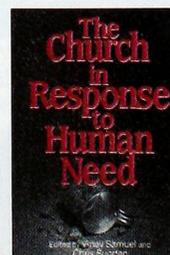
This is a book for everyone: head people, heart people, and people at every stage of life. It's a book that can change the way you think about the city and about the poor.



THE CHURCH IN RESPONSE TO HUMAN NEED

Edited by Vinay Samuel and Chris Sugden. Eerdmans, 1989, 268 pages, \$17.95. Reviewed by Pamela J. Williams.

This symposium covers a broad range of anthropological and sociopolitical aspects of human need, and reviews ways in which the church has responded to human need. Contributors include Tom



Sine, David Bosch, Samuel Baah, and Edward Dayton.

It's not a book for a general audience. The language is technical and presupposes familiarity with economic theories of development. The panel of international experts discusses issues ranging from theologies of liberation to theories of social transformation. Useful bibliographic notes accompany each chapter.

The scholars represent a variety of cultures and regions, but the book has only one contribution from a woman, Miriam Adeney—not a minor flaw in a work attempting to present a broad spectrum of thought.

Still, the collection effectively integrates insights from Christian faith and from the social sciences.

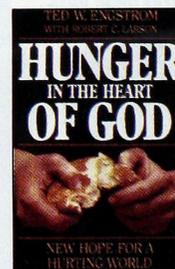
HUNGER IN THE HEART OF GOD: NEW HOPE FOR A HURTING WORLD

By Ted W. Engstrom and Robert C. Larson. Servant Books, 1989, 160 pages, \$7.95. Reviewed by Pamela J. Williams.

In the authors' own words, the simple theme in this book is: "God's hunger for adoration from his people in the form of service to one another."

Engstrom and Larson have written for a broad audience, while still taking seriously the complexity of hunger and poverty issues. While they consider socioeconomic and psychological factors, the authors maintain a biblical perspective on the problem.

Engstrom and Larson have seen world hunger up close and have worked to overcome it. This gives their work a personal touch amid potentially overwhelming statistics. *Hunger in the Heart of God* is a useful resource for Christians who want to fight hunger and show God's love to the world.



DOCTOR TO THE POOR

When Dr. Arturo Lonngi Nolasco packs up his little black bag at the end of a day of tending aches and ailments in an impoverished community on the outskirts of Mexico City, he does not return to a well-appointed home across town in one of the city's finer neighborhoods. It's not because he can't afford it. It's because his home is not located in one of the city's well-to-do neighborhoods. In fact, his modest house is only a 10-minute walk from the small, community dispensary where he works, just up the hill, among some of the very people he treats at discount fees. And he wouldn't have it any other way. At least not these days.

A few years ago, things were different. Before coming to work at the small, five-room Dispensario Medical/Dental in Ajusco—a settlement southeast of Mexico City perched on the rocky slope of a mountain of the same name—Nolasco was a well-paid physician working at the 20 de Noviembre Hospital, a government-run facility in Mexico City. He enjoyed his work there. He had a comfortable life.

Even his spiritual life was comfortable. "I was a Christian in a very casual way," he says. Then four years ago something started him down a path to a less comfortable, more invigorating life than he had ever known.

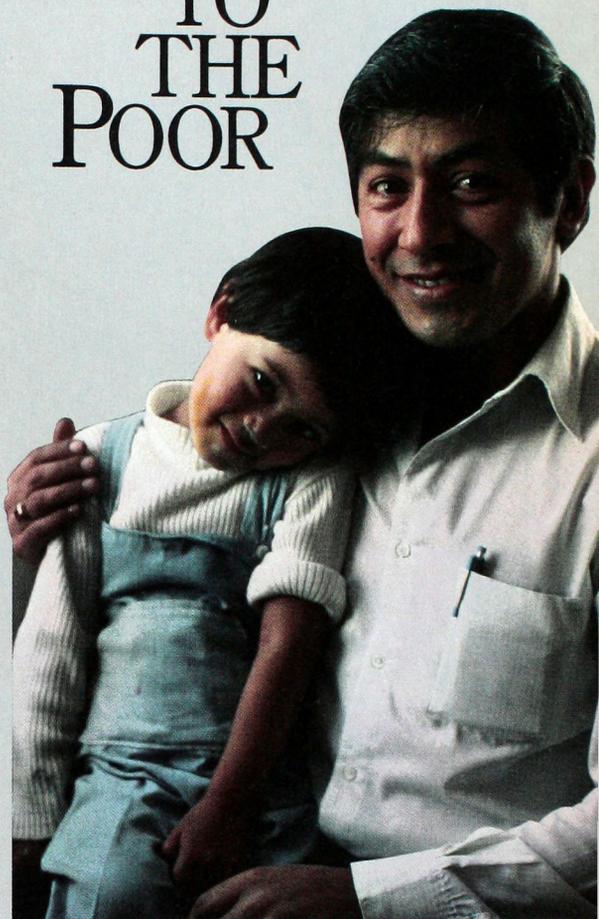
"Some people from my community invited me to attend a prayer meeting," he recalls. "I experienced the presence of God in a new way. He spoke to me strongly. I felt him calling me to examine my life and discover what direction he had in store for me."

As he began to give increasing amounts of time to mission outreach in his neighborhood, he started to realize that God was calling him to work in the neighborhood dispensary. Within a month, he established his practice there.

"Before this change in my life, I always sought ways to get more money," he says. "But no more. Today my life is filled with spiritual blessings."

He speaks warmly of the people in his community, and despairs over the seemingly endless cycle of poverty, disease, and malnutrition that he sees up close, especially among children.

The most frequent malady he treats is intestinal parasites, a consequence of drinking impure water. He tries to impress upon his patients the importance of boiling their water before they drink it—water that, for virtually everyone in the community, gets delivered twice weekly by tanker trucks whose fat hoses fill colorful 55-gallon bar-



BRUCE STRONG

rels that line roadsides all over the neighborhood.

Most of the residents already know about boiling their water, he realizes. But too often, they don't do it. The tanks of butane gas they use to fuel their stoves are costly. More often than not, they opt for taking a chance on their health in order to save a little gas.

Nolasco shakes his head "People know the water is impure, but what can you do?"

He still gets offers to go and work in prestigious hospitals in the city. Is he ever tempted? After all, he could be making a lot more money and living in a better neighborhood. Why does he keep returning to his nondescript, cinder-block dispensary in this impoverished community in the hills overlooking Mexico City?

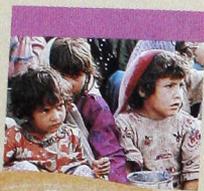
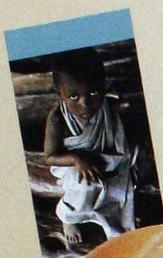
A broad grin breaks across his face. "Because I love God," he says. "I'm not wealthy, but I get by OK. I'm happy here because I know that the service I give to my patients is also a service to the Lord." He pauses, then adds, thoughtfully, "I am most grateful for this life God has given me." □

Randy Miller

He traded a life of comfort for one "filled with spiritual blessings."

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February/March 1990

LATIN AMERICA'S LITTLE JUNKIES

ELIZABETH DOLE:
Her Calling, Her 'Kids'

Foreign Missions
in Your Living Room

4 Latin America's Little Junkies

Some are as young as 6. Many are homeless. They cluster on street corners and in back alleys of virtually every South American city. Gasoline, glue, cocaine paste, marijuana—these are the staples of their lives. They turn to them to escape, or to keep warm on chilly nights.

9 Reach the World From Your Living Room

Spreading the gospel to foreigners does not have to mean years overseas in a jungle hut and a wardrobe of Banana Republic khakis and pith helmets. In fact, you don't even have to leave your house. Getting acquainted with international students in your own community is a good way to make new friends and spread the gospel at the same time.

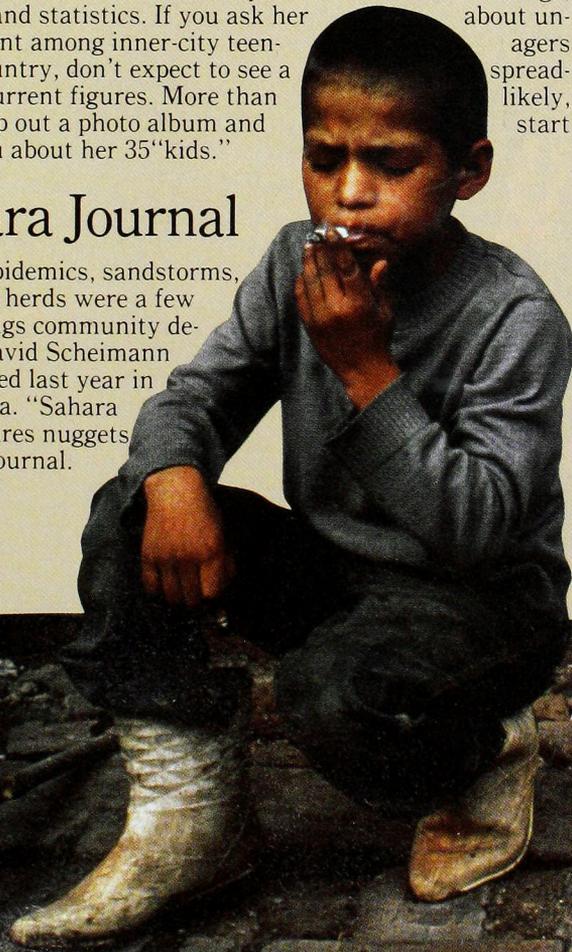
14 Reaching Kids From Capitol Hill

When Elizabeth Dole became Secretary of Labor last year, she decided from the outset to see the job in terms of human beings, not facts and statistics. If you ask her about un-employment among inner-city teen-agers spread-in this country, don't expect to see a sheet of current figures. More than likely, she'll whip out a photo album and start telling you about her 35 "kids."

18 Sahara Journal

Cholera epidemics, sandstorms, and camel herds were a few of the things community developer David Scheimann encountered last year in Mauritania. "Sahara Dave" shares nuggets from his journal.

COVER: Smoking basucos—cocaine cigarettes—is a popular way of getting high for Colombia's youth. (right) A young basuco smoker lights up in Bogota.



* SUSAN MEISELAS / MAGNUM

Earthquakes, Third World Children, & the World Series

"Did You Ever Fail?" 12
 Out of the Monster's Grip 13
 Samaritan Sampler 16
 Doctor to the Poor 23

Stories about America's war on drugs get daily front-page coverage and top-of-the-TV-news billing. Drugs are the scourge of the nation. But not only in America, and not only among adults. Poverty's children in the Third World have taken to drugs to ease the pain of their wretched existence.

This past year World Vision helped 33,833 people deal with their drug-related problems in 17 projects at a cost of \$205,763.

Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

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EARTHQUAKES, THIRD WORLD CHILDREN & THE WORLD SERIES

The outline traced in the dust surprised me. The middle of a civil war in Mozambique was no place for a child's game. I was walking through a refugee camp of some 36,000 *deslocados* who were struggling to stay alive. They had barely enough food to survive and a score or more were dying each day.

And there they were—the lines of a hopscotch game drawn in the dust.

An optimist would call it a sign of hope, a rare commodity in that country. Or, perhaps, it was simply a child escaping from the disastrous present, turning from the horror of reality.

The Mozambican child, in the only way she knew how, was dealing with disaster. She certainly understood vulnerability. She could tell us a lot about helplessness.

Unlike another tragedy, the negative forces that shook her and turned her world upside down had lasted more than 15 seconds. Nor had she had a presidential visit nor much media attention. Troubled and afraid, she sought distraction and a hopeful respite in the form of a game of hopscotch.

Is there a message here for the victims of Hurricane Hugo or the San Francisco earthquake or for all of us? How can a child in a developing land, suffering under perpetual persecution, help us as we struggle with the apparent randomness of a sovereign God?

Normally we don't have to ask this question. The disasters of the past 50 years have affected mostly the poor. Few of us ever heard the phrase "upscale homeless."

Well, the rich and the poor have a great deal in common. Ultimately tragedy transcends economic status. It touches us all and makes us more sensitive to those who live in a perpetual state of disaster.

Tragedy strips us of our insulation, both psychological and material. Tragedy forces us to humbly recognize our neighbors, no matter who or where they are. Some neighbors are looking for

help and others are looking *to* help. The lines get quickly blurred.

Tragedy, with its common denominator, heartache, brings a solidarity with pain, death, and dying. And for the Christian, the identification with the Christ of Good Friday comes alive anew.

And what does the Mozambican child have to say about the randomness of it all? Why does God allow some to die while others live?

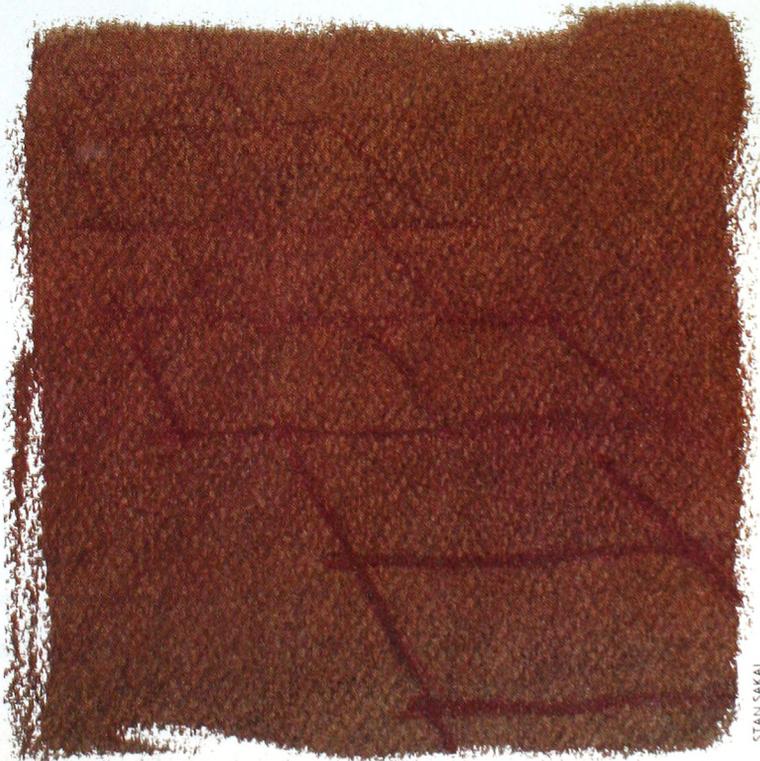
The child is silent on this, perhaps because she doesn't know. But, more importantly, the child doesn't choose to ask questions that God has never chosen to answer in the past. Is that good enough? Ultimately it has to be because it's all we've got.

But in the midst of the aftershocks and the search for victims and the funeral arrangements, should we have played the World Series?

I think so! I think we need healthy distractions. I think there are times for us to look forward, not backwards, perhaps in a way that will lessen our preoccupation with the terrible present.

Besides, that's what the Mozambican child would do. And she knows more about these things than we. □

**An optimist
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STAN SAKAI

BY BRIAN BIRD

At one time, Archeological Park—in the heart of downtown Cochabamba, Bolivia—was a proud city monument. It was a place where colorful jungle gyms, bike paths, and cement dinosaurs lured middle-class kids on their way home from school.

But today the park is a painful reminder to Cochabamba's residents that their city's social structure is decaying. The jungle gyms are dilapidated. Its recreation building has been converted into jail space. The dinosaurs reek of human waste. And the four dozen or so youngsters who now hang out at the park every day are not there to play.

"I come here because I know I can get drugs easily," says 13-year-old runaway Miguel Avila. "My parents kicked me out of the house, so I know I can come here and be with my friends and smoke the cocaine paste. Then maybe I don't feel so hungry all the time."

At a time when many South American countries are flooding U.S. cities

Miguel Avila, a 13-year-old runaway and drug user in Bolivia.



BRIAN BIRD / WORLD VISION



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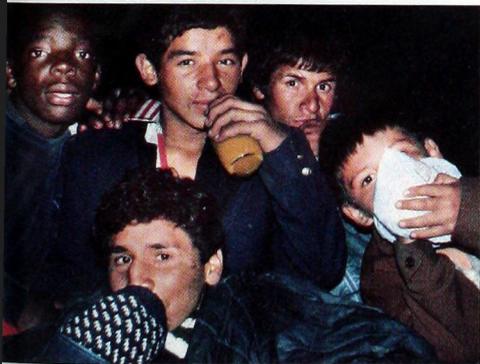
LATIN AMERICA'S LITTLE JUNKIES

Cheap drugs are an easy escape for kids on the fringe.



Poverty and a proliferation of cheap, low-grade cocaine are contributing to a rising drug problem among South American children.

BRIAN BIRD / WORLD VISION



Bogota, Colombia, has almost 5,000 homeless street children who stay warm at night sniffing glue.

with illicit drugs, the loss of one Latin American park to drugs hardly seems tragic. But it is the Miguel Avilas of the world who are concerning international health experts and drug enforcement officials.

They see a growing trend in Third World nations like Bolivia: Drug consumption is rising. In fact, health experts fear that narcotics use now may be engulfing dozens of poorer nations in Latin America and elsewhere, endangering the lives of hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of mostly young victims.

A recent report from the United

Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs predicted that drug abuse could become the top health threat to young people in developing nations in the 1990s; beyond child malnutrition, preventable diseases, and perhaps even AIDS.

While few reliable worldwide statistics exist, the U.N. report indicates that in some countries, a toleration of so-called "soft" drugs—such as marijuana—has led to increased abuse of "hard" drugs, such as cocaine and heroin. Some countries still assume that permitting unrestricted use of "soft" drugs would reduce the use of "hard" drugs. Indeed, says the report,

the reverse seems to have occurred.

The report also says drug abuse is spreading internationally: "Whenever illicit cultivation, production and trafficking occur, abuse among local populations nearly always ensues. This accounts for the spread of drug abuse geographically beyond the few countries which were once the main centers of such abuse. The fact is that very few countries now remain unaffected."

Some recent statistics are chilling:

- According to *Fortune* magazine, Colombia, home of the notorious cocaine cartels, now has about 500,000 cocaine smokers. That "probably translates into more addicts per capita than the U.S." In addition, the capital city of Bogota has an estimated 5,000 *gamins*, or homeless street children, who try to stay warm at night by sniffing glue and smoking marijuana.
- The *Latin America Evangelist* magazine estimated that in São Paulo, Brazil, there are 350,000 addicts, many of them children.



Cocaine has replaced coffee as Colombia's single largest export, earning almost \$5 billion dollars a year. Colombia also has more addicts per capita than the United States.

Colombia's children THE DRUG WAR'S FEARFUL VICTIMS

Perched on a school sofa, her white socks and black shoes swinging a few inches from the floor, Catalina, 11, remembers setting out with her mother on a recent Saturday to buy a birthday present.

"When we got to Bulevar Niza, the stores were closed and it was full of police," she said, referring to a fashionable shopping mall in Bogota, Colombia. "My mother told me someone had put a bomb there, so we had to go home. It was horrible."

Behind the bomb blasts and assassinations, the terror waged by Colombia's cocaine cartels is leaving a less visible trail of victims: children who are afraid to play in parks, to eat in restaurants, or to go shopping.

"Since Aug. 18, there is a lot of insecurity, a lot of mistrust," a child psychologist, Emilio Meluk Castro, said at his clinic in Bogota. "You can see it in the drawings, in the play."

Aug. 18 was the day gunmen stood up at a public campaign rally and killed Senator Luis Carlos Galan, a presidential candidate particularly popular among young Colombians. Since then, Colombian television has replayed the assassination over and over.

Message of the drawings

"There is a certain parallel with American children 25 years ago watching the assassination of President Kennedy," Meluk said. "This creates enormous insecurity."

To illustrate his point, Meluk pored over copies of drawings made by Catalina and a group of classmates at a private girls' school in Bogota.

"All this reflects insecurity," he said, pointing to a drawing that showed a child standing in the rain under thunder and lightning, locked out of an apartment building that was covered with "For Rent" signs. Another drawing showed a bomb exploding outside a

house, cracking it floor to ceiling.

At school, Catalina and her girlfriends spread the original drawings on the floor of the principal's office and explained their artistic intent to a visitor. They said they find their city an increasingly scary place.

"This shows the world we are living in," Adriana said, kneeling over a sketch depicting a man shooting bullets at a politician greeting a crowd.

Another drawing, showing a green school bus cutting off a small red car, recalled an incident that deeply marked several of the schoolchildren.

"We were in the bus when this man got out of a car with a gun," Jill, a 17-year-old junior, said. "We got on the floor, but the man started shooting in the air. We were all crying."

The man later identified himself as a member of one of Colombia's secret police forces. He said the bus driver had cut him off while he was in hot pursuit of a criminal. He evidently reasoned that the simplest way to move a school bus full of children was to fire a pistol in the air.

Colombia has a long history of violence. So it surprised Dr. Meluk and the teachers to learn that the recent violent events have sharply changed the daily lives of children.

"Mama says, 'Don't go out, don't go out,'" Ana Maria, 11, said, making a face. "I no longer can go out to the store

• In Bolivia, recent studies put the number of teenage drug users at 80,000, or 5 percent of the country's children. In Cochabamba—a city of 350,000 people and a growing hub for South American cocaine trafficking—anti-narcotics officers say that each week there are three new addicts, some no more than 6 or 7 years old. “The youth here have deteriorated,” one U.S. drug enforcement officer said. “The users are here, and they are young people.”

In the capital city of La Paz, 90 percent of all street kids say they sniff gasoline or acetone at least three times a day, according to Erick Roth, a psychiatrist who recently studied Bolivian street children. And La Paz' San Gabriel Foundation confirms that at least nine of every ten Bolivian street children take drugs.

• In Peru, drug use is rampant among children, the *Latin America Evangelist* said. In one Tingo Maria neighborhood—nicknamed “Little Chicago”—there are a growing number of child

The parents turn to alcohol. The kids turn to glue and drugs.”

addicts known as “green children” due to skin discoloration from cocaine abuse.

There seems to be a cause-effect relationship between nations that produce drugs for export, and then find their own people becoming addicted as well.

“What we've found in the last five or six years is that drug-producing nations now have large addict populations,” says Clyde D. Taylor, U.S. ambassador to Paraguay. “You can get coca paste delivered to your own home in Bogota, Colombia, as easily as you can get milk delivered in other parts of the world.”

And authorities in poorer coun-

tries are pessimistic about drug-abuse prevention and rehabilitation.

