

**Super Summer
in Pippa Passes**

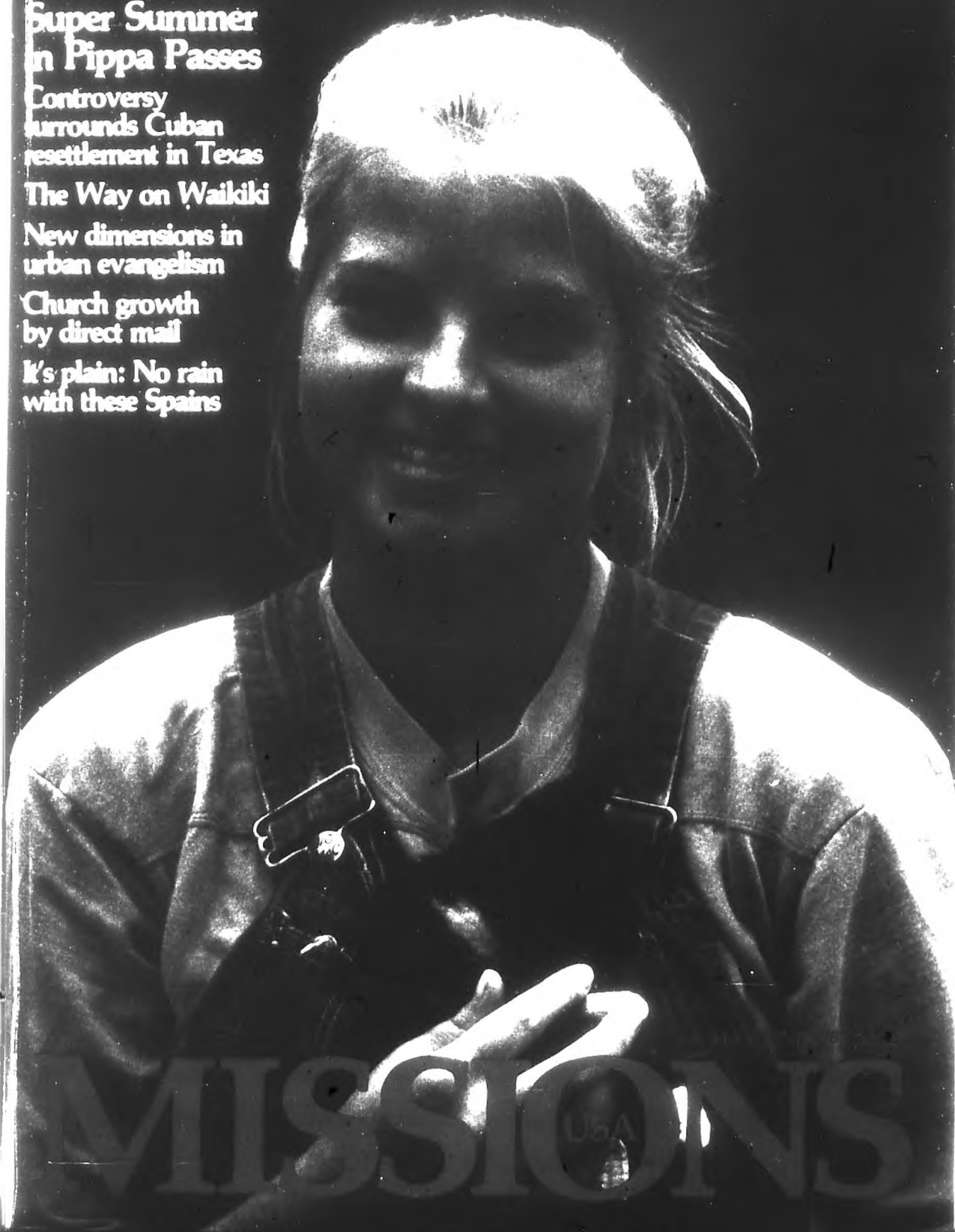
**Controversy
surrounds Cuban
resettlement in Texas**

The Way on Waikiki

**New dimensions in
urban evangelism**

**Church growth
by direct mail**

**It's plain: No rain
with these Spains**





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Opposite: On famous Waikiki beach, home missionary Veryl Henderson talks to lifeguards, among the many employees he attempts to serve in a difficult, 24-hour-a-day resort ministry.
Photograph by Everett Hullum

Cover: In the moments between painting and VBSing, Rene Hashe plays with a small kitten. Hashe was one of scores of SBC volunteers who served in Pippa Passes last summer.
Photograph by Paul Obregon

When the social worker brought Wendy, a two-year-old Mescalero Indian girl, to missionaries James and Joan Huse, the child was almost catatonic. For hours, she would sit, silent, motionless, staring into space with wide glazed eyes. Purple-black splotches marred her soft, brown skin.

The first sentence Wendy's new foster parents heard her speak came during a checkup at the public health hospital. Noticing an ashtray filled with cigarette butts, the child squeezed Joan Huse's arm and shivered. "Mommy," she whispered, pointing at the butts. "Those hurt."

Wendy was tiny. She had simply stopped growing, a common symptom in abused children. Doctors believed she would never fully develop, physically or mentally.

The Huses disagreed. They took Wendy into their home on the Mescalero Apache reservation. They fed her, clothed her warmly. Most of all, they held her, touched her, hugged her. The Huses' eight daughters did the same. "We all just loved her," recalls Joan.

In six months, Wendy grew six inches. She talked, laughed, played with the Huse children, attended school at the usual age—progressed as a normal child. "When she came out of herself, she wasn't afraid of people," Joan says. "She wanted and enjoyed the attention they gave her."

Above all, Wendy loved to be held. She spent hours cuddled in the laps of her new family.

Wendy's arrival at the Huse home 10 years ago marked a quiet but crucial turning point in the ministry of the missionary couple. They had worked long and hard to win the trust of New Mexico's Mescalero tribe. But progress was slow. In eight years, they had moved onto the reservation itself—unusual for whites—and had gathered about 16 adults into a church meeting in a converted chicken house.

But neither Huse felt they had won the full confidence of the tribe—barriers of culture and color and centuries of betrayals and brutalities still handicapped their efforts.

"It took me five or six years just to earn a hearing," Huse recalls. "Trust is a very slow process. It's a matter of time. You've got to stay, and work, be here when somebody needs you."

Wendy became the key. Love and affection showered on her were harbingers of experiences to be felt by dozens of children to enter and exit the Huse family over the next decade.

And from that continual, constant caring, the tribe came to understand the Huses' dedication and concern for all who live on the Mescalero reservation.

It was fitting that a child offered the breakthrough; Huse's ministry to the

Mescaleros had begun with children.

During college, James Huse developed a conviction that he wanted to enter Indian missions. In 1955, fresh out of New Orleans Baptist Theological Seminary, the lanky Texan was appointed home missionary to the Baptist Indian Center in Albuquerque.

He pastored First Indian Baptist Church, and worked with children and youth at Albuquerque Indian School.

During summer recess, most returned home. The Huses used their vacations for excursions to Indian reservations around the state, visiting students and meeting their families. Such a trip brought them to the mountainous home of the Mescaleros in 1956.

Mescalero Reservation covers 700 square miles of southeastern New Mexico, draping both sides of the Sacramento Mountain Range. The hills slope like great wombs; the wind, stealing through pine, aspen, fir and white oak forests and over countless streams and creeks, suggests a breathing—a kind of primordial life that pulses within and about the immense mass of land.

This is the ancestral home of the Mescaleros, whose native religion attributes mystical powers to the mountains. Within sight of 12,000-foot Sierra Blanca, the peak most sacred to the tribe, the reservation was estab-

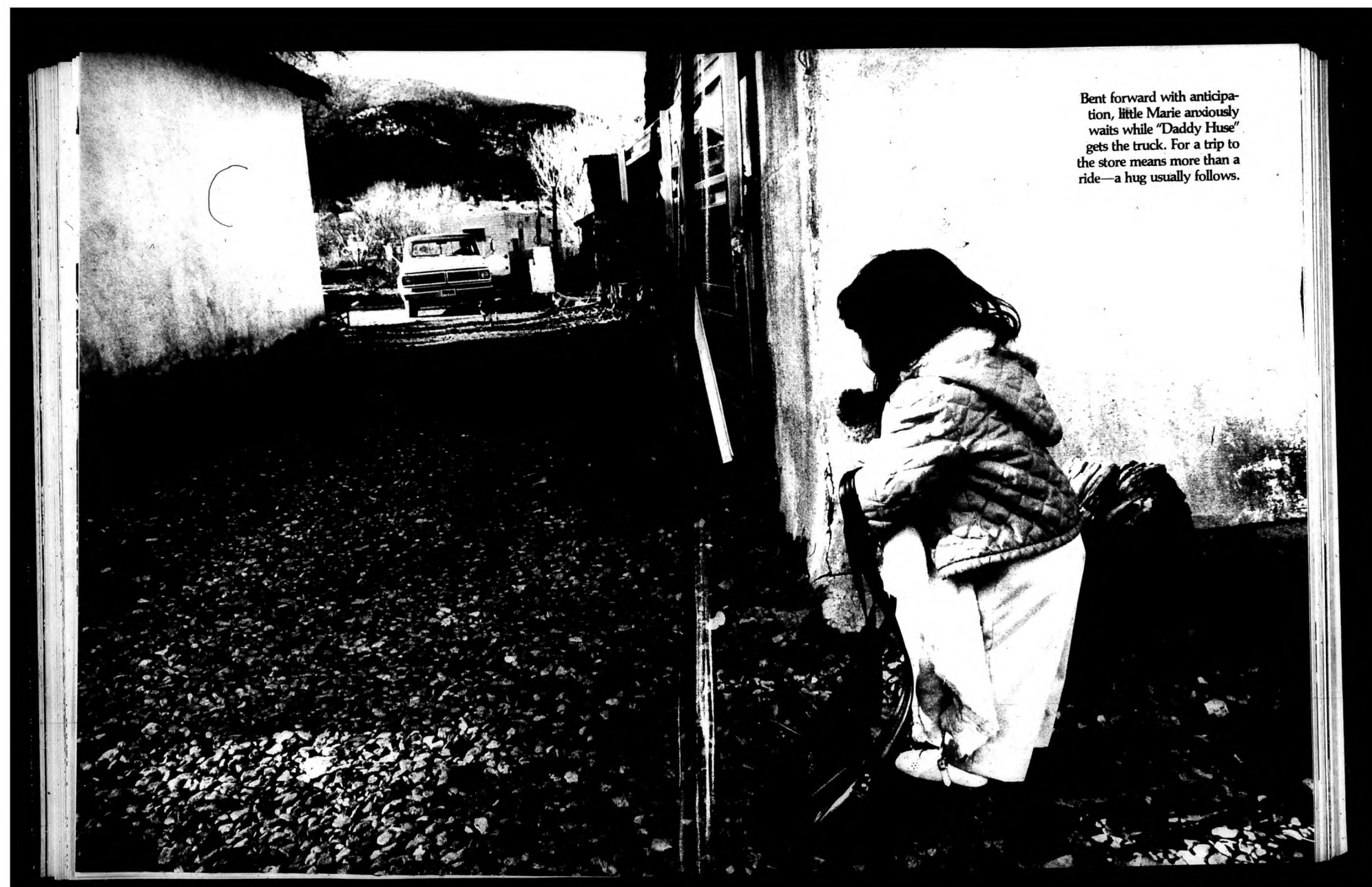
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"There's always room for one more" has become the theme for the ministry of James and Joan Huse, home missionaries to the Mescalero Indians of New Mexico.

