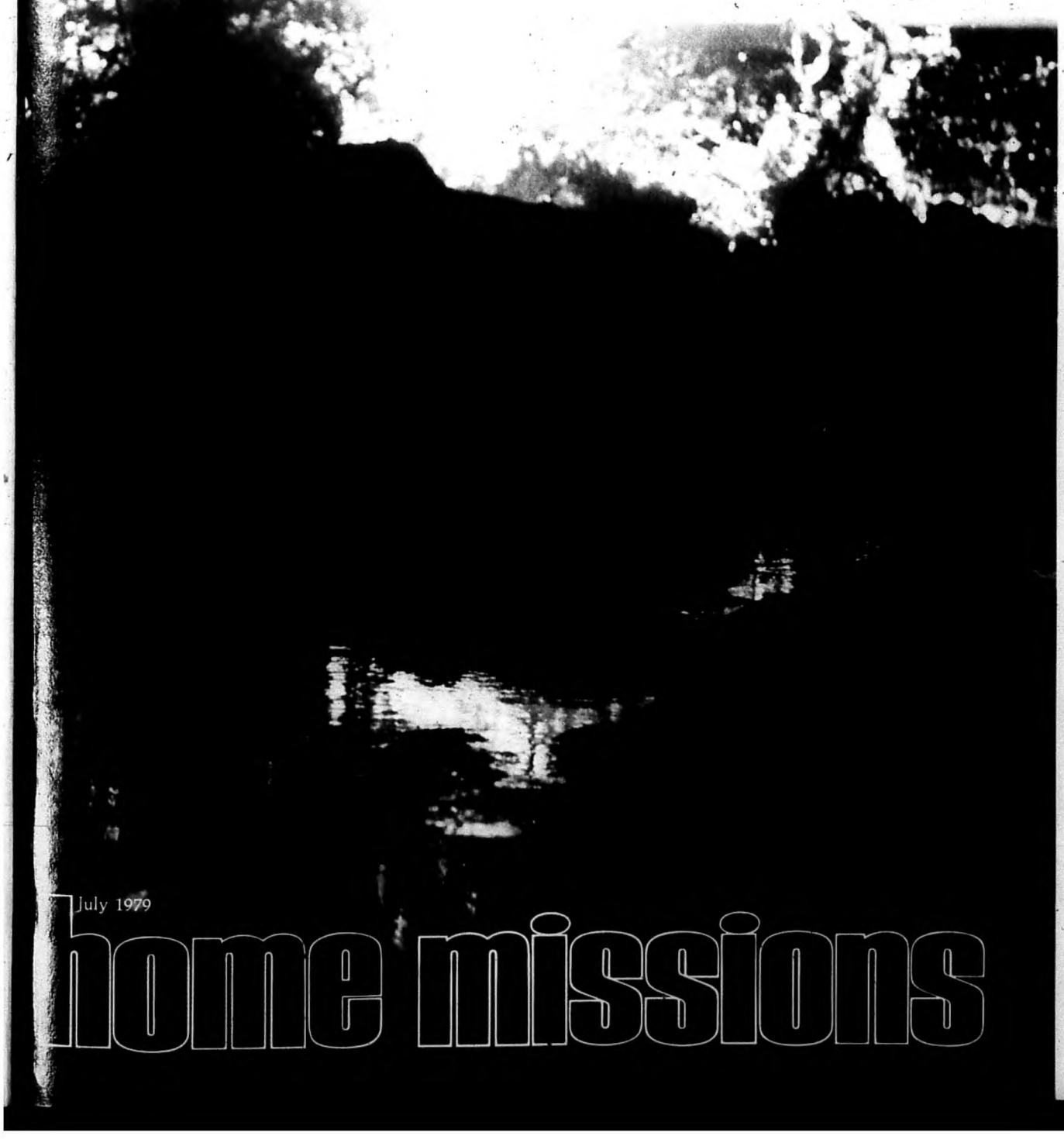
Baptists in Hawaii:
More than sand, surf, sun & souls

Also inside:
Mood of America / McAleece of Boston
Army chaplain / Hispanic Americans



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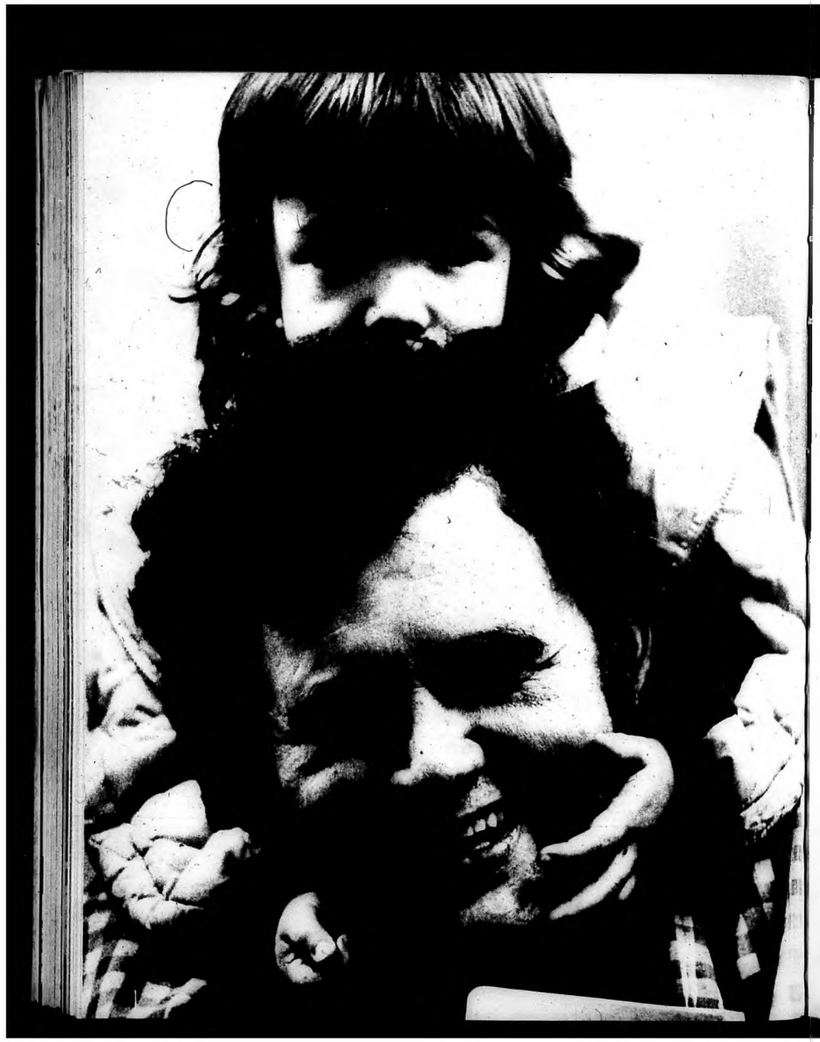
home missions



home missions

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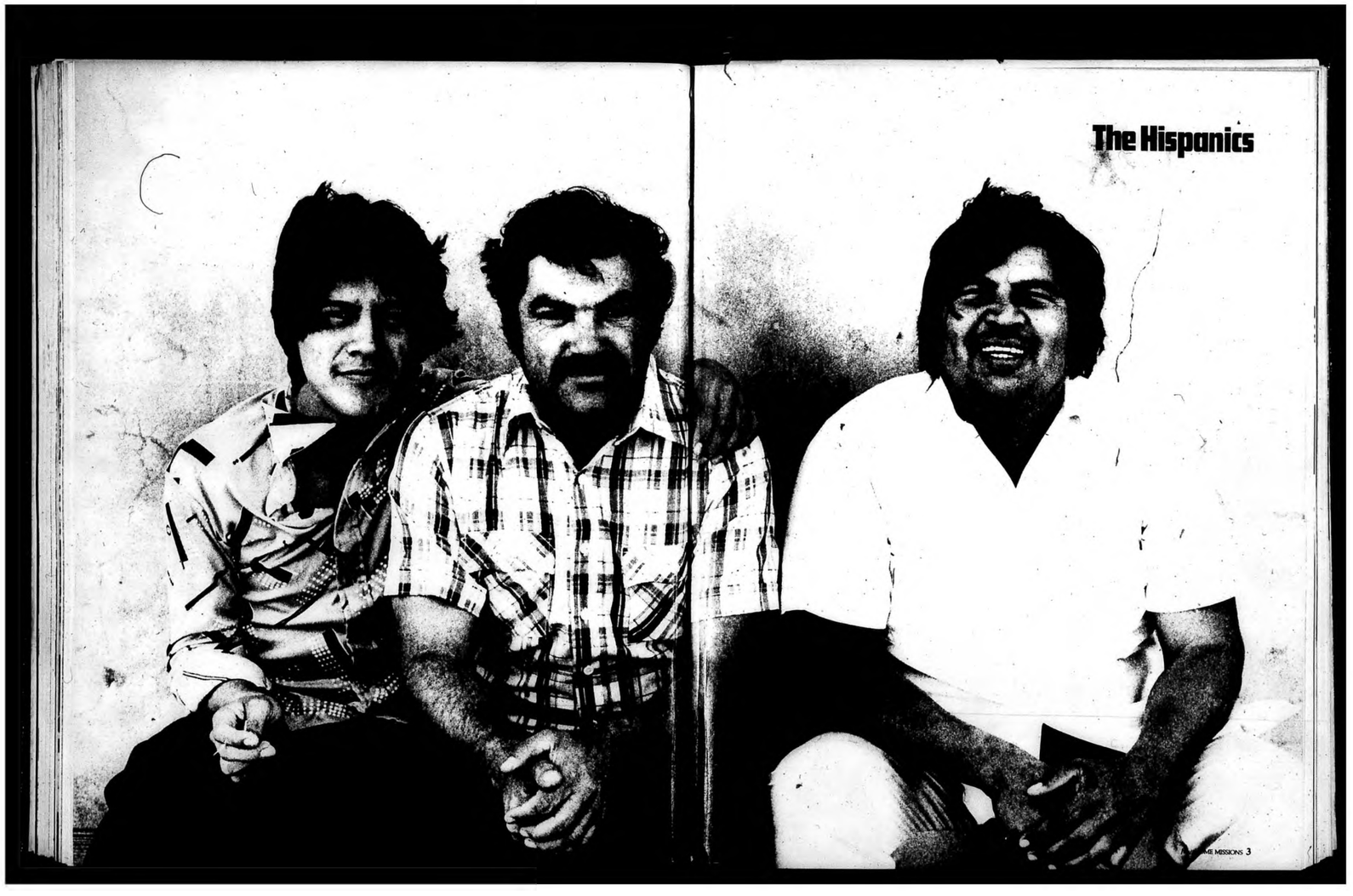
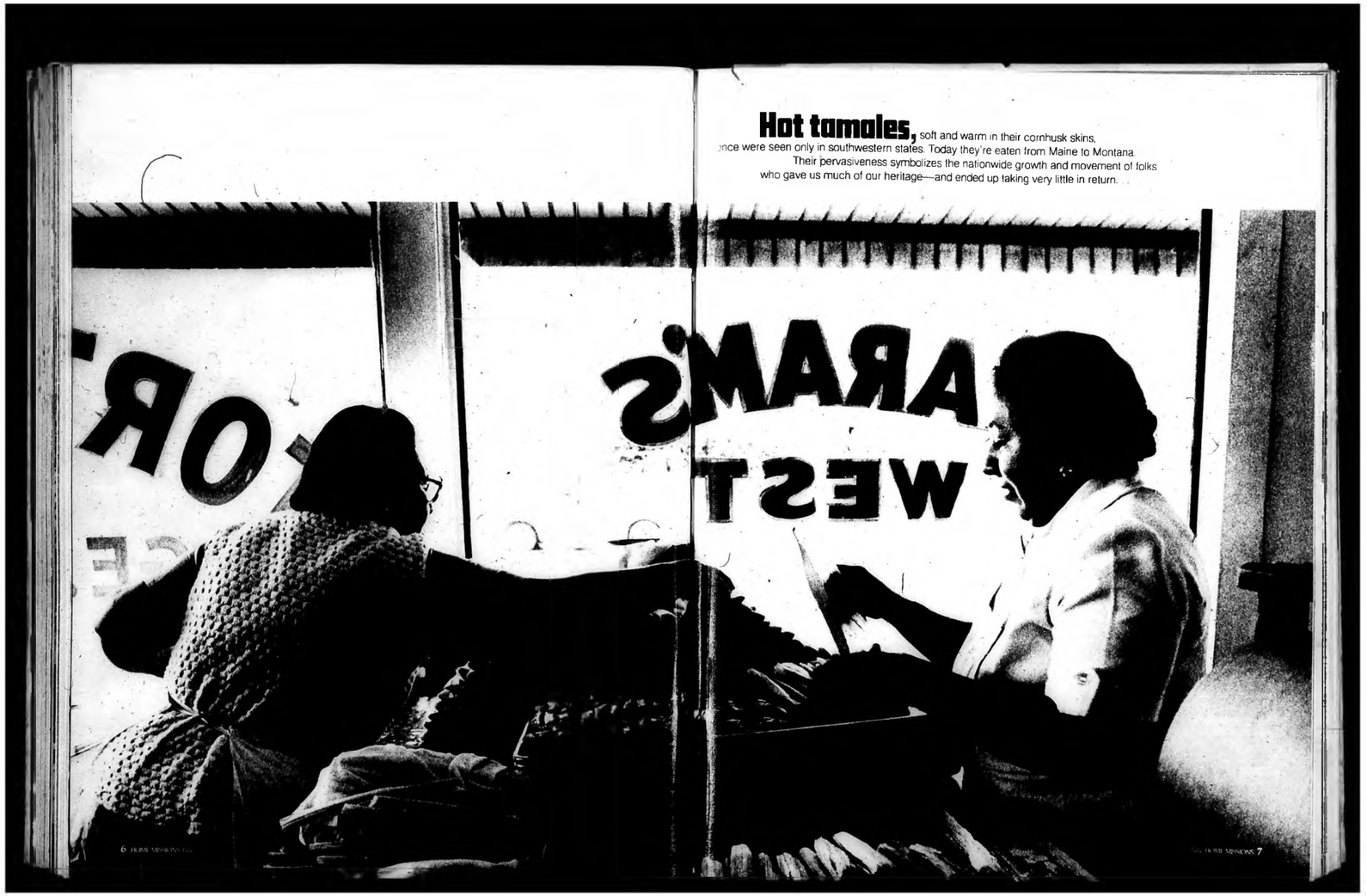
Cover: *At sunset, waves pound against Maui's Iaowaterspout beach.*
Left: *Clifford Gordon, a member of James McAleece's Chelsea Baptist Church, carries his son during a church fellowship.*


The Hispanics
ME MISSIONS 3

One must see only faces, learn of professions, to discover the diversity of today's Hispanics. **Far left:** *Baptist Verdi Avila, an Equador native, teaches school in Dumont, N.J.* **Left:** *A young Larado woman sells fruits in the market. And Roberto Dabdoub, a Baptist from Honduras, works as a New Orleans hospial lab technician and a freelance*

Hot tamales, soft and warm in their cornhusk skins,
once were seen only in southwestern states. Today they're eaten from Maine to Montana.
Their pervasiveness symbolizes the nationwide growth and movement of folks
who gave us much of our heritage—and ended up taking very little in return.



Hey hombre!

You got maybe *cinco*, maybe *seis* years to learn to *hablar* a little *Espanol*. 'Cause one morning along about 1983—perhaps earlier—you're gonna wake up to discover your basic Anglo culture talks with an accent. A Spanish accent. S.

Story by Toby Druin/Photography by Paul Obregon

In less than a half dozen years, if trends continue, Hispanic people will become the United States' largest ethnic minority. Already they are 12 million strong—official census data. Add another 3-5 million who reside in the U.S. illegally. Tack on a million more who—legally or illegally—immigrate annually. Figure a growth rate of 1.8 percent—point-six percent higher than blacks. And you've totaled a group of people who already comprise 12½ percent of the population, moving toward 20 percent.

Comprende?

Signs of burgeoning growth are everywhere: Mexican restaurants pop up amid acres of Southern drawl; Goya Foods, specializing in Spanish products, cannot expand fast enough as supermarkets stock "Hispanic-flavored" merchandise. In Atlanta, banks advertise "Spanish spoken." *La Luz*, a national Hispanic magazine, is published in Denver. Several states print ballots in Spanish. And bi-lingual education is a way of life in many areas.

Hispanics are dispersed—*disperados*—throughout the United States, although the majority—since the majority are themselves of Mexican heritage—are in southwestern states and California, all of which share a common, porous border with Mexico. Other heavy concentrations are found in the immigration centers of Florida, New York and Illinois.

California has the largest legal population (3.5 million), followed by Texas (2.6 million), New York (1.8 million) and Florida (700,000).

New Mexico, Arizona, Illinois and Colorado each has 300,000-500,000.

North Carolina, with less than 1,000, has fewest Hispanics.

But all these figures balloon with inclusion of the undocumented aliens.