“Poverty, hopelessness, and spiritual destitution are powerful incentives to stay on drugs,” says David Medina, who works for Youth With a Mission in Bogota, Colombia. “And in countries where social services are rare, if not non-existent, there just aren't many places for a young person with a drug problem to turn.”

World Vision's Guillermo Hernandez, himself a former drug addict who now works with street children in Colombia, agrees. “We just don't have the resources we need to keep up with the problem. Sure, we can rescue one child, or even a handful of children, but this situation is just becoming so big.”

And social workers in economically depressed Bolivia—the second poorest nation in the western hemisphere—are hard pressed to keep up. “With the closure of all the tin mines in the country, we've had a flood of people come to cities like Cochabamba, look-

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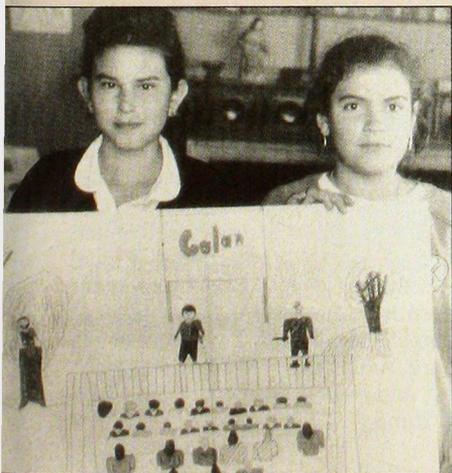
with my brother. We no longer go to play in the park.”

“Many young men call up shopping centers to say they have placed bombs,” she continued. “The storekeepers don't know if it is a joke or real so they send a lot of police.”

A reason for caution

Colombian parents have reason to be careful. Since the drug traffickers declared war on state and society last summer, they have set off hundreds of

The violence of Colombia's cocaine cartels is frightening that country's children. These children display a drawing reflecting their concern with Colombia's violence.



JAMES BROOKE / NYT PICTURES

bombs, mostly outside of stores and banks. Several children have been injured in the blasts.

Early in the terror war, the gangsters threatened to bomb schools. Reacting to this threat, many schools started evacuation drills-exercises that only increased some children's insecurity.

“We only had one because the children panicked,” one school principal said.

Despite their fear of the violence around them, Catalina and her girlfriends still dream of a better world, which they also reflected in their drawings.

“This shows the world we want to live in,” Catalina said. Drawn by a team of 11-and 12-year-olds, the watercolor was an articulate blueprint for the peace that so far has eluded Colombia's adults.

Left-wing guerrillas—marked M-19 and FARC—took part, disarmed, in an election rally. Nearby, rifles and pistols burned in garbage cans. On a campaign platform, two men stood next to two barrels.

“They are the drug traffickers giving up their gold and dollars,” Adriana explained.

In a corner, a man and a woman were shown walking, hand in hand, into a church under a red heart. “That shows love and family,” Catalina said with a giggle. □



BRIAN BIRD / WORLD VISION

Basuco, South America's version of crack, is a crude cocaine paste mixed with marijuana or tobacco.

ing for work,” says Elba Crespo, a child-care worker. “There are whole squatter settlements of people without any employment. The parents turn to alcohol. The kids turn to glue and drugs.”

Another dilemma that outreach workers face is that while there are few resources for treatment and rehabilitation programs, the drug cartels have deluged their own countries with cheap, low-grade cocaine.

Just as crack, and now “ice,” have come along in the United States as low-cost, smokable versions of the more expensive cocaine, the South Ameri-

can cocaine barons have created a similar product for the Latin American marketplace. They package crude cocaine paste—rife with toxic refining chemicals—with marijuana or tobacco in a highly addictive cigarette called *basuco*, a label that has now taken on the western moniker of “bazooka” in some poorer communities.

“The kids are now able to get drugs at factory prices, and they are often involved in the drug trade,” says Father Patrick Henry, an American Maryknoll priest who works with runaway and homeless children in Cochabamba. He adds that most of the more than 1,000 children his program has helped have been involved in the drug trade, drug abuse, or both. And their drug of choice is *basuco*.

Like crack, *basuco* causes an immediate rush of euphoria. But it is so short-lived that an uncontrollable craving sets in for more. Research shows that continued use may lead to hallu-

“**S**ure, we can rescue one child, but this problem is just so big.”

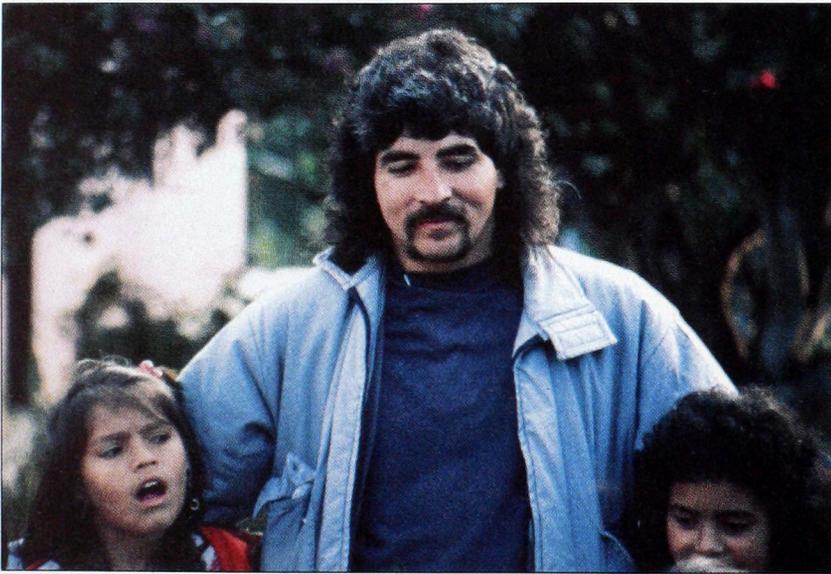
night and smoke the cocaine.”

Despite the recent crackdown on the drug cartels in Colombia and the Bush administration’s war on drugs, few hold any hope of crushing the international drug trade.

It is primarily a matter of money. According to *Fortune*, “The global drug trade may run up to \$500 billion a year, more than twice the value of all U.S. currency in circulation. The American market, the world’s biggest for these drugs, produces annual revenues of at least \$100 billion at retail—twice what U.S. consumers spend for oil.”

In Colombia, despite a strong legit-

Guillermo Hernandez works with street kids and poor families in Colombia, helping to stem the rising drug problem.



BRIAN BIRD / WORLD VISION

cinations and psychotic behavior. And the kerosene and other impurities in the paste may have long-term toxic effects.

Eloy Davilla Romero, a 12-year-old boy who works in Cochabamba’s central cemetery, watering flowers and sweeping out the mausoleum for bereaved visitors, says *basuco* helps him forget about his troubles: “I make three *bolivianos* [about \$1.50] a day doing this work, but my parents want me to bring home more, and sometimes they beat me if I don’t. Some of the older boys showed me how to smoke *basuco*, so if I don’t have enough money to take home, sometimes I just stay out all

imate economy, cocaine has replaced coffee as the single largest export—an estimated \$4 billion a year at wholesale prices. Says Colombian Senator Rodrigo Lloreada: “The size of this business overwhelms our economy. Just imagine if the U.S. had a Mafia richer than the federal budget.”

And make no mistake, for hundreds of thousands of poor Latin Americans, most of whom receive nothing from their governments, the drug business fulfills basic needs.

“There is a level of society in [Latin America] lower than most people in the United States could imagine,” a Colombian journalist recently wrote.

“It is composed of young men and teenagers virtually created by poverty. Misery is the only constant in their lives. They know nothing of a moral world, of ethics or values. Daily survival is their only creed.

“Poor people and drug traffickers form an alliance that no campaign can break. The business will go on unchanged because there is nothing to replace it.”

Despite such pessimism, several mission boards such as the Bolivian Baptist Union and Latin America Mission, and relief agencies like the Salvation Army and World Vision are addressing the problem in poor communities. World Vision, for instance, operates several drug rehabilitation units as part of its ongoing community development work. That work includes vocational and agricultural programs in Bolivia, Colombia, and other Latin countries.

“Even in the poorest barrios, we feel that helping families improve their chances to make money, send their kids to school, and understand Christian principles will keep those families together, and consequently keep their children from becoming hopeless and turning to drugs,” said World Vision’s Guillermo Hernandez.

But mostly, Latin churches have been unprepared to cope with the explosion of drug addiction in their communities. Even Pope John Paul II, in a 1988 visit to Bolivia, groped for a proper challenge that would encourage Bolivians to avoid the dangers of drugs. He warned them against an “egotistical and false escape of seeking irrational satisfaction of the appetites.

“The abuse of alcohol, drugs ... and the temptation of easy enrichment through narcotics trafficking are more of the concentrated seductions that threaten to destroy the person and the society,” he said.

But warnings like that sometimes fall on deaf ears among the very poor and the very young who escape the raw ache of hunger and the suffocating boredom of joblessness in a drug-induced haze.

“I don’t think *basuco* is really hurting me,” says Cochabamba’s Miguel Avila, sitting in the stench by a cement dinosaur with several other teenage addicts. Asked what he thinks of his future, Avila adds: “My future is right now, and it feels so good, it can’t be a bad thing.” □

Brian Bird is a screenwriter and journalist in Ontario, Calif.

*With so many
international students
in America,
you can ...*



Jonathan's eyes gleamed with anticipation as he prepared to travel to America to study political science. His hard work in his home country had paid off. An academic fellowship would pay all his school and living expenses for four years. Then he could expect a prominent government position in his own country.

But during his four years in the United States, Jonathan wanted to mingle with Americans. He was eager to make friends, explore the country, learn to eat the food, understand the culture. He also hoped to meet a family who would take the place of his own on holidays and school vacations.

And Christianity—Jonathan had heard such conflicting opinions about it that he wanted to meet someone who

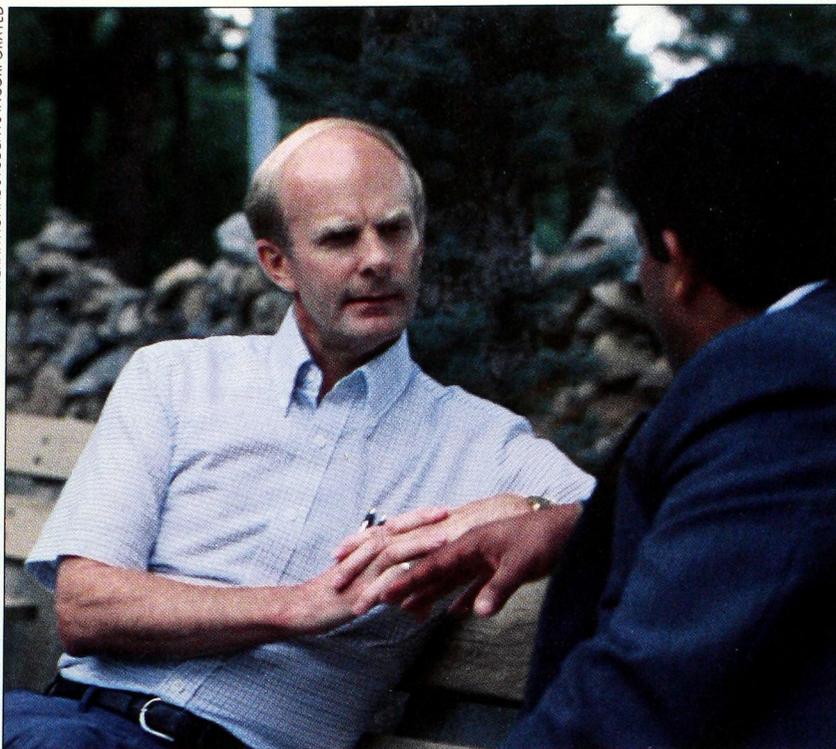


JEFF POHORSKI / TWENTYONEHUNDRED PRODUCTIONS

FROM YOUR **LIVING ROOM**

BY GORDON LOUX

WITH
DEAN RIDINGS
AND
JOY CORDELL



Dan Bice, left, never made it to South America after he discovered a mission field at home.

could give him a real insider's view. This was an ideal time to explore it, he realized, before he settled down with a job and family.

Jonathan's university was an excellent one and his professors were encouraging. But mostly his experience in America was disappointing. Like many other students who come to America, he was soon deeply disillusioned.

People seemed completely indifferent to his presence. Although fellow students greeted him politely and occasionally asked him about home, none invited him out or seriously tried to befriend him.

He immersed himself in his studies, but holidays were lonely and empty. His interest in the culture and religion of this country faded as he came to feel that its people were uncaring, arrogant, insincere. He forced himself to stay the four years, dreaming only of the day he would return to his home country and do his best to forget his unhappy sojourn in America.

Only one of far too many

Jonathan's experience is not uncommon among the more than 350,000 international students who study in American colleges and universities every year. Most students have a hard time distinguishing between Christianity, Americanism, and capitalism; in their rejection of one, some simply reject all.

It's ironic that while American

Christians allocate millions of dollars to foreign missions, they practically ignore the mission field right outside their door. Young international men and women come to our neighborhoods, they know our language, they are open to new ideas, and many desire to know more about Christianity. Yet when Mark D. Rentz, a professor at Arizona State University, set up a program to pair foreign students with American students for a weekly hour of conversation, the program almost died for lack of interest—American interest—even though it was inundated with requests from foreign students.

He never went south

Some, however, have found their way into this easily accessible ministry. In 1967, near the end of his studies, Dan Bice was all set to head for South America. Part of his cross-cultural training included working with internationals at the University of Colorado.

The first friend he made, Nelson, came from the Pacific island of Belau. The two spent hours together—shopping, talking, going to Bible studies.

When Nelson returned to Belau, he joined the legislature. Dan, however, never made it to South America.

"I suddenly realized the tremendous mission opportunities here in the United States," Dan says. "International students are in our back yard. They already speak our language. Most of them are going back to guaranteed

HOW TO LAUNCH A FOREIGN FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is the single most important step in reaching out to foreign students in the United States. For many, this country is strange and confusing. They need friends to help them through all sorts of cultural adjustments and such practical matters as renting an apartment or buying a car. It's fun to be that kind of friend. It can even be the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

How can you meet a foreign student? Staff members at International Students, Inc., suggest that you call the foreign-student advisor at a local college or university. Tell him you'd like to meet one or more foreign students. Or contact International Students, Inc., at P.O. Box C, Colorado Springs, CO 80901 (719) 576-2700.

Here are some practical ways you can befriend foreign students:

- Meet arriving students at the airport and make sure they have housing for the first night or two.
- Help them find permanent housing and get settled. Show them how to read classified ads. Provide them with city maps and bus schedules. Take them on orientation visits to local stores.
- Invite students home for meals or include them in other social activities.
- Sponsor or attend activities (picnics, retreats, sporting events, sight-seeing tours, zoo visits) designed particularly for international students.
- Encourage students interested in learning about Christianity to attend a church service or a church social event.
- Encourage church members to reach out to foreign students.
- Hold a one-day conference for students. Ask Christian teachers to give seminars on the Bible or Christian living. Ask members of your church to provide a meal, and a time for singing and games. □

Joy Cordell



positions of influence. They'll be leaders in government, business, and education."

Most foreign students come from family-centered societies. The individualistic society of the United States often alienates them. Michael, who came from a prominent family in Ethiopia, experienced severe culture shock. In two weeks he was fed up with hamburgers and fed up with Americans. He was ready to go home.

Michael's foreign-student advisor called Sam Oommen, who works with international students in Los Angeles. Sam took Michael to meet the Herrens, former medical missionaries in Africa. The Herrens made him feel like a member of their family. Michael joined their home Bible study.

After several months, he received Christ. Not long after that, the Ethiopian government went through an upheaval. His parents were jailed and one brother was killed. During those difficult days, Michael found strength

Students who take Christ back home establish a strong witness.

and support with his Christian family and friends here.

Dan Bice and his wife, Betty, felt that Christian internationals like Michael should learn to evangelize their fellow students. In 1979, while working at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, Dan helped coordinate a summer project in which he trained students from throughout the United States to reach out to internationals on campus.

Tamayo, a young woman from Japan, received Christ because of that summer program and soon became a leader within the international outreach. During introductory Bible classes, Tamayo's warm, ready smile helped new students feel at ease.

What began with Chen

Chen, a graduate student from China, became a close friend of Tamayo. One evening after a birthday party in her honor, he also received Christ.

About four months before Chen was to return to China, Dan Bice began meeting weekly with Chen, discussing the basic principles of Christian life, and ways to apply them.

One month before returning home, Chen—whose wife and two children were in China—asked Dan to teach him about Christian family life. So Dan arranged for Chen to stay awhile with four different families.

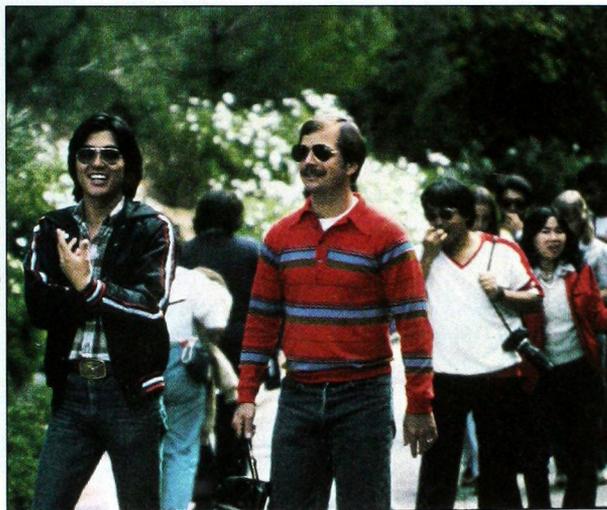
When Chen returned home, he told his family about the love and unity he had observed in these homes, and about Jesus Christ. Before long, each family member received Christ. Chen, a science professor at a university, boldly shared his Christian faith with friends and associates, in churches, and at a weekly Bible study.

As he visited churches, Chen noticed that many ministers were old men, nearing retirement. He became increasingly concerned that young men should be trained to take their places. Chen decided to send his oldest son, Xing, to attend seminary in the United States. So Chen wrote to Dan.

Dan helped Xing secure the neces-

International students who find friendship among Christians remain more open to the faith.

INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS INCORPORATED



sary funding to study in the United States. In 1988, a leading seminary accepted Xing, and gave him a scholarship. Dan met him at the airport.

Throughout that first year, Dan checked in with Xing and offered assistance with practical matters. During breaks and holidays, Xing stayed with the Bices.

As for Chen, he continues to witness for Christ in mainland China. He wrote Dan recently that he plans to encourage more young Chinese men to study in the United States.

"You [Dan] are an engineer, building a special bridge between our countries," he wrote.

Tamayo, meanwhile, returned to Japan. "When Tamayo came to America for an education, she planned not to return home," Dan says. "But after

she became a Christian, she became deeply concerned for her country. She began to see how important it was for her to be involved in ministry in Japan."

International students in the United States are particularly vulnerable to loneliness and the disruption of a new culture. They need friends who can help them adjust to American life, answer practical questions, and ease the loneliness of separation from friends and family.

Free to explore

Students from countries with restrictive religious laws come here curious and relatively free to explore other ideas. It is an outstanding opportunity that may not last.

In 1984, Iran sent 47,555 students—more than any other country—to study in the United States. But Iran soon closed itself to the West and most of its students returned home. Last year, almost 40,000 mainland Chinese students, researchers, and visiting professors studied at American univer-

sities, but this year the number of new students here from China has sharply decreased.

Christians in the United States are able right now to reach the future leaders of countries where evangelization is difficult. Students who take Christ back to their home nations often establish a strong witness that strengthens the church. Such indigenous evangelizers are often self-

supporting, and do not face the barriers of language and culture that hamper missionaries.

Of course, many international students do not receive Christ. But if they have found love and personal interest from Christians in the United States, they tend to remain more approachable and open to have missionaries in their home countries.

The potential of this kind of outreach is still largely untapped. Through the efforts of alert Christians like the Bices, the Steggals, the Herrens, and Tamayo, it's possible that bad experiences like Jonathan's will become the exception, not the rule. □

Gordon Loux is president of International Students, Inc., in Colorado Springs, Colo.

*Plans may
go awry.
Dreams may
shatter.
Visions may
fade. But
where you
serve Christ,
his kingdom
grows.*

She was smiling, but her voice was quavering and her eyes seemed about to overflow as she asked her question in four short words: "Did you ever fail?"

I'll call her Mary. For almost a week she had listened to me as I led a group of missionaries through training sessions on planning and strategy.

Her question disturbed me. What had I said? What had I not said? Had I been so facile, so quick with my answers that I sounded infallible?

In none of my previous presentations of the same workshop had anybody ever asked me such a question. How could it be that I, who almost pride myself on living in light of questions rather than settling for simple answers, could be so misunderstood?

"Did you ever fail?"

What did she mean by failure? Making mistakes? Sure, I've made mistakes. Often. Who doesn't? The Bible defines sin as missing the mark. I've missed that mark quite a few times.

Or did she mean failure as determined by some outside measurement? That's something we all feel in school. A special few get all A's. (I was never introduced into the mysteries of that fellowship!) But B, C, D? The message is, you didn't measure up. Is that the kind of failure she meant?

Shrunken expectations

We talked later. Mary and her husband had spent 12 years as missionaries. They had seen some results. They had a lot of questions. They had two small children. They had little other family support.

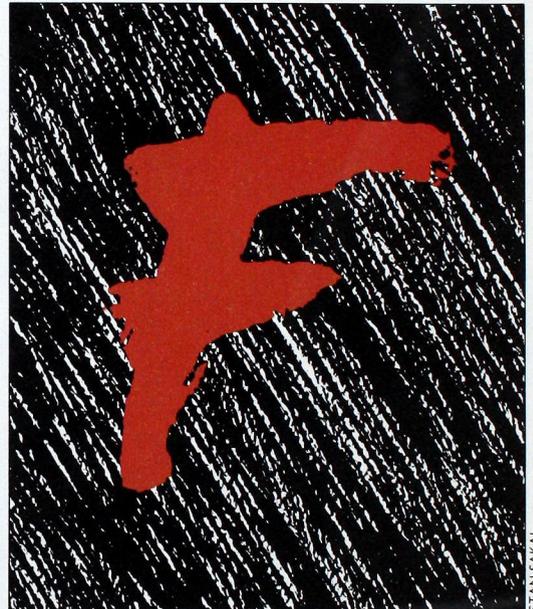
They would spend another six months in the United States and then return to the mission field. Mary was not sure what would happen. One of the children would be away in a mission school for the first time. She didn't know how she would handle that.

