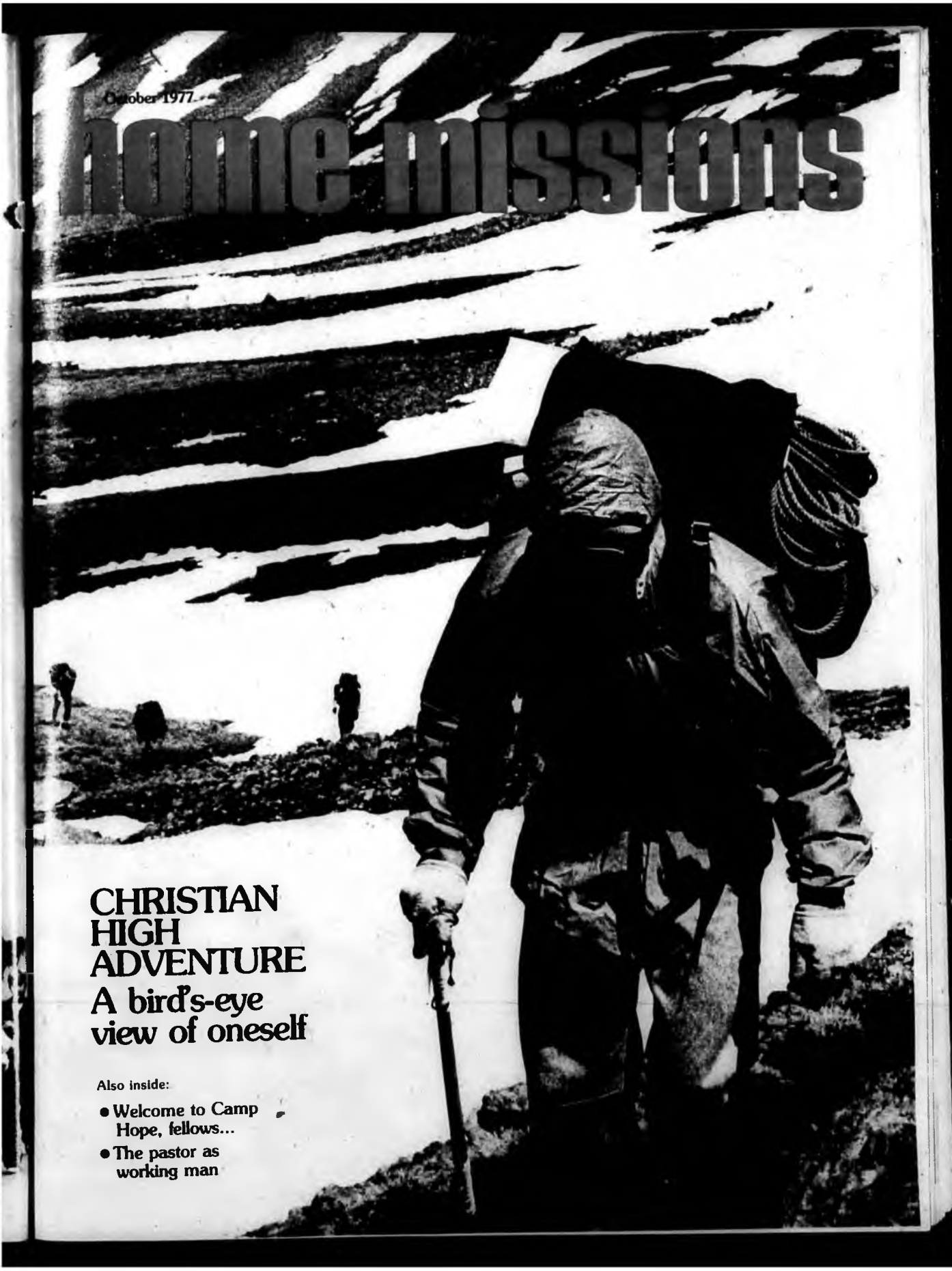




October 1977

home missions

CHRISTIAN HIGH ADVENTURE A bird's-eye view of oneself

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- Welcome to Camp Hope, fellows...
- The pastor as working man

home missions

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In the years of its success, the Southern Baptist Convention has seemed to ignore the bi-vocational pastor—the guy who has to “work to make a living,” as one said recently; programs, meetings, events have been geared to the full-time churchworker. Yet “tentmaker preachers” are in almost one-third of all SBC pulpits on Sunday mornings; they have been the backbone of SBC growth in areas still too weak to afford full-time pastors. And maybe, at last, they’re coming into their own. By Judy Touchton
Photography by Ken Touchton



18 WELCOME TO CAMP HOPE

Since coming to the Northwest, Elmer Whiten has dreamed of a camp for troubled youth. This past summer, Whiten, CSM director for Northwest Baptists, finally put together the elements to make his dream a reality. The result was a week different from the usual Christian camp. It never was easy... but it was worthwhile. Photo-story by Paul Obregon



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In the wilderness of Colorado, missionary Chuck Clayton leads a group of backpackers on a “Rocky Mountain high” that doesn’t exactly feel good—but it does change lives. By Elaine Furlow
Photography by the author

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THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF... Gee, ever since we were kids, sneaking the radio on after everyone had gone to bed, to listen to The Shadow, we’ve wanted to be called “intrepid.” Great word, intrepid. Filled with challenge, intrigue, daring-do. Trouble is, it requires bravery. So we’ve opted to read about the intrepid ones.

Take this issue, for example: Elaine Furlow climbed a mountain, not because it was there, but because HM wanted its readers to know about Christian High Adventure, missionary Chuck Clayton’s wilderness camping program that some folks have wondered about: “Sounds like fun. What’s it have to do with missions?”

Elaine found answers, partly on the trip, partly in a 19-page letter she received after returning home. It came from a young man who suffered, mentally and physically, yet later led a CHA. His own growth showed in his descriptions of others’ experiences: “So lives were touched,” he concluded, “mine in particular. Every sore muscle, headache, gasp for breath... on our trip was now well worth the price... in return for the works of God in these lives.”

A similar sort of life-changing experience happened in Oregon this past summer; and again, it took an intrepid photo-journalist to cover the assignment.

Elmer Whiten, Christian social ministries leader for NW Baptists, had a camp for “troubled youth” who almost made the Dead End kids seem angelic. But Paul Obregon, HM’s photographer, proved more than a by-stander, as Whiten’s report reveals: “The HMB (camp) photographer did great, not only in following the boys in action, but in relating to them.” Whiten said, “Paul Obregon was a real asset.”

Four-wheel drive proved the asset Judy and Ken Touchton needed to complete their “intrepid assignment” in Montana. Visiting a bi-vocational pastor on the job almost proved too much for Ken’s subcompact rental car. At 4:30 a.m., jolting along behind Judy and a pastor heading for a backwoods logging site, Ken wondered if his car could keep up with the pastor’s four-wheel drive pickup. It did. Barely.

Ken and Judy, a husband-wife reporting photography team, survived the logging site, though brush burning nearby blackened them like old-time minstrels; survived 2,000 miles in ten days, survived even the car’s later collapse on a lonely road. And came back with the story.

But you’ll not have nearly the trouble—or have to be nearly as intrepid—to “cover” this HM, just turn the page.

Cover story: No, it’s not a lethargic monster from Star Wars... it’s a left over monster from Christian High Adventure. Actually, it’s not really even a monster. It’s a backpacker high in the Rocky Mountains. Why may, at 14,000 feet, feel a little monstrous so far above us ordinary mortals, maybe that’s part of the exhilaration of it? Elaine Furlow Photo



PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN TOUCHTON

Lung B. Hill mixes carpentry (above) and preaching in a bi-vocational pastorate in remote Cascade, Mont.

The Bi-vocational Pastor

Although often having to "come in by the backdoor," he may be the backbone of the SBC +++ by Judy Touchton

He works with his hands—sawing boards to build a redwood patio, felling trees in a national forest, matching electrical connections at a generating powerhouse. He spends 40 hours a week on the job, jamming in extra time for Bible study, sermon preparation, visiting, as well as contact with his family. He struggles for additional education and for acceptance within the denomination. He is often frustrated but unusually successful. He is the bi-vocational pastor—one of 9,415 bi-vocational pastors in the Southern Baptist Convention who hold secular jobs while serving as full-time pastors.

Of the SBC's 35,073 churches, 27 percent are pastored by men employed secularly, according to 1976 Uniform Church Letter statistics.

From Paul to today, bi-vocational pastors—the "tent-making preachers"—have filled church history. They are the worker-priests, the non-stipendiary clergy—the "working preachers." The current term, the one that "seems to have caught on, that everyone seems to be talking, is the 'bi-



vocational pastor," explains Jim Nelson, director of the Home Mission Board program of rural urban missions and a strong spokesman for the bi-vocational pastor. Yet, adds Nelson, despite acceptability of the term, it's hard to pin point who the bi-vocational pastors are.

Among certain segments of the SBC, the percentage of bi-vocational pastors is greater than overall averages. Nelson cites figures that in churches of less than 300 in membership, 51 percent of the pastors are employed secularly. Of the 10,000 he uses as a conference work figure, 7,200 are located in rural or village settings while 2,500 or so are from metro areas.

And the bi-vocational ministry is not decreasing. Lele Schaller, a church growth specialist, predicts that by 1985 half of the ministers in this country will be bi-vocational.

Averages are even higher for blacks and ethnic churches. Emmanuel McCall, director of the Department of Cooperative Ministries with National Baptists, says, "At least 70 percent of our pastors would be considered bi-vocational. In the city of Louisville," McCall points out, "we once tabulated 83 percent of the pastors as bi-vocational pastors."

And Oscar Romo, director of the Language Missions Department, says, "Much of our work has been developed by the bi-vocational pastor. In Los Angeles," Romo recalls, "we have 16 to 18 congregations of which as many as two-thirds are pastored by bi-vocational ministers. All the Hispanic pastors in Los Angeles, for example, are bi-vocational."

In our Korean work right now—the fastest growing ethnic work we have—many of the Korean men work secularly in order to pastor churches. This is true of the new Korean church here in Atlanta. From 75 to 85 percent of our Korean work is carried on by men of this group. A lot of our Vietnamese work is carried on this way.

Romo recalls the beginnings of Spanish work in Texas. "In 1875, the Spanish work was first initiated by a preacher who spent his time selling Bibles. It is not only historical. . . It is New Testament."

As an example, Romo tells of Ben Vera, a schoolteacher in West Texas years ago. Vera would move into communities where there was no evangelical witness, staying for several years, until he had a congregation of 75 to 100. Then he would get a teaching job in another community and repeat the process.

"Consequently," says Romo, "between 15 and 20 Hispanic churches in West Texas today are the result of Ben Vera. The last time I saw him was the day before he was to get his Ph.D. degree and he was out picking cotton because that was the way he made his contacts."

Out of economic necessity or a sense of call, men like Vera—whatever their race, language or ethnic background, have been the backbone of an SBC advance that has burgeoned the 13,000,000-member convention to the nation's largest Protestant denomination. They have contributed immeasurably. Yet Nelson quickly observes, "We are not saying bi-vocational pastors are the solution to all our problems. But they are one viable option Southern Baptists have to meet growing needs."

"Our expansion in past years was almost totally dependent on bi-vocational pastors," Nelson says.

"My purpose in speaking out about the bi-vocational



Bob Yarbrough packs a saw each morning and a Bible at night

pastor," continues Nelson, "is to identify those areas of deficiency and find ways of being constructive."

"One thing that makes bi-vocational ministry even more crucial as far as blacks are concerned," says McCall, "has been black churches' inability to develop resources to pay a pastor full time. Even now a good percentage of black pastors have to have a second job. It's not a matter of if they want to. Many of them want to give full time to pastoral ministry."

Others see the bi-vocational pastor's ministry as a special call. Bill Slagle of the HMB's Church Extension Department explains, "We should emphasize that the bi-vocational pastor should not be considered a step on the way up. There's a real calling. The bi-vocational pastor is not a second-rate pastor. It takes an unusual person to be able to do this; he has to live in two roles, to relate to people in two different ways."

Oscar Romo concurs. "You know, we make a large mistake when we find a bi-vocational pastor who has grown a church to 25 or 30 members, and we say 'Look what he's doing! Man, if he was on full time, look what great things he could do!' So we put him on full time. And what happens? Instead of going up to 50, the church drops to 10."

The reason, explains Romo, is that the congregation no longer feels the need to work together. "When the pastor is employed," Romo says, "his brothers say 'He works all day long and then visits. I can do no less than he does.' But when he becomes a 'professional' he's got all the time to do that, so he can just do it for everybody."

