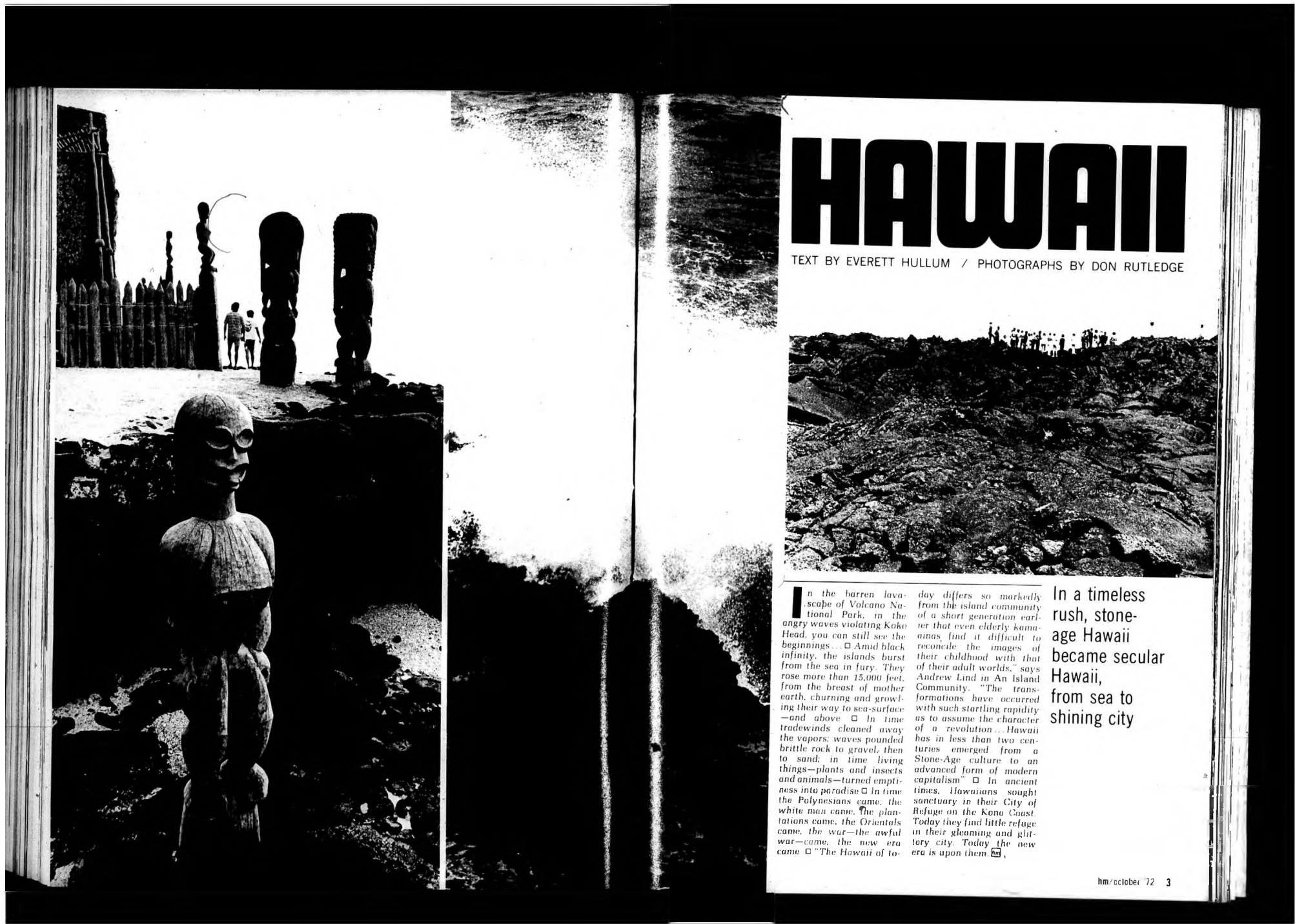


OCTOBER 1975

Home missions

**HAWAII:
MUDSLIDES
& MILKTRUCKS
& MISSIONARIES**



HAWAII

TEXT BY EVERETT HULLUM / PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON RUTLEDGE



In the barren landscape of Volcano National Park, in the angry waves violating Koko Head, you can still see the beginnings. □ Amid black infinity, the islands burst from the sea in fury. They rose more than 15,000 feet, from the breast of mother earth, churning and growling their way to sea-surface—and above □ In time tradewinds cleaned away the vapors; waves pounded brittle rock to gravel, then to sand; in time living things—plants and insects and animals—turned emptiness into paradise □ In time the Polynesians came, the white men came, the plantations came, the Orientals came, the war—the awful war—came, the new era came □ “The Hawaii of to-

day differs so markedly from the island community of a short generation earlier that even elderly Hawaiians find it difficult to reconcile the images of their childhood with that of their adult worlds,” says Andrew Lind in *An Island Community*. “The transformations have occurred with such startling rapidity as to assume the character of a revolution...Hawaii has in less than two centuries emerged from a Stone-Age culture to an advanced form of modern capitalism” □ In ancient times, Hawaiians sought sanctuary in their City of Refuge on the Kona Coast. Today they find little refuge in their gleaming and glittery city. Today the new era is upon them □

In a timeless rush, stone-age Hawaii became secular Hawaii, from sea to shining city

Behind the
bellhop society
and beachfront
hotels, is a
world tourists
seldom see—
or feel...

Honolulu curls Waikiki Beach like a glittering Picasso mountain, bright and angular and clean and new. Today Honolulu means Hawaii—eight of 10 Hawaiians live within 45 minutes of downtown. And few cityscapes have Honolulu's youth: it is the product of an unprecedented building boom that ushered in tourism as always, brought problems: housing is outrageously expensive and many huddle in corrugated tin shacks; overpopulation—seen in monotonous subdivisions and rush-hour traffic—threatens the gentle timeless mood—the spirit of Aloha—of the islands; pollution darkens water and air;

costs of living have created poverty—and heavy dependence on the tourists has created an artificial world. "We're a bellhop society, smiling for tips," says one Hawaiian. Yet the tourists—object of affection and disgust—sees little of this. They jets in from the mainland or Orient, spending a few days under the tropical sun, burning himself into a perpetone trophy under the post-card blue sky, on the travel-poster beach—being mumus or aloha shirts, snapping photos of bit nix, sampling only a little of the golden beauty and unique spirit of the islands. Those experiences are not packaged with the all-expense-paid vacations... but they are still there, if you look.



A promise more
glittering than
military or
sugarcane dollars
puts new glow
on Hawaii's
suntanned face

Pineapples and Pearl Harbor. The two have been linked in most minds—including those of Hawaiians themselves. For good reason. Pineapple—and sugarcane—made Hawaii, and are still its third greatest source of income. But military spending—at least \$600 million a year—is what keeps today's islands afloat. It is one-third again as big as tourism, far bigger than pineapple and sugar together. One of every seven or eight people on the islands is military related. Yet the islands somehow survive military might and the fluctuations in pineapple and sugar markets, absorbing them as they somehow absorb the 35,000 immigrants who

come each year, and the two million tourists who broach the shores. The sweet smell of pineapple fills the air, and the bitter-sweet nostalgia of Pearl Harbor jogs the memory of bravery and sacrifice—and both seem important to Hawaii, part of its personality. Hawaii has been called melting pot and crossroad. The clichés are only half-truths. But there is a blending process occurring, an amalgamation of races and socio-economic groups that puts a healthy shine—an Hawaiian ten, if you will—on the face of the future. Baptists are part of that blending—and part of that future. What follows is a glimpse of their movement toward tomorrow.



Pastor Cliff Hoff, poolside at the hotel in which his church holds tourist services, surrounded by Honolulu.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON RUTLEDGE

SEASONS IN THE SUN BY EVERETT HULLUM

Genesis on Hawaiian Time

The Polynesians sing their own carefree songs of how the land came to be. One is of the mischievous demigod Maui, youngest of his family, a pesky tag-along to his brothers, a weary nuisance to mother and sisters. Once his angry mother tossed him into the sea, but a friendly jellyfish saved him. Ridiculed because he was a poor fisherman, Maui determined to prove himself. With insults ringing in his ears, Maui fashioned a giant fishhook from an ancestor's jawbone and stole one of his mother's sacred birds for bait. With his brothers paddling, he ventured far into unknown waters. Finally he cast his line. The canoe lurched. Maui had caught the biggest fish ever caught. Proudly he hauled from the sea his prize:

The eight emerald islands of Hawaii.

One of them, appropriately, is named for Maui.

Twenty-nine-year-old Veryl Henderson is Southern Baptist's man on Maui. He's been there three years, working in the quaint resort community of Lahaina, a waterfront town preserving for the tourists the flavor of three decades ago.

Trained in resort ministries, Henderson has a dozen or so programs going, from a "Film-a-Month" night to coaching six-to-twelve year olds on the local wrestling team, from a beach ministry to chapel services in a hotel.

When Veryl and Cheryl Henderson came, membership of little Lahaina mission—meeting in a new, airy building with trellis walls—jumped to 21. Two families moved, tumbling it to 14. Now it's built back to 18.

Energetic, determined, inventive, Henderson nudges ahead.

"I think the main difference here and on the Mainland is cultural backgrounds. Only about 30 percent of the people go to church—this includes Buddhists. At least half the people are Oriental. It is a cultivate evangelism, more winning their trust before you can make a presentation to them."

In his cool family room, with daughter Jana playing marbles on the floor beside him, Henderson reflects on his Maui ministry.

"They don't let you into their home; unless they invite you, you don't get in. Visiting is done more or less at their invitation, unless you have a casual acquaintance on the street.

"Casual witnessing is the strongest Christian witness we have here—just happen-chance meeting. So you have to put yourself in a place where you meet them often."

"If he didn't have involvement in the community," Cheryl Henderson adds, her voice floating in from the kitchen, "there would be no way to get to know these people."

She is an alert, smooth-skinned woman. "We were expecting it to take five to seven years to establish a relationship, so we jumped right in. We've been here only three years and we feel accepted."

"We don't feel any longer like *mohalinis*—newcomers," Henderson says. "We're *kamaainas*—we've adopted island ways."

Later, rocking through Lahaina streets in the rusty old bus Henderson uses in his ministry, the motor kerwams

suddenly, rattling like its guts have nosedived. Henderson pulls over on the narrow, curbless street. Cars inch around us as he works on the hot engine, head buried inside the vehicle's mouth.

"You got the time?" I ask nervously. The charter plane leaves shortly, and with it, the only link with Honolulu until nine the next morning.

Henderson mumbles something. Kids in the grassless yard of a weathered gray, two-story house have stopped playing for a minute, watching, maybe wondering if the bus will eat Henderson whole before he can get his head out from between its gnashing teeth.

"You got the time?"

Henderson's bare arm comes out from under the hood. "Don't wear a watch," he says. "I work on Hawaiian time."

On the Big Island, the island called Hawaii, in Volcanoes National Park, you can stand today on the edge of a vast, black caldron—half dozen Astrodomes in size—and feel the oven air assault your face, and watch the blood-red lava spurt from the arteries of the earth far below, in the eternal pulsebeat known as fountaining.

The volcanoes are still alive on the Big Island, spewing molten land into the air, where it peaks in spray and falls back, to be swallowed by liquid-coal lips; and is belched again, up from convulsing bowels, and falls back again, an awesome cycle of birth and death.

In the drama played out in the volcanic amphitheater below, you can sense the genesis act, when water birthed land amid hissing, steaming labor pains. And you can sense, too, in the power of the fountaining, the dying that waits in the wings.

Scientists read the tremors: they take the island's temperature, as it sits astride the junction of two enormous fractures of the earthcrust—as it sits and sinks, slowly, but at a faster-than-normal rate, back into the womb of the sea.

In 1868, two Hawaiian volcanoes erupted together. Shock waves rocked islands and men standing on land became seasick; gigantic tides swept away villages. Two hundred miles from epicenter, clocks stopped. A steam engine died as suddenly as if it had run into a wall. The seismic energy of Mauna Loa's and Kilauea's blasts whipped 375,000 miles of ocean before spending itself.

A warning? Look below you.

The rippled land at your feet, on the crater's up, is younger than the child in her mother's arms beside you. It was not here—when? Yesterday? And will it be here tomorrow?

The end is at hand.
Repentance, anyone?