No, she wasn't sure what her husband's goals were. They were in this together, she said. She just went with him.

Now I understood the question. It was not about me and my experiences with failure. To Mary, I just happened to represent the expectation of success.

To Mary, life was failure. Her question really was something like this: "Are all of these struggles in my life part of something that has meaning, purpose—something that is not failure?"

'DID YOU EVER FAIL?' SHE ASKED



STAN SAKAI

For worse and for better

Yes, Mary, life often seems like so much failure. Plans go awry. Dreams are shattered. Visions grow dim. But you and I and all our failures are part of the greatest success story in the world.

It's a mystery. It's at least a paradox. It's the best of times and the worst of times. The world gets worse every day, but in the midst of it Christ's kingdom grows.

Failure? Yes, much of life is falling short, missing the mark. But Mary, you are the very evidence of Jesus' coming kingdom. You are the fragrant perfume of life. Because you are you, because you are Christ's, because you are there where you are needed—even when you feel like a failure.

Did I ever fail? Often. But Jesus Christ never did and never will. □

OUT OF THE MONSTER'S GRIP

Ibrahim Odour began drinking before he turned 10. By his mid-teens he was brewing a back-alley bootleg distillate called *changaa*, and living with a succession of older women and prostitutes while he perfected his brewing skills. Whenever he could, he also smoked opium and chewed a mild narcotic called *miraa*. Once, he attempted legitimate work with Kenya's forestry department, but that didn't last long. During a weekend binge he drank away seven months' salary.

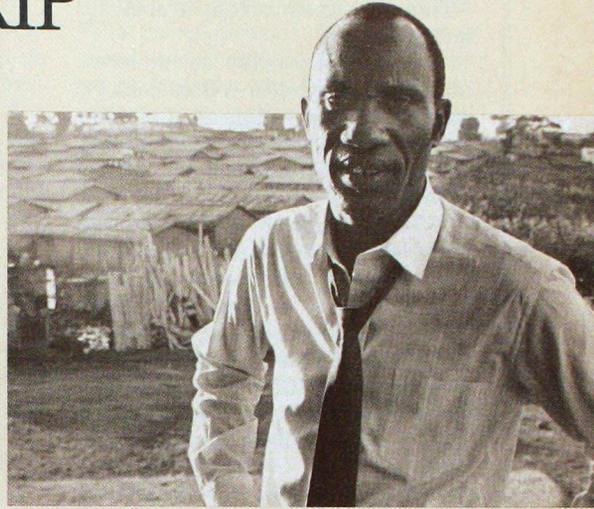
Ibrahim Odour stands in front of his parish—the Korogocho slum in Nairobi, Kenya.

Falling into such a life was easy for a kid who grew up with an alcoholic father, and whose household chores revolved around the distillation of a coconut liquor. Falling out of it was a little more difficult. Especially when his home community—Nairobi's wretched Korogocho slum, comprised of some 100,000 destitute people—held such a powerful lure for impoverished individuals looking for a quick, easy way to make money. And, with a lifetime of experience in the trade, Ibrahim was able to find work easily.

Every night, for years, he toiled, filthy and drunk, in a secret distillery, turning out drums of *changaa*. He received 25 shillings (about \$1.20) per drum from the 10 women who owned the illegal business. Usually, he made about 250 shillings a night—a fortune in Korogocho.

"I never needed money to buy liquor because I could get it at the factory," he says, "yet I never saved a bit of the money I earned. I was in the grip of a monster. I hadn't seen my family in 15 years. I slept in the streets. I was doomed. And I wasn't even 30."

Then one night, after he'd left a drinking party and was making his way home, he heard a voice calling him. It was a powerful message, almost audible, like a prayer: "Ibrahim, unless you change, you are going to die." He now believes God was speaking to him, but at the time he



JOHN SCHENK / WORLD VISION

ignored the voice. He ignored it even when he heard it a second time. But what happened after he heard it a third time caught his attention. "After I heard it for the third time, I was struck to the ground and lay unconscious for several hours." When he regained consciousness the next morning, he found a church, where he asked questions about God, and finally prayed and received Christ.

Today, Ibrahim is an evangelist with the Redeemed Gospel Church, and a social worker and health trainer with the Korogocho Family Development Project. He frequently interprets at large rallies for English-speaking evangelists who visit Kenya. And he has just begun studies at a Bible college.

In Korogocho, the danger of falling into a cycle of alcohol and despair is ever present, especially for the women, the single mothers, Ibrahim says, because it is so tempting for them to just sink back into the easy money they can get from brewing alcohol.

"I know," he adds, thinking back to his own past, "because even now sometimes when I pass a place where *changaa* is made, I hear a voice telling me how easy it would be to have money if only I brewed."

Thankfully, he also knows what can happen when a positive response is made to another kind of voice in one's life. □

John Schenk, with Randy Miller

Give us grace, O God, to dare to do the deed which we well know cries to be done.

W.E.B. Du Bois

Matters for Prayer

- ◆ **Pray** for the children hooked on drugs. Ask that God will increase efforts to help these children, and to fight the poverty and greed that sustain the drug industry (pages 4-8).
- ◆ **Thank God** for public servants who see government as a way to reach out to people in need (pages 14-15).
- ◆ **Thank God** for the opportunity to reach out to international students in the United States. Consider how you might offer hospitality and friendship to someone who is far from home (pages 10-11).

BY BETH SPRING

REACHING KIDS FROM CAPITOL HILL

*For
Elizabeth
Dole,
govern-
ment isn't
politics
but a way
to touch
people.*

Take a look at some of my kids," says Elizabeth Dole. She pulls two compact photo albums off her impeccably organized desk.

"They live in Boston," she says. "This one is getting ready to apply for college."

They're not really her children, although in the pictures Dole looks the part of a proud mother or aunt. Her "kids" are black, inner-city students, the type social workers might label "at-risk."

These students, and others like them throughout the nation, have become Dole's top priority since she took her place in President George Bush's cabinet as secretary of labor.

When she was offered the post, Dole hesitated. After 20 years in government, she had turned her attention toward private efforts to meet human need.

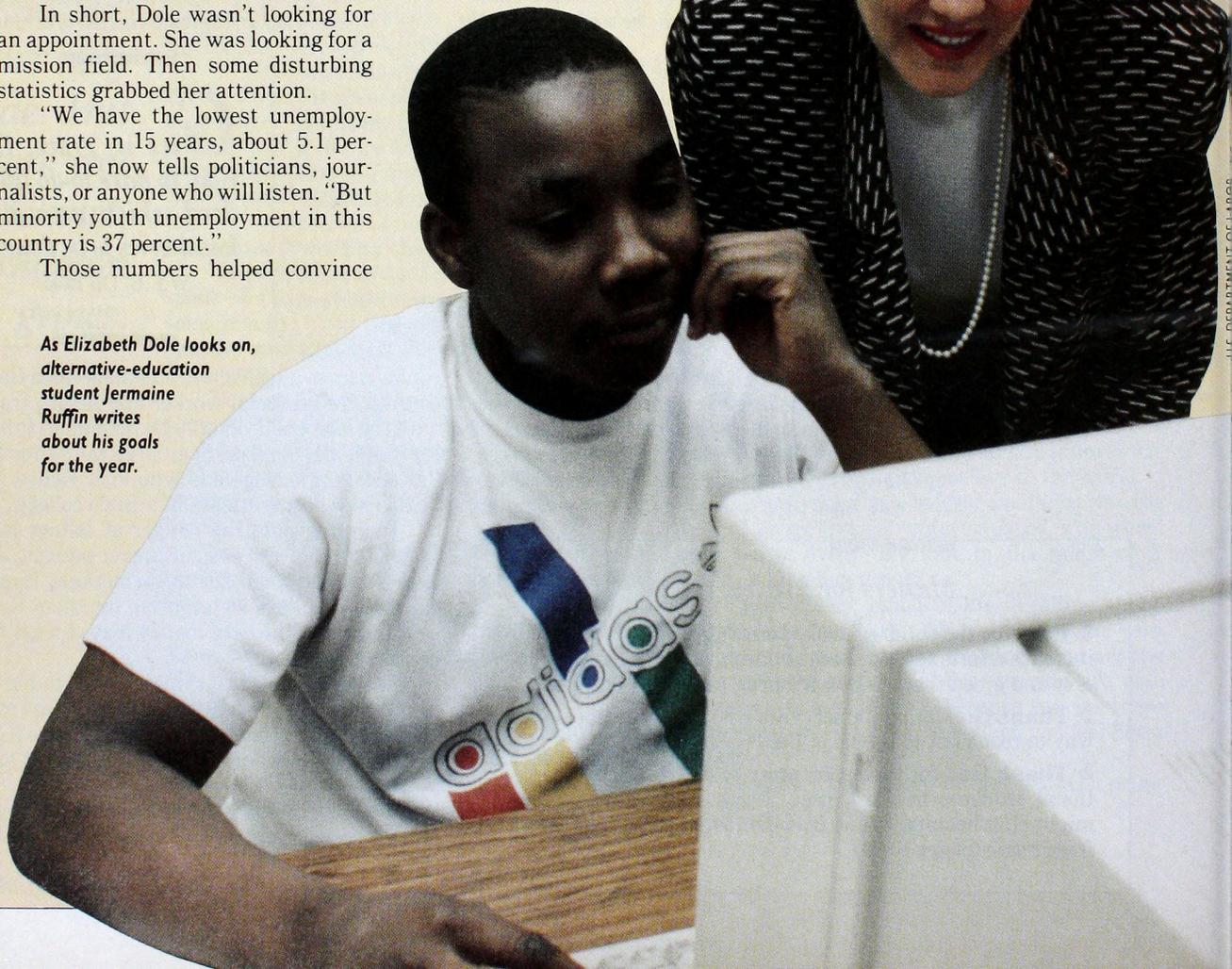
"I was exploring ways to increase charitable giving in this country," she says. "We do give a lot, but for our size and wealth we don't measure up to other nations. We've been so blessed, and there's much more we can do."

In short, Dole wasn't looking for an appointment. She was looking for a mission field. Then some disturbing statistics grabbed her attention.

"We have the lowest unemployment rate in 15 years, about 5.1 percent," she now tells politicians, journalists, or anyone who will listen. "But minority youth unemployment in this country is 37 percent."

Those numbers helped convince

As Elizabeth Dole looks on, alternative-education student Jermaine Ruffin writes about his goals for the year.



Dole to take the cabinet post. She had found a mission.

"If you want to use a government position to make a positive difference for people," she explains, "you can consider that your mission field. You set priorities according to how you can make a difference.

"What could be a higher priority than these young people? We can help them turn their lives around. Here's our chance to move up those who have been at the back of the line."

Shortly after she was sworn in, Dole met with some of the young people she hoped to help. Many are high-school dropouts, and most have abandoned any hope of getting a decent foothold in the job market.

More than a pep talk

Dole brought them news she hoped would encourage them. The work force is growing at about 1 percent a year, she pointed out, and that trend will probably continue through the 1990s.

"There will be jobs without people, and employers will compete for workers," she says. "This is a window of opportunity for many who've been on the outside looking in."

Her message to the youths she met was this: "You're wanted, you're needed, you're respected—if you have the skills."

It was more than a pep talk and a pat on the back. As she spent time with the young people, Dole quickly grasped their need for much more than traditional job training and a first placement.

The dropouts, the throwaway kids, the victims of neglect and drug abuse need much more. They need basic skills such as reading and arithmetic, and they need to learn the unwritten rules of the work place.

Dole is pressing hard on Capitol Hill for funds to meet those needs. Last

spring she brought along a few of "her kids" to speak to a congressional subcommittee.

"I was not the nicest kid you'd want to meet," said Timothy Douglas, looking a panel of lawmakers right in the eye. "I was evil, mean, and I didn't want to be bothered."

He proved too much for the New York City public school he attended, so he ended up in High School Redirection, an alternative school.

Timothy had no use for his new school, either, but one teacher there wouldn't leave him alone. "She would always say nice things. She said she saw something in me that told her I could make it," he recalled.

Timothy began learning, really grasping the material for the first time. The teachers are not just teachers at High School Redirection, he told the subcommittee. "They take you out to dinner and to meet their families."

Timothy plans to go to college.

She begins every day with a prayer from a tattered Sunday bulletin.

Timothy and others like him have a seasoned, respected advocate in Dole. She and her husband, Senator Bob Dole, are often regarded as second only to the president and first lady in combined political influence. And Elizabeth Dole has always been a woman with a mission.

She's worked for every administration since Lyndon B. Johnson. Under Johnson, in the late 1960s, she used her job in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to promote equal education opportunities for people with disabilities.

In the Nixon administration Dole plowed new ground in consumer protection. Then, in a seven-year term on the Federal Trade Commission, she addressed such issues as nursing-home neglect, TV advertising aimed at children, shady encyclopedia deals, and shoddy housing construction.

In 1983 Dole had her first cabinet post, in President Reagan's administration. The Department of Transpor-

tation is not readily likened to a mission post, but Dole notes that even in that line of work it is possible to focus on fairness and protection for individuals.

When Dole speaks of her government positions as mission fields, it's not in the sense of ideology or partisan politics. She is zealous for individuals. What energizes her is the possibility of removing barriers that stand in the way of people who have had fewer opportunities, fewer advantages, and more tough breaks than she has known.

Her sense of mission is rooted in a personal faith in Christ. She begins every day with a prayer from a tattered Sunday bulletin of Foundry Methodist Church, where she and Bob are members.

"Oh God," she prays, "fill my soul with so entire a love of thee that I may love and do nothing but for thy sake. Give me the grace to study thy Word daily, that the more I come to know thee, the more I may love thee. May it be the one business of my life to glorify thee, by every word of my tongue and every work of my hand."

"That's the goal," Dole says, pointing to the bulletin.

Purtillia's story

Dole is quick to brag about one of her "kids." Holding a framed photograph, she tells the story of Purtillia Bryant.

Purtillia came from a broken home in North Carolina. Without a permanent family, she had little motivation or self-esteem, and did poorly in high school.

Then she linked up with an Opportunities Industrialization Center in Washington, D.C. A job counselor there helped her work on life skills and job skills. Today Purtillia types 70 words a minute as a clerk-typist for the Navy, and she works at a car rental office in the evenings.

Dole invited Purtillia to share her story at the White House. "She handled it beautifully," Dole says. "She said her dream was to go to college, but she didn't know if that would be possible. The next day, the president of the University of the District of Columbia called and offered her a four-year scholarship."

Seeing even one life change because of something the government has done right is what keeps Elizabeth Dole where she is. "Purtillia," she says, "is an inspiration." □

Beth Spring is a writer living in Washington, D.C.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Ginger Hope

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

Just about every Christian medical professional qualifies for mission service, according to Helen Roseveare, who spent 20 years in Zaire. Roseveare counted the ways in a recent issue of *Pulse* newsletter:

1. Long-term. Doctors and nurses are still in demand to staff mission hospitals, train national medics, and work in "closed" countries.
2. Short-term. Roseveare knows of five surgeons who share a group practice. Each one takes a turn for three months in the mission field



while the other four stay home, cover the practice, and pay for the trip.

3. At home. "Every doctor in the United States could practically support a whole hospital overseas," Roseveare says. Even something as small as supplying up-to-date medical journals can be a great help, she reports. *Pulse*, 27 October 1989



THEY ARE THE WORLD

Children *Around the World*, a series of books for children ages 8 to 12, brings to life the colorful worlds of eight children.

There is Li Hua, for instance, a Chinese girl who overcomes the belief that only boys bring good fortune to a family. There is Chebet, who embarks on an adventurous search for her lost baby goat in western Kenya.

There is Dawa Bema, a Tibetan shepherd boy who is a reluctant monastery recruit.

In each setting, the good news of Jesus Christ takes on a different look. An Australian surfer gets to know the "great rescuer," thanks to her new Aborigine friend. A Brazilian street child finds a new life of love and security. Chayna, a Bangladeshi girl whose name means "not wanted," learns what it means to be highly prized.

The series is published by Eerdmans; each volume retails for \$7.95.

AN ADVANCED RETREAT

In a big oak woods in southeastern Wisconsin there's a Christian retreat center that calls itself "totally barrier-free."

"We specialize in giving disabled people experiences that they normally miss out on," says David Layhew, director of Inspiration Center. "It's a place for renewal, for meeting Christ, for being loved just as they are."

That includes a full summer camping program for people with physical and mental handicaps. This summer there will also be retreats for disabled couples and singles.



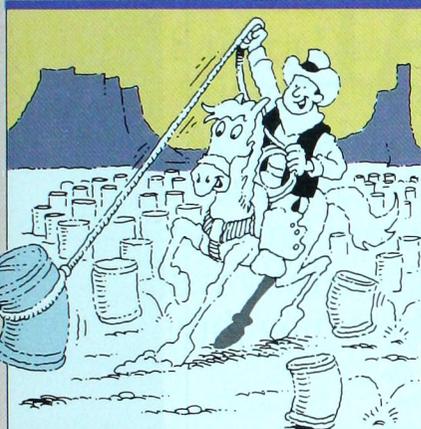
The great outdoors:
Inspiration Center

Inspiration Center is part of the Christian League for the Handicapped. For information, write P.O. Box 948, Walworth, WI 53184; or call (414) 275-5753.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STAN SAKAI

“ I want to serve truly worthy poor people. The problem is they are hard to find. ... Maybe to be truly poor means to be prideless, impatient, manipulative, desperate. ... But truly worthy? Are any of us *truly* worthy?

Bob Lupton in *Theirs Is the Kingdom* (see review, page 22)



HERE'S THE BEEF

And then there's the ministry of canning. Last fall the Mennonite Central Committee consecrated three men to butcher and process donated beef for distribution to hungry people. Between October 1989 and March 1990 the mobil meat canner will make 30 stops in 11 states.

Last year's six-month canning drive yielded over 280,000 cans of beef, which fed the hungry in the United States, Egypt, Mexico, Nicaragua, Haiti, Jamaica, Korea, Lebanon, Sudan, and the West Bank. Broth was also canned and left with local food banks and other institutions.

10 LITTLE, 9 LITTLE, 8 LITTLE

FOUNDATIONS...

Small, private foundations are on the endangered species list.

Why? Private foundation regulations. Many donors have been obstructed by the "ifs," "ands" and "buts."

Today, private foundation regulations can actually hinder or prevent donors from setting up their own foundations. And experts say the laws make even the continued existence of small, private foundations nonfeasible.

But in spite of the regulations, some of us are determined to do "venture philanthropy." John D. Rockefeller III used this term to describe the imaginative pursuit of less conventional ways of giving.

World Vision offers one such way—the **Donor Advised Fund**. Your fund can enable you to determine, to the fullest extent possible, the use of your charitable dollars.

So if you already have a foundation, or if you are thinking about setting one up, please give me a call and we will discuss a simple but effective alternative—the World Vision Donor Advised Fund.

For more information call Daniel Rice at (800) 426-5753 or, in California, (800) 451-8024.



I want to find out more about **World Vision's Donor Advised Fund.**
(800) 426-5753
(800) 451-8024 (in Calif.)

Planned Giving Office/**World Vision**
919 W. Huntington Drive
Monrovia, CA 91016

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

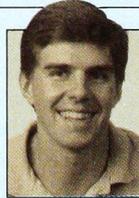
Phone (_____) _____ (and best time to call)

FMG 001

BY DAVID SCHEIMAN

*Musings from
Mauritania*

SAHARA JOURNAL



In October Scheimann left Huntsville, Ala.,

1988, David left Huntsville, Ala., for the searing winds, encroaching desert, and poverty of Mauritania, in West Africa. For one year, he would live in one of the world's most inhospitable climates, working as a community developer and nutritionist among some of the world's poorest people.

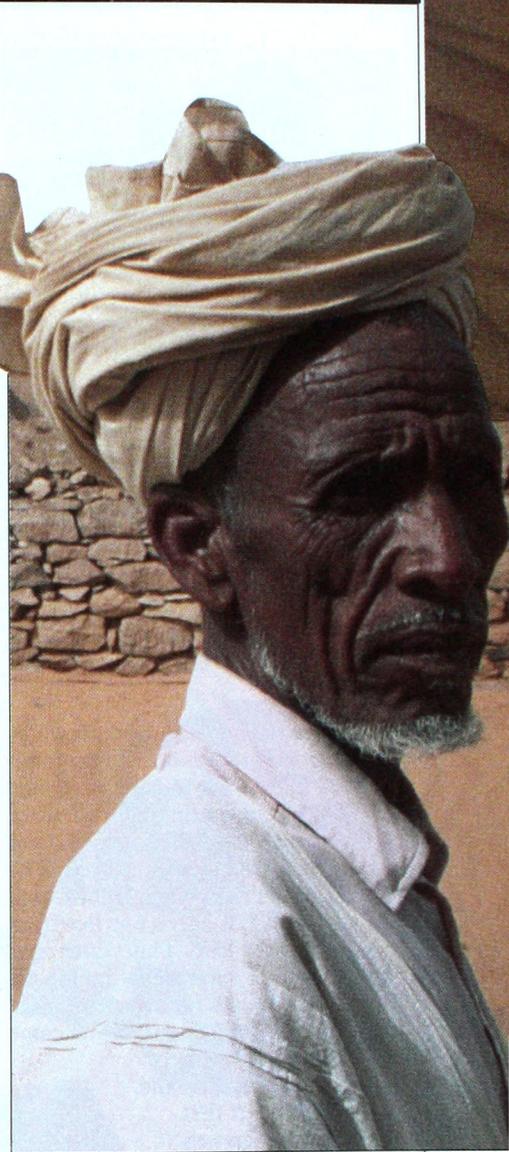
In his journal, David documented not just the disease, death, and hardship he encountered, but also the people's pride and dignity, humor and wisdom. These pages are filled with just a few of David's musings in Mauritania.