FOSTER FAMILY

By Erich Bridges Photography by Mark Sandlin





Bent forward with anticipation, little Marie anxiously waits while "Daddy Huse" gets the truck. For a trip to the store means more than a ride—a hug usually follows.



The Huses' ministry goes far beyond "Sunday preaching."

In their open and honest love for "their children," in their constant concern, they tell the Christian message.

lished in 1873, after the series of bloody wars that depleted the ranks of all the Apache tribes.

The Huses fell in love with the Mescaleros and their homeland on that first visit. Immediately they sought an opportunity to start Baptist work there.

In 1962 the missionary couple was reassigned by the Home Mission Board and the Baptist Convention of New Mexico to the Mescalero Reservation. "We had a nucleus of Mescalero children from the Indian school in Albuquerque to begin," Huse recalls. "We started out living off the reservation, doing visitation with the families on a weekly basis. We knew we had to win the tribe's trust before the work would begin to develop."

In 1966, Huse's first wife, Jean, was killed in an auto crash. Alone, Huse shouldered the task of nurturing their six young daughters and carrying on the demanding ministry. It was a difficult time, he comments quietly. "But the Lord stayed with us."

Huse moved the family into a low, rambling house, once a general store, just an apple orchard away from the "chicken coop church," now Mescalero Baptist Mission.

In 1968, Huse married Joan Urch, a Wycliffe Bible translator who had come to the reservation to study the tribe's dialect and translate scriptures.

Also an experienced nurse, Joan added a vital new dimension. She joined the staff of the reservation hospital. In 1970, she learned of the need for couples to foster children from troubled Mescalero families. The Huses volunteered; Wendy followed.

Like many other children, two-year-old Marie puts her trust in, and finds complete security in Daddy Huse.

Huse had preached, visited door-to-door ("the back door, that's where you go if you want a hearing"), prayed with relatives in waiting rooms and funeral homes, performed weddings and funerals, spent hours at tribal feasts, celebrations, rodeos. But foster parenting offered a way to minister to tribal families with great need.

Mescalero Apaches are self-reliant people, close-knit and hard-working. Through imaginative and aggressive use of their resources, they have avoided much of the poverty that afflicts many Native Americans. Mescaleros own cattle herds and a timber cutting operation, a popular resort and a ski area on reservation land.

But alcoholism plagues the people. Deaths from liver disease, automobile accidents and other alcohol-related mishaps have left among a reservation population of 2,200 only 150 people over age 50. Median age is 16.

Alcoholism exerts terrific pressures on the Mescalero family unit, according to John Gutierrez, child welfare worker for the Bureau of Indian Affairs Social Services. "Alcohol deaths often leave orphans," says Gutierrez, "and children of alcoholics are usually neglected, sometimes abused. And there's the 'modeling' for kids—they go on to delinquency, child alcoholism, acting out negativism. It's passed from one generation to the next."

Attempting to break the cycle, social services and the tribe operate education and alcoholic rehabilitation programs, and a group foster home for children of troubled families.

For the Huses, caring for suffering children became a way of bandaging the wound, of soothing the vulnerable.



Like her husband, Joan Huse freely accepts the rejected, warmly welcomes the abandoned children. In the past decade, 60 little ones have lived in the Huse home.



A busy schedule constantly presses Joan Huse; yet she's careful always to preserve quality time with her children.

exposed hurt of tribal families.

After Wendy followed Lisa, 9, who came merely to go trick-or-treating at Halloween, but contracted a mysterious, symptomless illness and ended up staying years. "She had been rejected as a young child, and didn't believe we'd keep her," recalls Joan.

Six-year-old Billy was next. "He walked in and said, 'Hi, I'm mentally retarded.' I said, 'No, you're not.' And he wasn't. He was a con artist." Billy was small for his age, and undernourished. The Huses remedied that.

A brother and sister team followed, bringing the resident population to 13 (including James' six daughters, James and Joan's two daughters, and five foster children). "We began wondering

what we'd got ourselves into."

The first foster children stayed two years. Then came the pain of foster parenting—the Huses had one week's notice from Social Services that the children were to be taken to a children's home away from the reservation.

"The foster kids cried all weekend," Joan remembers. "We cried. Our kids cried. Our youngest daughter couldn't understand. They had been her brothers and sisters all her life."

But other foster children came. Lucille arrived barely a month old, a victim of fetal alcohol syndrome, a disease afflicting babies of mothers who drink heavily during pregnancy. Born alcoholic, she cried continuously.

She had to sit up for three months, awake or asleep, to prevent vomiting. Doctors doubted she would survive; if so, retardation was likely.

Joan put Lucille on a vitamin-rich diet, plus large doses of the Huse specialty: loving and touching. Before the year's end, she was crawling; in another year, she had caught up in development and movement skills. Today she is normal.

Since 1970 the Huses have cared for 60 children, newborn to teenagers. They have even taken in offspring of children they once fostered.

The ministry has earned respect, affection and trust from the Mescalero tribe and its leaders. Huse has a close working relationship with tribal judges

"Regardless of the situation," says a reservation social worker, "I feel comfortable calling on the Huses, because they have a solid relationship with the tribe."



who occasionally ask him to counsel troubled families. And in emergencies, he's often the one called.

Once a social worker notified him a young woman was on a hillside threatening suicide. Would he come? Huse and the social worker rushed to the woman, who brandished a pistol and warned them away. For tense minutes, they urged her to surrender the weapon. Finally, she agreed to talk to her children. Huse remained while the social worker found the children. Reunited with her children, the woman turned the gun over to Huse.

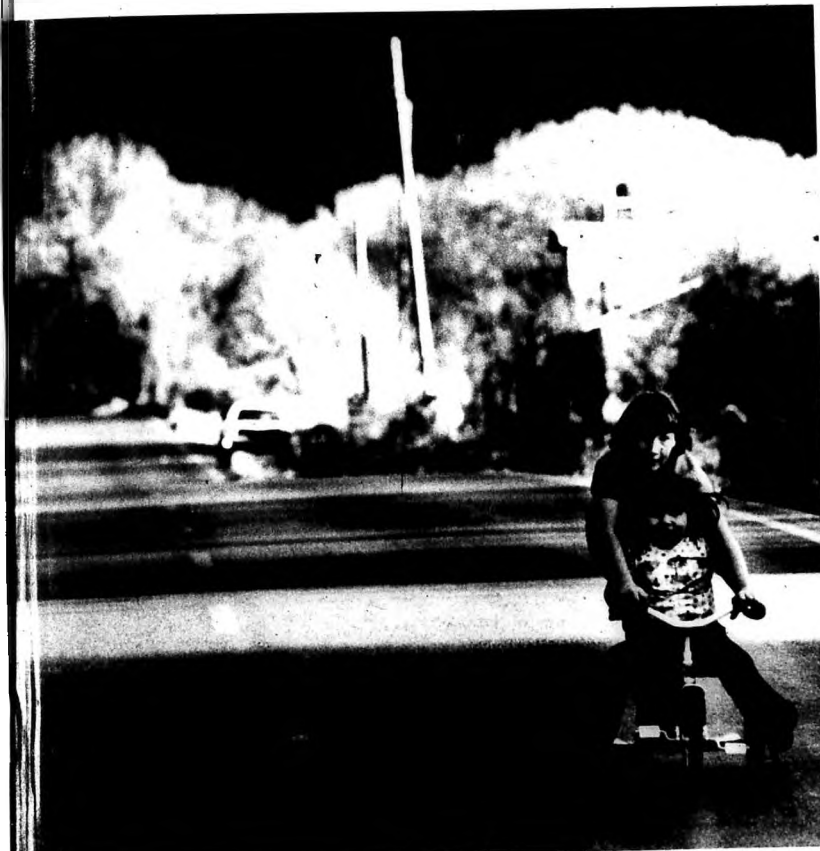
On another occasion, a critically ill child was to be helicoptered to El Paso for medical treatment. While waiting, she kept asking for "Daddy Huse." Huse didn't arrive at the clinic until the girl had been airlifted away. Immediately he set out for El Paso.

Such willingness to go to unusual lengths to minister has forged a personal link between the Huses and the tribe. "Regardless of the problem or situation, I feel comfortable calling on them," says child worker Gutierrez. "It's because of their solid relationship with the tribe."

The children still come, and it is still hard to let them go. "It tears you up," says James. "We could never do this if we didn't have our own kids. If a child is here any time at all, he becomes part of the family. When he is gone, you look for him around the house, in the yard."

When they go, "you hold your breath and wonder, will they make it?" Joan explains. "With the social and

Continued
Like Huse, older children seek to provide younger kids with the added love and reassurance they need.



For the Huses, the world is completed when a child smiles. And the children who live with them, their own by blood or by "adoption," find smiling easy.



The Huses have spent 25 years with the Mescaleros. They have earned respect and affection. And James has become the best-known "daddy" on the reservation.

financial pressures, it's so hard."

Recently the Huses legally adopted Ellen, 6, and the tribal court has entrusted 2-year-old Marie to the family on a permanent foster-care basis. They hope to adopt her also. Marilyn, 10, and Jonalis, 11, youngest of the natural Huse clan, remain at home.