Military and missionary. The two have run through Southern Baptist missions like sun and rain. Where can they fertilized the earth. Churches sprouted.

And when either was denied, churches rustled in the wind. Seasons in the sun, seasons in the rain.

In the late 1920s, an independent-minded Presbyterian layman started Southern Baptist work in Hawaii. For a son now lost, he had decided Southern Baptists ought to be there. Another Baptist family in the 1930s began to be there. Now Olivet Baptist Church. But only those two out of the guns of war.

The outbreak of fighting in the Orient forced dozens of Southern Baptist missionaries to be reassigned. Along with the military, they stopped over at the crossroads of the Pacific. Stopped and stayed.

O: War & Peace & Prejudice

In each man's life come moments—only a few—that are etched for all eternity on the brain. One of Malcolm Stuart's moments came early in the morning of a warm December day. Young Stuart was shaving in the bathroom of his second floor apartment in Wahiwa, a small village near heavily soldiered Schofield Barracks in central Oahu. It was Sunday, a brilliant day, and Stuart was thinking of the Sunday School he conducted in a nearby pineapple camp. Edyth Stuart sang softly in another room. Suddenly, crackling noises, rapid-fire, like hundreds of firecrackers, shattered the silence. Surprised, puzzled, Stuart stopped, lather covering half his face. The mirror shook. A muffled boom. Another. The roar of planes, low-flying planes.

With growing uneasiness, Stuart raced out the backdoor. On the porch, the unearthly whine of a plane paralyzed him. Looking up, he watched it rip overhead at treetop level. It was only a moment, but in the flash before it disappeared, Stuart recognized on its wing the red-yellow symbol of the Rising Sun.

Malcolm Stuart was a Southern Baptist missionary heading for China. The Honolulu stopover was temporary, for only a few months. But in that moment, Hawaii became home.

The day was the seventh. The year was 1941.

Military and missionary. Once again together. But this time a third force worked the soil. Call it coincidence, but in Hawaii, oriental-occidental language missionaries ended up in a tussled-salad oriental-occidental culture.

By the beginning of World War II, one-third of the island's people were Japanese. And the Japanese were absolutely forbidden to worship in Buddhist or Shinto service. Japanese language schools were closed. Japanese were chased underground.

Fueled with rising resentment against sons of the Rising Sun, denied traditional outlets, many bewildered Japanese in Hawaii—citizens in search of a country—found solace in offerings from understanding Southern Baptist missionaries.

It was the dawn of truly indigenous Baptist work.

Richard Uejo, a diminutive, amiable man of infinite grace, was born 47 years ago on a plantation on Kauai, first of Japanese immigrants.

When World War II exploded during his high school days, and his diploma for "helping build tunnels and barbed wire barricades." He tried to join the army, was too young; he became an infantryman, but ended up working in a canteen. He saw no combat, but other "Americans of Japanese ancestry" fought as a unit and became the most decorated—and heavily wounded—of any American group.

Uejo, like others of his race, was declaring himself. But subtle prejudices remained. One shut Uejo, a Buddhist—as had been generations of Uejos—out of his faith. With friends he went to a little Baptist church on the island.

Today Richard Uejo pastors 200-member Kaumana Drive Baptist Church, Hilo, Hawaii. His parents remained, until their deaths, Buddhists.

The flight from Lahaina to Honolulu is spectacular. The low-hanging afternoon sun, poking in and out of clouds, turns the water below into rippled gold pockets. The eight-seater plane crosses narrow Peleloa Channel and curls the north coast of Molokai, an elongated spine-backed island with sheer cliffs, pocked with greenery, slicing hundreds of feet into the ocean. Waterfalls, like giant exclamation points, occasionally tumble over cliffsides.

From isolated Lilo Point, where the leper colony is, the plane purrs over another channel and ducks into a thunder-shower. For seconds rain patters the plane and then it pops free, into the sunlight, shudders against the powerful winds off Oahu's Koko Head, and points toward Diamond Head.

Behind Diamond Head is Honolulu.

Doses of Sandalwood & Seawater

Today Honolulu is all glass and steel and asphalt and white concrete sculptured into cityscape. But this is a recent development, the overflow of dollars that poured into a tourist construction boom following statehood. Honolulu was first a harbor, the finest natural harbor in the Pacific; discovered by a white man in the 1790s, the harbor transformed a nondescript native village into a capital city in just over half a century. On doses of bilgewater, sandalwood, manila cordage, oakum, molasses, rum and sperm oil, the port-city grew. In good years, the whaling fleet crowded the harbor and a man could walk a mile from deck to deck and never get his feet wet.

"The harbor made the town, and the town the islands," wrote Gavin Daws and Ed Sheehan in the beautiful book, *The Hawaiians*. "Hawaii has always turned its money around at Honolulu, with sandalwood for China in the early days, whale oil and bone brought in later for transshipment to the East Coast of the United States, sugar for a century after that, pineapples in quantity for the last 50 years or so, and now the newest, most lucrative harvests of all, soldiers and tourists. One way or another, it has been enough to go ahead."

The book continues. "The real difficulty with blubbery trade, and sandalwood before it, was that they could not be depended on. . . one year in five was apt to be disaster."

People dropped in and out of the bustling seaport of Honolulu with the ease of a jump overboard, or the quickness of a shanghai's belaying pin.

But enough stayed, enough stayed.

By the mid 1800's, the town was aswarm with merchants and lawyers and restaurateurs and doctors and apothecaries and seamen and innkeepers and cooks and dish-

Continued



workers and seamstresses and missionaries and all manner of folk, including more than a few natives wondering what it all meant. And why. The sounds were definitely not Hawaiian.

Lono & Double-Hulled Destinies

Edmond Walker pronounces "Hawaii" with all the precision of a direct descendant of King Kamehameha I. He isn't. An Arkansan who spent "two lifetimes in California, because of the rapidity with which Baptist work there was growing," Walker adopted Hawaii in 1963 when he came to be executive secretary of the state convention. Walker is a perfectionist and a pragmatist, recognizing what can be done and attempting to do that well. The

rest? Well, this is Hawaii. Be patient. "We work with a uniquely Eastern mind in a Western setting," Walker says. "It's a little difficult for the Mainland Caucasian—the haule—to relate immediately to the person we refer to as a local. You have to have a great deal more sensitivity to the individual and listen to what they are saying."

"So many times, we talk instead of listening. Someone else starts talking and it's our cue to talk. With the Hawaiian people—by that I mean the Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, natives—the Caucasian, because of his natural aggressiveness and dominance, has to be very, very sensitive to these people and their needs, or he will never understand. Walker emphasizes the words slowly, meticulously. "We never are able to win these people to Christ."

The first brown-skinned peoples had discovered and settled the islands some 10 centuries before the white man—made earlier—canoeing 2,000 miles of ocean in giant, double-hulled dugouts laden with tons of supplies and dozens of men and women.

Who they were and why they came is mystery. Their discovery of Hawaii—tiny pebbles of 6,500 square miles amid 300,000 square miles of ocean—was luck. But luck predicated on skilled seamanship. By the age of Captain Cook, they were 300,000 strong, spread across the islands in numerous fiefdoms, with chiefs and serfs and gods and deities. A well-ordered, if simple, society.

For James Cook, in a classic example of wearing out the welcome, changed all that.

In 1778, Cook, England's finest navigator/geographer, became the first white to find Hawaii. Twice he ducked his overstuffed ships at propitious moments: just in time for the holidays. Twice—in succeeding years at Nihoa and Hawaii, two of the islands—Hawaiians welcomed Lono, their god of fertility, came from the sea to the festivities.

Then Cook was fated and twice returned to ship well-stocked with foodstuffs and friendship.

Stuart, state missions director, in Mililani Town, a new city in which Baptists are building a church

But festivals pass. Warfare was afoot on Cook's third landing, his second at the Big Island's Kealahou Bay. Lono never returned; perhaps Cook wasn't Lono. Sensing hostility, Cook took hostage a chief. The ploy had worked with other Polynesians. But this time it failed. At the water's edge, Hawaiians killed James Cook.

But Cook and his men avenged themselves. Cook had inextricably linked Hawaii to "civilization," destroying the island's uncontaminated isolation. Cook's men left other reminders of European society: diseases from smallpox to syphilis. A century later, no more than 50,000 Hawaiians lived.

Today the native Hawaiian is among the most maimed and defeated, and angry, of the islands' peoples, crowded into areas of poor housing, high crime rates and low incomes. They are developing an image of themselves, says welfare worker Lorin Gill, "that I am going to be a dropout, I am going to be a delinquent... I am going to be the one that doesn't have any education...."

"We haven't ministered to the Hawaiian, to the descendants of the original Polynesian people, as we should," admits a Baptist pastor. "It's a disgrace, but it's not all our fault. There is great resentment between the Hawaiian and other races."

"The Hawaiians are the islands' poorest people. They don't have anything and they notice the difference between themselves and others."

A stone block marks the spot in Kealahou Bay where Cook fell. It is visible only at low tide; time and volcano have altered shoreline. Maybe it is a fitting monument, at that.

In the Backyard of Buddha

Congregational missionaries introduced Christianity—and censorship—to the islands in 1820. Methodists came next, then Catholics, Anglicans, and Mormons. From the Orient came Buddhism, a traditional way of life as much as a living religion. It quickly became the islands' predominant philosophy. 200,000 Hawaiians today cling to Buddha. Roman Catholics—especially with the influx of Catholic-oriented Filipinos—are the second largest religious

group. Mormons are third. Among mainline Protestants, the Episcopal church, growing out of the Church of England background, has the most members today. Congregationalists are second.

Thirty-two Southern Baptist churches and 15 church-type missions are in Hawaii. Baptist chapel services occur in 12 to 15 hotels. Bible study, preaching, Sunday School is held in 30 or so places. Of the eight islands of the chain, only privately owned Nihoa has no Southern Baptist work.

Ten thousand people are affiliated with the Hawaii Baptist Convention—making it the third largest—and perhaps most indigenous—mainline Protestant denomination.

Counting all heads, Baptists represent less than one percent of Hawaii's peoples.

Continued

The Plantations of Plenty

The Foreign Mission Board established Hawaii Mission in 1940. Three years later, Hawaii Baptist Convention was formed. FMB missionaries flooded Hawaii and FMB dollars lacked bricks to mortar in imposing buildings. They created an aura of stability and durability. In 1959, with the cheers of statehood echoing through the islands, the Foreign Board turned the mission over to the Hawaii Baptist Convention. It was the first time in Baptist history such a transaction had occurred. In 20 years in Hawaii, the FMB had built a strong foundation. Its foremost legacy was a first-generation of converts moving into pastorates and positions of leadership across the state. It bode well for the young convention.

From birth to death, it is the quality of life that concerns Baptist pastors in Hawaii.

"I don't really have any ambition to have the four walls bulging with people," says one. "I desire greatly the quality in our relationships with people in whatever ministries we try to perform."

"Successful ministry in Hawaii is based on the development of individuals. How many individuals is not as important as that something genuine and authentic passes between you."

Adds Edmond Walker: Numbers don't have the same significance here they do on the Mainland. Actually we are concerned with relationships, yours or mine to Christ and to each other. Hawaiians can pick out sham or phoniness in a hurry. The fast-talk artist turns them off. You have to be for real.

The harbor brought the first waves of sailors and merchants; sugar brought the second.

After the Civil War, the whaling industry drowned in a pool of petroleum and smart money and adaptable men sided up to sugarcane.

The 1876 Reciprocity Treaty with the U.S., in which sugar was allowed free entry into the States in exchange for exclusive military rights to Pearl Harbor, issued in the plantation era. Under the lilting palms, Calvinism and capitalism married.

Plantations demand cheap, almost limitless labor. The sunup to sundown drudgery of backbreaking fieldwork had no appeal for the Hawaiians—why sweat all day when two hours provided all one's needs...and sun was warm, fishing good, surf waiting...?

No native-born laborers were forthcoming, so plantation owners imported them. Over the next half century they brought 400,000 immigrants from the Orient to Hawaii—primarily Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Filipinos. New England Christianity was staunchly anti-slave: the pay was \$36 a year for five years, then freedom.

"It was from this immigrant labor stock," writes Andrew Lind in *Perspectives on the Hawaiian Community*, "that Hawaii's present day population was derived. Sixty percent of the 1960 residents were either plantation immigrants or direct descendants of them."

