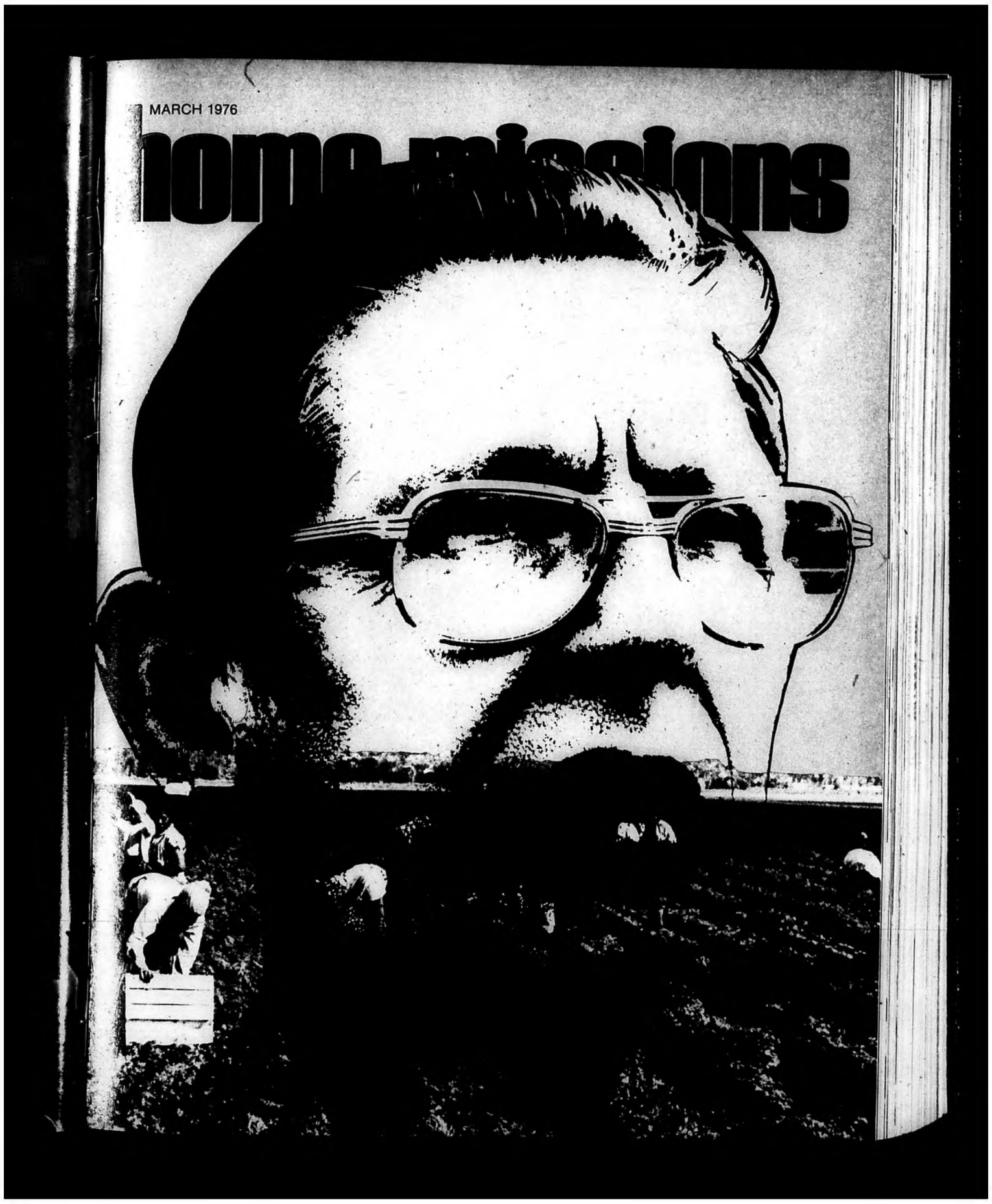
MARCH 1976
home missions

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Volume 47 March 1976 Number 3

Cover: HMB missionary Russell Kauffman, Florida migrant worker, overlooks a field of migrant workers.
Photos by Don Rutledge/Design by Deborah Petticord

Opposite: Smokey Boyle welcomes "Winter Texans" to the Rio Grande Valley.
Don Rutledge Photo

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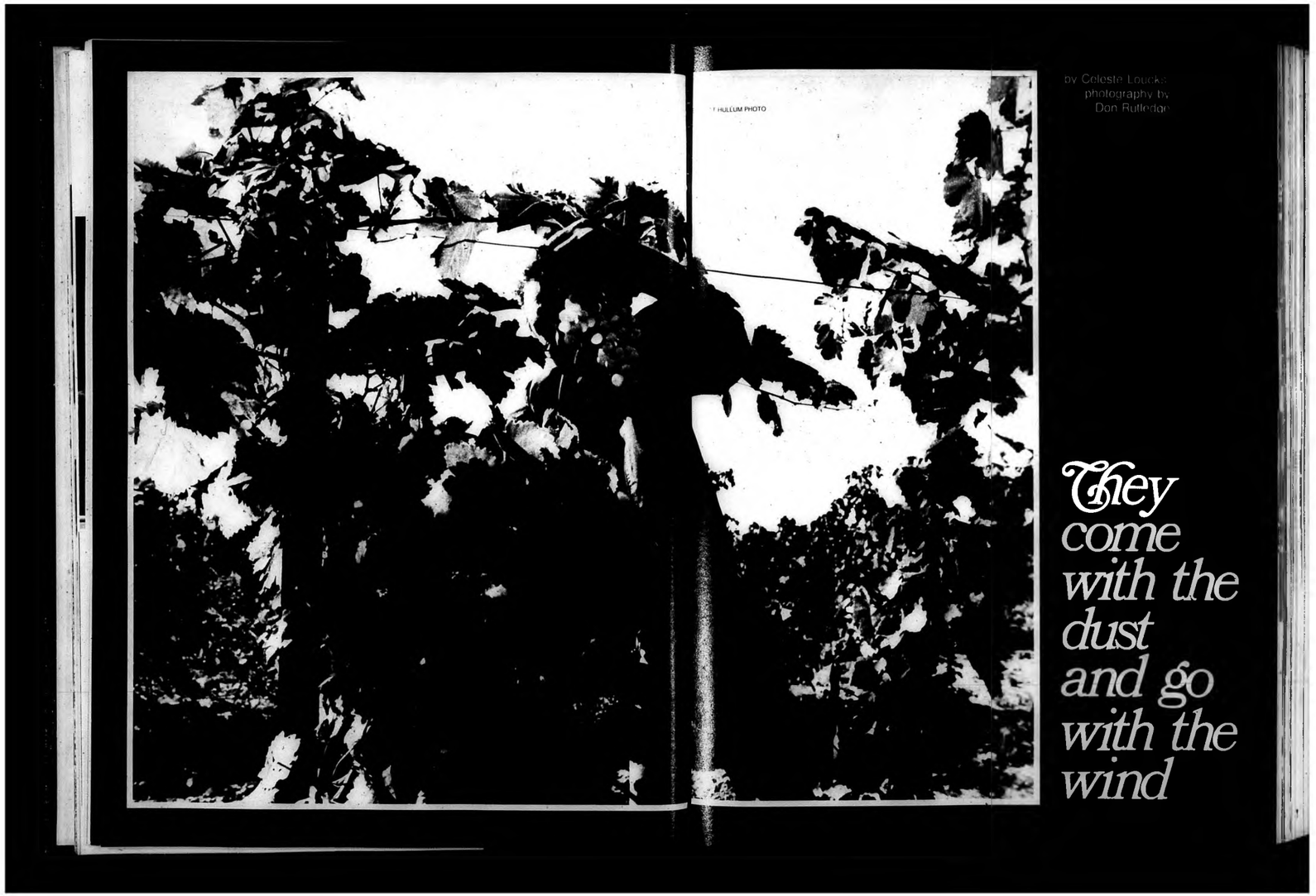
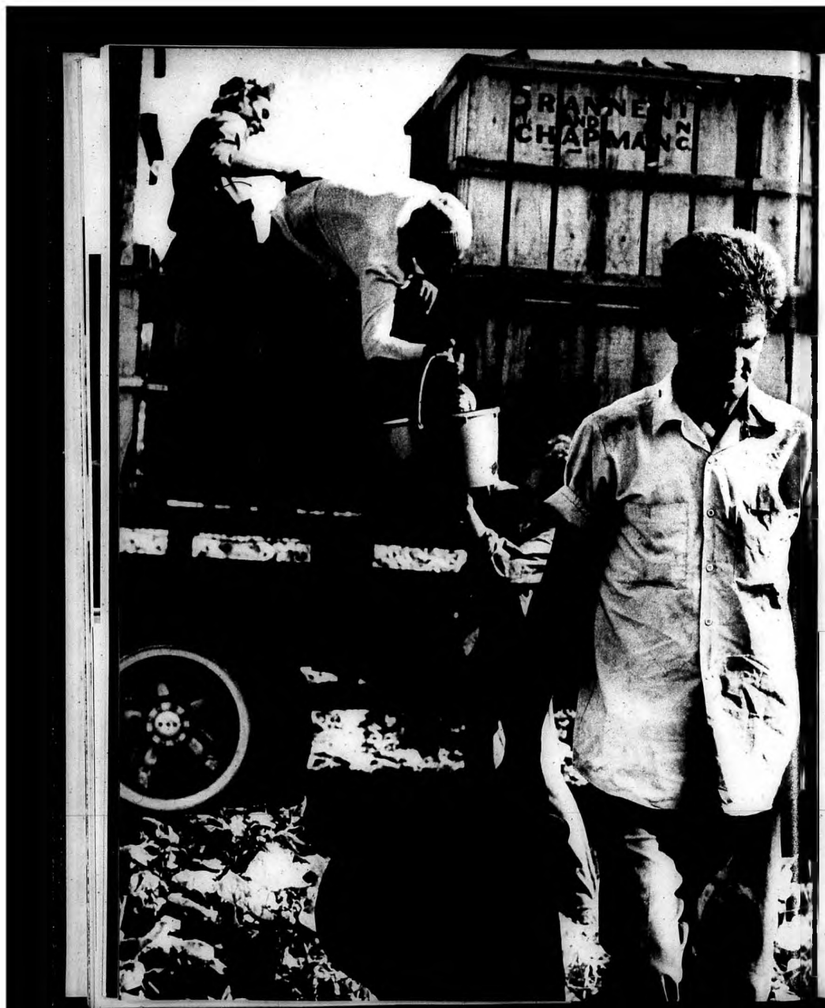
MARCH PREVIEW

Surprises, plus and minus

This month's lead article, on Baptist work with migrant farmlaborers, marks the first story on the subject HM's carried since 1967. To research it, reporter Celeste Loucks and photographer Don Rutledge traveled coast to coast, talking to dozens of migrants and Baptists who work with migrants. It was impossible to visit everyone, of course; churches in Illinois, Maryland, Virginia miss mention, although they are doing excellent things. But overall, we've tried to hit the highlights: we think you'll be surprised with some of the results—both pluses and minuses. □ There is a touch of serendipity to this issue, too. When Loucks called Texas Baptist leaders to ask about "migrant" work in the Rio Grande River Valley—homebase of most migrants—they assured her of many active ministries. When she arrived to view the work, she found the "migrants" were not farmlaborers, but retired people who come south for the winter. That story—"The Winter Texans"—appears in this issue.

□ Finally, our last brush with serendipity (which, our Webster's says, is the art of finding valuable things not sought for), comes from HM news editor Toby Druin, who found his agreeable surprise in Richfield, Utah. Druin was interviewing HMB church extension missionary Medford Hutson there, when he discovered that one Bible study, conducted by Southwestern Seminary students Ann Tucker and Theresa Lukaesko, met only on Wednesday. Druin was leaving Tuesday. He asked the women, working with Hutson on a field church extension project, if they could reschedule. They did. As Druin and Hutson drove to the meeting, Hutson pointed to a mineral hot springs his church used as a baptistry, since it has none of its own. "Too bad you can't schedule a baptism," sighed Druin. "That'd be interesting." You can guess the rest. At the Bible study, one child—a 14-year-old Danny Jacksich—made a profession of faith. The resulting "serendipity" you see pictured on this page.


by Celeste Loucks
photography by
Don Rutledge
They
come
with the
dust
and go
with the
wind



...a mighty hard row that my poor hands have hoed,
...y poor feet have traveled a hot dusty road.
...t of your dust bowl and westward we roll,
...ur deserts were hot and your mountains were cold.

...wandered all over this green growing land.
...erever your crops were I'd lend you my hands.
...the edge of the city you'd see me and then,
...me with the dust and I go with the wind.

...een pastures of plenty from dry desert ground,
...m the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters
...run down,
...ery state in the union us migrants have been,
...We'll work in the fight and we'll fight til we win.

...it's always we ramble, that river and I,
All along your green valley I'll work till I die.
And this land I'll defend with my life if need be,
'Cause my pastures of plenty must always be free.
I come with the dust and I go with the wind....[1]

—Woody Guthrie
American folk poet

Who sees the man bending over a low patch of produce—uncomplaining of his blistered hands, aching back and ragged pants dangling around dusty shoes?

Who hears the round-faced mother, fumbling with her English, insisting her child will never grow up to work in the fields?

Who recognizes the boy, smiling with downcast eyes, who works from cold sunrise through hot afternoon, until sweat clinging to his shirt grows chill in the evening air?

Who sees the laborer, planting, pruning, picking and packing food for our tables, then climbing into a pickup and driving relentlessly hundreds of miles—to a new row of faceless houses, a new crop?

[1] "Pastures of Plenty" Words and music by Woody Guthrie. TRO—© copyright 1960 and 1963 Ludlow Music, Inc., New York, NY. Used by permission.

"We really don't see migrants around here, anymore, says a Texas Baptist.

One in forty Texans is a migrant farm worker.

"Mechanization has replaced the migrant farmworker, the man says.

U.S. Department of Labor figures indicate 75 percent of the nation's produce is harvested by human hands.

"It was completely different back in 1955," chimes in a Baptist leader from West Texas. *"We spent Sunday afternoon in the downtown area, handing out tracts. Migrants were in here then by the thousands, pulling cotton by hand. Now it's done by machines. There aren't any camps left. You hardly see that type of person."*

A Texas government official says migrant labor has dropped, but "there are camps all over that area: Lubbock, Plainview, Muleshoe. Many facilities are no better than they were 20 years ago. It's a very bad sight."

"They just don't migrate much any more," reports a South Texan. *"They have permanent homes here. They don't follow the streams like they use to."*

An estimated 425,000 migrants still travel in streams outside their home bases. Almost half that number are from Texas, predominantly South Texas.

Continued

Despite diligent efforts by dozens of Baptists, the migrant remains a shadowy "out of sight, out of mind" figure in American life.

Conservative estimates place the U.S. migrant population at 1.1 million.

"We have had many opportunities to win Mexican-American migrants," says a South Texas Baptist layman, "now we have this "Winter Texan program" which ministers to retired people who move into the Rio Grande Valley each winter (see following story).

Meanwhile, Texas Baptists see the migrant—if at all—as only one puzzle-piece in the predominant South Texas Spanish-language culture; he is not someone whose special needs present special problems and demand special ministries.

"The Spanish churches can work with them best," they feel. "They're not migrants when they're home."

But who are the migrants, then, whether at home or on the road? Who are these people so seldom seen by Texans—or Californians, or Coloradans, or South Carolinians?

Eyeball to eyeball, the migrant farm worker is black, white, brown; he is a U.S. citizen. He is an alien, from Mexico, Canada, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, the Philippines, Arab states. Many times he is an illegal alien.

Head counts are hard to get. But conservative estimates place the U.S. migrant population at 1,100,000.

For the migrant, a good-running pick-up is more important than a home, for he travels five-six months a year—northward out of Texas, Florida, California: 200,000 fan out of South Texas in three middle-states streams; of California's 400,000 migrants, 17,000 go out of state; 80,000 roll up the East Coast from Florida bases.

The migrant's life expectancy is 49 years. His average education is seventh/eighth grade. Many times he cannot speak or read English, let alone decipher simple contracts, fill out medical forms or figure a good buy at the grocery store.

Because of marginal skills, along with [illegible]ed tomatoes and green cabbages he harvests substandard working conditions and inferior wages. According to 1973 figures, his average annual wage was under $2,000, earned over a period of 88 days; this provides sustenance for the remainder of the year.

The average farmworker home, consisting of two rooms, houses the average 6.4-member family. Ninety percent of the homes lack a sink; 95 percent have no flush toilets.