And the reservation ministry continues. In 1973 the small church building was replaced by a new sanctuary and education facility.

Mescalero Baptist Mission now has 54 members. Huse drives 50-75 miles in his van twice a day on Sundays and once on Tuesday evenings, stopping at homes to make pickups for services.

After Joan leads hymns in English and Apache, he preaches simply on sin and salvation and the love of Christ. "We start when we start and finish when we finish," says Huse. Vacation Bible school, Indian camp and revival are annual events.

Daily both Huses practice "back-door" visitation and take jaunts to nearby Broken Arrow Cafe or tribal headquarters to drink coffee and glean the latest reservation news.

Joan teaches a Bible study at the alcohol treatment center. James ministers to grieving families in waiting rooms. "I don't say much; I'm just there." It is enough.

Huse, after 25 years of ministry

among the people he loves, has earned a place in the tribe's affection. The depth of his involvement is revealed in a recent incident. Arnold, grandson of a tribal judge, had found an old, beat-up hat. He was showing it off to the other kids.

"Where'd you get it?" one asked.

"My dad gave it to me."

The kids knew Arnold's dad had not lived with the family for many years. "Oh, yeah? Your dad's not here," they teased.

"He is!" Arnold replied. "Everybody knows Daddy Huse is my dad." □

Bridges, a two-year volunteer writer with the Mission Service Corps, now serves on the News Information staff of the Foreign Mission Board, Richmond.

Though only two, Marie is already being taught to care for "little sis," Lucille, a victim of fetal alcohol syndrome.



When a Southern Baptist layman brought 138 Cuban refugees to a small Texas town, resettlement efforts were marred by community fears and threats of violence.

By John Rutledge Illustrations by Bob Braun

Hostility and Hope In Haltom City

On a sunny October day, a white Cadillac pulled into the parking lot of a motel in Haltom City, a Fort Worth, Texas, suburb. There 128 Cuban refugees were housed, waiting to find jobs.

The driver pulled up to Ron Meers, director of the mission organization sponsoring the Cubans. The electric window whirled down.

"Mister, you don't have long to

live," the driver growled. Meers shrugged off the threat, but it was just a taste of a full course of hate and resentment to come.

A 40-year-old home builder, Meers found that his attempt to resettle the Cubans, which he considered an act of Christian kindness, had become the focus of a confrontation reminiscent of the early days of the civil rights struggle.

The Ku Klux Klan eventually entered the fray, and the motel where the Cubans stayed was barraged with hate calls and bomb threats. Meers' 18-hour work days became 21-hour "pressure cookers" that threatened his health and strained family relations.

And when it was all over, even his supporters and friends questioned his wisdom and methods.

Continued



In the "send-them-back-to-Cuba" atmosphere, many Cubans were stuck in the resettlement camps. When Meers offered to help, he faced resentment at home.

Hostile reaction to the Haltom City resettlement was part of a nationwide chorus of protests against the Cuban "freedom flotilla."

A year ago, Cuba premier Fidel Castro opened the port of Mariel. Thousands of Cuban-Americans, chartering anything that would float, sailed to Cuba to pick up relatives. For 159 days they ferried refugees to Florida, swamping U.S. customs and immigration.

Castro denounced those leaving the Caribbean island as dregs of society. He claimed he had emptied his jails, prisons and mental institutions. U.S. immigration confirmed some refugees had been imprisoned.

The boatlift brought 125,000 Cuban men, women and children. Most were resettled quickly. But in September 1980, 12,000 unsponsored refugees, mostly unaccompanied men without Stateside relatives, remained in camps. Minor riots erupted. "Send them back to Cuba" became the backlash opinion of many Americans, especially when stories of homosexuality, murder and espionage circulated. To make matters worse, Cubans hijacked planes to return to Cuba.

Cost of the camps soared to \$1 million a day; sponsorships slowed.

Against this bizarre background, Cubans who kept to themselves and made no trouble went unnoticed. Among them were men who volunteered for government work, doing carpentry and other labor for free. They reasoned their actions would promote good will and help their chances for sponsorship. From these 138 were chosen to go to Texas under sponsorship of Bellevue Missions International and a man named Ron Meers.

When the boatlift began, Meers was

just back from Honduras, where he and 60 volunteers from Bellevue Baptist Church had worked on a missions project. Meers, a successful businessman, has a mind "that runs three steps ahead of everyone else's," says a friend. "He's the sort you either love or hate—no middle ground."

In Honduras, he had discussed with the Honduran government the idea of resettling Cambodian refugees there. Carrying its approval, he flew to Washington to talk with State Department officials. They suggested Meers resettle a few thousand at first and, almost as an aside, asked if he could resettle Cuban refugees in the interim.

Residents greet Cuban refugees

KKK gives Cubans 'welcome' to area

City displaying mixed emotions about refugees

"Sure, why not," he said. "We're between projects."

To Meers, anything seemed possible. All his experience—the contacts he'd made, the strings he'd learned to pull—made him highly confident. But Haltom City would be the test.

Despite an SBC resolution encouraging aid for Cuban "boat people," Meers found the Home Mission Board had resettled only about 40. He planned to resettle—at once—138.

Meers was acting through Bellevue Missions International (BMI), an arm independent of, but dependent upon, Bellevue church. The organization had been created earlier to serve church members who wanted to participate in missions and respond to opportunities without delay—very much Meers' style while still preserving principles of democratic action and separation from government funds. For the Cuban project, the State Department would pay BMI \$1,000 per refugee. Meers quickly found jobs for the first 10 Cubans. The church seemed to approve, although his pastor, Doug White, was surprised that Meers was resettling 10 Cubans. "That's a pretty big number, isn't it?" he asked.

Meers didn't mention the larger contingent, arriving in early October.

Despite Meers' attempts at secrecy, however, the Cubans were greeted at the airport by reporters and television cameramen. Their tattered baggage, some handmarked "Hurts, Texa.," was loaded onto three buses, and they were taken to Haltom Inn. Meers' team of Spanish-speaking volunteers, including some Cuban-Americans from Central Iglesia Bautista in Fort Worth, helped the Cubans find their rooms.

State says man bilked refugees

Rumors and threats hurt Meers. But most refugees didn't understand. They watched a Klan protest march, thinking it was a Texas welcoming ceremony.

The Cubans were in high spirits, posing for photographs and joking. They were amazed by color TV. "In Cuba, only Castro has these."

The evening news, failing to distinguish between BMI and Bellevue church, announced the church was sponsoring 128 Cuban refugees. The news implied, against Meers denials, the group included homosexuals and criminals. Church members were shocked. By the time Meers told them the whole story, the situation was out of hand. Haltom City, confronted with an ethnic community it did not understand or want, had exploded.

"The press, radio and television made of the event a misproportioned spectacle which very quickly inspired unfounded fear in a few citizens," says Hugo Ruiz, pastor of Iglesia Central.

The Cubans, mostly blacks who spoke a Spanish dialect Mexican-Americans found unintelligible, were housed in the old, run-down section of the town of 30,000. Under no restraints for the first time since leaving Cuba, they explored the nearby shopping center and aging business district, a world of used car lots, fast food stands, pawn shops, lawnmower repair shops. It is probably the duller assortment of Americana anyone could assemble, but the Cubans liked it. They walked free at last—right into trouble.

Rumors began: "There was a riot, the restaurant manager suffered a heart attack." . . . "Cubans rioted in the shopping center and 35 police cars were needed to stop it." . . . "Cubans were testing the locked doors of nearby residences." None of which was true.

A woman phoned police: Cubans were breaking into her house. Four

police cars rushed to the scene. A pickup truck had stalled and the driver had asked the woman if he could use her telephone. She ran him off. He had blue eyes and blond hair.

An unofficial town meeting was called to discuss the "Cuban problem." About 65 persons attended. One after another, they voiced their concerns: Cubans take our jobs, they endanger our community. "We ought to take care of ourselves first. Charity begins at home," said one.

Hugo Contreras, a long-time resident, could not understand the agitation. Vietnamese had been accepted by the community with little protest. "I see them driving around and going to the bank," he says. "They made it, so why can't the Cubans do the same?"

Pastor Dwaine Greene of 1,700-member Birdville Baptist Church, says, "The Christian community was upset. People felt they ought not to be here in such large numbers. Not because they're Cubans. They just didn't like a bunch of men walking the streets."

Meers was "thinking with his heart rather than his head," when he conceived the project, Greene says.

"Level-headed people at the meeting didn't want to argue, and they either left or kept quiet because of the extremists," Greene continues. "Those who attended the first meeting didn't go back to the later council meeting. The problem was, we backed off."

The Klan, once it found the Haltom City government was upset about the Cubans, stepped up its rhetoric. Then began bomb threats to the Haltom Inn. Meers ordered the motel cleared after the first one, but threats became so numerous they finally were ignored. Callers threatened to blow up Meers'

home, his car, his church. They threatened to shoot him.

"They would say, 'You're a communist, you're nothing but poor white trash, bringing these murderers and rapers in to take advantage of our women and children,'" Meers recalls. "One guy said he couldn't even go to work now, he had to buy a gun and stay home and protect his family."

Anti-Cuban sentiment had grown to near hysteria by the time the city council met in mid-October. Jammed into the small chambers were 125 people, including five robed Klansmen. About 20 Klan men, women and children marched outside.

Mayor Johnnie B. Lee complained the federal government should have informed him before resettling refugees in Haltom City. Later he recalled, "Everybody in town came down on us, and we didn't know what to tell them. We're primarily an elderly community. Old people, we call them widow ladies, are 40 percent of the town. Suddenly you've got these dark-skinned people walking around residential areas at night. It caused an uproar."

Meers did not speak at the council meeting. Two Cuban-Americans defended the refugees. All other speakers sided against them.

After the meeting, the Klan headed for Haltom Inn. When the Cubans saw the parade of white-robes, they thought it was a welcoming ceremony. After marching around and distributing anti-Cuban handbills to the smiling Cubans, the Klan dispersed.

Later Meers explained, "The Klan is [allowed to be] here by law. That's the reason you came here—democracy. In Cuba, if you oppose a government



policy, you would be shot or jailed."

The refugees learned other lessons. Sleazy characters came to sell them watches and jewelry.

Desperate to find jobs, many of the Cubans not waiting for Meers, applied

or ethnic overtones "if the situation provokes community reaction."