Of the almost 800,000 people in Hawaii, two thirds are "other races," according to 1970 census figures—an 80 percent of those are Japanese. Those in the "other" category are also highest in median income and per capita income.

The scions of shabby Chinatown have come a long way in short generations. Have patience, be industrious, my son.

Ancestors & Alma Maters

In the Hawaiian quest, private school education is first stop. Started by early missionaries, private schools quickly became the factories that produced success. "Sending your child to private school is a status symbol for the whole family," says Edmond Walker. "Public schools don't match private ones' reputations or traditions. We see the products of private schools every day—they're the leaders of government, the professions, the arts. Ninety percent of the private school graduates attend college, compared to 20 to 30 percent for public schools. Orientals, particularly, will make almost any sacrifice to send their children—or at least one child—to private school."

Critics argue that Hawaiians are building a discriminatory caste system in which de facto segregation is determined by alma mater rather than ancestry.

Stan Sagert, the short, soft-spoken ex-Air Force pilot who runs Hawaii Baptist Academy, admits truth in the charges. "Parents openly say," Sagert confesses, "this is partially behind their motives for sending kids to private schools."

But as long as the schools are open to everyone, Sagert believes, the class system will be fluid, constantly in flux, never hardening around one race or economic group.

"People work very hard to send their children to private school," the University of Southern California educated Sagert says. "Even if they can't send all their children, if they could only afford to send one, they send him."

Hawaii Baptist Academy, founded by foreign missionaries as a "mission school," has more than 600 students in kindergarten through twelfth grade. In 1973 the school will move to a new million-dollar plant.

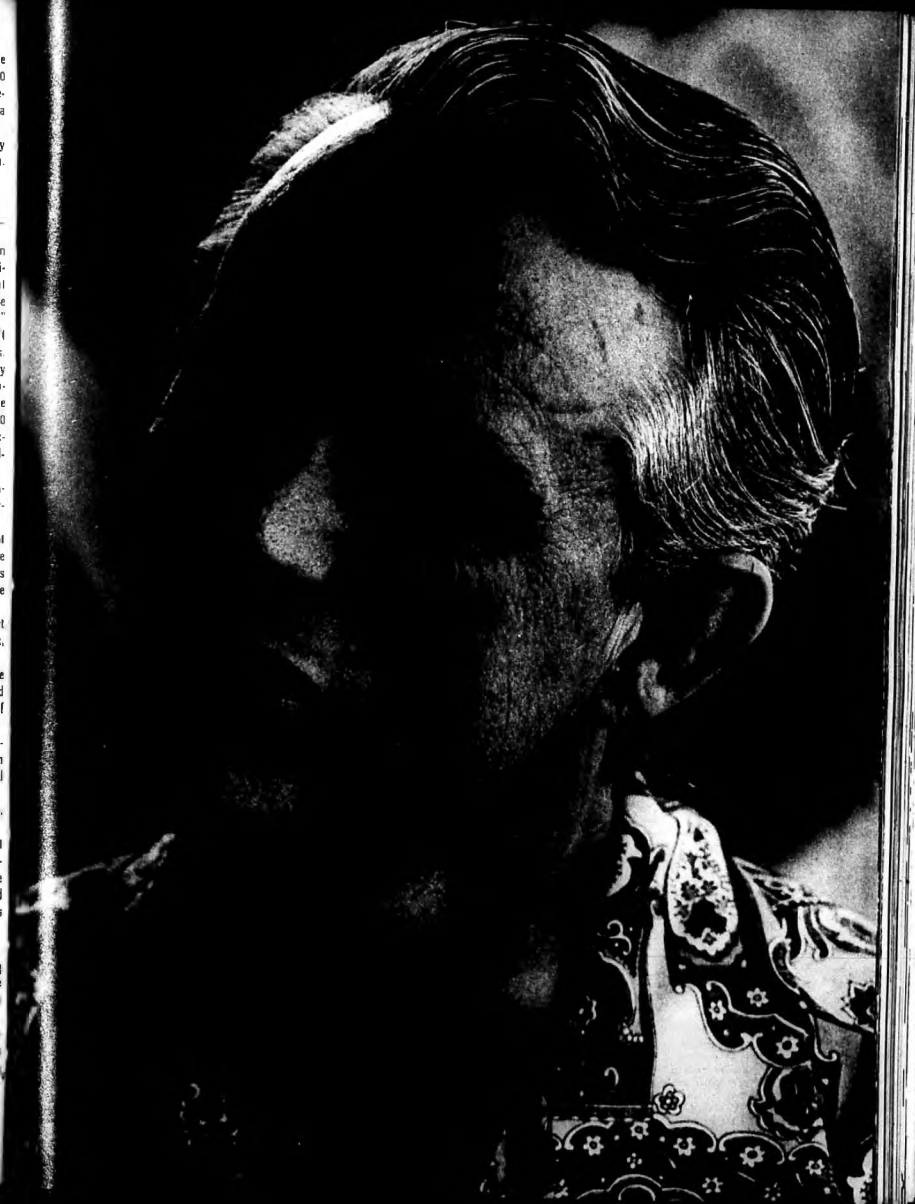
HBA is among the state's top five schools, Sagert says. For every student it accepts, it turns away two.

"About 30 to 35 percent of the people on the island put their kids in private schools," says Sagert. "We have parents that are quite rich, many middle income, and some that are quite poor. We have some who have actually sold their house and moved to an apartment to put their kids through school."

Hawaii Academy is but one example of Baptists gaining acceptance and building rapport through education. There are 25 other examples. These are the Baptist churches with preschool centers.

The demand for preschool education began when mothers went to work in WWII, and continued as soaring costs of living kept mothers on the job.

Edmond Walker, Hawaii Baptist executive secretary-treasurer



This dovetailed with the status-symbol standing of education, creating a "natural opportunity for churches here," says Malcolm Stuart.

"These are not just for Baptist children," Walker adds. "We have more who are not from Baptist families. The preschools have resulted in a number of families coming into the church. There's no better contact than showing your love for a person's child."

"I get many calls for counseling from parents of our preschoolers," says Cliff Hoff, whose University Church has had day-care for years. "And when they look for a church, inevitably they come to us."

"But this is no pre-condition, it is a by-product."

The low percentage of church attendance grows from a fluid religious atmosphere, believes Seida Ogawa of the Hawaii Council of Churches.

"There's a difference in being secular by choice or commitment—as on the Mainland—and being secular because you're going through a period of transition when you haven't made up your mind."

"Honolulu has made great strides in development since the war," says Malcolm Stuart, who's watched the islands for 31 years as pastor and now director of missions for Hawaii Baptists. "People have become very secular minded."

"Whenever materialism arises, you find people not too interested in things religious. It is a slow process reaching people like this."

On Hulas & Hopes, Saints & City

Hawaii is an urban state. Eighty-five percent of all Hawaiians live on Oahu, 650,000 of them in sprawling Honolulu. But the state is no more secular than other American metropolises, Edmond Walker argues. Ten years ago, the man who bought a penthouse apartment near Ala Wai Canal had a beautiful view of the ocean on the south, the mountains on the north. Today he has a beautiful view of three or four other high-rises between him and the beach; to the north he sees the mountains being carved into subdivisions with white-roofed housing inching upward like mountain-climbers.

The city is crisscrossed with streets and highways that seem perpetually jammed with vehicles; honeycombed with skyscraper hotels, surrounded by flowered "aloha shirts" on tourists and natives alike; rimmed with people-to-people beaches; and pockmarked with quick-order chains selling hot-dogs and sukiyaki and souvenir shops hawking kaa-bead necklaces and Filipino monkey pad, carved into everything from ashtrays to Tiki gods.

And why not? More than 5,000 tourists arrive at John Rodgers airport each day.

There is an electricity about Herman Ray. Flamboyant.

Continued

Cliff Hoff and Betty Johnstone, enjoying the Hubba-Hubba girl



eccentric, ebullient, the man marches to the cadence of each moment's newness, wades into life as into the fresh Hawaiian surf, realizing each day, like each wave, is a new creation.

Life surprises Herman Ray, even when it's no surprise. It's a joyous existence.

"After the service," he says, working through one lungful, "a deacon came up to me and said Pastor we got a check for \$1,000. I said, WHAT! He said yes, I said who from? He said Mr. and Mrs. Erickson. I said Oh I know who they are. So I went to call on them, and her mother was with them at that time, and still is living and happy, and so they said, Do you always give an invitation. . . . Another tankful of air. . . . Yes I said, Give them a chance to become Christians? Yes, why? Well they said, we're going to help you some more. So every month here came a check for \$1,000 from Mr. and Mrs. Erickson. And they said at our church they quit giving the invitation, they quit preaching from the Bible so we appreciated the fact that you gave us a biblical message with a gospel invitation—Hi Herb!—and for several months that continued and we still didn't have enough money to buy the land and all of a sudden here we opened a letter and out dropped a check for \$10,000. The next day we hired an architect, didn't we dear?"

Mrs. Ray smiles.

He is balding, she is graying. They are not young but in their 40 years together, they have retained the indefatigable energy of their youth.

Ray pastors the Waikiki Baptist Church, just a surfboard's length away from the famous beach, a church with eight Sunday morning services—seven of them in hotels scattered along the water's edge.

He was not the first to begin a resort hotel ministry, when he started five years ago, but Ray has shaped and molded the program long enough to formalize success. Crowds run from 30 or 40 in 170 or more at some larger hotels.

"These are people who come to have fun, and so in the church they have got to have a bright warmth," Ray says. "There's got to be fun and laughter and joy and enthusiasm and informality and freedom. They are casual and don't want to come to a stuffy service."

On second thought, perhaps Herman Ray's formula for success is Herman Ray.

Whether influenced by culture or commitment, Hawaii Baptists have turned to innovative, creative ministries to break down cultural and secular barriers. The five-star church proved unwieldy; the two-week thunder known as "revivals" didn't work. Emphasis shifted toward greater congregational participation in decision making and concentration on the "whole man."

"When you grow through ministry, it is solid growth," says one Baptist pastor who has programs for aged, young, university students, as well as resort and hospital ministries. "Growth should be on people, not programs."

"In Hawaii, we don't put labels on what we do. Our concerns are manifested in a genuine way," says the mild-mannered Walker. "We believe Christlike is being sensitive to man's social and spiritual needs. We work with individuals, instead of working on them to try to relieve our consciences."

"Hawaiian Baptists don't know the difference between evangelism and Christian social ministries." Walker stresses, "and we don't want to find out."

With a giant, face-splitting smile, Cliff Hoff watches the old, old woman—wrinkled and gray—do the hula.

So what if her hips creak, not sway, and her hands—that's where the story's told, you know—her hands work rather than move peanut-butter smooth? Who cares? She is beautiful.

The other old folks laugh. A teacher laughs. Cliff Hoff laughs.

And, laughing too, the old woman sits down.

"We think this really will become more and more a part of the church's ministry," Hoff says later. "The cost of living on the islands is so high both husband and wife have to work, and there are many 'Papasans and Mamasans'—grandfathers and grandmothers—left at home. These old people had only two alternatives: stay home alone or be placed in an institution. Because of this we were interested in starting a day-care center for the elderly."

Hoff, a handsome 44-year-old ex-Californian who came to pastor University Church three years ago, talked to authorities and elderly people "who felt they were being overlooked."

The center was started last year, with 10 old people and two professional teachers under the direction of dynamic, efficient Betty Johnstone, an ex-Salvation Army worker.

An old Chinese woman, in high-collar silk brocade dress, does beadwork. Another paints, slowly, slowly, almost in suspended animation, admiring each brushstroke. Several sit and stuff envelopes for the Cancer Society. A gruff old man reads a book with child-size print. Another writes, the spoked wheels of his wheelchair tugged close to the table.

"We got some money from a foundation to start this as a pilot project," says Hoff. "It's one of only two in the state. The fund took care of the first few months, but the church is having to underwrite it from now on."

"We set up a private corporation, but we are at the point of making a transition with the church taking over this center and the parent corporation opening other centers in other churches. At least we hope this will happen."

For \$150 a month, the old people come, dropped off at the center by sons and daughters; they spend each day in craftwork, reading and singing, performing charity or public services, taking field trips—and giving impromptu hulas now and then.