Between 80,000 and 90,000 farm workers are injured annually by pesticides, according to the Food and Drug Administration. Between 800 and 1,000 die annually from pesticide exposure.

Dental decay is widespread. Infant mortality is 25 percent higher among migrants. Mortality due to tuberculosis and other infectious diseases outstrips the national average, two to one.

And ironically, the worker behind America's balanced meal suffers extensively from poor-nutrition based disease. Iron deficiency is common.

After reviewing the plight of the migrant, Sen. Walter Mondale of Minnesota says, "The migrant camp is a microcosm of nearly every social ill, every injustice and everything shameful in our society: poverty almost beyond belief; rampant [illegible]sease and malnutrition; racism; filth and squal[illegible] pitiful children drained of pride and hope; [illegible]ploitation and powerlessness; and the inability [illegible] unwillingness of public and private institutions, [illegible] all levels, to erase this terrible blight to our [illegible]untry."

Yet lawmakers fail to draft adequate legislation [illegible]he migrants' behalf. State legislators continue [illegible]vote down bills requiring even drinking water [illegible]d toilet facilities in the fields.

[illegible] the end of a long day's work in the sun, a black [illegible]an peers from the back of a camper.

"What do you think about the work you do?"

"I like workin' outdoors."

"Isn't it hard?"

"It ain't bad. Not really." His smile broadens. "Women do this work; can't be too hard."

"Is it worth the pay you get?"

"Oh, pay's good." He shifts his weight, easing tired muscles.

"Can you save any money on what you make?"

"I have to save money. Lots of time there no work."

He pauses. His dark eyes wander down his worn trousers, over his old shoes, to the sandy ground at his feet. For a long while he stares at the land. Finally he looks up.

"Doctors are awful high for no more money than we make," he says slowly.

"Rent's high.

"And food," he concludes, "it's pretty high, too."

Overlooking the migrant is not hard. Always on the move, he evades packaged programs, from education to health. Communication is limited. He has had little political clout. Generally, after a few months or weeks, the migrant climbs in his worn pickup and leaves, in a rolling cloud of dust, the few hands outstretched by religious, political and governmental programs.

A few people—Baptists and non-Baptists—have seen the migrant. Sometimes they have joined his on-going struggle. Ed Taylor is one such Baptist.

As an HMB missionary, Taylor began working with migrants in 1957 in Texas and Oklahoma, using a mobile home to keep pace with "his flock." Now retired from work among East Coast migrants, he hopes to continue the ministry on an unofficial basis.

In other parts of the U.S., Taylor's two hand-picked migrant missions directors work: in Florida, Russell Kauffman; in California, Augustine Salazar.

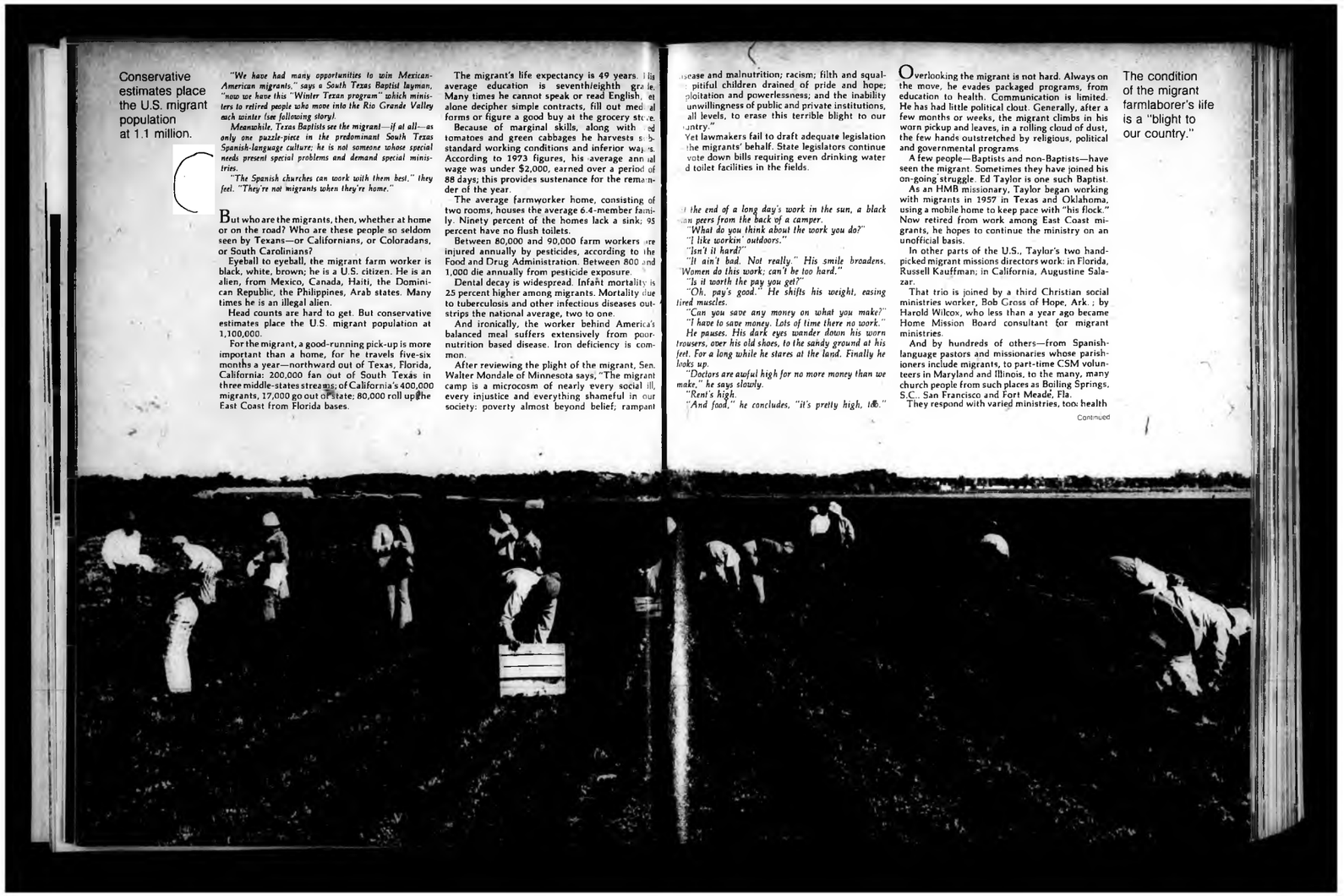
That trio is joined by a third Christian social ministries worker, Bob Gross of Hope, Ark.; by Harold Wilcox, who less than a year ago became Home Mission Board consultant for migrant ministries.

And by hundreds of others—from Spanish-language pastors and missionaries whose parishioners include migrants, to part-time CSM volunteers in Maryland and Illinois, to the many, many church people from such places as Boiling Springs, S.C., San Francisco and Fort Meade, Fla.

They respond with varied ministries, too: health

Continued

The condition of the migrant farmlaborer's life is a "blight to our country."



"Thank heaven for Bob"

The SBC's major center for migrants offers "first aid, Kool-aid and spiritual aid," says its director.

Each spring, pickups and trailers from as far south as Brownsville, Tex., 680 miles away, drive nonstop to the Migrant Farm Labor center on U.S. 67, one mile from Hope, Ark.

The piney town, nudging the Texas-Arkansas border, boasts the only government-funded overnight migrant rest stop in the United States.

At a quarter a bed, migrants can rent one of 20 air-conditioned trailers for up to 24 hours. Usually families stay long enough to eat, shower, grab a few hours sleep before moving northward.

The $2 charge for an eight-bed facility covers cost of clean linens. "I'd like to give these cabins free," says manager Richard Ramsey, "but they're proud people; they wouldn't take 'em free."

Turnover is so fast that before clean sheets are on the beds, another family waits. "We rent these up to three times in a 24-hour period," Ramsey explains.

In nine months of 1975, 41,000 migrants went through the center—most tired and hungry, some in limping transportation that had to be overhauled at the Hope stop. There were old people and sick people—and new people. "We've had babies born in these trailers," Ramsey recalls with a smile.

Because the center isn't equipped for emergencies, Ramsey refers special problems to Bob Gross, director of the Migrant Mission Center across the highway.

"Thank heaven we have Bob," says Ramsey. "He does a wonderful job. His center's not the cure, but it does provide a haven for these people."

The "haven" is Southern Baptists' only mission center for migrants. "We offer first aid, Kool-aid and spiritual aid," says Gross, a soft-spoken, gentle home missionary in Christian social ministries.

Those who know Gross claim God tailor-made him for the work. "You never hear Bob raise his voice," says a volunteer. He watches and listens for needs. And even if an occasional visitor takes advantage of services offered, "he is the same Bob. He sees only a creation of the Lord in distress."

On call night and day, Gross was there to comfort a migrant family whose father was hospitalized after a heart attack, to be with a family of 18 whose mother died suddenly.

In emergency help, the center provides gas money, and it's not unusual to find Gross under the hood of a broken down vehicle; if he can't fix it, he finds a garage that can.

The center gives groceries; recipients work out orders by doing chores. Gross senses independence among the people.

On a typical autumn evening, teenagers play ping-pong while a volunteer, France-Miller, bends over a checker game with a young Mexican-American. A woman and her two daughters browse through the long clothing rack while another woman selects from Christmas-in-August boxes on the floor. A group of children munch cookies and flip through picture books. A man thumbs religious tracts.

Before they leave, most migrants receive a verbal Christian witness. "We know their time is short," explains Gross. "Our time is short. So we usually get to the point pretty quick."

Mrs. Miller, who characterizes herself as a shy person, says, "It's been a marvel to me to see how the Holy Spirit has worked."

When volunteers or Gross are unable to adequately communicate, Joe Hernandez, a native Mexican who studied to be a priest, takes over. "It's not difficult to witness to Catholics if you have a Catholic background."

Hernandez, a former alcoholic, wants "to covert all the Mexican people. I am old," he says, "I get a little pushy. I want them to become Christians, quick."

Since 1973, Hernandez has been at the center, conducting Sunday afternoon worship, translating the newsletter published by Gross, which carries spiritual messages, center news and job opportunities in the area.

The center gives migrants a chance "to see that all Anglos don't discriminate," Hernandez says. Young volunteers hug children and others offer warm welcomes.

"Most migrants have never had the opportunity to get close to Anglo people," Hernandez explains. "Here they see something like they have never seen in their lives."

Of particular concern to Hernandez is follow-up for center visitors. Already the center mails a list of new Christians to South Texas' Rio Grande Valley Association, where most migrants settle in winter.

But Hernandez wants to develop a chain of churches to reach migrants streaming back south. "To have committed, coordinated actions would pay off handsomely," he believes.

Eddie Aurispa, coordinator of migrant affairs for Texas' Good Neighbor Commission, wants additional rest stops, both governmental and church-funded, in Texas and along the migrant streams.

"This center," he says, "is a means of meeting not only spiritual but physical needs. I have seen the commitment of Bob and the work that is being done. Many who travel each year can expect a warm, personal welcome from Southern Baptists' migrant center at Hope." •

...s, family planning classes, sewing and nutrition ...sons, clothes closets, medical care, Bible ...ools, day care, tutoring, labor camp visitation ...l services.

...ut they are still too few in number, laments ... HMB's Wilcox. "Too many church people are ...l looking the other way."

...When a Dade City, Fla., pastor suggested starting a migrant program in his church, which serves ...ommunity heavily populated with agricultural ...rkers, his chairman of deacons countered: ...here just isn't room in our church for them." ...he church building would accommodate 300 ...rsons. Attendance was running about 50.

"Sometimes," says Taylor, "because of the ...acial situation (in South Carolina), we have to ...haul the migrant children 30 to 40 miles—past ...everal Baptist churches—before we find a church ...which will permit us to have services in the area."

For Baptists who would like to catch a glimpse of the migrant, non-Baptist Richard Ramsey has first hand experience. As manager of federally-funded Migrant Farm Labor Center outside Hope, Ark., he has worked with migrants for 15 years.

Nine months of the year, Ramsey notes their going and coming, marked by peaks and valleys of good crops, killing frosts, gasoline shortages and drought. Each year, between 40,000 and 50,000 migrants sign up at the unique center to shower, wash clothes, eat in the picnic area and sleep a few hours.

Although his charts, daily logs and general bookkeeping efficiency indicate professionalism, Ramsey's words reveal more. He chisels away at migrant stereotypes:

"Most of these people are not 'Mexicans.' When you see a red truck with a bunch of brown-skinned kiddies in back, that's a bunch of Americans—of Mexican origin. Some of these people returned to the Valley (Rio Grande Valley) to bury sons killed in Vietnam.

"Many people in town have asked me if I'm afraid to work with 'Mexicans.' " Ramsey leans forward. "I feel more comfortable working here than uptown. And I think the town is fairly se...ure."

He calms occasional drunks, but Ramsey says, "There has never been a case or incident where ...e've had to call the police. These folks don't ...ear black hats. There's not a Pancho Villa among ...em.

"At least," he concludes, "I haven't found one ...t."

...n the spring, if a migrant is too broke to pay ... $2 charged for an eight-bed trailer, it is not ...sual for him to return after harvest, money in ...d, telling Ramsey, "Here's the $2 I owe you." ...e describes migrants as well-disciplined and ...ily oriented; those stopping at the center ...ge from 92 years to infants. "The younger folks ...e care of the older folks. The kids take care of ... kids." With a grin, he adds, "One thing we do ... here is some streakers. Yesterday, a toddler ... from the shower. The only thing he had on ...s a smile.

But," Ramsey says, "his mother caught him." ...oremost, he maintains the migrants contribute ... the U.S. economy and daily food consumption.

"Look at the cans of Jolly Green Giant, Van Camp and Heinz. Then check our rosters. Goods we take for granted wouldn't be there if it weren't for this source of labor.

"Here's a group of people," Ramsey emphasizes, "traveling this distance, not to get on a welfare program or food program, but to work.

"What they receive is a small stipend for all their labor."

Or travel southeast to the DeNeef Trailer Village outside Ocoee, Fla., to get another picture of migrant life. Starting with one trailer 28 years ago, Adrian and Esther DeNeef have built the migrant camp to 50 units; over the years they've watched their occupants through bad times and good.

Food stamps have improved the situation, but Mrs. DeNeef, a normally smiling woman, frowns as she recalls migrants so desperate for food "they were havin' to eat gophers and snakes." In response, she dished up spaghetti and kettles of soup.

The DeNeefs are outspoken: They don't care for what they've seen of the labor movement in Florida; they are glad to see more apprehension of illegal aliens; they scowl at contractors still taking advantage of workers, despite recent legislation.

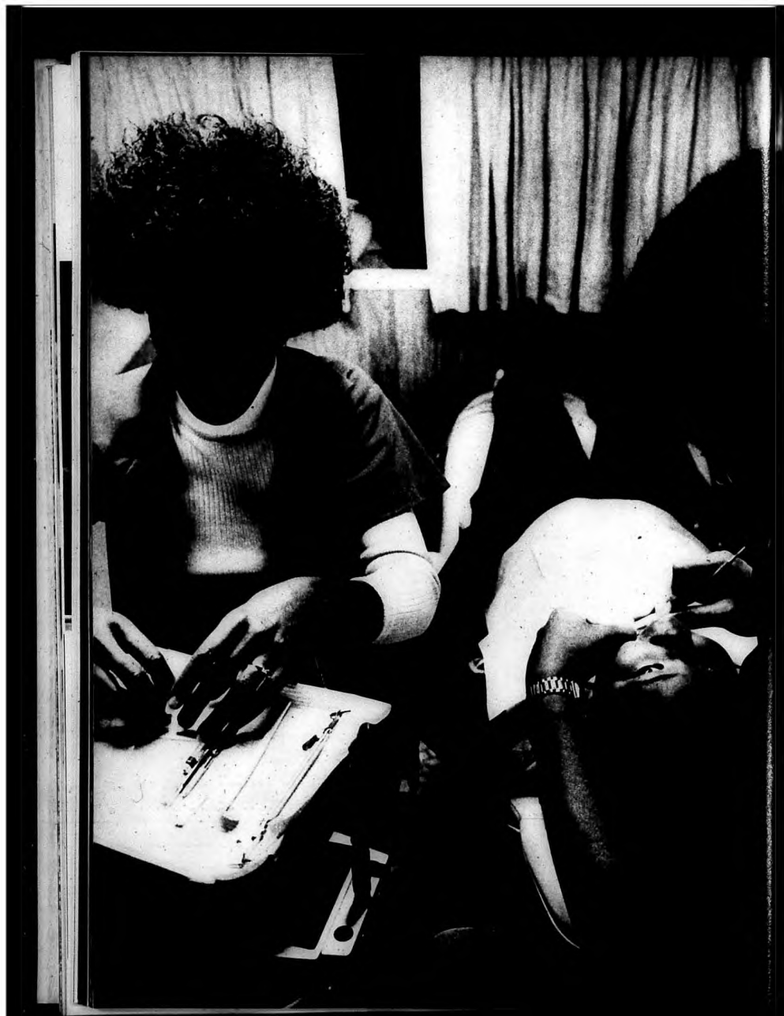
"The vegetables on our tables wouldn't be there without this source of labor."