Until recently, despite their pervasiveness and their growth, Hispanics were as invisible as the brown earth: present, but never seen—apple-pickers in Washington and Oregon; grain-harvesters in the Midwest; crop-gatherers whiplashed all across the farm belt. Scattered by wind and weather, their migratory bands were the calloused hands of farm labor for decades. They still are. But now they flood every major city, too—seeking jobs, better lives, permanence—creating, in the process, "latino enclaves from the crowded barrios of East Los Angeles and Spanish Harlem to the manicured suburbs of Dade County, Fla."

Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers movement; the Brown Berets; Chicano power all raised public awareness. Yet Hispanics' numbers, and the import of those numbers, dawned slowly—*lentamente*—on the American psyche, which yet wonders what demands their presence will make on social, economic, political—and religious—structures.

In its revealing cover story of Oct. 16, 1978, *Time* magazine reported: "The Hispanics. . . will play an increasingly important role in shaping the nation's politics and policies. Just as black power was a reality of the 1960s, so the quest for latin power may well become a political watchword of the decade ahead. Predicts Raul Yzaguirre, director of the National Council of La Rasa (The Race), an umbrella group of Hispanic American organizations, 'The 1980s will be the decade of the Hispanics.'"

In Southern Baptist life, already that prediction rings true. Three local SBC associations, because of high concentrations of Spanish-speaking people/churches, recently have dealt with Hispanics' growing strength. In Miami and Lubbock, Tex., Anglo and Hispanic factions successfully merged; but in Los Angeles, Hispanics formed another SBC association, arguing that the uniqueness of their language and culture was better served by this approach.

Ethnic associations are part of Southern Baptist history, dating to the 1840s when an Indian association formed. Although it does not deny such tradition, the Home Mission Board encourages "language-culture churches to be active participants in existing SBC associations," says Oscar Romo of the Home Mission Board's Language Missions Department. "As associations throughout the country seek to undergird and provide opportunties for ethnic churches to develop within the framework of Southern Baptist life," Romo continues, "Hispanic and other ethnic Southern Baptists will become more and more aware of the contribution they can make as an integral part of the Southern Baptist mosaic."

Today, 1,200 Hispanic Southern Baptist churches, missions and preaching points involve about 100,000 persons: roughly one half of one percent of the Hispanic population.

Most extensive work is in Texas, with 500 congregations of almost 50,000 members; California has 125 congregations, 40 of them churches and the rest missions or church "departments." New York, where SBC language work is only 20 years old, has 22 Hispanic congregations—probably the Convention's most diverse, with sprinklings of Cubans, Puerto Ricans, Dominicans, Columbians and others centered in New York City's sea of 1.8 million Spanish-speaking people. Florida, principally among Miami's 700,000 Cubans, has about 40 Hispanic Baptist congregations, while Louisiana, with more than 100,000 Hispanics in the New Orleans metropolitan area, has less than a dozen Hispanic Baptist congregations.

Clearly, if Southern Baptists—perhaps already the nation's "most ethnicized denomination" with work among more than 70 language groups—are to keep pace with the swelling Hispanic population, they must far outstrip any mission efforts of their first 130 years.

Perhaps the largest barrier they face is the Hispanic's traditional adherence to cultural Catholicism.

Influence of the Roman Catholic Church is hard to measure. Few Hispanics have been untouched by it. Because of their Catholic heritage, many will never consider being an evangelical Christian; others come cautiously, weighted by a lifetime of religious trappings.

"People saved in our church have asked if it is all right to have godfathers for their children," reports Bob Sena of Dallas. "Can we bring *padrinos* and you pray over them and the baby?' they have asked. One young lady who made a profession of faith wanted to go back to Mexico to her saint and pray. Others use Catholic references in conversation."

Nevertheless, points out Mark Azard, pastor of Iglesia Bautista Bethania in Baytown, Tex., almost every Hispanic, regardless of religious background, "when they find we as Baptist Christians love them, care for them and show them the Christian way and life, they think twice about it.

"In my church," Azard says, "with any who come from Catholicism, I teach them the Bible—what salvation and baptism mean. The Anglo has a background of hearing these things. The Spanish-speaking person, especially those from Mexico, has none of this."

The religion barrier, or any other, Azard says, melts when "you understand them, live with them, know the culture, the way they feel—gain their trust."

"Even though I am black and have a different background," adds the Haitian-raised Azard, "I have tried to identify with them—I have showed them I love them. That's the main thing."

And the key, say most Hispanic Baptists, remains the language. *Time* reported, "Hispanic Americans are united by two powerful forces: their strong adherence to Roman Catholicism and their language."

Stronger of the two seems language.

"There was a time," recalls Oscar Romo of the HMB, "when Spanish-speaking people—because of prejudice—hesitated to teach their language to their children. But this was short-lived, because of the people's pride in their ancestry.

"Always his language has been integral to the Hispanic's understanding of himself. Today it is common for Spanish-speaking Americans who have been here many generations to retain the language, despite all the pressures to become 'anglicized. How many other ethnic groups can say that?"

Says the HMB's Fermin Whittaker, himself a Panamanian: "You take an Hispanic from Central America and one from South America. They may have slight cultural variances, maybe differences in vocabulary or food. But you get them together and they are Hispanic, not Guatemalan, Honduran, Cuban—Hispanic. Distinctions melt away."

"We are Americans—glad to be—but we are also proud to be Hispanic—whatever our shades of color and background."

Mark Azard reveals the unifying power of language. Cuban-born of Haitian parents, he came to Houston to attend college and then law school.

Now, as pastor of Iglesia Bautista Bethania, he ministers to a congregation of native-born Mexican-Americans, a handful of naturalized citizens, growing numbers of undocumented aliens from Mexico and an occasional international working for one of the many oil companies or other businesses in the Baytown-Houston area.

The language bond was also evident at the first International Baptist Youth Congress, which drew more than 100 young people from the New York City-New Jersey area to the Living Gospel Baptist Church in Rutherford, N.J.

Numerically Hispanics dominated: 20-year-old Gabriel "Gabe" Prada came from Cuba in 1970; Edgardo Mendoza, 23, from Puerto Rico in 1973; Evan Vega from Puerto Rico 23 years ago; Ida Prieto and Sam Lima, outgoing president of the congress, both came from Cuba.

Prada, Mendoza and Vega all are members of Iglesia Bautista Central of Paterson, N.J. Their pastor is a Venezuelan, Jose Juan Corti. After 40 years in the ministry, 16 in New Jersey, Corti retires this month. When he came to Paterson only 20,000 Spanish-speaking persons lived in the city of 200,000. Today's Hispanic population is twice that.

The soft-spoken Corti has baptized more than 100 persons at Central, but many returned to Puerto Rico or Miami and the congregation has fewer than 100 members.

Central's origin parallels many Hispanic congregations. Corti started the church in his home, moved to a YMCA, to a rented church, then to a Greek Orthodox church before settling in 1970 at the present site, a former Methodist church purchased for $46,000 with the help of the Home Mission Board. Corti's ministry has been "easy and hard"—easy because people "yearn for the Bible" and the Spanish language is used exclusively; hard "because they like worldly things and they think to lead the evangelical life is to leave worldly things."

One of Corti's members was Manuel Alonso, language program leader for the Baptist Convention of New York. As a boy of 13, Alonso, a Cuban, came to the United States alone. His parents—his father was a lawyer—were unable to leave but sent him to live with friends in Miami. Several years later, the family was reunited in Texas.

The Alonsos later moved to New Jersey, where Manuel surrendered to preach. He graduated from New York University and from Golden Gate seminary, and held pastorates in California and Florida before he accepted responsibility for the New York language program in 1978.

Continued

More lideres are needed

if Hispanic SBC churches are to continue the growth patterns of recent years, for the gospel travels best in the native tongue.

Already Alonso has found the greatest needs for evangelical outreach to Hispanics are more monetary resources and more indigenous leaders. Yet as more money is channeled into overseas missions, less reaches foreign-born in America, Alonso observes. Inflation eats away what's left. At Resurrection Baptist in Bergenfield, N.J., for example, rental for the church's small quarters has jumped from $175 to $500 monthly.

The leadership shortage is acute. Many present leaders were pastors in their native countries. A few others come from the churches stressing the need—such as First Spanish Baptist in San Jose, Calif.,which in eight years has seen a half dozen of its young men enter the ministry.

But if anything handicaps Southern Baptist efforts, admits Jack Combs, language missions director for California Baptists, it is the failure to enlist and train enough Hispanics.

Alonso teaches two seminary extension groups and puts much hope in new pastors such as Cuban-born Armondo Lopez, a watchmaker/jeweler, who serves as a bi-vocational pastor of 50-member David Livingston Baptist Church in Elizabeth, N.J. And in Humberto Ferrer, another Cuban who, as a lawyer in Havana, defended many Baptist pastors in their trials; Ferrer recently helped Alonso organize a Bible study/fellowship in Jersey City.

That process—beginning with a small group, often led by a bi-vocational pastor or a layperson—repeats itself again and again across the Convention. For obviously the most effective evangelistic approach is Hispanic reaching Hispanic. Although upwardly mobile Hispanics—especially—can identify with Anglo churches, "I am convinced," says Bob Sena of Dallas First Mexican, a middle-class church ministering to all social levels, "that each ethnic group because of linguistic, cultural and sociological peculiarities, is the best communicator of the gospel to its people.

"That does not exempt the Anglo church, but the ethnic-to-ethnic system is easier. If an Anglo church visitor knocks on the door of a Mexican family, the family is impressed, but they don't find it easy to join—cultural attitudes are prohibitive—the emotion just isn't there."

In Corpus Christi, Texas, three bi-vocational ministers are establishing new work. Martin Garza, a local restaurant owner and manager of a finance company, pastors Morgan Avenue Baptist Church, a two-year-old mission ready to constitute. Pedro Pina, a foundation and roofing contractor, serves as pastor of Driscoll Mission, where more than 80 persons attend.

The third bi-vocational, Mario Rios, leads Primera Mission in the Flour Bluff area, while conducting services each Tuesday evening on the famous King Ranch. More than 80 persons attend his meetings in the home of two Christian cowboys on the United States' largest ranch.

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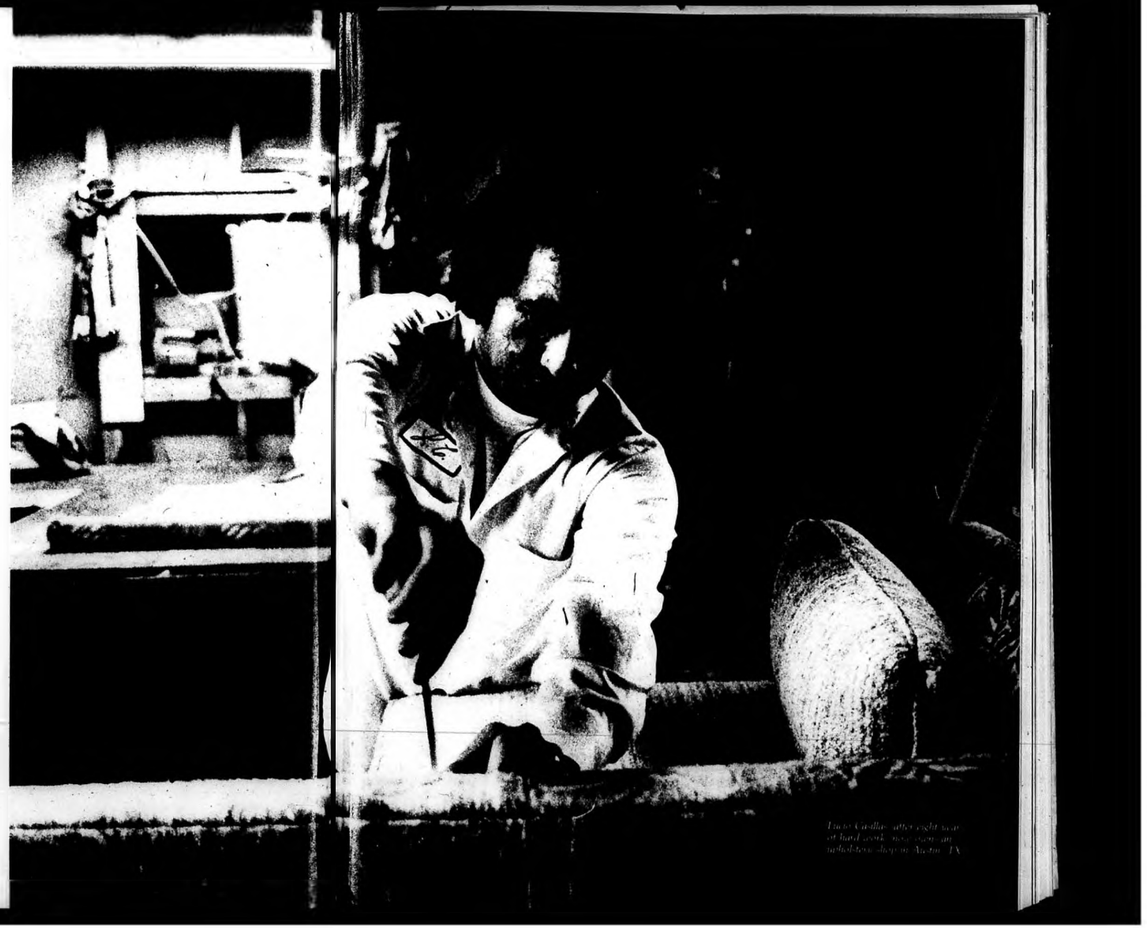
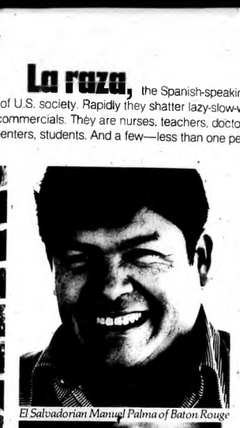


La raza, the Spanish-speaking people, already integrate all levels of U.S. society. Rapidly they shatter lazy-slow-witted stereotypes of cartoons and *bandito* commercials. They are nurses, teachers, doctors, farm workers—and farm owners, carpenters, students. And a few—less than one percent—are Southern Baptists.

In New Orleans, bilingual Miriam Melian—a native of Cuba—teaches English to Vietnamese students in elementary scho



El Salvadorian Manuel Palma of Baton Rouge

Eva Vega attends a New Jersey Baptist church.

Nurse Angie Montalvo is a U.S.-born Mexican-American.

In New York City, Iglesia Bautista Jordan's pastor—Ecuadorian Walter Montalvo—helps support his family by delivering parcels. Montalvo, who began the 50-member group after working as minister of education in a Spanish Harlem church, likes the delivery service because its flexible schedule gives him time to be involved in church programs, college classes and to serve as volunteer chaplain in a drug rehabilitation program.

If the bi-vocational pastor/struggling congregation is the rule, exceptions like South San Antonio Mexican Baptist Church indicate what Hispanic churches can become. Few churches have as strong a mission-starting example as has "South San," a 25-year-old, 600-member congregation which sponsors four missions. Mission pastor Omar Pachecano, who left a successful building business for the ministry, credits South San pastor Manuel Rodriguez with the missions emphasis, as well as challenging people like Pachecano to discover and use their talents in Christian service. "He encourages them to train for the most effective ministry and then turns them loose to serve Christ," Pachecano explains. "Had it not been for his influence, I might still be sitting in the pew."

Rodriguez himself has crammed his formal education into the past few years. Using the Bible as his primer, his wife taught him to read. He attended Mexican Baptist Bible Institute.

The institute, operated by Baptist General Convention of Texas with HMB funds, has an enrollment of about 200 and is specifically designed to equip men and women for Christian ministry among people of Hispanic culture. Its trainees range from California to Puerto Rico. In 1978, the institute opened a branch in Houston, which has a Mexican population approaching 500,000. Other satellite centers are contemplated.

Another San Antonio church, First Baptist, sponsors three Mexican missions and actively reaches out to the Mexican com-

Continued

munity. Several Mexicans are in leadership positions—vice-chairman of deacons is Mexican—and Spanish-language Sunday School is available for the 400 Spanish members.

But adequate response to the limitless challenge of reaching the Mexicans and other Hispanics requires action on several levels, says First pastor, out-going SBC president Jimmy Allen. Perhaps most vital is ending the "peon-patron" relationship or "dole system" that keeps a mission on a mission basis instead of freeing it to achieve church status.

"But the style of work I am most interested in," Allen says, "is the house church idea now used in South America. Small groups led by laymen meet during the week, then gather together once a week under the preaching of one dynamic pastor."

Historically, points out the HMB's Romo, Hispanic work in the U.S. began in homes. But with success, "house churches" became "regular church structures." By the 1960s, the house-church movement had been replaced by more traditional mission building approaches.

Allen foresees continuing Mexican Baptist Bible Institute's practice of teaching laymen, with added stress on house church techniques. The pastor would preach to all members once a week and possibly to the entire Mexican population of San Antonio—more than half a million—via television.

"Our church could furnish the building and TV equipment," Allen says. "But the Hispanic church would be completely independent." Such large-scale thinking is needed cross the Convention, Allen concludes, because "we have followed a model of working with the Spanish population that produces smallness. We have limited ourselves unintentionally. At least this idea holds out a better hope of meeting the challenge."