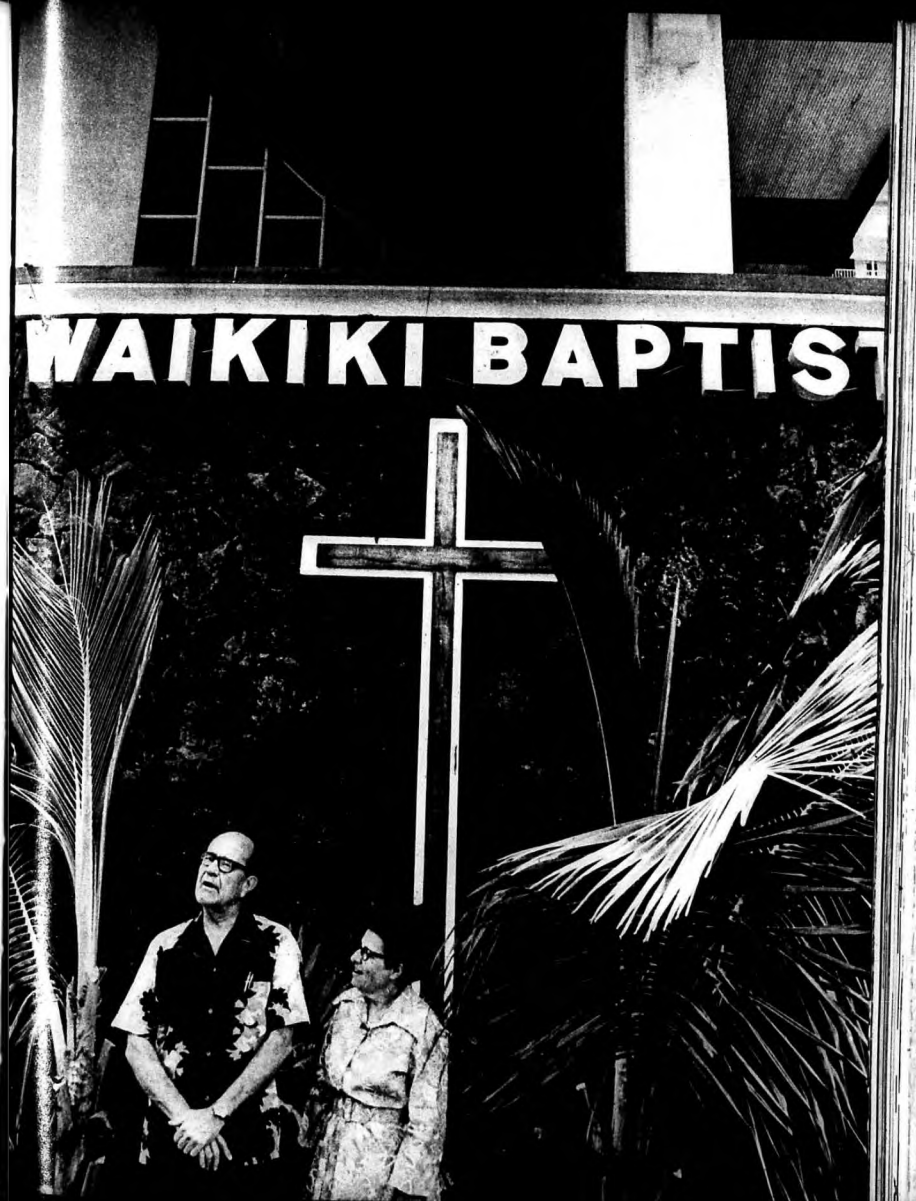
"I look toward our church operating this center ourselves," says Hoff. "I think it will be excellent because we feel responsibility for it. We feel this is one of our major missions."

The room is like a preschoolers'; these old people like wrinkled children. Almost. Yet something derails the yes impression on its way to the brain. There is a feeling here, something moving in the air, punctuated often by a touch, the sound of a name being called, a hug, a laugh. "Grandpa" spoken with dignity and respect—something that permeates the room and turns the toys to tools, the ancient ones to important people.

Is it love?

Can you

The Herman Rays in downtown Honolulu, momentarily stopped



Visions Beneath the Veneer

Group life," he was saying above the waves of amplified guitars and clinking piano, "has given us a dimension of depth, a dimension outside the numbers game. It emphasizes individual worth; the individual can ask for support without being penalized, without sounding like he is not a good Christian if he has these problems, these feelings, these thoughts. My own breakthrough came with the Tuesday morning group. We were studying the gift of the Spirit when one of the ladies gave me the insight, the gift of the Spirit, the fruit of the Spirit, is love.

"The Sunday before we had had a black man with a big Afro hairdo come in escorting a white woman—and to find out they are married and he is a musician and she is a strip-tease artist from a Waikiki club!

"I had fantastic hangups about these people. Where can a pastor talk about them? Who can he tell his problems to?"

"So when this lady talked about love and acceptance, I admitted to the group that this was what I needed at this time. I said I don't have the gift of love as I should.

"This is what group life is all about."

The musicians are practicing for Sunday night service, the sound of their music reverberating over the sanctuary. Mori Hiratani, the honest, open, intense young pastor of First Baptist, Aiea—a Honolulu suburb—continues to explain in quiet, convincing tones the power of group dynamics, with which he and other pastors are experimenting.

"The small groups are antidote to the mass, mechanized, non-being emphasis that society is giving the individual," he says. "Everything is majored on bigness; cover as many people as you can. And what this opened my eyes to was people were tired of coming to church and being treated the same way as they were all week. They were asking for a little more identity."

A year ago, Hiratani attended Harvard for six months, studying personal growth, group processes and renewal of the church. He came away convinced "the earlier part of my ministry was pretty much program oriented, heavy on promotion and objectives."

"All of a sudden, I began to see I'm having a program without any depth. My emphasis changed to give this quality. I am no longer hung up on numbers; I am concerned that everybody here can have their needs met and their desires expressed in a supportive atmosphere."

When he returned, Hiratani found other Honolulu pastors with the same uneasinesses. That led to the "Brown Baggers," a group of 10-12 pastors who meet once a week for at least three hours "to zero in on someone else or ourselves," releasing tensions and anxieties before they build into explosive situations.

"Occasionally there is anger, and shouting at each other," as pastors confess problems and difficulties, Hiratani says. "We don't expect emotional outbursts, but we think it is very healthy for them to come out, to surface. We've gone five hours, even longer, before stopping, we ask, 'Do you think a healing process has taken place?'"

From the first pastors' group, two others were spawned.

Hiratani also has three such groups in his church. He refuses to promote them, however, feeling they must start spontaneously to meet needs.

The Tuesday group is the oldest one, and the freest. "It is full of honesty and openness and complete trust, and with a dependence on God," says Hiratani.

"When a person shares himself, he is never judged. After I exposed my feelings, it was healing. So the next Sunday I had a conference with this black man and white woman in my study."

"He came out and told me, 'There is a sense that I could feel in which you have love for us.'"

"The interesting thing is that they were searching for God and they had gone to three other churches. In one others they made it a point to see if they could have an interview with the pastor. In one case the pastor told them to see the associate pastor because he handles the conferences; in another case they tried to tell the pastor that name and what they were looking for, but he would not even look them straight in the eye."

"I would be phony if I did not admit that I had a hangup about seeing for the first time in our church a black man with a white woman. But I have overcome the hangup, because I could express it openly and say, 'I don't have the gift of love as I should; pray for me,' and find such comfort, such security."

"The couple told me they felt this sense of acceptance and not being judged. Even to this date they come to church regularly and are fantastic Christians, and they go around giving their testimonies."

After the cool dayness of the church, it was like stepping into hot jello to walk out in the humid Honolulu afternoon.

The melting pot never was. And there are rumors, wafting in on the wings of the wind, that the tapestry is not so finely woven as first believed. The blend of threads—the yellows and reds and browns and blacks and oh-so-many shades of white—the threads create a fuzzy mural, frayed and worn and hard to recognize. Holes are appearing too. Only there, in the far corner of the tapestry, does the picture come into focus.

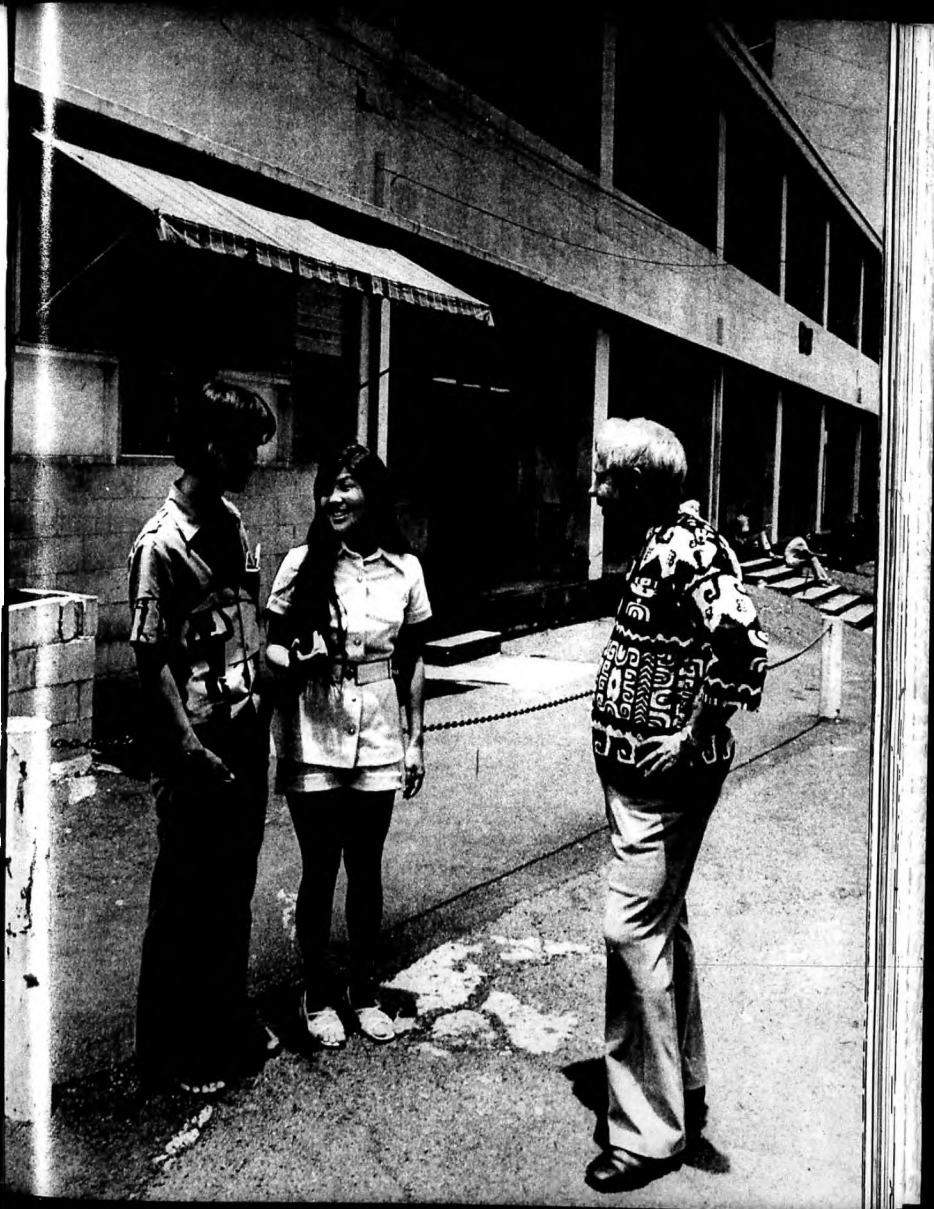
The place is Hawaii. The weaver has reason for pride.

Tomorrow, Captured by Kodak

We have a minimum of racial prejudice," says Malcolm Stuart. "We have no segregation, all races attend the same schools and churches. It has really been a great spirit." One of Baptists' greatest strengths," says another pastor, "is that we began as an integrated people. The other denominations never had this. But," he adds reluctantly, "we still have

Continued

Stan Sagert, with students Marsha Ishide and Mark Hira



strong prejudices. In my own church, I hear haoles say, 'You know what those Japanese think,' or Japanese say, 'Listen to those big-mouth haoles.... We've got to know people as individuals. I don't know of any way to work through these barriers except on one-to-one relationships.' 'I would not set Hawaii up as the ideal,' says Edmond Walker, 'I would say we are on the cutting edge of tomorrow as far as race relations are concerned. I think we are learning how to assimilate and appreciate different cultures.'