Bob Gross of the Hope Center (left) helps women sort materials; looking on is Eddie Aurispa of a Texas state agency that works with migrants.

Federally funded programs, they agree, don't reach the people. "When you need action, you never get it," DeNeef remarks with disgust. They still receive bad checks for rent, because employers had insufficient funds. And from day to day, the DeNeefs see much repetition of problems encountered three decades ago.

An example: the DeNeefs provide beds, but cannot furnish linens. "All they sleep on usually is the plain old mattress—or the floor," Mrs. DeNeef explains. "When it gets cold, they sleep without covers; it gets pretty rough.

"Some sleep under the mattresses." Continued



Another man whose professional work has ...ed him with migrant life is Dr. Harry S. Lipscombe, director of the Institute for Health Serv... Research at Baylor College of Medicine in ...uston. With a study team he went into the Rio ...ande Valley "to examine in great depth" the ...alth of 50 migrant and seasonal farmworker ...milies.

But at the beginning of the five-day study, 900 ...rsons lined the streets around the small clinic ...om which the team was working.

"We had intended to document, but not treat, ...ness. Within the first hour," Lipscombe recalls, ...t became clear the people had come for treat...ent and their manifest need was so overwhelm...ing we hastily arranged with a neighboring pharmacy to provide medication and vitamins. In four days, we prescribed and administered in excess of $6,000 worth of drugs.

"The apathy and despair which has characterized every poor community unfortunately is used as evidence that the poor will not avail themselves of our services if they are provided. I believe," he concludes, "this overwhelming turnout of the people of the Valley to our accessible clinic gives lie to this popular misconception. These people are *hungry* for care. They are dying for want of it."

Or, if you tire of seeing the migrant vicariously, look for him yourself. You'll find him some evening along the backroads of a Louisiana sugarcane field . . . cooking outside a stinking hut in California . . . in the emergency ward of a Colorado hospital, desperately seeking help for a sick child, but unable to communicate with medical personnel. You'll locate him in a Florida cucumber patch . . . in a Washington apple orchard, in a North Carolina tobacco field . . .

Ed Taylor has seen migrants in hot and dusty fields and in ramshackle houses with barren mattresses and outdoor toilets.

He's seen them for almost 20 years, and he still feels the key to migrant work remains the same: "Just giving out a tract on the street doesn't get it done," he says wryly, "you have to have a sense of involvement. You have to let them know you want to be their friend."

When Augustine Salazar walks in to a migrant ...bor camp in California, he asks a few questions ...n his native tongue, explains he is from Texas, ...rn in Mexico, knows the life of a laborer . . . and ...e begins to make friends.

...esno, Calif., has an annual Raisin Parade. Giant ...llo wine storage tanks bask in the dazzling sun. ...sno's McDonald's includes small boxes of raisins ...h its Big Mac and fries.

Fresno County vineyards grow thick with grapes: ...le grapes, wine grapes, raisin grapes. At the peak ...ment, when sugar content is high and grapes are ...n, the fruit must be harvested in a race against time ...d elements. Days grow shorter: morning dew dries ...re slowly, shade comes more quickly. Rain can ...mpletely destroy a crop.

"It's hectic," comments Berge Bulbulian, a local ...ser. "There simply aren't enough people around to ...k all the grapes at the same time."

Some wine grapes are harvested mechanically. But ...le grapes must be handpicked. In fall, laborers, bent low, work among the long rows, rapidly turning brown paper "trays" of raisins drying in the sun.

From a homebase in this grape country, Augustine Salazar—native of Mexico, son of a landowner, husband of a Mexican-American whose father was a migrant laborer—directs migrant missions for California.

His job requires him to work on both sides of the vineyard, enlisting help for migrants from California Baptists. With local churches, he helps organize Bible schools for migrant children and begin clothes closets and health aid distribution. Sometimes he takes pastors into the vineyards to view migrant needs. Often he finds himself explaining the other side of the harvesting dilemma to Baptist growers who sport car bumper stickers, "Keep Cesar Out of Our Salad." (Cesar Chavez is founder of the United Farm Workers).

Volunteers work late at Florida's mobile clinic.

"These people are hungry for care; they are dying for want of it."

"I don't have any complaints," he says mildly. "The Anglo [churches receive me well, all over the state. They treat me like one of their own."

But he is still most relaxed with his own people. When he walks into the Parlier Farm Labor Center at midday, children flock to him. In the evenings, he draws a crowd with his guitar and songs.

Dusk fades into twilight and the Mexican "soul" music which began his "program" turns into religious songs. Before the people gathered in the dim light are aware, he has moved into a fervent sermon, explaining repentance, salvation, Christ's love.

Afterwards, as he packs away his guitar into a cartrunk stuffed with the paraphernalia of his work: movie projector, tracts, Bibles in Spanish, books, films, he comments: "The people are Catholics mostly by name only. We have found they are eager to listen to the Good News."

But not every worker can move so easily into the migrant thought-patterns as Salazar. Most workers are Anglo, and the black and brown migrants may not trust them. In addition, language barriers are common.

When Florida's Russell Kauffman, a home missionary who directs migrant ministries, enters a

Continued

migrant community, he begins to adapt. Coat and tie come off; then, sitting on a log or a doorstep, Kauffman talks with the migrant about work, weather, the quality of oranges in the groves.

"Sometimes you'll work for a period of weeks before you'll see anything but some kids," he says.

"Sometimes you'll work for weeks before you see anyone but some kids."

Before migrants will come to a church, Kauffman adds, "you have to make them believe you love them and really want them. Many times, they think you come out to see them for curiosity."

Kauffman's low-key approach evidences his belief that migrant work "takes a certain breed of person. Some people cringe at a little migrant child climbing in their laps and hugging their necks." Although language is a problem, he says, "a poor speaker with empathy can have greater impact than an eloquent speaker just doing a job."

Each year, Kauffman drives a blue '71 Datsun along 25,000 miles of Florida backroads and highways, striking up conversations with migrants, sounding out their needs, then patiently motivating local churches to respond.

He has learned that just getting to a doctor may be a major problem for migrants living in a rural area sometimes 100 miles from a hospital. Even those living in camps nearby may not have transportation. And an hour or two in the doctor's waiting room may be an expense in the harvesting time the migrant cannot afford. "A mobile clinic has been a dream of mine since I came with the Home Mission Board in 1968," Kauffman remembers.

Federal health programs will not provide the migrant with dental care except on a "hurt basis." "This means their teeth can be rotting in their mouths," he explains with a grimace, "and if they are not in pain, nothing will be done. I found migrants are in dire need of dental—and medical—care."

To verify need of a mobile health unit, Kauffman talked to the Florida director of migrant health. The state official said he had been trying to build a fleet of mobile units, but with little success. He pulled a file of research, handed it to Kauffman and said, "Here, you take this."

Kauffman contacted Texas Baptists, who operate several mobile clinics for indigents and migrants in the Rio Grande Valley. They sent sketches. With $25,000 in hand, he took bids. "The closest was $50,000," he says.

Instead of giving up, Kauffman decided to design his own mobile clinic. After several months of research and consultation with a physician and dentist, he chose the largest available motor home chassis and drew up plans. Then he went looking for a builder. After a long line of rejections, he found a man who built camper tops in a small garage. Adding cost of materials, including a

Continued

At a government-sponsored farmlaborers camp, missionary Augustine Salazar gathers a crowd of children.

"The Illegals"

With food for four days, a Mexican couple left their two pre-school age daughters in Mexico and set out, on foot, for West Texas.

Crossing the border between Juarez and Del Rio, they traveled at night. During the day, after pulling stickers and thorns from their clothing, they slept in hiding.

The trip took 11 days. They arrived in Lubbock, Tex., hungry, frightened and physically exhausted. Making contacts with Baptist laymen through a Spanish-speaking radio program, the couple received food and shelter. Now they, along with hundreds of other aliens, are employed—illegally—in that area.

Helicopters and grayish cars marked Border Patrol scour the Lubbock and other agricultural areas in several states, searching for illegal aliens. More than 1,000 border patrolmen are stationed along the 1,945-mile Mexican border. Fences, topped with concertina, serve as a second barrier in limited stretches. Yet wire clippers cut through fences and Mexican nationals keep flooding into the country.

The U.S. Department of Justice estimates five million illegal Mexicans live in the U.S.

Like the Mexican couple in Lubbock, most nationals enter this country in sheer economic desperation, leaving border cities plagued with stifling populations and high unemployment. If they are caught—and 710,000 were in 1974—all the border patrol can do is take them back to Mexico. And as one Mexican-American from California joked, "They usually beat the border patrol back here."

Part of the problem is illegal aliens are hard workers. They come to the United States to earn money and return home "wealthy." They work long hours, sometimes seven days a week.

"The growers like to hire illegals," a California pastor says simply. "They work 19-20 hours a day. They work fast." Yet the millions of jobs they hold in a time of rising unemployment account for an estimated $10 billion wage loss to American workers.

Bills have been introduced to curb the illegal onslaught. One requires each prospective employee to produce proof of citizenship. He could not "knowingly" employ an illegal. For first violation, the employer who hires an illegal alien would receive a warning; second offense could cost up to $500 for each alien involved, third offense would result in a fine of $1,000 and/or imprisonment not exceeding one year.

Several organizations and a mixture of groups oppose the bill.

"Mexican-American organizations feel if you are a brown unskilled laborer, the farmer would stay away from you," comments Eddie Aurispa of Texas' Good Neighbor Commission. "They claim this would discriminate against them, requiring them to prove citizenship."

At the same time, he says, "farmers don't feel they should be responsible" to determine whether an illegal alien has entered the country.

Church response to the illegal alien problem is "very touchy," admits Harold Wilcox, migrant ministries consultant at the HMB. "I think we have a responsibility to minister to those who are here. We don't know if they are legal or illegal. If one knows a person is illegal, he'll have to deal with that."

Ariel Hernandez, pastor of Baptist Spanish mission in Immokalee, Fla., says he and members of his church work with illegal aliens through their jail ministry. After illegals have been apprehended, says Hernandez, "I can just talk about Jesus and about their problems. Sometimes I contact their families in Mexico."

Santos Ramos, pastor of Templo Bautista in Lubbock, says occasionally the border patrol asks him to interpret for illegals.

Hernandez emphasizes the difficulty most churches have in reaching illegals, who frequently work on Sundays. Beyond that, he says, "most illegals live away from the highway. They do not come into town. They send people in to buy food for them."

Because of his isolation, the illegal alien has borne the greatest mistreatment in housing, medical care and wages.

"When you talk about the illegal alien, it's a whole different ball game," comments Aurispa. "By placing new responsibilities upon employers, the lure of cheaply obtained workers and easily obtained jobs would in large part vanish.

"It is doubtful any one law will solve the problem, but we believe new legislation will be a step in the right direction." •

The "wetback" has borne the greatest mistreatment in housing, medical care and wages.

American Cancer Society doctors didn't care that "we are Christian oriented. They've done 50,000 Pap smears in five years."

motor generator, vacuum system, hot water heater, forced heat and "everything but the air-conditioning," the man estimated he could do the job for $4,000. "I would have thought it could cost no less than $6,000 or $8,000," Kauffman admits with a laugh.

Besides carefully carrying out the original plans, the man included curtains and a shower in the restroom. "He was not a Southern Baptist," says Kauffman, "but he was a Christian."

In Gordonville, in Polk County, volunteer dentists donate time during the day for the long line of people visiting the mobile clinic.

It is well after dark. Dentist Reginald Ligon and his dental assistant, Gloria Wesley, still see patients. A barefoot teenager lies stretched out on the dental couch; she is in a dentist's chair for the first time. In Polk County, more than 60 percent of the residents have never had a dental appointment.

"You have several cavities," young Ligon observes as he probes the girl's mouth. "I can fill some of your cavities tonight, but you need to go to the dentist and get the rest of them filled."

The girl's toes wiggle.

"Will it hurt? Don't hurt my teeth."

"Decay," he tells her, "is hurting your teeth."

Nervous at the whir of the dentist's drill, the girl turns timidly to the nurse. "Will you hold my hands?" she asks.

The clinic travels between 10,000 and 15,000 miles each year. Kauffman tries to enlist personnel from local Baptist churches.

Records, particularly in serious cases, are turned over to local health departments for follow-up. Patients usually receive health instruction and often a Christian witness from the physician or dentist.

Through the American Cancer Society, the clinic provides cancer checks and Pap smears. "I told the cancer society this was Christian-oriented. To my surprise," says Kauffman, "they said that was great." In five years doctors have done 50,000 Pap smears.

Kauffman hopes to have at least one other unit in Florida. The Salazars would like two units and Texas Baptists are interested also in expanding their fleet for work specifically with migrants.

From around the corner of the weathered, decaying old building comes a young man. To the United Farm Workers' health worker, he holds out a stiff and slightly shaking hand. A jagged cut festers between thumb and index finger.

As she examines his hand, they talk.

"Can you hold anything in that hand yet?" she asks in Spanish.

He shakes his head, no.

"The company doctor still says you're able to return to work, that there's nothing wrong with your hand?"

The boy nods his head, yes.

Do you want to go back to work in the fields?"

The young man's freckled face breaks into a grin.

Do you think I like being around here all day, earning money?"

A young migrant woman, heavy with her second pregnancy, walks slowly from the Avon Park-Frostproof-Wachula Community clinic in Florida.

"It's two weeks before she will deliver," comments the clinic physician. "She has a caesarean history. Tonight she will take off for Texas in a truck." The doctor sighs. "That very name, migrant, means interrupted health care.

"The migrant is over immunized. And underprotected."

Related to many health problems is poor nutrition and health education. Lack of education can be devastating to a migrant's self image, communications, health and job opportunities.

Santos Ramos, who deals with migrants and seasonal farmworkers on a day to day basis, puts the hazards of poor education in a critical context.

"I have seen workers who have lost hands and legs simply because they couldn't read instructions on machinery," says Ramos, pastor of Temple Bautista in Lubbock, Tex.

In the past, many states have tried to close the education gap. But the work is complicated by language and cultural barriers and inability of school systems to keep up with wandering migrant children.

In the Arch Ford Building in Little Rock, Ark., a data bank provides a computerized account of educational records for an estimated 900,000 migrant children. Computer terminals are spread throughout 47 states.

Information fed into the Migrant Student Record Transfer System (MSRTS) assures school enrollment of migrant children without delay or confusion. MSRTS stores updated medical records and includes the children's eligibility for federal programs.

Nineteen states are currently involved in a cooperative interstate project to solve migrant education problems. In 1974, more than 3,000 participants representing 177 schools met in McAllen, Tex., to study teaching techniques, encourage school participation of migrant children, and promote understanding of problems faced by migrant children.

Several federal programs are designed to help the migrant child, but too often the migrant does not avail himself of them.

"My mother told me, 'If you're going to get ahead, you've got to get an education.' "

The migrant child frequently has been embarrassed by his clothing, his background and inability to speak English.

A woman who grew up in a migrant family recalls: "It is difficult for a migrant child to go to school. I could not speak English, and in one school, found myself segregated from other pupils. Once we were talking about health foods, about what was good and what was not. The teacher asked everybody what they had for breakfast.

Above: Joe Hernandez talks to a migrant at Hope. Left: Checker games draw a crowd.

'Most everybody had eggs with bacon and a roll or toast.

"I had refried beans and tortillas. I was so embarrassed. I'll never forget this as long as I live."

She failed second grade, but went on to complete high school. "Mother told me, 'If you're going to get ahead, you must get an education.' That stuck."

Currently, Baptists do only limited work in migrant literacy. In the past, volunteer teachers have become frustrated as pupils move and there is no followup or coordination of the work.

However, Spanish literacy classes will be taught soon in South Texas, as a first step toward literacy training for the area's Mexican-Americans. "Many can't read their first language (Spanish)," explains Mildred Blankenship, literacy specialist in the Home Mission Board's CSM Department. "It is easier to teach them a second language if they have some basis in the first language."