Texas Baptists have set a goal of 396 new Hispanic congregations. If successful, they'll almost double in a decade the number of Mexican missions and churches established over the previous 100 years. Already one-third of Texas new work is among Spanish-language groups. They draw leaders from Mexican Bible institute, Southwestern seminary and eight Baptist colleges, with more Hispanic ministers graduating each year.

But for Leobardo Estrada, successfully expanding Hispanic missions cannot rely solely on Hispanics—seminary-trained ministers, bi-vocational pastors or dedicated laypersons: "It is going to take Spanish congregations *and* English congregations. In our big cities we have Spanish-speaking people who might not be attracted by a Mexican Baptist church. For many members today the first language is English, not Spanish. If we are to reach all Hispanic people with the gospel, it will take Mexican churches, bi-lingual churches, Anglo churches. . . ."

Estrada speaks as one of the SBC's leading Hispanic workers.

Pastor Jose Juan Corti, Venezuala native, retires this month after 16 years at New Jersey's Iglesia Bautista Central.

In 1950, after years as a missionary, Estrada began language work in New York, knocking on doors and passing out tracts on subways to attract his first audience of four persons. Fifteen years later he took over the Texas language program.

Estrada points to recent developments—such as introduction of a Spanish Baptist hymnal—as positive steps toward greater ethnic awareness by SBC power structure. But, he adds, Spanish-language congregations need more literature written for Hispanics, not simply translated from English to Spanish.

"Most do not consider culture," Estrada explains. "Illustrations consequently do not relate to Spanish people."

Fermin Whittaker of the HMB says development of language materials is another aspect of the broad picture which incorporates more involvement of Hispanics in the denomination as trustees, directors and staff members of boards and agencies. "The doors are just beginning to open," he says. "There are many qualified Hispanics and we need to use them."

Nationwide, Southern Baptists have an awakening interest in reaching Hispanics, he thinks. "It is no longer just the Mexican-American reaching the Mexican-American, it is the Hispanic reaching the Hispanic—whether from Central America, South America, Mexico, the Caribbean or Spain. Our churches are more aware of the need to reach into other Spanish speaking groups all across the United States.

"More of our agencies," Whittaker points out, "need to understand Hispanics are not a separate entity in Southern Baptist life, but are Southern Baptists who speak a different language. Because of that, they're men and women capable of

Jesucristo, the Hispanics call him, and they form churches that celebrate his good news. The challenge is to help, within the context of their culture, their efforts to carry *Jesucristo's* message to a "searching people. If we're flexible enough to allow them part of the SBC action, the result will be uncontainable in the Spanish-speaking world."

working across cultural boundaries. We Hispanics are not trying to destroy anything; we are trying to be part of a family striving to reach America for Christ. The only thing that makes us different is our language. Spiritually, biblically, we are Southern Baptists. We were brought to Christ by Southern Baptists, trained in Southern Baptist schools and now all we ask is the opportunity to be a *real* part of carrying on the task."

Perhaps in the final analysis, then, the struggle will revolve around the Convention's ability to accept a philosophy of separate-but-equal; a concept of self-sufficient indigenous church units cooperating across cultural and linguistic barriers under a common-goal umbrella of faith in Jesus Christ.

Already shifts are evident. At the Sunday School Board, executive director Grady Cothen recently told Southern Baptists they "must change their traditional mindset that only white Anglo-Saxons are good prospects." Cothen cited increasing size and number of ethnic groups as a factor making "the context in which we [Southern Baptists] work totally different today."

A few significant models of this trans-racial, trans-cultural cooperation also have surfaced. Two of them are in Texas, where many Anglo churches have found themselves in transition areas—gradually, then rapidly being engulfed by Hispanic families moving in.

When Trinity Baptist Church in Houston found itself in such a situation, it moved to reach the community by inviting three small Mexican congregations to use its facility. Eventually the Mexican congregations merged, and their successful community ministries freed the Anglo congregation to move on to more effective outreach elsewhere.

A similar move in Baytown could model for Anglo churches concerned about dwindling effectiveness in transitional communities. The neighborhood around Baptist Temple had over the years become almost exclusively Mexican. Only a few older residents remained. According to Bay Area director of missions Mack Smoke, the Anglo congregations made a sincere effort to reach the Mexicans, but with little success.

At the same time, Iglesia Bautista Bethania, Mark Azard's Mexican congregation, was meeting in a frame house a relatively short distance away. Bethania was running about 40 to 50 on Sundays, but lack of elbow room stymied growth. Smoke worked out a merger between Baptist Temple and another suburban church. Temple moved to the other location, leaving Bethania to take over its property—facilities valued at some $300,000—for the $30,000 debt that remained.

Says Smoke, "We have to stop thinking about what we are going to get out of our property and, like Baptist Temple, start thinking how in a spirit of love and understanding we can go through a transition that will best meet needs of the community.

"If that means a church becomes a completely separate Spanish-speaking church, and an Anglo church moves out, then we shouldn't look at it in terms of how much the Anglo church can get for its property, but in terms of how that property can best be used in the Lord's ministry. Baptist Temple looked at this thing not as their giving Bethany something but as Bethany assuming its role of ministry in the community.

"They said to Bethany, 'We're going to place in your hands the responsibility through these facilites of reaching the predominant community, while we move to a community where we can more effectively minister to and reach people.'"

"It's one of the few things I have seen Baptists get into that reminds me of when Jesus broke the loaves and fishes and everybody had more than when they went in,"–Smoke concludes. "We need to stop looking at our 'own little thing' and start seeing the kingdom of God and do whatever it takes to work together to bring about what he wants done—stop talking about 'our' churches and start talking about *his church*; stop talking about what we want to do and start talking about what *he* wants us to do."

The HMB's Romo, first Hispanic and ethnic to head a major department of an SBC agency, envisions significant growth in Hispanic ministries and missions:

"I am optimistic," he says. "We face one of our greatest challenges as Southern Baptists: here are many people who are receptive to the gospel—looking, searching, welcoming the good news of Christ.

"Our responsibility will be to find a way to respond to them and their needs—to help develop leaders. But our efforts will be pointless if we do not operate within their structures, rather than make them conform to ours."

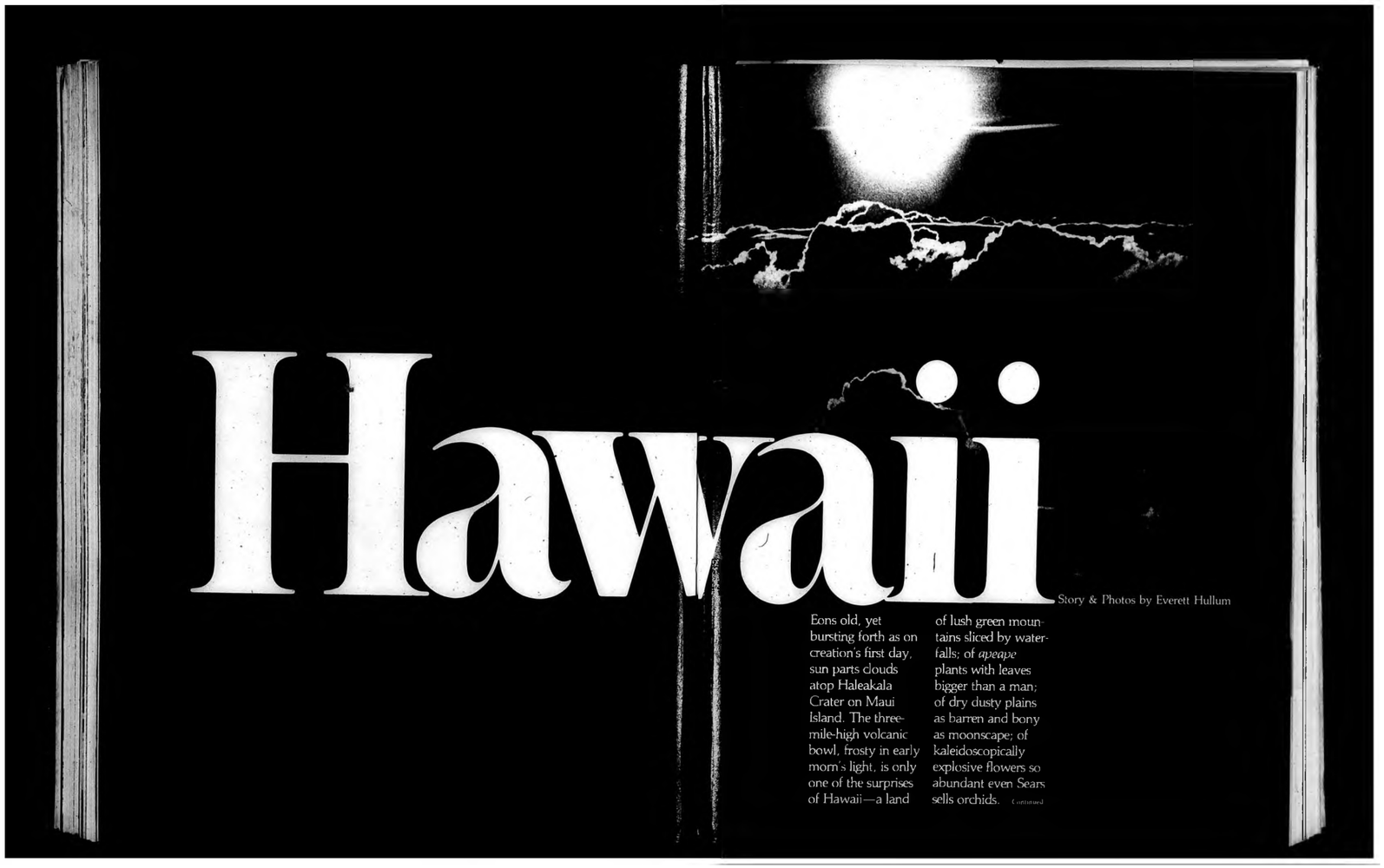
In many ways, he adds, Hispanic Baptists "can teach us—they've had great success with bi-vocational pastors—something we need to learn. And their baptism ratios and growth rates exceed those of the denomination as a whole."

One of the most dangerous parts of the journey ahead, Romo believes, will test Southern Baptists' readiness to open places of responsibility to Hispanics, involving them within denominational structures in concrete, not token roles. "They are waiting and willing," he says, "but don't know how. Will we be flexible enough to offer them a part of the action?

"If we respond with openness, the result will be uncontainable. We are going to affect a lot of the Spanish-speaking world for Jesus Christ."

And that name, *senores and senoras*, is pronounced "*hay-su kris-to*." •

Druin, associate editor of the Texas *Baptist Standard*, Dallas, Texas, is a frequent contributor to HOME MISSIONS



Hawaii

Story & Photos by Everett Hullum

Eons old, yet bursting forth as on creation's first day, sun parts clouds atop Haleakala Crater on Maui Island. The three-mile-high volcanic bowl, frosty in early morn's light, is only one of the surprises of Hawaii—a land of lush green mountains sliced by waterfalls; of *apeape* plants with leaves bigger than a man; of dry dusty plains as barren and bony as moonscape; of kaleidoscopically explosive flowers so abundant even Sears sells orchids. Continued

Hawaii's integration progress is obvious in day-care work. RIGHT: Sam Choy talks to church starter Ray Savage.

Who thinks of Hawaii without images of silky beaches, kissed by frothy waves; of suntanned bodies and shimmering skyscrapers; of Diamond Head and a gravesite called Pearl Harbor; of palm fronds undulating like conductor's wands in lyric direction of island lifewalks? Hawaii is this, of course. And more: pollution, inflation, traffic, overcrowding. Hawaii Baptists hear the wretched chorus of modern exploitation and neglect. Yet find their home promises even more: a unique test-tube blending of cultures and heritages, 900,000 strong, integrating ideas and persons in a bold, heady mix, far from finished, yet already leaving sandprints of a "rainbow people" on the beachhead of tomorrow. Continued

BELOW: For several years, members of a woman's mission action group of Pearl Harbor First Baptist have sponsored a ministry at Waimano Home for the mentally handicapp

BELOW: At Kaumana church in Hilo, day-care for senior citizens is an important outreach.

First Baptist of Pearl City, day-care has proven a significant method of serving the church's community. Day-care is a common part of Hawaiian Baptist churches' programs.

At birth begins the process a life-long effort to practice and preach Christ's good news among island peoples. New church starts come hard: land is expensive, resources scarce. Yet Hawaii Baptists, although limited, offer an impressive array of ministries. Day care introduces children to concepts of living together, and with God. Other programs teach English to foreign-born; and to Hawaii-born Japanese, instruction in their native tongue, being lost in the melding of cultures. One church's brave, touching ministry extends love to mentally retarded; another's gives companionship, dignity to final days of elderly Hawaiians.

Continued

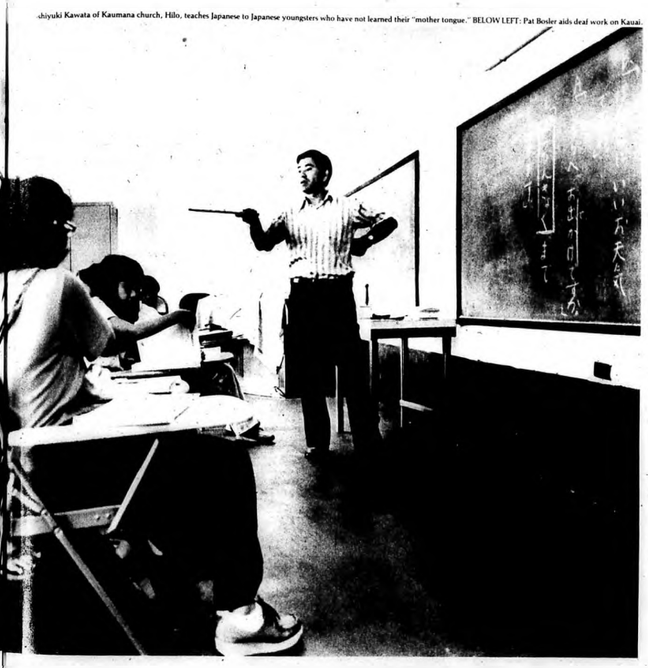
Retired minister Begnie Warfield, a member of Kihei Baptist Church on Maui, lifts his daughter, Dawn, from the water in an oceanside baptism service. Missionary/pastor Bob Duffer (with beard, right) waited before baptizing the 10th convert, a Christian. Photographer Stovall (not only a celebration, but also a witness, as several non-church spectators asked questions.

Culminating, all of it, in the moment when an individual discovers the life-changing promise and beauty of God's grace. On a soft-sand beach lined with lava-bubble boulders, the new Christian walks into warm, salty ocean; is submerged; it is finished. But not until come the hugs and smiles of fellow believers ashore is the celebration of baptism completed.

Continued

BELOW: Wife and daughters of Coleman Chong listen—maybe—to his sermon at Kahaluu Baptist Chapel, a church-pastoral-aid supported congregation in the outbacks of Oa

shiyuki Kawata of Kaumana church, Hilo, teaches Japanese to Japanese youngsters who have not learned their "mother tongue." BELOW LEFT: Pat Bosler aids deaf work on Kauai.



Still much remains to be done. The ministries are too few; the missions too seldom begun. Too little heard,

amid the roar of tourist-laden jets and Waikiki laughter, amid noisy concrete corridors and the silent backwaters of paradise, is the message of Christ's power to unify peoples culturally and historically diverse. "We have just begun the business of reconciliation," says Sam Choy, Hawaii director of missions. "But I believe a new day lies ahead. Already its roots of hope sink deep."

Continued

On the balcony of one of Hawaii's many skyscraping hotels, Sam Choy discusses mission work on the Big Island with James Sanberg, pastor of Komoda Baptist Church in Hilo.

Quite possibly, Choy is right, for he knows Hawaii. Born there of Korean ancestry, he went away to school and Baptist foreign mission service in Korea for 8 years before returning in 1976 to direct mission outreach for the Hawaii Baptist Convention. In the following interview, Choy assesses today's mood, and the future of Southern Baptists of Hawaii.

HOME MISSIONS: The first Southern Baptist mission work in Hawaii began 40 years ago. How far has the work come and what are conditions today?

CHOY: There has been sort of a plateau. But I feel we are ready to launch into a growth period. We have turned the corner with a refreshing re-emphasis on evangelism and outreach.

We've started only one English-speaking congregation in the past four years. We've started a few language missions, but the mindset has been, economically, inflation has priced us out of the market.

It's true property here is sky-high—church sites often cost $150,000 and up. To get land and put in a full-time missionary, as has been our approach since the Foreign Mission Board first began work on the islands, is very, very difficult. So it's been easy for our people to develop an attitude that says, "We need to build up existing churches, rather than begin new ones."

But I sense the mood of our churches changing; Hawaii Baptists are ready to experiment with new approaches to church starting—we've hired our first full-time church starter/missionary, for example. Ray Savage will help us start missions in new housing developments.

We're also beginning a new work in Moililli, a section of Honolulu with about 10,000 people and no SBC church. On the Big Island, we've voted to call an area missionary to concentrate on new work and to help revive Bible-study missions in several places on the the island.