"We have no racial discrimination. We do have human prejudice. Overcoming that takes time."

On the credenza behind Walker is a photograph of a few-months-old baby, a beautiful creamy brown child with dark hair and a hint of slanted eyes.

"My grandson," Walker says, smiling proudly.

Beginnings & Endings & Love

It seemed threatened in each generation, a mindset always teetering on the border of extinction. But somehow it survived, survived the onslaught of seamen and merchants, or plantation owners and oriental laborers, survived the wings of war and the cascades of statehood. Always on the brink. But never toppled. Never? Some think they see it swaying in a new tradewind, a wind hurricaning from jet engines bringing tourists and tourists and immigrants and immigrants to the islands. And they wonder if it, or the islands themselves, will blow asunder first.

Or does it matter? Will the death of one herald the other's last breath? Can the islands exist without it? Or can it exist without the islands?

Under tons of pressure exerted by the last quarter of the twentieth century, the aloha spirit—the pervasive, gentle mood of the islands—is again threatened.

Never?

"When we came to Hawaii, the aloha spirit was at its height," says Malcolm Stuart. "You could walk down the street and people would greet you even though they did not know you. There was a marvelous spirit existing among all people here. Not only the Orientals and Hawaiians, but also Caucasians, Filipinos, Portuguese."

"Some of the aloha spirit is passing," Stuart says sadly. "For 20 years, we never locked the door to our house. Not any more."

Crime, like other urban evils, is increasing in Honolulu. Stuart's home has been burglarized on three different occasions.

"The good, great island, afloat on the deepest and bluest of oceans, announcing all the warmth and beguities to be found later in their embrace," write the authors of *The Hawaiians*.

"So often, in returning, I remember the answer of a new friend, long evenings ago, when I asked him where he had been born."

"Here in Hawaii," he said. "when I arrived ten years ago."

The aloha spirit. Nothing on the islands is as prized.

It grew from the relaxed, easy-going unsophisticated lifestyle of the early Hawaiians; over the years, it blended with the graciousness of the Oriental and the thoughtfulness of the Christian Caucasian.

Seido Ogawa of the Council of Churches feels the major contribution which Hawaii offers the world is the aloha spirit, the unique quality of life inseparable from the composition of races and peoples.

"But it is being inescapably eroded," he adds.

Blame falls on the usual culprits. Urbanization and overpopulation tweak their handlebar mustaches at a burgeoning audience of Hawaiians and, with leering and villainous grins, slink off into the Waikiki sunset, leaving behind a polluted trail of asphalt streets littered with cars; of high-rise hotels and skyscraper slums; of leftover leis and warmed-over egos; of mass-produced mentalities and double-time lives.

Yet somehow, you can still find the aloha spirit in Hawaii. It is easiest to sense on the outer islands, away from Honolulu's gravitational pull. But even in metropolis, the spirit lives. And if you are sensitive and alert, you will feel it, in subtle gestures, friendly faces, lazy moments in a universe where time and temperature stand still.

For the native Hawaiians, the word 'aloha' could mean hello, or good-by, or be a term of affection for another. When Christian scholars began to translate the Bible into Hawaiian, they found no word for love—except aloha.

In Hawaiian, God is aloha: The beginning. The end. Love. Works nicely, doesn't it?

The Trip of the Golden Plover

Long before any man ever set foot on the Hawaiian islands, the golden plover—the kolea bird—strutted there. He flew the migratory trail from Alaska every year. HMB photographer Don Rutledge and I followed the kolea bird from Alaska to Hawaii. For us, it was a five-hour flight from yesterday to tomorrow. Alaska, it seemed to us, was a look into our rugged and individualistic past as a nation, and as a denomination, a reflection of the frontier attitude that hewed America out of wilderness and opposition, a living extension of the pioneer philosophy that molded and shaped and created the United States from Atlantic to Pacific.

But Hawaii, we began to feel, was tomorrow, an urbanized, pluralistic, civilized, gaudy, beautiful society, where individual good is regulated by public welfare, where cooperation is a virtue, where the city can be controlled and the earth preserved.

If this is so—then perhaps Hawaii is the future of us all, the destination toward which we all—as a nation and as a denomination—are traveling. And if this is to be, Hawaiians—and Hawaiian Baptists—must accept the challenge to be our guides—to face our problems first and give them solutions. It is no easy task to shoulder. But an important one.

Luck, Hawaiians. And aloha.

Mori Hiratani, pastor of 450-member Aiea First Baptist Church





PORTRAITS FROM PARADISE PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON RUTLEDGE



Left: Richard Uejo examines old building Baptists have bought for lumber. Above: Uejo talks with preschool director Betty Nagao.

Richard Uejo thinks Hawaiian Baptists are different. "Baptists the Mainland are traditional," Uejo says. "I am the last ones to stand when you are doing new ideas; they usually always the ones bringing up negative comments. But the island people, they don't know anything about Southern Baptists. We go to them with the sea, they say, 'Why not?' My church is open to experiment." a good thing, for the moving Richard Uejo is always experimenting.

When he came to Kaunapali Drive Baptist, the Hilo church was small and centered around a shell of marlin programs. In the next few years, Uejo leaped into a number of areas. A coffeehouse, the teens in his church wanted it, so he gave them responsibility. "They set up rules and they enforce them. I said, 'I'm not going to be a police around here.'" A ministry to Japanese, with a daily radio broadcast, lessons for students, and Japanese services, conducted by program director Yoshiyuki Kawata, a Japanese Chris-

tian Uejo "imported" Japanese tourists are second only to Mainlanders, and Japanese immigration is growing. "Oh, everywhere I hear good reports on the program," Uejo says. Built a new recreation center for an expanded youth program. Started a thriving preschool. "We have 80 students and that is all—of course I said no at 40 and no at 60." Began a "Christian school" as an alternative to public school and one "rich-only" private school in Hilo, a city of 25,000 on the Big Island's east coast. Initiated week-

ly services at a military rest-and-recreation camp 30 miles away. Started a Baptist encampment. Sponsored a mission at Kona, on the opposite side of the island. And worked with the island's growing hippie colony. Perhaps the last is most indicative of Uejo's willingness to step beyond tradition. "You know how hippies live; it is hard to get used to. Our [island] concept of haole was based on our plantation life; because haoles were plantation officials, they were people with prestige, class, position and everything else.

Continued

In Hawaii,
experimental
ministries are
working, if you
don't count
your blessings
in full pews

We all looked up to them—but here and after the war, this type of haole came in, it was such a contrast we just didn't understand." □ Uejo doesn't yet have services in resort hotels, but he does invite tourists to the church and they over for lunch. "We've had as many as 25 or 30 come," he says. "That's my wife's ministry." □ In the future, Uejo looks to starting programs for senior citizens, intensifying youth outreach and Japanese work. He seems to speak for most Hawaii Baptist pastors when he evaluates the ministries of his church. "As far as statistics go, they are discouraging. But we do have a large outreach, even if we are not gaining many new members. Our ministries are meaningful because our members are involved, they are tremendous public relations-type programs, they gave us easy access into homes and were accepted. And we are doing many things Christ told us to do in ministering to other's needs—in that sense, I think our programs are very satisfactory." □

Right above: Uejo and Donna Pacheco, director of Kaumana Baptist's "Melting Pot" coffeehouse. Far right: Uejo and daughter Carolyn. Right: Uejo visits Yoshiyuki Kawata, who heads the Japanese language outreach, before Kawata tapes his radio show.



Relaxed and having fun, Greg Whitetree and crew
cool off at the ol' swimmin' hole—Hawaiian style.



For the kids
of Honolulu's
high-rise slum,
250 pounds
of what the
world needs
now: love

Greg Whitetree's a visual surprise. He's a massive guy with a furry face, not at all the sort to have such a mild telephone voice. But Greg's looks are nothing compared to his activities as Hawaii's only US-2er; that's the surprise. Greg and Alice Whitetree came to the islands two years ago, expecting to work in a beach ministry. "We found instead we'd be working in a low-income area—Honolulu's high-rise ghetto," remembers Greg. "Kalihi has the highest concentration of people in Hawaii—primarily Filipino, but also Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiian." With no groundwork done, he surveyed social agencies and public officials, found greatest need in programs

for 6 to 12 year olds. With help from the Methodist center, Greg started two boys clubs "to teach the kids that they don't have to beat up each other to establish authority; power for them is in working in groups." The kids "were tough sorts always in trouble. The clubs kept them busy and they didn't involve themselves in vandalism any more." Among the activities were handicrafts, sports and outings—camping, swimming, mudsliding. Mudsliding? The sport dates to Hawaiian royalty, who slid down silky grass-covered volcano slopes. But common folk have to use rain-slicked hills. Until you've seen 250-lb. Greg Whitetree ripping down a mud rut 110 feet long and

glass-slick—except for a few tree roots—you ain't seen nothing yet! The Whitetrees also ran a "bus service" for anyone needing emergency transportation—including two hectic post-midnight rides to maternity hospitals. Greg conducted a special VBS in summers, climaxing it with a weekend fieldtrip—a treat for kids who seldom visit the countryside. "We offered love and friendship for a time when kids needed it," Greg sums up his work. "We can't measure our success in conversions, but I think we helped the church—Kalihi Baptist—become better accepted in the community. The church ceases to be this great celestial thing that kind of hangs up in the sky and became a place where

people work and play and get to know each other. That's good." But meeting people and making friends wasn't easy, Greg admits, "because the Caucasian is looked down on—especially if he's just over from the Mainland and has a good ol' Tennessee twang—the people practically shut the door in your face." Greg found an unusual entree. A local co-op was forming to lower milk prices—to half the usual 80¢ per half gallon. The co-op needed a volunteer to drive its rickety old delivery truck. Greg was it. "We really got to know a lot of people," he laughs. "You go around with milk at half price, man, you get to know a lot of people fast!" Especially if you look—and act—like Greg Whitetree.

Greg Whitetree and Sandy Galezin of pastoral counseling service talk to Kuliou Park Terrace residents. Right: Mudsliding—zoom!





A.G. Rietdorf and Foy King, special men on the pineapple island. Right: King, Rietdorf, Malcolm Stuart, and Henry Aki, foreman of the pineapple loading area.

Foy King and A.G. Rietdorf are special men of men—they have to be. They work in a special kind of place. Rietdorf and King are the "before-and-after" of Southern Baptist mission work on a lonely, remote Lanai, an island completely owned by the Dole Pineapple Company. Lanai, with less than 2,500 permanent residents—mostly Filipinos who work in the pineapple fields—is connected to Honolulu only by air—the boats that dock on the island are pineapple barges. The 67-year-old Rietdorf came to Lanai five years ago, "on my honeymoon. I'd just been married when [Malcolm] Stuart wrote asking me to come to Lanai. I

wanted to come. Of course I do believe in seeking the Lord's will. I somewhat unashamedly admit I prayed, 'Lord, if you don't want me to go over there, be sure and let me know.' In the years since, Rietdorf, a retired pastor, has had reason to doubt his readings. "Our numerical growth is a failure," he admits. But his ministry is a success. As one of only two ministers on the island, he has been counselor, comforter—and wedding official—"I'm the only Baptist bishop on the island," he laughs—to many people. And the preschool program he started has had wide-spread acceptance. "It's been a definite growth in faith," Rietdorf says. "I

don't think of my stay here as a failure. It's given me much deeper insight into the problems of people and a chance to be a blessing to someone." Now Rietdorf, who came to Lanai as part of a Home Mission Board program to help Hawaiian Baptists attract new pastors, is retiring again. His replacement, Foy King, won't be coming from as far away. HMB pastor missionary King is "a native" from Kaunakakai, a Church on nearby Maui. In 1966, King came to the islands from a Nevada seminary. Since 1966, he's been at Kaunakakai, helping the church grow strong enough to establish its own

mission. But "the growth is slow," he says, "because of ethnic backgrounds. You have to have patience, you have to accept oriental culture. If you start trying to change it, you're on your way out." Some pastors, he says, find cultural shock thing they just can't swallow. I've not found it a deal of problem. I the people were reticent and didn't show much friendship. But I have tried to show friendship to King's son played a new hoole on the island. His gardening—a Japanese hobby—is too. King teaches classes for a local

school and conducts preschool at the church—he plans to continue the preschool on Lanai. "My measurement of success has changed entirely," he says, echoing Rietdorf. "I used to baptize 40 or 50 a year or more, but coming here has been like a drought. I measure success in proportion to the number of boys and girls I've had a chance to work with. My greatest satisfaction comes in watching these kids grow and develop. Adults are very, very slow to change. Because of this, we work with the children. Baptists' hope is the rising generation—the Youth of Hawaii. A few more inroads. That's our future." ■

On a lonely pineapple outpost, the key to tomorrow is counseling, comfort, and kids...