Raymond Rigdon of the Seminary Extension Department insists bi-vocational pastors represent "one of the greatest potential resources in the denomination."

Rigdon bases his judgment on two factors: "One, in many pioneer areas, there is the need for the pastor with college and possibly seminary training, but the churches are small and struggling and not able to support a pastor."

"The bi-vocational pastor is one of the best ways to penetrate these non-traditional SBC areas and reach a socioeconomic level that likely will not be reached otherwise."

"Two," Rigdon continues, "many churches in the traditional convention area are too poor or too small to support a full-time pastor. A seminary graduate would have difficulty adjusting," Rigdon adds, "yet these are extremely important churches. Bi-vocational pastors, working in sawmills or grocery stores, are our best hope for these churches."

Yet Rigdon, Nelson and others recognize inherent problems, too.

Nelson insists, "We are looking for ways and tools to help

associational directors in areas with bi-vocational pastors. We feel a responsibility to help them get some handles to improve the situation confronting our secularly employed pastors."

"We lost our concern [for the bi-vocational pastor] as we began to become more sophisticated," Nelson explains.

"Yet the small church movement has been Southern Baptists' genius. As much as you appreciate the large churches and have to have them," Nelson continues, "you can't separate the two because small churches are often feeders into the large ones."

Nelson believes the SBC is entering another expansion era. "Churches are going to be started and Southern Baptist denominational agencies cannot support all of them. So there's only one answer—that's the bi-vocational pastor!"

The problem with the bi-vocational concept of ministry, Nelson suggests, "is denominational awareness, including seminary awareness. The seminaries are simply not helping the student feel good about going out and working secularly."

Church extension's Slagle has encountered opposition to the bi-vocational option. "The idea is not very attractive to some people. Professors and students have the feeling—perhaps rightly so—that after they've spent three years getting a degree they want to pursue careers that allow them full-time church work."

"But anytime I look at a list of pastors approved for Church Pastoral Aid, their backgrounds prove interesting. Within a year we run the gamut of possibilities: engineers, storekeepers, carpenters. As I look at these people, I think, 'If they could be encouraged to spend another two years making their own living after they graduate, they could build churches.'"

Through Church Pastoral Aid (CPA), a supplement to churches which cannot support a full-time pastor, the Church Extension Department funds approximately 600 pastors. "But we have 6,000 places where we need to start work," Slagle insists. "It's just a matter of extending our resources."

The Church Extension Department is working on a pilot project with the Kansas Nebraska and the Northern Plains conventions. Each convention is selecting five places for bi-vocational pastors; then Slagle will help the convention locate prospects.

The project has budgeted \$10,000, \$1,000 for each site. The first \$100 goes for gas money so the prospective pastor can visit the field. If he is impressed with the opportunity, agrees with the local missionary and sponsoring church, the

In an era of SBC expansion, churches need to be started even if SBC agencies do not have support funds. In such cases, one solution could be the bi-vocational pastor.

Church Extension Department will spend another \$200 for a "U-Haul-type move." The rest goes for support until the pastor finds a job.

Slagle has trouble locating bi-vocational pastors, however.

"We don't have the romanticism that goes with some mission opportunities. Anyway you look at it, it's a difficult thing to pastor a church and make your own living, especially if you have a family.

They're not running over us for places. We have to dig down and find them one by one."

Despite his problems, Slagle hangs some optimism on a "groundswell of interest building up in our emphasis on volunteers. I think we'll benefit from this."

Nelson, too, hopes the Bold Mission Thrust emphases of evangelizing and congregationalizing will advance the bi-vocational-pastor movement. He has proposed a project similar to Slagle's, "but of a more national scope." It would involve five older conventions and 20 associations in cooperation with five newer conventions.

In older conventions, directors of associational missions will find the bi-vocational pastor as soon as his career begins, Nelson's office plans. In addition to helping him begin to consider relocating, the director will help him evaluate his strengths and weaknesses that might be supported or corrected by developmental educational programs.

"The director of associational missions would be a key person, responsible for building a file on this pastor and helping him become aware of the need of making adjustments to a different culture and trying to understand the mind-set of the new people," Nelson says.

When a bi-vocational pastor is responsive to relocation, Nelson would refer that pastor to a person in the newer convention. Nelson hopes a time will come "when the HMB will give them some special category, as a missionary appointed but not supported by the Board.

"We intend to locate these guys in clusters, in an area where we need five or six new churches, and build a strong support system there."

Other denominational agencies are aware of the bi-vocational pastors' potential, also.

Bob Dale of the Sunday School Board (SSB) Church Administration Department has responsibility for developing a total support system for ministers in the SBC, and a large segment, according to Dale, are "bi-vocational people or folks who draw a major portion of livelihood from sources other than the church."

The SSB is concerned about the bi-vocational pastor says Dale, "simply because we are aware that there's a whole segment of our smaller churches that will likely always be served by bi-vocational people and we want to relate to them and understand them as well as we can."

Dale, as coordinator of research on the ministry, a couple of years ago proposed building a profile of the bi-vocational pastor. That project—in its last phases of analysis—will be the "most extensive done in our denomination," says Dale.

"And although the statistics are not all in yet, we find that we have a good many more well-trained bi-vocational people than we thought before," Dale says.

Nelson insists, "The danger is to equate the bi-vocational pastor with the educational ignoramus. When we're talking about meeting their needs educationally and support-wise, we're not inferring these people are worse off than others; they just have a special set of needs."

Rigdon recalls "a man in Mississippi who had been owner of a hardware store. He came to one of my conferences and was very apologetic, saying, 'I don't have any seminary training. I have just surrendered to preach.' I tried to get him to see that he had a unique kind of training: the practical experience of working with people for 20 years. Probably that's the prime skill a minister needs, and it isn't teachable in a seminary setting.

"Most bi-vocational pastors do not have seminary training, but that is not universally true," Rigdon points out. "It is extremely important to consider their total educational needs. Seminary extension attempts to see the pastor as a total person. Many may need help in consumer education, or health problems, or personal counseling."

To provide for these needs, in the 1976-77 academic year, the department maintained 319 extension courses in 40-45 states, serving students in all 50 states and 10 foreign countries.

Enrollment has increased more than 100 percent in the past eight years. Part of the increase, Rigdon feels, resulted from a new basic curriculum series written on a sixth-grade reading level. This may be the only series of pastoral training courses on this level available in the U.S. or Canada, Rigdon says.

But many bi-vocational pastors are not able to attend extension centers. "Right now we are trying to develop a system of home study which can be useful for these men," says Rigdon. "We have correspondence courses in our college-level curriculum and have a large number working toward that. But for the bi-vocational pastor with limited formal training, we are developing a cassette-guided study pro-

gram which can be useful in helping these men in their studies."

However, Rigdon maintains, "We still have a long way to go before we provide equal educational opportunities for all our pastors. I don't think that the optimum for each one is seminary training, but the denomination has the same degree of responsibility for a man whose maximum effective level would be Bible school or seminary extension as it has for another man who is good potential for a Ph.D. or a Th.D. from the seminaries."

Rigdon stresses the value of seminary education whenever feasible, but recognizes it's not "the ideal for every pastor. Many persons are called by God into the pastorate after they reach maturity, after they have family responsibilities. College and seminary training are simply not feasible for some of them. Therefore, the denomination owes them an opportunity to get the optimum education they can, and not consider them second-class citizens because they don't have advanced degrees."

Lack of training often bars bi-vocational ministers from larger pastorates, however.

Romo says, "The bi-vocational pastor is limited by education, and his opportunity to continue to get an education, along with his inability to be active in the life of the denomination."

The disadvantage to the church, Romo explains, "is that often the man is unable to develop what we call a full-fledged program."

Slagle adds, "Some problems come with being bi-vocational. Realistically, working 8 or 10 hours a day and finding time for family, time to study, time to visit prospects, time for self—all these create tensions and cause frustrations that have to be dealt with."

McCall says, "Many personal ministries have to go neglected by the bi-vocational man. He cannot do his hospital visitation except at night, which also means that his family suffers. Another negative is that the bi-vocational pastor cannot be part of denominational life because he is working."

"That means," McCall says, "that either denominational life is restructured for night-time activities or he misses it. Out-of-town meetings he really can't take advantage of. When he does take a vacation it's usually in connection with the state convention or the national convention and he's really wanting to rest—not to be a part of the denominational bureaucracy."

"He spends so much time working that he's physically ex-

hausted and the kind of creative opportunities he needs for reflection and the academic insight for preparing and sermon building, he doesn't have access to," McCall stresses.

One pastor summarized his feelings at a seminary extension/rural-urban missions-sponsored conference at the University of Georgia: "A secularly working minister in a sense is committing both physical and spiritual suicide because of too much work and pressure and too little time for recreation, prayer, Bible study and ministerial duties."

"To prepare a southern man to come to this pioneer field," says Charles McReynolds, a bi-vocational pastor in Libby, Mont., "I would ask him just how much of a sacrifice he would be willing to make of himself and his family. You must sacrifice."

"As far as education goes," says McReynolds, who feels frustrated by his own inability to attend seminary, "it never hurt anyone... so get any education and teachings you can get before you get into this."

A member of the Libby church emphasizes McReynolds' sacrifice, "He works too hard and he goes 'til he can't go any longer."

Dick Willoughby, a TV repairman and bi-vocational pastor in Cody, Wyo., also understands the need for sacrifices. "The difference in my church activities here and in Casper, where I was full-time, is in two areas: I don't have as much time to spend with my family and I don't have as much time for study. All the other areas are basically the same."

"I don't believe our church realizes how much you take of your own time in fulfilling both jobs. It's really you that pays for having both jobs," says Willoughby, a bi-vocational pastor for 25 years.

One agreement Willoughby has with churches he pastors involves the church's promise to increase the pastor's salary each year, until the pastor can be full-time. "Earlier in my ministry, I wasn't too concerned about this," he says. "But some people more experienced than I sat me down and told me, 'Hey, that's fine, you can work and you can make it, but you're depriving the church by not placing a burden on them. You're going to hinder the church in the long run.'"

"Now, looking back," Willoughby says, "I can understand. Today I can work... tomorrow, the church may need a minister who isn't able to work."

Luny B. Hill, a carpenter who moved from Duncanville, Tex., to Cascade, Mont., to pastor a small church and work nearby, says, "One of the main problems I see as a bi-vocational pastor is not having enough time to keep abreast of current affairs."

A secularly working minister is committing both physical and spiritual suicide with too much work and pressure and too little time to study, says a bi-vocational pastor.

Even with all the drawbacks, the bi-vocational pastor enjoys some advantages.

On a recent visit in the home of such a man, Rigdon noted advantages in secular employment: "He's had about a third-grade education and he's preaching in a church in the mountains of north Georgia. A college graduate probably couldn't survive in that community, but he not only survives, he does a creditable job."

"They come from among the people; they identify with the people; they are the people," explains Romo.

"For the preacher," insists McCall, "he has more awareness of what his parishioners are actually going through, and in a sense, he can relate more to where their hurts are, where their needs for healing are, than the man who is in touch only through counseling situations or through what he reads."

Because he actually experiences these things, he knows where they hurt, how they feel. This is perhaps one reason black preaching is less academic, in the sense of quoting theology and big ideas, and more practical, in terms of relating to where people are hurting.

And Slagle agrees, "one advantage would be the proximity to the people, identification with the people. The person who works for his livelihood identifies with the man who holds the same kind of job."

Romo illustrates: "Have the average pastor sit down and write the name of his ten closest friends. At the end, ask him to count how many are not Christians. It's always less than 10 percent. But ask a bi-vocational pastor to do that—he's working, having contact with people who are not Christian. He is the one who is breaking ground to reach that family out there."

Romo tells of one man who went "from tractor to pulpit." "You can raise all kinds of questions about that, I know," says Romo, "but this man—almost immediately after the visit of an outstanding theologian who used beautiful Spanish—held a revival and so communicated in the language of the people that he had 50 baptisms before the end of the week."

"The difference was not education. The difference was the bi-vocational minister's identity with his people's experiences; they had confidence in him. If we add that dimension to a man, he becomes essential to the life of the kingdom."

Men in that category "have made it possible for us to begin new work when we have limited funds," Romo explains. "And we have been able to relocate personnel in

order for them to begin new work."