Also on Oahu, Veryl Henderson, has been appointed our first full-time resort missionary. He'll work on Waikiki. And we've proposed to the Home Mission Board joint hiring of a Japanese evangelist to work with the 400,000 Japanese tourists in Hawaii every year.

I think these reveal a whole new concern for reaching out to the Hawaiian people.

HM: You've called Hawaii Baptists "rainbow people." Describe the churches.

CHOY: We pretty well reflect the multiethnic nature of Hawaii. We don't talk about Anglo congregations and ethnic congregations, but about English-speaking congregations and language congregations. We have only a few churches that are predominantly Anglo—these are mostly our military congregations. Military people helped start many of our churches, and have contributed significantly to the convention. Yet more and more churches once largely military are becoming combinations of military and local people. Few remain like Pearl Harbor church, which is 98 percent military.

HM: Yet Hawaii Baptists remain less than one percent of the Hawaiian population?

CHOY: Right. We have only about 50 churches and missions with some 8,000 members, out of a total population approaching 900,000, about 85 percent of whom live elbow-to-elbow in the Honolulu metropolitan area. So it's easy to fall into the trap of being overwhelmed by the tremendous opportunity, and saying it's inevitable growth will be slow.

Hawaii is a slow growth place—most religious denominations find that true. Climate and lifestyle make church-growth difficult. But we have to fight the mindset that because it's Hawaii, because of conditions here, it's impossible for churches to grow rapidly.

HM: What problems have to be overcome before growth begins again?

CHOY: The cost of real estate, as I mentioned, is terrific. In Gentry, a new Honolulu bedroom community being developed, we're working to secure a church site: $175,000 for one acre, land alone—not even the first brick laid. And building costs are extremely high. I know the Lord wants us to have some of these new places, but I'm sure we'll not have them without outside resources. We're working on ways to enlist churches and individuals on the Mainland to be partners in Hawaii's new missions emphasis.

Meanwhile we're using other facilities—a school, a storefront building. We've got a Sunday School in a garage and Bible studies in many homes.

Distances, too, can create problems. We're small in size, yet we have work on six of Hawaii's eight islands (the other two are privately owned). Just getting back and forth between them can be expensive—the only way is by plane. This means many pastors are very isolated, with little contact with other Southern Baptists.

HM: With your churches averaging less than 200 members each, is the convention strong enough to begin many new efforts? Does the small size of individual churches create problems or inhibit growth?

CHOY: Many studies have shown that small churches are more effective evangelistically than are large ones. Yet I admit small churches hurt simply because we see tremendous opportunities and we have only limited resources—in people and money—with which to respond.

HM: Does tension exist between those who want to start new work and those who want to emphasize strengthening the existing churches?

CHOY: Yes, some. We have both attitudes present in our convention, and for years we've walked a tightrope between. But I believe the majority spirit is one of moving toward new work—new missions. Election of Joe Sanders, pastor of Nuuanu Baptist Church, as convention president is an indication—he is strongly evangelistic, he's doing prison ministries, and he has Chinese- and Japanese-language congregations sharing his facilities.

HM: Even if the people's mood is one of new-church development, you've still got to overcome inadequate resources.

CHOY: Yes, and we've come to realize we can't do it alone. Not only are we turning to the Mainland for financial support in church starting, we're turning to it for personnel—we need volunteers to work alongside those of our own churches.

Continued

Let me give you an example of just one program we could start with enough volunteers: Almost every day I hear ambulances go by my condominium [near Waikiki] toward the hospital. With several million tourists you're going to have a lot of people injured, and they are thousands of miles away from home, no relatives or friends. A retired hospital chaplain or a retired minister who knows hospital visitation could have a tremendous ministry just visiting sick tourists.

And the field is practically untapped. The only one now doing anything like it is a Catholic chaplain who does not make regular rounds.

I've wanted to start this ever since I've been in Hawaii. But I've never had any volunteers from within our convention, and I've no resources to put into it.

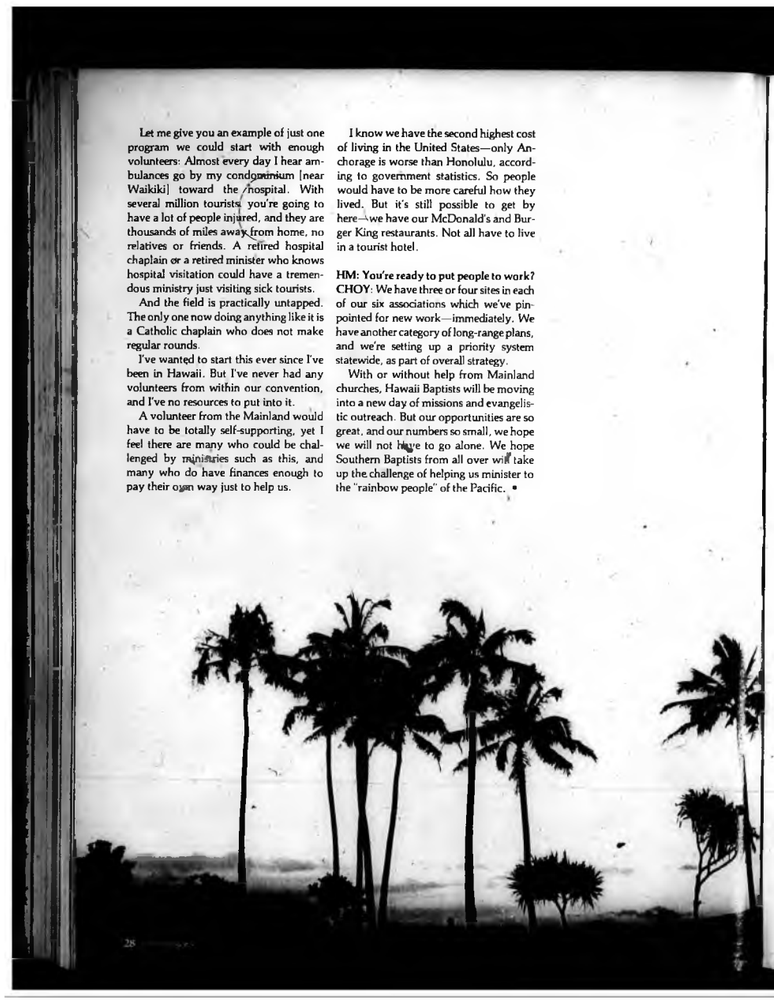
A volunteer from the Mainland would have to be totally self-supporting, yet I feel there are many who could be challenged by ministries such as this, and many who do have finances enough to pay their own way just to help us.

I know we have the second highest cost of living in the United States—only Anchorage is worse than Honolulu, according to government statistics. So people would have to be more careful how they lived. But it's still possible to get by here—we have our McDonald's and Burger King restaurants. Not all have to live in a tourist hotel.

HM: You're ready to put people to work?

CHOY: We have three or four sites in each of our six associations which we've pinpointed for new work—immediately. We have another category of long-range plans, and we're setting up a priority system statewide, as part of overall strategy.

With or without help from Mainland churches, Hawaii Baptists will be moving into a new day of missions and evangelistic outreach. But our opportunities are so great, and our numbers so small, we hope we will not have to go alone. We hope Southern Baptists from all over will take up the challenge of helping us minister to the "rainbow people" of the Pacific. •



Unchurched by choice

You see them every Sunday on your way to church: jogging, playing tennis; mowing lawns, clipping shrubs, raking leaves. In winter, they bolt ski-racks atop cars, in summer, fill ice-chests at convenience stores en route to the lake. And you know, as you drive to church, millions remain unseen: sleeping late; cozied by fireplace with newspaper and coffee; cooking brunch; puttering with stamp collections or last week's bills.

They are, of course, the Americans who never attend church.

In an extensive survey of religious attitudes, the Gallup organization discovered 61 million Americans are members of no church or religious institution. Moreover, many churches are experiencing declines; even Southern Baptists, long proud of their dynamic growth, have witnessed recent deceleration. Today only half the American people feel religion "very important" to their lives—25 percent fewer than 10 years ago. Yet Gallup also found many unchurched persons are "strong believers," holding "traditional values" such as emphasis on family and respect for authority. And while churched and unchurched differ most in personal freedoms, both oppose—for example—increased use of marijuana and more sexual liberty. Further, eight of ten Americans—consistently for three decades—have said they believe Jesus is the Son of God. Loss of faith, then, does not drive persons away. Do reasons such as personal influences, community pressures and lifestyles? Why does anyone bypass church attendence? And what can churches do to encourage the unchurched to become active in a fellowship of believers?

Over the next year, HOME MISSIONS will explore those questions. A series of articles will report lifestyle and attitudes of unchurched persons. Whether their refusal reflects only their lonely, singular viewpoint, or the attitudes of their entire "subgroup"—the never-married, the elderly, the divorced parent; whether it grows from personal convictions or from church rejection of them—the "not-our-kind" syndrome often subtly expressed . . . whatever reasons mold their decisions, the unchurched need to be heard. Uninterrupted. For they hold keys to making "church" a relevant, vital force in the lives of untold future generations.

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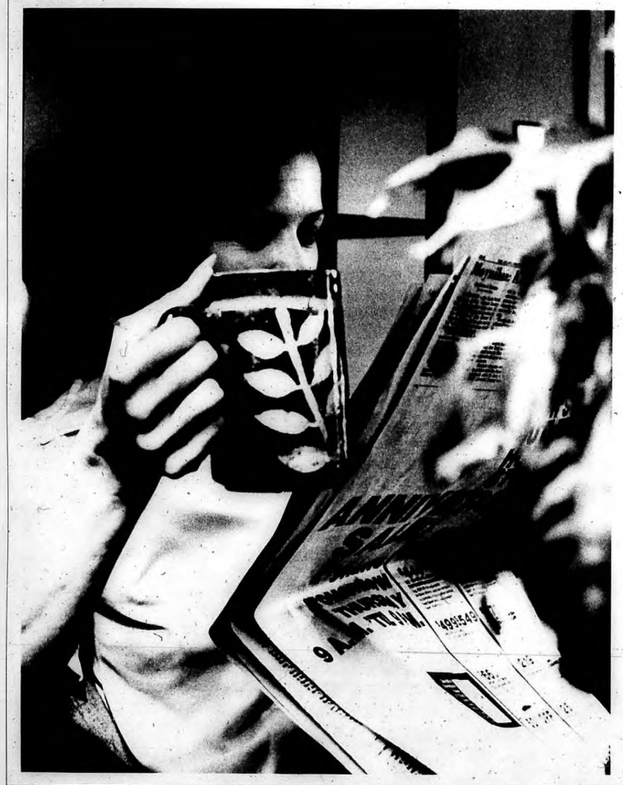

The single

By Elaine Furlow

Paula is among the 17 percent of the adult U.S. population who has never married. Young, attractive, intelligent, she quickly discovered her marital status was not a "success" by society's standards. To compensate, Paula developed a lifestyle that avoided family functions, for they painfully reminded her of her "failure." One of those was church.

Caught up with her work in court, eager for a rest, she crowded past thousands of airport travelers, briefcase in one hand, bulky bag of presents in the other, going home for Christmas. With a salary well over $25,000, Paula hadn't worried about buying gifts this year.

Her parents were waiting: Mom still a trim size 12, Dad graying at the temples. They drove home in a buzz of catch-up conversation: sister Sue's marriage, Grandma's illness, demise of the local drive-in, the high-school hang-out of Paula and her friends.

Familiar, comfortable feelings washed over her. Paula hugged nieces and nephews, distributed packages under the tree. And unwound for a few days.

Sunday, the family drove to First Baptist Church.

And Sunday, Paula's visit turned painful.

Her mouth still tightens when she talks about it: "Going to church was . . . well, one of the worst experiences of my life," the young lawyer says. "I know that sounds crazy, that one hour would upset me like that." She searches for adjectives to explain. "It wasn't the sermon, nothing anyone said directly. Just the attitude. Here were people my age, with their children and husbands, and here they were in that very role I had always expected to be in."

Her old friends were all around: John and Sharon, corralling two squirmy, carbon-copy kids; best friend Terri, baby in her arms, surrounded by admiring neighbors, cooing and cuddling the new-born in the gingham blanket. And the minister smiling obsequiously, hellloing, gently soliciting. "How's *everything*?"

For a young single woman—even one of Paula's self-assurance—the experience was too oppressive: "It was a feeling—the expectations of people I've known since childhood, expectations I have of myself that haven't been realized—it all came home in that moment."

Well-dressed, bright, Paula "could have been married by now if I had wanted to." After college there was an Atlanta teacher who proposed twice; a fellow lawyer she dated for two years; an electronics salesman who moved to Houston.

But by age 31, Paul had to learn to cope with "singleness." "I just avoid certain things, even TV shows, because I can't handle them right now. Going to church is something I don't do, because there the family is the ultimate goal, the *only* goal. It's like in church there's another commandment: Thou *shalt* get married; thou *shalt* have children.' It's subconscious, but it's there—and it turns me off. For me, I feel like more negative feelings emanate from the church than from society in general."

In Dallas, Paula avoids the "still single" syndrome by avoiding church—her Sundays are days of rest—sleeping, reading the paper, tanning by the pool.

After college, with her carload of possessions scattered about a first small apartment, Paula started redefining her life: the degrees, honors—identities—of university life had little value "in the real world." Paula sought a new niche, a place to feel comfortable once again.

"It was a time I really needed a friendly group of people. For about a year, I was a part of a church. In some way I indicated to the minister I was lonely. He advised me to latch on to a community of people I could feel part of. I tried desperately to feel part of that church, but it just did not work." She found she felt no affinity with those in singles class, who proved to be "desperate, clinging people . . . a lonely hearts club." Rather than finding companionship—an answer to the ache of loneliness—Paula felt drained. "I'd go away feeling more like a loser myself. Any self-esteem I had, when I got with that group, was destroyed. I'm not blaming them, I'm just trying to honestly express my feelings after going there."

If the church "really wanted to help," Paula says, "it could provide a non-threatening environment to meet people, because that's singles' number one need.

"But," she admits, "I know that is not necessarily the church's purpose. And I know people, two women in particular, who plan things, good stuff like an architectural tour, and no one comes because the activity is identified with that group."

Paula turned to a large church well-known for its ministry to singles. Affluent and comfortable, Uptown Baptist needs three policemen to direct Sunday traffic; weeknights, it attracts hundreds of singles with activities such as volleyball, skating and special tours.

Again Paula felt out-of-sync: "Young singles right out of school may find structured activities, trips, are viable. But I don't *want* organized volleyball; right now that doesn't appeal to me."

Once each year, Uptown's minister preaches a special message to singles. Paula attended. Afterwards she felt

Continued

Seventeen percent of the U.S.'s 220 million persons have never married. Of these, 38 percent—more than nine million persons—are churched, that is, they declare themselves members of a church or religious institution. Another four million attend occasionally, such as on holidays. And only 3.5 million claim no religious preference at all. Yet of the 25.5 million adults falling into this increasingly large category, only half indicate they have ever made *any* sort of commitment to Jesus Christ.

worse: "He bent over so far backwards to say, 'You're not different,' he made me feel like a total Frankenstein. He has no concept of what it means to be single. He sincerely wanted to help, but he missed the boat altogether."

She doesn't recall specific words; no phrase hurt more than another. "It was just his attitude. I left feeling like a half-person."

Three years of graduate school, two apartments and a better job later, Paula invested in a condominium. After a bout with painters and wallpaperers ("For $600, why can't they trim edges straight"), she began what she half-jokingly calls "phase four" of her life.

Celery green carpet, redwood deck, luscious plants, new bedroom suite come together in *House Beautiful* fashion. Copies of *Gourmet* and *Southern Living* line the coffee table. Closets are full of designer dresses and chic skirts. Even with the living room still "unfinished—I'll concentrate on it next year"—it's clearly the home of a career woman, not an apartment of a working girl.

Most neighbors are older, established. "It's a staid, stable atmosphere," Paula says with a trace of disdain. But she knows her investment is safe. No problem with resale. And though she hesitates to admit it, buying the condo was logical. No longer was apartment life's impermanence satisfactory.

"I haven't quite come to think the single lifestyle is a viable alternative," she says, the calm voice breaking only slightly. "I'm working on it, because I'm in a position where I *have* to. But I need support instead of this pervasive feeling that as a single, I'm at a temporary stage in my life. I may *not* be."

She hasn't discussed these feelings with her parents. "They're not insightful, but, under the circumstances, they are affirming: they never ask, 'When are you going to get married?' or ask questions along that line."

Her sister-in-law does: "She's open to the point of being obnoxious. Marriage and family are her ultimate. If you don't have that, she feels sorry for you."

Paula recalls with distaste the family dinner which ended abruptly after her sister-in-law "had just bombarded me with questions about my love life and marriage intentions. I told mother, if someone didn't inform her there was more to life than marriage and kids, I was going to blow sky high."

She admits, "I think it's obvious I'm sensitive about the subject. But I think she is unnecessarily insensitive."

Under immense pressure, yet with great doubt, Paula visited a psychologist. The hour a week "helped me see that many things I feel—and felt then—are normal; I'm not some kind of green-eyed monster; some reactions that upset me are other's problems, not mine. But to cope, I need to avoid contact with these people—one way is not to attend church."