Spirits ran high; enthusiasm was everywhere
 "God is so good," summer missionaries were saying—
 And then there were other spirits



Spirits of '72

BY SANDY SIMMONS

Summer mission work in Michigan began with almost immediate success. The first week summer missionaries Andy Jones and Pete Smith (fictitious names) worked with a deaf ministry at Ainsworth Baptist Church. During Vacation Bible School the next week, seven youth accepted Christ.

Andy and Pete's first two-week summer missionaries' reports flowing into the Home Mission Board's Department of Special Mission Ministries. Nothing hinted that these two—among all those reports—would be the most unusual.

This summer more than 600 summer missionaries were assigned by the Home Mission Board, and more than 300 other students went out from college and university Baptist Student Unions.

Volunteer work teams and touring choirs conducted mission activities. Vacation Bible Schools, worship services, and constructed buildings. Together with assigned students, they composed the largest summer mission assemblage.

The summer force went into almost every state, and their experiences were many and varied. But none had the equality that haunted the reports of Andy and Pete.

Andy ended his first report exclaiming, "God is wonderful." Pete wrote, "God has richly blessed me these two weeks." But he was slightly apprehensive that some of the summer missionaries were not forward enough in witnessing. Still, it was not a troubled report.

Mid-summer, Pete gave one small hint that something might be wrong. "I'm thankful to God for the Baptists who are here doing His work," he wrote. "But it's hard to understand how they can keep going under the pressure of city life, not to mention all the trouble with devil's groups."

Devil's groups? An unusual phenomenon was occurring wherever the two college students went. Spots of water would suddenly appear on their beds, on their suitcases; upon opening the

Bible, water would cover its pages.

The water phenomenon followed Peter more than Andy. Finally, after enduring the phenomenon for weeks, Peter called his pastor, and returned home to Mississippi, where he was put under a doctor's care. Andy remained in Michigan, but only after praying for the removal of the spirit in the name of Jesus.

The water phenomenon occurred in three different places, explained Allen Pollock, superintendent of missions in the area. "I talked to people who stayed with them. One definitely saw drops of water or something similar to water on their beds. I might could find some explanation for this, but the family they were staying with in Owosso, could feel the water themselves; they saw water appear on the Bible and suitcases and on the bed."

Pete and Andy were staying in the home of the Paul Filan's in Owosso, a town of 17,000, 25 miles west of Flint.

"The night Pete decided to leave, it was worse than ever," Mrs. Filan remembered. "It started about 8:30 and we could feel it sprinkling on us. But it wasn't like rain or water; it was a different kinda substance. It was all over Pete's Bible, all over his clothes and suitcase. It was just terrible."

Mrs. Filan, along with Pollock and others, believe the water phenomenon was a supernatural force oppressing the young men so that they would leave.

"Never in my life have I ever witnessed anything like this. And it's so hard to believe. I talked with Andy's mother and she thinks we gave the boys dupe," Mrs. Filan said. "The boys told me this started happening when they first hit Michigan. They had three blowouts on the bus, all on the same tire, on the side Pete was on. Then when they got to the city and started staying in homes, it was like water was raining on them all the time. Andy said one time it was so bad they had to wring their socks out."

But the water was still coming even after Pete left. The afternoon of his

departure water appeared on the bed in their room. Andy went in the bedroom, read the Bible and prayed.

"Then he called us in," Mrs. Filan continued. "He said he had prayed and he felt the presence leave—he could just feel it leave. It was a relief that we all felt at the same time, and we just haven't had anything happen since."

Explanations are hard to come by in such situations. "I've tried to analyze the thing from the standpoint of something the boys could do, but it was very obvious that they weren't doing these things," Pollock said. "I have no other explanation other than it was the work of the devil in seeking to keep these boys from reaching their potential for the Lord."

Not all the student summer missionaries' experiences were so psychic, but a fervent spiritual thread ran among the more than 900 student volunteers.

Although many worked in collee-houses in resort areas, the majority were involved in the traditional Vacation Bible School and survey work. Their speech rang with phrases rejuvenated during the Jesus Movement. Enthusiastically they shared their Christian experience, many times to a more-than-ready audience.

Milton Baumgardner, student summer missionary to the Waterbury, Conn., area, said when he arrived he was "amazed at how much the young people are searching for word about God. The young people are open and ready for the gospel. I have also seen that we need to talk to them about Jesus, but more importantly to live for Jesus every day."

This year, Emery Smith, associate secretary in the HMB's Department of Special Mission Ministries, said the Jesus Movement had influenced the lives of the students assigned to mission points.

"A few Jesus people were appointed," Smith said. "This year there was more openness to religion than we have had before. The students feel they can express their faith with a spirit of openness."

Continued

Smith said student summer missions is continuing its emphasis toward new and creative ministries. "Resort ministries have exploded in the last few years. We have to get involved in the leisure revolution that is sweeping the country."

Summer missionaries Melissa May and Lonnie Jones offered campers at Indian Springs State Park near Jackson, Ga., day-care services, softball and other recreation in the afternoons, and group sings at night.

Said Jones, a recent graduate of Hardin Simmons University of Abilene, Tex., "We come to sing and not to preach. We give testimonies during the 'sings' and sing about Christ and what he has done for us, and if anyone would like to talk to us personally afterwards we are more than ready. During our worship service we try to be as non-denominational as possible without giving up any of our own beliefs. We have experienced some tremendous Christian fellowship during these services."

On the beach in Freeport, Tex., the Anchor Coffeehouse provided beachcombers free music, food and conversation. This year a folk-rock band played.

"Every afternoon each pair of summer missionaries met, talked and shared with a half-dozen or more people on the beach. Inside the coffeehouse during the night between songs we each talked to at least that many people in the audience," summer missionary Gary Walton said.

"The encounter most prominent within my mind, heart and prayers was with two hippie-freak-looking dudes who were stoned on several joints and yellow downers. They were hit at the time and pushing dope; they answered my Jesus greeting with a request for prospective buyers. I tried to explain the different 'trip I'm on, but it was hard to communicate in their state."

Walton said they refused to come inside the Anchor because of previous religious "bussing" in other summers. He offered to meet them outside with food. "They left still very spaced out, but with their first meal in two days. Since then we've met on the beach in friendliness. They know we're here and

Sitting cross-legged under large shade trees, Wisconsin migrant children listen intently as summer missionary Margaret Mashburn tells a Bible story.



PHOTO BY NIGLAN DELVELO

they know we care. If everyone on the beach could know that, they would be a lot better off and happier, and I would leave blessed beyond measure, and well satisfied with the summer."

Four Baptist Student Union members from Arkansas and their BSU director Winston Hardman, pedaled through New England for five weeks, making use of a recent bicycle craze sweeping the nation, and at the same time creating a new type of ministry. The group stayed in hostels through New England using opportunities of conversation and informal gatherings to witness. Traveling lightly, all their belongings, including sheets, clothes and other necessities, were in side packs on their cycles. They were joined by another "hosteler", Jeff, who stayed with the group during their jaunt. Hostellers can stay no longer than three consecutive nights at the hostels. Because the refugees are off the beaten path, they generally attract outdoorsy, adventurous, but thrifty travelers. The Arkansas cyclists encountered very few drug addicts, however, they did not find a great deal of Christian fellowship. Hardman expressed a hope for hostels

created and run by Christian families throughout the United States.

Bernest Cain Jr., 23-year-old summer missionary from Oklahoma Baptist University, spent his summer at the Liberty Bell Racetrack in Philadelphia. Living at the racetrack he provided a ministry to the 400 men who groom the horses, including worship services on Thursday night for English-speaking, and Tuesday night for Spanish-speaking. On Friday nights Cain showed movies.

Cain also conducted a funeral while at the racetrack. "The track managers asked me to preside. The man was an alcoholic and most of his family wanted nothing to do with him. It was my first funeral and I hope I never have to do another one like it."

But he did. Another man died on the track and Cain was asked to conduct the service again. On another occasion a couple wanted to get married, and asked Cain to perform the ceremony. He couldn't because he is not an ordained minister.

"Many of the people I worked with were from poor backgrounds. They were down on the modern church and

how it is relating to the problems of our society. They see the church as an institution that can be used by the government and rich people," Cain said. "I have agreed with most of their objections to the church, but I tried to point them to Christ."

Cain hopes the ministry will continue after his departure. Other groups, such as American Baptists who paid Cain's board while the Southern Baptists paid his salary, were joining to support a racetrack ministry.

"Financial help is what they need there," Cain explained. "Some of us want to get a racetrack ministry on every racetrack in the United States. (Horse racetracks alone number more than 550 in the United States.) I really think that's where the people are."

"We had a lot of drinking problems and a lot of drug problems to deal with. These men often times had no one to care for them. There was a great need there," Cain explained.

Throughout the Midwest whenever a summer missionary sat cross-legged on the grass or under a tree, a group of dark-eyed children clustered around. The "Backyard Bible Club" was a

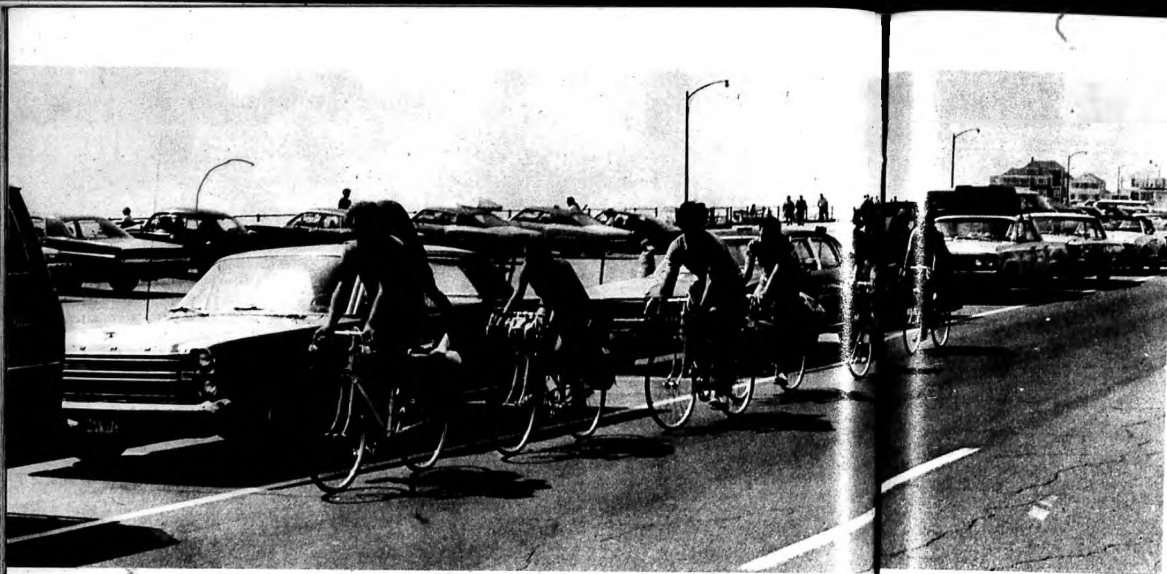
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PHOTOS BY DON RUTLEDGE



Oregon summer missionary Don Nicholson, far left, laughs over reminiscences with man while fellow summer worker Dennis Graffer, center left, listens to man's needs in welfare office on Skid Row. Above right, David Ford, summer missionary at Lighthouse coffeehouse, shares experience with Nana Osburne.



Backpacking a guitar, Jerry Foshee leads the way as Arkansas BSUers two-wheel-it through New England.

break away from the traditional VBS, and provided more freedom of movement for the listeners.

Carol Snead, summer missionary in Wisconsin, felt the club's Bible stories often catch the attention of the passersby and children whose attraction was for Kool-aid and cookies.