Another advantage of bi-vocational pastors is their economic independence. Bob Dale observes, "I sometime use the analogy that the only fellow who is as insecure as the local Baptist preacher is the high school football coach. So think the fellow who knows he can make a living, whether he's attached to this congregation or a congregation somewhere else, probably has a little more peace of mind."

"It may just be why some folks never really make the transfer to full-time church work because they are slow to give up that security."

One of Romo's language pastors, seminary-trained Verdieu Laroche, a French Haitian, has consistently rejected requests from his 250-member congregation to go full-time. He feels he is most responsive "to God" when he is economically independent.

Dale cites the advantage of distance. "If I work in the city and I pastor a church on the weekend in the country, even if I go out to the country and spend Saturday and Sunday there, there is a beautiful dynamic of moving in close and then moving away. That's a nice change of pace emotionally."

Economic advantages to the small church are obvious. One pastor explains, "I give more to the church—my tithe—than the church pays me. They can't afford to get rid of me."

Most bi-vocational pastors have their own special reasons for working secularly and pastoring.

"Up here," says Willoughby, the Cody, Wyo., pastor, "people just don't have any tradition about religion. Religion turns them off. So what you have to do is to reach them on the basis of a personal relationship and friendship."

Willoughby makes many friends through his job.

A charter member of the Cody church sums up the church's feelings. "Well, we'd rather he didn't have to work, of course. But we don't object like some people do. If we were able to support him he would not have to work. I don't think he necessarily should, but I guess instead of letting him go hungry, I'd rather he work."

"To tell you the truth, I never did notice much difference when our pastor worked and when we had one who didn't."

Willoughby may be unusual as bi-vocational pastors go, in terms of participating in denominational activities. He's moderator-elect of the association and has served as moderator in every association he's lived in. Some in his church are amazed at the way he manages everything.

But each pastor's performance depends upon circumstances and commitment. Nelson insists. Yet the need



Dick Willoughby (left) meets prospects through his job.

for denominational assistance is evident.

"Training, inspiration, a sense of identity," says McCall about needs of bi-vocational ministers. "we should be helping bi-vocational pastors feel they're really somebody and they're making a contribution and that they're worth it! Not to look down upon them because they do have to work a second job or because they have limited education."

One request McCall hears is for help in developing

The concept of bi-vocational ministry may stir a pioneer spirit and lead to a replay, a reenactment of the church building days of the 1950's, says Montana's Glenn Field.

"programs of stewardship so that these churches could develop resources that could free up these men." In response, McCall says, "We've tried to stress stewardship in all our materials and conferences."

Romo says that one job of the catalytic missionary appointed by his department is "to equip the bi-vocational man—to seek him out and begin where he is to equip him to function in his own setting, in his own way, and to program his training in keeping with his ethnic group."

"The sad thing is," Romo continues, "that we don't give emphasis as a denomination to this kind of person. Also, much of what we structure in programming does not meet the needs of this particular group."

"One way we can help this bi-vocational fellow," Romo suggests, "is by having conferences on weekends. You would be amazed at how many weekends we spend in conferences with these groups because this is the only time most of these people can come."

Until recently, most observers agree, the convention has overlooked the bi-vocational pastor.

"For awhile we, as a convention, kind of got the 'big churchitis,'" says Ken Carter, director of small church and revival evangelism at the Board. "Maybe the success syndrome set in, to the point we allowed ourselves to feel you weren't successful if you didn't pastor a large church. When in reality, our strength has always been with small churches. We're a convention of small churches."

"Now if we're going to really do something as a convention, we've got to consider seriously our 23,000 small churches, both rural and metropolitan."

Glenn Field, director of associational missions in western Montana, has several bi-vocational ministers in his area. He says, "Maybe the whole idea of this bi-vocational ministry will stir the pioneer spirit—a replay, a reenactment of the pioneer church-building days of the 1950's."

"What we would like to see," says church extension's Slagle, "is the bi-vocational man accepted as an equal, to have him feel just as proud of his pastorate if it's only a dozen people."

"We're going to have to do a lot of mind-shaping to sell a concept like this," Slagle contends, "but I believe it's possible."

Raymond Rigdon of seminary extension echoes Slagle. Nelson and others across the SBC. "I see bi-vocational pastors as a strong asset in our denomination—not as either second-class citizens or as a group we must simply tolerate. 'til we can do better. We need them."

In western Montana and northern Wyoming, where population may average 10 persons a square mile, bi-vocational pastors provide Southern Baptist witness in areas too sparse to support full-time pastors.

On following pages are sketches of six bi-vocational pastors in the Northern Plains Convention—one of the SBC's newest units—who fit secular and sacred work together to stretch Southern Baptists' witness to unevangelized westerners.

THE BI-VOCATIONAL PASTOR / continued

From 7:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. weekdays, Charles McReynolds supervises electrical maintenance at Libby, Mont., powerhouse and dam. The facility generates 105 megawatts of electricity daily—enough to power a city of 2 million persons.

The rest of the week McReynolds pastors the Baptist church in Libby, a close-knit community 60 miles south of the Canadian border. Although theoretically "on call" 24 hours a day, McReynolds says the job usually doesn't interfere with his church work.

McReynolds earns \$10.56 an hour at the powerhouse; Libby Baptist Church, averaging 50 in Sunday services, pays McReynolds \$400 a month, a figure set when people of the area were drawing construction wages. "Now the dam is nearing completion," McReynolds says, "so my salary puts a strain on them. That's why a small church like this needs a pastor who can help support his family."

Libby's 3,500 residents and 10,000 in the surrounding valley, work in the paper mill on the Kootenai River, at a Zonolite mine, in area logging and sawmills.

"Due to the changing community, this little church has

been on and off seven or eight of the years since its beginning 10 years ago," McReynolds explains. "Now we seem ready to grow again."

McReynolds believes the key is pastor tenure: "The first year they idolize you. The second year they criticize you. The third year they crucify you. If you can make it until the fourth year, you can build a church."

McReynolds began electrical work in the navy. His call to the ministry came in 1966 when he was 33. "My wife didn't know what she was getting into. She didn't know she was getting a preacher," McReynolds explains.

They had adjustments to make. "Who can say whether being bi-vocational had an effect on my family," he says. "Certainly it had some effect on the children (now grown and living away), but who knows what percent?"

When McReynolds retires in nine years, he intends to continue in the pastorate, probably supplementing his income as a part-time electrician. "I've always felt my calling was as a self-supporting pastor. I don't know what I'd do if I was faced with choosing between self support and a full-time pastorate. If a big church called me, I guess I'd say no."

Directed by massive electrical turbines, foreman Charles McReynolds (right), and Cy Jones, maintenance chief, plan schedules.



McReynolds

Keeping a powerhouse running seems easy compared to handling church, family and job.

By 4:30 a.m., 23-year-old Bob Yarbrough is on his way across the Montana-Idaho state line, 5,000 feet above sea level. His red, four-wheel-drive pickup climbs and winds 55 miles along Highway 12 west, popping in and out of clouds and dodging deer. On the seat next to him lies his silver hard hat, a black cross taped on front. In the truck bed waits his orange chainsaw—nearly as well cared for as his Bible.

Arriving at the logging site, he collects his gear and begins a 1,000-foot climb down the mountain to begin work. And within four minutes, Yarbrough, a bi-vocational pastor who makes nearly \$25,000 a year as a saw handler, has felled two 100-foot trees.

Yarbrough, who has pastored Hellgate Baptist Mission in Missoula, Mont., since it began eight months ago, has been sawing since he dropped out of forestry school. "Hellgate probably doesn't have the potential for a traditional church," Yarbrough suggests, "but the truckers, loggers and transients really need a witness."

To begin Hellgate mission, named for the canyon across the expressway, Yarbrough went door-to-door with handbills in 20-below-zero weather. "Ten-foot snowdrifts were everywhere," he recalls.

More than 100 came the first Sunday to the East Missoula Community Center behind the fire station. Now attendance has dropped to about 25, but Yarbrough hopes for a core someday of about 100.

The mission pays \$15 a week for the single tiled room which seats nearly 50 in folding chairs. "We have to get here early on Sunday morning just to be sure there're no beer bottles left from the night before," Yarbrough says.

Yarbrough and his wife Bernie, who recently completed a three-year diploma nursing school, are leaving Missoula this fall to return to Missouri. Yarbrough will enroll in Southwest Baptist College in Bolivar and Bernie will work in Springfield.

"My dream would be to work someday as a chaplain in a logging camp, and let Bernie work as the camp nurse," Yarbrough says, chewing on a toothpick as he does when he saws.

"There's a different kind of environment here than down south," he continues. "It takes a lot of love and patience here. You have to impress people first with yourself."

Working secularly, Yarbrough says, helps him get through to people he would otherwise never meet. "There's been two guys I've worked with that have accepted Christ," he says with a smile. "But I haven't been responsible for any widescale revivals."

Yarbrough has felt torn among his sawing—that makes

the family income—his preaching and his wife. "I've been concentrating so hard on lumbering and pastoring I've been just reacting to Bernie. I'm beat when I get home so I usually sleep an hour or so to keep from nodding all evening."

Although Yarbrough feels both he and the new mission have benefitted from his being a bi-vocational pastor—the mission will have another bi-vocational pastor before the Yarbroughs leave—he says, "I want to force myself to take time to learn what the Bible says. That's why I'm going to school."

"But I'll probably end up coming back to a place much like Missoula." •

At work Yarbrough chews toothpicks, not tobacco.



Yarbrough

In four minutes he can fell two 100-foot trees. Building Hellgate mission may take longer.

THE BI-VOCATIONAL PASTOR/*continued*

Richard Hill, pastor of First Baptist Church, Chinook, Mont., glances up the one-foot-wide sidewalk toward the tiny, white frame building. "This is the only Baptist church in the county," the Alabama native explains. "We moved into this building just as soon as we had 26 at worship."

"A fellow from First Baptist in Havre, the mother church of our mission, gave us a 12 x 60 foot trailer and landscaping to go with it. We want to turn it into a sanctuary with a more church-like atmosphere. We'll use this building for classrooms."

Hill, who worked three years in a mental health center in Alabama, supplements his earnings as pastor by working as an instructor with developmentally disabled adults for the Blaine County Activities Center. As teacher and pastor, he draws roughly \$13,000 a year.

Although he is pleased with his job, he feels the strain of driving 35 miles one-way to work at the county seat.

"Working outside the community is a handicap," Hill says. "If I could get a good job closer, I'd know the people of Chinook a lot better."

Chinook has 1,813 townsfolk, but the church draws its members from the surrounding farming and ranching area. One family drives 35 miles each Sunday morning.

"One of these years," Hill hopes, "I'd like to build this mission up to a full-time ministry. But right now, while I'm working secularly, any size church at all is a real strain."

Hill and his wife Barbara, who works as assistant city water clerk, came to Chinook two-and-a-half years ago as volunteers in the HMB's Christian Service Corps.

Hill uses gestures to illustrate a Sunday school lesson.



Hill

He volunteered for two years, but in Chinook the need is so great he could spend a lifetime.

"We were going to give it just the two years," Hill says. Barbara nods agreement. "But we've been growing." City officials predict Chinook will grow toward the church.

"Sometimes pastoring and working is like banging my head against the wall. But a small church like this needs a pastor who can help support himself. And I've got a good job, so we'll stay." •

Five days a week Hill (standing) teaches disabled adults.



The white Montgomery Ward van tops a hill in Cody, Wyo., a wild-west town where traces of frontier days linger as signs across major intersections publicize nightly rodeos. The van stops in front of a middle-income home and Dick Willoughby, TV repairman and pastor of Cody's Highland Baptist Church, bounds out to deliver a television set.

"I'm qualified to work on any brand TV," Willoughby says. "I took my first electronics course when I was in high school. I don't have to work at it. Repairing TV's is just like breathing... it comes natural."

"I've managed shoe stores, sold life insurance. I've been working and preaching for 25 years, except for three or four years in Casper when I was full time," Willoughby boasts.

"I meet more people when I work than I'd meet if I was just pastoring—a wider variety—and I get into more homes. By working I'm not insulated from life like some pastors."

Willoughby has served in the newer western conventions his entire career, so he understands the plight of churches of the area. "Most will not be able to support a pastor full-time for years." He insists a self-supporting pastor is good for churches. "The pastor is looked at a little differently when he is working secularly—as more of a partner. The church

doesn't expect the impossible from him. They are more tolerant and don't put him on as high a pedestal."

Although the Cody church celebrated its 25th anniversary in 1977, attendance—once as high as 100 in Sunday school—dropped to seven before Willoughby became pastor in August '75.

