

NOVEMBER 1978

homeless

INDOCHINA'S HOMELESS CRY OUT FOR HELP

ALSO INSIDE:

- Media evangelism blitz
- Sailing into missions
- Island bypassed by time
- Prison chaplaincy
- one woman/950 inmates

home missions

Vol. 49 November 1978 No. 10

EDITORIAL STAFF

Walker L. Knight, editor
Everett Hullum, associate editor
Celeste Loucks, assistant editor
Karen Mitchell, design editor

CONTRIBUTORS

Phyllis Faulkenbury Don Rutledge
Elaine Furlow Judy Touchton
Dan Martin Bill Bridges
Paul Obregon

HOME MISSIONS is published monthly (except one combined issue) by the Home Mission Board, SBC. Subscriptions: One year—\$3.50 (two years—\$6.00, three years—\$8.00). Club rate (10 or more)—\$2.00 each. Budget group subscriptions to churches (selected leadership or all families)—\$2.16 each. Single copy—\$3.25 each. Changes of address, arrears and new subscriptions should have a zip code number. Address correspondence to Circulation Department, HOME MISSIONS, 1394 Spring St., N.W., Atlanta, GA 30309. Change of address: Give old and new address. Second class postage paid Atlanta, GA. Publication no. 246641. Copyright © 1978 Home Mission Board, SBC.



4 WHENCE COMETH OUR STRENGTH?
Multi-media evangelism campaigns cost millions of dollars and require thousands of hours of work and witness. Yet tangible results—in terms of church growth—are negligible. HM examines two of these media campaigns.
By Toby Druin



11 "WE WERE REALLY FLYING"
If you take 450 boys from a myriad of backgrounds and teach them missions on 72 acres of wooded campground along a meandering, saltwater river, what have you got? Camp Piankatank.
By Phyllis Faulkenbury
Photographs by Everett Hullum



20 THE HOMELESS
Thousands of refugees pour out of Indochina—victims of oppression and cultural upheaval. Now they're turning to Western nations for help. But the response seems to come slowly.
This article marks HM's first coverage of a foreign missions field. Before beginning, we discussed our plans with Foreign Mission Board staffers in Richmond, and the missionaries in Thailand. Both encouraged us: the need was great. Wrote Doug Kellum, "We have prayed the HMB would send someone... to help make Baptists aware."
A detailed report on FMB ministry in the refugee camps can be found in April 1978 Commission. Our intent was to document the life of one refugee family, from camp to resettlement in the U.S. by a Baptist church. Unfortunately, of the six Baptist refugee families interviewed, none was resettled by an SBC congregation. Our attention, therefore, focuses on the refugees' plight.

32 A NATION OF IMMIGRANTS
As newcomers push to the land of promise the United States may pause to question, "Are we victims of Emma Lazarus' dream?"
Stories and photographs by Everett Hullum



42 ON THE EDGE OF YESTERDAY
Daufuskie Island lies bypassed by the present. Now newcomer Danny Atkinson works to build a unified Union Baptist Church to meet future needs of the people.
By Mike Creswell
Photography by Don Rutledge



48 LOVE ON THE LINE
Inside the "Wall," inmates threaten, poke, probe for each person's weakness. From all indications, Chaplain Marjorie Bailey has stood her ground and managed to gain their respect.
By Walker Knight
Photography by Steve Wall



56 PORT OF PROMISE
In the face of community suspicion and dislike of outsiders, First Baptist, Valdez, Alaska, touched the lives of hundreds of pipeliners. Construction crews are gone, but the church's mission continues.
By Celeste Loucks
Photography by Don Rutledge

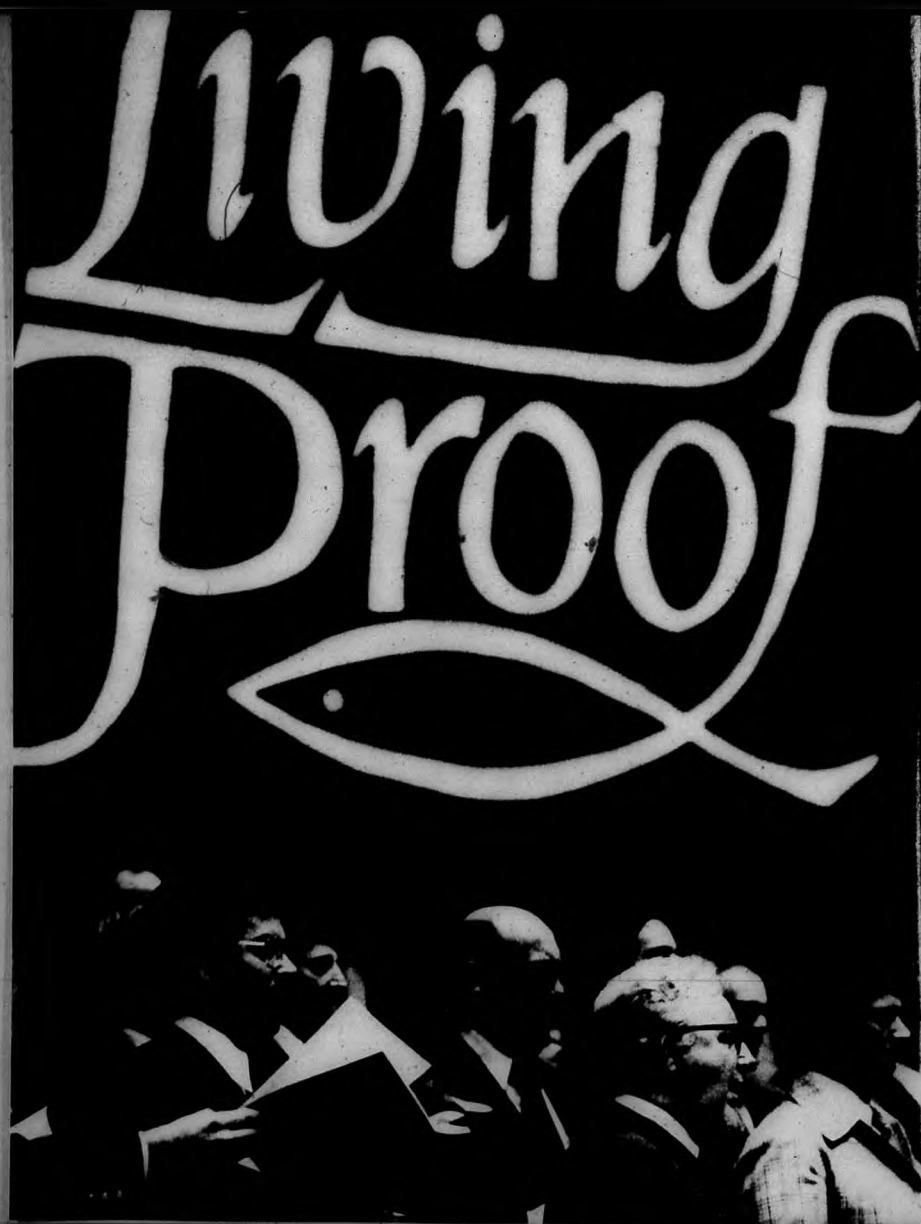
62 AND IN PASSING...
Business as unusual
By William G. Tanner

63 COMMENT
Persecution or fellowship?
By Walker Knight

64 LETTERS

While governments wrestle with red tape and what seems an endless search for sponsors, refugees stack up in Thailand camps—alive, but their futures in limbo.
Everett Hullum endured hot, sticky days and torrents of rain to record the haunting expressions of hope and hopelessness in the refugee camps. He came away from the experience deeply concerned for these people. And, he says, very pleased and impressed by FMB missionaries. Their involvement clearly demonstrates Christ's love and compassion.
Hullum suffered jet lag in the 12-hour time difference between Atlanta and Bangkok, but writer Phyllis Faulkenbury encountered another "lag" when she covered an RA camp. "It was a cultural shock being back with that age group," reports Faulkenbury, herself only two years out of college. "At first I was nervous about spending a night on an island—the only woman. But they were all gentlemen. It was a great experience, except for the mosquitoes."

Writer Toby Druin's experience was also good, but overwhelming at times, too. In researching media-blitz evangelism, he almost drowned in a sea of statistics—and opinion. Swimming out proved difficult, but worthwhile... as you'll discover on following pages.



Whence cometh our strength?

Over the United States, telltale signs remain: bumper stickers, faded from their original bright blue and yellow, peeling, scarred, but many still legible: "I Found It."

In Texas, on less-traveled highways, an occasional billboard lingers: its stylistic black and white message now tattered, deteriorating in the sun and rain, it nonetheless still proclaims "Living Proof, Box 1000, Dallas, Texas, 75221."

"I Found It."
"Living Proof."

Catch phrases with a hook. A new way, somehow, to prick the curiosity of a catchphrase-wise public, sated with media hype.

The hook? Faith in Jesus Christ as Savior. "I Found It" is part of "I found it—new life in Jesus Christ. And you can find it, too." And "Living Proof" is a fragment of the testimony: "He (Jesus Christ) is real. I am living proof. . . ."

Each was the core of a media campaign aimed at sharing the gospel with non-Christians: I Found It, nationwide; Living Proof, in Texas.

I Found It was the teaser-slogan of a multi-million dollar media blitz in 253 metropolitan areas across the United States. Sponsored by Campus Crusade for Christ and its founder, Bill Bright, the effort was under a general theme of "Here's Life, America." The month-long campaigns of personal witnessing and media testi-

monies began in 1975 and ran their courses in U.S. cities through 1977. Each was localized, as Here's Life, Los Angeles, etc.

Living Proof was the media slogan of "Good News Texas," a statewide evangelistic campaign, brainchild of Texas Baptist Executive Director James H. Landes. Living Proof included personal witnessing, testimonies in media, and local church/area crusades. The campaign blanketed Texas in spring and early summer, 1977.

Dick Burr, national director of Here's Life, says at campaign close, 75-80 percent of the American public had been exposed to I Found It and knew "it" was new life in Jesus Christ.

Lloyd Elder, assistant to Landes in Texas and co-chairman of the Good News Texas steering committee, says Living Proof media campaign reached virtually every adult Texan an average of 40 times.

Now, months later, what remains of those efforts beyond fading bumper stickers or tattered billboards blowing in the wind? Where are the millions "reached" by their messages? What kind of interest is being paid on the millions of dollars invested in the campaigns?

First, what was intended?

Here's Life, America was aimed at arousing the public, prompting inquiries and bringing non-Christians to a commitment for Christ.

Bill Bright stated at the outset: the effort was to carry out the Great Commission of Matthew 28:19-20. In a training film based on the initial

In 1978 terms, what can a giant evangelistic media campaign contribute to the Kingdom of God and/or local church? Judging from two million-dollar efforts—maybe less—but maybe more—than you'd expect.