Paula recalls "statistics in the newspaper on single-person households—it's staggering, how the traditional family—father, mother, kids—is in a minority. Did you know there are more single households than the old-fashioned family kind?"

In today's society, Paula adds, "women no longer economically and physically (I don't mean sexually) *need* a husband. Until recently it was hard to buy food for a single person, but because now we have so many single-unit households, food manufacturers pack single servings. Society is changing, but churches move more slowly, because the family is such a strong institution in the church."

After two disappointing encounters with churches, Paula tried once more.

"A group of churches sponsors programs on Sunday nights, and I've been to several. One was very good—a sex therapist. About 50 people showed up: *everybody* is interested in sex and the single person. But it isn't a topic many churches are going to give a program on."

Paula admits she asks a lot. She wants friendliness from church members, yet despises the man with the red carnation who buttonholes her after service. She wants to be treated as "a regular person," but seeks someone who understands the occasional pain and loneliness of the single lifestyle. She wants a comfortable setting in which to meet other singles, but thinks the church has other reasons for existence.

"It's difficult for people who are total strangers to know what to do. I guess the answer is just for them to accept you as a person, and not try to fit you into the mold of the family group.

"That *is* the ultimate for some people, and part of my difficulty comes from my strong indoctrination toward the traditional family. I can barely handle *my* feelings, much less take any more from outside forces."

Rather than a negative force, the church ought to be a positive one, Paula reasons with firmness. "At least let them be neutral until they *learn* to be supportive." •

Furlow, former HMB book editor, now lives in Washington, D.C.

A chaplain goes to war

By Walker Knight
Photography by Paul Obregon

0230 Friday Under Texas' bright wind-swept skies, the armies gather for Brave Shield—mock war, when men and machines are massed, moved and engaged with awesome power and speed—testing forces' coordination, endurance, mobility, strategy. The battleground covers much of the ravished 339 square miles of Fort Hood, the free world's largest military installation. At one staging area, square-jawed Chaplain Jimmie Roberts (*right*) directs his jeep driver near medics of 1st Batallion. Tanks, armored personnel carriers, missile launchers, mobile bridges and other support units dwarf the tiny jeep, but Chaplain Roberts ignores them and the low-flying helicopters which whip the dust into face-stinging eddies. While officers and noncoms confer, enlisted men fight boredom with quick naps, bull sessions or fast trips to an enterprising civilian's refreshment's truck. (The business is quickly placed off limits.) Chaplain Roberts checks his communications gear, instructs driver Willie Rhodes in frequencies and code designations as he grease-pencils them onto the windshield. Rangers with blackened faces race by: the column will move soon. By 1100—11 a.m. —rumbling machines snake out for miles, spaced to avoid vulnerability to enemy aircraft. War has begun.

Continued

1230 Friday

Chaplain Roberts welcomes the maneuvers. "In the office, I see a different group—those with problems. I feel like a social worker. In the field, I get religious questions. I have my deepest spiritual ministry out here with the troops."

A short, compact man, Jimmie Roberts was born in Houston, educated at Hardin-Simmons University in Abilene and at Southwestern seminary; he served as pastor for 12 years before volunteering for the Army chaplaincy four-and-a-half years ago.

Roberts "was influenced to be a chaplain by reading Winston Churchill's remarks to striking miners in World War II: 'Where were you when your country needed you?' I determined I would be with these men in the field."

Roberts prides himself on being a good officer, as well as a good chaplain. While his ministry takes precedence, he does not hesitate to demand military respect:

During Roberts' first week of duty, a company sergeant sauntered into Roberts' office and said, "I'm an atheist and I don't want any part of your religion." Roberts ordered him out. "And when you come back in," he added, "say, 'I'm an atheist and I don't want any part of your religion, *Sir!*'"

Later the sergeant turned to Roberts with personal problems and today, whenever there is a religious emphasis, he brings more men than any other non-commissioned officer (NCO)—all the while repeating, "I don't have any use for your religion stuff."

When he isn't on field maneuvers, Chaplain Roberts always finds time to visit soldiers in post hospital.

In the field, Roberts carries his own weight. He is informed and in shape, knows his rights and duties.

Major David Collings, executive officer for the 1st Battalion of the 12th Cavalry, describes—in laundered language—Roberts' relationship:

"The deal we made is that he would not be a holier-than-thou, sanctimonious blue-nose, and we would not handle each other with kid gloves. So he tells me when we are not meeting the spiritual needs of the men.

"In the army, the spiritual well-being of the men is a function of the commanding officer, and the chaplain is our resource."

Collins adds that Roberts has tremendous credibility with the troops: "He's no soft touch."

The troops with whom Collins and Roberts work comprise the nation's first all-volunteer army, and while Collins refuses to evaluate them as compared to the conscripted army of Vietnam and before, other military men will comment.

They feel the volunteer army—unlike the army of draft days—comes largely from one level of society: the lower income. Its recruits, they say, often join when they are unable to find work or get enough finances to attend (or complete) college. Some enlist when faced with minor jail sentences.

In the field Roberts carries his own weight.

Sgt. Richard Lambert

Sgt. Ken Naidas

Pvt. Willie Rhodes

Almost to a man, NCOs dislike the volunteer army. They say discipline is tough to enforce. "All the men want money, and they always ask why to every command," growls one sergeant. "We are forced to apply the discipline. We are caught in the middle between the men and the officers." Adds Sgt. Ken Naidas, a nine-year veteran: "I liked the old Army; there was more respect. Today's soldier is money hungry." Sgt. Richard Lambert says, "Morale is low with boredom. When action happens, you can see the men get excited; you come to want (a military) engagement."

Roberts and his fellow chaplains do not feel the all-volunteer army has significantly changed their role, although younger inductees require more counseling as they struggle to break family and community ties. Under the draft, many college-age recruits had already dealt with these problems.

The chaplains dislike the impact of heavy recruitment efforts which oversell "see-the-world-and-get-an-education" benefits. They confront many young men depressed by unexpected training and discipline.

"I call it the 'John Wayne syndrome,'" says Roberts. "We have to deal with the anger and frustration of the soldier."

Part of that boils up from many recruits' discovery that army life doesn't add up to advertised promises. Pvt. Willie Rhodes, Roberts' jeep driver, says, "I made a mistake in leaving school, but I plan to finish as soon as my enlistment is over."

Medic Carlos Goris of Manhattan, confirms, "The army's not what I expected. I thought it would be more strict." He will study law enforcement after his service.

And Rivera Jorge, two years in the army, adds, "I will not stay. I'm going to college to be an X-ray technician."

If today's soldier requires counseling to overcome disillusionment, earlier ones had their own problems, too—"mostly anger at being forced to serve," says Roberts.

The all-volunteer army merely changes one set of difficulties for another, and, as Major Collins says, "My job and the chaplains' is to do the best we can with what we have."

That includes getting the troops ready for combat. Mock war, as these maneuvers, provides the best experience until the real thing comes. Says Collins: "The only combat I've been in was with the draft army in Vietnam, and it was excellent. I don't know about this group. I haven't fought with them. But I think they would be equally as courageous."

Continued

1350 Friday The sprawling convoy deploys into prearranged positions. First, battle units assume defensive lines, then tactical operations command (TOC) sets up a few miles back. "Combat train," (CT) with medics, communications, maintenance and chaplain, deploys ehind TOC. Finally, "field train" (FT) with kitchen, heavy maintenance and supplies, locates behind CT.

Roberts moves from group to group, searching among cedar, mesquite and live oak groves to find men and equipment hidden by camouflage. Even though this takes Roberts the afternoon and part of the night, he has more luck than the mess truck. After crisscrossing fields for hours, it pulls into the CT area shortly before midnight.

CT had hidden itself too well, and the mess truck had been unable to radio them under ground rules of blackout.

The truck carries the day's first hot meal—but most men have eaten their C rations and gone grumblingly to bed.

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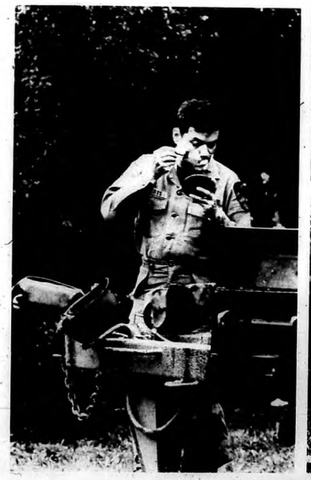


Camouflaged equipment is hard to find; Roberts arrives late.

0530 Saturday

As CT comes to life, Roberts awakens. Heavy overcast and drizzle greet him. Reflexively, the chaplain packs his gear, readying himself for the moves characteristic of mechanized cavalry.

He stirs Rhodes from his sleeping bag. Minutes later they are driving pick up the Catholic chaplain back the post. Again they miss the mess truck meal of eggs, chipped beef an potatoes. More C rations.

Five hours later, Roberts arrives back at CT with Catholic Chaplain Mike Chilen. The trip has taken twi as long as planned because opposing forces have cut the main highway. Faced with the enemy's advance, combat train breaks camp. In the delay awaiting CT's relocation, chaplains announce services. Roberts moves his jeep to the medic area; Chilen sets up at communications. Both chaplains prepare worship altars on the hoods of their vehicles.

Roberts uses a white cloth, a black scarf, an open Bible, a golden cross of plastic and two candles. The men stand before him in two rows—some in wet gear under the heavy drizzle. Inside their vehicles, others listen.

After a spirited song service of familiar hymns, Roberts speaks on the importance of the resurrection; his voice competes with the drone of a generator engine and the jamming noise of the "aggressor" on the radio.

The service is one he will repeat that day four times—taking advantage of the lull before the clashing of the armies on Sunday, when the best he might do is a quick prayer beside a tank or a personnel carrier. Continued

With jeep hood as altar, Roberts speaks of the resurrection.

1515 Sunday

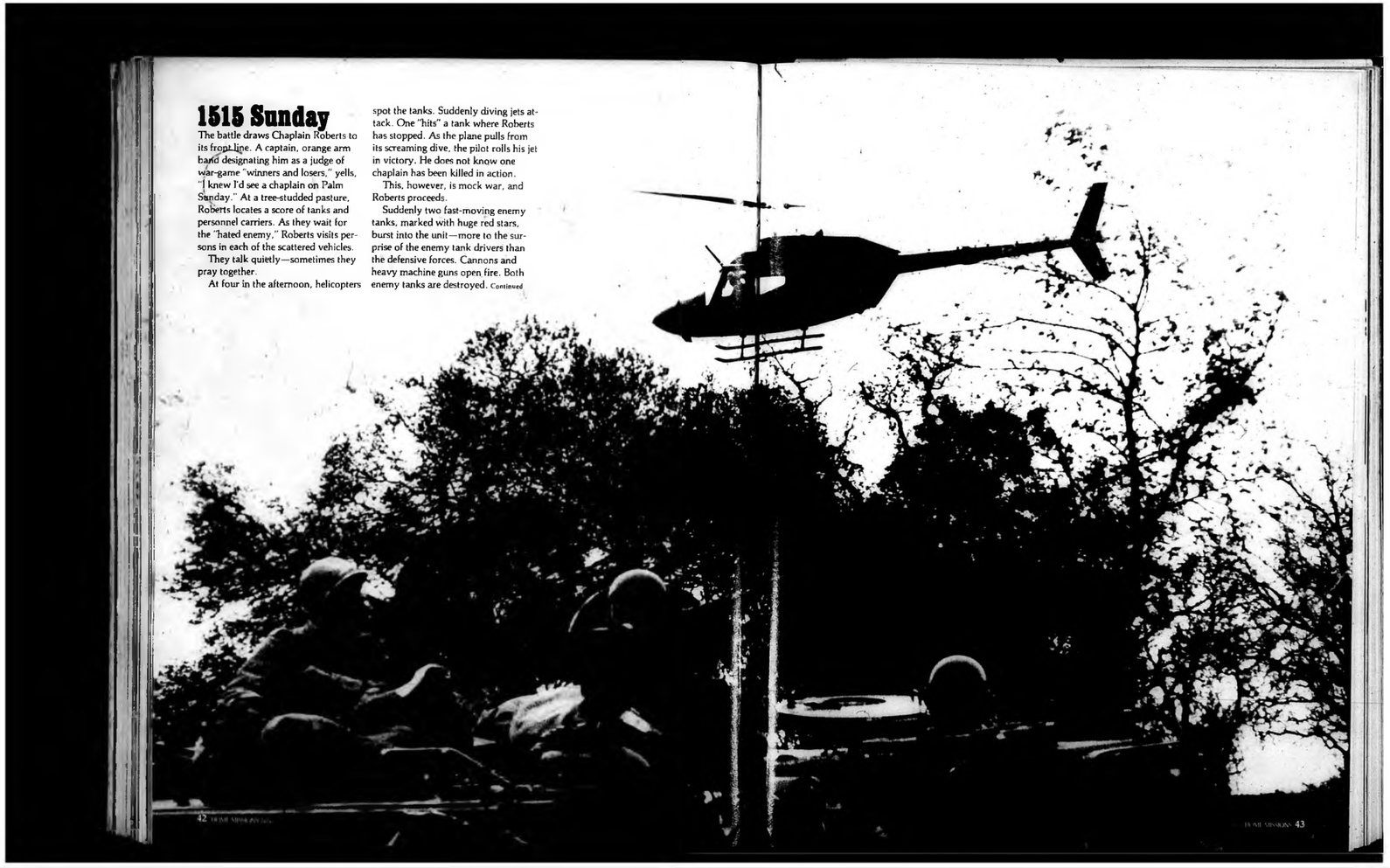
The battle draws Chaplain Roberts to its front line. A captain, orange arm band designating him as a judge of war-game "winners and losers," yells, "I knew I'd see a chaplain on Palm Sunday." At a tree-studded pasture, Roberts locates a score of tanks and personnel carriers. As they wait for the "hated enemy," Roberts visits persons in each of the scattered vehicles.

They talk quietly—sometimes they pray together.

At four in the afternoon, helicopters spot the tanks. Suddenly diving jets attack. One "hits" a tank where Roberts has stopped. As the plane pulls from its screaming dive, the pilot rolls his jet in victory. He does not know one chaplain has been killed in action.

This, however, is mock war, and Roberts proceeds.

Suddenly two fast-moving enemy tanks, marked with huge red stars, burst into the unit—more to the surprise of the enemy tank drivers than the defensive forces. Cannons and heavy machine guns open fire. Both enemy tanks are destroyed. Continued



1700 Sunday

Mock war has real casualties. Tank hatch covers, carelessly left unlashed, fracture two heads. One arm is broken by a heavy machine gun's recoil. Roberts watches medics help a tankman immobilized by severe stomach cramps (*far right*).

"I see these games again and again," Roberts says. "Then I watch the gunnery practice and the Vulcan [rotary cannon] with live ammunition. I am sobered . . . —that this all is for a purpose. I also know that in any war, one third of the men are lost in the first hours, because they are messing around."

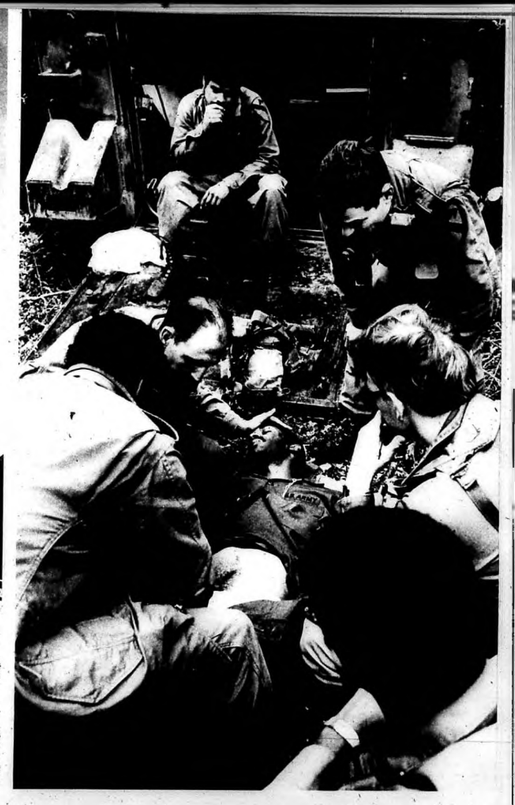
By sunset, frustrations affect all ranks. Roberts planned services at TOC, but he arrives after they have relocated. As he leaves, a large helicopter swoops low; and the pilot waves stop.

When the chopper eases down, General Paul Williams and two of his aides step out. Also seeking TOC, they have noted Roberts' communications gear and assumed he will know its location. The chaplain, who has made extra efforts to stay informed, explains disposition of the units (*above*). While Roberts chats with aides, Gen. Williams questions Willie Rhodes about the supply of hot chow. The awestruck private in turn asks for the general's autograph.

Past nightfall the long, drizzling rain takes its toll. Roberts' jeep gets stuck as Rhodes churns toward CT's new location. For 30 minutes, Roberts and Rhodes dig and push. Finally the jeep is freed. As they search the darkness for CT, they spot the chow truck and follow it. This time the truck knows its direction, and they arrive in time for the supper of chicken, mixed vegetables, lettuce salad, bread, milk, coffee and cake.