Perez was concerned about the refugees themselves. He reprimanded Meers for not working more closely with local officials. He described the

were spurred on by "Christ, who teaches us in him there are no boundaries nor differences," Ruiz adds. "In him we are one."

On Sundays, the Cubans listened as the congregation sang "Oh How He Loves You and Me." They watched as members shook hands and hugged one another—and then. With great expression, Ruiz would explain that if they were apart from God, only faith in Christ could bring them to him.

During an emotional service about two weeks after their arrival, about 40 Cubans professed faith in Christ.

Ruiz reports a total of "about 100" professions of faith among the refugees, a "good percentage" of whom continue to attend.

"Because of similarities in backgrounds and culture, the Central congregation related to the refugees in ways no other church could," says Oscar Romo, director of language missions for the HMB.

The Sunday before Thanksgiving, Central church prepared turkey and dressing. A church worker tried to explain the holiday: "America was founded by immigrants," she said.

"Immigrants," one said eagerly, "you mean like Cubans?"

A refugee working in a job beneath his educational level confided: "I just want to be a human being, to walk down the street as somebody."

Continued

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Press coverage of Meers' project, depicting complete chaos, attracted John Perez, Dallas representative of the Justice Department's Community Relations Service. His job is to respond to problems and disputes that have racial

kindred spirit, the church accepted the challenge not as a form of social altruism, but as a mission. Each member understood that the mission field was coming to them," says Ruiz. Volunteers who helped the Cubans

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1350 Spring Street, NW
Atlanta, GA 30367

began bomb threats to the Haltom Inn. Meers ordered the motel cleared after the first one, but threats became so numerous they finally were ignored. Callers threatened to blow up Meers'

smiling Cubans, the Klan dispersed. Later Meers explained, "The Klan is [allowed to be] here by law. That's the reason you came here—democracy. In Cuba, if you oppose a government



policy, you would be shot or jailed."

The refugees learned other lessons. Sleazy characters came to sell them watches and jewelry.

Desperate to find jobs, many of the Cubans not waiting for Meers, applied at stores and shops. None were hired.

A pickup truck drove up; its driver shouted "Trabajo"—work. Several Cubans jumped in. The truck sped away. Late that night the Cubans came walking back, having been dumped unceremoniously in the country.

A taxi driver dropped Meers and a Cuban off one evening. Meers asked for change. The man growled, "I don't want any tip for hauling trash."

One Cuban was beaten by two men in a truck. Spanish-speaking illegal aliens "befriended" the Cubans: they'd take them to a bar, get them drunk and try to steal their I-94 immigration papers, worth \$2,500 in benefits.

When the atmosphere seemed it could get no worse, five Cubans were picked up for stealing apples from a fruit stand. One was charged. The others were brought in because they could not identify themselves correctly to the English-speaking police officer.

Press coverage of Meers' project, depicting complete chaos, attracted John Perez, Dallas representative of the Justice Department's Community Relations Service. His job is to respond to problems and disputes that have racial

or ethnic overtones "if the situation provokes community reaction."

Perez was concerned about the refugees themselves. He reprimanded Meers for not working more closely with local officials. He described the project as "very disorderly."

Yet Meers was finding jobs for the Cubans, who were moving away in twos and threes to begin new lives.

Many employers were cooperating: driving refugees to work, finding them housing, furniture and clothes. Some returned for more Cubans because they were such good workers. The Cubans began to see small acts of kindness amid the avalanche of hate.

One of the brightest spots was Central Iglesia Bautista—the one place they were assured of finding friends who would not take advantage.

Many of the youngest Cubans had never been to a church or heard the Christian message told by Ruiz, Central's pastor. A native of Colombia, Ruiz with others from the church visited the Cubans almost every night.

Among members of Central were earlier Cuban immigrants. With such a kindred spirit, the church "accepted the challenge not as a form of social altruism, but as a mission. Each member understood that the mission field was coming to them," says Ruiz.

Volunteers who helped the Cubans

were spurred on by "Christ, who teaches us in him there are no boundaries nor differences," Ruiz adds. "In him we are one."

On Sundays, the Cubans listened as the congregation sang "Oh How He Loves You and Me." They watched as members shook hands and hugged one another—and then. With great expression, Ruiz would explain that if they were apart from God, only faith in Christ could bring them to him.

During an emotional service about two weeks after their arrival, about 40 Cubans professed faith in Christ.

Ruiz reports a total of "about 100" professions of faith among the refugees, a "good percentage" of whom continue to attend.

"Because of similarities in backgrounds and culture, the Central congregation related to the refugees in ways no other church could," says Oscar Romo, director of language missions for the HMB.

The Sunday before Thanksgiving, Central church prepared turkey and dressing. A church worker tried to explain the holiday: "America was founded by immigrants," she said.

"Immigrants," one said eagerly, "you mean like Cubans?"

A refugee working in a job beneath his educational level confided: "I just want to be a human being, to walk down the street as somebody."

Continued



Mark Spain lumbers down the steep gangway, his mind racing beyond his tongue, rummaging for words to give the Korean sailor. He slows his gait and talks more rapidly; he's running out of time. When they reach his van at the end of the dock, their visit will be over.

And there won't be another meeting, at least for several months. The Korean's ship will sail tomorrow, and Spain wants the man to have something to think about on the long journey home: "You don't have to be in church to worship. You can talk to God, share your feelings and have a relationship with him anywhere—on your ship, in the middle of the ocean. You don't have to find a church."

The man, who professes "no religion," nods. "Remember these things on your trip and while you are home," Spain urges. "When you are in Portland again, call me, and we'll talk some more."

The encounter has lasted a scant 15 minutes. As the seaman, a second engineer, heads back to his ship, Spain mumbles something about "never enough time" and hops into his van.

For the past two years, that's the way it has been for Spain

and his wife, Cathy. US-2 missionaries, they work among 50,000 seamen who each year chart their courses into the ports of Portland, Ore., and Vancouver, Wash. Most sail on grain freighters, which anchor at five docks in the area. The ships stay from two to ten days—not much time to overcome language and cultural barriers, build friendships and share spiritual truths.

"If we develop something with crewmen on a ship, I'm with them as much as possible," Mark says. "I tell them I'm their host and that I want to help them all I can. While we're together, I try to single out different ones and talk," he adds.

Yet despite the intensity of attention, time limits thwart their efforts. "It's frustrating, because we can't build strong relationships," Cathy concedes. "We just get to know somebody, and they're gone; maybe never to come back."

Such frustrations are somewhat self-inflicted. Mark and Cathy moved toward this work when they applied for the Home Mission Board's US-2 program, which places young college graduates on mission fields across the country. The couple asked to be church starters or to serve in resort ministries.



But they were custom-made for Portland: Mark's father was a longtime volunteer at the Baptist seamen's center in Gulfport, Miss., and Cathy's dad was a career Navy man. Better still, Mark had experience taking RAs to visit the Gulfport ministry, and Cathy had been secretary to Paul Vandercook, the language missionary responsible for seamen's ministries there.

Although their experiences gave them "a taste" of the work, the Spains came to Portland "just really not knowing what to expect," Mark admits.

Upon arrival, they began discarding misconceptions about their ministry and the people they were trying to help. "We were concerned about the language barrier," Cathy recalls. "We soon learned we could get by with simple English. At least someone on every ship speaks it, and most seamen know a little."

"And I was under the impression seamen are always very lonely," Mark says. "I viewed them as being people who were hurting all the time and didn't like their jobs, but I met a lot of seamen who enjoy traveling."

Also abandoned was the notion that all seamen "come

Mark Spain (above and far left) and his wife Cathy (center) welcome foreign seamen who chart their courses into port cities Vancouver, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

into port, go drinking and pick up women," he adds. "That's not the case. For the most part, they're just looking for some shopping, or simply to get away from the ship."

"We've found it's good just to sit down and talk with them, and it's surprising how many things we have in common. Their languages may be different, and they may enjoy different foods, but they're people, just like we are."

The Spains' ministry varies from day to day, ship to ship. On busy days it may be best for Mark to hang around the freighters and be available to talk. During slower times, when seamen can get away, Mark and Cathy take up to 15 sailors to the zoo, the Columbia River Gorge or a shopping mall. Evenings, Cathy sometimes prepares food, and they host a few seamen in their apartment, or they open up the Baptist Seamen's Center for games and refreshments.

"Some people tease we're not really working," since our

ministry involves entertaining the seamen," Mark admits. "But we're trying to meet basic needs and help people."

"We want them to know we love them—and why we love them. That's because of Jesus, and we always express that."

Heard through broken English, results are hard to measure. But signs of progress are perceptible: Mr. Mun, a Christian from Korea who calls Mark and Cathy whenever he's in port, wept for joy the first time he attended church with them. Remembering Mark's explanation of Christian faith, Mr. Man, a Korean agnostic, wrote to them, "One day I hope I, too, can join your believers' country."

The significance of such successes in communicating their message stretches beyond the seamen the Spains meet, claims Harold Hitt, their supervisor and director of language missions for the Northwest Baptist Convention.

"International seamen potentially are the greatest missionary force in the world," Hitt explains. "There are literally thousands of them, always going from country to country at no cost to any mission board. Not only can they spread the gospel, but they can take it back to their own countries."

Consequently, the Spains have become foreign missionaries on U.S. soil. "Southern Baptists have given us the opportunity to do the things they don't have time to do or can't do because of families and other responsibilities," Mark says. "It's a privilege to do this work, because not everybody can take off to do something like this."

Frustration arises, however, because they haven't been able to recruit enough helpers. Originally they sought 50 Baptist families to work with seamen on an on-call basis and carry on the ministry when their US-2 assignment ends. They can rely on five. Mark thinks more seamen could be reached and deeper relationships developed if homes were open to the men and Christians spent time with them.

"A lot of people seem interested, but they're afraid of language barriers, scared of the unknown," he asserts.

Because homes aren't available, Baptist Seamen's Center was born. Located in the basement of a building owned by Peninsula Baptist Church, the six-month-old center has room for 15-20 seamen and their hosts; pool and ping-pong, table games, television, magazines and refreshments are available. "Word is spreading about the center," Mark reports. "We hope people who might not invite strangers into their homes will help staff the center. If so, they'll see the rewards of this work. We want to open the center at least four nights a week and develop a corps of volunteers to staff it and pick up seamen at the docks."