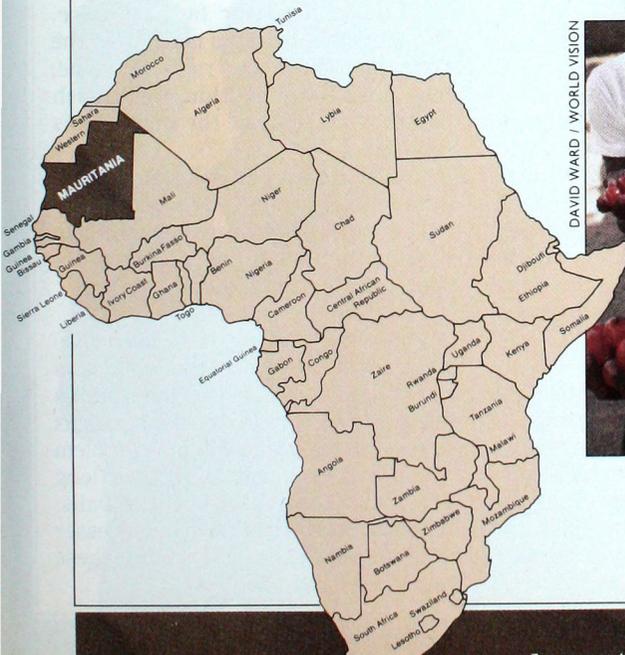
This man's face reflects a lifetime of Mauritania's searing winds and desert heat.

Flying over the Sahara Desert is incredible. The desert is a bunch of nothing. Sand stretches as far as the eye can see without even a hint of vegetation or life. It's hard to believe a city could exist in this sea of sand. Yet three sides of Nouakchott, the capital of Mauritania, are surrounded by the Sahara Desert. The other side faces the Atlantic Ocean.

At the airport, as I walked off the jet I found it difficult to breathe. Hot dusty wind instantly robbed my lungs of their vital moisture. My first thought: "David, you've blown it!"



MERRILL WEALE / WORLD VISION



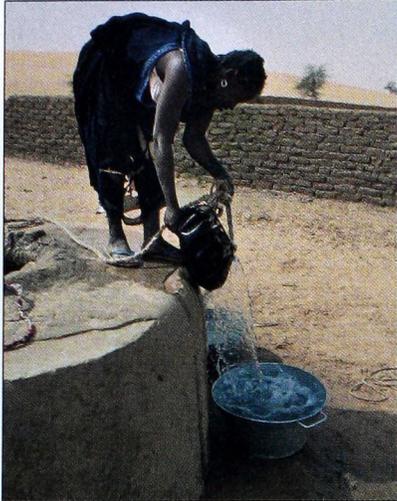
DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

Eating more vitamin-A rich vegetables will help stop night blindness in children.

During my first few days in Kiffa, my new home, I attended a seminar at the local hospital promoting the growth and consumption of vegetables. By eating more vegetables, the villagers will obtain the vitamins they are missing in their diets. It will also help stop night blindness in children due to lack of vitamin A.

During the first day of the seminar, I kept noticing villagers carrying sick people into the hospital. Some of the victims were moving, some were not. The next day, I discovered that cholera had broken out in the city. Worse, as people were dying it seemed there was little help coming to the city. I think action was slow in coming because the people were poor. But death is no stranger in Kiffa.

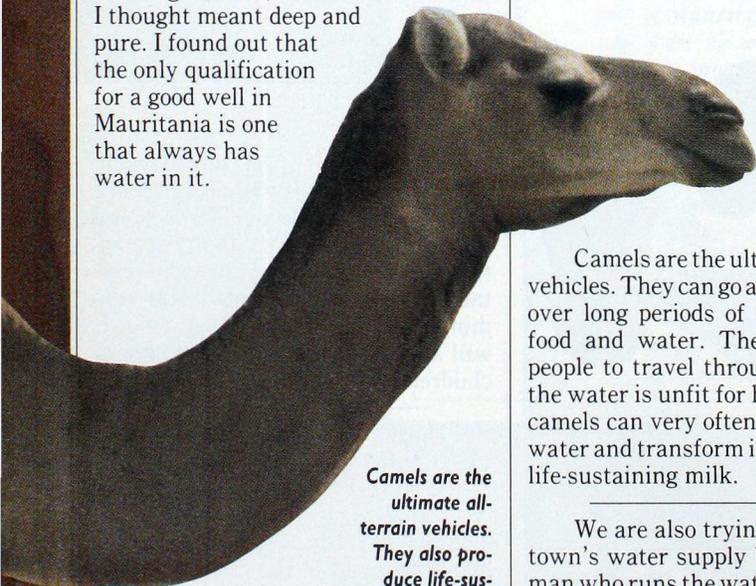
STEVE REYNOLDS / WORLD VISION



In Kiffa there is not one reliable clean-water source. The only qualification for a good well is that it always has water.

Cholera is caused by drinking water or eating food that has been contaminated by human waste. I always cringe when I see people drinking from dirty pools of water. But in Kiffa, there is not one reliable clean-water source. The city trucks get their water from a shallow well, which is only a few feet from a contaminated lake. This water goes to the hospital, government buildings, and private houses in town.

I had been told the city water came from a good well, which I thought meant deep and pure. I found out that the only qualification for a good well in Mauritania is one that always has water in it.



Camels are the ultimate all-terrain vehicles. They also produce life-sustaining milk in a country with little good water.

To help battle the cholera epidemic, we equipped a vehicle with a loudspeaker, and our Mauritanian staff members drove throughout the town warning people how to stop cholera. If we had not intervened, many more people would have died.

The gap between the rich and poor in this country is staggering. One thing that always irks me is to see donated food, with the label "not to be sold" clearly displayed on the containers, being sold in the market. Many times the poor, for whom the food is intended, can't afford it. Thus the rich get richer and the poor get poorer.

Last year the president of Mauritania came to Kiffa to praise the citizens for planting an area of trees. The locals were so excited to see the president that they started breaking the branches off the small trees and waving them to show support. They destroyed the very thing the president had come to commemorate!

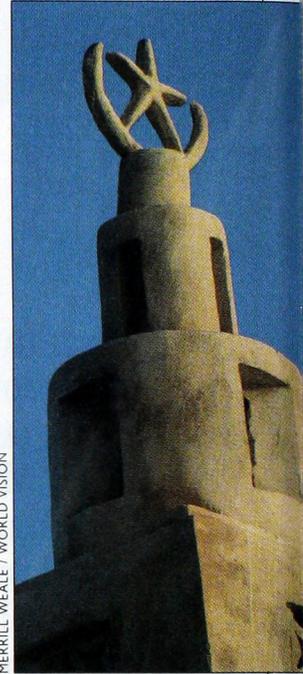
In several of the villages we visited, locusts had completely devoured the gardens. One of the saddest cases involved two women who were wearing robes riddled with holes. They had tried to cover their gardens with their robes to protect the plants. The locusts just ate through the garments and destroyed the vegetables.

Camels are the ultimate all-terrain vehicles. They can go almost anywhere, over long periods of time, with little food and water. The camels enable people to travel through areas where the water is unfit for humans. But the camels can very often drink this same water and transform it into nutritious, life-sustaining milk.

We are also trying to improve the town's water supply by requiring the man who runs the water pump to add a small amount of chlorine to each tank-load of water. If we can make sure the people have access to clean water, the health situation will improve dramatically.

Mauritanian teachers are often sent to remote villages that do not even have a school building, much less books or desks. The teacher's first job is to build a classroom for the children. Can you imagine American teachers being asked to build their schools?

The star and crescent symbolize Islam, Mauritania's dominant religion.



MERRILL WEALE / WORLD VISION

At sunset, there is nothing like relaxing on mats while drinking strong tea and discussing earth-shaking events with my Mauritanian friends. One topic centers on the outrageous price of wives these days. They can hardly believe it when I tell them wives don't cost anything in America.

Life is hard for farmers here. Droughts are more the norm than the exception. When the rains do come, they wash away the thin soil in flash floods. Very little of the moisture is retained.

After it rains, grasshoppers hatch in seemingly infinite numbers, forming swarms that destroy everything in their path. And if the grasshoppers don't eat the plants, the locusts do.

It's also a struggle to keep livestock out of the fields. I thought it was a great idea when some farmers built a five-foot brick wall around their gardens to keep out the goats. The only problem was that the camels, with their long necks, could still reach over the walls. It seems like you can't win here. Lesser people would give up. I admire these people's tenacity.

Africa is not underdeveloped because Africans are lazy, as some people believe. Try working all day when the temperature is well over 100 degrees and you have had nothing to eat and only foul water to drink. Then we'll see how productive you are.

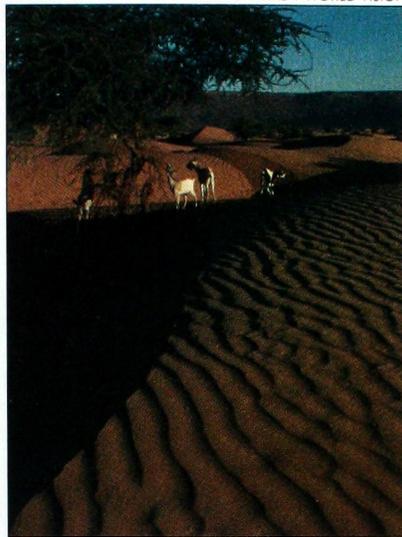
In one village, I saw a boy with a guinea worm protruding from his ankle. The people had tried to burn it out with a hot iron and then covered it with ashes, causing a terrible infection. The boy had caught the worm by drinking contaminated water. All I could do was drain and clean the wound and give him antibiotics.

During my visit to the north, I saw many villages engulfed by this sea of sand. The giant dunes destroy everything. The more they destroy, the bigger and stronger they seem to grow. There is almost no way to stop them.

It usually starts when the sand dunes completely cover the soil, making it futile to plant anymore. Then,

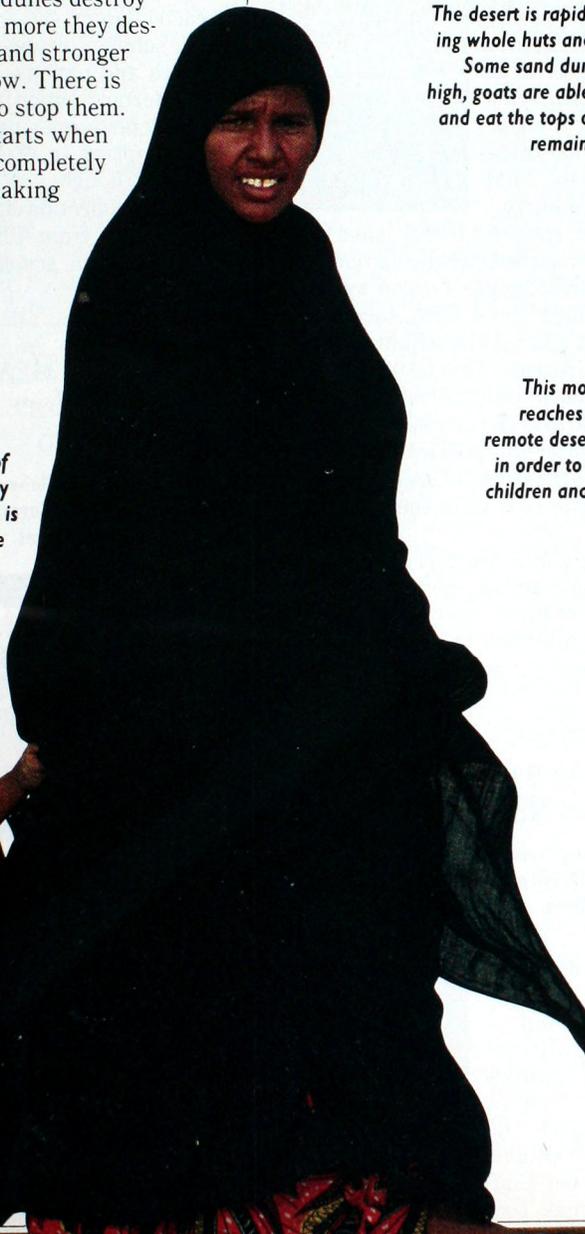
One favorite topic of discussion among my Mauritanian friends is the outrageous price of wives these days.

DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION



DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

The desert is rapidly engulfing whole huts and villages. Some sand dunes are so high, goats are able to reach and eat the tops of the few remaining trees.



This mobile clinic reaches people in remote desert villages in order to vaccinate children and mothers.

since the men can't plant, they leave, searching for work in other villages. The women and children are left behind.

Eventually the dunes start engulfing and destroying the huts. The goats climb higher and higher, eating off the tree tops, destroying the very things that were holding back the sand. The remaining trees are chopped down for firewood. At this point the sand has won. There is no hope for the village.

I asked one man, "What do you plan on doing after the sand destroys your house?"

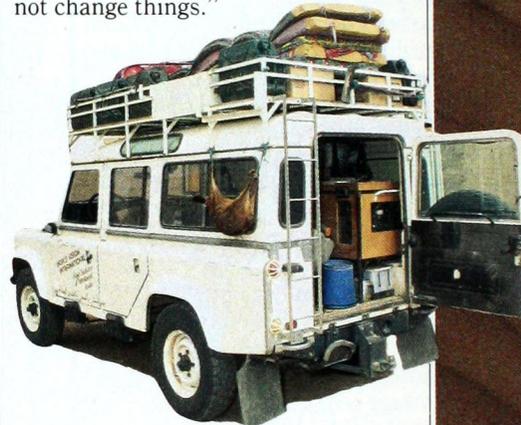
"I will move into a tent and keep raising it up higher on top of the sand," he said.

"How are you going to feed your family?"

He had no answer.

"Are you afraid of what will happen in the future?"

"Of course I am afraid, but I cannot change things."



JOHN SHADID / WORLD VISION

"Can you move south to some better land?"

"No, all the good land has been taken long ago."

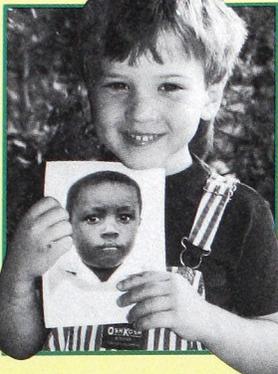
There is no happy ending. His village and way of life are doomed.

A lot of people ask me how I could go to the middle of nowhere without the so-called necessities of life. I always answer, "How can you fight traffic each morning on the way to a job you don't like? How do you sit behind a desk 40 hours a week while your waistline grows larger? Not to mention the constant stress."

I really believe in what I'm doing. I look forward to getting up each morning, and I never have to worry about traffic jams—just an occasional herd of camels.

No, it's not always easy here, but there isn't anything else I'd rather be doing. So don't feel  sorry for poor Dave in Africa.

How One Little Boy Learned a New Way to Share



Last Christmas, four-year-old Griffin Ledner found a very special gift under the tree.

It was a picture of his new "brother" named Prince Chikati, from Zimbabwe. Griffin's parents sponsored Prince so Griffin could learn some valuable lessons about sharing.

Prince's needs tug at Griffin's tender heart. He shows playmates Prince's photo and says, "This is the little boy in Africa that doesn't have any toys."

Thanks to the Ledner family's \$24 monthly support, Prince has nutritious food to eat, attends school, and his family's medical needs are met. Even his village is more self sufficient thanks to World Vision.

Right now there are many other needy children who are waiting for a family to "adopt" them.

Through sponsorship, you can teach your child to share the gifts of life and hope.

Please send the coupon below to receive a story and photo of a boy or girl who can become a precious "brother" or "sister" to one of your children.

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BOOKS

THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM: CELEBRATING THE GOSPEL IN URBAN AMERICA

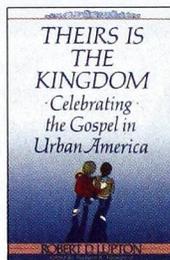
By Robert D. Lupton, edited by Barbara R. Thompson. Harper & Row, 121 pages, \$6.95. Reviewed by Ginger Hope.

When Bob Lupton and his family moved into inner-city Atlanta in 1971, they saw themselves as missionaries carrying the light of the gospel into the darkness of the ghetto. That changed in a hurry.

"How surprised we were when we discovered that the One who had called us already preceded us," Lupton writes.

They found great faith, sacrificial caring, and courage in Atlanta—and plenty of surprises. This book is a collection of short stories about the Luptons' 18 years on the city streets. The stories are brief glimpses into the rich, sometimes irritating, energizing, upside-down life God gave them in the city.

This is a book for everyone: head people, heart people, and people at every stage of life. It's a book that can change the way you think about the city and about the poor.



Sine, David Bosch, Samuel Baah, and Edward Dayton.

It's not a book for a general audience. The language is technical and presupposes familiarity with economic theories of development. The panel of international experts discusses issues ranging from theologies of liberation to theories of social transformation. Useful bibliographic notes accompany each chapter.

The scholars represent a variety of cultures and regions, but the book has only one contribution from a woman, Miriam Adeney—not a minor flaw in a work attempting to present a broad spectrum of thought.

Still, the collection effectively integrates insights from Christian faith and from the social sciences.

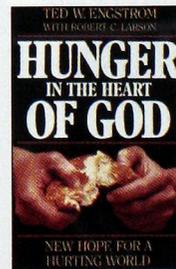
HUNGER IN THE HEART OF GOD: NEW HOPE FOR A HURTING WORLD

By Ted W. Engstrom and Robert C. Larson. Servant Books, 1989, 160 pages, \$7.95. Reviewed by Pamela J. Williams.

In the authors' own words, the simple theme in this book is: "God's hunger for adoration from his people in the form of service to one another."

Engstrom and Larson have written for a broad audience, while still taking seriously the complexity of hunger and poverty issues. While they consider socioeconomic and psychological factors, the authors maintain a biblical perspective on the problem.

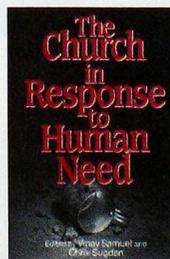
Engstrom and Larson have seen world hunger up close and have worked to overcome it. This gives their work a personal touch amid potentially overwhelming statistics. *Hunger in the Heart of God* is a useful resource for Christians who want to fight hunger and show God's love to the world.



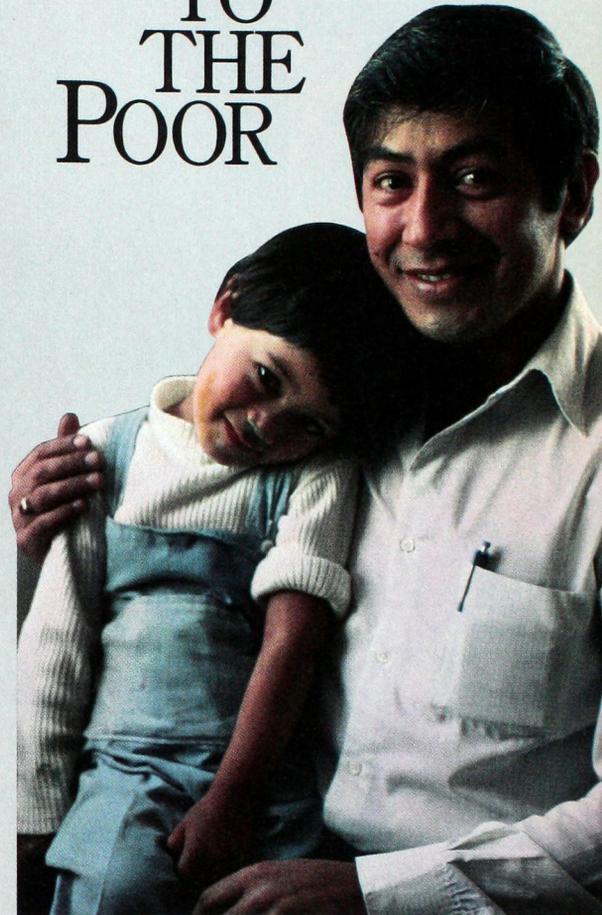
THE CHURCH IN RESPONSE TO HUMAN NEED

Edited by Vinay Samuel and Chris Sugden. Eerdmans, 1989, 268 pages, \$17.95. Reviewed by Pamela J. Williams.

This symposium covers a broad range of anthropological and sociopolitical aspects of human need, and reviews ways in which the church has responded to human need. Contributors include Tom



DOCTOR TO THE POOR



BRUCE STRONG

He traded a life of comfort for one "filled with spiritual blessings."

When Dr. Arturo Lonngi Nolasco packs up his little black bag at the end of a day of tending aches and ailments in an impoverished community on the outskirts of Mexico City, he does not return to a well-appointed home across town in one of the city's finer neighborhoods. It's not because he can't afford it. It's because his home is not located in one of the city's well-to-do neighborhoods. In fact, his modest house is only a 10-minute walk from the small, community dispensary where he works, just up the hill, among some of the very people he treats at discount fees. And he wouldn't have it any other way. At least not these days.

A few years ago, things were different. Before coming to work at the small, five-room Dispensario Medical/Dental in Ajusco—a settlement southeast of Mexico City perched on the rocky slope of a mountain of the same name—Nolasco was a well-paid physician working at the 20 de Noviembre Hospital, a government-run facility in Mexico City. He enjoyed his work there. He had a comfortable life.

Even his spiritual life was comfortable. "I was a Christian in a very casual way," he says. Then four years ago something started him down a path to a less comfortable, more invigorating life than he had ever known.

"Some people from my community invited me to attend a prayer meeting," he recalls. "I experienced the presence of God in a new way. He spoke to me strongly. I felt him calling me to examine my life and discover what direction he had in store for me."

As he began to give increasing amounts of time to mission outreach in his neighborhood, he started to realize that God was calling him to work in the neighborhood dispensary. Within a month, he established his practice there.

"Before this change in my life, I always sought ways to get more money," he says. "But no more. Today my life is filled with spiritual blessings."

He speaks warmly of the people in his community, and despairs over the seemingly endless cycle of poverty, disease, and malnutrition that he sees up close, especially among children.

The most frequent malady he treats is intestinal parasites, a consequence of drinking impure water. He tries to impress upon his patients the importance of boiling their water before they drink it—water that, for virtually everyone in the community, gets delivered twice weekly by tanker trucks whose fat hoses fill colorful 55-gallon bar-

rels that line roadsides all over the neighborhood.

Most of the residents already know about boiling their water, he realizes. But too often, they don't do it. The tanks of butane gas they use to fuel their stoves are costly. More often than not, they opt for taking a chance on their health in order to save a little gas.

Nolasco shakes his head "People know the water is impure, but what can you do?"

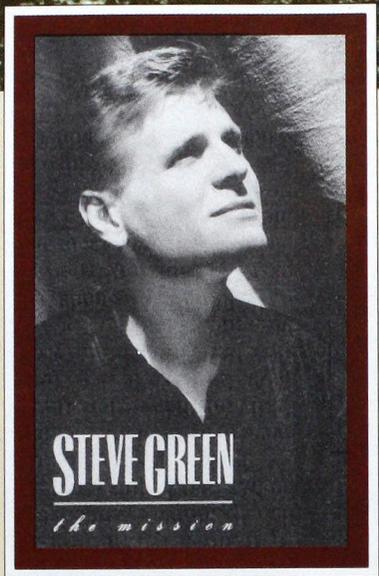
He still gets offers to go and work in prestigious hospitals in the city. Is he ever tempted? After all, he could be making a lot more money and living in a better neighborhood. Why does he keep returning to his nondescript, cinder-block dispensary in this impoverished community in the hills overlooking Mexico City?