By Toby Druin
Photos by
David Clanton

Television spots, 1,700 billboards and 300 radio stations proclaimed the "Living Proof" message in Texas Baptists' effort to involve 4,400 churches and 1.4 million church members in missions. The campaign was aimed at reaching 12 million Texans.

Continued



"The greatest spiritual harvest in the history of Christendom," said Bright. But others have asked where?

Atlanta campaign, Bright reiterated everything hinged on success of his brainchild. Speaking against a backdrop of the U.S. capitol, he intoned: "I believe what is done to reach America for Christ between now and the close of [the campaign] may very well determine both the destiny of our nation and the future of all civilization."

During the heat of the effort, Bright flat-footedly said it was the greatest success in the 2,000-year history of Christendom.

"Bill Bright is the most positive-minded man I have ever known," admits Burr.

That Bright still is positive about Here's Life is apparent in his plans to expand and export internationally Here's Life, World, a \$1 billion, three-year project.

Here's Life, America is the greatest spiritual harvest in the history of the church—100 times, yes, 1,000 times greater than anything I have ever seen or read about," Bright claimed in 1976. "I believe one can truthfully say here in the

United States the Great Commission will be fulfilled."

But Helen Parmley, religion writer for the *Dallas Morning News*, questioned the effectiveness of Here's Life, Dallas.

Parmley's article revealed "many local clergymen dispute the magnanimous claim and wonder what criteria Bright used to make it."

"Nobody has been knocking the doors down at our church," complained one minister. "I don't know what everyone 'found' during the campaign, but it wasn't the church."

Parmley interviewed 95 ministers whose churches participated, or about eight percent of Dallas' 1,300 congregations. Parmley got mixed, but largely critical, reviews.

A pastor of a Presbyterian church said 25 members participated, several taking the 14 hours of training offered by Campus Crusade. The witnessing training, he found, was "a good

and growing experience in evangelism," but the church failed to gain a single member.

John Havlik, director of evangelism education and writing at the Home Mission Board, explains many media campaigns provide "superficial evangelism with no obligations or commitment to a local body of believers."

He calls I Found It and similar campaigns a part of the "media church" which offers "cheap grace and makes it possible for a person to assume that he is a Christian because he has said 'yes' to a few propositional truths and sends some money to a radio or TV ministry."

Havlik says there is no evidence that the media church reaches the secular world. "There is evidence," he believes, "that it reaches some Christians who are not able to handle the relational situations of a local church fellowship. Most of the converts claimed by the campaigns have some kind of church background that they have abandoned. They find the media church less demanding."

Dallas has several thousand-member churches. Only two of the largest took part: Highland Park Presbyterian and First Baptist.

At Highland Park, only 14 of its 6,700 members participated; minister Walt Sheppard said no new members joined.

First Baptist, however, put Here's Life to genuine test, investing several hundred people and \$3,000 in materials. They telephoned thousands of Dallasites. As a result, 110 persons joined five-week Bible studies in neighborhoods across the city. But only 50 baptisms were recorded during the period; the church averages 40.

On the positive side, Parmley reported, "Local church leaders said they are encouraged by anyone who does anything that helps spread the gospel. . . . Many, however, complained local churches have no input and the crusade's 'hit-and-run' agenda does not. . . follow up."

Their [Campus Crusade's] presentation is a surface introduction to an intimate, fundamental witness," she quoted one pastor, "without regard to the ultimate responsibility in a corporate witness for confronting the complex dilemmas of contemporary life. They solicit local churches to support their program with money and personnel. When the crusade ends, they cry 'successful' and leave would-be converts dangling and blaming the church for their disillusionment."

Those problems are repeated elsewhere.

In Denver, pastor Luther Mann of Applewood Baptist Church reports 200 members trained for Here's Life, Denver. Their efforts were directed toward finding prospects for Applewood, rather than the overall thrust. Even so, only three or four persons joined. "While it was going on, it was great," Mann recalls, "but when it was over, we were let down."

Stewart McChesney, pastor at Ward Road Baptist Church in the Denver suburb of Arvada, was disappointed his church received little results. The Ward Road congregation has grown to 400 members in four years. But McChesney says, "I can't point out anyone who came to us as a result of I Found It." The church had better results from a Sunday School Board-planned ACTION campaign, he says.

"When Jesus' name is preached, you're bound to have some results," McChesney thinks. "But I probably would not be involved again. I believe we could take the same time, energy and money spent on I Found It and use it to fuller extent in our local community."

Atlanta was the pilot city for the campaign. Crusade officials admit mistakes and changed the program as it progressed; yet comments from Atlanta pastors largely negate claims later made by Campus Crusade.

Paul Henderson at Rowland Hills Baptist said about 50 of his members were assigned to con-

"They cry 'successful' and leave would-be converts dangling and blaming the local church for their disillusionment."



The media blitz, including testimonies from famous personalities, was designed to support witness of church members.

Is the biblical concept to make "disciples" or to make "disciples"?

tact 4,500-5,000 families, a hopeless task, but worked diligently to visit or telephone them.

Henderson asked the Campus Crusade representative about procedures to insure decision-makers and church prospects were not dropped after the crusade.

When his volunteers had completed their work, Henderson reports he took to the Campus Crusade office two huge cardboard boxes of cards containing information on the persons his members had contacted. Among them were 48 who had made decisions.

Each of those was given material from Rowland Hills Baptist Church, but the Campus Crusade office failed to follow up.

Compiling the information "in all honesty, was a wasted effort," he said.

"To my knowledge we did not have a single person who came in response to the campaign."

Henderson was surprised by the expenses. The church spent about \$1,000 for crusade materials. The cost and lack of followup left such a bad impression on his members they weren't interested in an ACTION program later. "They had already devoted too much time to something that did not prove worthwhile."

Bill Berry at Brockett Baptist Church in Atlanta led his workers into Here's Life, Atlanta because crusade representatives "offered me a means of reaching people for Christ. That's what I was here for and I thought we'd try it."

His people experienced spiritual growth; follow-up would have been adequate had the people carried through correctly, he says.

But few prospects turned up who were not already church members—"very few were what

I call pagans—church material," he says.

Berry concludes, some benefit might have accrued, but "as far as really getting the church turned on and doing the job, it didn't."

Havlik, a resident of Atlanta, expressed concern about misleading claims made by leaders in the I Found It campaign: "One claim was that the crime rate was lowered in Atlanta. The campaign was conducted during the brief period when major crime decreased in most of the major metro areas. There was no evidence that hard core or even 'small time' criminals were converted from a life of crime."

In spite of such reactions, the Atlanta crusade became the "model." Here's Life, Atlanta was portrayed as having changed the city; support in the other cities was solicited on that basis.

Probably the most definitive study of Here's Life was made by Win Arn of the Institute for American Church Growth. Looking "through church growth eyes," Arn judged Here's Life on the basis of Bright's goal.

From a church growth perspective, Arn said, carrying out the Great Commission would mean establishment of a cell (church) of committed Christians in every community, among every class and condition of people, where everyone can hear and see demonstrated the gospel from his own intimates, in his own tongue, and has a reasonable opportunity to become a Christian.

He found Here's Life sadly lacking. Simply bringing people to a "decision" was not even a biblical precept, he said. "Unquestionably the biblical concept is to make disciples."

Arn questioned the validity of Here's Life evangelism. He cited West Morris Street Free Methodist Church in Indianapolis, a "fine, growing church" used as a model in the promotional film. From 6,000 phone calls and 362 decisions, only 20 attended Bible studies and five months later, none was a member of the church.

Concluded Arn, "The staggering 'shrinkage' between those who respond and those... incorporated into the [church] graphically portrays its effectiveness—less than four (3.3 percent) of every 100 decisions are now active members of any church; and 42 percent of these came by transfer."

Campus Crusade's Dick Burr, though he refuses to admit anything negative, and Bob George, former Here's Life, Dallas campaign director, obliquely echo Arn.

George, now a minister of First Baptist, Dallas, feels the effort was worthwhile, but says, "I have come to believe the local church is God's method of reaching the world for Christ."

"Here's Life enabled people who never see the inside of a church to hear and respond," George adds, citing persons touched by the campaign: a potential suicide, a backsliding Christian, laypersons helped by evangelism training.

"But if you are asking if the campaign resulted in big benefits for the local church, my answer is no," George says. "It's like establishing a hospital that does nothing but deliver babies. When the babies are born, someone asks if the hospital has incubators, food, nurses to care for them. And the doctor says the hospital only delivers; it does not nurture babies."

"And the babies die for lack of care."

Dick Burr spent 1977 surveying results of Here's Life. He found the campaign had 500,000 decisions; three-quarters of all Americans had been exposed to its slogan. Yet the lingering feeling among pastors was it has fallen short.

Ninety-five percent of the pastors involved, Burr says, "were extremely positive during the campaign and immediately afterward. But disillusionment set in" when little or no membership gain resulted. Many pastors, Burr admits, blame Campus Crusade for Christ.

Burr says emphatically: "I don't in any way mean to leave the impression Here's Life, America was a failure; I don't believe that."

"It has had an incredible impact. We had the three ingredients for revival—extraordinary prayer, visible union from Catholic charismatics to fundamental Baptists, and explicit agreement on sharing the gospel." But he implied "revival" has not occurred and blamed lack of follow-up and loss of "prayer base" as key failures.

Burr says lack of follow-up became apparent early; in the New York City effort, consequently, he emphasized in training periods that a person fulfills only 10 percent of his duty in leading another to Christ.

"The other 90 percent should be centered

around developing a personal relationship, one-to-one, with that person and seeing that he gets involved with a group of believers—a local church or Bible study."

Burr believes the campaigns' "true results" will not be measured effectively for three to five years; reports now are not final tallies.

Campus Crusade is going back to the 14,500 churches involved in the city campaigns and urging them to develop a prayer base.

In each campaign, he says, prayer was a vital function until the campaign began, then during evangelistic activity and afterward it largely was abandoned. Burr insisted future Here's Life, America campaigns—only four major American cities remain (Boston, Baltimore, Detroit and Pittsburgh)—will have a year's prayer preparation and a commitment to sustain it through and following the crusade.

Yet despite criticisms, Arn found Here's Life:

- communicated a positive Christian message;
- was a creative, evangelistic innovation;
- brought evangelism closer in some churches;
- trained and involved laypersons;
- had high visibility.

Those positive points—and maybe the negatives, too—apply to Living Proof.

Living Proof was not originally part of the Texas effort dubbed Good News Texas. Living Proof became the more marketable media slogan after Baptist General Convention of Texas hired a secular advertising agency, Bloom Agency of Dallas, to handle its campaign.

From its emergence, the media theme confused promotion, with some keeping the old name, some the new, and some combining both.