The church recorded 52 in Sunday school this past summer, and one church member credits Willoughby's work in the community with saving the church. "People around town have come to respect him."

Willoughby admits some problems in serving Montgomery Ward and church, although his boss has allowed him latitude to work almost as he chooses. His five sons, aged 10 to 19, have felt the pressure. "As a pastor my ministry must come first. Often that means my family gets short changed."

Willoughby's wife Nora believes her presence at home strengthens the family. "I could never work while Dick is trying to pastor and work. Someone has to make up the difference," she says. Willoughby agrees.

"I ran away from the ministry for a long time," he says. "Now that God's finally got me I've got to make up for lost time." •

Dick Willoughby, a 25-year veteran of bi-vocational ministries, insists that repairing televisions and preaching both come naturally.



Willoughby

God gave him two talents—repairing TV's and helping weak churches grow stronger.

THE BI-VOCATIONAL PASTOR / continued

The cool morning breeze whisks away the sawdust as Luny B. Hill, pastor of First Baptist Church, Cascade, Mont., and a union carpenter, whips his power saw through 2 x 10-inch redwood boards assembled for a backyard patio. The buzz stops as Hill leans back, evaluates the angle, picks up his hand saw and applies finishing touches.

"As a union carpenter, it's easy for me to work," Hill explains, wiping his brow with a red-bandana kerchief. "Next week I'll begin work on that office building," he says, pointing up the road of the subdivision.

Hill and his wife Susan moved to Cascade, 25 miles south of Great Falls, in spring 1977. For three-and-a-half years before the move they served in the bus ministry of Highland Baptist Church in Dallas, Tex., while Hill attended College.

The change from Baptist-saturated Texas to Montana required adjustment by the Hills. But it helped that Susan grew up in a town about Cascade's size, and the three girls can't wait until the snows fall.

Cascade has only about 750 people. The church averages 25 a Sunday. "Nobody's ever done a survey so we

don't know how the people are aligned religion-wise."

The Hills receive about \$500 a month. First Southern Baptist Church in Great Falls sends \$150-\$200, and Northern Plains Convention provides some assistance. The rest must come from the congregation, so the \$500 is not "for sure."

"But I've always found it easy to find work," Hill explains. "Yet I've had enough bad weather and lost time for the church."

Even so, sometimes conflicts divide job and church, Hill says. "What I like most about construction work, though, is that I put in my eight hours and I'm through. I don't have to worry about work cutting into the church."

"And I've had a ministry among construction men," he adds. "It's given me a broader contact than you find when you're sheltered inside the church."

The construction work is also important to Hill. "It's one of the things, other than preaching, that is part of my life," he insists. "That's why I like this kind of church. I can preach and work."

On a hilltop in Great Falls, Hill saws and nails a redwood patio into shape. He wishes congregations could be built so easily.



Hill

Carpentry and preaching seem mismatched, but to this Cascade pastor it's a perfect fit.

The first winter, Conrad, Mont., townspeople found bi-vocational pastor Donnie Bond was from "down south."

The road along his 41-mile school bus route, frozen for weeks in 20-below-zero weather, suddenly thawed overnight. Ten miles north of town, an inch of soupy mud with ice underneath awaited the Mississippi pastor. At the top of a hill, the yellow bus stuck. Bond put out an emergency call, and soon a four-wheel unit arrived—the foreman laughing at the sight of Mississippian Bond axle deep in Montana mud.

The nearly 50 members of Conrad Baptist Church, a mission of First Southern Baptist Church, Great Falls, never have let Bond forget that morning.

Bond and his wife Dimples were transplanted from their farm near Progress, Miss., by a "call to full-time mission work in a pioneer area." The story of the bus keeps Bond aware of the transition the family made.

"The day we visited the church—May 4, 1975—the roads were torn up from an April blizzard. A car bogged down right in front of the church," 42-year-old Bond recalls. "Yet we knew this was where the Lord wanted us."

While pastoring in Mississippi, Bond commuted to Mississippi College to earn a teacher's certificate. "We figured if we were going to work in small churches, we might need it," Bond explains in a southern drawl mixed with western twang. "The mission has enough support that the bus route is enough for now."

Great Falls sends nearly \$200 a month, the association contributes \$100 and another \$100 for the church in Valier, 25 miles northwest, that Bond also pastors. South McComb Baptist Church in McComb, Miss., sends \$25 a quarter for literature and an insurance agent, once a church member, sends \$20 a week.

Bond says the bus route isn't much work. Yet he leaves home before 7 a.m., earlier in winter, returning at 9:30. Afternoons, he spends another hour-and-a-half longer in bad weather.

Advantages of secular work outweigh disadvantages, Bond believes. "I'm in the eyes of a lot of people—kids, parents. It gets me where the people are. Sometimes I even drive for school trips."

"If given a choice," Bond muses, "I'd keep the bus route, at least for a while longer. I want to look like a permanent resident, like I'm going to stay."

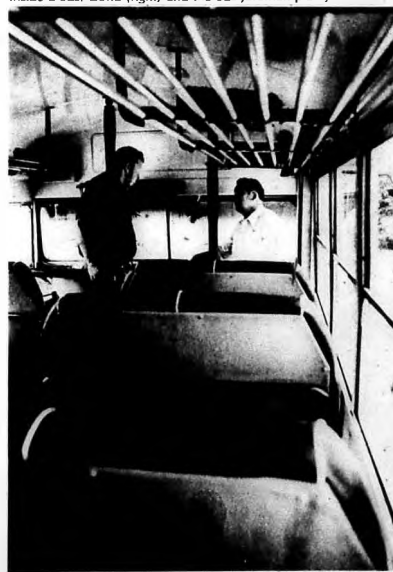
The Conrad church baptized 22 Bond's first year, despite having to go to Great Falls or Valier for the service. "Our biggest need is a baptistry. Can you imagine a Baptist church without a baptistry?"

The Mississippi Bonds are becoming Montanans, too. Mike enrolled in college in Missoula this fall; he considered going back to Mississippi, but "he fell in love with Montana," says Bond. Jim, a ninth grader, assists his dad at the Great Falls mission once a month. The two-year-old son loves the winter snow.

Conrad's 2,770 citizens are mostly farmers, living in town during winter and farming in summer. Bond, who is leasing his Mississippi farm, understands them. This year he attempted a garden in his backyard.

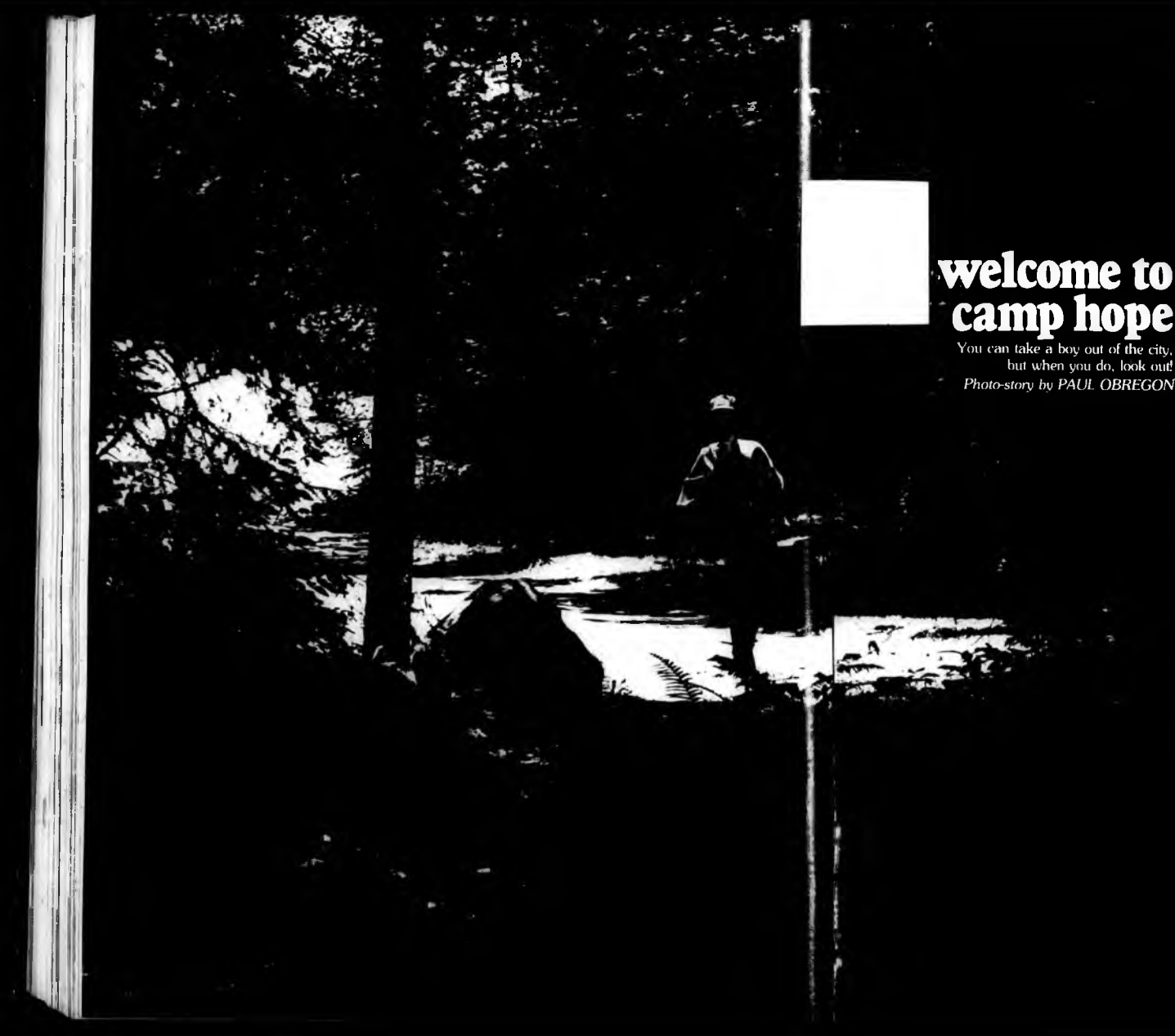
Even with the extra work of a bus route, Donnie Bond insists he "must have been made for Montana. I don't have any plans to go back. I'd just as soon be raptured here as in Mississippi."

Inside a bus, Bond (right) and the bus foreman plan for winter.



Bond

On a Mississippi farm or a Montana bus route he mingles with those he hopes to reach.



welcome to camp hope

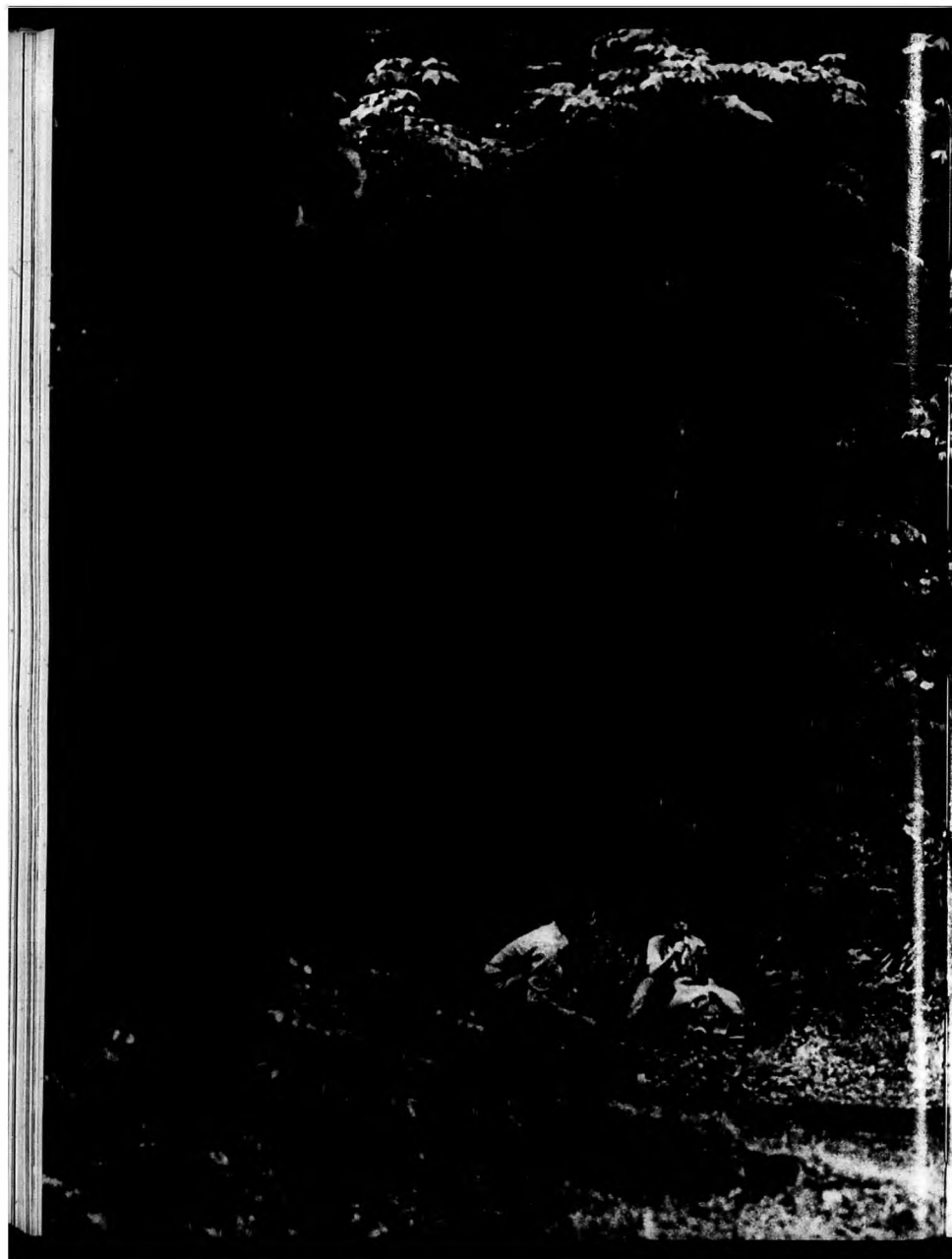
You can take a boy out of the city,
but when you do, look out!