A broad grin breaks across his face. "Because I love God," he says. "I'm not wealthy, but I get by OK. I'm happy here because I know that the service I give to my patients is also a service to the Lord." He pauses, then adds, thoughtfully, "I am most grateful for this life God has given me." □

Randy Miller

A GIFT OF MUSIC FOR YOU
CAN PUT A SONG OF HOPE IN
A NEEDY CHILD'S HEART...

Just released in October of 1989, Steve Green's newest recording, "The Mission," is a dynamic medley of songs that builds inner strength and encouragement in the heart of the listener.



when you give a gift of \$25.00 or more to help suffering children around the world. Through World Vision's Childcare Ministry Fund, your gift will help provide a suffering child—and her

Green's compelling lyrics, along with his wonderful voice, express the passion and devotion he has for the Lord. And central to all his songs is the theme of loving and serving Christ. Songs like the worshipful "Embrace the Cross"... the joyous, triumphant "Symphony of Praise"... and the powerfully moving "Refiner's Fire"... all touch those places in the heart seeking fresh hope, faith and inspiration. Now Steve Green's latest recording can be yours in appreciation from World Vision,

family and community—with nutritious food, clothing, medical care, and the opportunity to know about God's love. And every time you listen to these inspiring songs, you can be assured that a needy child has been helped because you care. Please...send a gift today—and put a song of hope into a needy child's heart!



"He put a new song in my mouth, a hymn of praise to our God!"
(Psalm 40:3, NIV)

YES, I'D LIKE TO HELP A NEEDY CHILD...
...and receive Steve Green's newest recording, "The Mission"!

Here is a gift for children who need my help! Enclosed is my gift of \$25 Other \$ _____. Please send me a cassette of this recording. (Albums are not available at this time.) 1700 A20WAM/55

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Address _____
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Please make your check payable to World Vision. The amount of your gift is tax deductible, minus the value of the cassette.

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WORLD VISION®

February/March 1990



LATIN AMERICA'S LITTLE JUNKIES

ELIZABETH DOLE:
Her Calling, Her 'Kids'

Foreign Missions
in Your Living Room

4 Latin America's Little Junkies

Some are as young as 6. Many are homeless. They cluster on street corners and in back alleys of virtually every South American city. Gasoline, glue, cocaine paste, marijuana—these are the staples of their lives. They turn to them to escape, or to keep warm on chilly nights.

9 Reach the World From Your Living Room

Spreading the gospel to foreigners does not have to mean years overseas in a jungle hut and a wardrobe of Banana Republic khakis and pith helmets. In fact, you don't even have to leave your house. Getting acquainted with international students in your own community is a good way to make new friends and spread the gospel at the same time.

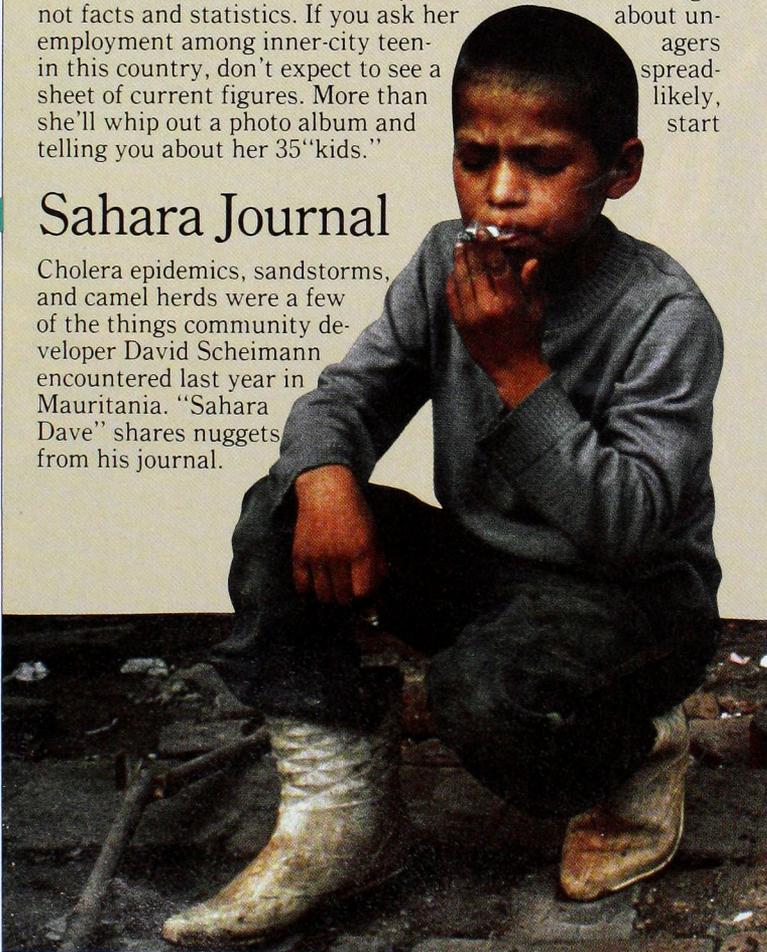
14 Reaching Kids From Capitol Hill

When Elizabeth Dole became Secretary of Labor last year, she decided from the outset to see the job in terms of human beings, not facts and statistics. If you ask her about un-employment among inner-city teen-agers spread-likely, start in this country, don't expect to see a sheet of current figures. More than she'll whip out a photo album and telling you about her 35 "kids."

18 Sahara Journal

Cholera epidemics, sandstorms, and camel herds were a few of the things community developer David Scheimann encountered last year in Mauritania. "Sahara Dave" shares nuggets from his journal.

COVER: Smoking basucos—cocaine cigarettes—is a popular way of getting high for Colombia's youth. (right) A young basuco smoker lights up in Bogota.



© SUSAN MEISELAS / MAGNUM

Earthquakes, Third World Children, & the World Series 2

"Did You Ever Fail?" 12

Out of the Monster's Grip 13

Samaritan Sampler 16

Doctor to the Poor 23

Stories about America's war on drugs get daily front-page coverage and top-of-the-TV-news billing. Drugs are the scourge of the nation. But not only in America, and not only among adults. Poverty's children in the Third World have taken to drugs to ease the pain of their wretched existence.

This past year World Vision helped 33,833 people deal with their drug-related problems in 17 projects at a cost of \$205,763.

Terry Madison

WORLD VISION

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COVER PHOTO: © TIMOTHY ROSS/PICTURE GROUP

EARTHQUAKES, THIRD WORLD CHILDREN & THE WORLD SERIES

The outline traced in the dust surprised me. The middle of a civil war in Mozambique was no place for a child's game. I was walking through a refugee camp of some 36,000 *deslocados* who were struggling to stay alive. They had barely enough food to survive and a score or more were dying each day.

And there they were—the lines of a hopscotch game drawn in the dust.

An optimist would call it a sign of hope, a rare commodity in that country. Or, perhaps, it was simply a child escaping from the disastrous present, turning from the horror of reality.

The Mozambican child, in the only way she knew how, was dealing with disaster. She certainly understood vulnerability. She could tell us a lot about helplessness.

Unlike another tragedy, the negative forces that shook her and turned her world upside down had lasted more than 15 seconds. Nor had she had a presidential visit nor much media attention. Troubled and afraid, she sought distraction and a hopeful respite in the form of a game of hopscotch.

Is there a message here for the victims of Hurricane Hugo or the San Francisco earthquake or for all of us? How can a child in a developing land, suffering under perpetual persecution, help us as we struggle with the apparent randomness of a sovereign God?

Normally we don't have to ask this question. The disasters of the past 50 years have affected mostly the poor. Few of us ever heard the phrase "upscale homeless."

Well, the rich and the poor have a great deal in common. Ultimately tragedy transcends economic status. It touches us all and makes us more sensitive to those who live in a perpetual state of disaster.

Tragedy strips us of our insulation, both psychological and material. Tragedy forces us to humbly recognize our neighbors, no matter who or where they are. Some neighbors are looking for

help and others are looking *to* help. The lines get quickly blurred.

Tragedy, with its common denominator, heartache, brings a solidarity with pain, death, and dying. And for the Christian, the identification with the Christ of Good Friday comes alive anew.

And what does the Mozambican child have to say about the randomness of it all? Why does God allow some to die while others live?

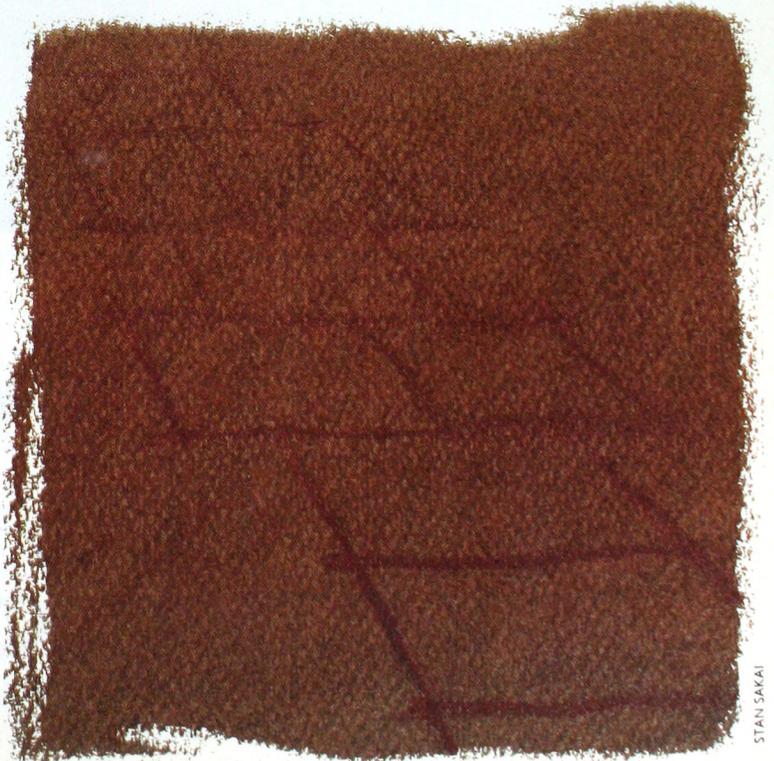
The child is silent on this, perhaps because she doesn't know. But, more importantly, the child doesn't choose to ask questions that God has never chosen to answer in the past. Is that good enough? Ultimately it has to be because it's all we've got.

But in the midst of the aftershocks and the search for victims and the funeral arrangements, should we have played the World Series?

I think so! I think we need healthy distractions. I think there are times for us to look forward, not backwards, perhaps in a way that will lessen our preoccupation with the terrible present.

Besides, that's what the Mozambican child would do. And she knows more about these things than we. □

**An optimist
would call
it a sign
of hope,
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commodity
in that
country.**



STAN SAKAI

BY BRIAN BIRD

At one time, Archeological Park—in the heart of downtown Cochabamba, Bolivia—was a proud city monument. It was a place where colorful jungle gyms, bike paths, and cement dinosaurs lured middle-class kids on their way home from school.

But today the park is a painful reminder to Cochabamba's residents that their city's social structure is decaying. The jungle gyms are dilapidated. Its recreation building has been converted into jail space. The dinosaurs reek of human waste. And the four dozen or so youngsters who now hang out at the park every day are not there to play.

"I come here because I know I can get drugs easily," says 13-year-old runaway Miguel Avila. "My parents kicked me out of the house, so I know I can come here and be with my friends and smoke the cocaine paste. Then maybe I don't feel so hungry all the time."

At a time when many South American countries are flooding U.S. cities

Miguel Avila, a 13-year-old runaway and drug user in Bolivia.



BRIAN BIRD / WORLD VISION



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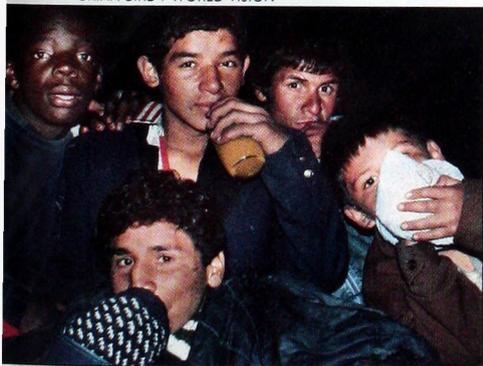
LATIN AMERICA'S LITTLE JUNKIES

Cheap drugs are an easy escape for kids on the fringe.



Poverty and a proliferation of cheap, low-grade cocaine are contributing to a rising drug problem among South American children.

BRIAN BIRD / WORLD VISION



Bogota, Colombia, has almost 5,000 homeless street children who stay warm at night sniffing glue.

with illicit drugs, the loss of one Latin American park to drugs hardly seems tragic. But it is the Miguel Avilas of the world who are concerning international health experts and drug enforcement officials.

They see a growing trend in Third World nations like Bolivia: Drug consumption is rising. In fact, health experts fear that narcotics use now may be engulfing dozens of poorer nations in Latin America and elsewhere, endangering the lives of hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of mostly young victims.

A recent report from the United

Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs predicted that drug abuse could become the top health threat to young people in developing nations in the 1990s; beyond child malnutrition, preventable diseases, and perhaps even AIDS.

While few reliable worldwide statistics exist, the U.N. report indicates that in some countries, a toleration of so-called "soft" drugs—such as marijuana—has led to increased abuse of "hard" drugs, such as cocaine and heroin. Some countries still assume that permitting unrestricted use of "soft" drugs would reduce the use of "hard" drugs. Indeed, says the report,

the reverse seems to have occurred.

The report also says drug abuse is spreading internationally: "Whenever illicit cultivation, production and trafficking occur, abuse among local populations nearly always ensues. This accounts for the spread of drug abuse geographically beyond the few countries which were once the main centers of such abuse. The fact is that very few countries now remain unaffected."

Some recent statistics are chilling:

- According to *Fortune* magazine, Colombia, home of the notorious cocaine cartels, now has about 500,000 cocaine smokers. That "probably translates into more addicts per capita than the U.S." In addition, the capital city of Bogota has an estimated 5,000 *gamines*, or homeless street children, who try to stay warm at night by sniffing glue and smoking marijuana.

- The *Latin America Evangelist* magazine estimated that in São Paulo, Brazil, there are 350,000 addicts, many of them children.



Cocaine has replaced coffee as Colombia's single largest export, earning almost \$5 billion dollars a year. Colombia also has more addicts per capita than the United States.

Colombia's children THE DRUG WAR'S FEARFUL VICTIMS

Perched on a school sofa, her white socks and black shoes swinging a few inches from the floor, Catalina, 11, remembers setting out with her mother on a recent Saturday to buy a birthday present.

"When we got to Bulevar Niza, the stores were closed and it was full of police," she said, referring to a fashionable shopping mall in Bogota, Colombia. "My mother told me someone had put a bomb there, so we had to go home. It was horrible."

Behind the bomb blasts and assassinations, the terror waged by Colombia's cocaine cartels is leaving a less visible trail of victims: children who are afraid to play in parks, to eat in restaurants, or to go shopping.

"Since Aug. 18, there is a lot of insecurity, a lot of mistrust," a child psychologist, Emilio Meluk Castro, said at his clinic in Bogota. "You can see it in the drawings, in the play."

Aug. 18 was the day gunmen stood up at a public campaign rally and killed Senator Luis Carlos Galan, a presidential candidate particularly popular among young Colombians. Since then, Colombian television has replayed the assassination over and over.

Message of the drawings

"There is a certain parallel with American children 25 years ago watching the assassination of President Kennedy," Meluk said. "This creates enormous insecurity."

To illustrate his point, Meluk pored over copies of drawings made by Catalina and a group of classmates at a private girls' school in Bogota.

"All this reflects insecurity," he said, pointing to a drawing that showed a child standing in the rain under thunder and lightning, locked out of an apartment building that was covered with "For Rent" signs. Another drawing showed a bomb exploding outside a

house, cracking it floor to ceiling.

At school, Catalina and her girlfriends spread the original drawings on the floor of the principal's office and explained their artistic intent to a visitor. They said they find their city an increasingly scary place.

"This shows the world we are living in," Adriana said, kneeling over a sketch depicting a man shooting bullets at a politician greeting a crowd.

Another drawing, showing a green school bus cutting off a small red car, recalled an incident that deeply marked several of the schoolchildren.

"We were in the bus when this man got out of a car with a gun," Jill, a 17-year-old junior, said. "We got on the floor, but the man started shooting in the air. We were all crying."

The man later identified himself as a member of one of Colombia's secret police forces. He said the bus driver had cut him off while he was in hot pursuit of a criminal. He evidently reasoned that the simplest way to move a school bus full of children was to fire a pistol in the air.

Colombia has a long history of violence. So it surprised Dr. Meluk and the teachers to learn that the recent violent events have sharply changed the daily lives of children.

"Mama says, 'Don't go out, don't go out,'" Ana Maria, 11, said, making a face. "I no longer can go out to the store

• In Bolivia, recent studies put the number of teenage drug users at 80,000, or 5 percent of the country's children. In Cochabamba—a city of 350,000 people and a growing hub for South American cocaine trafficking—anti-narcotics officers say that each week there are three new addicts, some no more than 6 or 7 years old. “The youth here have deteriorated,” one U.S. drug enforcement officer said. “The users are here, and they are young people.”

In the capital city of La Paz, 90 percent of all street kids say they sniff gasoline or acetone at least three times a day, according to Erick Roth, a psychiatrist who recently studied Bolivian street children. And La Paz' San Gabriel Foundation confirms that at least nine of every ten Bolivian street children take drugs.

• In Peru, drug use is rampant among children, the *Latin America Evangelist* said. In one Tingo Maria neighborhood—nicknamed “Little Chicago”—there are a growing number of child

The parents turn to alcohol. The kids turn to glue and drugs.”

addicts known as “green children” due to skin discoloration from cocaine abuse.

There seems to be a cause-effect relationship between nations that produce drugs for export, and then find their own people becoming addicted as well.

“What we've found in the last five or six years is that drug-producing nations now have large addict populations,” says Clyde D. Taylor, U.S. ambassador to Paraguay. “You can get coca paste delivered to your own home in Bogota, Colombia, as easily as you can get milk delivered in other parts of the world.”

And authorities in poorer coun-

tries are pessimistic about drug-abuse prevention and rehabilitation.

“Poverty, hopelessness, and spiritual destitution are powerful incentives to stay on drugs,” says David Medina, who works for Youth With a Mission in Bogota, Colombia. “And in countries where social services are rare, if not non-existent, there just aren't many places for a young person with a drug problem to turn.”

World Vision's Guillermo Hernandez, himself a former drug addict who now works with street children in Colombia, agrees. “We just don't have the resources we need to keep up with the problem. Sure, we can rescue one child, or even a handful of children, but this situation is just becoming so big.”

And social workers in economically depressed Bolivia—the second poorest nation in the western hemisphere—are hard pressed to keep up. “With the closure of all the tin mines in the country, we've had a flood of people come to cities like Cochabamba, look-

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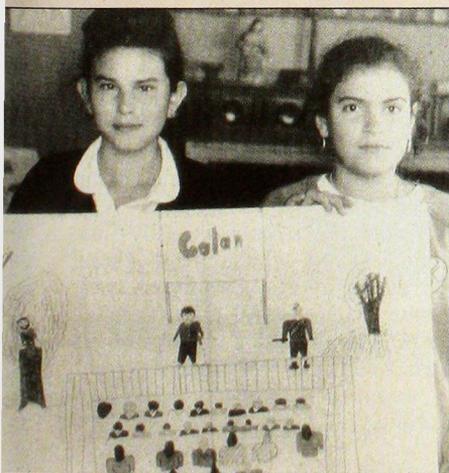
with my brother. We no longer go to play in the park.”

“Many young men call up shopping centers to say they have placed bombs,” she continued. “The storekeepers don't know if it is a joke or real so they send a lot of police.”

A reason for caution

Colombian parents have reason to be careful. Since the drug traffickers declared war on state and society last summer, they have set off hundreds of

The violence of Colombia's cocaine cartels is frightening that country's children. These children display a drawing reflecting their concern with Colombia's violence.



JAMES BROOKE / NYT PICTURES

bombs, mostly outside of stores and banks. Several children have been injured in the blasts.

Early in the terror war, the gangsters threatened to bomb schools. Reacting to this threat, many schools started evacuation drills-exercises that only increased some children's insecurity.

“We only had one because the children panicked,” one school principal said.

Despite their fear of the violence around them, Catalina and her girlfriends still dream of a better world, which they also reflected in their drawings.

“This shows the world we want to live in,” Catalina said. Drawn by a team of 11-and 12-year-olds, the watercolor was an articulate blueprint for the peace that so far has eluded Colombia's adults.

Left-wing guerrillas—marked M-19 and FARC—took part, disarmed, in an election rally. Nearby, rifles and pistols burned in garbage cans. On a campaign platform, two men stood next to two barrels.

“They are the drug traffickers giving up their gold and dollars,” Adriana explained.

In a corner, a man and a woman were shown walking, hand in hand, into a church under a red heart. “That shows love and family,” Catalina said with a giggle. □



BRIAN BIRD / WORLD VISION

Basuco, South America's version of crack, is a crude cocaine paste mixed with marijuana or tobacco.

ing for work,” says Elba Crespo, a child-care worker. “There are whole squatter settlements of people without any employment. The parents turn to alcohol. The kids turn to glue and drugs.”

Another dilemma that outreach workers face is that while there are few resources for treatment and rehabilitation programs, the drug cartels have deluged their own countries with cheap, low-grade cocaine.

Just as crack, and now “ice,” have come along in the United States as low-cost, smokable versions of the more expensive cocaine, the South Ameri-

can cocaine barons have created a similar product for the Latin American marketplace. They package crude cocaine paste—rife with toxic refining chemicals—with marijuana or tobacco in a highly addictive cigarette called *basuco*, a label that has now taken on the western moniker of “bazooka” in some poorer communities.

“The kids are now able to get drugs at factory prices, and they are often involved in the drug trade,” says Father Patrick Henry, an American Maryknoll priest who works with runaway and homeless children in Cochabamba. He adds that most of the more than 1,000 children his program has helped have been involved in the drug trade, drug abuse, or both. And their drug of choice is *basuco*.