Nevertheless, even if the name wasn't clear, goals were: to communicate the good news of Jesus Christ to the more than 12 million people in Texas. Obvious targets were an estimated 4.7 million persons unaffiliated with any church. But also of importance were inactive church members—700,000 Baptists alone—and active members in need of encouragement.

The strategy devised by the Good News Texas committee, headed by Elder and L.L. Morriss, Texas evangelism director, was twofold:

"First and most important," says Morriss, "was to involve the 4,400 local Baptist churches and missions, to mobilize 1.4 million Baptists in every part of the state."

"Second, we wanted to develop a mass media program to support, not substitute for, personal witness of church members."

Statewide research probed feelings of Texans. Heading the list of troubles were hopelessness, lack of peace of mind and lack of purpose.

The solution to these, of course, was personal relationship with Jesus Christ. The best way to communicate was direct statement: television was the best media, although others—radio,

Living Proof emerged as the more marketable slogan of the original Good News project.

Continued

"I confess," says one writer, "I do not believe historians will remember 1977 as the year the Great Awakening came to Texas."

newspaper, billboards—also were needed. Test results clearly revealed testimonial commercials had the most impact, especially among non-Christians, the primary target audience.

Here's Life also used TV spots, but featured relatively unknown personalities; they were preferred, says Jim Heiskell of the "Here's Life" management team, to avoid possibility of widely known persons later getting into difficulty that would link the campaign to unsavory publicity. Living Proof, however, took the opposite tack, selecting for its commercials eight well-known persons, including former Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver.

"They were chosen," says Elder, "because each had been changed by the power of Christ and would say so; because each was well-known and would get immediate attention; and because altogether, they communicated the very important message that the gospel is not for any one group, but for everyone."

The television commercial was the heart of the Living Proof package. But commercials were produced for radio—more than 300 stations broadcast 60-second testimonials—1,700 billboards hawked Living Proof across the state, and more than 70 daily newspapers carried four full-page or page-dominant ads during the four-week campaigns.

Texas Baptist churches were encouraged to hold evangelistic meetings during the periods of media emphasis.

The primary purpose, again, was to reach the 4.7 million unchurched. Success of that effort remains uncertain.

Immediate results, from baptism and new member statistics, were disappointing. Initially, some hoped baptisms might total 100,000 for the year. When the tally was in, however, the total was 52,629—down 2.9 percent from 1976.

In light of that, was Good News Texas/Living Proof a wasted investment of \$1,339,915?

"It was designed to be an integrated statewide evangelistic campaign," says Elder. "As such, it was moderately successful. But it became most notably a public relations success."

Elder lists positive aspects of the campaign, not the least being the 52,629 baptisms. The Texas decline was not as sharp as the overall Southern Baptist Convention, which plummeted 10.1 percent. Without Living Proof, Elder contends, the Texas total would have paralleled the SBC graph, as it usually does.

Other contributions, Elder feels, include increased public awareness, creation of a research base and improved acceptability of Baptist media products.

One side benefit of the campaign was the national exposure it received. A *Texas Monthly* magazine writer followed development of the campaign. The resulting story and the unusual attraction of the Cleaver TV testimony resulted in stories in *Newsweek* and *New York Times*.

TV host Phil Donahue invited Elder and Jim Goodnight of the Bloom Agency to appear on his nationally syndicated television show. Through that show, Elder presented the content of Living Proof to Donahue's estimated three million viewers. More than 2,000 letters came after that one show.

A Dallas research and management consulting firm conducted a survey after the campaign. It found more than half of all Texas adults saw the TV spots; nine of 10 said what they heard was "believable" and they were encouraged to "turn to God" and "accept Jesus Christ." A third of them said their attitudes toward religion had been changed.

Lewis, Bowles and Grove, Inc., the surveying firm, concluded it a "significant achievement" to reach half the population and affect the opinions of a third of them: about two million people in Texas.

But did anything happen as a result of the effort? That question may be the same one asked by all Baptist pastors after they conclude their sermons," the survey said.

"Perhaps it is still too early to conclude whether the advertising achieved [its] objectives. If local pastors experience increased rates of baptisms, new members and new vigor in the commitment of their old members, they may choose to give some credit to the campaign."

"For others it may simply be enough to have made the effort."

Or maybe *Texas Monthly* writer William Martin was something of a prophet when he wrote in the February 1977 issue:

"I confess I do not believe historians will remember 1977 as the year the Great Awakening came to Texas. I expect Baptist churches may be stirred up considerably and some wayward Christians may return home like the prodigal."

"The main work of evangelism in American history—with, it should be noted, some exceptions—has been to keep believers plugged into their systems. That in itself is a significant accomplishment and may well justify the cost and effort involved."

"Of course, here and there a real scoundrel or a true skeptic may be turned around and set on the Glory Road, but I expect Good News Texas will come and go without making a great deal of difference in the lives of the 4,700,000 sinners at whom it is primarily aimed. That will no doubt discourage a lot of folks, but maybe it shouldn't."

"After all, even though he knew how to use a bit of dash and sparkle to draw a crowd, Jesus never got anything like a majority, and if the Word of God is anything to go by, He never expected to." (Matthew 7:13-14). •

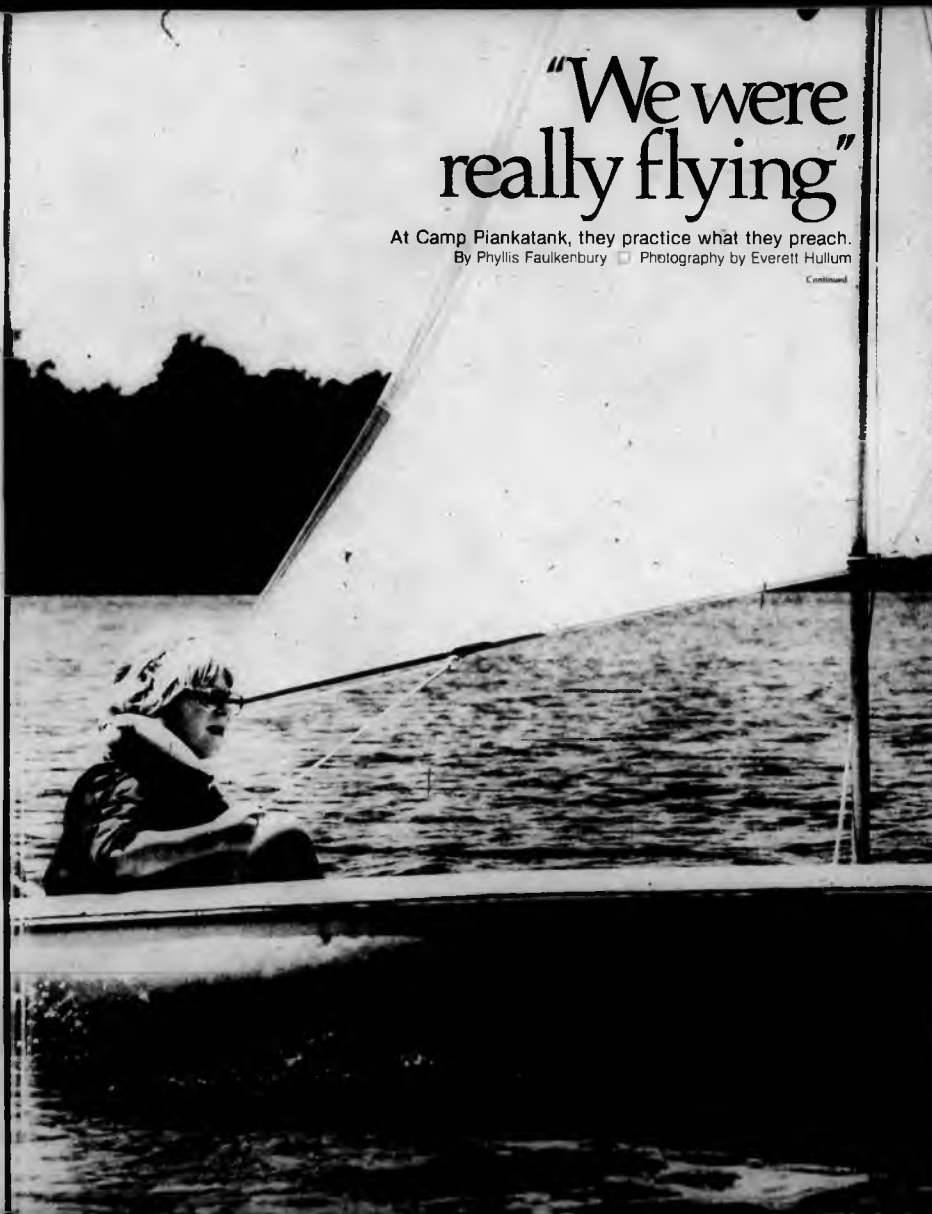
Drum, a former Home Mission Board staffer, is associate editor, *Baptist Standard*, Dallas, Tex.

"We were really flying"

At Camp Plankatank, they practice what they preach.

By Phyllis Faulkenbury Photography by Everett Hultum

Continued





Above: Weary, wet canoeists find that "D.J." (campers' nickname for Dr. Jackson) will patiently hear all complaints. Right: At outdoor chapel Kirk Pickerell teaches Bible class.

At most RA camps, missions serves as the fulcrum around which other activities turn. But at Plankatank, director Lloyd Jackson makes the *doing* of missions as important as the telling of missions.

The first week of camp, Curtis drew a switchblade on one camper, attacked another with a chair, and in a final fit of anger leaped pell-mell onto another, flailing him with both fists.

Curtis was different. Not like the white, middle class, lifelong Baptist "bona fide" Royal Ambassadors (RAs) at Camp Plankatank; he was black and attended an inner city Baptist center.

White teeth gleaming in a wide smile, Curtis would promise anything after misbehaving. "Yes, sir, I'm going to do better . . . I'm not going to be bad again . . ."

Moments later he was poking food

in the ear of the guy sitting next to him at dinner.

Curtis represents 15 percent of the 450 boys, ages 12-17, who attend Camp Plankatank each summer. Like Curtis, they come from needy backgrounds—Baptist centers in Washington, D.C., and Newport News, Va.; blind boys from Peninsula Baptist Association, Va.; kids from a Korean mission and a number of black churches; and assorted youngsters placed in the camp by welfare or social service (police) agencies.

Through this involvement, Camp Plankatank, 72 acres of wooded, rolling land along Piankatank River—a salt water estuary of the Chesapeake Bay—is able to do more than teach missions. "We *are* missions," says Lloyd Jackson, director of Baptist men for the state of Virginia. Virginia Baptists own and operate the camp.

Jackson heads the staff of 26 counselors who teach missions in a unique way—during overnight sailing and canoeing trips and participation in water sports.