Conferences will begin this spring to set in motion a network of centers so as the migrant moves north, "a center or church will continue his language lessons," Blankenship adds. Continued

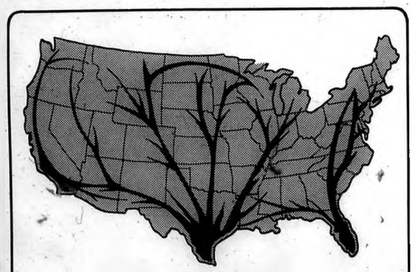
Tied with needs for education is the need for consumer education. Many migrants are prey for loan sharks and shaky contracts.

Berge Bulbulian, a grape grower near Fresno who is involved in programs to help migrant workers, tells of a laborer who received a letter in the mail informing her the finance company was reclaiming her car.

"The woman," Bulbulian says, "asked me why. She said she paid for the car." The loan was for $400. The migrant woman had paid $40 for 10 months and believed she owed no more money.

Bulbulian says, "I asked her, 'What about the interest?' She said, 'What interest?'"

"The thing that really got me," Bulbulian adds, "was the contract made no guarantee as to the make or model of the car. And she signed that. She could have bought a '69 Chevy and got a '49 Ford—according to the contract."



NATIONAL MIGRATORY PATTERNS

Luxury homes with trimmed lawns and shingled roofs face a Fresno County thoroughfare. Behind the houses are grape vineyards posted with no trespassing signs. Less than a city block into the fruit-laden rows are picker dwellings.

"The fields are beautiful from the outside—not from the inside," comments Maria Diaz as the car turns onto a dusty road toward one of the many private camps that pockmark the Fresno area. Mrs. Diaz makes it her business to know of such camps; she is a volunteer health worker with the United Farm Workers.

As the car approaches a dilapidated shed, Mrs. Diaz says, "Twelve people, all single, live here. They are young. If there were old people—they could not survive."

Egg and milk cartons are strewn in the yard. Mounds and mounds of crushed tin cans spill out of cardboard boxes standing against the gray wooden shed in piles as tall as a man.

Inside the unlighted room is a large metal tank—old cannery equipment. On the concrete floor is a transistor radio, a couple of bed springs covered with scraps of cardboard, a mattress and more cardboard.

Unlike many facilities she will visit this day, this one has an outdoor shower: a green garden hose dangling over a mud-and-sand-caked stall, complete with a mildewed rubber mat.

Behind the building a shambled, outdoor toilet leans precariously.

Two small iron grates cover holes in the ground filled with charred wood. A table with a milk carton and food gathers flies. "This is their kitchen," Mrs. Diaz says.

"Everything here is illegal." She shakes her head. State housing codes require grading and drainage, an adequate supply of drinking and bathing water, properly constructed toilets for both sexes, provisions for disposal of garbage, water and waste.

"Each man pays $12 a week to live here," she reports with irritation. "That's $576 a month to sleep on cardboard and eat with flies."

Although some states have upgraded their housing regulations, one of the migrant's most immediate problems is adequate housing.

Migrant housing is a hodge-podge of inadequacies. Government housing, generally, is sufficient—by other standards, in fact, luxurious. Some private camps, such as the DeNeef's in Florida, are good. But much is terrible: ramshackle, hot, without running water or electricity.

And, even with such housing available, some migrants end up sleeping in their cars or out under the trees.

Much of the problem is lack of funding for enforcement of state housing codes, according to Eddie Aurispa, coordinator of migrant affairs for the Good Neighbor Commission of Texas.

Aurispa has investigated housing from Texas to Washington state. "The worst housing," he says, "is hidden on private property. When I made a personal inspection through West Texas, the housing was deplorable.

"In Indiana, we inspected three different migrant labor camps. The owner came out with a gun and threatened us."

The migrants, too, feel threatened to report inadequate housing. "They are afraid their houses or their contracts will be taken away, so they refrain from going to any law enforcement.

"Usually," says Aurispa, a Southern Baptist, "they have to bite their tongues and accept things the way they are."

Helping migrants repair their autos has become a service at the Baptist center in Hope, Ark.

Home-base housing, much of it located in California and in South Texas along the Rio Grande Valley, is inadequate, he continues, reflecting low annual migrant salaries and lack of job opportunities.

Much permanent housing—where the migrants live for about six months—is found in "shack towns" or run-down sections of older communities. Because migrants have less than 12-months occupancy and don't integrate sufficiently into local communities to initiate unified housing requests, the problems do not fall within existing public housing legislation and federal assistance. For fear of losing their ministries altogether, Baptist migrant workers express hesitancy to get involved in the housing issue. "When you get on the political side," explains veteran migrant worker Taylor, "you get involved with your growers. Then they forbid you to go into the camps. They won't let you bring migrants into the churches, either. It presents a problem."

But there are, of course, dozens of non-controversial things Baptists can—and should—do.

"When you get on the political side, you get involved with your growers."

Bob Gross's daily routine includes a stop at Hope, Ark., post office. "Have you got anything for us today?" he asks the postal clerk.

"Have you got a big pick-up?" comes the reply. Gross strolls into the mail room at the back of the post office. A flat full of assorted boxes stands near the door. Packages marked for Gross at the Migrant Mission Center are return-addressed from places like Greenway Baptist Church, Boone, N.C.; Lakeside Baptist Church, Dallas. Postmarks roam from New Mexico to Oklahoma, from Michigan to Louisiana.

Gross can't get all the boxes in his car trunk; he'll come back in the afternoon to pick up the rest. GAs, prompted by WMU publications urging "Christmas-in-August" giving, have sent the supplies: toothpaste, toothbrushes, soap, wash cloths, towels, Bibles, color books, crayons, glue, combs, brushes, games, books, toys.

At the migrant center, Gross stores the boxes into a crowded closet.

A thousand miles away, First Baptist Church, Kissimmee, Fla., reports a similar response from GAs. Boxes stacked in a church classroom reach from floor to ceiling, and into the room, until no one can get in.

"Instead of having prayer meeting one night," recalls migrant missionary Kauffman, "the church members came out here and cleared the room." Several women meet weekly to check items and pack health kits. "Occasionally, we find used toothbrushes," says one woman sorting packages. A box of Bibles mailed from Africa was designated for the migrant ministry, Kauffman adds.

Back in Arkansas, Gross, the home missionary to migrants, watches as a migrant family helps itself to free toys and goods in large boxes, open in the center floor.

"I just count this as my seven years of plenty," Gross says, smiling.

Continued

The worst
housing is on
private
property, much
of it is
deplorable.

Women from Kissimee (Fla.) First Baptist pack health kits year round for missionary Russell Kauffman.

"On Sundays they only sit around the house and have nothing to do."

Few Baptists live in areas where no migrants work. None are without the opportunity to help, feels the HMB's Harold Wilcox. He and other Christian social missionaries to migrants offer examples:

• After season sales, a Thom McAn dealership offered Kauffman 800 pairs of new shoes to distribute among migrants. Churches have also responded with used and sometimes new clothing.

• Nell Watson of Ft. Meade, Fla., reports her church received boxes of fabric after a list was published in Acteen's *Accent* magazine. She appealed to the association and Baptist women made dresses. "I can't believe how much has come out of all those remnants," she comments.

After making dresses for migrant children, one 70-year-old woman went to her Sunday School class and said, "Girls, you don't know what you are missing. You ought to get up in that room and get you some fabric. I've never had so much fun sewing."

• Beyond needs for shoes and clothing come constant requests for sheets and blankets. A migrant worker from South Carolina reports, "I had a box of clothing last year which had a woman's coat in it. One migrant looked in the box and said, 'What are you going to do with that coat?' He wanted it. I asked him what he wanted to do with it and he replied, 'I'm going to sleep on it. It was cold last night.'"

• A church in Uvalde offers citizenship classes. A pastor in Lubbock suggests associations sponsor Spanish broadcasts on local stations.

• Some churches hire Spanish-speaking personnel for the period migrants are picking in the area, and offer a ministry within the church. A migrant suggests setting up temporary tent churches near the labor camps. "They are out there, wandering around without Jesus," he says. "On Sundays, they only sit around the house and have nothing to do."

• Aurispa of Texas' Good Neighbor Commission suggests hiring missionaries to travel with the streams. He also sees a need for additional centers like the one in Hope, Ark., to offer overnight fa[illegible]

MIGRANT MINISTRIES CONFERENCES

The Home Mission Board's Department of Christian Social Ministries plans in 1976 four regional conferences for migrant ministries workers and volunteers. Dates and places:

- **Northeast:** Richmond, Va., March 17-19
- **Southeast:** McCormick, S.C., May 12-14
- **Texas:** To be announced.
- **West Coast:** Fresno, Calif., May 5-7.

Persons interested in attending should write their state director of missions (or, in Texas, Lloyd Henderson of the state's CSM Department). Or contact Harold Wilcox, Home Mission Board, 1350 Spring St. NW, Atlanta, GA. 30309

A Chance for Change?

Migrants' unions work—with mixed results—to "change this awful situation"

During a California farm laborer strike for higher wages, a Baptist leader began to round up people to bail out a Southern Baptist deacon-grower.

Hearing of the action, Augustine Salazar, a home missionary working with migrants, called the man and explained "it was wrong to bring in strike-breakers."

The man retaliated that it was wrong to allow a fellow Baptist to lose money in the strike.

"But the strike-breaker was doing the work of the contractor," Salazar maintains. "I asked him, 'Are you going to pick tomatoes every summer?' "

Undaunted, the man continued lining up workers. Salazar carried his objections to state Baptist leaders, who mediated a compromise. The man backed off.

Salazar, who was ready to lay his job on the line over the incident, recalls: "I was not fighting for the union. I was for the migrants being paid more for their work.

"But it was difficult. I had to stay away from that area for about a year—it takes time to forget. Finally I went back. But the churches wouldn't cooperate the same."

Salazar's dilemma reflects the labor-relations tightrope Baptists walk when they work with migrants: "There is an inevitable clash between interests, growers and laborers. The Anglo churches tend to support the growers; if I take the side of the migrants, there is conflict."

Adds retired migrant missionary Ed Taylor of South Carolina, "Although we might see a need for things the union is fighting for, we're not able to participate."

But in South Carolina—unlike California—Taylor has seen little benefit from the unions. "Frankly, the migrant on this coast is so mobile, moving from Texas and then east, it would be hard to get him involved in union activity."

In Immokalee, Fla., a heavily migrant-populated town, Ariel Hernandez, a Baptist pastor who encourages his church members to earn their own ways rather than take food stamps or unemployment benefits, thinks union organization hasn't taken hold because it has "failed its promises to the people."

Unions have, in fact, been slow to penetrate most states. Texas, home base for most migrants, has had little organized union activity, and many Texas farm laborers—although not union members themselves—drive to California to take advantage of higher wages offered there.

For it is in California, with the United Farm Workers of Cesar Chavez, that the union movement has benefited the laborer, with better income and an agricultural labor relations act that allows farmworkers' franchise in union elections.

"We're treated better" because of the union's efforts to help the farmworkers, say Jesus and Maria Salinas, a Baptist couple from Weslaco, Tex. "We notice a big difference, even from last year."

Change hasn't come easy.

While admitting union pressures affect all farmers, UFW workers quickly point out large corporations control more than 50 percent of the processed vegetables, 85 percent of the citrus crops, 97 percent of the broiling chickens and 40 percent of the eggs.

Agribusiness means turkey from Greyhound, potatoes from Boeing Aircraft and nuts from Getty Oil.

And it is toward these, as well as individual farmers, that the farm labor movement has been directed.

The fallout, however, has been controversy over techniques and attitudes that has caused many Baptists to shy away from UFW strikes and boycotts.

Salazar, who's worked closely with UFW representatives in the Fresno, Calif., area, has had no problems with union goals. He sometimes fears the movement will become too closely identified with Catholicism—its leader, Cesar Chavez, is a devoted Catholic who "wouldn't do anything without mentioning religion," Salazar says.

But Salazar spoke at a gathering at which Chavez' representatives promoted the union movement, and Chavez announced "to the crowd that I'd be speaking and showing a film. That was a sign of good will."

The California farm labor movement has been fanned by such ecumenical signs of good will. Says Gil Padilla, treasurer of the UFW, "In my estimation, the church has been most responsive of any group" in supporting the union. The majority of funds raised comes from churches.

Sitting in a makeshift Selma, Calif., office decorated with a "Boycott Grapes" poster and the familiar black eagle, Padilla explains the UFW approaches social action committees in churches. "They are there because they want to do something for someone else. They aren't looking for an investment or return."

Padilla says many religious people, from Presbyterians to Jews, have joined the UFW boycott of grapes, lettuce and Gallo wines. He says the boycott is the union's strongest force.

Church members of various denominations volunteer for work in UFW clinics and day-care centers. This past year in California, Catholics, Protestants and Jews watched union election procedures for irregularities.

Hartmire says among their best workers are a young Baptist couple, Richard and Barbara Cook of St. Louis.

Cook began directing a migrant ministry in southern New Jersey. "We took fruit baskets to the poor, played with the kids, ran a used clothing store and operated a half-way house for migrants who didn't have anywhere to stay," recounts Mrs. Cook. But they became exasperated at not being able to provide long-term help.

"We could take presents to a child in December. There is gratification in a child's smile," she admits. "But we'd come back in January, and there he'd be, barefoot on a cold floor. Then we'd think, what are we doing. We haven't changed anything.

"It was a choice of bringing sporadic joy, or trying to change this awful situation." ●

"When Christians realize the needs of migrants, they will act. Even if it does take a little prodding."

ities along the stream, with emergency care available.

• Taylor emphasizes the importance of local church and associational involvement in migrant ministries; Kauffman says additional full-time staff is needed.

Through such programs and actions, Baptists may meet some immediate needs for clothing, shelter and medication, but Aurispa emphasizes the importance of insuring a better future for migrant laborers through legislation.

In April 1974, the President signed a minimum wage bill for agricultural workers. By 1976, except for those working on a piece-rate basis, migrants should receive at least $2 an hour.

In 1975, the first unemployment compensation went into effect for farmworkers, covering approximately 12 million persons previously ineligible. But migrants still enjoy no child labor laws or workman's compensation benefits.

In an effort to protect migrants from exploitation, several states now require crew leaders or contractors to register. California has led in requiring sanitary facilities and drinking water in the fields, and providing voting rights in organizing labor unions.

Aurispa says migrant legislation is probably the basis for the migrant's future well-being, but bills must be introduced in several sessions before passage occurs—which he admits is discouraging. Because of organization and influence, Aurispa thinks churches could be effective in support of migrant-oriented laws.

Harold Wilcox of the HMB

Harold Wilcox hopes to lead missionaries and laypeople in a ministry to the total needs of the migrant. He admits he feels overwhelmed by this responsibility. "There is so much to be done," he says, "and it can't be changed over night."

Already Wilcox has met with missionaries around the Convention, setting up conferences to explore migrant needs in relation to new and existing programs.

In assessing past work, Wilcox likes efforts in Florida, South Carolina and parts of California, along with the Hope, Ark., ministry. He understands Texas Baptists' policy of ministering to migrants primarily through their Spanish-speaking work, but plans "to prod them a little. They're doing wonderful things in their Rio Grande River ministries, but they've let their work with migrants slide. They've got the personnel and ability to do more."

"But of course the same is true of all states. No one's doing all they could. We've got to prod everyone to do more."

Most state conventions, he knows, have so much work tied up with permanent residents that they "take care of their own, first.

"The problem with the migrant is he is here today and gone tomorrow—out of your association, out of your state—and out of your mind, if you're not careful."

He realizes more is done with migrants than he has seen, but he insists "Baptists have a responsibility to minister to migrants, just as they have a responsibility to minister to any and every group with special needs."

He also has found that such ministries, performed for purely Christian reasons, have residual benefits: in at least one case—in Bensonville, Ill.—a church was started by migrant families in the area. It's now one of the fastest growing congregations in the Chicago area, says Oscar Romo. Romo, director of language missions for the HMB, reports at least a half dozen other churches have been started by migrants—and "many people have become Christians through the outreach of migrants."

Baptists haven't seen either the need or the potential of migrant ministries, however, Wilcox says. "Migrant work is still a pretty low priority on the list."

He hopes to change that. His first step, he says, is to inform Baptists of the migrant's existence. "When Christians realize the needs of these people," Wilcox says, "I think they will act."