Mark and Cathy's US-2 term ends in late summer; Mark plans seminary study. Even if he attends the Portland branch of Golden Gate Baptist seminary, he'll be able to give only part time to the seamen's work. And Cathy will need to find full-time employment.

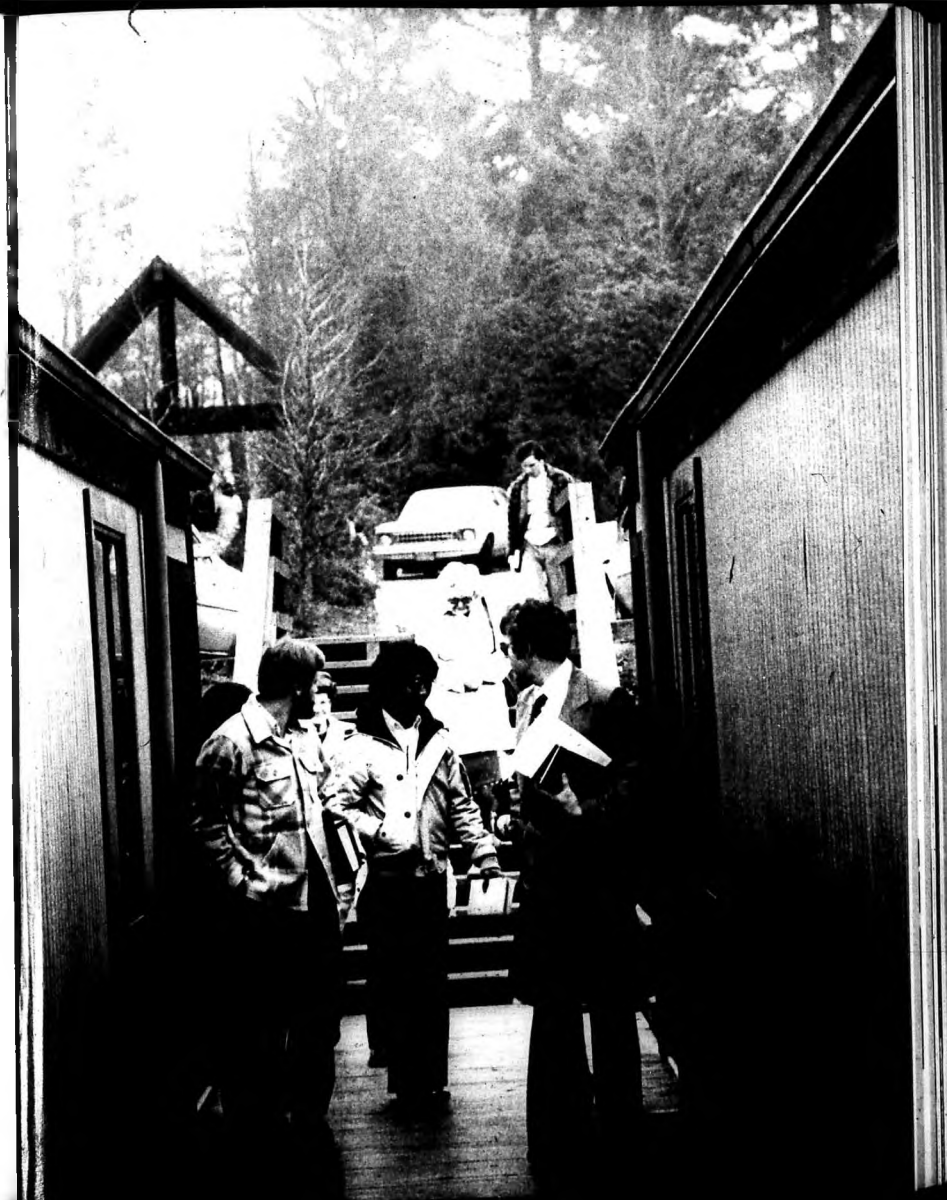
"Mark and Cathy have done a good job," Hitt says. "But this ministry is going to die unless some people are geared to follow up on a volunteer basis."

To prevent that, Mark is looking for people to direct the ministry if he leaves or to help carry the load if he goes part-time. He thinks either seminary students or retired people would be ideal, and believes committed families could make the work thrive. Yet, he admits, "We don't have a lot to work with right now."

Even if local churches fail to follow up the Spains' work, the couple feels the experience "has taught us that whether we minister to seamen or help refugees, we'll be working with internationals for a long time to come," Mark asserts. "We've fallen in love with these people and this work."

"I really don't want to do anything else," Cathy adds. "I'd do it forever." □

The Spains step beyond their assigned task with seamen to help internationals make homes for themselves in Portland.



By Celeste Pennington Photography by Everett Hulum
Missionary Very! Henderson works to discover—and to offer—The Way on

Waikiki

Skyscrapers jut upward from a curve of white sand beach. Pungent breezes tinged with auto fumes stir palm fronds, cool sunburnt necks, ruffle brilliant flowers along walkways.

Waikiki has it all: miles of ocean-washed beach, sun-dazzled hotels, slick restaurants—and tourists in splashy muumuus and

aloha shirts—crowded together in some of the United States' most expensive real estate.

Each year, two million visitors armed with cameras and oversized shopping bags see the sights, nudge their way through open air markets and bask in the 80-85 degree temperatures.

Then, after a 10-12 day stay, they pack flipflops, macadamia nuts, puka shell necklaces and color film to return home.

Tourists flock to this two-square-mile strip of Hawaiian paradise—from the U.S. mainland, Japan, from all over the world.

On Waikiki, they can find everything.

Continued





Waikiki has retirees, honey-mooners, young people just having a good time," says Sam Choy, director of missions in Hawaii.

Some are there because "they are running from something," continues Choy. "their home—perhaps a bad marriage."

Waikiki is a great escape. "The resort setting says this is the place to have a good time with no restraints. Tourists wear clothes they'd never wear at home. They do things they'd never do at home."

The money flows. "You can walk down the beach and get whatever you want," says Choy, "sunshine, drugs, prostitution."

Hawaii Southern Baptists' dilemma is two-fold: how to reach this large, transient, fun-seeking population; and how to minister to the employees who serve them.

On the tourist side, the visitors are multilingual and multi-ethnic. Language and time barriers limit opportunities for contact.

"Any time you are operating in a leisure community," says Don Hammonds, HMB director of special mission ministries, "it's hard to build a base."

In a resort environment, witnessing is difficult—and expensive. Cost of living in Waikiki is high. At \$250-\$350 a square foot, land represents a major—usually insurmountable—obstacle for small Hawaii Baptist churches, often struggling just to survive. And Waikiki's geographic location limits volunteers and financial aid from mainland SBC congregations.

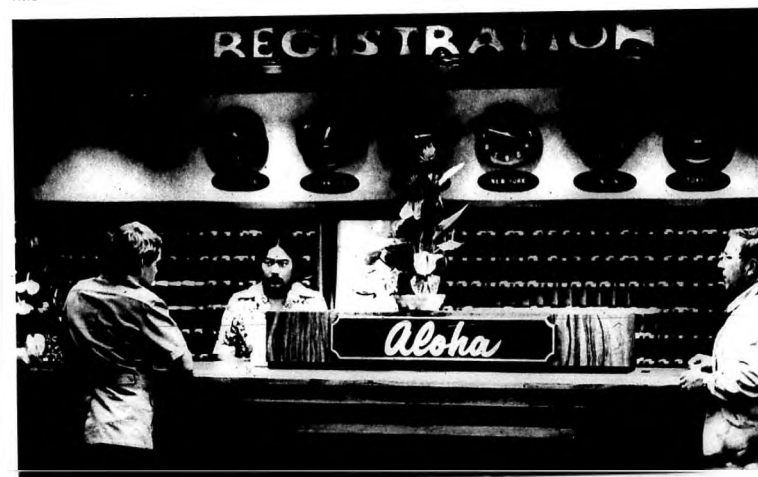
"The resort setting doesn't lend itself to growing a church like areas with permanent residents," admits Hammonds. "But this doesn't reduce the need."

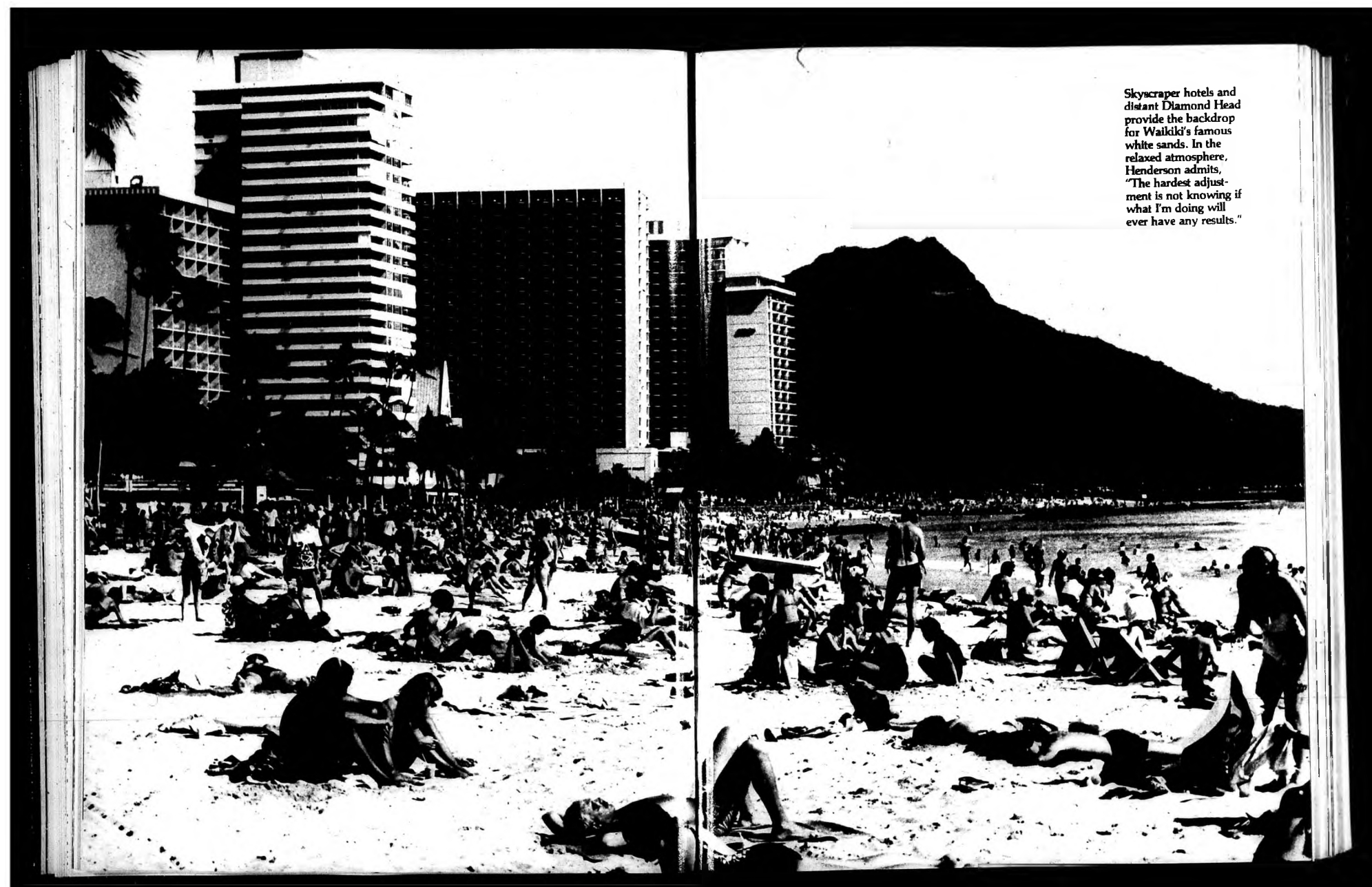
Other great needs exist among Waikiki employees. More than 28,000 strong, they work at hours that make regular church attendance difficult—or impossible. "We faced a terrific challenge to minister to these people," says Sam Choy. "We had ideas, but they weren't tested. We decided we couldn't wait. We had to begin. So we called Veryl Henderson."