Through actual camp living, boys learn to work together," Jackson explains. "They learn lessons of confidence, lessons unattainable in more formal settings."

One camper, afraid of water, learned his lesson when he refused to participate in a canoe trip. "You have two choices," Jackson informed him. "Get in the canoe, or walk across." The boy got in, held on tight. But the next day, he paddled back by himself. He reached shore wearing "a smile from here to here . . ." Jackson describes.

Other lessons come in formal settings. Bible studies and missions classes are held every day. Boys are drawn into discussions about biblical characters almost before they realize it, because often, these characters represent problems they face themselves. One 13-year-old realized a familiar situation in a dramatization of Jacob and Esau. "I know how Esau must have felt. My mom likes my brother better than me, too."

C.J. Benner, one of the camp pastors, explained, "God isn't like that—he loves everybody just the same."

Most camp activities have a missions emphasis. But Jackson, the broad-shouldered, 6'4", former North Carolina preacher, tries to make sure

Continued





Even though the tree-lined stream they voyaged had little "white water," the boys found rapids enough to keep the trip exciting.

Boys may not realize the wisdom of camp rules until they've exercised their freedom past midnight and have to rise at 7 a.m. for morning flag-raising.

the boys have a good time, too. He runs the camp with a mixture of good humor, wisdom and understanding. His good humor comes through often when describing himself—"I used to have a 54-inch chest," he quips, "then it dropped."

His understanding often helps boys—and counselors—out of tight situations. One counselor, afraid of dogs, jumped on a table, much to his campers' amusement, when a friendly mutt tried to lick his hand. He stood trembling as campers laughed and the barking dog ran in circles around him. Jackson, coming upon the scene, dismissed campers with a "This isn't funny, boys," quieted the dog, then

talked to the counselor. "There's nothing wrong with being afraid. But we're not going to let it get the best of you." By week's end, Jackson had helped the counselor reach out a shaky hand to pat the dog.

Boys often don't realize Jackson's wisdom in camp policy. Rules are few: in the water always wear your PFD (personal flotation device); don't bother anyone else; and be at flag raising every morning at 7:30. Boys first think they have *free* hand—ghost stories may be told until the wee hours. But soon they realize that to be up by 7:00 they must go to bed early.

Usually a week long, with a capacity



And the test of manhood offered by the canoe trip proved worthwhile, despite long distances and difficult stretches of sluggish water.

of 80, Camp Piankatank set aside two weeks in July to try a different approach. Camp capacity would be 40 (24 boys actually enrolled) and a more intensive program would be offered. The first week of classes would culminate in second week tests of skills learned. During an overnight canoe trip, boys would paddle as much as 12 miles. During an overnight sailing trip, they would spend a night on an island.

For boys, the second week loomed as a test of manhood; each wondered if he would pass.

Bundled in PFDs, bravely gripping paddles, the adventurers headed down river. For a while the only sounds

came from nature: a blue heron flew from a tree with a loud "Squaawk!" "Pa-lop," a frog landed in a belly-buster dive.

Jackson, with firm, sure strokes manning a canoe filled with two passengers and other cargo, gazed in mock solemnness from beneath a "Jungle-Jim" hat. "I am on a safari," he began in a low, deep voice. Then bursting into laughter, "And I have all the wild animals in nine canoes."

Rock outcroppings and fallen logs slowed progress. The hum of mosquitoes around unprotected ears often broke the rhythm of strokes.

An hour and a half later, canoes "rafted up," (lined up side by side) and

drifted. When rested, bow and stern paddlers switched. The river widened and tall reeds cast reflections on the water's looking-glass surface. Canoers slowed their pace and their chatter. The coming sunset sent arms of gold and purple into brine displaced by the constant shush-shush, shush-shush of paddles.

But the calm was soon overruled. "Do we have to take baths?"

"Not me, man," a camper emphatically replied. "I've already had one bath since I been here."

His cohorts were amazed. "Only one bath?"

"Yeah. But I changed clothes once, too."

Continued

*Her universe shattered, she seeks
a brave new world of opportunity and hope.
And she is legion.*

Article and photographs by Everett Hullum

THE HOMELESS

"It is very dangerous to leave my country," she says softly. "you must be prepared to die."

She sits on a bare floor in a small, 10 by 12-foot bamboo dwelling that totters on stilts on the steep slope. Below and beside her but perch dozens of others, similar in size, shape, construction.

Narrow, rickety stairs lead down from her entranceway. No one has a door. Through the opening, she watches black clouds build, beyond the bay, out over the Gulf of Siam.

The air surrounds as thick and hot and still as rice soup. Pelting rains, gusting winds of first monsoons—early this year—in minutes will bring relief. But fresh miseries, too.

By water's edge, beached boat hulls house other families. Here and there, only the boat skeleton remains, rotting, like bleached ribs of a whale that washed ashore and died.

Over that Gulf waterway, on one of those small craft, she came to this place: a half-mile-square, overcrowded, unsanitary, refugee camp in Thailand. The 400-mile journey took three days. With more than 35 others, she sailed in a 30-foot fishing vessel, half sick, half starved, always afraid. Her son-in-law and one daughter accompanied her. The rest of the family including her husband and oldest daughter, the son-in-law's wife, remained in Vietnam.

The memory saddens her. Tears mist her soft black-brown eyes; weariness and worry rule her face. In a voice flat with hopelessness and despair, she tells her story:

Once she was wealthy, owner of snack shops, a restaurant, a grocery; the Americans were in Vietnam.

Then the communists came to power, in that awful, bloody spring of 1975. She sold all. Waited and watched. In the nation that rose from napalm ashes and bomb craters, she found "I have not liberty." She felt she, and her husband, who also had worked with U.S. troops, were in jeopardy.

"The communists watch our house every day."

In desperation, with great fear and great bravery, she changed her currency to black-market gold. Stealthily, she

sought out a fisherman who could, without suspicion, buy a boat to carry them to safety.

He took her money. But when she and her family arrived on the appointed day, they discovered the fisherman had sold passage to others. The entire family could not go; her husband and three children elected to stay in Vietnam.

In the darkness of night, she left her native land.

She was penniless.

For three days, the boat bobbed along, carried on the warm currents that roll past the Vietnamese south coast and curl upward, past Cambodian shoreline, toward Thailand.

Drinking water ran short; the only food was rice.

Pirates robbed the boat.

Late in the day, the small, jammed craft arrived in Thai waters. Police refused to allow the boat to dock; they threatened to push the refugees back out to sea.

The fisherman-captain paid the officers. The refugees were permitted to land.

That was seven months ago.

Now she waits. With several hundred others, all of whom have come the same way, experiencing the same dangers, to this temporary settlement, carved willy-nilly out of hillside and beachfront on the grounds of an old Buddhist crematorium. She waits, with many thousands more, in 15 refugee camps scattered throughout Thailand; and with other thousands in 35 camps throughout Malaysia, Indonesia, Hong Kong, Singapore, the Philippines.

She waits for permission to emigrate. To any western nation. But, she hopes, to the United States, to the land, she believes, "where all is freedom."

She, like 400,000 others who have fled—and continue to flee—restrictions and confines of communist governments in their native Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia; she, like they, has given up everything: friends, family, possessions; the accomplishments and accouterments of a lifetime. All for a state of being as elusive, as intangible as a dream: all for the promise of living free.

Continued



MONSOON DOWNPOURS DRENCH LAEM SING BOAT CAMP
BUT FOR THE 1,000 THERE, THE RAINS ADD
GREATLY TO THEIR INADEQUATE WATER SUPPLY

They started coming in at Trat, southeast of Chanthaburi, walking over the mountain. Then came the boats, bursting with people fleeing Vietnam. The Thais herded them into schools, a Buddhist temple. The flow turned into a daily stream. The U.S. government had shown a willingness to resettle Indochinese; the Thais believed U.S. practice would include the

newcomers: refugees would come and go—quickly. The Thais established temporary camps. The one at Laem Sing was to house 200 refugees; more than 1,000 live there. Others come weekly. We do all we can, yet the problem grows. It's been three years, and everything in the camp is still temporary It's miserable; the Thais want it that way, to discourage others from coming.

—Dan Cobb, Baptist missionary to Thailand

Continued



my country we are poor, no food, no money. No liberty to
money for feeding my family. I leave out for United States to
find freedom. For future of my children, we leave our home.

Vietnamese father;
escaped with three children

Continued

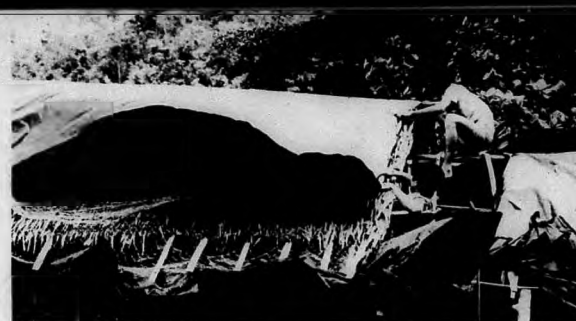


FMB WORKER DOUG KELLUM HANDS OUT NEWCOMER SUPPLIES, GIFTS FROM THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN THE CAMP.

Nowhere can we find privacy. We live very close together; it is a small place. Water is scarce, they bring it in a truck. Sometimes we got water, sometimes not. Food comes two times a week—not enough. I have brother in Florida, Tallahassee—

you know?—he send money. I buy food. Nothing to do: write letters, play volleyball. Study English. Very boring. We cannot tell all our difficulties here; it is very hard. We have no rights, no protection. Many people have been robbed. And women raped. Yes, even some have been killed.

—Vietnamese young man; living with two single women to protect them.



CAMP LIFE REMAINS PRIMITIVE AT BEST FOR THE VIETNAMESE AT LAEM SING.

I have no religion when I come to this camp. I have some friend who are Protestant. I attend their church. I meet Doug Kellum [Baptist missionary]. I like this man; the Baptist help much the refugee: soap, toothpaste, material for roofs, food—many things very good. I ask, "Why do you do this? You do not owe me anything; the Buddhist do not come and help this way." Doug Kellum said, "Because we love you and care about you." I try the Baptist since I come, because I see they are very good with religion.

—Vietnamese man; member of Baptist church

(continued)



The only land they'd give us for the church was where the latrines were. We moved them. Then we cleared the space, dug the foundation, built the church—all by hand with volunteer labor. When we'd finished, the Christians said, "We want to put 'Baptist' on the front." I discouraged them: "Why? The church is for all people in camp." They said, "We want to say what we are."

Doug Kellum,
specially assigned Baptist
worker with refugees

Continued





Subject: Report of activities by Baptists for Displaced Persons: Water tanks . . . were replaced. Lime and chemical spray used for insect control. Toilets were replaced, the roofs added. A large bulletin board was put in a central location with helpful information for the camp. Milk distribution



continues. One new English class has been started. New arrival kits are being given to those coming to meet their initial needs.