At 11:30 p.m., Roberts unfolds his cot, inflates his air mattress and climbs exhausted into the sleeping bag. Almost immediately, he sleeps. Continued

The general gets directions—and gives his autograph.



1120 Monday While CT moves to its last location of these maneuvers, medics learn simulated wounded will arrive shortly. Roberts arrives at the new camp as Sgt. Herbert Bailey meets the jeep carrying two wounded soldiers. He reads tags designating the wounds, barks orders. To one medic he yells, "Go get 'God' [the chaplain]. This one's dead on arrival."

To another he says, "Take the body to those trees, he's beginning to smell." He then turns to treat deep lacerations on the other soldier, injured when a tank overran his machine gun position.

Playing the game, Roberts goes to the "body" to check the death certificate. But the drama has more than fictional effect upon the "dead" soldier, five-year veteran Richard Schneider of La Puenta, Calif.

Schneider asks Roberts what actually would happen if he were to die. Roberts senses seriousness in the question and sits with Schneider. For many minutes they discuss death—and Schneider's relationship with God. Under the secluded altar of mesquite trees, Schneider finds Christ.

When Roberts first arrived at Fort Hood, a senior chaplain told him: "Never underestimate the ministry of your presence. You remind the soldiers of spiritual values. If you are there, they have to deal with you, and you will then have the opportunity to provide a ministry."

On this day, in this maneuver on Fort Hood's dusty plains, that chaplain's advice once again proves accurate. For even in the midst of war's destruction and death, with the help of a sensitive chaplain, new life begins. •

In the midst of mock war and death, begins real new life.

The German General of Chelsea Church

By Phyllis Faulkenbury
Photography by Everett Hullum

For James McAleece, it was much worse than he ever imagined. And, surprisingly, much better.

They moved to Chelsea on a dreary January day. Lead colored clouds, like bunched cannonballs, hung above barren trees. Five inches of gray snow covered the ground. Aimless pedestrians, wrapped against the penetrating cold, scurried from bleak storefronts to lifeless, unpainted dwellings.

But more chilling than temperature was the strident, depressing poverty that greeted home missionary James McAleece and his family. It was a cold that would not pass with the seasons.

Just across the Mystic River from downtown Boston, Chelsea is a drunken checkerboard of narrow, littered streets lined with yardless two-story frame homes. With 43,000 residents shoehorned into 1.8 square miles, the community is bonded by the stigma: "highest welfare rate per capita in the United States."

Chelsea—traditionally Roman Catholic in religion; blue-collar in outlook; a transitional community of Irish and Italians being replaced by Puerto Ricans and blacks—did not applaud the McAleeces coming. Nor did it—with a few exceptions—oppose it. The Baptist missionaries' merely met frozen indifference.

McAleece had known Chelsea—years before, he'd been stationed with the Coast Guard in Boston. He had read about Chelsea; he'd seen community surveys. But he was not prepared for the acute community needs or for the broken church which he had come to pastor: "So great was my in-

Continued

itial shock and dismay," he recalls, "it took months to recover. I took one look and said, 'There's no way.'"

The Home Mission Board bought the Chelsea church building in the 1960s, and a succession of Christian social ministries missionaries had turned the lovely, decaying old Victorian structure into a beehive of weekday ministries.

But several years ago the last missionary left. The huge building stood empty for a time, inviting vandals to make it their target. Stained-glass windows were broken; spray-painted graffiti marred the sanctuary. Almost destroyed in one of the many fires plaguing Chelsea, the church became a haven for transients and a garbage dump for locals.

Drawn by the excitement of missions, eager to patch the fragmented Chelsea church, McAleece left his thriving New Orleans pastorate. The filth, the smell he found were stunning. Still, "I felt I should be here," he says, "and I wasn't ready to give up without a good try."

Months of backbreaking, grueling, dirty work cleared a small room for worship. "We uncovered everything from 55-gallon oil drums to milk cartons. And the peculiar odor turned out to be old vegetables rotting underneath."

As he worked to clean the church, McAleece struggled with an even more difficult task: building a congregation.

"First, I used my old tried-and-true-blue method of knocking on doors," McAleece says, "and really thought I was making progress. People invited me in; many promised to attend church. But only my wife and son showed up for my first four services."

McAleece tried again. "I realized I must become a good community member, patronize local stores, attend community affairs. I had to meet people one-on-one, build their confidence; I had to prove I was ready to help.

"Slowly, *very slowly*, we began to see results."

In three years, the church has grown to 60, averaging 14 baptisms per year. "Small by Bible Belt standards," McAleece says, "but each of those came through personal contact, most because of a crisis in their lives."

Steve and Kathy met McAleece "kind of like a last resort," they remember. Steve, a Chelsea native, had been released from prison after serving time for assault and robbery. To legalize their relationship, the young couple wanted to be married. "But every church in town turned us down because of our backgrounds and because we weren't members of *their* church," Kathy remembers. "We were broke and in despair. We just didn't know what else to do."

With few questions, McAleece married the couple. Sensing their financial difficulty, he helped them turn an unused Sunday School room into an apartment. He loaned them money until Steve found a full-time job. "His understanding overwhelmed us," admits Steve. "We could hardly believe it was real."

"And because he was so kind, so ready to accept us as we were, we knew his religion must be the same way," says Kathy. "We wanted to be part of it."

Both became active church members. Steve helps with boys' groups and recreation and Kathy teaches ceramics classes and supervises a girls' club. "I've seen so much growth in myself,"

With smiling Nancy McAleece providing stimulu for many programs, laypersons like Margot Rox- "fishing" with children (bottom photo)—keep th Chelsea church open and busy every day, much t the pleasure of ceramics' pupil Mollie Tomashpu

e says, "I just want many others to experience it."

The Girls Action League (GAL), which Kathy directs, enrolls mmunity girls from many religious backgrounds. Parents d girls know the club has a religious emphasis—opening ayer, prayer of thanks before refreshments, a Bible lesson. ids don't know they need Christ," says Kathy. "I want them know him. But I want it to come of their own free will."

Ceramics classes welcome all, too. Many never attend wor- ip services. "But the classes help the community," McAleece elieves. "And that's an important reason we're here. Our hurch is like an oasis in the desert."

For 65-year-old Mollie Tomashpul, the class "means everything." From a Jewish background, Thomashpul was surprised Baptists accepted her: "They even let me make a ceramic rabbi," she laughs. Remembering her loneliness before joining the class, she adds, "They've been absolutely wonderful to me."

With groping hands and blurred eyes, the legally blind Thomaspul fashions a gold poodle with shiny black toes. She imagines her daughter's surprise: "I'll give it to her soon; she won't believe *I* made it!"

Tomashpul's joy has been reflected many times in the faces of persons touched by the McAleeces' ministry.

An etiquette class for teenagers, taught by Nancy McAleece, offered rough, unpolished girls insights seldom revealed in the bare-walled indifference of their homes. After weeks of training, the giggling, nervous girls made their first tripout of Chelsea, accompanied by the McAleeces—Jim more nervous than Nancy —to a Boston dinner theatre. The girls still remember the trip: "I wore my blue dress. I was so afraid I'd spill something. . . *all that food*. . . ." And, proudly, "We did okay." The McAleeces affirmation was the first positive influence many had known.

McAleece, too, has grown—matured—in the caldron of Chelsea. "I came from a New Orleans church whose mission offerings were third largest in the state," he explains. I preached intellectual messages. I was pretty sure of myself. Suddenly I had to come down a notch or two." McAleece's new Christians hadn't learned to crawl. "Instead of becoming angry when children misbehaved; instead of complaining because members only gave 50 cents; instead of growing exasperated when my sermons illicited no response, I realized I had to change."

He taught proper church conduct; he stressed tithing. He voided theological jargon and preached simple sermons.

Yet hardest to learn, McAleece believes, was an "informed nsitivity." Like most new inner-city pastors, "I was often ed," he admits. "One man said he was starving. I boxed oceries for him; he thanked me profusely. Later, a member ld me he made the rounds of churches with that hard-luck ory. Another man begged for food; I showed him our food antry. He looked it over, then informed me he didn't like ything there."

McAleece learned to rely on "my own intuition" to evaluate quests. He still gets burned occasionally, but more experiences are like the recent one when "a man came crying, beging for $20. I don't know why, but I reached in my pocket and anded him $50. He returned in three weeks to pay me back.

"This kind of thing seems to restore my faith."

Wife Nancy agrees. "Many times, especially when we first moved into this neighborhood, I wondered, 'Are we doing the right thing coming here?'" Friends suggested their son, Wade, remain in New Orleans to finish high school: "Pressure to conform will be too great; his grades and morals will suffer." The family resolved to stay together. "We made the right choice," says Nancy McAleece. "Wade has made it just fine."

In many ways a younger version of his father, Wade "manages to stay busy," and hasn't been "too lonely." He helps his father paint and repair the church, studies, plays sports.

"If anything, his faith is stronger here," says McAleece. "In fact, we've all been granted superhuman strength."

Many times they've needed it. When a church member became homosexually involved with a neighborhood boy, "it was one of the hardest things I've ever done, sitting there, talking with a man who was my friend, trying to help. I felt incapable in many ways, yet he needed me to listen." After moving to another city, the man sought professional help.

A young woman sought marital counseling. During one session, McAleece discovered roots of her trouble reached to adolescence, when she had been raped by her cousin—a man still living nearby. McAleece, believing the marriage could be saved, referred the couple to a Boston specialist.

But many problems are not resolved; they create for McAleece day-to-day counseling challenges. "Many are so lonely," he says. "Several people come by each week, have coffee and just talk." Meanwhile, McAleece realizes community needs can't supersede his duties to "nourish and give attention to my congregation. They need support and guidance, too."

His own lifestyle, McAleece finds, sets a standard unusual in Chelsea. "These men are used to rowdy fun. It's sissy not to drink, sissy not to enjoy brawls." McAleece, a solidly built, plain-spoken man once described by a New Orleans seminary classmate as "a German beer-drinking general," proves "being straight" is anything but sissy.

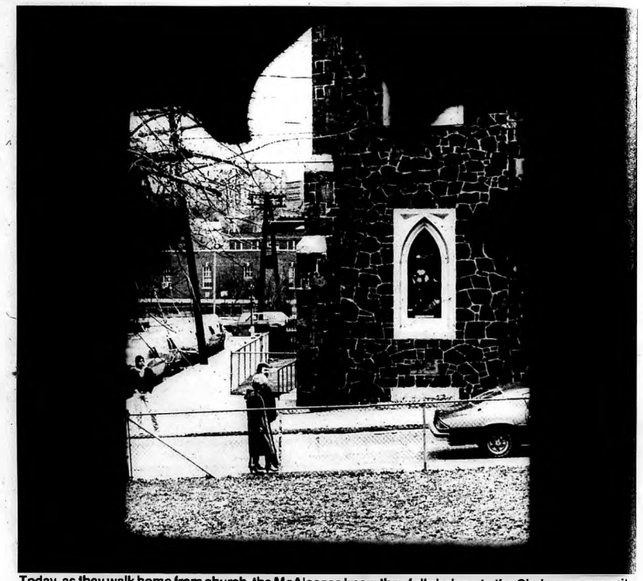
McAleece, who admits with a smile the description "is pretty apt, except the beer-drinking," was raised in a Chicago neighborhood "that makes Chelsea look good." He learned to take care of himself and that, "combined with 15 years in the U.S. Coast Guard, taught me to be tough."

Chelsea men respect his toughness. McAleece, they found, "runs a pretty tight ship," says Steve. "But that's just what we need. We're all green [Christians]; we need a strong leader."

McAleece enthusiastically promoted family recreation; now softball, shuffleboard, ping-pong replace raucousness and, admits one member, "we don't even miss the old stuff."

But McAleece's toughness hides a tender, compassionate strength. Early in their Chelsea ministry, the McAleeces grew deeply fond of Sandy, teenage daughter of an alcoholic who "came home only to beat his wife." The McAleeces became Sandy's friends and confidants—and McAleece became "Pa."

"The most awful day of my life," he remembers, "came when Sandy said, 'Pa, I've got a surprise for you. I'm going to have a baby.' She had just confronted the father, a community teenager, and he'd told her to get lost. I was so hurt I didn't want to



Today, as they walk home from church, the McAleeces know they fully belong to the Chelsea communit

look at her. But there she stood—our little Sandy. And she really needed 'Pa' this time."

As always, Pa was there.

Yet McAleece's wife worries he gives too much, suffers too many disappointments. "Sometimes I'm afraid he'll overdo it," she says. "I've seen him go for weeks, working nights, sleeping when he can, to keep things going. I've seen him sick from the smell of glue, the skin walked off his knees from laying tile. Still, somehow, he keeps on, giving it all he's got."

"There have been times when I've just had to leave," says McAleece, "if only for a couple of hours. But I always return. It's funny," he continues, "recently I was asked to accept a traditional pastorate. I did a lot of evaluating to determine what keeps me here." He stays, he thinks, because neither he nor t church is ready for change. "We've finally reached a poi where growth will occur. It would be a shame to see it all down the drain. Finally, the church is becoming a communi influence, and I, as pastor, am becoming a community membe

Everyday, he sees evidences of church member growth. "their caring for each other and me." On his birthday, persons—community and church members—dropped by for surprise party. Their simple gifts and obvious affection "we overwhelming," McAleece recalls.

But a birthday card from Sandy proved most touching to th tough, yet tender McAleece. "Dear Pa," it read, "In this busy world, it's wonderful to find someone who has the art of takin time for others, of giving from the heart. Love, Sandy." •

mood of America

I think it was over coffee. Somebody said, "Do you realize today is the 10th anniversary of the death of Martin Luther King Jr?" The question flashed across our minds and collective memories cascaded down: Robert Kennedy and King assassinated; ghettos erupting in flame. George Wallace crippled. The Democratic National Convention exploding in bloody riots in Chicago's streets. Anguish and horror of unquenched, carnivorous war in Vietnam. Rampage and outrage on campus. In January of 1969 came the benchmark: Richard M. Nixon inaugurated as 37th president of the United States—the silent majority had spoken. "These are different times," someone reflected. "We've changed." Today's newspaper told of crime, energy, governmental corruption, inflation (a 1967 dollar is worth 50 cents.) Everybody yawned. A writer opined: "Some describe today's mood as a liberal-conservative synthesis, a new populism, an age of 'me,' not 'we.'" Messageless disco music cranks out its hypnotic appeal; best sellers include titles like Looking out for Number One. *TV dozes along. Emotional battles roar against Equal Rights Amendment, abortion and homosexuals' rights. Searing urban pain hides behind upward mobility. Collegians' quest for individual freedom lies subordinated to their search for jobs. The skies are cleaner. . . sometimes. Elections hardly draw a quorum. The guns are quiet. Butter, according to TV ads, is margarine. And only California taxpayers threaten revolt. As the nation unlatches the gate to the 1980s, where are its 1970s prophets calling for racism-poverty repentance? Without strident headlines shoving us from crisis to crisis, what concerns people—especially, what are Baptist people thinking? "As you go around the country," someone said, "why don't you ask them?" So I did.*—**Everett Hullum**

Continued

mood of America

BOB JOHNSTON, school administrator, Dallas, Texas: The attitude I pick up most is, "If it impinges on me, then I'll be concerned. If it doesn't, don't bother me." People are only concerned about things that directly affect them: "If my kid is going to be bused to school, I'll be concerned, if your kid is going to be bused, ah, that's too bad. . . ."

I quarrel with the idea society is becoming more loose and more bohemian. It seems more honest, more open. . . .

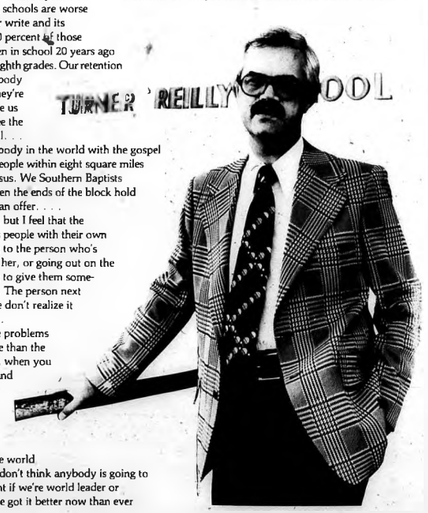
I get upset about people complaining schools are worse today—how so many people can't read or write and its worse than ever before. But they forget 30 percent of those we're testing today wouldn't even have been in school 20 years ago—they'd have dropped out in the seventh, eighth grades. Our retention rate has gone so high, we're keeping everybody in until they graduate. As a result, when they're tested, all the scores go down. I'd like to see us test them on a 1950-model test, say, and see the results. I think they'd come out pretty well.

It's an admirable goal to reach everybody in the world with the gospel by 2000. But we've got a heck of a lot of people within eight square miles of the church who've never heard about Jesus. We Southern Baptists worry a lot about the ends of the earth when the ends of the block hold a lot of people who need the message we can offer. . . .