Photo-story by PAUL OBREGON

Nobody thought it would be easy, when Elmer Whiten told them his dream of a camp for "troubled youth." But even Whiten didn't realize how difficult the week this past summer would be. Originally, Whiten—Christian social ministries director for the Northwest Baptist Convention—planned a camp for 40 "delinquent oriented" boys, 13-to-16. Boys with bankrupt families—only two had fathers in the home; boys who needed help if their futures were to be more meaningful than their pasts. Instead of 40, he found 12. But disappointment melted as the week progressed. "I thought I was prepared for 40," Whiten admits. "But God knew what we could handle. If we'd had 40, we'd have had to enlist all the Christians in Portland."



Settling in took an hike for the youngsters at Camp Hope. Learning bunkmate, getting used to bunkmates, wasn't easy for some, as Royce Craig (above), Vanover, Wash., pastor who served as counselor, found in early discussions.



Since coming to Portland, Ore., in 1969, Whiten had dreamed of a Christian camp for youth having skirmishes with the law. In such a "preventive ministry," Whiten hoped to isolate "this particularly difficult age group." Structures were loose, relationships emphasized, in an attempt to gain the closeness necessary to win confidence and "prevent lives being destroyed and wrecked. We wanted to change attitudes, to give these kids a new way of seeing life," Whiten says. "We believe Christians have a special viewpoint, and we can give them this. They can discover what they need is Jesus Christ." It seemed, however, Whiten and his carefully-chosen counselors and speakers might never get the opportunity to show them "what they were missing in their lives." Tension permeated the camp's beginnings. Fights and angry words—against each other, against the special guests Whiten had recruited to "share their concepts and work with the boys"—marred first days. On the first night, during a meeting of counselors, half the boys—egged on by the rest—broke into another group's cabins and stole money and other items. "We could have been kicked out then," says Whiten. Some wanted to "quit and go home." But the camp manager was understanding and sympathetic. Whiten made good the losses and Camp Hope continued.

(Continued)



Counselors used every opportunity to break down the boys' barriers—even moments given them when tensions flared, as after a fight (far left). Elmer Whiten (above left) wanted throughout the week to keep open lines of communication. His speakers, like paramedic Mike Hendrix and policeman Jim Lambert (above), in talks and around the campfire, tried to create a free, caring atmosphere.



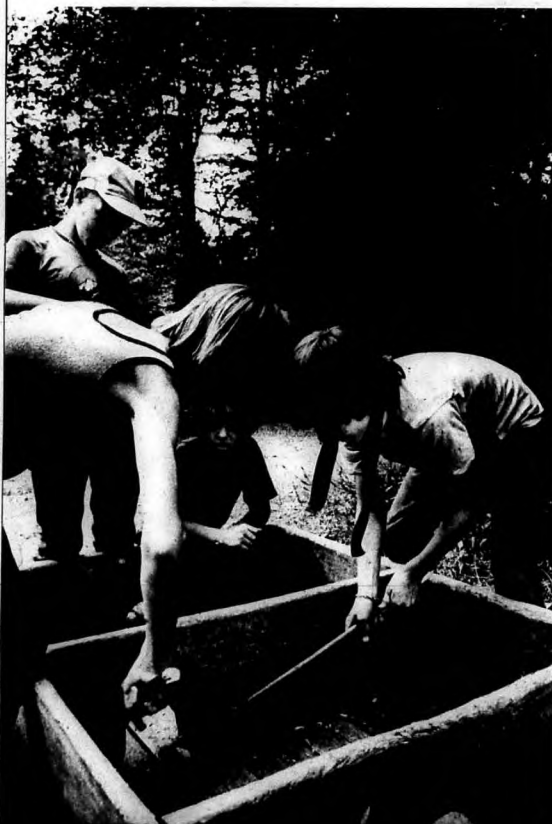
After American Baptists agreed to allow Whiten to use their camp in the Cascade Mountains near 11,235-foot Mt. Hood, Whiten had to round up sponsors. Each boy's stay would cost \$39; other expenses were certain. Except for his own church, Parkrose Baptist, Whiten found little support from local SBC congregations; he was given as much by inmates with whom he works at the state prison as by the association. But unexpected resources helped: an elderly Methodist woman sent \$10 from her pension; an older couple gave \$15. And slowly Whiten scraped together enough "to pay the bills." Once camp crystallized, Whiten was determined to use the time wisely. Pace never slowed: swimming, hiking, climbing, games, crafts, speakers who might contribute to the boys' understanding and outlook. He didn't want rigid controls. "We wanted the boys to feel free enough to drop their facades, to quit their game playing. If we could penetrate their defenses, we could find out where they were coming from and how to help them." Yet Whiten didn't want inactivity either. A blend of speakers and action resulted. "We expected more trouble toward the end of the week, but they were sort of deflated," he says. "They had had some full days." Playing games, swimming races, tramping over mountain and valley, had another benefit for the counselors and for Whiten: one of the boys—a "hard core, polished manipulator"—panting after a long hike, looked at Whiten in wonder: "Hey, Man," he said begrudgingly. "you're cool."

Continued



By midweek, the atmosphere at Camp Hope had eased from tenseness to tiredness, as Whiten and the counselors put the youngsters through a tough physical regimen mixed with discussions with an impressive array of people: a federal judge, several policemen, a paramedic, a dentist and a doctor. All from Southern Baptist churches in the Portland area, they came to camp knowing they would be subjected to verbal—and, perhaps, physical—harassment. Catcalls and cries of “fuzz” and “pig” punctuated talks. Practiced disinterest marked others. Yet speakers displayed amazing patience and concern. And humanity. Policeman Jim Lambert, finding a youngster pulling sparkplug wires from his motorcycle, reacted quickly. He jerked the youngster up, snapping his arm behind him. Later, realizing the effect of his action on the boy’s outlook, Lambert apologized. The boy never quite forgave him, but the others were impressed. Says an onlooker, “In admitting even a policeman can make mistakes, Jim established credibility and gained respect. The same boys who made snide remarks during his talk that morning, gathered around him, talking freely, at campfire that evening.”

Through games and strenuous activities, Whiten hoped to introduce the boys to concepts of cooperation, concern, caring—and to have fun in the beauty of God’s world. They learned self-reliance in the mountains, respect for each other’s abilities in contests like “scotch hockey” (far left).



From the first, Whiten planned no preaching. Whatever Christian concepts were exchanged would come through individual encounters. He did, however, use contemporary Christian music and have daily a modified "Bible study" in which he "applied stories of Jesus to life." We got to some of the kids with this approach. Whiten believes. More and more, as the week passed, Whiten and his counselors—summer missionaries and local Baptist pastors—had chances to express their faith while "letting the kids move from where they were, to new levels of experience," Whiten says. He refused to let "the abusive language" bother him, realizing "this is the only way some know to communicate." For him, anything was better than silence—"that's true rejection." By the final day, Whiten felt he'd accomplished his goals of giving counselors "training in working with troubled youth" and offering a ministry "to boys who ordinarily would not have a Christian camping experience." And in weeks since, he's had evidences of his success. He relates to several boys' families in "meaningful ways"—contacts he'd never have had without the camp. More vital, at least one youth has made a profession of faith, several others are "moving in that direction," Whiten says. For Whiten and the others involved, Camp Hope—the dream that began as a nightmare—had a happy ending after all. •

"I hate God—if there is one!" a camper angrily told Whiten during Bible study. But by week's end, he had "shared his family problems" with Whiten, when he left, he asked for six New Testaments, one for himself, the others for friends. Another youth, with the help of summer missionary Gary Becker (below), put his new outlook in song—and sang it for the group.



26 HOME MISSIONS

christian high adventure

means blisters and backpacks, moleskin and munchies, aching muscles and sore sunburns, and a good bit of exhilaration in the personal achievement of our intrepid reporter, LAINE FURLOW. PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

In the beginning we are strangers.

Fifteen days, 50 miles on foot and several 11,000-foot mountain peaks later, we know more of each other than we could have imagined. We have shared pain and triumph. We are strangers no longer.

But on first encounter—in Chuck Clayton's garage, with sleeping bags and boxes of camping supplies piled high—we small-talk, sizing each other up as we capsule ourselves: name, hometown, summer plans. We have traveled from Georgia, Virginia, California and Texas to the sleepy little valley town of Montrose, Colo. Tomorrow we depart for a 15-day backpacking expedition in the San Juan Mountains.

The trip is Christian High Adventure, a wilderness camping program designed by HMB missionary Chuck Clayton. CHA has two purposes, Chuck says: to train church leaders in camping skills, and to provide a stressful camping experience for teenagers and young adults to help them grow physically and spiritually.

Some hikers on this trip are summer workers with CHA. For them, the 15-day trip is a time of learning to be leaders. Others have come for adventure—and testing themselves in camping and mountain climbing in primitive territory.

And I (freckle-faced journalist) have come to report the experience for HOME MISSIONS. It is my first camping venture since fourth grade, when Mrs. Windham's Brownie troop marched a half-mile to the city park.

We are 19 in all, four women and 15 men.

Chuck, his sunburned forehead creased with wrinkles as his favorite felt hat, is the oldest at 39. Greg Windham, a lanky 6'4" student from Missouri, is the youngest at 19.

We range in size, age, strength. And degree of fear. For the brochure has forewarned:

"It cannot be overemphasized that this will be a strenuous trip. A conditioning program to prepare for mountain travel with heavy packs is a must. Run two miles a day. Exercises that build up legs and arms are recommended."



day 1

The sun faintly glimmers as we gather at 6 a.m. "Ready?" hollers Chuck. Without waiting, he lumbers down the road for the morning 2-mile jog.

"Don't make it a macho thing to go the fastest," Chuck has warned. "This is to acclimatize you."

A dozen men dash to equal Chuck's pace; the four women lag behind. And Montrose's mile-high elevation begins to take its toll. Some drop back; one pudgy young man stops for breath. The women adopt a walk-and-run strategy. Coughing punctuates the morning as the thin air hurts those from lower climes. At home I run two miles with little trouble. Here I gasp for enough oxygen.

By 7 a.m., we are at Bible study. Greg Windham notes a shelf of worn Bibles: "Those are the ones of the guys who didn't make it," he cracks; laughter fills the room.

Bible study will be a daily routine, but Chuck advises, "I'm not out to mold your theology. God's not doing the same thing in your life he is in mine. That's part of the beauty of the Christ life."

"Right now," he says, in the cool quietness of the den, "you're angels. Nobody cussed me out after this morning's run."

"Oh, yeah?" interrupts a voice from the back. Chuck grins and waits for the laughter to subside. Quickly and mentally we have divided ourselves into two groups: those who seem to know what they're doing and those who wonder when is the next flight out of Montrose.