—excerpt from Report #13, to Thailand provincial governors, ministry of interior, etc; by Dan Cobb



ALREADY THREE YEARS IN CAMP, MANY CAMBODIAN REFUGEES FEEL LITTLE HOPE AT GOM PUT, A MILE FROM THE CAMBODIAN BORDER.

Life in the camps is very terrible. You do not have enough food, or clothes or medicine or water. You can't go out to work someplace to get money to buy what you need. The children do not have training in school. Life in the camp is like you live in jail.

—Cambodian refugee now living in U.S.



We have no money. We live on handouts from the United Nations, and what we get from friends already in other countries. Life makes very hard here. I cry all time.

—Cambodian woman, alone with two children. Husband's fate: unknown





BABY BORN IN CENTER, WITH MIDWIFE HELP



FMB MISSIONARY POLLY MORRIS (CENTER) HEARS PROBLEMS



AT BANGKOK TRANSIENT CENTERS, REFUGEES AWAIT SHIPMENT TO NEW HOMES

There are more than 700 in this transient center, waiting to be shipped to the States. They should be in and out of here. But there's such a backlog. It's filthy, overcrowded. There's no privacy. Meals are inadequate; maybe two eat a serving fit for one. . . . Yet coming here is the biggest tug in our hearts of anything we've ever done. The work in Thailand is slow, tedious—we've been here since 1951, and we've only 1,500 Thai Christians. Along come these people, who've left everything in the

world behind them, they've come from nations teaching hate, and they're ready to be loved. We've baptized 1,700 refugees in the past three years. I've never seen anything like it in my life; it's an unparalleled opportunity to practice and preach the gospel. If churches in the States would just follow up the contacts we make. . . .

—Polly Morris
Baptist missionary, working
Bangkok transient centers

They are we;
the melting pot melts not.

A NATION OF IMMIGRANTS

July 4, 11 a.m. Monticello, home of Thomas Jefferson. Sunshine splashes the ground. Yet early morning coolness lingers.

More than 500 people sit on brown folding chairs on the grassy lawn, facing the stately red-brick home of the nation's third president and author of the Declaration of Independence. Behind a podium on the front portico, between two thick, white columns, a man reads from a list:

"Suzan Wong. . . Eligmenia Sampang. . . Anjanakumari Ramachandriah. . . Chune Ja Kim. . . Walid Natour. . ."

As each is called, a person stands and names a country; in thickly accented, rich diversity tumble out the nations of the globe: "Ireland. . . Canada. . . Korea. . . Pakistan. . . France. . . Japan. . . Honduras. . ."

Four rows standing, they are asked to raise their right hands and repeat:

"I hereby declare on oath, that I absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentates, state or sovereignty, of whom or which I have heretofore been a subject or citizen; that I will support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States of America against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I will bear arms. . . and that I take this obligation freely without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; so help me God."

In 140 well-chosen words, today 86 people from more than 30 nations reject the lands of their birth and cling to a new home.

In 140 words, they become us.

The Charlottesville, Va., Municipal Band plays the *Star Spangled Banner*.

Ceremony ended, naturalization process complete, the new citizens pass, amid congratulations and best wishes, to a table where they receive their papers; at a second table, representatives of the Daughters of the American Revolution give each a booklet and a 10-inch high U.S. flag.

A Chinese woman, wearing a large white hat and navy blue dress, lovingly admires her tiny flag. She smiles.

"Oh," she says softly, "I am so happy I cannot help but cry. I have waited 10 years for this day."

Every 24 hours, the United States admits 1,000 immigrants: 400,000 a year. With a deepening crisis in Indochina, the U.S., in humanitarian response, will accept an additional 25,000 Vietnamese, Laotians and Cambodians under "parole status." Another huge number of aliens immigrate illegally: some authorities estimate as many as 800,000 persons annually succeed in entering the United States without proper documents.

Most illegals come from Mexico and South America; their plight—its seriousness and its ramifications on U.S. policy and Southern Baptist missions—will be covered in January HOME MISSIONS.

This month we look at those who arrive legally.

Most also come from Mexico. Second largest number are from the Philippines; Korea supplies the third most immigrants.

The new immigrant tide reveals a drastic shift in immigration patterns since World War II. In the past 25 years, European immigration has declined significantly: 89 percent of those arriving on U.S. shores in 1951 were of European background; today less than 21 percent are.

Asians and Hispanics comprise the new flood.

Understanding the change is critical to Southern Baptists. For the new immigrants settle in Miami, Dallas, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C., San Diego, Memphis—in cities and in areas of traditional SBC strength.

"Do you realize," says an immigration official, "the most cosmopolitan part of the U.S. is the Southwest. It used to be thought of as the 'ABC culture—anglo, black, chicano.' But now you have more ethnic groups there, more languages. Everybody from South Africans to Indonesians are in the Sunbelt."

Adds Oscar Romo, head of the Home Mission Board Language Missions Department: "The immigration question affects more than the large, industrialized cities of the north and east; Houston, Jacksonville, Birmingham, Columbia are the new centers of immigration."

"We now work with more than 40 different language groups in all 50 states," Romo continues. "This reflects a growing sophistication and awareness within the Convention. Yet we have hardly begun in a nation where 50 percent of the people claim some ethnic background."

Altogether, immigration continues to change the face of America. And the melting pot melts not.

Miami has its Little Havana, Los Angeles its Koreatown, San Francisco its Chinatown. New York has Little Italy, Dallas Little Mexico. In Boston are neighborhoods of Arabs and Greeks; in Seattle, communities of Koreans, Chinese, Japanese; in New Orleans, pockets of Vietnamese living much as they did in Vietnam.

A visitor in Chicago can walk blocks without hearing English spoken, but finds a cacophony of Spanish, Polish, Chinese, German. In San Antonio, Spanish is almost as important as English—and bilingual school programs are growing.

TIME magazine, July 5, 1976: "Still the Promised Land." All in all, the 400,000 new immigrants arriving every year represent, after decades of discriminatory national quotas, a comparatively enlightened policy that admits more people from poorer countries, particularly more Orientals. Though the new policy is more evenhanded toward foreign nations, it does explicitly favor professionals and the middle classes. Some of the newcomers are poor, of course, but Ellis Island and Hester Street now survive only as fuel for nostalgic bestsellers.

Continued



A time to die;
an opportunity to live.

TO TURN AWAY?

It was, he knew, his time to die.

One by one they had been taken, hands bound, from the Buddhist temple. One by one, they had been killed with clubs; small children grabbed by the legs and flung against the wall. Dead, or alive, they were all shoved into a mass grave; a tractor covered them with dirt.

Then, as he was pushed out, he saw a friend. A fellow student, from before the war, was among the communist guards. He took Boun Choeurn Sao aside.

Of the 500 who entered the temple, only Boun Choeurn survived.

His classmate arranged his transfer to a northern Cambodian city; there he dug irrigation ditches and attended re-education school.

After three months of constant hunger and exposure, he escaped. He walked 10 nights to reach Thailand, eating only the 15 cups of rice he'd stolen upon leaving. He wore his only clothes: black army fatigues.

But again, he survived.

In the Thai refugee camp, he met and married his wife; in the camp his son was born, delivered by a friend; no doctor was available.

In June, after three years in Thailand, he came to Lacey, Wash., sponsored by a woman with indomitable faith: Fern Powers.

Encouraged and supported by her pastor, Harry Hannah of Lacey Baptist Church, Fern Powers—a mother of five who drives a school bus to supplement husband Bill's income—has sponsored a steady stream of refugees for the past three years.

Some have come to her direct; she meets them upon arrival at Seattle airport. Others she has helped when their own sponsors failed. One family she moved from Seattle to Olympia after discovering the woman had given birth in the couple's dirty, ramshackle apartment; they did not know how to find a doctor.

On another occasion, she bailed out of jail a refugee arrested for welfare fraud. The charged proved a misunderstanding. But he told Powers, "If you had not come, I would have committed suicide. I am so ashamed."

Refugees she has helped include:

- Giang Tran, Vietnamese family of 9; works as clerk for state government, a

major Olympia/Lacey-area employer.

- An Doan, 24, Vietnamese; works as key punch operator; lives with Powers.

- Sa Nguyen, a Vietnamese mother with three children.

- Veung Nguyen, Vietnamese family of 4; works as mechanic.

- Sothy Youk, Cambodian family of 5; works for state government.

- Vann Kin, Cambodian family of 5; works as groundsman for schools.

- Coi Hoang, Vietnamese family of 9; arrived July '78.

- Boun Choeurn Sao, family of 3.

- Soeun Seoung, Cambodian family of 6; newly arrived.

- An Van Phan, 24, Vietnamese; lives with Powers; arrived June '78.

When they arrive, Powers finds them a place to stay, furniture and clothes come from a "bank" stocked through garage sales and gifts of people like Carole Rodgers and Grace Hannah, who also tutors English.

Powers helps newcomers apply for welfare and job training benefits under a state refugee-relief program.

"Our church is small," she explains. "We don't have resources to sponsor as many as we should. So we don't hesitate to take advantage of state services."

Powers has found some sponsors withdraw support when a refugee disappoints them. But she never wavers. "We can't reject them because they don't fall into the pattern we want. These people are not perfect when we get them; they're human like the rest of us."

"We hope they learn by their mistakes. And we stand by them."

Now Powers has applied to sponsor another 45-plus refugees. Will she stop with these? "I don't know," she laughs. "We'll see when we've gotten them. But they may know others. . . and how can we Christians refuse to share with people in such desperate situations?"

Several—though not all—have become Christians and joined Lacey church. An Phan accepted Christ under the ministry of Doug Kellum at Laem Sing camp.

For most refugees, their new lives have proven "very happy experience," Vann Kin says. "I am very pleased in my new home. In my country and in Thailand, we do not have house like this."

"I am very glad my sponsor, too, she had me everything. She take care of anything I need. My sponsor help me when I have problem."

"My sponsor right away brought me and my family to find God. This make me happy most of all."

Occasional debate changed laws, but did little to alter the basic course of unbridled immigration. For most of the world, the U.S. remained the cliché of clichés: home of the free, land of opportunity, the last great hope.

Its ragged shoreline cast Utopian shadows on an earth bloated by caste systems, tyranny, ignorance and greed; poverty and stifled opportunity; hunger, oppression, fear.

And the U.S. seemed proud of its image.

Hungarians came when their revolt failed in the 1950s; the '60s brought 600,000 Cubans, fleeing persecutions of the Castro regime; and in the '70s, 150,000 Vietnamese were airlifted into camps in the U.S. and, in months, resettled.