"One grandmother was taking her grandchildren for a walk in the park and stopped to listen to the stories herself. A teenager brought the child she was babysitting on the pretense of it being a pastime for the child, but by the end of the week she was showing great interest. One man cleaned a barbecue pit for an hour just within earshot of the club. Kids who came at first only for the refreshments started begging for the rest of the story.

Kool-aid replaced popcorn as some children in St. Louis, Mo., settled down to view a cartoon or two in the "cartoon bus." The small church bus, sponsored by Lafayette Park Baptist Church, made weekly stops in surrounding neighborhoods. Summer missionary Catherine McCullough participated in both the cartoon ministry and a swim-

ming program sponsored by the church.

"Both were wonderful experiences for me; I've learned to love people. I had to look through the exterior and love them for what they are," she said. "Even though most of the kids and older people I met had a different background from mine, I recognized a need in all of their lives—they all needed love."

Summer missionary Janet Farmer faced youth with the same needs as the cartoon-watching, giggling youngsters, but who were harder to reach.

Miss Farmer worked in the juvenile court and detention home in Kansas City, Kan.

"I have been awakened to a totally new type of Christian ministry," she said. "I have become aware of the tremendous need for the Christian to show the love of Christ instead of just speaking about that love only."

"The kids there could not be directly presented with the gospel because they would be turned off. They have problems and needs which they are struggling with and are not interested in hearing the gospel. My purpose is to let my life be a witness and then let them discover for themselves the love of Christ."

In the Northwest Baptist Convention

a group of Southwestern Baptist Theological students took a new approach to church extension. Instead of just "filling in as pastor" for the summer, the seminarians trained lay people in areas of the convention without Baptist work. The laymen and women were trained to take on the responsibility of their particular community.

In Michigan a Baptist Student Union work team from Auburn University, Ala., pushed the Michigan Convention ahead about three years. A little exaggerated, maybe, but the appearance of a 26-unit lodge in Bambi Lake State Camp ground brightens the Convention's future considerably.

"We had built a large cafeteria with our own volunteer state labor, but we found we didn't have enough lodging for those who would come," said Harold Crane, Michigan state director of missions.

He praised the Auburn team's accomplishments.

"The team arrived about the second week in June and immediately began to do preparation work for construction. They not only built the manager's home, but a 26-unit lodge. They even went out on weekends, brought messages, and started a mission at Bambi Lake."

PHOTO BY WARREN SAMUEL

Oregon was another busy spot for summer missionaries. Sometimes they picked up group members along the way. Involved in a coffeehouse ministry at the Lighthouse in Lincoln City, David Ford said he and Bill Whitener, a seminary student, were at the post office one afternoon, when a young girl asked them for a ride to California. They took her and her friend, a Great Dane called Zacharia, instead to the coffeehouse for breakfast. The girl, Cooki, stayed with the team, sleeping with the four other girls.

No one preached to Cooki," Ford said. "We just met her needs and loved her and shared with her what Christ meant to us. The next day Cooki accepted Jesus as her Lord."

He left for Berkeley, Calif., but returned to the group before getting half way there. When Ford left she was still with the group, a regular member of the team. Cooki and Zacharia may stay in Lincoln City to continue the ministry of the Lord started in her own life.

One night on a news telecast the ministry of the Lighthouse coffeehouse was featured. Cooki's one comment, crossed in different ways by many encounter summer missionaries' was, "There's a lot of love in this place."

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Executive's Word

Behind the Headlines

What first comes to mind when you think of home missions? It may be the young church you helped start in Montana or Massachusetts; a home missionary you know; the people and the place where you—or your son or daughter—served as a student summer missionary; may be a lay witnessing school, led by a Home Mission Board staff member, that has turned your Christian life in a new direction.

The work of the Board falls into 12 broad areas of service (or programs), and most of them are readily visible. Effective functioning of these programs, and of the board as a whole, however, requires many different and often obscure ministries. They require

funds, they require staff time, and in some cases the time of others. They do not increase the number of home missionaries, but they add much to the work of Christ in our land.

One of the Board's historic and continuing major emphases is church extension. The Board helps approximately 500 young congregations in "pioneer" fields, with pastors salary subsidies (called church pastoral aid). In many cases the Board also helps budding young churches by providing a portion—sometimes a substantial portion—of the costs of moving in a new pastor.

In some cases a monthly rental assistance grant is made to help provide a

meeting place, in other localities. The Board has helped purchase a mobile home for use as a chapel. Where waters are extremely severe, a few special grants assist mission congregations in meeting fuel bills.

In addition, when the church is ready to secure land and a building, the Church Loans Division staff is available to supply financial counsel and to provide loans for qualifying churches.

Most Southern Baptists are aware that almost 1,000 home missionaries serve among minority ethnic groups. Perhaps unknown is the language missions program, which in cooperation with the SBC Radio-Television Commission, provides gospel radio broadcasts in 12 languages in the United States. Special grants are made to assist youth camps for Indians and Hispanic-Americans. Small, incentive-type gifts for building repairs or enlargement, as well as long-term, low-payment loans are available.

In addition to 250 missionaries in Christian social ministries, the Board provides student summer missionaries in many fields. It cooperates with Woman's Mission Union and Brotherhood Commission in training volunteer workers in mission action. It provides financial grants for ministry to the grants.

One area of increased activity and expense, during recent years has been training. Throughout the year are conducted conferences, each planned for a select group—laymen or laywomen, pastors or educators, chaplains or missionaries. Conference areas include evangelism and interfaith witness, church extension and associational administration, metropolitan missions and rural missions, language missions and cooperative work with National Baptists.

All phases of the work are undergirded by various little-known projects and special ministries. One is the Christian Service Corps, which enlists the service of mature adults for volunteer missionary work, at their own expense.

by Arthur B. Rutledge
Executive Secretary-Treasurer, HMB

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Comment

by Walker L. Knight
Editor

Ten Bridges

Christians today are discovering fresh, creative ways by which to cross barriers of all types to make disciples for Christ. We have sought to report on these through the years, and in reflecting upon what is happening we have determined some of the themes which characterize these activities. We share these for your evaluation, and you may have your own to add to the list.

First, Christians are gaining a hearing. No faith can be shared unless one is heard, and today's active Christian will be found talking about his faith at places other than the church building—at the beach, in the coffeehouse, at school, at work, in the resort area, and any place where people gather. The trend is to go where people are, rather than expecting them to come where the Christians stay.

Second, Christians are listening. Authentic communication is a two-way process which requires speaking, feedback and clarification. Many youth fault adults on their inability to hear, simply because they will not listen to what young people are saying. This is especially critical at a time when value systems are changing. Face to face acquaintance with those with whom we are seeking to communicate is always best.

Third, Christians are discovering the clearest possible channels for their communication. They are equipping youth to share their faith with other youth, campers with other campers, finding those channels which have less

static and more acceptance. Youth are often leading others in a study of the Bible and in the deep discussions of life's ultimate questions.

Fourth, Christians are using new media. A new culture has enveloped our modern, technological society, and Christianity is breaking through into this culture. The new sights and sounds, all the new possibilities of color and excitement of modern life become a part of today's communication. The new music is a strong case in point, and Southern Baptists have probably led major denominations in producing and singing new musicals.

Fifth, Christians are sharing what they have experienced. Today people are interested in the firsthand experience, in what has happened to you personally. Christians are willing to tell not only of the early experience of accepting Christ, but the mountain-top and valley experiences of the pilgrimage of life. There is an authentic, human note to the realization that the Christian life is a pilgrimage, not a one-time act.

Sixth, Christians are learning to be more accepting. They are not turned off by the superficial signs of new life styles of dress or hair, or even some actions. They seek a Christlike ability to see others as persons despite their differences. It is this ability which enables concerned Christians to break through culture to people, even when they suffer the threat of rejection.

Seventh, Christians are discovering a

deep need of the times for certain Christians are meeting this hunger of the age for authority and for the certain word with a sharing of what they have experienced, but they seek to avoid the pitfalls of a new legalism or a dead dogmatism by living within the freedom of grace that is grounded in the security one has with his relationship with Christ.

Eighth, Christians are maintaining their integrity. They are seeking to avoid the temptation to manipulate a generation crying for meaning, for mystery, and for a sense of transcendence. Many today are vulnerable to the skillful master of mass psychology because their need is so great. There are evidences already of what Charles Finney called "the burned over districts" where people became impatient with evangelism following some of the mass revivals of another generation.

Ninth, Christians are accepting the mystery of life and faith. Not all questions have scientific answers, and the need for mystery has birthed a widespread interest in the occult. Christians today give reason its place, but we affirm the life of faith and the mystery of life.

Tenth, Christians seek to convey the full meaning of discipleship. They call men to faith and to work. They ask that all Christians pick up the cross to study, to witness, and to minister. Christians are being called to full participation in a community of faith that lives for others.

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Happenings

An Interview with John Havlik



John F. Havlik, associate director in the Division of Evangelism of the Home Mission Board, serves as editor for the division and as writer of many of the evangelism materials. After nine years as secretary of evangelism in Kansas and later in Kentucky, he came to his present position at the Board in 1965. He earlier held pastorates in Missouri, Texas, and Kentucky for 12 years. Havlik is a member of the 15-man executive committee of Key 73 which is a promotion effort by 140 evangelical groups to call attention to the need for concern, prayer, and cooperation in evangelizing America.

Home Missions: How did Key 73 start?

Havlik: It sprang out of a meeting in 1969 of interested evangelicals, chaired by Billy Graham and called by Carl Henry, an editor of *Christianity Today*, to "see if we could do something together in evangelism." In the first few meetings we agreed that we would not be able to agree on any statement of doctrine or on any definition of evangelism. We did agree, however, that America needs Christ, that no single denomination would be able to evangelize America in this generation, and that we needed to do something together in evangelism. From that the meetings continued into an organization with about 140 participating groups and with Dr. Theodore Raedecke as director. (Raedecke was Missouri Synod Lutheran Secretary of Evangelism and took leave of absence to head up Key 73.)

What a lot of people don't understand about Key 73 is that there is no attempt at any kind of organization or

self-perpetuating body—it's primarily for evangelism and fellowship.

HM: How did Baptists get involved?

JH: We've been involved since the first meeting; we were already committed to the cause. In the 1968 Southern Baptist Convention we passed unanimously a resolution committing ourselves to "share evangelistic concerns and insights with all Christian groups seeking to express interest in the field of evangelism." This responsibility was given to the Division of Evangelism.

HM: Are all participants considered evangelicals?

JH: At first it was said to be a "call to evangelicals from all denominations." Of course there are more than we would call evangelicals involved in Key 73—the Roman Catholics involved are evangelical Roman Catholics, but they're involved officially. In fact, the only two groups that are involved as a body are Southern Baptists and Roman Catholics. All the others are involved less officially—for instance, the denominational structure of Methodism is kind of turned off—that's also true with Presbyterians, but individual leaders and pastors with some denominational representation support Key 73.

HM: What can Key 73 contribute to Christianity?

JH: The greatest contribution in Key 73 is to help us be aware of the fact that there are other Christians who believe like we do about many things who are deeply and vitally interested in evangelizing America. This brings us to the place where we can at least start praying for each other and admit that other Christians have a part in our prayers.

HM: In what way did we need the tract, *How To Have a Full and Meaningful Life—some people argue, "Isn't the Bible good enough?"*

JH: This is another matter for people to decide. The trouble is we've been trying to get people to use their Bibles when they go out visiting, but they don't. But they can use this tract over and over again—and it's an approach that sort of welds its way into their minds—and it's transferrable. Almost everybody who uses the Bible in witnessing and does an effective job, has a different way of doing it—and it is hard for him to transfer his way of

doing it to someone else. Not so with tracts.

HM: How do you personally feel about using a tract for witnessing?

JH: I don't believe that the best way to evangelize is to go up and down the street buttonholing every stranger and asking if they've been born again. I would sanction it in some cases, where there's a leading of the Spirit, but doing it willy-nilly, I don't.

HM: What would be more familiar about the television program *Southern Baptists* are producing?

JH: Music is one big, big thing—it's a mixture of the sacred and the secular—and even the sacred is couched in a new beat. In other words, it's what communicates with the nonchristian world—the secular mind—not in the old theological vocabulary which talks about redemption, sanctification, and propitiation. Instead, the new vocabulary talks about being right with God, being free and part of God's people.