Like crack, *basuco* causes an immediate rush of euphoria. But it is so short-lived that an uncontrollable craving sets in for more. Research shows that continued use may lead to hallu-

“**S**ure, we can rescue one child, but this problem is just so big.”

night and smoke the cocaine.”

Despite the recent crackdown on the drug cartels in Colombia and the Bush administration’s war on drugs, few hold any hope of crushing the international drug trade.

It is primarily a matter of money. According to *Fortune*, “The global drug trade may run up to \$500 billion a year, more than twice the value of all U.S. currency in circulation. The American market, the world’s biggest for these drugs, produces annual revenues of at least \$100 billion at retail—twice what U.S. consumers spend for oil.”

In Colombia, despite a strong legit-

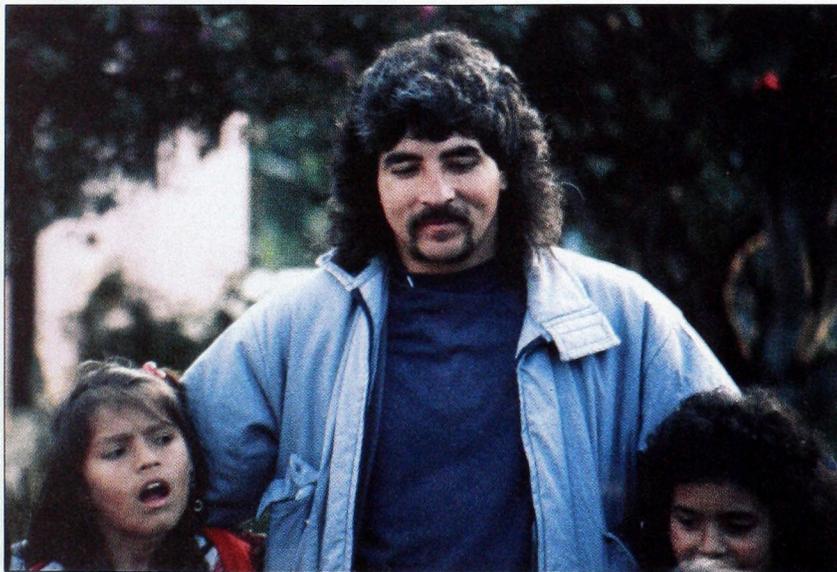
“It is composed of young men and teenagers virtually created by poverty. Misery is the only constant in their lives. They know nothing of a moral world, of ethics or values. Daily survival is their only creed.

“Poor people and drug traffickers form an alliance that no campaign can break. The business will go on unchanged because there is nothing to replace it.”

Despite such pessimism, several mission boards such as the Bolivian Baptist Union and Latin America Mission, and relief agencies like the Salvation Army and World Vision are addressing the problem in poor communities. World Vision, for instance, operates several drug rehabilitation units as part of its ongoing community development work. That work includes vocational and agricultural programs in Bolivia, Colombia, and other Latin countries.

“Even in the poorest barrios, we feel that helping families improve their chances to make money, send their kids to school, and understand Christian principles will keep those families together, and consequently keep their children from becoming hopeless and turning to drugs,” said World Vision’s Guillermo Hernandez.

Guillermo Hernandez works with street kids and poor families in Colombia, helping to stem the rising drug problem.



BRIAN BIRD / WORLD VISION

inations and psychotic behavior. And the kerosene and other impurities in the paste may have long-term toxic effects.

Eloy Davilla Romero, a 12-year-old boy who works in Cochabamba’s central cemetery, watering flowers and sweeping out the mausoleum for bereaved visitors, says *basuco* helps him forget about his troubles: “I make three *bolivianos* [about \$1.50] a day doing this work, but my parents want me to bring home more, and sometimes they beat me if I don’t. Some of the older boys showed me how to smoke *basuco*, so if I don’t have enough money to take home, sometimes I just stay out all

imate economy, cocaine has replaced coffee as the single largest export—an estimated \$4 billion a year at wholesale prices. Says Colombian Senator Rodrigo Lloreada: “The size of this business overwhelms our economy. Just imagine if the U.S. had a Mafia richer than the federal budget.”

And make no mistake, for hundreds of thousands of poor Latin Americans, most of whom receive nothing from their governments, the drug business fulfills basic needs.

“There is a level of society in [Latin America] lower than most people in the United States could imagine,” a Colombian journalist recently wrote.

But mostly, Latin churches have been unprepared to cope with the explosion of drug addiction in their communities. Even Pope John Paul II, in a 1988 visit to Bolivia, groped for a proper challenge that would encourage Bolivians to avoid the dangers of drugs. He warned them against an “egotistical and false escape of seeking irrational satisfaction of the appetites.

“The abuse of alcohol, drugs ... and the temptation of easy enrichment through narcotics trafficking are more of the concentrated seductions that threaten to destroy the person and the society,” he said.

But warnings like that sometimes fall on deaf ears among the very poor and the very young who escape the raw ache of hunger and the suffocating boredom of joblessness in a drug-induced haze.

“I don’t think *basuco* is really hurting me,” says Cochabamba’s Miguel Avila, sitting in the stench by a cement dinosaur with several other teenage addicts. Asked what he thinks of his future, Avila adds: “My future is right now, and it feels so good, it can’t be a bad thing.” □

Brian Bird is a screenwriter and journalist in Ontario, Calif.

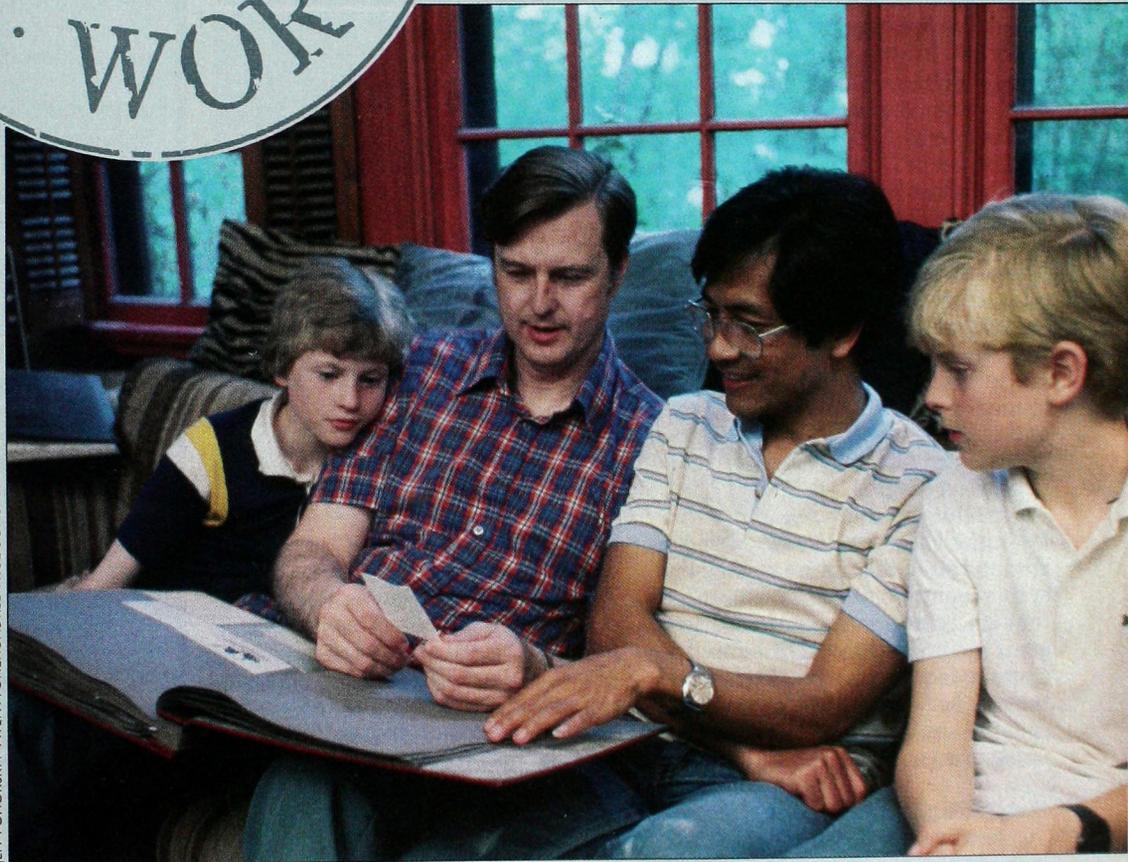
*With so many
international students
in America,
you can ...*



Jonathan's eyes gleamed with anticipation as he prepared to travel to America to study political science. His hard work in his home country had paid off. An academic fellowship would pay all his school and living expenses for four years. Then he could expect a prominent government position in his own country.

But during his four years in the United States, Jonathan wanted to mingle with Americans. He was eager to make friends, explore the country, learn to eat the food, understand the culture. He also hoped to meet a family who would take the place of his own on holidays and school vacations.

And Christianity—Jonathan had heard such conflicting opinions about it that he wanted to meet someone who

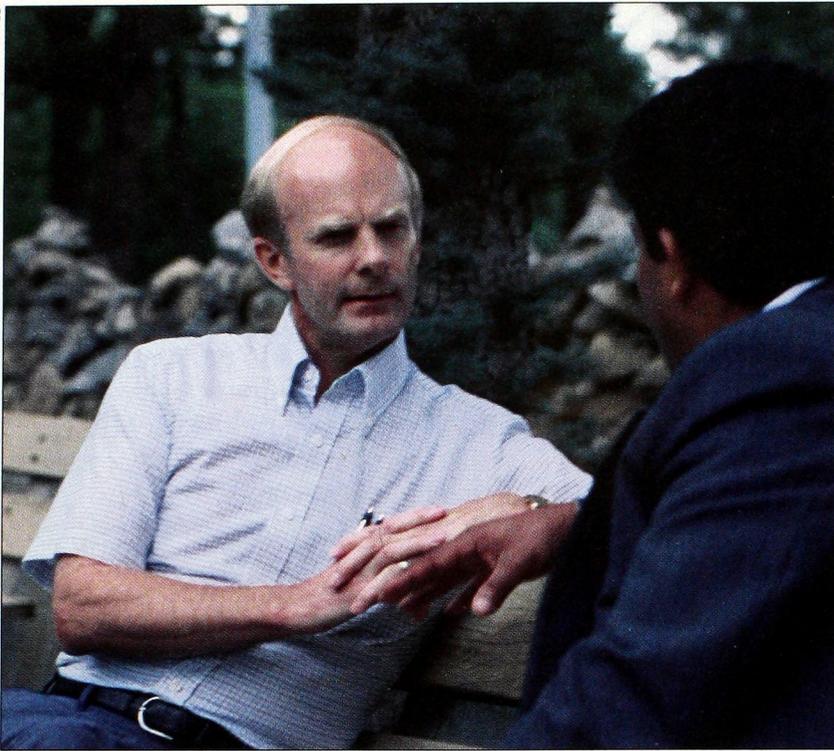


JEFF POHORSKI / TWENTYONEHUNDRED PRODUCTIONS

FROM YOUR LIVING ROOM

BY GORDON LOUX

WITH
DEAN RIDINGS
AND
JOY CORDELL



Dan Bice, left, never made it to South America after he discovered a mission field at home.

could give him a real insider's view. This was an ideal time to explore it, he realized, before he settled down with a job and family.

Jonathan's university was an excellent one and his professors were encouraging. But mostly his experience in America was disappointing. Like many other students who come to America, he was soon deeply disillusioned.

People seemed completely indifferent to his presence. Although fellow students greeted him politely and occasionally asked him about home, none invited him out or seriously tried to befriend him.

He immersed himself in his studies, but holidays were lonely and empty. His interest in the culture and religion of this country faded as he came to feel that its people were uncaring, arrogant, insincere. He forced himself to stay the four years, dreaming only of the day he would return to his home country and do his best to forget his unhappy sojourn in America.

Only one of far too many

Jonathan's experience is not uncommon among the more than 350,000 international students who study in American colleges and universities every year. Most students have a hard time distinguishing between Christianity, Americanism, and capitalism; in their rejection of one, some simply reject all.

It's ironic that while American

Christians allocate millions of dollars to foreign missions, they practically ignore the mission field right outside their door. Young international men and women come to our neighborhoods, they know our language, they are open to new ideas, and many desire to know more about Christianity. Yet when Mark D. Rentz, a professor at Arizona State University, set up a program to pair foreign students with American students for a weekly hour of conversation, the program almost died for lack of interest—American interest—even though it was inundated with requests from foreign students.

He never went south

Some, however, have found their way into this easily accessible ministry. In 1967, near the end of his studies, Dan Bice was all set to head for South America. Part of his cross-cultural training included working with internationals at the University of Colorado.

The first friend he made, Nelson, came from the Pacific island of Belau. The two spent hours together—shopping, talking, going to Bible studies.

When Nelson returned to Belau, he joined the legislature. Dan, however, never made it to South America.

"I suddenly realized the tremendous mission opportunities here in the United States," Dan says. "International students are in our back yard. They already speak our language. Most of them are going back to guaranteed

HOW TO LAUNCH A FOREIGN FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is the single most important step in reaching out to foreign students in the United States. For many, this country is strange and confusing. They need friends to help them through all sorts of cultural adjustments and such practical matters as renting an apartment or buying a car. It's fun to be that kind of friend. It can even be the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

How can you meet a foreign student? Staff members at International Students, Inc., suggest that you call the foreign-student advisor at a local college or university. Tell him you'd like to meet one or more foreign students. Or contact International Students, Inc., at P.O. Box C, Colorado Springs, CO 80901 (719) 576-2700.

Here are some practical ways you can befriend foreign students:

- Meet arriving students at the airport and make sure they have housing for the first night or two.
- Help them find permanent housing and get settled. Show them how to read classified ads. Provide them with city maps and bus schedules. Take them on orientation visits to local stores.
- Invite students home for meals or include them in other social activities.
- Sponsor or attend activities (picnics, retreats, sporting events, sight-seeing tours, zoo visits) designed particularly for international students.
- Encourage students interested in learning about Christianity to attend a church service or a church social event.
- Encourage church members to reach out to foreign students.
- Hold a one-day conference for students. Ask Christian teachers to give seminars on the Bible or Christian living. Ask members of your church to provide a meal, and a time for singing and games. □

Joy Cordell



positions of influence. They'll be leaders in government, business, and education."

Most foreign students come from family-centered societies. The individualistic society of the United States often alienates them. Michael, who came from a prominent family in Ethiopia, experienced severe culture shock. In two weeks he was fed up with hamburgers and fed up with Americans. He was ready to go home.

Michael's foreign-student advisor called Sam Oommen, who works with international students in Los Angeles. Sam took Michael to meet the Herrens, former medical missionaries in Africa. The Herrens made him feel like a member of their family. Michael joined their home Bible study.

After several months, he received Christ. Not long after that, the Ethiopian government went through an upheaval. His parents were jailed and one brother was killed. During those difficult days, Michael found strength

Students who take Christ back home establish a strong witness.

and support with his Christian family and friends here.

Dan Bice and his wife, Betty, felt that Christian internationals like Michael should learn to evangelize their fellow students. In 1979, while working at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, Dan helped coordinate a summer project in which he trained students from throughout the United States to reach out to internationals on campus.

Tamayo, a young woman from Japan, received Christ because of that summer program and soon became a leader within the international outreach. During introductory Bible classes, Tamayo's warm, ready smile helped new students feel at ease.

What began with Chen

Chen, a graduate student from China, became a close friend of Tamayo. One evening after a birthday party in her honor, he also received Christ.

About four months before Chen was to return to China, Dan Bice began meeting weekly with Chen, discussing the basic principles of Christian life, and ways to apply them.

One month before returning home, Chen—whose wife and two children were in China—asked Dan to teach him about Christian family life. So Dan arranged for Chen to stay awhile with four different families.

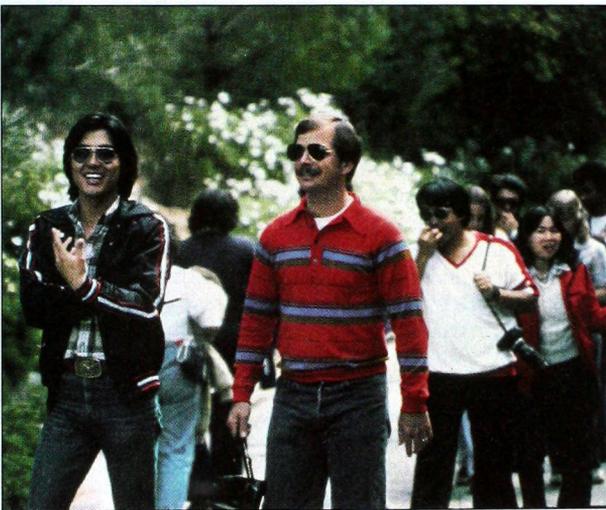
When Chen returned home, he told his family about the love and unity he had observed in these homes, and about Jesus Christ. Before long, each family member received Christ. Chen, a science professor at a university, boldly shared his Christian faith with friends and associates, in churches, and at a weekly Bible study.

As he visited churches, Chen noticed that many ministers were old men, nearing retirement. He became increasingly concerned that young men should be trained to take their places. Chen decided to send his oldest son, Xing, to attend seminary in the United States. So Chen wrote to Dan.

Dan helped Xing secure the neces-

International students who find friendship among Christians remain more open to the faith.

INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS INCORPORATED



sary funding to study in the United States. In 1988, a leading seminary accepted Xing, and gave him a scholarship. Dan met him at the airport.

Throughout that first year, Dan checked in with Xing and offered assistance with practical matters. During breaks and holidays, Xing stayed with the Bices.

As for Chen, he continues to witness for Christ in mainland China. He wrote Dan recently that he plans to encourage more young Chinese men to study in the United States.

"You [Dan] are an engineer, building a special bridge between our countries," he wrote.

Tamayo, meanwhile, returned to Japan. "When Tamayo came to America for an education, she planned not to return home," Dan says. "But after

she became a Christian, she became deeply concerned for her country. She began to see how important it was for her to be involved in ministry in Japan."

International students in the United States are particularly vulnerable to loneliness and the disruption of a new culture. They need friends who can help them adjust to American life, answer practical questions, and ease the loneliness of separation from friends and family.

Free to explore

Students from countries with restrictive religious laws come here curious and relatively free to explore other ideas. It is an outstanding opportunity that may not last.

In 1984, Iran sent 47,555 students—more than any other country—to study in the United States. But Iran soon closed itself to the West and most of its students returned home. Last year, almost 40,000 mainland Chinese students, researchers, and visiting professors studied at American universities, but this year the number of new students here from China has sharply decreased.

Christians in the United States are able right now to reach the future leaders of countries where evangelization is difficult. Students who take Christ back to their home nations often establish a strong witness that strengthens the church. Such indigenous evangelizers are often self-

supporting, and do not face the barriers of language and culture that hamper missionaries.

Of course, many international students do not receive Christ. But if they have found love and personal interest from Christians in the United States, they tend to remain more approachable and open to have missionaries in their home countries.

The potential of this kind of outreach is still largely untapped. Through the efforts of alert Christians like the Bices, the Steggals, the Herrens, and Tamayo, it's possible that bad experiences like Jonathan's will become the exception, not the rule. □

Gordon Loux is president of International Students, Inc., in Colorado Springs, Colo.

*Plans may
go awry.
Dreams may
shatter.
Visions may
fade. But
where you
serve Christ,
his kindgom
grows.*

She was smiling, but her voice was quavering and her eyes seemed about to overflow as she asked her question in four short words: "Did you ever fail?"

I'll call her Mary. For almost a week she had listened to me as I led a group of missionaries through training sessions on planning and strategy.

Her question disturbed me. What had I said? What had I not said? Had I been so facile, so quick with my answers that I sounded infallible?

In none of my previous presentations of the same workshop had anybody ever asked me such a question. How could it be that I, who almost pride myself on living in light of questions rather than settling for simple answers, could be so misunderstood?

"Did you ever fail?"

What did she mean by failure? Making mistakes? Sure, I've made mistakes. Often. Who doesn't? The Bible defines sin as missing the mark. I've missed that mark quite a few times.

Or did she mean failure as determined by some outside measurement? That's something we all feel in school. A special few get all A's. (I was never introduced into the mysteries of that fellowship!) But B, C, D? The message is, you didn't measure up. Is that the kind of failure she meant?

Shrunken expectations

We talked later. Mary and her husband had spent 12 years as missionaries. They had seen some results. They had a lot of questions. They had two small children. They had little other family support.

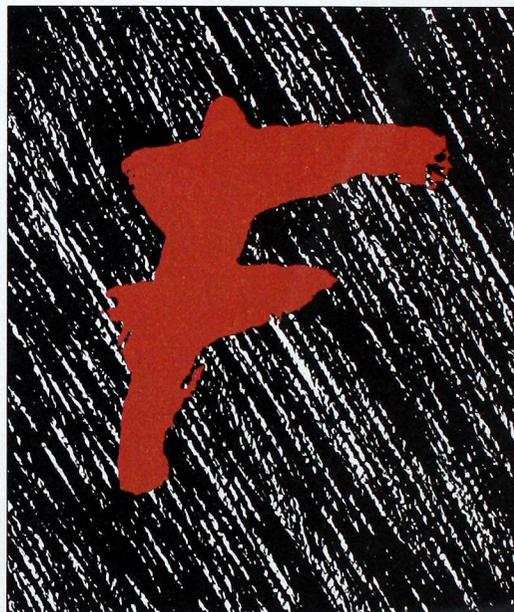
They would spend another six months in the United States and then return to the mission field. Mary was not sure what would happen. One of the children would be away in a mission school for the first time. She didn't know how she would handle that.

No, she wasn't sure what her husband's goals were. They were in this together, she said. She just went with him.

Now I understood the question. It was not about me and my experiences with failure. To Mary, I just happened to represent the expectation of success.

To Mary, life was failure. Her question really was something like this: "Are all of these struggles in my life part of something that has meaning, purpose—something that is not failure?"

'DID YOU EVER FAIL?' SHE ASKED



STAN SAKAI

For worse and for better

Yes, Mary, life often seems like so much failure. Plans go awry. Dreams are shattered. Visions grow dim. But you and I and all our failures are part of the greatest success story in the world.

It's a mystery. It's at least a paradox. It's the best of times and the worst of times. The world gets worse every day, but in the midst of it Christ's kingdom grows.