South Carolina migrant workers have gathered for a debriefing session. Sitting in a circle, they talk of what went right, what went wrong.

A man laments the lack of volunteers. "We just see migrants as part of the scenery," he says. "We look at them and say, 'Well, there's a poor slob, pickin' cucumbers.' And we pass by."

A woman grabs the thought: "My first meal with migrants was just tortilla and butter. . . . They had no apple box for a table and I pulled up a little trunk to eat on. One of the girls started crying. We were concerned and asked what was wrong. She said, 'Well, I'm just so happy because you are the first white people that have ever had a meal with us. . . .'"

Her words come more rapidly now. "I think these are main things that we need to discuss is do you love these people? Can you sit in their houses and eat with them? Can you accept them? When the mother is wiping the child's nose with one hand and turning tortillas on the stove with the other hand, can you sit down there and love them?

"Can you?

"If you can't, you might as well forget all the other things. . . ." ●

On Sunday morning, a smiling Smokey Boyle greets a newly arrived "Winter Texan."

The Winter Texans

Spurred by Smokey Boyle, Texas Baptists have begun a ministry to retirees who flock to the Valley

Not all migrants are farm laborers.

As cold temperatures cause twinges of arthritis, retirees north of the Mason-Dixon line pack up swimsuits and fishing gear. "When the geese start moving south," says a graying Nebraskan, "we come right behind them."

In the past, fashionable Yankees flocked to Florida resorts for the winter. Now an increasing number of snowbirds simply carry their homes with them. Seeking more economical stretches of sun and sand, thousands of recreational vehicles are gravitating to South Texas' Rio Grande Valley, where gas is cheap and Mexico's bargains are just across the river.

For awhile, valley residents tended their citrus groves and merely tolerated the winter visitors. But between 1968 and 1974, tourists in the valley leaped from 448,000 to 1,426,050. A 1975 fiscal report indicated agriculture still has an economic edge in Texas, but out-of-state visitors annually pour more than $126 million into Texas. And Russell Willis, spokesman for the Lower Rio Grande Valley Chamber of Commerce, claims, like other day Gov. Dolph Briscoe said "tourists mean more money than all our crops put together."

South Texans believe. Billboards leading into the valley bear large, smiling citrus faces and the message, "Welcome Home, Winter Texans. Valley Folks Are Glad You're Here." The chamber of commerce distributes thousands of citrus face bumper stickers. Private marquees communicate the same welcome. Beyond this, some citrus growers have torn out rows of trees to accommodate the visitors. Airstreams and Winnebagos now nest in what's left of grapefruit and orange groves. "It's more profitable to rent trailer spaces than raise oranges," reasons one Texan.

Behind the smiling-citrus campaign is Baptist layman C.L. "Smokey" Boyle.

About 1969, Boyle, past state officer for Texas Baptist Men and vice president of a chain of autoparts stores, began swapping fish stories and Texas jokes with men in trailer parks. Eventually, he began Sunday worship services at one park. Twice walls had to be knocked out of the meeting place to allow for crowds. When he made personal contacts with visitors, he passed out a calling card printed, "I Like Winter Texans." The phrase stuck.

Boyle was asked to head the chamber's Winter Texan committee. His ministry grew to worship services in three parks.

Boyle has a strong desire to share the gospel. But he maintains an interdenominational identity and keeps his day-to-day ministry low-key. "Park owners don't want their people bothered," he explains. "They won't even allow Girl Scouts selling cookies."

Texas Baptists launched their own Winter Texans' ministry in 1975, but Boyle has not been affected. He continues to hold several services each Sunday, usually beginning in November.

About 9 a.m., residents of Fun'N'Sun Too trailer park in Harlingen walk toward the large recreation hall, carrying lawn chairs and camp stools. The standing joke is that every chair is full every Sunday, because everyone brings his or her own chair.

At the hall, the residents form row after row around the platform as record Sunday crowded 2,600 into the state-flag-draped hall.

Services open with a syncopated "Thanks a Million, Lord" and several other songs. Boyle arrives around 10, reads a humorous poem, a passage from the Bible and delivers an evangelistic

Continued

Boyle visits Hal and Dottie Ayrton, Episcopalians who actively support the "Winter Texans" ministry.

message sparked with drama, jokes and stories.

But he does not collect an offering—or offer an invitation. For personal encounter with God, he suggests, "go back to your trailers or just out their in the palm trees—or anywhere."

Except for an occasional crotchety oldster, Boyle says the main problem among the elderly is medical. Much of his work involves hospital ministry. One hospital in the valley "permits me to go into intensive care—day or night," he says. A man who suffered heart trouble says during his hospital stay, "Smokey was there. He *stayed* there." The man, an Episcopalian, had been drifting away from his own church. "I didn't want to go to church to find out what's the matter with the League of Nations," he insists. "Smokey preaches it straight out of the Book, and helps you know how to live."

Although Hank Stanley, owner of Fun'N'Sun, believes "some parks don't think as we do—a lot of trailer park operators are afraid to have a service on Sunday," he has found Boyle's ministry a boon to business. The park provides shuffleboard, square dances, ice cream socials and other activities, but Stanley and his wife say the Sunday worship services are "probably our best attended." Boyle's ministry draws people, year after year, Stanley feels. "This has weeded out rougher elements," Stanley says.

Where trailer parks do not allow services, nearby churches are taking the initiative. Paul Steiner, a General Baptist from the St. Louis area, was welcomed by members of First Baptist Church of Laferia.

First Laferia took Steiner and a group of Winter Texans across the border to help build pews in a Mexican Baptist church. "I have really never found more satisfaction," says Carl Timm, a construction worker from Tripoli, Wis., "It's such a privilege, working for the Lord. Once you try it, you're hooked."

"Many of these people come from cold, northern churches who sing the *Star Spangled Banner* for an invitation," remarks Robert E. Smith, director of missions for the Rio Grande Valley Association. "Many of these people have never heard the gospel."

Believing Baptists should broaden their work with the aging, Smith is ramrodding a program patterned after Boyle's, aimed at Winter Texans. Eventually, he hopes to attract about a dozen retired pastors with travel trailers into the Valley for a period of four to six months. Texas Baptists will provide $75 a month for trailer space in a park. "The approach," he explains, "is to let the man go in as a Winter Texan. He's anonymous. He's not there as a Baptist or anything else."

Each pastor will make contacts through programs within the park. "It's a tricky thing," Smith admits. "One false move can blow the whole thing out of the saddle. We're on private property."

Using their own senior citizens as volunteer workers, local churches would provide vacation Bible schools for the Winter Texans. Included would be Bible study, handcrafts and pot-luck dinners. "The older adults can have a tremendous ministry among their peers," says Smith. "Our idea is to minister *through* them, not *to* them." After the church establishes rapport, he hopes it will "maintain an effective ministry for the remainder of the Winter Texan's visit."

He realizes the ministry will "basically not benefit this valley." But Winter Texans returning to their home churches may become more active. And travelers moving back home will be familiar with Southern Baptist work, which in the long haul, Smith says, may help SBC churches grow all over the U.S. —*by Celeste Lau*

To Rage Against the Dying of the Light

Contrary to "popular belief," the church shouldn't "retire"—or ignore—its people just because they hit age 65

Interview by Toby Druin / Photography by Don Rutledge

For a 29-year-old, Tom Prevost knows much about aging. For the past two years, Prevost has served as a researcher/consultant on problems of the elderly for the Home Mission Board's Department of Christian Social Ministries. Because of the heavy concentration of senior adults in the Phoenix area, Prevost—a former pastor and graduate of Golden Gate Baptist Seminary—moved there to begin learning about, and working in, ministries directed toward the elderly. The results of his two-year effort will be published by the HMB this spring as a handbook on ministries with senior adults. Here Prevost—recently appointed HMB missionary—discusses some of his surprising findings about the elderly:

HOME MISSIONS: Who are senior adults?

PREVOST: I refer to people 65 and older. They comprise 11 percent of the population. By 2000, they'll be a full 20 percent. That's quite a contrast from 1900, when only three percent was 65 or older.

This doesn't indicate, however, that people are living longer, merely that more people are living to old age. New medicines and medical practices have reduced infant mortality and lessened deaths from diseases. As a result, 65 and older is the fastest growing age group in the U.S.

This has implications in many areas. In any community with 10 percent of its people senior adults, government policy will be influenced, because senior adults tend to think and vote in similar ways—usually more conservatively than the population as a whole.

Our churches need to be aware of this trend, especially southern Baptist churches, because senior adults make up about 13 percent of all SBC church members.

HM: Yet most of our churches emphasize youth.

PREVOST: Yes. But the swing to youth reflects culture more than scriptural imperatives. Biblically speaking, there is emphasis on youth, but much is also revealed about one's elders: they are persons worthy of respect by younger generations, because of their wisdom and productivity. They are God's instruments who aren't "retired" at age 65.

HM: Still, we ignore them.

PREVOST: In 1960, the White House held a conference on aging, from which the National Council on Aging developed. It wasn't until 1974 that Southern Baptists had a conference on aging, and very little has developed from it.

Baptists have done some fine things in senior adult ministries: nursing homes and apartments for the elderly; meals on wheels and other visitations to shut-ins; convalescent home services. But this area still corners a small percentage of our concern and interest.

We think in terms of youth musicals, rather than looking at the worth and value of senior adults. It's a shame that government agencies are more concerned with senior adults' problems than are our churches.

HM: But senior adults seem to fit pretty well into existing church structures. Is there really any need for our churches to give special emphasis to them?

PREVOST: Let me answer that two ways. First, in some churches, there is little need for a distinct and separate ministry to senior adults. Yet even they should express concern for senior adults and make efforts to prepare people for old age.

There are some significant things churches could do in this area by the way; I'll discuss them in a moment.

Most churches should offer special opportunities and special ministries for senior adults.

So far, these have taken form mostly in nursing home or hospital ministries. But only five percent of all people 65 and older live in institutions of any kind: convalescent, rest homes, whatever you call them. Of the remaining 95 percent, only 14-15 percent need constant companionship. Obviously many ministries need to be done for these people.

What about the other 80 percent? Consider their conditions: most are not wealthy; they live on fixed incomes. Chron-

Continued on page 39

Arizona Senior Adults Task Force, a result of Pr

k, meets to plan ways to help the growing elderly population.

Prevost (center) serves as consultant for several groups.

Senior adults repair the ceiling of their Sun City church.

Prevost consults Alice Drought, government old-age specialist

"Sometimes I feel like I'm waving a lantern and no one's seeing the light."

For Prevost, the two years in Phoenix has been as much practical as theoretical. "My job is as kind of an advocate, an initiator," he says. As such, he's felt—at times—as if he were in a battle to help churches see "the people we tend to ignore, the people our culture insists are obsolete: the senior citizens all about us." Into meeting after meet[ing] he's carried the understanding that "aging is somethin[g] people want to dod[ge], even though it is happening to them at this very momen[t]. Sometimes I feel li[ke] I'm waving a lante[rn] and nobody's seein[g] the light." But enough people hav[e] heard Prevost's

[s]age that he's [a]ble to begin [o]r adult minis- [t]on every level [B]aptist life: [a] church, asso- [c]ion and state [a] national conven- [t]. Says one [m]an in a south [P]enix church: [P]m's helped us see [t]too many [o]ur adults feel [l]out by their churches. They're experiencing a time of their lives when so often it seems society is inviting them to drop out of life. That's not right; they have too much to offer." Comments Alice Drought, director of the region's Agency on Aging and one of many people Prevost has consulted in his studies on problems of aging. "Churches certainly can be concerned with numerous areas of work with senior adults. They can, for example, provide low-income and moderate-income housing. And they don't have to start with a big project—they can start by helping one person."

Continued

Harry Borah, retired from military chaplaincy, leads a Bible study in a retirement home as part of duties as "associate pastor" of Sun

Baptist Church. Eugene Virt, Sun City pastor (below), has grown the church to 165 members.

"We've found most people are ignorant of the vast range of ministries possible."

An "initiator and advocate," starting people has been Prevost's aim. To acquaint local churches with needs, he developed a senior adult ministries workshop, at which "I give a perspective on aging and help examine possibilities for church involvement." Before leaving an interested church, he helps it plan an old-person ministry agenda. At associational level, Prevost began "the first—as far as we know—senior adults committee" to help the association relate senior adult needs to other programs. He conducted training conferences where "we found people ignorant of the vast range of ministries possible."

And he helped establish two associational task forces: one studies area nursing and convalescent homes "to protect our people." The second, an outgrowth of the workshops, sends teams of senior adults into local churches to stimulate ministries for elderly persons. Prevost used the same technique on state level, too, when he helped band together the Arizona Senior Adults Task Force, "an ad hoc group that promotes concern for senior adults among churches of the state convention." Its work underscores one of Prevost's most basic concepts: ministries begun are done *with* as well as *for* the senior adult.

Continued

ic illnesses plague them. How active they are may depend as much on attitude as physical stamina. As friends move or die, their circle narrows. They often find it hard to adapt to new environments and make new friends.

They tend to be alone and their loneliness is reinforced by their attitudes. People steer clear of them because they're considered crotchety or ill-willed or angry or absent-minded or boring.

I'll give you a couple of examples of how this often self-imposed isolation can manifest itself.

A Methodist minister friend is involved in a meal-on-wheels program. Occasionally he drives the delivery truck; he says he's always amazed at the condition he finds.

He tells of one home, a substantial brick house with a well-manicured lawn in a nice section—the sort of "backbone of America" type place. When he first walked in, he was shocked at the terrible smell, the old couple's disheveled state, the dust and dirt in the rooms. These old folks, too infirm to care for themselves, were putting up a front on the outside while inside, their living conditions disintegrated. All because they were too scared to move and too isolated to ask anyone for help.

Another example is the 65-year-old man who was found in his small trailer here in Phoenix, dead of starvation. Willie had worked for years as a tradesman; had lost his wife and two children earlier. He'd come to Phoenix because of his health, but his Social Security proved inadequate. Yet because he was too proud to ask for additional welfare help, he died.

I asked the reporter who wrote the story how many times this sort of thing happened. She said she had calls on this regularly. After the story came out, she personally got letters from people saying, "You think that was bad, you ought to see our situation."

People die without anyone knowing it; it's rare for them to make the papers. We want to ignore it, or pass it off: "They were old and ready to die anyway."

A recent Harris poll indicated the premium our society has put on youth, vitality, excitement, bounce. Respondents, in describing old people, used such words as "weak, gray, shriveled." Their attitude came across as "not worth our time."

Unfortunately, even elderly people admitted to this image of old people, though not thinking of themselves.

Changing such images will take time and a great deal of advocacy by many people. Maybe it'll take my generation reaching retirement—this is only the first "retirement generation" since Social Security was enacted.

We're going to have to spend some time fighting the idea of obsolescence that permeates our culture. I graduated from seminary in a throwaway gown and moved into a throwaway generation. We use everything—paper bags, paper towels, cans, bottles—even people—and then toss them aside.

We live in such a mobile society we even throw away friendships.

The knowledge explosion hasn't helped, either. The elderly used to receive reverence and respect because of their experience, but now our wisdom is passed on by libraries, films, recordings: why should I talk to my father about fighting in Borneo in World War II, or my uncle about his war experiences on a Navy cruiser. With the sources I have to turn to, I can know more about these things than they do.

Experience has become a second-rate commodity in our society and rather than explore the potential of the elderly, we want to shut them off into non-visible pockets of our cities and countryside. We reinforce their growing sense of aloneness, rather than break it down.

But even more critical than loneliness, perhaps, is the related problem of loss of purpose. The very sense of loss is enough to justify a separate ministry to senior adults.

Senior adults, like youth, are undergoing significant physiological and emotional changes. From adolescence into adulthood, youth make decisions that they have to live with the rest of their lives. Senior adults, too, must deal with very basic changes in lifestyle. But their decisions may be even more threatening than adolescents' decisions, because theirs occur around loss: loss through death, loss through moving; loss of work-status, loss of abilities, loss of body image.

Retirement causes traumas; it tells the retiree, "You're no longer worthwhile or useful to us." Society says, "You're 62 and we need your experience; you're 65 and here's your gold watch. Leave."

We program old people to be quitters; we almost program them to think their lives are over.

A 60-year-old woman looks in a mirror and sees a wrinkle she doesn't remember; she still has in her mind an image of herself in her mid-forties. She isn't sure that worn face staring back from her mirror is really her.

This identity crisis affects both men and women, and is just one of many things everyone goes through, but almost no one is prepared for.