Now another outpouring of refugees swamps Indochina, as hundreds daily risk death to escape communist governments of Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia. The U.S. response—to accept 25,000 this fiscal year—has been consistent, but slow. And a serious social, political, economic—and theological—question seems hesitantly forming on the national consciousness:

Are we all becoming victims of Emma Lazarus?

Lazarus, Emma. American poetess (1849-1887). In 1883, Lazarus wrote the sonnet, *The New Colossus*. Twenty years later, after her death, its words were engraved on a bronze

tablet and affixed to a pedestal at the base of the nation's symbol of immigration, the 225-ton, 151-foot-tall Statue of Liberty.

Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glowes world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp! cries she
With silent lips. Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost, to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

Lazarus' words captured the tone, became the song of America, the stroked cords of the national fiber. For this nation, as no other has ever been, is a nation of immigrants. We are the sons and daughters of the entire earth.

Wrote Herman Melville: "We are not a narrow tribe of men. . . No: our blood is as the flood of the Amazon, made up of a thousand noble currents all pouring into one. We are not a nation so much as a world."

Two generations ago, senior: In 1880, his grandfather, a Mexican laborer, crossed the Rio Grande. The only requirement for his immigration was that he pay a half-dollar fee. He could then go anywhere; he could vote immediately.

He settled in a German-speaking community near Victoria, Tex. Few spoke English. He picked up German and, finally, around World War II, he learned English.

The Mexican had sons; the sons had sons.

He is the grandson of that 1880 immigrant; he lives in Washington, D.C. and directs the U.S. Office of Immigration and Naturalization.

His name is Leonel Castillo.

Leonel Castillo: Immigration law has gradually become more selective. We let in less poor, we let in more skilled. We let in fewer oppressed, because their numbers are too great and our resources too limited.

Yet we remain the world's most liberal nation in terms of immigration policy. No other country would even dream of letting in 400,000 people a year.

Now we face a major philosophical challenge. Here we are, one of the richest countries in the world, with five percent of the world's people using 30 percent of its energy and resources. And saying we don't have enough to share with a whole lot of others.

The AB-Seas of immigration: They have incalculably enriched the nation. But who are the immigrants, why and how do they come?

The profile of an immigrant can be drawn on a sort of bell



Hannah baptizes Boun Choeurn.

Several—though not all—have become Christians and joined Lacey church. An Phan accepted Christ under the ministry of Doug Kellum at Laem Sing camp.

For most refugees, their new lives have proven "very happy experience," Vann Kin says. "I am very pleased in my new home. In my country and in Thailand, we do not have house like this."

"I am very glad my sponsor, too, she had me everything. She take care of anything I need. My sponsor help me when I have problem."

"My sponsor right away brought me and my family to find God. This make me happy most of all."

Occasional debate changed laws, but did little to alter the basic course of unbridled immigration. For most of the world, the U.S. remained the cliché of clichés: home of the free, land of opportunity, the last great hope.

Its ragged shoreline cast Utopian shadows on an earth bloated by caste systems, tyranny, ignorance and greed; poverty and stifled opportunity; hunger, oppression, fear.

And the U.S. seemed proud of its image.

Hungarians came when their revolt failed in the 1950s; the '60s brought 600,000 Cubans, fleeing persecutions of the Castro regime; and in the '70s, 150,000 Vietnamese were airlifted into camps in the U.S. and, in months, resettled.

Now another outpouring of refugees swamps Indochina, as hundreds daily risk death to escape communist governments of Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia. The U.S. response—to accept 25,000 this fiscal year—has been consistent, but slow. And a serious social, political, economic—and theological—question seems hesitantly forming on the national consciousness:

Are we all becoming victims of Emma Lazarus?

Lazarus, Emma. American poetess (1849-1887). In 1883, Lazarus wrote the sonnet, *The New Colossus*. Twenty years later, after her death, its words were engraved on a bronze

tablet and affixed to a pedestal at the base of the nation's symbol of immigration, the 225-ton, 151-foot-tall Statue of Liberty.

Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glowes world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp! cries she
With silent lips. Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost, to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

Lazarus' words captured the tone, became the song of America, the stroked cords of the national fiber. For this nation, as no other has ever been, is a nation of immigrants. We are the sons and daughters of the entire earth.

Wrote Herman Melville: "We are not a narrow tribe of men. . . No: our blood is as the flood of the Amazon, made up of a thousand noble currents all pouring into one. We are not a nation so much as a world."

Two generations ago, senior: In 1880, his grandfather, a Mexican laborer, crossed the Rio Grande. The only requirement for his immigration was that he pay a half-dollar fee. He could then go anywhere; he could vote immediately.

He settled in a German-speaking community near Victoria, Tex. Few spoke English. He picked up German and, finally, around World War II, he learned English.

The Mexican had sons; the sons had sons.

He is the grandson of that 1880 immigrant; he lives in Washington, D.C. and directs the U.S. Office of Immigration and Naturalization.

His name is Leonel Castillo.

Leonel Castillo: Immigration law has gradually become more selective. We let in less poor, we let in more skilled. We let in fewer oppressed, because their numbers are too great and our resources too limited.

Yet we remain the world's most liberal nation in terms of immigration policy. No other country would even dream of letting in 400,000 people a year.

Now we face a major philosophical challenge. Here we are, one of the richest countries in the world, with five percent of the world's people using 30 percent of its energy and resources. And saying we don't have enough to share with a whole lot of others.

The AB-Seas of immigration: They have incalculably enriched the nation. But who are the immigrants, why and how do they come?

The profile of an immigrant can be drawn on a sort of bell

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. . ."

The immigration bottom-line: At least one fifth, perhaps as much as one half, of the nation's population growth traces to this influx from abroad.

Historically speaking: Until the turn of the century, few cared; immigration was relatively free and incredibly easy.

Those immigrants welded our nation: Irish worked the factories of the East; Chinese laid the railroads linking the land; Mexicans picked our crops.

Immigrants made our automobiles, dug our coal, invented our atomic bombs; they wrote great novels, painted great art, took great photographs, composed great music.

In massive waves they came: starving Irish by the thousands from the potato famine of 1845; thousands of Germans oppressed after the uprising of 1848; still thousands more Russians chafing under czarist pogroms.

Then, in 1882, Congress passed the first immigration laws; they barred lunatics, convicts and Chinese laborers. In creating categories and establishing a principle of "selective immigration," the U.S. had given the first hesitant "Yes" to a question asked a century before by Thomas Jefferson:

"Shall we refuse to the unhappy fugitives from distress that hospitality which the savages of the wilderness extended to our fathers arriving in this land?"

Until the 1880s, the answer had been an unqualified, "No, we shall not." But even with a new, restrictive law, the flow swelled for another two decades. Between 1900 and 1910, some 8.8 million arrived; on one day in 1907, 6,500 "Italian peasants and Greek fishermen and various other humble souls" passed through Ellis Island.

Occasional debate changed laws, but did little to alter the basic course of unbridled immigration. For most of the world, the U.S. remained the cliché of clichés: home of the free, land of opportunity, the last great hope.

Its ragged shoreline cast Utopian shadows on an earth bloated by caste systems, tyranny, ignorance and greed; poverty and stifled opportunity; hunger, oppression, fear.

And the U.S. seemed proud of its image.

Hungarians came when their revolt failed in the 1950s; the '60s brought 600,000 Cubans, fleeing persecutions of the Castro regime; and in the '70s, 150,000 Vietnamese were airlifted into camps in the U.S. and, in months, resettled.

Now another outpouring of refugees swamps Indochina, as hundreds daily risk death to escape communist governments of Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia. The U.S. response—to accept 25,000 this fiscal year—has been consistent, but slow. And a serious social, political, economic—and theological—question seems hesitantly forming on the national consciousness:

Are we all becoming victims of Emma Lazarus?

Lazarus, Emma. American poetess (1849-1887). In 1883, Lazarus wrote the sonnet, *The New Colossus*. Twenty years later, after her death, its words were engraved on a bronze

tablet and affixed to a pedestal at the base of the nation's symbol of immigration, the 225-ton, 151-foot-tall Statue of Liberty.

Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glowes world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp! cries she
With silent lips. Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost, to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

Lazarus' words captured the tone, became the song of America, the stroked cords of the national fiber. For this nation, as no other has ever been, is a nation of immigrants. We are the sons and daughters of the entire earth.

Wrote Herman Melville: "We are not a narrow tribe of men. . . No: our blood is as the flood of the Amazon, made up of a thousand noble currents all pouring into one. We are not a nation so much as a world."

Two generations ago, senior: In 1880, his grandfather, a Mexican laborer, crossed the Rio Grande. The only requirement for his immigration was that he pay a half-dollar fee. He could then go anywhere; he could vote immediately.

He settled in a German-speaking community near Victoria, Tex. Few spoke English. He picked up German and, finally, around World War II, he learned English.

The Mexican had sons; the sons had sons.

He is the grandson of that 1880 immigrant; he lives in Washington, D.C. and directs the U.S. Office of Immigration and Naturalization.

His name is Leonel Castillo.

Leonel Castillo: Immigration law has gradually become more selective. We let in less poor, we let in more skilled. We let in fewer oppressed, because their numbers are too great and our resources too limited.

Yet we remain the world's most liberal nation in terms of immigration policy. No other country would even dream of letting in 400,000 people a year.

Now we face a major philosophical challenge. Here we are, one of the richest countries in the world, with five percent of the world's people using 30 percent of its energy and resources. And saying we don't have enough to share with a whole lot of others.

The AB-Seas of immigration: They have incalculably enriched the nation. But who are the immigrants, why and how do they come?

The profile of an immigrant can be drawn on a sort of bell

curve; at one end, old, weak, infirm; at the other, young, lost, alone. The majority are single, male, in their most productive years, ambitious, aggressive. They tend to be those with "more spirit, more money, more persistence; they are clearly not destitute."

Statistic: The U.S. has more foreign-educated doctors than black doctors.

That they are among their homeland's best is not surprising, since current immigration laws encourage such results. The present legislation, in effect since 1968 and, according to INS's Castillo, already "obsolete," abolished the old system of "national quotas," and:

- set hemispheric ceilings: no more than 170,000 from the Eastern Hemisphere (and a maximum of 17,000 from one nation) and 120,000 from the Western Hemisphere;
- exempted close relatives of U.S. citizens from quotas;
- gave preference, in the Eastern Hemisphere, to "members of professions and scientists and artists of exceptional ability" and then to workers in occupations which the U.S. has in short supply; and
- established a first-come, first-served policy for the Western Hemisphere.

Even with relaxed requirements, the wait can be long: six years for a visa for Filipino doctors and nurses; at least 30 months for most Latin Americans. And the process remains difficult: long lines to submit and receive forms; necessity for birth certificates and other legal documents; approval by local authorities. To immigrate legally takes stamina; often cash or political connections' help.

Yet there is no lack of applicants.