Failure? Yes, much of life is falling short, missing the mark. But Mary, you are the very evidence of Jesus' coming kingdom. You are the fragrant perfume of life. Because you are you, because you are Christ's, because you are there where you are needed—even when you feel like a failure.

Did I ever fail? Often. But Jesus Christ never did and never will. □

OUT OF THE MONSTER'S GRIP

Ibrahim Odour stands in front of his parish—the Korogocho slum in Nairobi, Kenya.

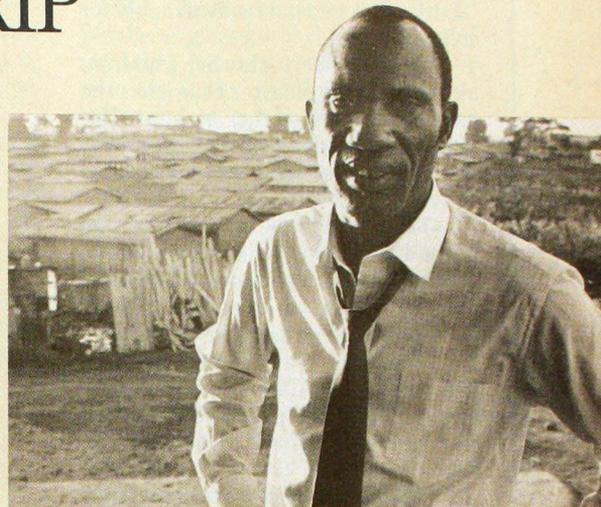
Ibrahim Odour began drinking before he turned 10. By his mid-teens he was brewing a back-alley bootleg distillate called *changaa*, and living with a succession of older women and prostitutes while he perfected his brewing skills. Whenever he could, he also smoked opium and chewed a mild narcotic called *miraa*. Once, he attempted legitimate work with Kenya's forestry department, but that didn't last long. During a weekend binge he drank away seven months' salary.

Falling into such a life was easy for a kid who grew up with an alcoholic father, and whose household chores revolved around the distillation of a coconut liquor. Falling out of it was a little more difficult. Especially when his home community—Nairobi's wretched Korogocho slum, comprised of some 100,000 destitute people—held such a powerful lure for impoverished individuals looking for a quick, easy way to make money. And, with a lifetime of experience in the trade, Ibrahim was able to find work easily.

Every night, for years, he toiled, filthy and drunk, in a secret distillery, turning out drums of *changaa*. He received 25 shillings (about \$1.20) per drum from the 10 women who owned the illegal business. Usually, he made about 250 shillings a night—a fortune in Korogocho.

"I never needed money to buy liquor because I could get it at the factory," he says, "yet I never saved a bit of the money I earned. I was in the grip of a monster. I hadn't seen my family in 15 years. I slept in the streets. I was doomed. And I wasn't even 30."

Then one night, after he'd left a drinking party and was making his way home, he heard a voice calling him. It was a powerful message, almost audible, like a prayer: "Ibrahim, unless you change, you are going to die." He now believes God was speaking to him, but at the time he



JOHN SCHENK / WORLD VISION

ignored the voice. He ignored it even when he heard it a second time. But what happened after he heard it a third time caught his attention. "After I heard it for the third time, I was struck to the ground and lay unconscious for several hours." When he regained consciousness the next morning, he found a church, where he asked questions about God, and finally prayed and received Christ.

Today, Ibrahim is an evangelist with the Redeemed Gospel Church, and a social worker and health trainer with the Korogocho Family Development Project. He frequently interprets at large rallies for English-speaking evangelists who visit Kenya. And he has just begun studies at a Bible college.

In Korogocho, the danger of falling into a cycle of alcohol and despair is ever present, especially for the women, the single mothers, Ibrahim says, because it is so tempting for them to just sink back into the easy money they can get from brewing alcohol.

"I know," he adds, thinking back to his own past, "because even now sometimes when I pass a place where *changaa* is made, I hear a voice telling me how easy it would be to have money if only I brewed."

Thankfully, he also knows what can happen when a positive response is made to another kind of voice in one's life. □

John Schenk, with Randy Miller

Give us grace, O God, to dare to do the deed which we well know cries to be done.

W.E.B. Du Bois

Matters for Prayer

- ◆ **Pray for** the children hooked on drugs. Ask that God will increase efforts to help these children, and to fight the poverty and greed that sustain the drug industry (pages 4-8).
- ◆ **Thank God** for public servants who see government as a way to reach out to people in need (pages 14-15).
- ◆ **Thank God** for the opportunity to reach out to international students in the United States. Consider how you might offer hospitality and friendship to someone who is far from home (pages 10-11).

BY BETH SPRING

REACHING KIDS FROM CAPITOL HILL

*For
Elizabeth
Dole,
govern-
ment isn't
politics
but a way
to touch
people.*

Take a look at some of my kids," says Elizabeth Dole. She pulls two compact photo albums off her impeccably organized desk.

"They live in Boston," she says. "This one is getting ready to apply for college."

They're not really her children, although in the pictures Dole looks the part of a proud mother or aunt. Her "kids" are black, inner-city students, the type social workers might label "at-risk."

These students, and others like them throughout the nation, have become Dole's top priority since she took her place in President George Bush's cabinet as secretary of labor.

When she was offered the post, Dole hesitated. After 20 years in government, she had turned her attention toward private efforts to meet human need.

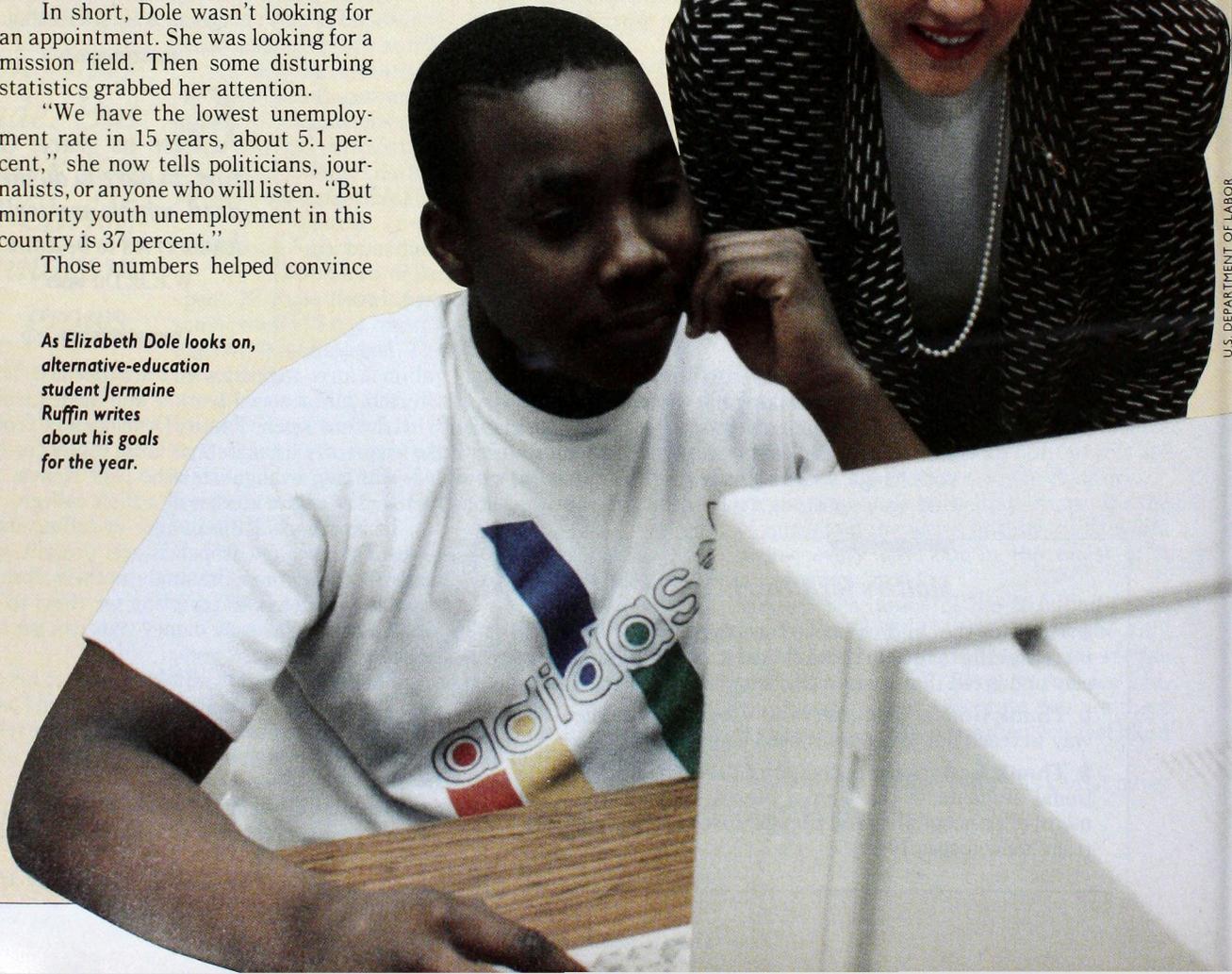
"I was exploring ways to increase charitable giving in this country," she says. "We do give a lot, but for our size and wealth we don't measure up to other nations. We've been so blessed, and there's much more we can do."

In short, Dole wasn't looking for an appointment. She was looking for a mission field. Then some disturbing statistics grabbed her attention.

"We have the lowest unemployment rate in 15 years, about 5.1 percent," she now tells politicians, journalists, or anyone who will listen. "But minority youth unemployment in this country is 37 percent."

Those numbers helped convince

As Elizabeth Dole looks on, alternative-education student Jermaine Ruffin writes about his goals for the year.



Dole to take the cabinet post. She had found a mission.

"If you want to use a government position to make a positive difference for people," she explains, "you can consider that your mission field. You set priorities according to how you can make a difference.

"What could be a higher priority than these young people? We can help them turn their lives around. Here's our chance to move up those who have been at the back of the line."

Shortly after she was sworn in, Dole met with some of the young people she hoped to help. Many are high-school dropouts, and most have abandoned any hope of getting a decent foothold in the job market.

More than a pep talk

Dole brought them news she hoped would encourage them. The work force is growing at about 1 percent a year, she pointed out, and that trend will probably continue through the 1990s.

"There will be jobs without people, and employers will compete for workers," she says. "This is a window of opportunity for many who've been on the outside looking in."

Her message to the youths she met was this: "You're wanted, you're needed, you're respected—if you have the skills."

It was more than a pep talk and a pat on the back. As she spent time with the young people, Dole quickly grasped their need for much more than traditional job training and a first placement.

The dropouts, the throwaway kids, the victims of neglect and drug abuse need much more. They need basic skills such as reading and arithmetic, and they need to learn the unwritten rules of the work place.

Dole is pressing hard on Capitol Hill for funds to meet those needs. Last

spring she brought along a few of "her kids" to speak to a congressional subcommittee.

"I was not the nicest kid you'd want to meet," said Timothy Douglas, looking a panel of lawmakers right in the eye. "I was evil, mean, and I didn't want to be bothered."

He proved too much for the New York City public school he attended, so he ended up in High School Redirection, an alternative school.

Timothy had no use for his new school, either, but one teacher there wouldn't leave him alone. "She would always say nice things. She said she saw something in me that told her I could make it," he recalled.

Timothy began learning, really grasping the material for the first time. The teachers are not just teachers at High School Redirection, he told the subcommittee. "They take you out to dinner and to meet their families."

Timothy plans to go to college.

She begins every day with a prayer from a tattered Sunday bulletin.

Timothy and others like him have a seasoned, respected advocate in Dole. She and her husband, Senator Bob Dole, are often regarded as second only to the president and first lady in combined political influence. And Elizabeth Dole has always been a woman with a mission.

She's worked for every administration since Lyndon B. Johnson. Under Johnson, in the late 1960s, she used her job in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to promote equal education opportunities for people with disabilities.

In the Nixon administration Dole plowed new ground in consumer protection. Then, in a seven-year term on the Federal Trade Commission, she addressed such issues as nursing-home neglect, TV advertising aimed at children, shady encyclopedia deals, and shoddy housing construction.

In 1983 Dole had her first cabinet post, in President Reagan's administration. The Department of Transpor-

tation is not readily likened to a mission post, but Dole notes that even in that line of work it is possible to focus on fairness and protection for individuals.

When Dole speaks of her government positions as mission fields, it's not in the sense of ideology or partisan politics. She is zealous for individuals. What energizes her is the possibility of removing barriers that stand in the way of people who have had fewer opportunities, fewer advantages, and more tough breaks than she has known.

Her sense of mission is rooted in a personal faith in Christ. She begins every day with a prayer from a tattered Sunday bulletin of Foundry Methodist Church, where she and Bob are members.

"Oh God," she prays, "fill my soul with so entire a love of thee that I may love and do nothing but for thy sake. Give me the grace to study thy Word daily, that the more I come to know thee, the more I may love thee. May it be the one business of my life to glorify thee, by every word of my tongue and every work of my hand."

"That's the goal," Dole says, pointing to the bulletin.

Purtillia's story

Dole is quick to brag about one of her "kids." Holding a framed photograph, she tells the story of Purtillia Bryant.

Purtillia came from a broken home in North Carolina. Without a permanent family, she had little motivation or self-esteem, and did poorly in high school.

Then she linked up with an Opportunities Industrialization Center in Washington, D.C. A job counselor there helped her work on life skills and job skills. Today Purtillia types 70 words a minute as a clerk-typist for the Navy, and she works at a car rental office in the evenings.

Dole invited Purtillia to share her story at the White House. "She handled it beautifully," Dole says. "She said her dream was to go to college, but she didn't know if that would be possible. The next day, the president of the University of the District of Columbia called and offered her a four-year scholarship."

Seeing even one life change because of something the government has done right is what keeps Elizabeth Dole where she is. "Purtillia," she says, "is an inspiration." □

Beth Spring is a writer living in Washington, D.C.

SAMARITAN SAMPLER

RESOURCES FOR
HELPING OTHERS
IN THE NAME
OF CHRIST

Compiled and written
by Ginger Hope

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

Just about every Christian medical professional qualifies for mission service, according to Helen Roseveare, who spent 20 years in Zaire. Roseveare counted the ways in a recent issue of *Pulse* newsletter:

1. Long-term. Doctors and nurses are still in demand to staff mission hospitals, train national medics, and work in "closed" countries.

2. Short-term. Roseveare knows of five surgeons who share a group practice. Each one takes a turn for three months in the mission field

THE
DOCTOR
IS
OUT!



while the other four stay home, cover the practice, and pay for the trip.

3. At home. "Every doctor in the United States could practically support a whole hospital overseas," Roseveare says. Even something as small as supplying up-to-date medical journals can be a great help, she reports. *Pulse*, 27 October 1989



THEY ARE THE WORLD

Children *Around the World*, a series of books for children ages 8 to 12, brings to life the colorful worlds of eight children.

There is Li Hua, for instance, a Chinese girl who overcomes the belief that only boys bring good fortune to a family. There is Chebet, who embarks on an adventurous search for her lost baby goat in western Kenya.

There is Dawa Bema, a Tibetan shepherd boy who is a reluctant monastery recruit.

In each setting, the good news of Jesus Christ takes on a different look. An Australian surfer gets to know the "great rescuer," thanks to her new Aborigine friend. A Brazilian street child finds a new life of love and security. Chayna, a Bangladeshi girl whose name means "not wanted," learns what it means to be highly prized.

The series is published by Eerdmans; each volume retails for \$7.95.

AN ADVANCED RETREAT

In a big oak woods in southeastern Wisconsin there's a Christian retreat center that calls itself "totally barrier-free."

"We specialize in giving disabled people experiences that they normally miss out on," says David Layhew, director of Inspiration Center. "It's a place for renewal, for meeting Christ, for being loved just as they are."

That includes a full summer camping program for people with physical and mental handicaps. This summer there will also be retreats for disabled couples and singles.



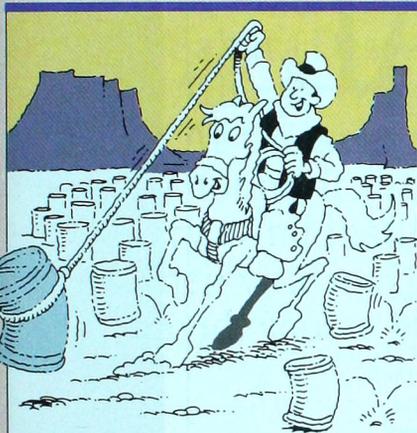
The great outdoors:
Inspiration Center

Inspiration Center is part of the Christian League for the Handicapped. For information, write P.O. Box 948, Walworth, WI 53184; or call (414) 275-5753.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STAN SAKAI

“ I want to serve truly worthy poor people. The problem is they are hard to find. ... Maybe to be truly poor means to be prideless, impatient, manipulative, desperate. ... But truly worthy? Are any of us *truly* worthy?

Bob Lupton in *Theirs Is the Kingdom* (see review, page 22)



HERE'S THE BEEF

And then there's the ministry of canning. Last fall the Mennonite Central Committee consecrated three men to butcher and process donated beef for distribution to hungry people. Between October 1989 and March 1990 the mobil meat canner will make 30 stops in 11 states.

Last year's six-month canning drive yielded over 280,000 cans of beef, which fed the hungry in the United States, Egypt, Mexico, Nicaragua, Haiti, Jamaica, Korea, Lebanon, Sudan, and the West Bank. Broth was also canned and left with local food banks and other institutions.

10 LITTLE, 9 LITTLE, 8 LITTLE

FOUNDATIONS...

Small, private foundations are on the endangered species list.

Why? Private foundation regulations. Many donors have been obstructed by the "ifs," "ands" and "buts."

Today, private foundation regulations can actually hinder or prevent donors from setting up their own foundations. And experts say the laws make even the continued existence of small, private foundations nonfeasible.

But in spite of the regulations, some of us are determined to do "venture philanthropy." John D. Rockefeller III used this term to describe the imaginative pursuit of less conventional ways of giving.

World Vision offers one such way—the **Donor Advised Fund**. Your fund can enable you to determine, to the fullest extent possible, the use of your charitable dollars.

So if you already have a foundation, or if you are thinking about setting one up, please give me a call and we will discuss a simple but effective alternative—the World Vision Donor Advised Fund.

For more information call Daniel Rice at (800) 426-5753 or, in California, (800) 451-8024.



I want to find out more about **World Vision's Donor Advised Fund.**
(800) 426-5753
(800) 451-8024 (in Calif.)

Planned Giving Office/**World Vision**
919 W. Huntington Drive
Monrovia, CA 91016

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

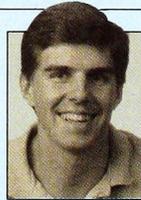
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FMG 001

BY DAVID SCHEIMAN

*Musings from
Mauritania*

SAHARA JOURNAL



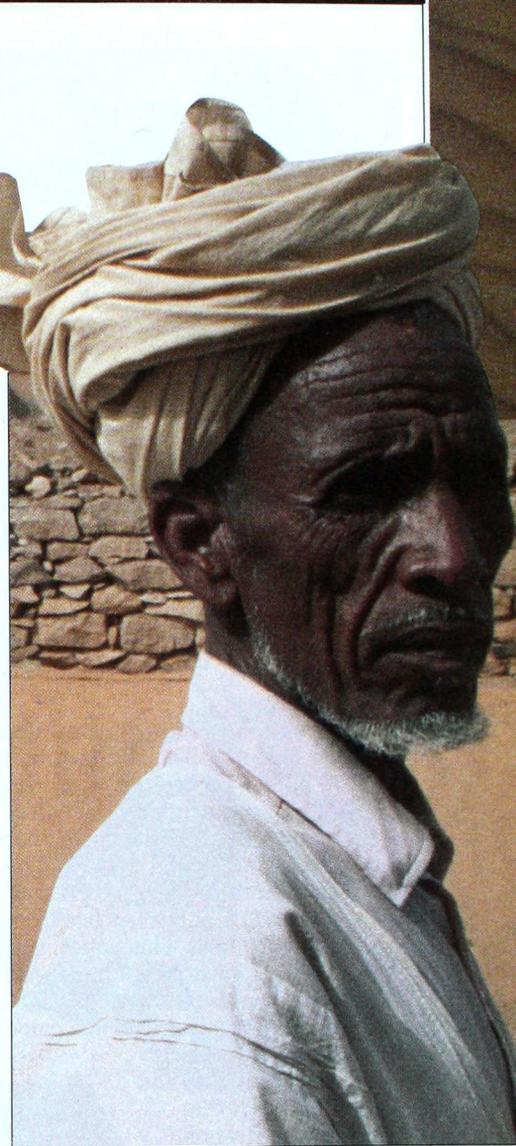
*In October
Scheimann
ville, Ala.,*

*1988, David
left Hunts-
for the sear-
ing winds, encroaching desert, and pov-
erty of Mauritania, in West Africa. For
one year, he would live in one of the
world's most inhospitable climates,
working as a community developer and
nutritionist among some of the world's
poorest people.*

*In his journal, David documented
not just the disease, death, and hardship
he encountered, but also the people's
pride and dignity, humor and wisdom.
These pages are filled with just a few of
David's musings in Mauritania.*



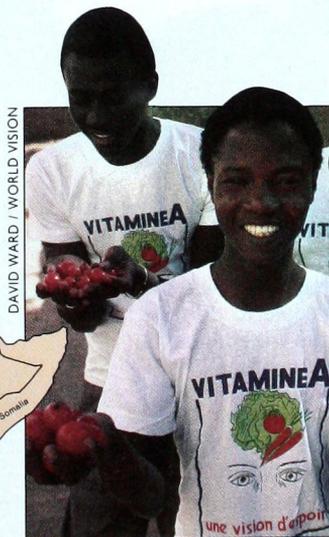
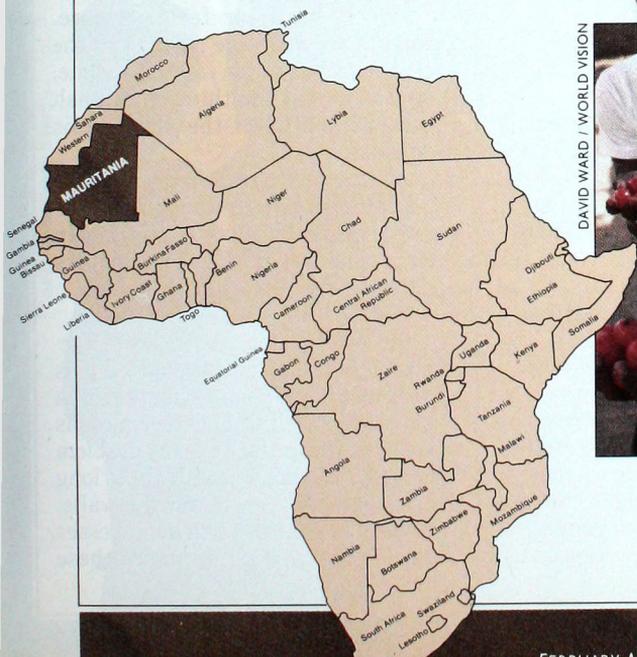
This man's face reflects a lifetime of Mauritania's searing winds and desert heat.