Henderson, a Baptist from Shamrock, Texas, had spent the past nine years on the island of Maui, working in church starting resort ministries in the tourist town of Lahaina.

After graduation from Southwestern seminary in 1969, the Hendersons had job offers from resort areas from Disneyland to Disneyworld. They considered Yellowstone National Park. Until Hawaii called.

Waikiki is the great escape. "Tourists wear clothes here they'd never wear at home; they do things here they'd never do at home." Visitors—and employees who serve them—are all served by the ministry of Henderson (below, on the left).





Skyscraper hotels and distant Diamond Head provide the backdrop for Waikiki's famous white sands. In the relaxed atmosphere, Henderson admits, "The hardest adjustment is not knowing if what I'm doing will ever have any results."



Henderson recalls, "I'd never even seen the ocean." Yet the couple moved—with no preliminary visits—to take leadership of nine-member Lahaina Baptist Mission. As home missionaries, for almost a decade they worked at developing a witness in nearby hotels, led home Bible studies, worked in drug rehabilitation, taught the Bible to "longhairs" on beaches.

As an active community member, Henderson also coached high school wrestling and worked in Christian outdoor programs.

The couple excelled in recreation and resort work. They also learned to minister to tourists and to deal with the constant turnover among visitors and among church family.

"We just sort of grew with Maui," says Henderson. "We'd find a need and try to move into that area."

But juggling church duties and resort ministry meant stretching hours and energy. "I wanted to be full-time in both," says Henderson, "but I couldn't. We were caught in that constant tension."

In September 1978, Henderson took leave of absence to work on his doctorate. In June 1979, Sam Choy asked him to become the state's coordinator of resort work. Henderson accepted.

The new job meant a cut in salary. It meant exchanging his Lahaina home for less than 900 square feet in a Honolulu highrise condominium. It meant swapping a yard of flowers and fruits for Honolulu pavement and a nearby park. But Henderson stored his rototiller in the closet; and, to help with finances, Cheryl got two part-time jobs.

While continuing work with Baptist young people, and advising Hawaii Baptist churches on resort ministries, Henderson plunged into his first love: the work on Waikiki. It wasn't easy. And for a while, he found himself wondering—in frustration—where to grab hold.

During the day, Waikiki is tables heaped with tropical food, bus windows bobbing with whimsy straw hats and goggle-eyed sunglasses, sandy stretches of well-oiled humanity lolling on straw mats and terry towels in the broiling sun.

By night, Waikiki is skyscraper lights, flickering torches and sidewalks teeming with people in polyester suits, gowns, handpainted T-shirts, slit skirts.

This, Henderson quickly discovered, was a parish of staggering dimensions.

With wife Cheryl, Henderson skates at an associational youth meeting. He often speaks to Hawaii Baptist church groups. "The difference of resort work creates interest." But always he tries "to help people realize, 'Hey, we can do this too.'"



In one effort to serve Waikiki's workers, Henderson staged a weekend Christian concert. Night one drew a good crowd (below) but only the entertainers came the last night. "It's disappointing, especially considering our work," he says, "but after the initial shock, you try to make it a meaningful experience for those who come—and plan something else for those who didn't."



Almost 100,000 peopleebb and flow through Hawaii each day. Henderson decided to seek aid from employees in daily contact with tourists: "Tour bus drivers, those working in the hotels and shops, and the entertainers, if we could get them to share their faith. . . ."

To build a corps of workers, he tried offering "events," such as a late-night Christian music festival and regular mid-night Bible studies. Such efforts have had limited success. Some nights Bible study attracts several people; sometimes he is alone.

"My dream is that we would have a church of night people," he says. "But I don't know if this is practical. I've pushed it to the back burner."

Over the first months, he painfully learned there were no shortcuts. The ministry demanded much

time—and many contacts. The only way to make them was to hit the streets.

One night a week—after his two daughters are in bed—Henderson walks Waikiki.

There he talks to Christians whose livelihoods depend on tourists. One is saleswoman Betty DeVour. "God does his thing in here every once in awhile," she explains. "For every \$1,000 in merchandise sold, I give out 200 to 300 tracts."

At Tihati's, where thundering Polynesian drums cadence hip-swashing hula girls and a host of fire dancers, Henderson knows emcee Alex McAngus. A Christian, McAngus works religious themes into the program. "People come to be entertained," he admits, "but there are occasions to mention God or Christ."

Henderson has ideas for other such occasions:

With more than 67,000 people deplaning in Honolulu each day, he wants to rent an airport display to announce a "hotel chaplaincy offering counseling and language classes for immigrants."

"I would like to see churches involved in ministries in city parks and shopping malls," he adds.

He'd like to expand into a daytime beach ministry and have specialized programs for Koreans, Japanese and Filipinos.

He experimented with charter boat cruises for Christians, conducting several until local church support played out and one "free sunset cruise" left him \$300 in the red.

"The hardest thing is not knowing if what you are doing works," says Henderson, referring also to the difficult witness to the "night people" of Waikiki.

Continued





Along Waikiki at night stroll sailors, neatly dressed Japanese, teens in cutoffs, middle-aged tourists, hustlers in fancy suits, stark-eyed women with hard-edged mouths.

Some are easy to talk to. Pedicab drivers, who ride tourists in bicycle-powered carts, are approachable. "They're sitting, waiting—bored. They enjoy talking." Occasionally, if one shows interest or needs help, Henderson buys him or her dinner.

But others are more difficult. A youngster selling cocaine tells Henderson the stuff is "best we have." Henderson hands him *Good News for Modern Man*. "Here's something even better."

Henderson admits he's been scared. He's been cursed and once, on a side street surrounded by five men, "I was pretty nervous" until someone distracted them. "I got away fast."

Feeling that "so far, God is protecting me," he continues to go into unusual and demanding situations. "Visiting in bars and nightclubs—I still feel funny doing it. And a few shops I don't go in. A body shop isn't always auto repair."

"Hi," she says. Henderson stops. "You're new around here, aren't you?" he asks.

"How'd you know?" "I come here often."

She smiles knowingly. "Looking for a date?"

"If I can pick the time and place."

"Sure."

Giving her his card, he explains he's a minister, invites her to his Bible study in a nearby coffee shop.

"Oh, you're one of those!" She stalks away.

Many sunrises, he feels the pressure of his tenuous, transient ministry. "In resort work," he sighs, "you've got only one chance."

When people are receptive, Henderson comes home elated. But that doesn't occur often enough.

"At times, I'm not sure I'm accomplishing much," he admits.

"Some mornings, Cheryl asks, 'How was it?' I can't say anything but 'It was one of those nights. I was there.'"

"But I guess by being there, people know I care. It's a witness. And isn't that what Christ asks of us?" □

From pedicab drivers to "professional women" (left), Henderson struggles "to make Christ real to the people of Waikiki."





When public transit went broke, many—but too few—Southern Baptist church buses and vans hit the streets.

Buses for Birmingham

By Marv Knox

Rush-hour traffic jams Birmingham as Robert M. Gulley noses St. James Baptist Church's bus to the curb. A black woman with tired eyes boards. To no one in particular she murmurs, "I've been waiting an hour and a half." She will arrive home much later than usual.

But at that, she's lucky. If it weren't for the city's churches, many public transportation riders couldn't have gotten to or from work at all.

In February, Birmingham-Jefferson County Transit Authority collapsed, leaving 11,000 commuters stranded.

"I don't know what I'd do if it wasn't for the church buses. Maybe I'd find a ride, but maybe I'd have to walk," the woman explains. Many household employees were forced to pay half their daily \$16-\$20 for taxi fares.

When the Birmingham bus system—\$800,000 in debt—shut down, Mayor Richard Arrington called on clergymen and "interested persons" to provide stopgap service for riders who depended on buses for 30,000 trips a day. Almost immediately, church leaders had Emergency Volunteer Transit System (EVTS)—16 vans and buses—on the streets.

"We realized we had an emergency. People were hurting, and churches had to do something," explained Jack Washington, director of special ministries for Birmingham Baptist Association and co-chairman of the EVTS steering committee.

Although the tiny EVTS fleet could not replace all bus routes, organizers "looked for the heaviest concentration of riders," says Washington, and set up five routes. During one week, EVTS carried 1,850 passengers and logged 3,541 miles.

Insurance was a problem for some

churches—policies limit usage to only religious events, explains Washington. Some ignored the risk, reports George Cook, pastor of Mt. Ararat Baptist Church and EVTS steering committee co-chairman. Involvement in EVTS was "a matter of desire," Washington admits. "The poor, mostly black, are the ones being hurt. And the black churches have taken this problem seriously. They realize no buses means no transportation, no jobs, no food."