And few come, surveys show, believing in instant riches. Their reasons are more substantive.

Leonel Castillo: *Can I preach a little? The immigrant is just more appreciative of the U.S. and its fruits than we are. The immigrant is a lot more grateful for this chance than the average American, who takes it all for granted.*

A Fordham University study asked U.S. citizens on welfare, "Would you take these menial jobs?" A third or fourth of them said no. That's the right answer, from an economic point of view. They live better on welfare than in holding a menial job.

But you get a group from Haiti, Mexico, many places in Central America. Ask them if they'd like to be a busboy in New York City for \$4 a day. You'll get a line a thousand people long.

Not because of the money. They know they won't live well for a few dollars a day. They know they'll work harder than any other American. But they also know they'll have a chance to go to school at night; they'll have a chance for their kids to go to school, and for health care, and for a lot of other things they can't even imagine in their own country; they'll have a chance to speak out and to vote and they'll even get holidays off. So they know they won't live

better, or even as well, as most Americans. At first,

But they know America represents a future more promising than they can have anywhere else in the world.

Opportunity. And, yes, still, freedom. Those are the goals of today's immigrants. And nowhere is the desire more evidenced than in those who flee political persecution.

They hail from all parts of the globe; they hold in common one characteristic: they overflow with hope.

Chicago, February 28, O'Hare Airport.

Snow blankets the ground. Light flurries are predicted for later tonight. Stars wink occasionally through clouds.

Stefan Sirb stands at the end of a long, straight concourse. He wears a blue suit, white shirt, red tie. His tan overcoat is new. He holds a bouquet of flowers. He changes the bouquet from one sweaty hand to the other.

He peers nervously down the concourse, where, perhaps 150 yards away, it curves right, toward airplane gates. Crowded around and behind Stefan Sirb are 30-35 people. Among them is a 64-year-old man with a pleasant, creased face and gray hair sprouting beneath a fur cap.

Himself an immigrant, Alexi Popovici, pastor of a Rumanian Baptist church in Chicago, has met hundreds of such flights. Because he remembers.



After 18 months' separation, the young immigrant surges toward his father who stoops to enfold his son. They hug. They cry.

When Popovici and his family arrived 10 years ago, tired and alone, they were surprised by three Rumanian friends: "They were angels; we were so happy, so overjoyed."

Over the decade since, Popovici has led his small church to an unparalleled refugee resettlement effort: all but three families in the church, now with 250 attending weekly, have been met by Popovici.

He welcomes Baptists, Catholics, Orthodox, any Rumanian. Despite meager resources, the church has found each newcomer an apartment, stocked its shelves with staples and its refrigerator with home-cooked Rumanian dishes, waiting to be reheated.

Popovici, or a member of his congregation, has taken each immigrant to get a social security card; has found him or her a job. And has continued to minister until the newcomer becomes financially and mentally independent.

Last night, Popovici and other church members welcome two young men: Aurel Bumb, 21, and Stefan Szabo, 22, had escaped Rumania five months ago. They had lived in a Vienna refugee camp until their sponsorship by the Rumanian congregation had been approved. They had arrived at 11:45 p.m., been rushed to their apartment—carefully cleaned and austere furnished by church members. They had said a prayer of thanks; Popovici's prayer echoed their gratitude and his own. And tonight they had come back, to wait with Stefan Sirb, with other church members, with Popovici, for the family Sirb has not seen in 18 months.

11:39 p.m. First rapidly walking passengers off the plane come up the concourse. Sirb, eager, anxious, on tiptoe, watches them make the long, long passage.

In moments, last passengers ease through the Rumanians. The concourse is empty.

Sirb's shoulders sag; the flowers hang at his side, forgotten. The crowd sighs. Sometimes refugees miss flights; sometimes last-minute delays disrupt plane connections.

Then they appear: the wife, the children; and the mother-in-law, old and bent. A figure dressed in black, she limps slowly, slowly, wife and three youngsters beside.

Stewardesses and crew, coming last, overtake them; they reach the crowd and pass, almost unnoticed. The old woman, hobbling painfully, seems as far away as before. But Sirb's family is closer. For the oldest child, 10-year-old Marius, suddenly begins to run.

"He has seen his father!"

The child races wildly, arms outstretched: 80 yards, 70, 50.

The father, unable to stand in place, steps over the rope that restricts entry of unspectated persons. The guard watches, but does not stop him.

Ten yards into the concourse, Stefan Sirb stoops and enfolds his son. They hug. They cry.

Another child is running: Adelia, her short, six-year-old legs churning. "She remembers her father!" She, too, is in his arms. Then the mother, the youngest child. The grand-

mother in black with her lined face and tear-filled eyes. Glowing and joyful, the Sirbs are together.

Bubbling, excited, the crowd engulfs them. In that moment, the immigrant dream becomes reality.

"Will you ever forget the way young Marius ran to meet his father?"

From a report by Michael Myers, refugee worker, Malaysia:

Nguyen Van Hai left Vietnam in September, 1977, on a small fishing boat which carried 38 persons. After a week at sea the group finally arrived at a Malaysian port in Sabah state. They were turned away. Soon after, they were trapped in a tropical storm which smashed their boat. The passengers were hurled into the sea. Recalls Mr. Hai: "One moment I had my baby daughter in my arms; the next moment she was lost at sea. In all 34 persons drowned in the disaster."

Most who flee Indochina know the risks involved. Indochinese who leave their homelands, considering the risks, make a powerful and piercing statement that they are indeed refugees in a determined search for freedom.

From a statement by Leonel Castillo to a House of Representatives subcommittee on immigration, citizenship and international law:

On January 14, at Songkhla, Thailand, Mr. Harpold, one of our officers, observed a Vietnamese fishing boat with 34 refugees on board being forced back out to sea. The boat was without provisions and fresh water. The people on board had been drinking salt water and a number of children were ill.

Mr. Harpold was accompanied by the American vice consul, Mr. Hayashida. While Mr. Harpold stayed on board the Vietnamese vessel, the vice consul went to get the governor of the province. When Mr. Hayashida returned with the vice governor, Mr. Harpold gave him a written promise to parole the group of refugees into the United States if they were permitted to land and stay in the camp at Songkhla.

I have assured Mr. Harpold that we will back him in his parole commitment. . . I believe, however, that we can expect more of this type of incident in the future.

From a telegram to The Honorable Jimmy Carter, President of the United States, The White House; sent by the joint U.S. resettlement volunteer agencies:

Southeast Asia countries . . . are pushing Vietnamese refugee boats back to sea and forcibly repatriating Laotian and Cambodian refugees back across their borders, too often to certain death. Lack of a coherent, long-range and generous U.S. policy toward admitting additional Indochinese refugees contributes to this human tragedy. Our government can act swiftly and compassionately. Our national commitment to human rights requires generous and decisive action now.

Continued

More from Michael Myers:

In Malaysia alone, more than 4,000 refugees have been approved for immigration to the U.S., but are waiting for sponsors. Until they leave, the government is reluctant to admit more. A recent report indicated 50 percent of the boat cases were being turned away.

Sponsorships are desperately needed. For without a continual outflow of refugees from the camps to countries of resettlement, the situation has become one actually involving life and death.

Since final stages of the Indochinese conflict, more than 400,000 persons have fled their homelands of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia (now Kampuchea).

Almost half, who exited during governmental collapses and American evacuation in spring, 1975, have been resettled in the United States (145,000), France, Canada, Australia and other nations.

But the flow continues.

By year's end, 1975, more than 75,000 had come—by boat, on foot, swimming the Mekong River—into Thailand and Malaysia and a few other SE Asia nations.

By January 1977, the number hit 104,000; in another year, 109,000, despite resettlement of 52,000. By August of 1978, latest figures revealed more than 150,000 refugees: 10 percent from Vietnam; 25 percent from Cambodia; 65 percent from Laos.

Laotians pour out daily; Vietnamese, chafing under increasing restrictions, disrupting shortages and dehumanizing nationalization of small businesses, farms and fishing interests, escape in rocketing numbers.

Vietnamese, forced to leave by sea, risk robbery, rape, abduction at the hands of pirates; storms, engine failure and collapse at sea of their frail, 30 to 40-foot boats. Knowingly, they risk discovery, disaster, death.

Yet three times as many leave today as did a year ago.

Only from Cambodia has the exodus slowed.

The Kampuchea government shocked the world with a relentless cultural upheaval described by President Carter as "the world's greatest violation of human rights."

Reports vary. *Asiaweek* magazine says, "The number of Cambodians who have been killed since April 9, 1975, probably will never be known. Western observers have put the toll from starvation and summary execution at between 800,000 and one million. Vietnam, a silent observer until the border conflict between the two countries broke into the open . . . claims at least one million have died. Complicating the matter is the tendency of anti-communist sources to paint Phnom Penh in the worst possible light. But even by conservative estimate, there are solid grounds for belief that no fewer than 500,000 Cambodians have been killed."

CBS Television reports "a whole new society being built. . . cities decimated and deserted. . . estimates of 1.8 to 2.2

million dead of a total population of 7.8 million when the purge began. . . in a systematic attempt to kill all intellectuals, the middle class, former government workers, even Khmer Rouge military officers not now 'pure.'"

Amid the crisis, Thai and Malaysian governments, which house the majority of refugees (125,000 alone in 15 Thai camps), have become hesitant about accepting all of the 6,000-7,000 arriving every month.

Their reasons are logical. The "temporary" exodus shows no sign of abatement; it could last, some officials estimate, another decade; even then, it will likely not subside altogether: "People are still leaving Cuba," explains one.

The United States, western nations and Japan have committed to resettling approximately 50,000 by June '79. The U.S., with increasing openness, will accept about half.

But U.S. policy has been inconsistent and uneven, subject to renewal annually. Thai and Malaysian governments see arrivals continually outpacing departures. Camps swell.

The United Nations High Commissioner on Refugees funds the camps. Yet both governments fear a residue of refugees will remain after the U.S. and its allies have exhausted their commitment to resettlement.

For both governments, the idea is untenable: the burden of thousands of refugees from nations with a long tradition of hostility toward their hosts presents a social dilemma with which they refuse to cope.

Hence willingness to accept more refugees dims daily.

Olympia-Lacey, Wash. Late August. "Capitol" of the local Vietnamese/Cambodian community: the home of Bill Powers, Fern Powers, Bill's wife, hosts a Sunday potluck for refugees. About 35 are present. Fern Powers—mother of five, member of Lacey Baptist Church—has sponsored most of them. Practically without help.

Q. How many refugees have you helped resettle?

A. I don't know. 40 or 50. I guess, so far.

Q. You're sponsoring more?

A. We've put in applications for about 40 more.

Q. Are you worried, crowding so many people here in the U.S.?

A. As long as they are hurting and needing us, how can we close our doors? We've plenty of room.

We're fortunate to be here. How can people be selfish with all we have. That really disturbs me!