MERRILL WEALE / WORLD VISION

Flying over the Sahara Desert is incredible. The desert is a bunch of nothing. Sand stretches as far as the eye can see without even a hint of vegetation or life. It's hard to believe a city could exist in this sea of sand. Yet three sides of Nouakchott, the capital of Mauritania, are surrounded by the Sahara Desert. The other side faces the Atlantic Ocean.

At the airport, as I walked off the jet I found it difficult to breathe. Hot dusty wind instantly robbed my lungs of their vital moisture. My first thought: "David, you've blown it!"



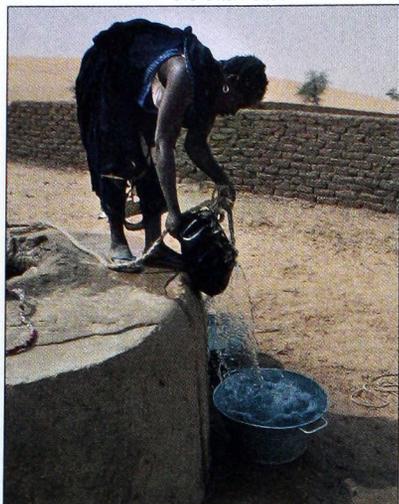
DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION

Eating more vitamin-A rich vegetables will help stop night blindness in children.

During my first few days in Kiffa, my new home, I attended a seminar at the local hospital promoting the growth and consumption of vegetables. By eating more vegetables, the villagers will obtain the vitamins they are missing in their diets. It will also help stop night blindness in children due to lack of vitamin A.

During the first day of the seminar, I kept noticing villagers carrying sick people into the hospital. Some of the victims were moving, some were not. The next day, I discovered that cholera had broken out in the city. Worse, as people were dying it seemed there was little help coming to the city. I think action was slow in coming because the people were poor. But death is no stranger in Kiffa.

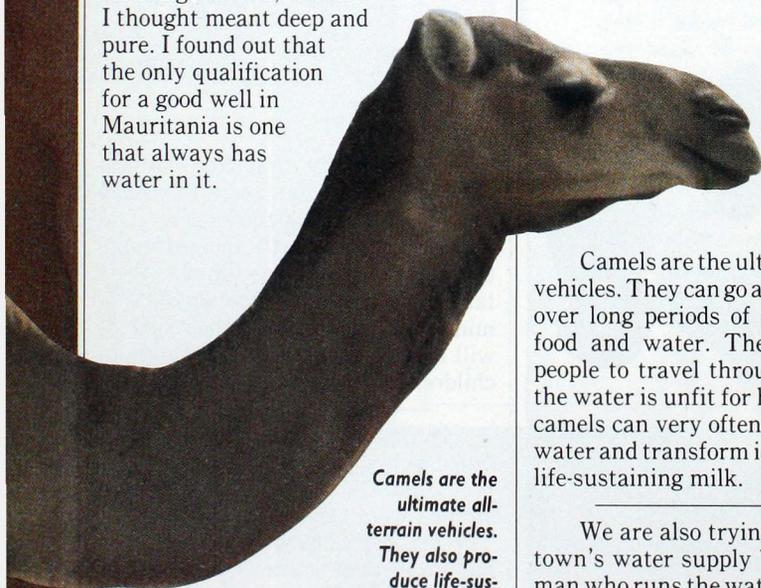
STEVE REYNOLDS / WORLD VISION



In Kiffa there is not one reliable clean-water source. The only qualification for a good well is that it always has water.

Cholera is caused by drinking water or eating food that has been contaminated by human waste. I always cringe when I see people drinking from dirty pools of water. But in Kiffa, there is not one reliable clean-water source. The city trucks get their water from a shallow well, which is only a few feet from a contaminated lake. This water goes to the hospital, government buildings, and private houses in town.

I had been told the city water came from a good well, which I thought meant deep and pure. I found out that the only qualification for a good well in Mauritania is one that always has water in it.



Camels are the ultimate all-terrain vehicles. They also produce life-sustaining milk in a country with little good water.

NATHAN SHOWALTER / WORLD VISION

To help battle the cholera epidemic, we equipped a vehicle with a loud-speaker, and our Mauritanian staff members drove throughout the town warning people how to stop cholera. If we had not intervened, many more people would have died.

The gap between the rich and poor in this country is staggering. One thing that always irks me is to see donated food, with the label "not to be sold" clearly displayed on the containers, being sold in the market. Many times the poor, for whom the food is intended, can't afford it. Thus the rich get richer and the poor get poorer.

Last year the president of Mauritania came to Kiffa to praise the citizens for planting an area of trees. The locals were so excited to see the president that they started breaking the branches off the small trees and waving them to show support. They destroyed the very thing the president had come to commemorate!

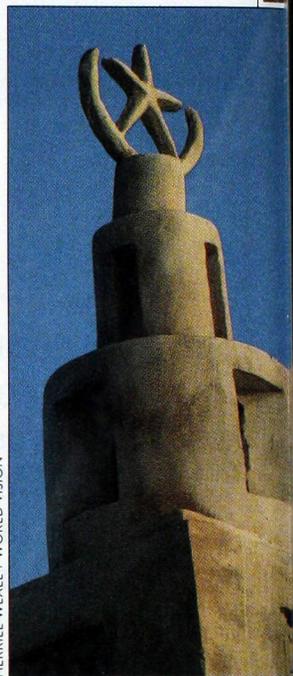
In several of the villages we visited, locusts had completely devoured the gardens. One of the saddest cases involved two women who were wearing robes riddled with holes. They had tried to cover their gardens with their robes to protect the plants. The locusts just ate through the garments and destroyed the vegetables.

Camels are the ultimate all-terrain vehicles. They can go almost anywhere, over long periods of time, with little food and water. The camels enable people to travel through areas where the water is unfit for humans. But the camels can very often drink this same water and transform it into nutritious, life-sustaining milk.

We are also trying to improve the town's water supply by requiring the man who runs the water pump to add a small amount of chlorine to each tank-load of water. If we can make sure the people have access to clean water, the health situation will improve dramatically.

Mauritanian teachers are often sent to remote villages that do not even have a school building, much less books or desks. The teacher's first job is to build a classroom for the children. Can you imagine American teachers being asked to build their schools?

The star and crescent symbolize Islam, Mauritania's dominant religion.



MERRILL WEALE / WORLD VISION

At sunset, there is nothing like relaxing on mats while drinking strong tea and discussing earth-shaking events with my Mauritanian friends. One topic centers on the outrageous price of wives these days. They can hardly believe it when I tell them wives don't cost anything in America.

Life is hard for farmers here. Droughts are more the norm than the exception. When the rains do come, they wash away the thin soil in flash floods. Very little of the moisture is retained.

After it rains, grasshoppers hatch in seemingly infinite numbers, forming swarms that destroy everything in their path. And if the grasshoppers don't eat the plants, the locusts do.

It's also a struggle to keep livestock out of the fields. I thought it was a great idea when some farmers built a five-foot brick wall around their gardens to keep out the goats. The only problem was that the camels, with their long necks, could still reach over the walls. It seems like you can't win here. Lesser people would give up. I admire these people's tenacity.

Africa is not underdeveloped because Africans are lazy, as some people believe. Try working all day when the temperature is well over 100 degrees and you have had nothing to eat and only foul water to drink. Then we'll see how productive you are.

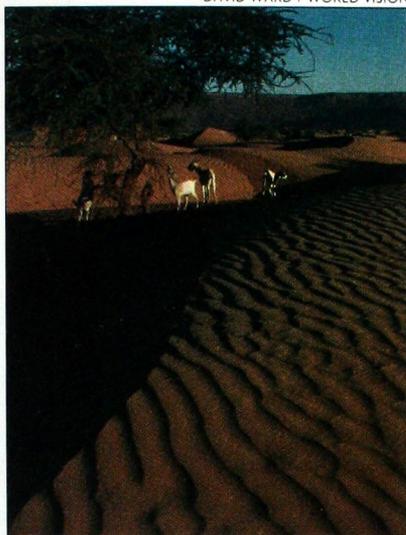
In one village, I saw a boy with a guinea worm protruding from his ankle. The people had tried to burn it out with a hot iron and then covered it with ashes, causing a terrible infection. The boy had caught the worm by drinking contaminated water. All I could do was drain and clean the wound and give him antibiotics.

During my visit to the north, I saw many villages engulfed by this sea of sand. The giant dunes destroy everything. The more they destroy, the bigger and stronger they seem to grow. There is almost no way to stop them.

It usually starts when the sand dunes completely cover the soil, making it futile to plant anymore. Then,

One favorite topic of discussion among my Mauritanian friends is the outrageous price of wives these days.

DAVID WARD / WORLD VISION



The desert is rapidly engulfing whole huts and villages. Some sand dunes are so high, goats are able to reach and eat the tops of the few remaining trees.

This mobile clinic reaches people in remote desert villages in order to vaccinate children and mothers.

since the men can't plant, they leave, searching for work in other villages. The women and children are left behind.

Eventually the dunes start engulfing and destroying the huts. The goats climb higher and higher, eating off the tree tops, destroying the very things that were holding back the sand. The remaining trees are chopped down for firewood. At this point the sand has won. There is no hope for the village.

I asked one man, "What do you plan on doing after the sand destroys your house?"

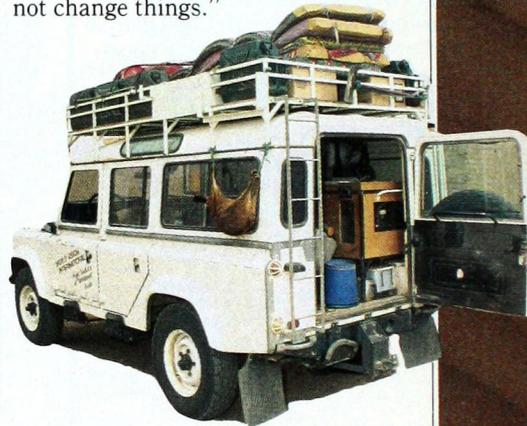
"I will move into a tent and keep raising it up higher on top of the sand," he said.

"How are you going to feed your family?"

He had no answer.

"Are you afraid of what will happen in the future?"

"Of course I am afraid, but I cannot change things."



JOHN SHADID / WORLD VISION

"Can you move south to some better land?"

"No, all the good land has been taken long ago."

There is no happy ending. His village and way of life are doomed.

A lot of people ask me how I could go to the middle of nowhere without the so-called necessities of life. I always answer, "How can you fight traffic each morning on the way to a job you don't like? How do you sit behind a desk 40 hours a week while your waistline grows larger? Not to mention the constant stress."

I really believe in what I'm doing. I look forward to getting up each morning, and I never have to worry about traffic jams—just an occasional herd of camels.

No, it's not always easy here, but there isn't anything else I'd rather be doing. So don't feel  sorry for poor Dave in Africa.



How One Little Boy Learned a New Way to Share



Last Christmas, four-year-old Griffin Ledner found a very special gift under the tree.

It was a picture of his new "brother" named Prince Chikati, from Zimbabwe. Griffin's parents sponsored Prince so Griffin could learn some valuable lessons about sharing.

Prince's needs tug at Griffin's tender heart. He shows playmates Prince's photo and says, "This is the little boy in Africa that doesn't have any toys."

Thanks to the Ledner family's \$24 monthly support, Prince has nutritious food to eat, attends school, and his family's medical needs are met. Even his village is more self sufficient thanks to World Vision.

Right now there are many other needy children who are waiting for a family to "adopt" them.

Through sponsorship, you can teach your child to share the gifts of life and hope.

Please send the coupon below to receive a story and photo of a boy or girl who can become a precious "brother" or "sister" to one of your children.

I want to sponsor a needy child for my child or grandchild

- Please send me a story and photo of a
 - boy girl from Africa Asia
 - Latin America where needed most
- I'll send my first gift after receiving the photo.
- I prefer to send my first monthly \$24 gift now.
- I can't sponsor a child now, but will give \$

1700

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Please make your check payable to World Vision.

Mail to:  A20WSD



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BOOKS

THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM: CELEBRATING THE GOSPEL IN URBAN AMERICA

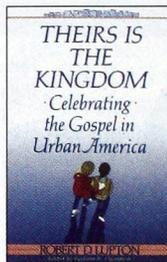
By Robert D. Lupton, edited by Barbara R. Thompson. Harper & Row, 121 pages, \$6.95. Reviewed by Ginger Hope.

When Bob Lupton and his family moved into inner-city Atlanta in 1971, they saw themselves as missionaries carrying the light of the gospel into the darkness of the ghetto. That changed in a hurry.

"How surprised we were when we discovered that the One who had called us already preceded us," Lupton writes.

They found great faith, sacrificial caring, and courage in Atlanta—and plenty of surprises. This book is a collection of short stories about the Luptons' 18 years on the city streets. The stories are brief glimpses into the rich, sometimes irritating, energizing, upside-down life God gave them in the city.

This is a book for everyone: head people, heart people, and people at every stage of life. It's a book that can change the way you think about the city and about the poor.



Sine, David Bosch, Samuel Baah, and Edward Dayton.

It's not a book for a general audience. The language is technical and presupposes familiarity with economic theories of development. The panel of international experts discusses issues ranging from theologies of liberation to theories of social transformation. Useful bibliographic notes accompany each chapter.

The scholars represent a variety of cultures and regions, but the book has only one contribution from a woman, Miriam Adeney—not a minor flaw in a work attempting to present a broad spectrum of thought.

Still, the collection effectively integrates insights from Christian faith and from the social sciences.

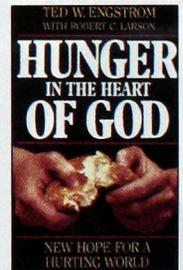
HUNGER IN THE HEART OF GOD: NEW HOPE FOR A HURTING WORLD

By Ted W. Engstrom and Robert C. Larson. Servant Books, 1989, 160 pages, \$7.95. Reviewed by Pamela J. Williams.

In the authors' own words, the simple theme in this book is: "God's hunger for adoration from his people in the form of service to one another."

Engstrom and Larson have written for a broad audience, while still taking seriously the complexity of hunger and poverty issues. While they consider socioeconomic and psychological factors, the authors maintain a biblical perspective on the problem.

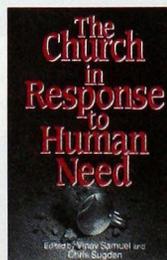
Engstrom and Larson have seen world hunger up close and have worked to overcome it. This gives their work a personal touch amid potentially overwhelming statistics. *Hunger in the Heart of God* is a useful resource for Christians who want to fight hunger and show God's love to the world.



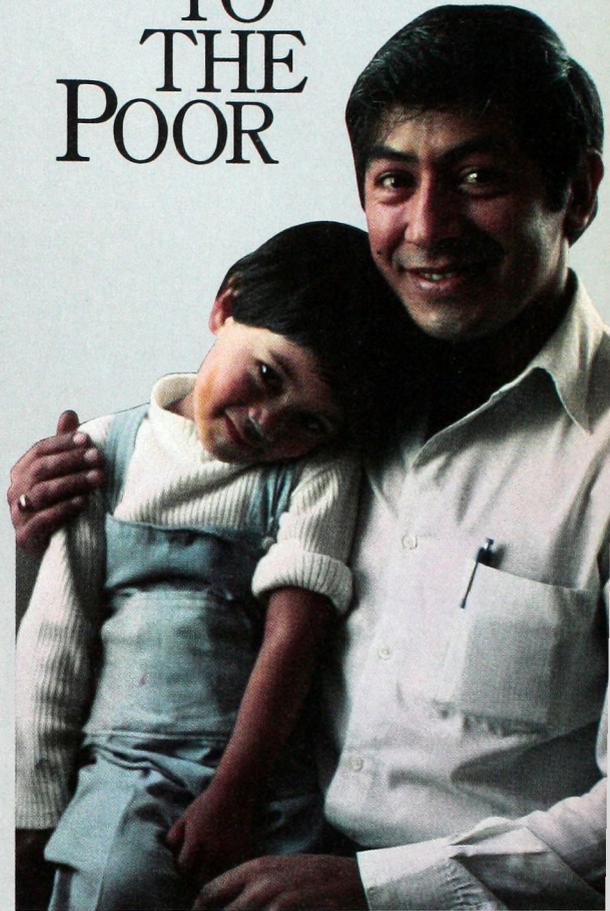
THE CHURCH IN RESPONSE TO HUMAN NEED

Edited by Vinay Samuel and Chris Sugden. Eerdmans, 1989, 268 pages, \$17.95. Reviewed by Pamela J. Williams.

This symposium covers a broad range of anthropological and sociopolitical aspects of human need, and reviews ways in which the church has responded to human need. Contributors include Tom



DOCTOR TO THE POOR



BRUCE STRONG

He traded a life of comfort for one "filled with spiritual blessings."

When Dr. Arturo Lonngi Nolasco packs up his little black bag at the end of a day of tending aches and ailments in an impoverished community on the outskirts of Mexico City, he does not return to a well-appointed home across town in one of the city's finer neighborhoods. It's not because he can't afford it. It's because his home is not located in one of the city's well-to-do neighborhoods. In fact, his modest house is only a 10-minute walk from the small, community dispensary where he works, just up the hill, among some of the very people he treats at discount fees. And he wouldn't have it any other way. At least not these days.

A few years ago, things were different. Before coming to work at the small, five-room Dispensario Medical/Dental in Ajusco—a settlement southeast of Mexico City perched on the rocky slope of a mountain of the same name—Nolasco was a well-paid physician working at the 20 de Noviembre Hospital, a government-run facility in Mexico City. He enjoyed his work there. He had a comfortable life.

Even his spiritual life was comfortable. "I was a Christian in a very casual way," he says. Then four years ago something started him down a path to a less comfortable, more invigorating life than he had ever known.

"Some people from my community invited me to attend a prayer meeting," he recalls. "I experienced the presence of God in a new way. He spoke to me strongly. I felt him calling me to examine my life and discover what direction he had in store for me."

As he began to give increasing amounts of time to mission outreach in his neighborhood, he started to realize that God was calling him to work in the neighborhood dispensary. Within a month, he established his practice there.

"Before this change in my life, I always sought ways to get more money," he says. "But no more. Today my life is filled with spiritual blessings."

He speaks warmly of the people in his community, and despairs over the seemingly endless cycle of poverty, disease, and malnutrition that he sees up close, especially among children.

The most frequent malady he treats is intestinal parasites, a consequence of drinking impure water. He tries to impress upon his patients the importance of boiling their water before they drink it—water that, for virtually everyone in the community, gets delivered twice weekly by tanker trucks whose fat hoses fill colorful 55-gallon barrels

that line roadsides all over the neighborhood.

Most of the residents already know about boiling their water, he realizes. But too often, they don't do it. The tanks of butane gas they use to fuel their stoves are costly. More often than not, they opt for taking a chance on their health in order to save a little gas.

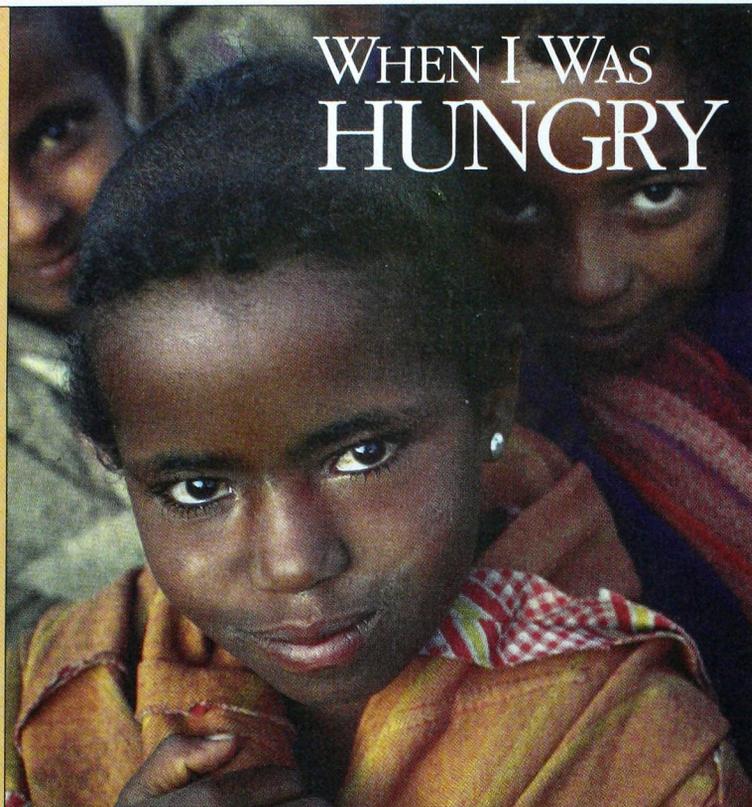
Nolasco shakes his head "People know the water is impure, but what can you do?"

He still gets offers to go and work in prestigious hospitals in the city. Is he ever tempted? After all, he could be making a lot more money and living in a better neighborhood. Why does he keep returning to his nondescript, cinder-block dispensary in this impoverished community in the hills overlooking Mexico City?

A broad grin breaks across his face. "Because I love God," he says. "I'm not wealthy, but I get by OK. I'm happy here because I know that the service I give to my patients is also a service to the Lord." He pauses, then adds, thoughtfully, "I am most grateful for this life God has given me." □

Randy Miller

Published by
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Pasadena, CA 91109



WHEN I WAS HUNGRY

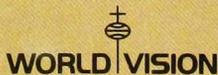
For most of the world's poor, hunger is subtle. It works slowly. Poor diet and occasional days without food cripple the body's immune system. Diarrhea and other diseases, often carried by dirty drinking water, take hold and often lead to death.

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

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

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

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

Box 0

Pasadena, CA 91109



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