I've given people in the churches a test on the King James Version. I asked them to write definitions of 25 words I gave them. They couldn't do it. I tell them if you don't understand the Bible yourself, how do you expect a lost person to understand it?

HM: Do you think you can accomplish more in denominational work or in the local church?

JH: It just depends on what a man feels like he ought to do. I see a mission for myself when I see about 30,000 Baptist churches and I know that about a third of them this year are going to use the preparation manual, the teacher's manual, and the continuing activities manual I wrote and which will put into their hands some tools to reach people. But in denominational work you miss the personal relationships you have in the pastorate.

HM: Do you still consider yours if a preacher?

JH: Sure I do—more than I ever did in the pastorate. I used to preach about 150 times a year in the pastorate. In my work now, sometimes I'll preach 300 times a year. ☐

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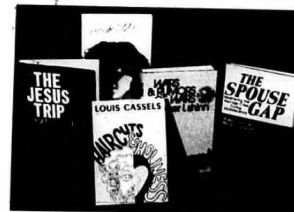
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Cover Story: Whoosh! A ship, a ship, and down you go. It's mud sliding, a Hawaiian sport as unique as the state herself. Photo by Don Rutledge

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Letters

The Land of the Free?

In [July HM] you carried two articles so asinine as to make one sick. If you cannot find better things to put in your magazine, you ought to go out of business. The first one was by Mr. Valentine, who suggested our duty to obey unjust laws. Is Mr. Valentine the authority on unjust laws? I believe this advice of his to be about the worst yet to come from a leader in our Convention. If this is the only advice he has for our nation, he ought to keep his mouth shut.

The other article glorified the American Civil Liberties Union. This organization has a record as foul as can be. It goes all the way back to the founder, Baldwin, who spent time in prison rather than defend his country. His assembly, afterwards, goes all the way from rank communists to pinks. Let not our money be spent publishing an article that glorifies such an organization whose efforts have led to many of the national problems of today.

I hope our magazine will be more discreet in the future.
Tom Williams
Greensboro, N.C.

Just a word to thank you for the article by Foy Valentine. I found myself saying, "that's what I've been wanting to say!" His sensitivity to the issues involved in Christian responsibility to God and country is deeply appreciated.
J. Preston Bright
Champaign, Ill.

"Patriotism and Piety" was just great! Thanks for giving us this excellent article. Mr. Valentine articulated the feelings of many of us.
Mark Short
Glorieta, N.M.

This is just a word of appreciation for "Patriotism and Piety." Other black ministers who have read the article have expressed high praise for Mr. Valentine's writing ability and the courage with which he expressed himself.
Emmanuel McCall
Atlanta, Ga.

The first two articles [July HM] are unpatriotic and very unbecoming as views of one representing a Southern Baptist. I'm very much against the ACLU and do not appreciate the use of this magazine to defend one who works for them.

Trying to force another race on its people, I should have a right to who I worship with, live with, live beside or become friends with without being judged by a bunch of social do-gooders. We have enough of these in other realms of life without them being in our Convention. It's getting to the point I'm almost ashamed to admit I'm a member of a church that belongs to the Southern Baptist Convention.

I hope in the future you will try to relay to your readers the things that will inspire us to contribute something worthwhile to the advancement of God's Kingdom rather than to try to tear down everything our forefathers tried to build up.

Mrs. Marian Maness
Greensboro, N.C.

Congratulations on "Patriotism and Piety." More of this needs to be expressed.

Jimmy Wilson
Alpine, Texas

Editor's note: Since many readers reacted to the statement concerning disobeying unjust laws, and this statement was slightly edited, we repeat the exact paragraph as written by the author. Foy Valentine: "Christians have historically reserved the right to state when those laws are in conflict with what is believed to be the will of God. This right to disobey unjust laws has been understood to be an obligation under God not to be shirked or somehow evaded. Because of our needs we also pointed out his list of biblical instances where laws were disobeyed in order to follow the will of God: Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego; Peter and John before the magistrates; and Peter disobeying the Jewish law.

Mr. Valentine has carefully put in words many of my convictions that I have found difficult to articulate. My wholehearted response to the article is "Amen."

L. Taylor Daniel
Dallas, Texas

It makes my blood boil to think of calling an ACLU advocate a Christian. Yess, he does help all the radicals who want to be freed. Even before the sound of the gun was silenced, Arthur Bremer had asked for an ACLU lawyer as if he had planned this all along and knew they would get him free.

I don't see them trying to get law and order in this country nor do I see them ever helping the innocent. Always hunting a loophole to get some criminal loose. No wonder our streets are no longer safe either by night or day.

And when they aren't helping criminals find a loophole to get loose they are out suing someone for having a Christmas program or voluntary prayer. No wonder our young people have to rely on sex, dope and crime. Their lives are empty and must be filled with something. Children who are starved eat rats and search the garbage cans.

Mrs. Ferel Frost Hubbs
Greeneville, Tenn.

Editor's note: Although American Civil Liberties Union chapters may vary somewhat, spokesmen insist all are joined for the purpose of defending anyone whose constitutional liberties are threatened. Pornography is merely one area of ACLU activity—others have included defense of Black Panthers and Klux Klanners, of cases ranging from a racist's right to speak to misuse of public funds for parochial education. The obvious implication, of course, is that those who demand strict interpretation of the Constitution in the area of religious freedom should be too upset with the ACLU's definition of the same literal interpretation based on all provisions and freedoms guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution and its amendments.

August Attitudes

From my point of view you did a good thing in the July HOME MISSIONS. I like the way you have used your space to present a balanced point of view, especially the last part of the magazine in which you begin to tell us more about what home missions is actually about.

The more I ponder the nature of magazines, the less I am inclined to accept the liability of a one-subject issue. My tendency is to say, "That's a good thing. I will get to it in the future," and then put it aside and never get back to it. I'm afraid that a lot of other people do the same thing.

Albert McClellan
Nashville, Tenn.

I love HOME MISSIONS. You are not afraid to speak frankly concerning the issues of our day. I find every issue fresh and thought stimulating. I particularly appreciated the very mature article in the August issue, "Glossolalia: Creative Sound or Destructive Fury." Seems like everything else I have read or heard by Baptists is full of panic. Of course, for each gift of the Spirit, Satan has his counterfeit, but a person having his life controlled by the Lord Jesus Christ need not fear any spiritual gift as perhaps of Satan—that includes the gift of tongues.
M. Stephenson
Melbourne, Fla.

HOME MISSIONS magazine is the greatest! Thanks for keeping us informed about the "latest" issues—truly each issue of HOME MISSIONS is a treat.

Mrs. Donald Jones
Taichung, Taiwan

Congratulations on the meat you're giving in HOME MISSIONS. The articles [August HM] were particularly good. Your selection of writers with knowledge and depth is deeply appreciated.

Cort Flint
Hillsville, Va.

Chaplains' Prayer Calendar

November 1: Samuel Ganaway, Ill., Navy; Glenn DeVine, Okla., institutional. November 2: James H. Rankin, Tex., Army. November 3: George A. Gannoneri, Fla., hospital. Harold Leon Mills, Tex., Army; Thomas R. Thompson, N.Y., Army. November 4: Harold R. Getts, D.C., Air Force; Claude E. Murrell, Tenn., Army.

November 5: Harold A. Davidson, Ala., industrial; James L. Hodgins, S.C., institutional. August C. Kilpatrick, S.C., Air Force; E.P. Weaver, Mo., institutional; Jack Clark, Ga., hospital. November 6: Robert Hampton Crosby, Ga., Air Force; Bob Merrill Brown, Ga., Army; David S. Hansaker, Mo., Navy; Luther R. McGiffin, La., Army; Clyde B. Smith, Okla., hospital.

November 7: Gene M. Little, Mo., Army; Roy A. Probst, Jr., N.C., Navy; Richard Robert Crowe, Wis., Navy.

November 8: Garth E. Long, Va., Navy; Jerry R. Smith, Ga., Navy. November 9: Clyde M. Northrop III, Ark., Army; James T. Wagner, La., hospital. November 10: Carl W. Flick, Va., Navy. November 11: Keith E. Woster, Mo., Navy.

November 12: David P. Byram, Okla., Air Force; Blanche Joe Day, Jr., La., Air Force; Reuben V. Johnson, Ga., hospital. November 13: Jerry D. Fleming, La., Air Force.

November 14: Max A. Eller, S.C., Navy; Clyde M. Johnston, Tex., institutional; Wayne C. King, Okla., Army; Gordon D. Birdwell, Okla., Navy. November 15: George Lee Gray, Ga., hospital; Robert S. Brinkley, Ohio, hospital; Lee A. Smith, N.C., Army.

November 16: Frederick W. Love, W. Va., Navy. November 17: George W. Foshay, Jr., Ala., Army; Martin B. Morris, Tex., Air Force. November 18: Robert M. Cash, Ga., VA; Ernest C. Evans, La., Army; Elgin Last, Mo., hospital; William Murray Eldridge, Miss., Navy. November 19: Robert D. Danell, Ala., Army; Walter L. Phillips, Ark., Army; Dalphon J. Thompson, N.C., institutional.

November 20: Willis L. Murdaugh Sr., Mo., Army; James F. Pulley Jr., N.C., Army. November 21: Richard M. Belts, Okla., Army; Douglas H. Sowards, Ky., Army; William T. Vest, Va., Navy.

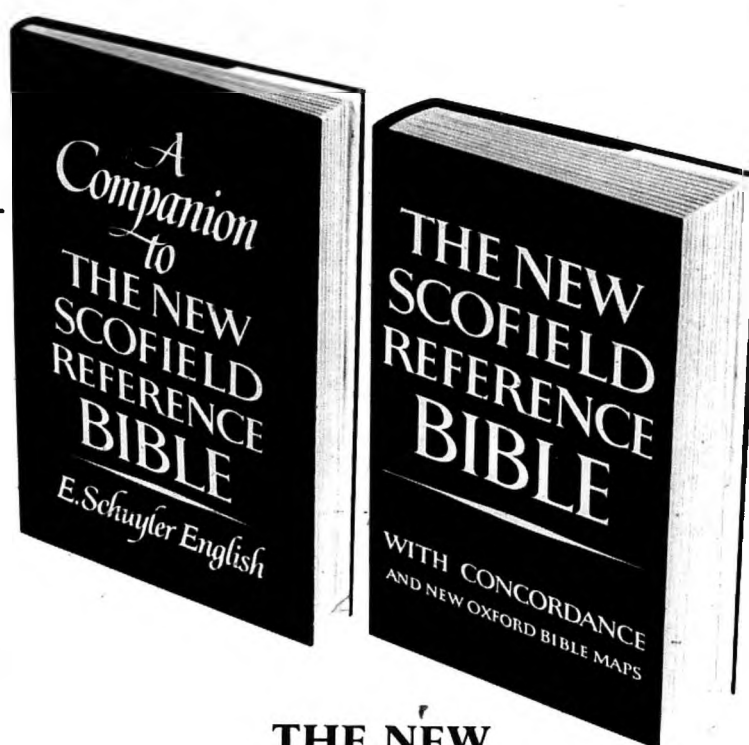
November 22: Louie H. Sligh, Ala., Air Force; Darris V. Bingham, N.C., Air Force; Edward R. Dowdy Jr., Va., VA; Billy J. Jones, Miss., Air Force; Debra V. Page, N.C., Navy. November 23: George K. Crosby, Miss., Air Force; Anderson C. Hicks, N.M., VA; Bobby W. Myatt, Tex., Navy; John D. Ruglund, Va., Navy; Leonard R. Perry, Ga., institutional.

November 24: Billy R. Lord, Tex., Army; Donald R. Smith, Ind., Air Force; Hoyt W. Swann, Ala., Navy. November 25: William C. Mays, Tenn., Sou. Bapt. Hosp.; Melvin T. Sims Jr., Miss., Air Force; Cecil Elmo Gholston, Miss., Air Force. November 26: Lucius M. Johnson, Ga., Army.

November 27: Dalton H. Barnes, Ark., Army. November 28: Alpha A. Farrow, Okla., Army; William F. Montgomery, Ark., Air Force; Ben S. Price, Tex., Army; Richard H. Kline, Pa., institutional.

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