As if reading worried minds, Chuck says, "I want to reassure you, you're going to make it." But the females have only temporary comfort. "I'm sorry to be chauvinistic," he adds, "but it's true: if you take girls, you have to go slower. In our society, girls just have not been conditioned to hurt."

After a quiet time—an opportunity for personal meditation that will be repeated daily—we pile our trip clothes in bundles on the front lawn. "One year, three boys from Dallas brought some

drugs. . . I didn't know," Chuck recalls, as he inspects our belongings. When one boy later apologetically told him, Chuck was angry and frustrated: "Popping pills at that altitude? It's not just Christian ethics, it's life and death!"

Today, as each person adds climbing and camping equipment to his or her stack, the lawn takes on the appearance of a yard sale.

"Wool socks (two short pair, two knicker), glacier cream, flashlight. . ." We tick items off our list. Men and women alike wear boxer shorts (to prevent chafing). The shorts hang below our cutoffs, a colored fringe that at first brings snickers. "Sleeping bag, ice axe, candles. . ." The piles mount. The afternoon sun grows hotter.

This is Chuck's eighth year to lead Christian High Adventure camping. He knows the chaos will soon sort itself out. But we bewildered newcomers doubt the welter of gloves, fuel and long johns will ever fit in that funny blue pack.

After supper we volunteer reasons for coming. Greg Windham wants to help set up a Christian camping program in Missouri.

"I expect to do a lot of discovery," says Jim Stuflebaum, a Missourian, "not just about backpacking but about myself." Echoes Tani Jill Murrah, a Texan, "I'm looking to see what in me is real."

John Baer also "came to find myself." "I'm in the process of healing," says Phil Caskey, a balding Oklahoman. "I was comfortable in my world until everything came crashing down around my head. I'm not here for sympathy. I expect to gain skills and confidence."

Larry Harper says, "I expect to be humbled. I'm a proud guy. I want to be a good backpacker but I expect to be taught. 'You're not the greatest.'" "I'm here to do an article for HOME MISSIONS," I say from the corner.

"That's all?" "And survive."

Before setting out, the CHA group pauses while Chuck Clayton, standing in the truckbed, leads in prayer.



day 2

Jogging goes quicker; coughing is less frequent. Classes begin: the first, on food. "Lunch begins after breakfast, continues until dinner," says Chuck. Each person will carry a "munchie bag," a collection of nuts, M&M candy, dried fruit.

We sort and sack plastic bags of limp, dried food: onions, mixed vegetables, fruit crystals, biscuit mix, brown sugar. A pound of cheese, a pound of margarine, four ounces of coconut. . . my lumpy blue food bag grows heavy, adding 20 pounds to an already bulging pack. My last hopes of lugging this monster are vanishing. A friend helps me strap it on; I gingerly step on the scales.

The needle wavers, stops at 192: 68 pounds above my body weight! As I head unsteadily down the sidewalk, I realize I'm about to tip over; I lean on the mailbox to regain my balance.

"We go five miles a day with these?" I mutter in dismay. "You've got to be kidding."

That night summer missionary Janis Tanner confides, "You know, I'm so glad other people are scared, too. I thought you all would know how to do everything."



Atlanta nurse Marcia Jowers "snow seals" her boots.

day 3

At Bible study, Chuck advises, "One thing that will bind us together is shared suffering. You will hurt."

The room grows quiet. "I couldn't do it on my own physical strength," he adds. "Some of you guys are really strong, maybe you could. But I need God."

The morning is hectic. "Three more minutes!" The drill instructor's side of Chuck's personality shows. J.R.'s cattle truck, the only vehicle around big enough to hold us and our packs, pulls in and we load up. J.R. Whitfield, a tanned rancher/farmer, volunteers his truck each summer.

As we whiz toward the drop-off point, last signs of civilization pass by: a billboard for Pizza Inn, a paved road, a farmer. Then we hit a dirt road, open country, cooler air.

"Look at those aspens!" We scramble to the edge of the truck. Mountains, soaring to snowy peaks, ring the truck.

J.R. deposits us, and we begin to learn to hike. That's right. Learn. Few of us can move at a "rest step." We circle in the meadow, slow-motioning Chuck's walk, a sort of "wedding march," lifting one foot while the other rests.

"You can go for miles this way," claims Chuck. Feeling the pack's weight dig into my hips, I doubt the fabled rest step can get me to the next

grove of trees. Chuck warns, "This slow pace may frustrate some of you. But in a way, this is like the Christian life. These who know everything don't run off without the others; you go the pace of the slowest."

We laboriously make adjustments on pack straps. "Your feet have to carry you 13 days," warns Chuck. "At first sign of blisters, put on moleskin." Despite daily care, the strain of muscles against boot leather will leave its mark. Moleskin, a foam strip, keeps skin from rubbing raw.

In camp that night the first class deals with a most elemental need: digging the camp latrine. Bill Berry, a veteran of CHA, explains where (away from streams), how deep (8-14 inches) and when (as quickly as possible) to dig. Sod is saved, golf-course style, to be replaced when camp breaks.

We learn to build fires, to cook meals, to put up rain flies (sheets of tarp used as tents).

Chuck stresses protecting the environment. "If you use a rock to tie down the rain fly, replace it in the same spot in the morning," he warns. "I want it to look like a herd of elk slept here, nothing more."

The CHA handbook adds, however, "People are as important as trees and rocks. They should not be hacked at or scared either."

day 4

Chuck rouses us with his 6 a.m. mock-sweet singing of "Tweedledeeum, Tweedledeeum." Our cook groups—teams of four—groggily put water on to boil, gather firewood, sterilize dishes, cook oatmeal. Out of long johns into wool pants, huddling around the fire to keep warm, downing oatmeal (made edible by adding apples, brown sugar, honey) before Chuck yells for Bible study.

As he talks, the sun climbs over the ridge, filtering light through trees, covering the gray campground with a sunny, warm coat of orange.

A few moments alone. Then on the trail. To relieve monotony—and take my mind off the burdensome pack—I wonder what I'll write later. Suddenly I stumble, nearly careening off the hillside. A quick resolution: "Stick to hiking."

By 5 p.m., our muscles have stretched, our spirits have lagged; most of us come into camp dragging. Requests for aspirin and diarrhea medicine are frequent.

"This is the worst day of climbing I've ever had," says veteran hiker Bill Black. He has led a small group, but confesses, "I was no good as a leader. These guys," he waves at Chuck, Bob and others, "they look up for me. They sang and cracked jokes, keeping my mind off my hurting knee until I could take over again."

Bone-weary himself, Chuck makes the rounds of rain flies, bright patches of orange and blue amid fir trees. Later, in a campfire session, Chuck admits, "We hurt a lot. Maybe some have negative feelings about themselves. I'm not doing good. I'm holding the group back."

There are nods in the darkness.

As popcorn sputters on the fire, Chuck continues, "Because some may feel that way tonight, I want each of us to name three good things about ourselves." Some hesitate. "I can't think of three."

But the words begin.

"I make people laugh," says one.

"I'm good with kids," says another.

And memories of today's stress fade.

day 5

The hardest day, warn veterans. The rise in altitude will test our strength far beyond what we've already endured. For energy, we lace our tea and coffee with honey. I pick pine needles out of my tea and wonder what the day holds.

A 2,300-foot climb in elevation faces us, made more torturous by loose scree (rocky debris which has fallen off the mountain) and two-foot snow banks. Breathing is slow, labored. Sweat dribbles down our backs, molding shirts to bodies, then drying in the chilly wind.

"This isn't Christian High Adventure," I complain, probing with my ice axe for a toehold in the snow. "It's lunacy." Beside me I hear Bill Black: "God, we love your mountains but they're giving us hell right now!" the earnest seminary student prays, "We need your help."

Marcia Jowers, a nurse from Georgia, slips in the snowy rocks, struggles to right herself, insisting she can go on. But pack weight makes it hard for her to gain balance; frustration brings her near tears. Reluctantly she relinquishes her pack.

I struggle on. But a sudden slip sends a pack strap hard against my throat: I thrash and gag. Finally, resting on a boulder, I regain balance and breath—and common sense: "This is no time to be stubborn," I admit. ("Her body was never found" the footnote would have read, "but we recovered her notebook...")

Sturdy Jack Ollis takes my pack. We climb the

A moment's pause to examine the squiggly lines on the map, then to reflect on the beauty of the peaks around Silver Mountain, before heading for camp.



rest of the way together, Jack stomping a path through the snow, me breathing hard. After camping, dinner warms bodies and spirits. Knot-tying class is short, fellowship time reassuring.

day 6

Snow class. We stand atop a deep snow bank, ice axes in hand, watching Chuck hurl himself down the incline. He yells, "Arrest!" and with a quick flip of his body, digs his ice axe into the snow, coming to a grinding halt—safe from danger.

"Now you do it!" he commands.

One by one, we charge down the mountainside, waiting for Chuck's call of "Arrest!" at which point we try the same maneuver. For me the slide is terrifying, exhilarating—and successful!

Each person volunteers "good things I have learned" about new friends on the trip. Answers—revealing, often funny—help us understand how we've come to depend on each other.

Then on to Silver Mountain, a 13,714-foot peak which gives us our first view of Wetterhorn Mountain, our goal for the trip's major climb. Coming down Silver we thread through boulders on a steep incline appropriately named "Hell Slide." An unsure step, a foot resting too long—and a rock thunders down the mountain.

Mountain climbers maintain strict etiquette. If you cause rock to fall, you quickly yell "Rock!" Those below duck or dodge and yell "Thank you!"

day 7

Class in first aid, rescue and emergency evacuation. The mountains are sunny and beautiful. But the class reminds us they can turn dangerous.

Christian High Adventure, in its eight years, has been remarkably free of major accidents. A back injury the first year, a bad cut on a hiker's arm several years ago, a broken leg on a 1976 trip.

Perhaps because that evacuation on the New Mexico CHA—including helicopter ride to Taos and \$500 ambulance fee into Albuquerque—is still on his mind, Chuck is emphatic about the evacuation process.

He wasn't on that trip, but credits those who were for handling the accident properly.

When, during a climb, a section of rock cliff gave way, missionary Jack Merritt was thrown several dozen feet down the mountain, fracturing his leg. The wound was cleaned, bandaged. Merritt was kept warm, lifted out by a stretcher made from packs and tree limbs.

Because of injury's seriousness—bone sticking out of the leg, the possibility of shock—his team leader decided outside help was needed. The two best hikers were dispatched to the nearest trailhead to contact the county sheriff.

Merritt was helicoptered out. When he arrived at the hospital, he was in weak but fair condition. Once his leg was set, Merritt began to recover.

"And that's the way it ought to work," says Chuck firmly. "One, two, three, down the line."

Sitting in the sun, noses smeared white with glacier cream to ward off burning rays, such an accident seems remote. But we feel more prepared.

Today comes our first practice with the ropes we will use for the more difficult climbing. Our yellow and blue helmets bob and dip as we work with partners. Here we are safe. A fall means only a roll on the grass, but in five days, a misstep or a wrong command could be disastrous. We work intently.

Partners shout signals back and forth:

"On belay!" "Climbing!"

"Off belay!" "Belay off!"

"Slack!" "Thank you!"

The most dreaded signal is "Falling!" to which a partner replies "Thank you!" while throwing his

brake hand with the rope across his body to keep his partner from plunging down the mountainside.

Today, anchored to a fir tree, we have time for questions. Later the rope work will be on a rocky cliff, knots must be flawless, techniques perfect.

On each trip, Chuck tries to complete an environmental project, so this afternoon we travel to an elk hunters' camp. Rusty cans, bits of plastic, shell casings and three elk heads litter the ground. With green trash sacks, we comb the valley, turning the grassy area natural again. The bags are piled for pick-up by rangers.

"Hardhat" Chuck Clayton teaches a class in climbing.



day 8

After days without a bath, we look grubby and smell worse. The men's beards grow from faint shadow to stubble. Each night we have washed out socks, but other clothes are dingy.

Today our hiking team of five does not have a veteran leading, so the maps—squiggly lines of

day 9

Climbing Uncompahgre Peak, a 14,309-foot mountain, T.J. Murrah becomes affected by the altitude. The blonde Texan walks more slowly, feels faint, sleepy. As she weaves her way up the trail, stopping often, Chuck hears of her plight.

"You're not going any farther, T.J.," he says.

"Yes, I am." She insists she can make it to the top. The wind howls across the trail, flapping T.J.'s windbreaker as she argues.

"T.J., you're going down. Right now."