Churches couldn't charge fares for fear of losing tax exempt status, even though running the bus system cost about \$1,500-\$1,800 a week.

"We really need more buses to cover some areas we aren't even touching," Cook says. "If churches won't lend us their buses, they can send us funds. And send petitions to the legislature urging strong action."

Although local and state officials are examining Birmingham's transit problem and the federal government has provided some funds, the official shutdown could last until October, when a new fiscal year begins.

As long as EVTS funds last, church buses and vans will roll. Washington hopes this will tell Birmingham: "Part of our community is hurting in a time when the world is a little unsure about who and what the church is. Here Christians have the opportunity to actualize the love of Christ."

Washington agonizes when calls come from poor, sick and elderly without bus service—especially when there are empty church buses sitting on parking lots," he admits.

"The biggest problem we're having here . . . is a problem of human selfishness." □

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL OBREGON



"Just call me Brother"

With much humility and hard work, bivocational pastor Enrique Feliciano serves the rural people in the hilly outback near Puerto Rico's west coast.

By Phyllis Thompson Photography by Paul Obregón



For Feliciano, talking about salvation comes as naturally as breathing. "I have a burning desire to tell about Christ."

Through lush hills, the road to Mayaguez slopes heavenward, reaches for a vivid sky; then, turning to face itself, stretches around, over, back again, to outline the dazzling sapphire Caribbean.

But so acquainted is Enrique Feliciano with the hairpin turns he gives more attention to shouting cheery "Yo-o-os" from the window of his dusty Dodge than he does to maneuvering past houses that sit inches away and through chickens that lazily crisscross the narrow road.

His destination, Clinica Medical, perches, like the houses, against the hillside—yellowed stucco walls camouflaged in a profusion of banana palms and flowering shrubs. Visitors freely search for relatives and friends among rows of patients in four dingy rooms.

Feliciano finds here many he knows. In soft rhythmic Spanish, he comforts and prays for three elderly women. Two will go home today. The third lies immobile under an oxygen mask; by her side a young woman sits, head bowed.

"What is her illness?" Feliciano's dark eyes convey worry. The girl shakes her head. It is unknown; her grandmother has been in a coma for several days. The only evidence of life is her labored breathing.

"May I again pray for her?"

"Si. Si. Gracias."

Feliciano's prayer is short, intense, asking healing for the grandmother, reassurance for her family. He rises to leave, then turns back, sensing another need.

"What about you? Do you know the one to whom I pray?"

Solemnly, she shakes her head. "No, señor."

Feliciano's dark brows burrow together. "But Jesus Christ is your savior. You must let him into your heart."

Earnestly pleading, he introduces the young woman to the guiding force in his own life. "Do you understand?"

"Si."

"Will you accept?"

"Si. Si." The woman animatedly nods, face alight.

"Praise be to God." Feliciano's joy overflows in a wide smile. He writes her name and address, promising to visit.

But one thought mars Feliciano's happiness. "She lives at Anasco—far away. There is no church for her to attend."

Southern Baptists are a rare breed on the western coast of Puerto Rico. Unlike the 100,000 people in nearby Mayaguez, or the 1½ million in bustling San Juan, three hours east,

A weathered farmer, Feliciano gently teaches new believers.

residents of the tiny villages where Feliciano travels hold fast to Spanish culture. Although English is taught in schools, and most understand at least a few English words, they, like Feliciano, speak only Spanish.

And many cling to their Catholic heritage, although new doctrines—Pentacostalism, Mormonism, spiritualism—are daily hawked in the streets by banner-carrying, fund-raising fanatics.

Feliciano is a farmer, tending 19 *cuartas* (about 17 acres) of citrus trees—valencia, navel, native oranges and grapefruit. These he harvests and sells, walking the hilly streets of Mayaguez to find customers. He also grows many of his family's staples—several varieties of beans, yucca, bananas and the coffee he carefully roasts to rich perfection over smoldering coals.

Feliciano is also a Southern Baptist preacher, nurturing Primera Iglesias Bautista de Bateyes, located nine miles south of Mayaguez in a quiet community of carpenters, mechanics, farmers and factory workers. The group which started as a five-member Bible study less than a year ago, today is a full-fledged constituted church, with 40 members, two Sunday services, a Bible study and Wednesday night prayer meeting.

While this growth has been no accident, and Feliciano has made countless door-to-door visits, success hasn't come from a planned outreach program. Because, for Feliciano, talking about salvation comes as naturally as breathing. "I have a burning desire to tell the lost about Christ," he explains. "One loves his fellowman by giving him what he has received. The primary necessity of life is Christ."

Naturally amicable, Feliciano everywhere finds opportunities to talk about Christ: at a stoplight, at the gasoline station, in restaurants. His wife and four children are not surprised when he disappears during shopping trips. In stores, Feliciano draws into conversation both shopkeepers and customers. Eventually talk shifts from weather and sports to Feliciano's favorite topic—"the Savior."

In such discussions, Feliciano carefully emphasizes the importance of faith. "I do not preach religion," he says. "Of what use is religion if the heart does not change? Many times I am asked, 'What is your religion?'"

"I reply, 'I am a Christian.'"

Many have found Feliciano's honest sincerity refreshing after bombardment by other zealots. "Brother Enrique came



With his interest in religion kindled, Feliciano began to read his Bible. But even with new faith, his search continued.

to our home," says Evelyn Santiago, one of the congregation's new members. "He didn't know us, but he sat and talked of salvation. He was different; others have told us of religion. But he told us of Christ. My mother and my father and I all believed."

"There's something different about Enrique," says Hermelindo (Lenny) Crespo, a front-loader operator and an active member of the Bateyes church. "He's special. When he spoke, I knew his words were sincere. Because of him I became a Christian."

Three-fourths of Feliciano's congregation came from such encounters. And once in the fellowship, they find Feliciano unlike other ministers they have known. Feliciano rejects "pastor" and "reverend" in favor of *hermano*—brother. "My God is humble," he explains. "He needed no titles. When we truly seek God we too find humility."

Feliciano's own search began shortly after his marriage to Mildred Rios, daughter of a street vendor and secretary for a state government official. Although Feliciano had no religious background, and little interest in religious matters, she persuaded him to attend a church near their home. The services kindled an interest. Feliciano began to read his Bible; eventually he visited the pastor with questions about salvation. He found no answers.

"The pastor asked, 'Has your wife been unfaithful?'"

"I say, 'No.' I have come to turn my life over to God."

"He says, 'I am very busy. Come again if you have problems with your wife.'"

"I returned home crying," recalls Feliciano. "I decided I do not need religion."

But a year later, Feliciano changed his mind. After carefully studying his Bible for many months, he returned to the same church. During morning worship, "I asked Christ to come into my life," he remembers. But he realized his search was not ended. "I asked God to lead me to a church that preached the gospel of Paul."

A sales clerk told him about Bautista Iglesias Emanuel, a small 50-member congregation on the outskirts of Mayaguez. Feliciano left his first service elated. "I had been Baptist all this time and never even knew it!"

Though "visiting the lost" takes much of Feliciano's free time, he still manages to visit regular church members like banana vendor Guadalupe Acevedo and his wife Lucy.



A few months later, Emanuel church sought a Bible study leader for the Bateyes community; Feliciano eagerly volunteered. He had never taught Bible before, had never attended seminary—he had finished high school through a night school course. "But I saw it as a way to serve God," he explains. "I knew he would help me."

Feliciano prepared his lessons during a busy harvesting season. "I would be up in an orange tree; a thought would come to me. I would go inside and write it down." He taught from his own pilgrimage: "We are all creatures of God, but we are not all sons of God until we repent."

In eight months the Bible study grew into a small congregation. Feliciano agreed to be its pastor. "There was no one else," Feliciano lifts his hands in a gesture of praise. "My Lord honored me."

The congregation worships Sunday mornings at the home of Adrian Valentin, a tuna factory worker. Today the January sun gleams robustly, haloing the open garage where adults worship. Around them, radio music

blares from a neighbor's open window; children's excited shouts drift from a few doors down; chickens cluck and scratch in a dirt yard.

Yet inside the makeshift church, reverence prevails. On folding chairs members attentively face Feliciano. Behind him, a hand-lettered banner inscribes the scene: "*Más Jehova esta en su santo templo. Calle delante de El toda la tierra.*" The Lord is in his holy temple. Let all the earth be silent before him.

Limited by early morning radiance, Feliciano's weathered features emit softness; hands calloused and creased from years of exertion, gently supplicate attention. A small man, Feliciano is powerful in his humility. "To be a Christian is to adore God," he emphasizes. "Too often we adore ourselves. We glorify ourselves. We must learn to love God from the

Maintaining the 17-acre farm each day requires hours of clearing and care. That leaves little time for preparing sermons and Bible lessons. But Feliciano makes time, even if he must leave fanning undone. "The Lord's work is first."



Feliciano works as hard studying for his sermons as he does working his orchards. As pastor, "My Lord honored me."

Despite meager income and uncertain harvests, "we are lucky. We have our health, our home, and each other."



Feliciano gives children much attention and affection; his example is often copied when children play together.

profundity of our hearts. . . . The visible outpouring of that love, Feliciano concludes, is love for others.

Through these lessons, and Feliciano's own example, members have grown close. They say goodbyes with hugs and kisses; they count the hours until evening worship. "I have visited many other churches," says Evelyn Santiago. "And I came out empty. Here I feel the love of a family."

Whether in acute sickness, or during day-to-day anxieties, members find comfort in one another. "When my brother hurts, I hurt," says Sonia Valentin. "When my sister hurts, I hurt. I feel it with my heart and soul and being."

New members quickly learn they can count on Feliciano. With three children of her own, Valentin last year accepted custody of two foster children. Shortly afterward, she became ill. As financial problems mounted, she wondered where to turn. "Just when I thought we couldn't make it," she remembers, "Brother Enrique came to my house. He

hardly knew me, but he offered help—even money. He is like that. So generous. So willing to give everything he has. . . . Sometimes I wonder how he makes it. He won't even accept a salary."

Money, Feliciano explains, has for him lost its importance. In a recent land dispute, a neighbor took several *cuartas* of Feliciano's land, including a water tower vital for irrigating the orange trees. Last year's dry spell cost Feliciano five *cuartas* of trees—\$18,000. That raised his debts, including mortgages on the farm, to \$37,000.