There's sensory deprivation: the senses of touch, smell, taste, sight are influenced.

You want to experience it? Try writing your name with your "wrong" hand—if you're right-handed, write left-handed. You can't write as smoothly with the untrained hand. Then look at an old person's writing; most of them will write in that same jerky style. If you felt stupid, awkward, embarrassed at writing with your wrong hand, so do senior adults; sometimes they look at their own handwriting and say, "That's not the way I write."

Did you know the lenses of our eyes yellow with age? Because it occurs gradually, you'll never notice. But if you put on a pair of specially colored glasses, you'll see a remarkable difference.

I use a pair of these glasses to help people understand the dilemma of an old person who approaches a meat counter at the grocery. She's trying to decide the most economical purchase, which is hard enough for a young person with good eyesight, unless there's unit pricing. She looks at meats and, all the while, feels pressure because her slowness holds up the person behind her.

I've talked to young people about this and they admit they get frustrated with old people who get in line in front of them and then move slowly, fumble for their change and poke along. It bothers them, and it bothers the old person too.

HM: Maybe this is one of the areas of ministry every church can perform: helping people understand the special problems of senior adults?

PREVOST: I think that's a first step in senior adult ministries. That's what I was alluding to a few minutes ago.

A tremendous need exists for people to become aware of what awaits them in retirement. Most important, we need to help our people to catch a vision of living that is a straight time-line continuum, beginning at one point and ending at a second point, instead of a bell-shaped curve where life peaks in the forties and everything slides downhill from there.

Changing our future-orientation has to begin very early. One way is to bring children in contact with older people to help them have an awareness of age. That happens less and less today.

Children need to see life and death and birth—the whole cycle; they need to absorb a sort of philosophical time-chart of the mind. It's one thing to get information from TV, it's another for it to be assimilated and become part of one's lifestyle.

Beyond childhood, there should be a continual emphasis on physical fitness; not just exercise or the traditional negative things: don't smoke, don't drink. But positive things: eat nutritional foods, involve yourself in activities in a meaningful way.

don't mean for everyone to become an athlete; despite American superstar syndrome, winning isn't everything. A long, healthy life, it's most important just to participate: swim, walk, play tennis or golf.

Very early in life, too, people ought to think toward the social needs of retirement. Have you ever heard of the High Plan or IRA?

HM: I'm not sure. Aren't they retirement plans?

PREVOST: Yes. Passed by Congress in the past few years. They're savings plans for people who want to put away money for retirement. (They're more detailed than that, but I mention them only as examples.)

Churches can help people learn about such plans and can help them act accordingly. Social Security, people are finding every day in very painful fashion, is not nearly enough.

Leisure time is another area we can develop meaningfully as a prelude to retirement. Sitting behind a desk, shuffling papers, is so much a part of our worth and self value that we become, almost, what we produce and do for a living. But we should learn to think in terms of variety of productive activities.

Finding a healthy hobby that will carry through a lifetime, is good. But if one spends 40 years fighting to make a living, then vegetating for hours each night before a TV set, that's a hard routine to break at age 65.

Where one lives in retirement—not only location in the U.S., but what part of a city and what kind of housing—apartment, single family dwelling, condominium—all these are important considerations that should be taken up long before retirment day.

For most of these things can't be adequately thought through at age 64-and-a-half. Then the crisis hits, a person gets to scrambling: "I've not got enough money for this, can I do that? What about my house? Should I sell or try to keep it despite the repairs it needs?"

When an older person makes decisions under pressure, the decisions do not tend to be the best kinds of decisions for his or her upcoming lifestyle.

Now all this—this pre-retirement awareness—a church can give its people very easily. If it doesn't, perhaps it's because the church—like society—seems intent on ignoring old age. We just don't live as if there's going to be an end to this life, as we know it, so we don't prepare. That's foolish.

HM: Why do we tend to ignore old age?

PREVOST: All of us want to blot out our mortality and the idea we are finite; we want to be gods; we're unwilling to admit our creaturehood.

You know the people who ignore the needs of the elderly the most are not youth, but rather the 55-60 year olds. While vigorously denying their own onset of retirement, they slide into old age. They're shoved from their most productive years into forced inactivity.

HM: Preparing the next generation for retirement is one thing we need to be about, but what about this generation of retirees? What should we be doing for them?

PREVOST: There's such a broad spectrum, such a vast range of ministries, I hardly know where to start.

HM: The first thing that usually comes to mind in senior adult ministries are nursing home worship services. How valuable are they?

PREVOST: The potential isn't being touched by most groups. They're usually just 30 to 45 minutes on Sunday, but what about the rest of the week? We completely forget these people are living, 24 hours a day, with little to do. Their energy can be harnessed and their lives influenced by concerned people who are willing to look to their needs. That may mean more than just a devotional, however. Reading a Sunday School lesson or a newspaper might be good; playing checkers with someone; or just listening while an old person reminisces for 30 minutes.

Meetings that just have singing—secular as well as sacred—are well received. You don't need an expert pianist most of the time, though it does help to have someone who can play a guitar or some musical instrument.

I don't mean there isn't a need to witness to the elderly. We think of senior adults as outsiders in the realm of salvation; in our minds we see them as either beautiful saints or hardened sinners. The saints sit reading the Bible and the sinners curse God and everybody else.

These are not very healthy or very accurate images. Obviously some fit these molds. But Christian phychologists have revealed that the elderly are the most receptive group to the gospel message of any age group, except youth and new parents.

Unfortunately, some of our churches have a basic flaw in their conception of humans and human life. I've heard it said out loud, "If you save a young person, you save a life; if you save an old person, you're just saving a soul."

I'm not sure God looks at it that way. A person is a person to God, and the angels rejoice just as much when an old person is saved as when a young one is.

To a great extent, it may be more important to save a senior adult, because his or her time is running out.

HM: But surely even with expanded activities in nursing homes, churches can do more than most now do?

PREVOST: I recommend churches turn first to those who express a concern or interest in senior adults: college students, housewives or retired school teachers. Whoever.

(I'm assuming a staff member will begin to draw them together. Happy is the church that has a healthy, able, energetic, creative person who walks in and says, "I'd like to begin a ministry to the elderly.")

The pastor may be the initiator, the advocate; but conducting the ministries are not his role. He can be supportive, in sermons and in conversation, helping to promulgate a healthy image on aging.

Next steps are fairly routine: form a committee and survey the church and the community. How many widows do you have? How many married old people? How many are mobile? Where do they live? What are their economic situations?

Size of the church is unimportant—200 or 2,000, any church can do some things. For example, you can provide a place for the elderly of the community to gather and keep in touch with what is happening in the city: What services are available to them? What's the status of mass transit? What are some tips to good nutrition? Where are the latest senior adult discounts in stores and restaurants? What about wills and other legal matters?

One of the best ministries is the weekly meeting which includes these elements: programs, activities, crafts, luncheons.

Then you can conduct other ministries—visits, repair work, meals-on-wheels and other helps—to shut-ins and others who get around less.

I'm one who screams about letting the adults plan their own activities, too. Let the staff members and volunteers be consultants, as much as possible.

In many cases, however, old people are so programmed to believe themselves incapable, they won't take the lead. But they're not unable to do these things. It just takes a shove to get them started.

I'm a consultant for the Arizona Senior Adult Task Force. Recently one of it's members asked me to do some things in recruiting new members. I just said, "No, I won't do that; it's your job and you're able to do it."

Continued

There wasn't any anger or resentment; he just wasn't fully convinced he was capable of acting in his own behalf. When I forced him to, he did it.

HM: What else can churches do to minister to senior adults?

PREVOST: One of the most important things is not to allow the senior adult to retire from churchwork. Our people are so programmed to "obsolescence at 65" that they have a tendency to say, "Okay, I've reached retirement; let someone else do the work for awhile."

There's nothing that indicates God doesn't want a senior citizen to act in His behalf any longer. As a matter of fact, those people that I've been finding who reach retirement and begin to use some of their leisure time in this way, are among the most satisfied retired people I know.

Look at the possibility: upon retirement, a person gets a minimum of 40 discretionary hours a week that he didn't have before. What's he or she going to do with that time? I'd recommend tithing it. Some do. They say, "I'm going to use that time specifically, exclusively, for God."

HM: Will the churches use them though?

PREVOST: They should, because there are dozens of things they can do.

One of the least exercised, but most needed by any church and pastor, is prayer. Senior adults can develop prayer ministries.

On another part of the spectrum, I've a friend who conducts a senior adult ministry in Tucson. He's retired, himself, so that's another way senior adults can be used.

In addition, he learned of some furniture that needed repair; he found garage space on church property that could be turned into a repair shop. He brought some other retirees together to repair this furniture. From that they began to plan more handyman services, including going into the homes of other senior citizens and burglar-proofing them. Crime is a prime concern of senior adults, because they're so susceptible—they're so often the victims of robberies and attacks.

Senior adults can be aids to the pastor in counseling in such areas as taxes—many churches have retired CPAs among their memberships; in law; in insurance; and health services. Churches have reservoirs of experience that are going to waste; talents and skills that are being allowed to atrophy.

Obviously you don't need programs that don't meet needs, but it's nice to realize what's available and what can be done.

A retired mechanic could teach young boys how to repair automobile engines; or he could instruct men and women in basic auto mechanics.

Needlecraft and stitchery are great hobbies many elderly people know; and quilting is an art that is dying because it's not being passed on from generation to generation. Old people in the church could teach these skills to younger people.

HM: What about a retired deacon—or even retired pastor—assisting the pastor in some of his chores, like visitation or hospital calls, sort of as an "assistant pastor"?

PREVOST: Again, this is something that's virtually untapped. And it's especially needed in metro areas, where people are scattered. Sometimes it might take a pastor 2-3 afternoons a week just to make calls at four or five hospitals around the city. But a senior adult can volunteer to take a hospital in his vicinity and visit there for the pastor. Of course, the pastor would still need to handle emergencies.

I've also heard of a child-care program conducted by a St. Louis church that uses senior adults as workers, and a volunteer prison chaplaincy program in Memphis that matches an elderly volunteer with an inmate.

The only way to look at it is every senior adult has some talents and abilities they can share with others. The church has to provide the arena to make it possible.

HM: If the church does, will senior adults respond?

PREVOST: I've heard senior adults complain, "Well, down at the church, they're really not that interested in me. They've got their programs and I'd just be in the way."

We have perpetuated that idea, though usually without design. The church must make clear the opportunity and the challenge.

Still, it must be admitted that most senior adults won't come to the church office and say, "Okay, here are my skills, what are you going to do with them?" Or much less, "Okay, here are my skills, there's what I want to do with them."

It becomes very much the responsibility of the church itself, of the pastor, of those that know the senior adults and understand somewhat the things they're going through, to approach people when they near retirement and encourage them and give them avenues of thought:

"You're going to retire soon; consider what God wants you to do with your time. He's interested; he'll direct you. Don't let yourself think, 'I'm retiring now; I'll retire from church too.'"

There's no biblical precedent for that kind of attitude. Moses served right up to the time of death; the prophets didn't retire; Elijah's running away wasn't an age factor; he was just fed up. And then God said, "Let's get back to business."

The church has a responsibility to help those 65 and older find satisfaction and fulfillment in old age; service to others can contribute meaningfully to that goal.

To use senior adults this way, with responsibility and promise, will say something about our attitude toward senior adults. In a real way, our churches have reflected the same attitudes toward senior adults as has our society: sort of like lepers to be shoved off in camps so they won't infect the rest of us.

It's time the church stopped trailing along with society and became the vanguard of a different outlook, a new view of aging, a more biblical view of aging.

HM: Do you think this will happen any time soon?

PREVOST: I hope so.

Maybe the quickest way for you to understand how little emphasis we do give the elderly is to ask you to think of all the churches you know that have a full-time or part-time minister for old people.

When the church adds staff beyond the pastor, they think in terms of music, youth and education.

As often as not, when someone's assigned duties in older-person ministry, the duties become part of a larger ministry and get lost in secondary roles in job descriptions.

There's no way to estimate, but I would be willing to venture fewer than 20 Southern Baptist churches have a staff member that has this work as a primary responsibility.

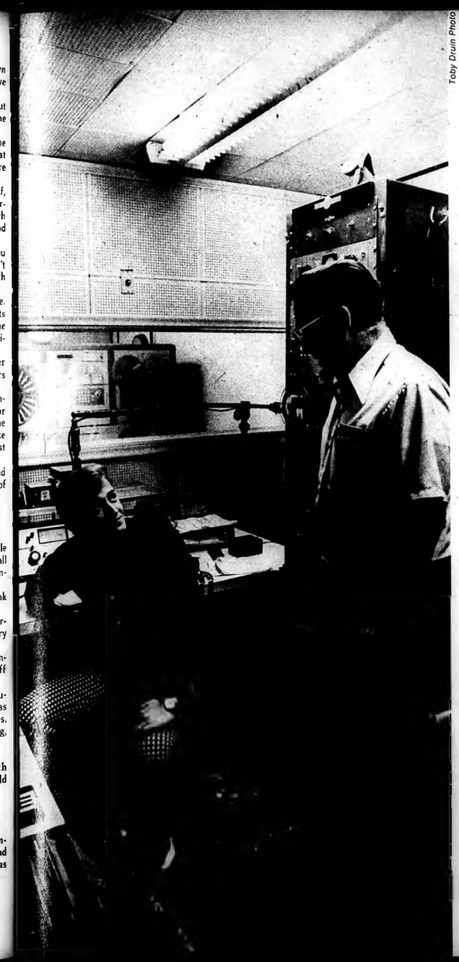
What I'm trying to say is that people in positions of influence, because they're less threatened by retirement, are less likely to do anything about the situation of most senior adults. And the very people who have the anxieties and are hurting, don't have the power to do anything.

HM: I remember a Dylan Thomas poem, written at the death of his father, that expresses something of the demands of old age. Thomas wrote:

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

That's far from the apathy evidenced by most church members. Perhaps to change thinking toward senior adults and by senior adults will require a new, radical, Dylan-Thomas outlook on life by us all.

PREVOST: Radical is an understatement. •



Toby Drum Photo

The Baptist Bishop of Richfield, Utah

In Utah's Mormon stronghold, Medford Hutson has proved a Baptist missionary can grow churches... and survive

The best thing that ever happened to Mormons around Richfield, Utah, says their bishop, James Clawson, was the day Medford Hutson became pastor of the First Baptist Church.

Hutson, says Clawson, drove the Mormons back to their churches in "self defense."

Home Mission Board missionary in Church Extension, Hutson has a simple philosophy for sharing his faith with the Mormons who make up 90 percent of the local population:

"Be good Mormons or get out of the

Medford Hutson, right, talks to Morman leader James Clawson at the radio station.

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

The implication, of course, is that if a person happens to be a Mormon and is not a "good" Mormon—faithful to the church—Hutson considers him or her fair game for enlisting in the First Baptist Church.

That strategy has helped both groups. Clawson says that in the eight years Hutson has been pastor in Richfield the attendance at LDS services has doubled. In 1967 only about a third of the Mormons were attending regularly; now two-thirds of them are and Clawson gives Hutson much of the credit.

The Baptist work has prospered, too. By most Southern Baptist standards it still is small—membership is about 100—but it's growing. Baptisms totaled 49 in 1975, 29 in 1974 and 20 in 1973.

Actually the church has "died" twice. Begun in 1958, the congregation in 1960 moved into the present building, a $10,000 converted chicken hatchery. But that same year the church dwindled away to nothing, and the building was unoccupied until 1963, when it was renovated with a HMB loan and a witness begun again.

But again the church disappeared when its newly called pastor was killed in a plane crash on his way to Richfield. There just weren't enough people to carry on the church's ministry.

Hutson came to the rescue.

Hutson was already in Utah, having served there as a mountain missionary since 1963. A graduate of East Texas Baptist College and Southwestern Seminary, Hutson pastored several Texas churches. One of them, Woodlawn Baptist of Lufkin, in 1962 was named the outstanding congregation in the state in the HMB's Church Development Program.

But the next year the lanky Texan responded to his own challenge for someone to surrender to missionary service and moved to Cedar City, Utah. In 1967, Hutson became director of missions for Southern Utah.

Hutson moved to Richfield in south central Utah to be near the center of his 19-county area of service. One of his first jobs was to reactivate the Richfield church as either a mission or Sunday School. "We saw little hope of it becoming a church," he admits.

Much of the responsibility for starting the mission fell on the shoulders of Dorothy Hutson, Medford's wife whom he met at college.