Angry at the situation and herself, she agrees. "I was mainly mad at myself," she explains later. "Everybody but me was going to the top."

Atop Uncompahgre's rocky crest, cheers and the click of a dozen cameras mark our arrival.

"Got some mail for you, Chuck," announces a hiker whom Margaret Clayton has enlisted to spirit in a couple of Father's Day cards. A pleased Chuck grins at the surprise.

We huddle inside a small rock wall to worship God, singing hymns like "Higher Ground."

day 10

Wherever he is, Chuck worries about CHA—that bills are paid, staff is well trained; that its participants find it both physically and spiritually valuable. To him, it's a good sign that six veterans are back "who could be doing other things."

Probably the most stress and the most learning come in climbing a 14,000-foot peak. At mid-afternoon, we arrive at Wetterhorn Basin—where we will spend four nights—in time for an unex-

pected luxury: a bath.

The men hurry to a nearby stream; quickly shocked yelps fill the air as the mountain water—ice-cube cold—hits the skin.

The women go upstream.

Hair washed, clothes clean, spirits high, we consume double portions of cheese-potato patties. Marcia has enough energy left to make ice cream, a concoction of lime Jell-o, milk, snow and sugar.



Dwarfed by the San Juan Mountains, Bill Berry spends time in solitary Bible study and meditation.

brown and green—have to be charted alone.

It looks like two-and-a-half miles to the 'x' that marks tonight's camp. But the shortest way means a huge gully and an unnecessary elevation gain. We shift south. Six uneventful hours later we arrive safely in a meadow of golden flowers.

Late afternoon, we return to camp, hungry and tired. Yet tonight's stop is three miles away. Chuck has emphasized we will "extend ourselves" to encounter every possible situation. He feels CHA's blend of personal, physical and spiritual challenges helps a person grow. But tonight, as we strap on our packs for another five-hour hike, come first signs of mutiny.

"This is not helping my spiritual life any."

"We've done enough for one day. This is totally unnecessary. We'll be hiking in the dark."

Yet we push ourselves on.

By the time Tom Harrison sits down to dinner, it is 10 p.m. "I guess it is valuable, to push yourself, especially if you're going to lead these trips," he admits. "But this isn't the sort of camping I'm used to. I'm used to putting groceries in the car for a couple of days away from the rat race, not to join it."

His companions nod understandingly, but agree with Larry Harper, too: "How else could you get beyond your own abilities?"

day 11

Test climb. Negotiating the cliffs is precarious, but confidence comes with practice. "My boot should fit right, in *there*," I think, nudging it securely next to a sturdy boulder.

Our yellow and blue helmets inch upward. To be allowed to climb Wetterhorn tomorrow, we must pass the test climb today. We all do.

What once was an imposing rock cliff becomes familiar ground. We became used to our partner's voice relaying signals that control the rope linking us together. We "belay" each other this way: One person anchors himself securely against rocks. The rope passes from the climber's waist, through the carabiner (an oval metal link securely connected to slings on a boulder), around the body of the partner, to his "brake" hand.

As the climber makes his way up, his rope may pass through other carabiners and slings placed earlier by the lead climber. Each is called "protection." If the climber should fall, his partner quickly throws his brake hand across his chest. The rope keeps his partner from falling any farther than the last piece of protection.

This afternoon, we learn to rappel.

Even with a rope round the waist, it is against all natural instincts to edge backwards off a cliff and bounce off the mountainside with our feet, dropping through space for a few seconds until you push off the cliff again—at a 90-degree angle.

At campfire that night, Chuck cautions against disappointment, prays for strength, then encourages us to be ready to get up promptly at 4:00 the next morning. We must begin the climb by first light, to finish before afternoon thunderstorms, common in the mountains. After several pray, Phil (my partner) intones, "God, help my belaying partner to think clearly, to tie her knots properly!" Amid giggles, Phil chuckles: "I'm serious!"

day 12

In the gray dawn, we throw slings and climbing equipment across our shoulders. The clink of metal against metal echoes off Wetterhorn.

By 7 a.m. we have reached the pass. The sun's



34 THOM MESSINGS



Jack Ollis, before and after a week's CHA



Far left: Janis Tanner works the ropes during test climb. Left: On Wetterhorn's sheer side, Bill Black and Phil Caskey pause to rest before the final assault

first rays warm the chilly morning as we stop for Bible study and prayer, then divide into teams.

At 8:40, Chuck scrambles up to put in the first pieces of protection, hooking cogs, stoppers, or wedges into the boulders, then attaching carabiners for our ropes.

By noon, we are halfway up.

By 3:00, we meet the other teams, only a rope's climb from the top. As always, we hold back until we all can reach the summit together.

Resting on tabletop rock, however, Tom tells Chuck he doesn't want to make the last pitch.

"I don't feel comfortable with it, Chuck."

"You need to," Chuck calls back. "What are you going to do next time?"

Finally, Tom decides to make the climb.

"I understood where he was coming from," Chuck says later, "but he needed to extend himself."

At the top is a panorama of clouds, snowy peaks, an eagle flying below us, swooping gracefully through the gray sky. Clouds which have threatened all afternoon are still there, so we quickly touch the summit peak together, snap a dozen photos, sign our names to the register that attests we've made it.

As we hike back to camp, jokes and songs relieve the exhaustion. At camp, each person takes sleeping bag and water bottle to a different spot about a half mile away. For the next 24 hours, we will be alone, fasting.

day 13

Wind whips the isolated sleeping bags. Most of us sleep late. And, each in his or her own way, observes the day of silence: reading the Bible, whittling, photographing wildflowers. Some wash hair, pray, think about the meaning of yesterday's climb and tomorrow's hike home.

I watch black clouds dip in and out of the valley, and feel our first real rain.

The veterans have stayed in camp. When we return, they have prepared an ambitious meal of soup, shrimp and rice, cornbread and two cakes—banana nut and pineapple.

Even the usual talkers do not talk much, only slurping down seconds and thirds.

Several of us have developed fever blisters. I tilt my mug, gingerly trying to get hot chocolate into my mouth without touching my lips. Unsuccessful.

We talk of tomorrow's hike out.

Once bulky food bags are lighter, especially scarce are our favorite foods, and as we rummage among the cereal and macaroni to find a palatable breakfast for tomorrow, one cook group announces, "We'll trade Janis for a bag of M&Ms."

Lots of laughter but no takers.

At the campfire session, we report our thoughts while on solo. Says Phil Caskey, whose father has recently died, "I thought about my dad—how much he would have enjoyed this, how much I would have enjoyed sharing with him.

"I can experience nature hiking by myself at

home," he goes on; "the experiences with you all have been the highlight of the trip."

Marcia Jowers announces that "rappelling will never replace volleyball on my list of favorite things." As the laughter dies, she turns serious.

"No, my disappointment was letting my fear of climbing get the better of me sometimes. It's not hard for me to give, but sometimes it's hard to receive. You all, knowing I could do it. When I got there, everybody saying yea-a-a... that helped."

"The backpacking got to me," John Baer admits, "but climbing those mountains made it worth it. Since tying those first knots, I loved it."

Janis Tanner confesses, "On the test climb, I was scared—most of you knew it. I was embarrassed: I thought, what now?"

Janis, who will lead CHA activities in North Carolina, goes on, "But then I realized God was showing me what fear the kids on my trips might have, letting me understand that. The disappointment turned into a highlight."

On dozens of trips, Chuck has seen about 300 people endure similar experiences. For him, the pack's weight, the climb's stress—the mingled relief and regret at trip end—are familiar feelings.

"A couple of times I've felt like chucking the whole thing, selling equipment, canceling the summer," he says. "Each time, I didn't because someone came up and said something to me. You have affirmed me."

day 14

We camp in a grove of slender aspen, shimmering and whispering in the dusk. Dessert potluck brings forth cheesecake and gingerbread with five huge

lantern candles for a camper's wedding anniversary. An air of reflection, anticipation fills camp. Tomorrow we rise at 5:30 to head for J.R.'s truck

day 15

We make our best time ever on the trail, hurtling down switchbacks with alarming speed. My toes jam the ends of my boots, leaving my feet tingling for hours. Never have packs seemed so light.

And never has a truck's diesel engine sounded so friendly. J.R. brings boxes of donuts, sweet rolls, fresh peaches, cherries, apples, oranges. We drink cup after cup of cold milk, consume a banana in three bites.

By afternoon we are taking showers, scrubbing off traces of moleskin, washing clothes (first rinse, the water is black; the second, gray).

It is my first look in a mirror in two weeks. The face is familiar, but thinner, darker. My hands, swollen from sunburn, are so big that when I put on my watch, it will not clasp around the wrist.

Clean, tired and hungry, we gather at Montrose's best restaurant. Steaks and piles of french fries are set before us—and soon devoured. More water, ice cream.

By 6:30 we are finished. Chuck passes out certificates to mark our achievement. Holding mine, I say good-byes and head for the airport. By the next day I am in Atlanta, its muggy 90-degree weather pressing in on body and spirit. Coming in-

to the airport that same afternoon are 4,400 insurance salesmen, converging for a convention. Sporting white shoes and natty suits, they fill the airport with loud talk: miles away... in distance and mood, from the Colorado mountains. •

On top of old Wetterhorn, the author takes a break



comment

By Walker L. Knight

The creativeness which has characterized Southern Baptists' efforts at ministry in recent years continues. Proof of another new ministry came recently in an article from Stanley A. File, pastor of the Cherry Hill Baptist Church in Port Angeles, Wash.

Located as they are in the northwest corner of the nation, the church found their summer months filled with out-of-state guests each Sunday. In File's words here's what happened:

"Visitors from Texas, Georgia, Florida, California and other states would come through, making the loop of the peninsula to the Pacific, or to catch the ferry to Canada, just 12 miles off our coast across the Strait of Juan de Fuca. They came for a summer's fishing, or to see the great mountains or rain forest, or to simply bask in the 'not-too-hot' sun and cool breezes—but they came.

"Ann and Norm Vornald from Independence, Mo., were in many ways typical. They were the catalyst that made us realize Southern Baptists are missing out on a good thing. The Vornalds are Southern Baptists, retirees, almost full-time mobile-homers, and talent-overflowing Christians. They came to church one Sunday morning in 1976, planning to leave the next day because they were unhappy with the trailer park they had chosen, and thus unhappy with their stay in Port Angeles. I remembered a former pastor had stayed in a trailer behind the church building and that the hook-up was still there. I invited them to use the space if they would like to stay in the area a while longer. They did. They stayed all summer.

"We were in the process of painting our buildings, and it was going slow. Norm got out one morning, found ladders, paint, and the other necessities and began painting. In a week he had painted the whole



building. He joined the choir, sang solos, and never met a stranger. They generally 'fit in.' Ann being a joy to all as she shared her warmth and enthusiasm. Before they left they had a light installed in the parking lot as a parting gift. Many of us have kept in touch and any day now we expect to see Norm and Ann roll in again.

"Others have used our 'hook-up' and this got us to thinking. Baptists form a fair share of Americans on wheels: vacationing folk, retired full-timers, and people looking for new places. Why can't churches across the nation—with very little expense and trouble—create a new ministry to these thousands of wheeled Baptists? And in turn, why can't we open our doors to them and enlist these talented, trained, and skilled brethren? As we offer opportunity to them, they would return to us a fresh idea, share a new vision, or reveal new insights.

"With almost no effort we could install a couple of hook-ups in a corner of our parking lot and, *voila*, we are in

a new ministry! Some churches would find it easy to open the kitchen, toilet facilities, recreation area, and even install a washer and dryer in the basement. And remember, *we all take vacations once in a while!*

"A traveling Baptist family could come to town, call the local pastor or someone appointed and listed in the yellow pages, inquire about a place to park, receive information about what services are available, and in a few minutes someone would help them get located, share information about the town, sights, services... *ad infinitum*. We could each be an information center with maps and/or other free Chamber of Commerce-type helps.

"With 33,000-plus Southern Baptist churches in all 50 states, it is conceivable that vacationing or retired traveling Baptists could criss-cross this entire nation and not only save thousands of dollars, but contribute greatly to local church fellowships. By becoming thus intimately 'involved' we would come to appreciate and understand Southern Baptist work and problems; we would create a personal base of concerns for each other.

"We at Cherry Hill are in the process of relocating and rebuilding. You can be sure that we plan to install about a dozen hook-ups for our traveling Southern Baptist folks as a regular part of our ministry consciousness. When any of you come to Port Angeles in about a year, be sure to look in the yellow pages and give us a call."