I may be preaching the wrong gospel, but I feel that the church . . . has a role to play in helping its people with their own problems. Maybe it boils down to talking to the person who's next to you in the pew and helping him or her, or going out on the street and buttonholing people and trying to give them something they don't know they want or need. The person next to you is often crying out for help, but we don't realize it—he's too close to us, too easy to see. . . .

Maybe these are times to try to solve problems around you, the ones you can solve, more than the ones you can't. Maybe it's a personal time, when you should devote more to those around you and not worry so much about the great mass of people you can never see or reach.

We're in a transitional era in this country. The idea this nation is on the decline and is no longer the world leader—who cares? How important is it to be the world leader? If you can protect yourself—and I don't think anybody is going to run over us—I don't see it's more important if we're world leader or Russia is. . . . Why worry about it? We've got it better now than ever before. I know I do. You know, you hate to admit life is too good. You're supposed to struggle—the American ethic. My only concern is I don't see a whole lot more advancement in my job. So I've got to decide if I'm going to stay where I am or move to another district. And knowing myself, I'll probably stay where I am and enjoy myself . . . You don't have to keep advancing. You can do other things if you want. Life is excellent. Or, maybe terrible, and I'm too dumb to know. ☆



Mind-bogglers: No.1: *Overcoming environmentalists' objections, petro-conglomerates build Alaska pipeline to ease oil shortage. Oil goes to West Coast. So where does the '70s worst oil shortage hit? Sure, the West Coast.* No. 2: *Energy shortage encourages increasing numbers to try train travel the most energy-efficient transportation. So what happens? Amtrak, the government-run railroad, announces cutbacks in passenger train service.* No. 3: *First newspaper comic strip about divorce starts. "Splitsville (what else?). Reviews say it's funny. So who's going to tell the divorcees to laugh?* No. 4: *People oppose busing children dozens of miles to public schools. So what's their answer? Okay, bus kids dozens of miles to private schools.*

C.E. BOYLE, retired editor, *Northwest Baptist Witness*, Portland, Ore.: I've come to realize the last word hasn't been spoken—not in philosophy, psychology—or in theology. Even now there's room for me to grow. Life is a process, not a constant.

It was a shock to discover I had a 1940 seminary degree that didn't prepare me for the 1960s. My teenage son and I were talking two different languages, and I had to make it my business to understand. I discovered existentialism was guiding his thinking—he valued the present only; past had no value; future wasn't here. "What's important is what I touch, taste, hear." It's an intensely individualistic philosophy, but it helped me understand why our young people have so little regard for history, why they are so present-oriented, why they've rebelled. . . .

Personally, I'm more open to change than I've ever been. People need to learn to hold their old beliefs, yet change enough to adapt to the new society and give it a chance to produce something worthwhile.

Southern Baptists, too—we have a conservatism that contributes to our stability. But I don't feel the conservative basis necessarily has to be ossified or opposed to all change. We have to change to grow. Change is the essence of growth. Growth is the essence of Christianity. ☆

PAT SWAIN, part-time worker/full-time mother of three, Washington, DC: No one seems to have a real sense of responsibility today. It's all "what I want when I want it." No willingness to say, "Well, I have to make a sacrifice for the sake of my children's children." We're not willing to make concessions that are uncomfortable. Like using less gas or water. Or like busing our kids to school. We won't look at long-term benefits of busing. . . and we waste so much.

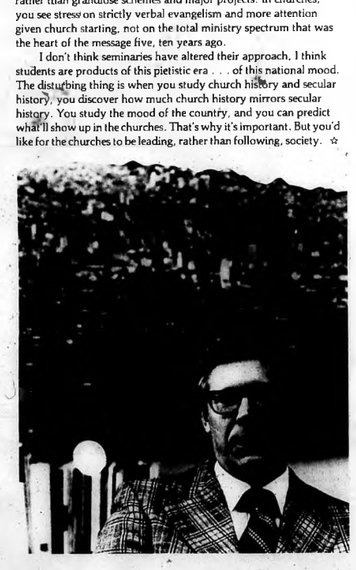
The mood just isn't there. It's hard to find people who are supportive of a lifestyle of sacrifice. I don't think it's that people don't care. Our lives have just gotten so involved that instead of all the gadgets making us freer to help each other, instead we enslave ourselves to our gadgets. My own family, our house is always open. People in and out. Somebody needs a place to stay, they can stay with us. Somebody needs $10, if we've got it, they can borrow it—or have it if they need it bad. And a lot of people say to me, "Gee, that's great, just great. I love to do that. But I just don't have time." Like last year, I looked around and said, "My gosh, there are people who care, but they don't have time to respond to those in need?" This having to keep up the Joneses—possessions—working to keep the house looking like it came from the pages of some magazine—we spend so much time on that so when it comes to a choice between having an elderly couple who seldom gets out for dinner over after church, or mowing the lawn and cutting the hedge, we mow the cut. And the elderly couple never gets invited over to dinner.

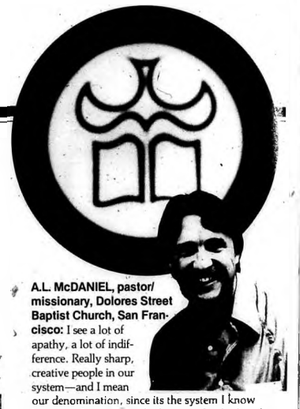
You know, it's really scarey to think this is where we're headed. ☆

mood of America

WILLIAM PINSON, president, Golden Gate Theological Seminary, Mill Valley, Calif: Maybe due to our disillusionment with government and our failures to solve problems of the '60s and create utopia, these times seem to emphasize personal initiative rather than grandiose schemes and major projects. In churches, you see stress on strictly verbal evangelism and more attention given church starting, not on the total ministry spectrum that was the heart of the message five, ten years ago.

I don't think seminaries have altered their approach. I think students are products of this pietistic era . . . of this national mood. The disturbing thing is when you study church history and secular history, you discover how much church history mirrors secular history. You study the mood of the country, and you can predict what'll show up in the churches. That's why it's important. But you'd like for the churches to be leading, rather than following, society. ☆





A.L. McDANIEL, pastor/missionary, Dolores Street Baptist Church, San Francisco: I see a lot of apathy, a lot of indifference. Really sharp, creative people in our system—and I mean our denomination, since its the system I know best—tend to get squashed, not violently, but they fade away, they don't influence what's happening.

Many times I feel like I'm saying things that aren't being heard. I'm encouraged to say them and I'm given affirmation: "We want you to be alert and alive." But I'm talking into the wind. . . .

The only hope for lasting change is Christ. Therefore, Christian churches have responsibility to act. And I don't see that. We live 25-30 years ago, we're insensitive to today's needs.

If I didn't have hope, I guess I'd give up. So we're working to make our church a model of what a caring, loving people can do. . . . We know you have to have impact where you are, in the places you can touch, before you can authentically do something beyond where you are. You can't authentically pay a missionary to spread the gospel and feed the hungry, and keep doing your own thing and think, "That's all I have to do: give my money and I can lead a totally selfish life." That's not an honest lifestyle for a Christian.

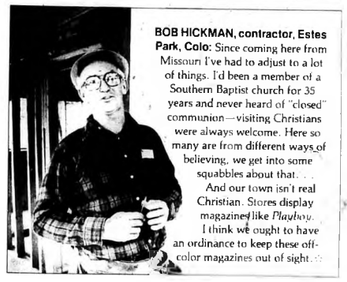
We've got to offer society something different: that sense of community, of family, of love that is missing, and a church can't offer to others qualities it isn't experiencing within itself. ☆

Rip Van Winkle Update: *If, during past months, you were snoozing before the TV. (1) Egypt-Israel signed peace treaty. (2) first test-tube baby was born; (3) 1978 had second worst inflation [9%] in decade; (4) U.S. recognized China. (6) 913 suicides in Jonestown shocked world. (7)) "Roots" stormed TV-land; (8) U.S.—Russia finalized SALT treaty; (9) Patty Hearst was released from prison; (10) refugees swarmed from Indochina as fighting continued; (11) UN announced 1979 as "International Year of the Child." (12) Terry Bradshaw beat baldness [according to advertisements] and the Dallas Cowboys [in the Superbowl]; (13) farmers harvested "ill will" with D.C. tractorcade; (14) Nixon, emerging from exile, announced plans to sell San Clemente, complete with taxpayer-financed million-dollar improvements. (15) Revolt in name of religion brings Ayatullah Khomeini to power in blood-drenched Iran. And. . . .*

Nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there: *Three-Mile Island raised serious questions about safety and future of U.S. nuclear energy.*

JULES and TERESA BERT, X-ray technicians, Oklahoma City: What we'd like best is to move out of the city and back to a small, rural town, where we'd feel more relaxed, more free. It seems as there's more violence and more everything in the big city. We've never experienced prejudice against us; we live well. But if it wasn't for our youngest still being in school, we'd move. . . .

We're both full-blooded Indians, but except for church, we haven't been around our people much since we left home. Now we'd like to settle down, work in an Indian hospital, teach what we've learned to Indian young people, in a place where people are friendlier, where they care more about you and are more appreciative of who you are and what you do. ☆

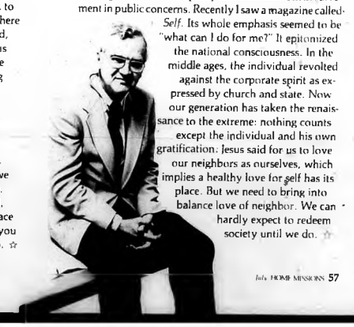


BOB HICKMAN, contractor, Estes Park, Colo: Since coming here from Missouri I've had to adjust to a lot of things. I'd been a member of a Southern Baptist church for 35 years and never heard of "closed" communion—visiting Christians were always welcome. Here so many are from different ways of believing, we get into some squabbles about that. . . .

And our town isn't real Christian. Stores display magazines like *Playboy*.

I think we ought to have an ordinance to keep these off-color magazines out of sight. ☆

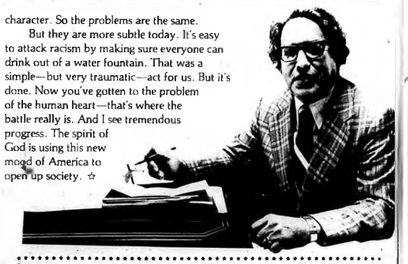
DAN BURGE, doctor, Atlanta: What concerns me is the general deterioration of trust in our society. This distrust of people with their institutions carries over to failure to trust among individuals. Accompanying this—perhaps an outgrowth of it—is apathy and a retreat from involvement in public concerns. Recently I saw a magazine called *Self*. Its whole emphasis seemed to be "what can I do for me?" It epitomized the national consciousness. In the middle ages, the individual revolted against the corporate spirit as expressed by church and state. Now our generation has taken the renaissance to the extreme: nothing counts except the individual and his own gratification. Jesus said for us to love our neighbors as ourselves, which implies a healthy love for self has its place. But we need to bring into balance love of neighbor. We can hardly expect to redeem society until we do. ☆



mood of America

JIMMY ALLEN, pastor, First Baptist Church, former SBC president, San Antonio: Unfortunately, the agenda of hurting humanity doesn't change much. Our perception may. But all the time, our number one priority remains a spiritual awakening—now we may surface that more as we exhaust ourselves in other activities. Other needs include re-discovering integrity; establishing justice for the poor and discriminated against. And the whole problem of economic survival: the inflation cycle really hurts people on fixed and low incomes. There's an assault on the family; we need to reaffirm the family's role in society, especially at this time when the whole offering of value systems through the media so badly fashion the nation's character. So the problems are the same.

But they are more subtle today. It's easy to attack racism by making sure everyone can drink out of a water fountain. That was a simple—but very traumatic—act for us. But it's done. Now you've gotten to the problem of the human heart—that's where the battle really is. And I see tremendous progress. The spirit of God is using this new mood of America to open up society. ☆



Through the Middle-Class Looking Glass: *Statistically, the average American male is: 28.2 years old, 5'9", 174 lbs.; married at 22. Female is 30.6, 5'4", 142 lbs.; married at age 21. Both work; income—$409 weekly. They live in a $42,900 house, have 1.37 children, are up to their middle-class noses in debt. And will probably divorce after 6.5 years.*

HEE CHANG KIM, computer systems analyst, Los Angeles: Not at first I come to United States to stay. I want to study and then I can go back to Korea but I think I stay with American people, find out how they think and how they came to be so blessed country. . . . First I thought American people enjoy too much freedom. No discipling. Like parents and children relationships. That is different here from Korea. And sometimes see serious political crime and they just pay whatever you-name-it and walk out of jail—if you were rich you can buy whatever you have done away—this is shocking to me. . . . But also the people control government. Like if they do not want a nuclear power plant the government wants, they can make the government not do it. In Korea, if government decides, they do it. And that's all. I love this country. This is so blessed country. There is no way any dictatorship can settle down here. Even though some people think we were wrong, I think United States did a lot to improve the world situation. . . . I have more opportunity here than anywhere. This is stable society so I don't want to make a million dollars in a day, just enough to live like other people live. I am very satisfied. I have technical expertise so I can survive though I don't speak good Engrish. ☆

WAYNE EURICH, director of missions, San Diego, Calif: On the whole, people in our area are on the affluent side. They're able to do more things and we're in the midst of a leisure/recreation area; you know, two cars in every garage and a boat out behind—signs of affluence—that create complacency. And that won't get the job done, because many people do not get interested in others or in things spiritual until they have a crisis in their lives.

People are concentrating more on themselves. They like to buy their work done—even in church. Getting church members to give money is easy—getting them to work isn't. ☆

Putting your best fad forward: *A Californian invented the motorized skateboard. It goes 50 mph at peak speed and cruises at 20 mph.*

EMERSON BLACKBURN, auto dealership owner, Vicksburg, Miss: When I first began selling cars, a lot of people didn't have one. If you did, you were doing well. Now every home has two and most have five or six. We use cars so unnecessarily. Your father did not drive to work when you were little; he took the bus. We need to conserve what God's given us. There's no need for so many automobiles running around. I'd have to adjust, of course—I wouldn't be selling 50-100 cars a month But I could do it. I have before.

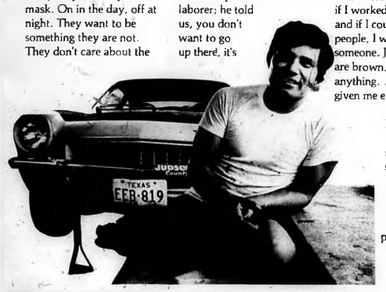
ELSIE CHOY, high school teacher, Honolulu: People really do care more than they ever have before. The women's movement, other things, have helped people look inward, but not concentrate inwardly. I like it. A lot of self-awareness is now surfacing.

Take myself. Ten years ago, I was a homemaker, a mother, a missionary, a teacher—always thinking about the other person. Now for the first time in my life, at age 43, I'm really looking at my own career. My daughters are away in college. My priorities have shifted. I am my priority, in that my career is very important to me and I am important to myself, and this seems to take precedence. . . . I feel like it's my turn. But I don't feel guilty about it. I never knew before that I could have a career of my own. So many are vulnerable now, so many fearful of being truthful with themselves. . . . What I am experiencing gives me a better, more Christian attitude: I can be more honest with myself.

mood of America

FERNANDO AMAYA, auto mechanic/repair shop owner, Laredo, Texas: I look at the country today. Everybody tries to put on a mask. On in the day, off at night. They want to be something they are not. They don't care about the poor, about the sick. There are government programs, but thieves, too. . . .