"I was traveling all the time," he recalls, "and she literally took over. I believe with all my soul this church wouldn't be what it is today if it hadn't been for her."

In their first week in Richfield, Medford and Dorothy Hutson and their two oldest sons spent most of the time knocking on doors and inviting people to attend worship services.

But that Sunday, only two persons came—a brother and sister, 9 and 13 years old.

Additional church members have come slowly in Utah. Mormons make up 90 percent of the population and while little overt prejudice is evidenced, much covert pressure is placed on any person not of the LDS faith.

The occasions are rare, Hutson says, but some persons who have converted from Mormonism to other faiths have found suddenly they are forced to move. Family, business and social pressures demand a person stay a Mormon.

Five years after the Hutsons began in Richfield, the first person came forward professing faith in Christ and seeking membership in the mission.

...t presented another problem: the ...hhouse had no baptistry. The near... ...ne was at Cedar City, 120 miles ...

...membering that Monroe, a nearby ...munity, had a mineral hot springs ... had been a resort attraction for ..., Hutson got permission to use the ...ngs as a baptistry. Summer and win... ...water temperature remains in the ...

...hat initial convert was the first of ...y. The church also received help fr... a group of Baptists who came to to...n with Shell Oil Company. They pro...vided trained leadership for the tiny con...gregation and also "paid their bills," says Hutson. "They gave Baptists a good reputation in the town."

In 1972, Hutson transferred from director of missions to full-time pastoral missionary at Richfield mission, which was constituted as a church in January, 1973, with 64 charter members, the Utah-Idaho convention's 59th congregation.

It has grown steadily since, and now has almost 100 members despite a split caused by some members adopting a charismatic stance. In the past three years, baptismal totals have almost equalled the total membership.

With the nearest Southern Baptist church 92 miles to the West at Milford, some members must drive many miles. The distance has brought alteration in the traditional Southern Baptist church schedule. The only worship service is Sunday morning and no mid-week prayer service is held.

"We started a prayer meeting on Tuesday night," Hutson recalls, "but the crowd dwindled to the preacher and his wife and the wife of the missionary (Richard Ashworth, who succeeded Hutson as director of missions, lives in Richfield and he and his family are members of the church). So we dropped it.

"Instead we have Bible study groups that meet in Richfield and in Monroe, 12 miles away, and in Redmond, 25 miles away."

Hutson hopes to start another Bible study fellowship in Sanpete County, the adjoining county to the north.

"Because Richfield church is near many of the West's most popular tourist attractions—Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon, Zion and Canyonlands national parks—it draws people not only from surrounding communities and counties but also from all over the nation and world. In 1974 among visitors to the church were people from 82 different denominations, 42 states and six foreign countries. But from wherever they come—Richfield or elsewhere—they find the outstretched hand and ready smile of Medford Hutson.

Continued

The Baptist missionary may be the best known person in Richfield. Not only does he pastor the Baptist church, he also is the "voice of the Wildcats"—announcer for the local high school football teams (his two oldest sons have been all-state performers); chaplain to the jail; member of the Navaho tribal council; host for a daily radio program, "Thought and Hymn for the Day"; and local and state president of senior citizens.

Clawson, the Mormon bishop and also manager of the local radio station, began the "Thought and Hymn for the Day" program nine years ago. At first he used different ministers as announcers, but Hutson has been the sole "voice" on the program for the past five years, reading a short devotional thought and then playing a recorded hymn.

Judging from the mail response the program is the most popular the station offers.

"I haven't kept an exact count on the letters we've received, but we must get 2,000 requests a year for copies of the day's thought. They've come from all over the world, from people who have been passing through the area and happen to hear Kim's (Hutson's nickname) broadcast. One woman brings us a year's supply of stamps and envelopes and wants us to send her all of them."

Clawson, who says he is the only Mormon bishop with a Baptist pastor, considers Hutson a different kind of minister.

"He believes in respecting people for what they are and what they believe. If you have no place to go or aren't living your religion, he'll invite you to the First Baptist Church."

Hutson frequently visits the town's jail, mostly to counsel the inmates. One 16-year-old made a profession of faith during one of the visits and Hutson got him out of jail long enough to baptize him.

His friendship and openness to the Indians earned him the seat on the Navaho Tribal Council.

Richfield has a dormitory for some 100 Indians who come to town each winter to attend the public junior-senior high school there. When the Hutsons came to Richfield they visited the dormitory and invited the Indians to attend First Baptist Church.

"At first we got little response," Hutson says. "Then one afternoon a half dozen or so showed up at our back door after school. Without a word they came in to our den, sat there until almost 10 o'clock that night watching television and then went back to the dormitory. They never said a word the entire evening but we knew they had accepted us."

They accepted Hutson's gospel, too. He baptized about 25 Indians.

But lately his major thrust has been in ministering to senior citizens. In early 1974 a group of Richfield senior citizens, learning Hutson had taken a course on ministry to the aging in seminary, asked him to serve on a county committee. Though he still is on the sunny side of 50—he was 48 in February—Hutson consented. Soon he was elected chairman of the board of the county organization, then chairman of a six-county group.

The Utah governor asked him to serve on the Utah State Coalition of Senior Citizens, a 26-member body that works in behalf of all the state's older citizens. He was unanimously elected president of the group, and this past September, he was named to the President's (U.S.) Council on Aging.

Hutson believes his work with the elderly is opening doors for more effective ministry and outreach. He acknowledges convincing people to become Christian is difficult in the Mormon-dominated culture, but the answer, he feels, is in staying with it.

"We can do anything here," he says, "but a man can't stay out here unless he has great faith. I've been here 13 years and I'm sure the thing that's wrong with ministry in Utah has been the lack of stability in the ministers who've come here. Too many have spent a few months, maybe a couple of years here, found the going rough and moved back to the South.

"I was here for five years before things began to open up. Now I have to run through doors the Lord is opening."

—by Toby Druin

EXECUTIVE'S WORD Arthur B. Rutledge

Service to persons

Three articles in this issue of HOME MISSIONS reflect a quality which is basic to home missions work—a concern for all kinds of people. Two articles focus on migrant people and aging persons, and their needs. One focuses on the need for establishing churches and leading persons of all ages, sexes, religious persuasions and circumstances to find Christ as Lord and Savior.

This is not a new thing in home missions. But it is good to be reminded from time to time that our chief concern is not in such matters as planning budgets, developing methods or conducting meetings.

When the Board's directors and staff restudied the programs and policies of the agency in 1965 and 1966, they came up with a set of goals for the following decade. The goals were introduced by a set of 14 guidelines for the board's work.

One of the guidelines states: "The interest of the Home Mission Board shall be in each person because of his intrinsic worth apart from incidental identification as to race, language, economics, nationality, or religion. Institutions shall have validity only as they minister to the needs of persons. . . It (the Board) shall also encourage churches, associations, and state conventions to become increasingly active in ministering to human need. . . ."

When these sentences were written and adopted many Southern Baptists were still struggling with the call to look upon every person of every race as a person and respect him as such. For many people this will be a lifelong struggle, but there is ample and accumulating evidence that we are growing in our understanding and compassion.

During this decade the Board has continued and accelerated its ministries among disadvantaged persons. It has been reluctant, however, to begin new institutions, such as goodwill centers, apart from the life and ministry of a local church. It has drastically reduced its financial gifts for the erection or purchase of buildings for such ministries. Instead it has encouraged churches and associations to establish needed special ministries as a part of the church's program, utilizing church facilities which are usually used only a few hours a week. Hundreds of churches have done so.

The Board has moved in this direction in part through undergirding the mission action approaches of Woman's Missionary Union and the Brotherhood Commission. In part it has moved in this direction by the appointment of missionaries, largely in cooperation with state conventions and district associations, whose task is to assist the churches in establishing and maintaining community ministries with volunteer lay workers. Many churches are engaged in one or more, some as many as a dozen, different types of ministries to human need, and are having exciting experiences.

Concern for persons must include concern for the appointed missionaries: concern for their maximum spiritual effectiveness and for their personal needs. A gradually increasing number of missionaries has been appointed to serve more than one congregation, and often a group of congregations such as those working together in a district association. This, we believe, has led to a larger and more fruitful ministry for the missionary.

This trend has enabled the Board to expand its total outreach without significantly increasing the number of appointed missionaries for the past four or five years. It has enabled the Board to allocate larger amounts for the support of missionaries now on the field, in the face of rising living costs which affect missionary families as they affect all the rest of us.

Some missionaries still serve one field or one congregation, and this will continue. There are challenging fields which require all and more than a missionary couple can give. But wherever feasible missionary appointments reach beyond ministry to a single congregation or community.

The deepest, most pressing need of persons without Christ is spiritual. A genuinely Christian concern for persons must be centered in a concern that they come to know Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. This is as much the purpose of the Board's programs of Christian social ministries and interfaith witness, of chaplaincy and church loans—of all the other programs—as it is of the three evangelism programs. The overarching purpose of the Home Mission Board is "to develop and promote a single uniform missions program to assist churches, associations and state conventions in crossing barriers to make disciples for Christ of all people in the homeland." I believe the Home Mission Board has been and is being faithful to that purpose.

Southern Baptists are known within the world Baptist fellowship, and beyond the Baptist fold, as an evangelistic people. May it ever be so! But we cannot be unconcerned about the physical and material needs of our fellowmen if we represent Christ faithfully. Many persons are lonely, ill, afflicted, homeless, illiterate, unemployed, addicted to alcohol or other drugs, hungry physically. Christian compassion leads us to respond to these needs of fellow human beings as well as we can. A worthy expression of compassion often opens tightly closed doors for ministering to spiritual hunger as well.

The final test of our effectiveness in a missions program, or in a denomination or a local congregation for that matter, is not to be found in the size of our work, the amount of our budget or the attractiveness of our buildings, but in our service to persons in the name of Christ. As we minister and witness faithfully in His name, increasing numbers of spiritually hungry persons will find needed courage and purpose—in Jesus Christ our Lord.

MEDIA by Phil Davis

Recent articles in newsmagazines report, in rather startled tones, that religious book-publishing in America has become a growth business, with a 25 percent increase in the last four years. A few years ago sales of 10,000 copies assured a book a place on the religious best-seller list; last year each of several religious titles sold well over a million. The Bible continues to lead in sales—Ken Taylor's paraphrased *Living Bible*, in its many editions, now approaches sales of 20 million copies—and books by evangelical and conservative writers top best-seller lists.

Many also are turning to pseudo-religious themes, and sales of books on the occult, demon possession and satanism are booming.

One who feels that the devil has had more than his due is evangelist Billy Graham. His new book, *Angels: God's Secret Agents*, is a vote for the brighter side of the supernatural world.

Graham writes much as he preaches, and in his opening chapter sets the stage for the book by touching on the popularity of satanism (now studied seriously in some universities); the possibility that UFO's are part of God's angelic hosts (he can't assert such a view with certainty, he says); other theories that seem to indicate angelic prehistory astronauts; and the incredible interest being shown in extra-sensory perception. Then he purposes the book as an attempt to "put forward, at least in part, what I understand the Bible to say about angels."

Why, he wonders, had he never heard anyone preach on angels. He concludes that while theologians agree that "angelology" is important and that God's revelation concerning angels adequate, modern man has simply neglected angels from fear of intellectual ridicule.

He discusses the visibility of angels; how they differ from men; their organization; personal ministry and protection; Lucifer and the angelic rebellion; angels in prophecy; angels as God's agents in judgment; angels as spectators; angels and the gospel; and how angels operate in our lives today.

Angels: God's Secret Agents, Billy Graham (Doubleday & Co., 175 pp., 1975) $4.95

Has the church today become so eager to be relevant that it has absorbed the values and goals (however good) of its surrounding society at the expense of the transcendent claims of the gospel? Yes, says evangelical author and theology professor Donald G. Bloesch in his newest book, *The Invaded Church*. The result, he adds, has been many churches and church leaders now promote a compromised version of biblical faith.

Bloesch's thesis puts new light on an age-old dilemma—the controversy between proponents of a social gospel and those of evangelism as to the church's primary purpose. "The real division in the church," he says, "is not between evangelism and social action, but between the secular humanism of our technological society...and the transcendent claims of the historic faith."

The book's value lies not in solutions; it should be read because it puts the church and the world in proper perspective: not a conflict between evangelism and social action, but between human reason and the Word of God. So equipped, the reader can examine the motivating purpose behind his or her own witness.

The Invaded Church, Donald G. Bloesch (Word Books, 133 pp. 1975) $4.95

God's Miraculous Plan of Economy by Jack Taylor, (Nashville: Broadman, 168 pp., 1975) $5.95. The long-time Baptist pastor, now president of Dimensions in Christian Living, has taken principles on family finances found in his previous best-seller, *One Hour Under God*, and expanded them to include the whole of personal and church giving—and receiving. He presents a sound, biblical platform for awareness that God owns *everything* in the world and wants the wealth circulated for the good of his children.

Now That You're A Deacon by Howard Foshee. (Nashville: Broadman, 136 pp. 1975) $2.95. A much-needed, inexpensive help for today's newly-ordained deacon who isn't sure just what is expected of him. It disabuses him or her of any idea that they are now members of an "official board" commissioned to run the church, but lays out in a loving manner the many new opportunities for service to Christ and the church. Foshee's readable style, biblical and topical illustrations, and wide experience add up to a valuable contribution to limited literature on this subject. It wouldn't hurt for pastors to read it, and its low price makes it possible for churches to give it as a deacon ordination gift. ●

PRAYER CALENDAR

A quarterly listing of chaplains' birthdays

APRIL

APRIL 2: Swayne Payne Jr., Ga., Air Force; Paul L. Stanley, Va., Air Force. **APRIL 3:** James L. Fox, Tex., Air Force; David J. Farmer, Ga., Inst. **APRIL 5:** Richard M. Tipton, Ill., Navy. **APRIL 6:** Joe H. Parker, Tenn., Navy; James M. Pilgrim, S.C., Inst.; Robert A. Hutcherson, Miss., Army. **APRIL 7:** Elbert N. Carpenter, Ky., Navy. **APRIL 10:** Fred A. Duckett, W. Va., V.A.; Maurice Eugene Turner, Tex., Navy. **APRIL 12:** Charles F. Pitts, Tex., V.A.; Charles F.J. Jordan, S.C., Navy. **APRIL 14:** Archie V. Lawrence, Ark., Navy. **APRIL 15:** Richard M. Christian, Tex., Inst. **APRIL 16:** Harold Simmons, Tenn., A.F. **APRIL 17:** James R. Brown, Ky., A.F.; Paul D. Foxworthy, Mo., A.F.; Homer Thomas Hiers Jr., S.C., Navy. **APRIL 18:** Dennis Barners, Tex., hospital; Richard G. Cook, Va., Army; Thomas N. Petrus, Ky., V.A.; Jack Orville Varnell, Tenn., Navy; William George Rupracht, N.Y., V.A.; John Green, Tex., Army. **APRIL 19:** George Fuller, Tex., Navy. **APRIL 20:** Isaac M. Copeland Jr., Va., A.F. **APRIL 21:** Kenneth R. Thompson, La., A.F.; Aubrey Quackenbush, N.C., V.A. **APRIL 22:** Joseph W. Magruder, Okla., Army; Joseph E. Cross, Ga., hospital; Jacob Fisher, Tex., hospital; Leonard S. Lee, La., Army. **APRIL 23:** Harry S. Walker, N.C., Inst. **APRIL 25:** Joe P. Self Jr., Tex., Inst. **APRIL 26:** William James Clark, Wis., Army. **APRIL 27:** Dillmus William Barnett, Ala., Army; Leroy A. Sisk, N.C., Army; Thomas W. Hood Jr., Ga., Hosp.; Jimmy Roguemore, Tex., A.F. **APRIL 28:** Thomas L. Jones, Fla. Stu. Merrill C. Leonard, Tenn., Navy; Robert Carter, S.C., Hosp. **APRIL 29:** Alfred J. Abernathy, N.C., A.F.; John H. Carnes, Ga., Navy; William H. Heard, Ark., Hosp.; Richard Allen Hennessy, Wash. D.C., A.F.; Thomas E. Dougherty Jr., Ky., Hosp. **APRIL 30:** William M. Smithriell Jr., Va., A.F.; Cecil G. Irwin, Ga., V.A.