Joel Land, HMB director for Campers on Mission, says this ministry is very much in the spirit of Campers on Mission, which to date has enrolled 11,000 mobile families. A national list of churches offering such facilities could easily be assembled and shared through this growing group of traveling missionaries. •

letters

Rockin' the blues

In August, Grand Stand Promotions, Inc., of Myrtle Beach, SC, presented the first annual Grand Strand Bluegrass Festival. J.R. Brown was with us. We had read of his ministry in HM (July-Aug.) and knew that his guiding hand was needed in our venture.

We did not have a rowdy mass of people, but where help was needed, J.R. was there to minister. He worked with the first aid people, and with a drug abuse and counseling organization called Deliverance House. As he moved through the crowd, he touched the people, bringing them the message of Christ and the reassurance of salvation as well as ministering to their physical well-being.

We would only hope and pray that other promoters of such festivals would recognize not only the value but the necessity of J.R.'s work. He is a valuable asset to any first aid team due to his past training as well as providing a Christian ministry for those attending the festival.

After a fatiguing two days of festival, J.R. spoke in opening assembly of First Baptist Church (Adult Department) Sunday School in Conway, SC. He shared with them the power of Christ even in the most adverse of situations.

Thank you for the article. It brought J.R. to our festival and to our lives. We only pray that his ministry in this area will grow.

Wendy Pinson
Myrtle Beach, SC

Bold Baltimore

Thank you for the splendid presentation of our efforts in Bold Mission (Sept. HM). I certainly do not deserve much of the credit given for what has been accomplished. The state and associational task forces have done much of the work. The pastors and churches who have become excited and enthused about the potential of Bold Mission Thrust are the ones who will implement the plans. Most of all the Holy Spirit has directed and led us in our strategy.

Fred White
Baltimore, Md

...to commend you on the superb job. We were all well pleased with your presentation of our city and our work.

Actually, I'm only 39 years old and I'm

working on the "bulky" reference. Seriously, thanks again for your coverage of our ministries.

C. Burt Potter
Baltimore, Md

Mind over Matter

I felt impelled to write by your editorial (July/Aug HM). As a pastoral counselor I have been using relaxation procedures, modified autogenic exercises, meditation techniques and "centering"—which I see as all closely related—in dealing with a variety of counselee's concerns ranging from sex dysfunctions to alcoholism. I believe Herbert Benson's *The Relaxation Response* and Cecil Osborne (on a Word cassette dealing with meditation) and others are right in regarding mysticism, inward focus, and classical meditative techniques as having been around a long time, essentially similar, and potentially integral to Christian growth. Keeping a journal has been found by me and my counselees to enhance the process too.

I have for some time used a concept of a growth cycle involving three successive stages which I term Knowing, Being, and Giving. I have also understood there to be an inward directedness and an outward directedness in the growth process. The former is associated more with inspiration, synthesis, self awareness, being, realizing the presence of God from within and relaxation. Outward directedness is associated with expiration, service, analysis, other awareness, serving God through serving others and giving of self.

Counseling generally gives more attention to the former, although there may be "homework assignments" in which the counselee applies his or her insights in the individual living situation.

I have also correlated the relaxation technique with Behavior Modification (as a positive reinforcement or in deconditioning anxiety), with Gestalt therapy (enhancing bodily self awareness), and in conjunction with "inner healing" (as explicated by Ruth Carter Slapleton in her book *The Gift of Inner Healing*). My favorite term for it all is "Centering" which I take from the Quaker practice of waiting silently (relaxed but not necessarily passive) for the movement of the Spirit.

I realize that some of my uses may seem

rather far removed from piety, but they seem to be pertinent to a pervasion of our lives with the meaningful, the contemplative and, perhaps, the Divine.

John V. Hawk
Petaluma, Calif

Refugee update

I want to express my sincere appreciation for "The Vietnamese Today" (July/Aug HM). The article was written with frankness, revealing the stark harshness as well as the fleeting moments of satisfaction experienced by the thousands of Vietnamese refugees.

And praise the Lord for a key figure like Lewis Myers!

Now a word of complaint. Although the article described Southern Baptist ministries with the refugees, there was no summarizing comment on what other denominations or religious organizations are doing. I found this omission unfortunate, for the impression it left was that Southern Baptists are the only religious group concerned about Vietnamese refugees. Is this true?

I realize the primary purpose of HOME MISSIONS is to inform us Southern Baptists about the work of Southern Baptists. But surely an article with a broad scope necessitates some mention of help given by other concerned religious denominations.

Nelson O. Hayashida
Honolulu, Hawaii

EDITOR'S NOTE: HM has tried to present the news of missions within the context of society; we have always wanted to include the work of other religious groups, because we realize Southern Baptists do not work in a vacuum. Occasionally, however, we forget—or overlook—responsibility. We're glad to correct the omission now.

Southern Baptist efforts were primarily through Church World Service, an agency sponsored by the major Protestant denominations. Although not a member denomination, we do cooperate with CWS, which resettled about 7,500 people.

The agency resettling the largest number, according to the HEW Refugee Task Force "Report to Congress," was the United States Catholic Conference, which relocated 39,823 families. The Lutheran Immigration & Refugee Service resettled 14,837—the second largest number.

and in passing

By William G. Tanner

One thing that so impresses me about the people who are "home missions"—the missionaries and pastors and volunteers who carry the good news of Jesus Christ where few know him; one thing that impresses me, the more I learn of them, is their sacrificial natures.

Again and again, this characteristic reveals itself in the work of people like David McKenzie, the Navaho catalytic missionary who spent years in an area of the New Mexico reservation so remote he didn't have running water and every telephone call was long distance.

...like Byron Lutz, who lives in an inner-city apartment over a bowling alley/recreation center, giving his own housing costs to maintain the building as a ministry to teenagers;

...like Oliver and Dona Lusk, who—with their three children—left job and friends in Oklahoma to move to Vermont where, as part of the HMB's Christian Service Corps, they help missionary Merwyn Borders start churches;

...like Jovita Galan, for 30 years an underpaid missionary in a poverty neighborhood of San Antonio, who gave up her family inheritance to begin a drug ministry for "her young people"; like Elmer and Rheva Mundy, who changed from a secure south Louisiana pastorate to an insecure one in a tiny church in Marysville, Wash., on the frontiers of the SBC.

In fact, the Mundys' story illustrates how God continues to work miracles in the lives of his people, when they are willing to step out on faith.

The Mundys had lived in the Northwest in the mid 50s, but returned to the South in 1961. In studying this year's home missions book on the NW region, the Mundys felt their interest rekindled.



A friend, whom Elmer had baptized in 1955, wrote about this time, mentioning the need of the little mission he attended in Marysville.

"I thought about them," Elmer told me, "and I felt more needed there than I was in Louisiana."

So when the church invited him, two months later, to come, he and Rheva were ready.

Paying their own way, the Mundys moved to Marysville's Shoultes Baptist Church. The first Sunday, seven adults and one teenager met in a mobile home on less than an acre of a Project 500 site that once had four-and-a-half acres: the rest had been sold to pay debts.

Today, six months later, the church has more than 40 attending. RAs, GAs and WMU are started; a VBS enrolled 130 young people—"quite different from the 25 a year ago," Elmer says.

The Home Mission Board has approved a loan of \$25,000 for construction of a first-unit building. And the Mundys feel they are on the edge of great things.

Oh, they still have problems. Even with the HMB loan, the church must find money for furnishings—they're praying a down-south church will help.

And Elmer's never quite sure how the family will make ends meet. The church struggles to pay him a salary, which he supplements by working at a funeral home. Both he and Rheva sell cleaning products, too, though they admit "the real object is not to sell things, but to meet people."

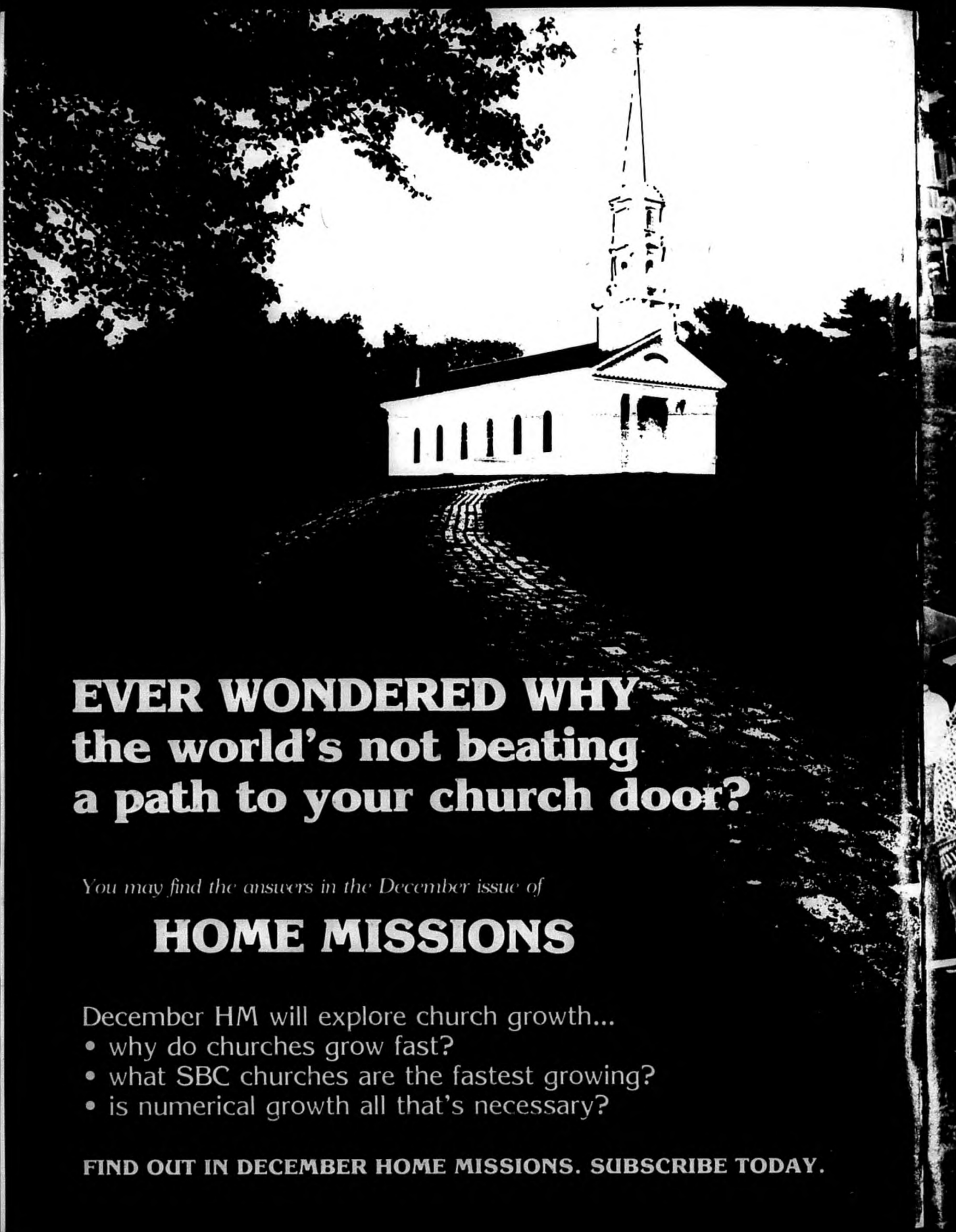
When he goes to the door, Elmer announces he's selling cleaning products and pastoring the Baptist church, and "they can take both or either one."

Surprisingly, they sometimes take the church. Rheva's had many opportunities to counsel housewives—"one broke, down and cried as we talked," Rheva relates. And at least one family, perhaps more, have joined the church after meeting Elmer selling door-to-door.

It's uplifting—but it's not easy—for people like these to sacrifice comforts and securities most of us take for granted. They succeed where we fail, however, because they believe in miracles: not so much as a theological concept, but as a way of life.

Every day, as I sit in my office at the HMB, I feel an overwhelming urgency to stretch every Home Mission Board dollar to do more for our Mundys, our Lusks, our Galans, our McKenzies—all who make us proud by their selfless ministry in difficult places.

I hope you, in hearing of their totally giving natures, will feel this, too. And you will continue sacrificially to work through the Cooperative Program, through special offerings, and through your prayers to give these who are "home missions" the support they desperately need. ●



**EVER WONDERED WHY
the world's not beating
a path to your church door?**

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- what SBC churches are the fastest growing?
- is numerical growth all that's necessary?

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