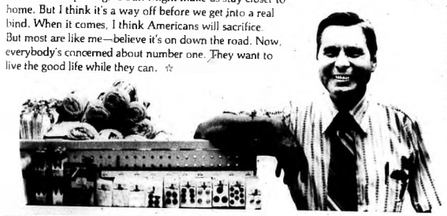
I remember my father worked up north as a laborer; he told us, you don't want to go up there, it's hard. We asked him what he meant. "Well, some people don't like you. Just because you are what you are." But that didn't bother me. I knew if I worked and did my job, and if I could get along with people, I was going to be someone. Just because you are brown, that doesn't mean anything. . . . The Lord has given me everything—even my family. I feel happy, satisfied. If I don't make any money today, it's still a blessing to be alive. I don't care if I make money or not; the Lord has been providing for us. ☆



RON STATON, high school music teacher, Del City, Okla: You get out of college with all these ideas of grandeur and changing the world, and as you mellow and mature, you learn, well, let's make the best of what we can do, for me and my family, and not get any ideas of trying to change the wide scope of society. I'm much less idealistic than I was 10 years ago. And busier. My life's more hectic. I'm constantly running to make another appointment. Inflation is a problem, but it doesn't worry me particularly. I just work harder. I work three jobs, my wife one, so we can enjoy ourselves. It's not a matter of doing that so we can survive. It's to be comfortable, to get some advantages my folks never had. There's no doubt my life's better now that it's ever been. My wife and kids, we have more in material things than we ever had growing up. I can remember my dad's first parsonage—we didn't have running water. Now I have a nice brick home, two cars—it's changed. I'm really comfortable now. Nothing particularly hurts our family: maybe just pressures of having to be some place always and not getting to relax in the evenings with each other. ☆

Please don't squeeze the charmin: *A professional pollster, studying reactions of people unexpectedly hugged by a stranger, found 70 percent "embraced the idea"—and the action, too. His opinion: 'People are loosening up. They want to say hello on the elevator. They want to be friendly. If people hugged one or two times a day, they would feel relief from tension and anxiety. But many don't know how.*
All-day sucker: *A Texan invented the jalapeno-flavored lollipop; he plans to introduce jalapeno ice cream later.*
And a three-letter word spells: *Iowa carefully avoided license plate combinations spelling "offensive" words like HAGS or PIGS. But 130 irate motorists returned tags labeled GAY.*

TRUITT ADDKISON, Owner/manager of department store, Demopolis, Ala: My life hasn't changed much. Fished some 10 years ago, fish some now; had all we need then, have all we need now. Business is good. I guess we'll face an energy shortage one of these days; as much fuel as we're burning. I don't see how it can help but give out. Might make us stay closer to home. But I think it's a way off before we get into a real bind. When it comes, I think Americans will sacrifice. But most are like me—believe it's on down the road. Now, everybody's concerned about number one. They want to live the good life while they can. ☆



Why am I always last to know? *The 'Incredible Hulk' came to TV and 'balking out' became part of the language.*
Look out if they start charging for apple peels: *When you buy a carton of soft drinks in non-returnable bottles, the drink costs 10 cents. The bottles cost 90 cents.*
Statistics on Tums sales unavailable: *In '78 people spent $4.6 billion at McDonald's.*

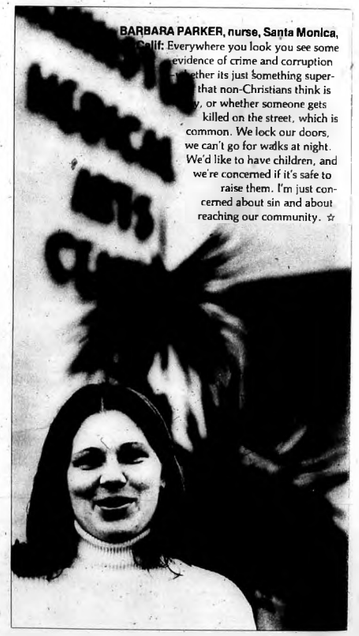
PAM MARTIN, secretary, Atlanta: As far as living today, I think I'm doing much better. Racial problems are not serious—blacks have more opportunity, grants for school, loans, just whatever we were deprived of. . . . Some blacks, though, were mistreated so long, they take advantage of benefits, they use the system, they get by doing less than they should. . . . I detest anybody taking advantage, especially of another's kindness. I think this comes from the economy, it's just a rat race, everybody out for number one. Instead of budgetting and readjusting they think about their own selfish needs, which causes confusion and people not caring for others because they're so busy caring for themselves. Caring about people is so much more important than money. If people were to get together and care and try to be sensitive to each other instead of thinking only of their own selfishness, we could really turn this nation toward God. ☆

Mrs. J.W. HERRING, motel owner, widow, Panama City Beach, Fla: It bothers me the way the world is getting. The way people live now. I can't understand how anybody can live the life some are. I was brought up in a Christian home. We didn't act like that. People aren't a family any more. They go different ways. Maybe I'm wrong, but that's the way I feel. They seem to be getting worse. They have forgotten we have a God we need to worship. If you say anything to them about Sunday school or church, they resent it. So many mothers are working—they used to stay home. We were satisfied with less. Now we want too much today. ☆

mood of America

CARLOS PAZ, student/clerk, Carver, Mass: Americans have all these desires and they want to fill them, whatever the cost. Resources are dwindling and all these people, more people than ever, are fighting for their share and everyone thinks his share is more than anyone else's.

Me, I'm better off than I've ever been. We've got a small car, a nice apartment. Compared to many, I'd say we have less. But it's no matter to us. We eat well—I feel very rich when I think how well we eat. Since I've become a Christian, I'm not into materialism any more. I've learned to value other things, and I'm not fighting that constant battle to obtain everything around me. ☆



BARBARA PARKER, nurse, Santa Monica, Calif: Everywhere you look you see some evidence of crime and corruption ether its just something super- that non-Christians think is , or whether someone gets killed on the street, which is common. We lock our doors, we can't go for walks at night. We'd like to have children, and we're concerned if it's safe to raise them. I'm just concerned about sin and about reaching our community. ☆

"Oh, yeah," my friend said sagely. "The war's over. Some issues have changed. But how are people acting more selfishly today than they did 10 years ago?" Which implies Dickens' observation, written in the 19th century about the 18th: "They were the worst of times; they were the best of times." And the cliche, probably dating to wall carvings in some Neanderthal's cave: "The more things change, the more they remain the same." So what's new? •

Conflict management

By Walker L. Knight

Speed Leas speaks softly and grins a lot. These may be natural characteristics, but you suspect they could be tools he acquired to help him in his profession. Leas, who spends 80 percent of his time in the middle of church fights, is manager of conflict within churches. He's found yelling and frowning seldom help.

Church fights have been with us since New Testament days. They seem part of the human predicament. The closer people are and the more they care about the issues, the greater the possibility of conflict. Church fights must rank high as a starter of new churches, especially with Southern Baptists.

In the past we thought we had to endure the problems with as much grace as possible, since there seemed little that could be done in an objective, constructive way.

Maybe that day is past. The increase in knowledge about human personality and organizational development has spawned specialists with skills in conflict management.

Employed by the non-denominational Alban Institute of the District of Columbia, Leas works in organizational improvement, clergy development, organizational and community analysis and social change ministries. He was a pastor with the United Church of Christ, a campus minister, and training director for the Institute for Advanced Pastoral Studies in Bloomfield Hills, Mich., before joining Alban in 1977.

Leas classifies conflict in two categories: substantive and interpersonal. Under substantive he says conflict usually results from (in descending importance) differences over values, goals, methods or facts.

Most difficult fights are both substantive and inter-personal.

When conflict is suppressed or denied, it sickens an organization. Problems are displaced or focused on something else, like kicking the cat when you are mad at your wife. One typical response is for people simply to withdraw, drift away or pull into themselves.

Within any voluntary organization is found a low tolerance for conflict. This makes it important to deal with problems early. If conflict is not handled openly and/or early, it builds until it explodes. Leas recalls one church had polarized over the peripheral issue of who was to use the pastor's parking space on his day off. Deeper problems remained sub-surface until he forced the church to confront its real feelings.

Conflicts are typed as debates, games and fights. Debates attempt to change ideas. In games, effort is to win, hopefully over a worthy opponent. In fights, the tactic is to hurt and destroy. The problem with games and debates is they can escalate. What is needed is collaborative problem solving—finding a solution on which all can agree.

Another problem is the tendency to operate out of fear, which makes it difficult to do problem solving. This distorts perception because we see only right and wrong, while ignoring various shades of gray that characterize most human endeavor.

In conflict situations, persons do a lot of mind reading, according to Leas, as they guess what the other intends. People need to realize that others are just as mixed up as they are, and they have the same degrees of benevolence and malevolence. At these times communications become distorted, mostly because persons select what they share.

In conflict situations persons want to establish blame, but causes are usually many and complex. Little can be gained by scape-goating.

It is at these times that persons like Leas can step in and clarify the situation from an objective viewpoint, since they have little at stake except their need to do a good job.

Leas, a nationally recognized authority and author of books in this area (one is called *Church Fights*), charges a healthy fee, but every church contacted with whom he has worked attests to the value of the service. Individuals were not always pleased, but churches were.

Leas conducts extensive interviews with individuals and groups within the congregation; studies the organization, history and documents expressing the life of the congregation. He spends many hours with minister(s) and key leaders. Then he reports, through the congregation's lay leaders, his recommendations on dealing with the conflict.

At later times, he conducts all-day meetings with the congregation to examine the values of conflict, types of behavior to be desired or avoided, ways in which to develop goals and objectives, and how to plan to reach these. He also makes organizational recommendations for long-term improvements, working with the congregation as long as necessary.

Observing up close the work of Speed (that's the name Mrs. Leas gave him) Leas, I became convinced Southern Baptists are late in developing these skills within the denomination. It is important we do, because with our provincial heritage we are reluctant to use persons of other denominations, mainly because we do not feel they can understand the finer points of our structures or our values. Actually, we are not all that different.

I suggest we make an effort to train our directors of missions in conflict management, for they are persons first contacted by congregations in conflict. This entire field is knowledge God is giving to his people, and we need to use it. Speed Leas is willing to share his gifts for training. Are Southern Baptists ready to listen?

When we last left our intrepid leader, he was basking in the limelight of national peacemaking: President Carter had built his Egypt-Israel treaty speech around his poem.

But this month, our peacemaker donned fatigues and helmet and went to war. With HMB photographer Paul Obregón, HM editor Walker Knight spent four hot, dirty, sweaty days with the U.S. Army on maneuvers at Fort Hood. They bounced over rough terrain by day, slept under stars. Meals were irregular—often C rations.

Knight's previous army experience came in China during World War II; Obregon, who'd served "more recently," admitted: "It was like being in the army again." So caught up was he in the maneuvers, Obregon got up before sunrise one morning to seek out "the enemy." But the only tanks he could find were friendly forces. Rumor has it he was so disappointed he spent the rest of the day moping in his foxhole.

* * *

Meanwhile, associate editor Everett Hullum, in punishment for having an assignment in Hawaii, spent a hectic deadline week transcribing and editing dozens of tapes from a year-long effort to ascertain the "mood of America." His discoveries you've just passed on previous pages; the one thing we can add is that his mood, upon finishing the story, was "pooped."

* * *

Her first minutes in the Boston suburb of Chelsea, didn't offer an exciting introduction to New England for assistant editor Phyllis Faulkenbury. It was cold. Rainy. Snowy. Nice for identifying with the arrival of her subject, missionary James McAleece, three years before. But hardly what you'd hope from an assignment only a stone's throw from the *U.S. Constitution*, Bunker Hill, Old North Church and a half dozen seafood restaurants.

But her mood didn't last. For inside Chelsea Baptist Church, Faulkenbury found warmth, coziness, an engaging friendliness. Soon she was talking to—and laughing with—women of the ceramics class. The atmosphere clearly demonstrated why Nancy and Jim McAleece have been so fully accepted, recalls Faulkenbury, "and how they've been able to become such integral members of their new community." •

letters

Updating update

March HM says so many things about home missions and bold missions that I have been saying and trying to say to the people in these associations for the last few years.

Jack Palmer
Russellville, Ky.

• Congratulations on your beautiful "Update 79." Both the concept and the execution were superb.

David Clanton
Dallas, Texas

• Those of us out here on the field appreciate the support of the release of fine quality-material that makes information both available and attractive enough to secure readership.

W.Duane McCormick
Omaha, Neb.

Chaplaincy

Thank you for your comments (HM Aug. '78). I look forward to your book, Chaplaincy: Love on the Line.

For 25 years I served Southern Baptist churches as pastor and felt I had some degree of expertise in visiting the sick and ministering in crisis situations. I discovered at age 51 how much I lacked in training. It was during a year of CPE I discovered the value of in-depth clinical training offererd through such programs.

Thank you for drawing attention to "that extra dimension which sets [chaplains] apart from most ministers . . . and provides tools to sharpen skills for understanding people and applying the gospel to their needs."

Arthur S. Howard
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Baptist stand

I too was disturbed over the article "We Were Really Flying" (HM Nov. '78), as to who authorized the Lord's Supper service spoken of. I am equally disturbed over your answer to J.W. Ray (HM Jan. '79). As a Southern Baptist pastor, I think the Home Missions and any/all Southern Baptist Convention agencies, boards, etc., should be required to take a firm stand on the Baptist Faith and Practice, and stop this wishy-washy, spineless, compromising stand of not "taking a stand." Why not let the world and Southern Baptists know where we stand?

[However] I enjoy HM for keeping before us the work in home missions.

John E. Allen
Ada, Okla.

"Comment" outta this world

I take exception with your comment (May HM). Much has been done to throw the Convention into the center (or at the very least inside the periphery) of new interests today. I do not believe this shift should be applauded.

You stated Southern Baptists were becoming more involved with "broad new interests tempered with political realism." That may be true; but to equate this with "maturity" I must object. That makes us not more mature but less effective in presenting Jesus Christ. I cannot help but feel that if the world (which is getting more "worldly"!) accepts us, Jesus may reject us.

When we become involved with endorsement of SALT II and other political programs, we are not doing what we have been called to do. If the world is accepts us more, get set for decline—Jesus said the world would hate us.

To paraphrase your final comment, "If a shift has occurred, I for one will NOT applaud it."

Charles Zehnder
Price, Utah

Tears for Parshall

The article on chaplain Howard Parshall (May HM) made me weep and weep. I wept at all I saw. I wept for the people [in the mental hospital]. I wept for Parshall. I wept for myself for being such a complainer and for trying to be a success in the worldly sense. Imagine 20 years of that kind of Christian ministry—God's name is being praised.

Warren F. Taylor
Smithfield, Va.

TV "Gospel" reruns

I was grieved and embarrassed for all Baptist Christians when I read your very biased "Gospel According to T.V." (May HM). May God forgive us Baptists for being critical of an organization that is winning 30,000 people to the Lord in one year. You ask "where is its converts' church?" The ones I know personally have grown spiritually and have a new dimension of Christian joy and excitement they never had before; furthermore, these new attitudes have made them love their local churches more than ever before.

Instead of casting stones, would it not be more fitting if we cleaned up our own stewardship of money?

Shirley Blackwell
Jackson, Tenn.

• More of our Southern Baptist Christian friends need to be made aware of what some of these groups are doing on TV time.

Marion Stephens
Rutherford, Tenn.

in passing

Image(s) of the Home Mission Board

By William G. Tanner

Recently, as we discussed contents of new brochures and pamphlets for the Home Mission Board, I was asked, "What do you want to say about the Board? What images do you want to project?"

My answer focused on Bold Mission Thrust emphases of starting new churches, of telling persons of Jesus Christ's promise of hope and eternal life, of offering the "cup of cold water" in his name.

I described the Board as progressive, concerned, energetic, knowledgeable; all attributes I believe express HMB.

But in past weeks I've pondered another image of the Board, one that recognizes the agency more as "who" and less as "what." I've come to see us not in terms of programs, but in faces of people.

One face I'm thinking of is black.

It's a weathered, wrinkled face in middle-age—a face revealing a lot of living by a man who grew up in a poverty-stricken neighborhood in New Orleans.

All around him were the plagues of inner-city life: drugs, prostitution, sickness, rejection, crime. But he found in the holocaust a haven: a Baptist center.

He played there—and swept floors there; he learned of Christ there, became a Christian there. Later he went away from his neighborhood to earn college degrees; he taught school.

But he never forgot the center—its contribution to his life—and when opportunity came, he returned to it—as its new director. His name is Herbert Martin and today he is a home missionary.

Another face I remember is brownish-red, intense-looking, with a frame of dark hair.

This young man was reared in dry, dusty northwest New Mexico. His father was a medicine man of the Navaho tribe.

Like most of his people, he knew poverty, and understood rejection. Over the years, as many young Native Americans, he developed strong feelings of pride and independence. He might have grown into an angry young man, bitter toward whites, bent on violent confrontations in the effort to regain human rights long lost.

But he did not grow up angry or bitter. Because his sister introduced him to James Nelson.

Nelson—one of the most loving and gentle men I've ever known—was a home missionary in that remote area. Nelson had introduced the young man's sister to Christ. Her commitment had become so unwavering she endured a barbed-wire beating from her father rather than turn from Christ.

Her brother followed her in dedication. And after college he went to Southwestern seminary.

He never lost his pride or his desire to help his people gain self-determination. But today he approaches their problems from a Christian perspective, as a home missionary to American Indian students in Santa Fe.

His name is Russell Begaye.

The third face of my home missions "image" is white, with soft, blond beard and piercing eyes.

He had been everything, done everything—even "hard time" in prison—before that night he met James McAleece.

McAleece, a home missionary in Christian social ministries in Boston, listened to the young man explain he wanted to marry the woman with whom he lived.

Other ministers, learning of his background and lifestyle, had rejected his request to legitimize the relationship. Finally he'd found McAleece.

McAleece did not disappoint him. Not only did the home missionary marry the couple, he loaned them money and allowed them to sleep in the church for several weeks. He helped find them an apartment and a job.

Through his ministry they became Christians and joined Chelsea Baptist Church, which McAleece pastors.

Today the young man keeps a special "piggy bank" into which he places all his change. The savings will go for expenses when he attends seminary—he wants to become a minister.

And a home missionary?

I do not know if one day he'll complete the cycle, as have Herbert Martin and Russell Begaye. But McAleece, who ordained the young man, believes "he has a good chance."

So I wouldn't be surprised to someday have the joy of seeing him appointed a home missionary. It's the story of home missions.

So if you hold only one image of home missions, perhaps that's the one I'd like you to see: the black, red, white faces of persons who have been given hope and encouragement and new life through the ministry of home missionaries; and who now give to others that same hope, encouragement and new life in Christ. •