When I look at what we have and the refugees don't have, it makes me very ashamed, for the attitude we have sometimes, for our selfishness. The refugees are there; they desperately need help.

Now where are the Christians?

They're the ones who need to respond. What an opportunity to show God's love! We should take advantage of it. As long as others are in need, we will bring them in.

Bangkok, Thailand. Die Daeng transient center. Midday. A

"As long as they are hurting and needing us, how can we close our doors? The refugees are here. Now, where are the Christians?"

The need for TLC. Irvin Dawson coordinates refugee resettlement efforts for the HMB; he reports increasing difficulty in finding SBC churches willing to sponsor.

Yet sponsorship remains simple and inexpensive.

The primary responsibility of a sponsor is to assist refugees until they are able to make it on their own," Dawson says.

Sponsors should be willing to provide housing, some groceries, assistance in enrolling children in school and help in finding a job.

"Basically, though, it's a matter of loving people."

Churches or others interested in sponsorship should

contact Dawson immediately. 1350 Spring St. NW, Atlanta, Georgia 30309. Or call him, (404) 873-4041.



three-story shell apartment. Ground floor courtyard has common latrines and the complex's only running water; long tables, sticky with spilled food, where twice-a-day meals are communally served: rice and vegetable—"maybe with chicken skin"—slopped on half-washed plates.

Stifling heat, humidity thick as flour paste swallows the 700 people living in a structure built to house 200.

One of the 700 is Chau Yong, a 31-year-old Cambodian.

Yong sits on a straw mat. He wears Oriental pajamas, common dress here. Emaciated, his skin stretches over bone. But his face has a soft, healthy sheen.

When Baptist worker Polly Morris found him, he was dying: malaria, TB, and the complications of days without proper food and medicine.

Now he recovers daily.

His is the story of refugeeism, the meaning of the exodus of Indochinese. He tells it animatedly, long fingers and delicate hands punctuating his word pictures.

On April 17, 1975, a day he recalls vividly, the communists came to his door in Phnom Penh. He, his family and neighbors, were herded into the street and marched, without food or clothing, into the countryside.

Those who could not walk were carried; those who could not be carried disappeared.

For five months, Yong was part of a "commune" that tilled the land; for three months, they had no shelter, sleeping outside, under trees. Their food: a half cup of rice daily.

Friends were taken away by soldiers. He never again saw any who were taken away.

Anyplace, he decided, was better than here. One night, he and his family slipped away. For 11 nights, they struggled

through jungle to reach the Vietnamese border. They traveled 120 kilometers, begging food along the way.

He spoke Vietnamese fluently; in that war-torn nation, he passed for Vietnamese. But Vietnam proved no haven.

For two years, he plotted, saved; he bought passage on a boat for Thailand. Afraid for his family, he left alone.

Five days later, he arrived in Thailand.

"Everybody would like to get out of Cambodia," he says, "everywhere life is controlled, no freedom. In family, if anyone does wrong, they take everybody away."

"I am fortunate. But now I must go to my new country, to work to earn money to save my wife and my children. Or they will perish. This I know."

So they come, despite dangers; and, looking back, they plan for the coming of others.

They pour into refugee camps: camps overcrowded; people jam into 10 by 10-foot cubicles, sleep outside in rains so heavy they fall like walls of water; endure life without adequate water or food. The refugees suffer sickness without proper medicines. They fight heat and flies and boredom and debilitating weariness of uncertain futures.

"One of their biggest problems is psychological," says Dan Cobb, the Baptist missionary who has led a generous, sympathetic relief program near Chanthaburi, Thailand.

Adds a refugee: "I could cope much more easily if my future were in my own two hands. But for my future, I must idly wait for others to aid me. And that is very, very hard."

Letter from refugee, dated 19 June 78. Subject: Sponsorship.

My name is Mr. Ban Hour, a Khmer refugee single 22 years old. I have two brothers accompanied with me. After communist took over Cambodia in 17th April 1975 the Red Khmer compelled citizen to walk to a country from the city by feet. We suffered from hunger and struggled at the border of salvation and pains in psychology. Many people were killed and died of that.

There is no human rights in Cambodia. . . it is very terrible to live under that without humanitarianism. But why they can still get along from their cruel manner and why no any country can block their cruel actions in killing heartlessly people much than I can detail.

We were dominated but they didn't extinguish the love of liberty like us. So we succeeded in escaping to Thailand safely in 10th June 1975. Now living in Aranyaprathet refugee camp block 9 room 16.

Although we have been set a place to live and given food which can't go around by International United Nations, there is no liberty for refugee. How long we stay in camp, how much pains we suffer in psychology. As long as I have any choice, I will only stay in a liberty nation.

Would you please assist us for our resettlement to your respectable country? Because we have no any relation abroad. Thanking in great anticipation. Hoping to hear from you soon. •



On the edge of yesterday

Danny Atkinson returned to Dautuskie Island to minister to people of the past; now he helps them move into tomorrow.
By Mike Creswell
Photography by Don Rulledge

Twenty-four-year-old Danny Atkinson lives only an hour's meandering, bouncing boat-ride off the South Carolina coast. But in lifestyle and circumstance, he is decades away from the United States mainland.

Atkinson lives on Dautuskie Island, one of the barrier sandbars dotting the shoreline of the Carolinas and Georgia.

He lives in a weather-beaten house—no electricity, no running water, no indoor plumbing.

Screens adorn only a few of the house's crooked windows, doing a poor job of keeping out clouds of mosquitoes, gnats and related tormentors.

For light, Atkinson uses kerosene lamps; for cooking, a wood stove. In winter, he keeps warm by heat from a wood stove. In summer, he does not keep

cool. For Dautuskie's climate is hot, humid, with ocean breezes the only relief.

The island, about seven miles by two in size, is mostly swamp and thick forest, housing both poisonous snakes and alligators.

And bugs. Bugs of every kind.

But Atkinson hasn't come to Dautuskie from his modern California home for the island's discomforts.

He has come for the 100 or so blacks still living on Dautuskie—people consistently bypassed by the rest of the world.

It's not been easy but Atkinson has begun to adapt to the primitive lifestyle of Dautuskie: chopping wood for warmth and cooking, bathing and cooking with water pumped from a well.



Daufuskie was settled in the 1700s by whites; four plantations once flourished. Ruins of slave dwellings—crumbling walls of shell-laced cement called “tabby”—are still visible: probably the ancestral homes of today’s residents.

Daufuskie’s population once hit 800, peaking in the 1950s. Modern farming and marketing practices forced many island people to close their small farms; pollution from Savannah River-area factories destroyed oyster

beds; the island’s winery failed.

And so began the typical pattern of youthful exodus to the city, dwindling population to the present 100.

“Most of them are barely hanging on,” says Atkinson.

Islanders share the low income, low education, poor employment patterns common to many in low-country South Carolina.

But their problems are heightened by the isolation of island living. Linked to Mainland only by a tide-tossed boat ride through a maze of sandbars, Daufuskie boasts a single store. Income averages about \$1,200. Most

residents are old—or young. School goes only to grade eight; to attend high school, youth move to the Mainland.

Yet remaining islanders, says Atkinson, are proud, independent-minded people. They grow gardens; their homes are neat and, unlike Atkinson’s, most have electricity. (Most, including Atkinson’s, also have the luxury of a telephone.)

For years, led by the concern of area director of missions C.L. Hanshew,

Southern Baptists had visited Daufuskie, attempting to resurrect old Union Baptist Church.

The church dates back more than 100 years, but few islanders attend services—despite annual vacation Bible schools and the evangelistic efforts of Hanshew and others.

Few, that is, until recently, when South Carolina Baptists hired a black minister, Ervin Green, to preach on Daufuskie. And they assigned Atkinson to stay on the island, relating to and ministering to the needs of the people.

For years, C.L. Hanshew (below right) has been concerned for the fate of the remnant of Daufuskie Islanders. As director of missions for the coastal area that includes the island, he led South Carolina Baptists to have numerous activities to revive aging Union Baptist Church. But islanders’ mistrust of outsiders limited his effectiveness. Appointment of Atkinson on a semi-permanent basis, and of a pastor for Daufuskie, Ervin Greene, has turned around the church. Services attract 50 or more each Sunday, and the building itself, with help from a volunteer group of Mainland Baptist laymen, has been renovated (right).





When I first came, I saw the makings of a church. But there was no church body," Atkinson recalls.

He was a student summer missionary; the year was 1975. With growing concern, he came back the following summer. Later for a nine-month stay.

This time—his fourth under temporary missionary appointment—

began in January, 1978. With each stint, Atkinson's love for the Daufuskie people, and his understanding of their unique problems, has matured.

At first, it was difficult to adjust to the island's slow-paced ways. Church

customs varied from his own, Fellowship Baptist in Fresno, Calif.

Language was a problem. Many islanders, especially older ones, speak Gullah, a distinct dialect of semi-Africanized English. "I couldn't understand them at first, but I make out pretty well now," Atkinson admits.

Well enough, in fact, that his daily concern and

Greene's weekly ministry have attracted about half the island population to Sunday services.

Perhaps more important, the congregation is beginning to identify itself as a church, Atkinson thinks. Inactive for years, the church is again influencing islanders' lifestyles.

Yet the church's biggest crisis may lie ahead. South Carolinians are considering

a proposal to establish a 2,300-acre state park on Daufuskie, including choice beachfront property.

That, Atkinson believes, would lead to other development—and birth of super-luxury resort hotels like those on nearby Hilton Head Island.

New jobs could be created. But soaring land prices also could tax residents off the island.

Islanders are undecided about their prospects. "The

only jobs we'll get," says one man, "will be cleaning jobs. I can't see where that'll help us much."

The key to dealing with changes confronting Daufuskie lies in Union Baptist Church, thinks Atkinson.

"Coming together is not enough; the people have to

come together under God, dedicated to the principles taught in the Bible. Then they can come together as one voice."

Atkinson hopes Union pastor Greene will become the spokesman, "because he knows a lot about government programs." He and the church "could be a real force to direct development of the island" so that the people of Daufuskie are not, this time, forgotten or bypassed.

Meanwhile, Atkinson plans to finish his college education in South Carolina, then move near the coast, to continue his ties with the island church.

"It's exciting to have a small part in strengthening the body of Christ," he admits. "That's why I keep coming back."

Despite the mosquitoes, gnats and a host of other torments.

By the light of kerosene lamps, Atkinson discovers the pre-telecom potential of reading and study. It—and creating art letters—are about the only entertainment for the hard-working, hardscrabble islanders. Yet he finds great joy in simple pleasures, too, as when a stubborn older woman, who'd held out against Atkinson's presence on the island, finally started attending church.