MAY

MAY 1: Charles B. Prewett, Okla., A.F.; Malcomb H. Roberts, Mo., Navy. **MAY 2:** Carlisle M. Franks, N.C., Hosp. **MAY 3:** William M. McGraw Jr., Ala., A.F.; Harold W. Runnels, Tex., Army. **MAY 4:** George E. Ormsbee, Mo., Army. **MAY 5:** Joseph H. Coggins, N.C., A.F.; A.J. Thiessen, Or., V.A.; Franklin Leroy Dittmar, Okla., Inst.; Edward F. Lovill, N.C., Hosp.; Charles B. Roper Jr., La., Army; Harold L. Weatherly Sr., Ala., V.A. **MAY 6:** James H. McKinney, Ga., Army; James Quarles, S.C., Inst.; Harold Weatherly, Ala., V.A. **MAY 7:** Clarence H. Roland, Ga., Army; Carl J. Pearson, Ark., Navy. **MAY 8:** James E. Sams, Va., V.A. **MAY 9:** John B. Hunter, Ark., Hosp. **MAY 10:** James D. Bruns, Mo., Army; George W. Miller, Ga., Hosp. **MAY 11:** George R. McHorse, Tex., Navy. **MAY 12:** William C. Fuller, N.E., Navy; John P. Howard, Australia, Inst. **MAY 15:** Joseph E. Wilson, La., Army; Horace O. Duke Jr., Ark., Hosp.; Bradford Riza, Tex., A.R. **MAY 17:** Jack R. Milligan, Tex., Army. **MAY 18:** Jack Wendell Roberts, Fla., Navy; Tom Warmath, Miss., Army. **MAY 19:** James F. Kirstein, N.C., Navy; Thomas M. Richardson, Ala., Army; William McManus, S.C., Navy. **MAY 20:** Alvin L. Wilson, Mo., Hosp.; Albert H. Fauth, Mo., Hosp.; Daniel O. Davis, Fla., Army; John David House, Ga., Navy. **MAY 22:** Lawrence E. Johnston, Colo., Hosp.; Robert E. Smith, Tex., Army. **MAY 23:** Bruce D. Anderson, N.Y., Army; Joseph R. Frazier, N.Y., Navy; William A. Massey Jr., La., Inst.; Howard Parshall, La., Hosp.; Felix J. Williams, La., V.A. **MAY 24:** Roy V. Thornberry Jr., N.C., Navy; Colon Stonewall Jackson Jr., N.C., Navy. **MAY 25:** Mark W. Fairless, Tenn., A.F.; Albert V. Clark, Miss., Army; James L. Juhan, Ga., Army. **MAY 26:** James L. Hays, Ark., A.F. **MAY 27:** Delbert Gene Payne, Tenn., Army; Bennie H. Clayton, Tex., A.F. **MAY 28:** Kevin L. Anderson, Tex., Navy; Hubert Garrell, N.C., Army; Marjorie L. Bailey, Va., Inst. **MAY 29:** William H. Griffith, Ohio, A.F. **MAY 30:** John L. Hall, Va., Navy; Richmond H. Hilton, S.C., Army

JUNE

JUNE 1: Harry D. Morgan, Okla., Army; Frederick A. Taylor, Mo., Army; Hiley W. Eubank Jr., Tex., Hosp.; James Rogers, Okla., Army; Pete Sharber, Fla., Army; Charles Hallbrook, Mo., Hosp.; William H. Simpson, Tex., Hosp. **JUNE 2:** Jack A. Hanberry, Ga., Inst.; Robert Herndon, Ga., Army; Steve McCollum, Tex., Inst. **JUNE 3:** A.N. Hollis Jr., Ga., V.A. **JUNE 4:** Johnie B. Dellinger, Ala., V.A.; Oliver C. Wilson Jr., Ga., Hosp. **JUNE 5:** Ray W. Fullilove, Miss., Navy; Roy J. Fullilove, Miss., Army. **JUNE 8:** James R. Perkins, Mo., Army; Alex L. Sullivan, Okla., Inst.; Larry P. Henderson, Ark., Inst. **JUNE 9:** Marvin L. Gold, N.C., Hosp.; Jos. M. Amos, Mo., Inst. **JUNE 10:** Elwyn G. Edwards, Fla., Army; Claude B. Marshall, N.C., Navy; Lee Butler, Tex., Hosp.; Charles A. Shaw, Ga., SBH; Robert E. Gray, Fla., Hosp. **JUNE 11:** Sudderth A. Harms, Tex., A.F.; Louis B. Parks, Tex., V.A. Justis P. Selph, Tenn., Army. **JUNE 12:** Ernest R. Barnes Jr., N.Y., Navy; John Mark Gaines, Fla., Hosp. **JUNE 14:** Arther P. Graham, Va., Inst.; William O. Graham, Fla., V.A.; Iran N. Marks, Ark., Army. **JUNE 15:** Jack E. Brown Jr., Wash. D.C., Army; Cecil R. Treadgill, Ala., Navy; T.D. Whittehorn, Ark., V.A. **JUNE 17:** Eli H. Campbell Jr., Ga., Navy; Blake J. Greer, W.Va., Army; Francis M. Marks, Okla., Army; Robert H. Lloyd, Tex., Hosp.; Harold L. Hawkins, N.C., SBH; James McSwain, N.C., Inst.; Samuel Young, Va., Inst. **JUNE 18:** David M. Shivers, N. Mex., Hosp., Cleveland C. Kiser III, Ga., Hosp. **JUNE 19:** George P. Bowers, N.Y., A.F.; Robert E. Sanders, Tenn., Army; Joseph M. Amos, Mo., Inst. **JUNE 20:** James N. Brister, Miss., V.A.; William E. Dodson, Ala., Navy; Glenn D. Mace, Tex., Army; Donald Harper, Ill., Army. **JUNE 22:** Fred W. Reid Jr., Va., Hosp. **JUNE 23:** Waler L. Howell, N.C., V.A.; William D. Blanton, N.C., Hosp. **JUNE 24:** Donald C. Beeson, Mo., Army; Jasper J. Dean, Ala., Army; Donald B. Daggett, Tenn., Army; Ed. F. McDonald III, Ark., Hosp.; Albert Brodie Jr., S.C., Inst. **JUNE 25:** Jack S. Parkham, Ga., Army. **JUNE 26:** James E. Leath, Tex., A.F.; James Odell Nations, Miss., Navy. **JUNE 27:** John M. Smith, S.C., Hosp. **JUNE 28:** Donald H. Dillard, Ind., Navy; Donald W.C. Grover, Tex., Army. **JUNE 29:** Donald Wells McSwain, N.C., Army; Henry G. Wade, Calif., Army. **JUNE 30:** Joel R. Smith, Ga., A.F.

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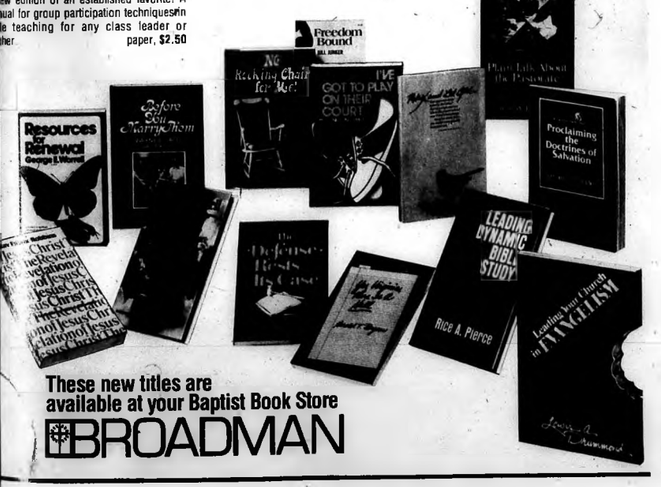

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BROADMAN

COMMENT by Walker L. Knight

Seven Beginnings

Studying the emphases and tasks to which Southern Baptists devote a major portion of our energies and resources teaches one a lot about the denomination. Few will dispute that the two emphases that perennially top the list are evangelism and church extension.

I spent a good part of the past year taking a reporter's look at the who-what-where-why-and-how of our church extension efforts. Freelance photographer Ken Touchton and I visited the beginnings of Southern Baptist work in seven locations.

We were with the Roger Hills of Three Forks, Mont., who have led in establishing one of Southern Baptists' truly indigenous churches. In Milwaukee's central city we found Mike and Virgie Brown sharing the Good News and their love with a mixture of cultural groups. The Floyd Merrills had moved to Tigard, a bedroom community serving Portland, Ore., and he was starting the 22nd congregation of his career.

The Hilton Lanes moved into Fairfield Bay, Ark.—a retirement/resort community in the Ozarks—to let the Gospel speak its truths to the affluent. In the Bronx of New York City we found the Sam Simpsons ministering primarily to the Jamaican people amid the massive, depressing life of an urban metropolis. We found the Homer Albrights starting chapels and missions in the valleys of West Virginia. And there were the Jim Clarks at Clear, Alaska, where he serves as chaplain to the military, pastor to the civilians and missionary to the Indians of the Arctic circle.

In each instance we sought to stay long enough to understand both the people and the place, to report what we learned in warmly human terms as possible. On several occasions we visited the pastors and missionaries more than once, while the others we usually stayed longer.

Our efforts constitute the second volume of the Home Mission Board's photo/text series, THE HUMAN TOUCH.

The first edition under that title was written by book editor Elaine Furlow and photographed by HMB staff photographer Don Rutledge. The second volume, following the same format of 60 percent photographs and 40 percent text, is devoted to the subject of church extension and entitled *Seven Beginnings*.

The series owes its life to Elaine Furlow whose drive for excellence, professional competence and unusual energy challenge all of us who have a part in it to give an extra measure of our own.

Our visits to these missionaries and pastors to write *Seven Beginnings* reinforced our knowledge of the growing edge of the denomination in its efforts in church extension. The secret, if there is one, of Southern Baptists' growth and genius in starting its 34,000 churches, lies not in plans and techniques but in people and their motivations, their willingness to give of themselves in heroic terms to pull together a small nucleus and nourish it until it flourishes as a self-sustaining church.

We were prepared for the diversity and variety within the situations. In fact, we tried as best as possible to plan it that way—to have geographical spacing, to move from city to country, from resort to frontier, to have a difference of age and experience, and to find a mixture of cultures.

But the facts exceeded expectations in every case.

While the theological threads were woven in a common weave, the designs showed imaginative varieties. The middle-class was the primary target for the church starting efforts—not too surprising since middle-class people comprise a majority of the population—but the seven situations crossed all classes and many races.

Everywhere we went we sensed the interest and the support of the denomination. Roger Hill said other churches in his area just could not understand the type of support Southern Baptists had received in starting the church at Three Forks and the three missions that are now churches on their own.

One church in an established area gave up air-conditioning, and a pastor donated money his church gave him for a Holy Land trip so struggling congregations could have necessities.

The most massive of all help comes through the Church Extension Department of the Home Mission Board in its church pastoral aid: hundreds of pastors and missionaries are aided in this year. And let me also say that everyone was working with less than what he should have been. However, not once did I hear anyone complain or express dissatisfaction with his lot. On the contrary, they were grateful to be where they were.

The experience of writing *Seven Beginnings* was exciting and worthwhile, and I hope that I can share the experience with thousands through the book. •

ADERS' REACTIONS

elt good eating peanut butter and jelly. . ."

Nov./Dec. HM on World Hunger is one of the most dramatic and significant and soul-searching productions of its kind I have seen recently. You are to be congratulated on the excellent pictorial and editorial material which you presented.

Robert S. Sutherland
St. Louis, Mo.

• . . a number of practical proposals are listed, but one important one is omitted. No one suggested anything for the Lord to do. Isn't he the Lord of Heaven and Earth? Didn't he calm the waves and the wind? He can do more by controlling the weather, which he is more than capable of doing, than we can do with all of these suggestions. Why not a suggestion that we pray for favorable weather for great crop growth?

Harry Steele
Hobart, Ind.

• You suggested several agencies "worth considering" for channeling hunger funds to the needy and hungry. Just why was World Vision International not included? I have respected this group with several fine people connected with them, such as Mark Hatfield, Paul Rees, etc., and have contributed from time to time through World Vision.

. . . it not an agency "worth considering . . .

Law M. Mobley
Gastonia, N.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: World Vision wasn't included initially because it wasn't on any of the lists used in making our suggestions; we did not intend our ours to be inclusive, either. At Mr. Mobley's question, however, we called World Vision. The 35-year-old agency has 288 employees and in 1978 took in $13.1 million. This was spent as follows: 21.1 percent for overhead and administration; 33.7 percent for child care; 14.4 percent for emergency relief; and 30 percent for evangelical and Christian social action. World Vision has projects in 25 countries in such projects as irrigation in the Sahel and Ethiopia, refugee feeding programs in Bangladesh and Dacca. It is "an interdenominational Christian agency" headquartered at 919 Huntington Dr., Monrovia, Calif. 91016.

• . . a very fine presentation. It is very disturbing reading. I am in my 78th year and alone, so am limited in what I can do. I trust it will cause many to share with those in such dire need.

Ruth Hunt
Louisville, Ky.

• I appreciate very much the wonderful job that you are doing with HM. I am particularly impressed with Nov./Dec. You have done a grand job in helping to inform our people about the hungry people here in our own nation, as well as around the world. With *The Commission*, *World Mission Journal* and *Royal Service* we have some of the finest material available related to this most perplexing problem that confronts us as individual Christians and as a denomination.

Rogers M. Smith
Richmond, Va.

• You are to be commended for the excellent coverage of the hunger problem. Tightly organized. Tersely written. Photographically pungent.

At lunch I felt good about limiting myself to my normal peanut butter and jelly sandwich with a glass of milk, but I was overfed!

W.L. Smith
Richmond, Va.

• . . one of the finest pieces of journalism I have seen anywhere. The clarity and succinct way this crisis was presented through articles and photography was excellent. It made me hope Georgia Baptists will wake up and join other states who are becoming involved in its world need.

Mary R. Burge
Atlanta, Ga.

• Last Sunday I preached on world hunger using the last issue of HM extensively and most appreciately! This sermon really plugged into the thoughts and feelings of our congregation. Already individually and collectively our members are brainstorming and deciding on ways to respond to this crisis. Thank you for another excellent issue.

J. Emmett Henderson
Cornelia, Ga.

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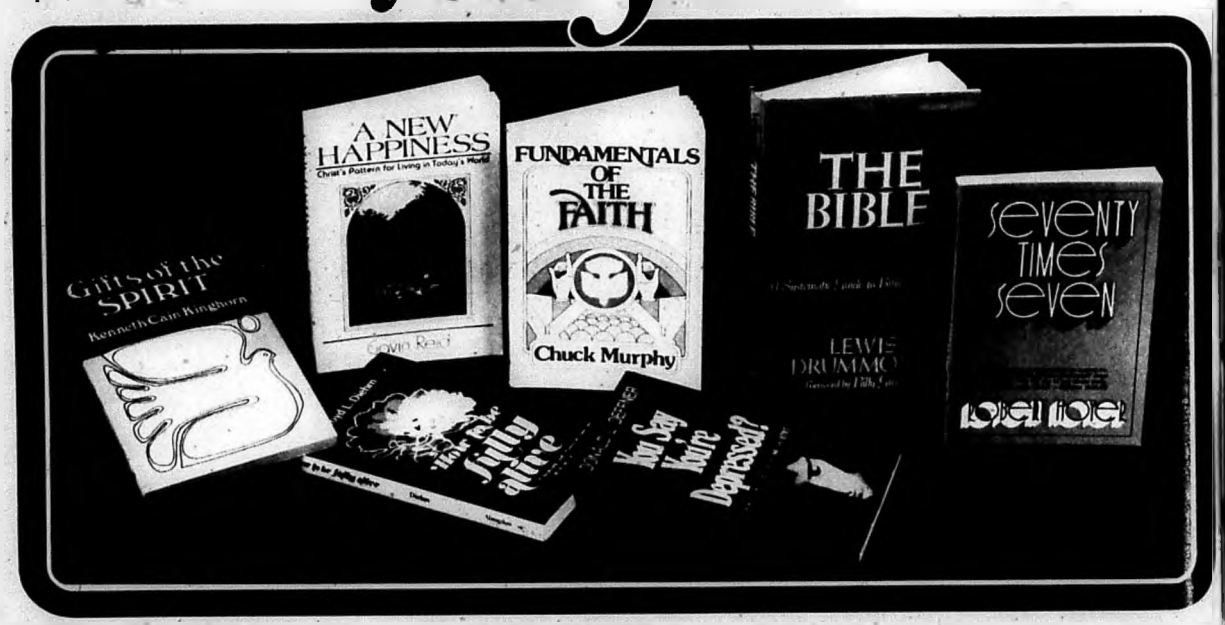

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