"I worry about serving God," he says cheerfully, "not about clothes." He smiles. "My God has richly blessed me. I don't need money, or fine clothes or a big name. He allows me to serve him as a pastor. That is all the reward I need."

Feliciano is proud that, unlike 80 percent of his neighbors, he has not accepted food stamps. "During hard times, we make it on Mildred's salary," he explains. As a secretary at the Mayaguez branch of the University of Puerto Rico, Mildred brings home \$176 a month. That must pay bills and support the six-member family. "But there has never been a time when we have not eaten," she says.

"We are very lucky," adds Feliciano. "We have our health, which is something we cannot buy. We have our home, and we have each other."

The Feliciano home radiates love. After an evening visiting church members and new prospects, Feliciano and Enrique Jr., 15, return to find Mildred waiting in the open doorway, youngest daughter, Linette, 3, in her arms; Vanessa, 7, arms wrapped around her mother's knees; and Soamy, 12, sitting at her feet. With squeals of delight, the youngest daughters run to meet their father.

Soamy and Mildred prepare the evening meal—*empanada*, a traditional Puerto Rican dish of yucca, wrapped and baked in banana leaves. The cement floored dining area is outside, a shelter open on three sides. Father and son are seated and served first, daughters next. Mildred eats when they are finished.

Daughters and mother clear the table, and the family again gathers outside, father and mother sitting close, children in their laps or leaning against them. They remain there until well after dusk, telling jokes and stories, playing games. "My family is a unit," Feliciano says. "Where I go, they go."

That includes trips to Maricao Mountain, a state park





Feliciano's indomitable spirit infects his family. In boisterous song and quiet devotion, he inspires each one "to serve God."



45 minutes south, or to Bocqueron Beach, near Mayaguez. During these trips, while winding past coffee trees, native palms, and verdant uncultivated fields, Feliciano often hums, at first subdued, then more boisterous, until soon he sings in a rich baritone at the top of his lungs:

*Ve, dilo en las Montañas, en todas partes y alrededor:
Ve, dilo en las montañas, que Cristo el rey nació.*

Before long the entire family has joined in, unaware of motorists' horns or stares from pedestrians: "Go tell it on the mountains, over the hills and everywhere, go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born."

For this family, the song represents a challenge, not only for Feliciano but for each of them. "In my heart," says Soamy, "I want to serve God in some special way."

"I had always dreamed of missions in a foreign country," says Mildred. "But God helped me to see needs here. They could not be greater in another place."

*Youngest family member, Linette, gets a lift from Dad.
Right: Enrique Jr. chops wood used in outdoor cooking.*

Mildred, while teaching a pre-teen Sunday school and leading other church activities, has another important role, says her husband. "She delights in sharing and giving encouragement to our family"—hugs soothe hurt feelings, an hour spent listening helps resolve problems.

Her behind-the-scenes support gives family members extra strength: Enrique Jr. learned to play the guitar because of her; Feliciano, with no experience and little more than a dream, built their house with help only from magazines, books—and Mildred. He worked six months, often by lantern light, to complete the house in which they live.

It is unpainted, without screens on doors and windows; sparsely furnished with two arm chairs, two sofas, five narrow beds and a black-and-white television. Clothes are washed and hung to dry outside. But the Felicianos feel special pride in their home: a photo album recorded each stage of construction; parents often share with children the ups and downs of construction.

Feliciano feels the same accomplishment in his land,



Adrian Valentin (left) shows appreciation for Enrique Jr.'s hymn at an evening service. Children (right) participate with a hymn of their own.

For now, the future holds long days, intangible rewards—and a deep commitment to “bring people everywhere to God.”

which he cultivated and cleared with only his son's help. Together they harvest 700 trees a year, often hand-picking as many as 1,500 oranges apiece per day during the short winter harvest season.

As with his preaching and home building, Feliciano had no previous farming experience when he bought the land. Eldest of three children, Feliciano left school at age 16 to help his father, a garment factory worker. Seven years later, Feliciano, at the urging of a close friend, attended an agricultural seminar. His interest whetted, he voraciously read books and magazines until he learned to farm.

But since his pastorate began eight months ago, Feliciano has found it increasingly hard to give both jobs full attention. During harvest he gets little or no sleep; after working from first light until dusk, he must prepare a Sunday school lesson, a sermon and a Bible study. And he must visit. “I get very, very tired,” he admits. “There are days when I think I have no strength left.”

“But if it comes to a choice, the Lord's work must go on. There will be a way.”

For now, the way means long days, intangible rewards and excruciating persistence. Because while Feliciano's church continues to grow, so do his dreams. “I see myself as a church starter,” he says. “God has given me the gift of bringing people to him. I want to do that everywhere I go. But you cannot preach salvation and leave; you must build a place to worship.”

Feliciano will work with the Bateyes church “as long as I am needed.” Yet he knows “the need for more churches will never go away.” In such moments, he grows restless, recognizing the urgency of the need by those whose lives have already changed.

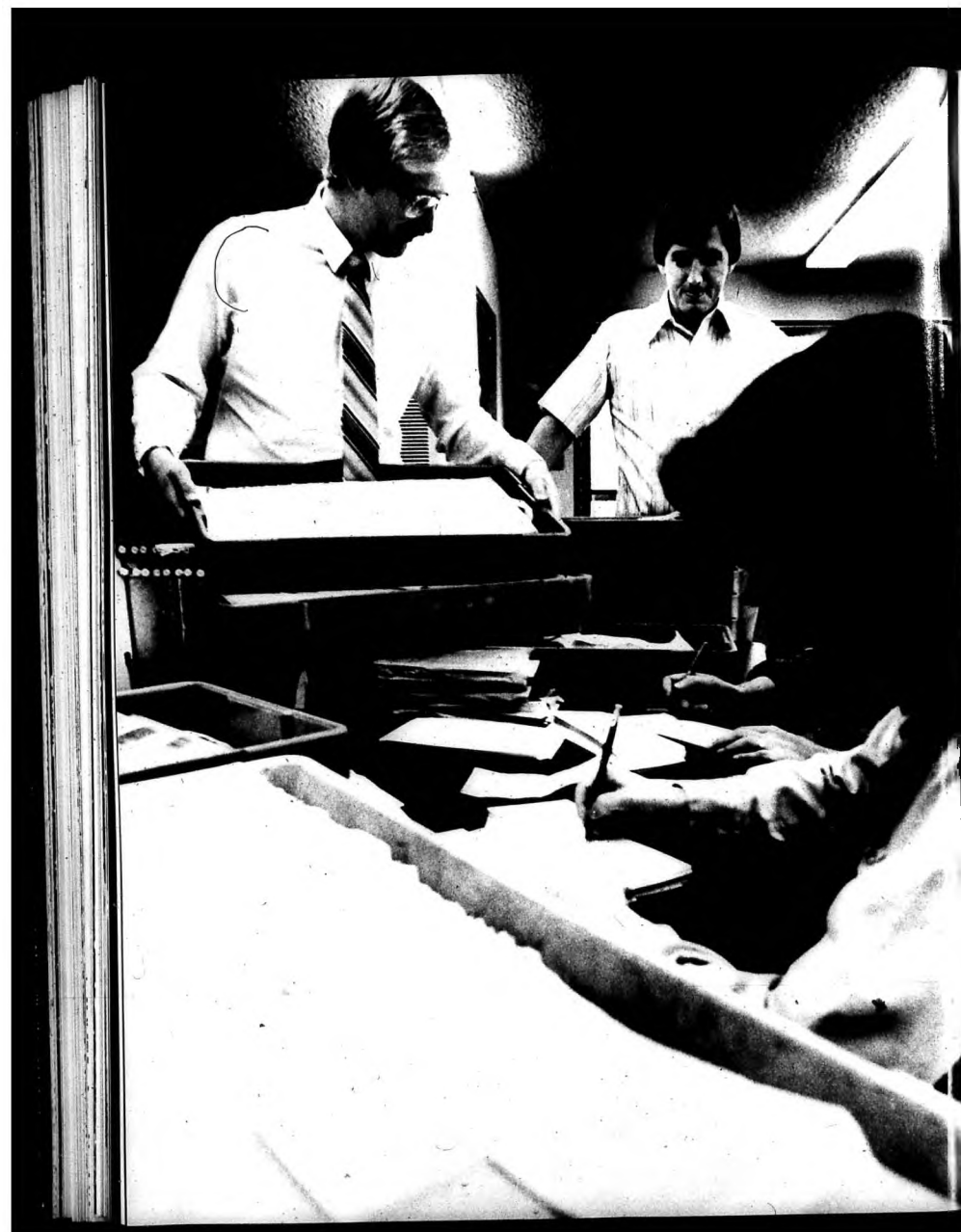
“We had no church here; it was far away over the hills to the next church,” says Milagros Rios, a Bateyes member. “Feliciano came to us. Now we have a church where we live. We are very grateful.”

Even more important, believes Lenny Crespo, “he was the first to come with the good news. With him there were no big or little people; all were the same; all need the message of Christ. He gave us that; our lives have changed.”

“We will never be the same.” □

Worship, believes Feliciano, means “adoration of God.”





City developers call Laguna Hills a "planned community." Fifteen years ago, the Southern California city nestled in the Saddleback Mountains, existed only on paper. By 1980, it claimed 50,000 residents, with one million people expected to live within a 20-mile radius by AD 2000. Today, on every side, bulldozers level hills to make room for expansion.

As one of the nation's fastest growing, most affluent areas, Laguna Hills for years proved a difficult location for Southern Baptist church starting. Then a young seminary graduate began to apply public relations techniques—including direct mail campaigns—to attract visitors.

When Rick Warren arrived, there was no Saddleback Valley Community Church; today the church has 120 members with more than 200 at Sunday services in a rented high school auditorium. In its 17-month history, the church has had 122 persons profess faith in Jesus Christ and 82 baptized. Saddleback Valley church is the fastest growing congregation in Laguna Hills.

Yet 26-year-old Rick Warren isn't satisfied. His goal is to have 20,000 members in 40 years. And he expects to get them by meeting the needs of the upper-middle-class people who reside in Laguna Hills. The church incorporates community outreach with Baptist doctrine.

While a student at Southwestern Baptist seminary, Warren felt a strong pull toward West Coast ministry. He studied demographics of four areas—Seattle, San Francisco, San Diego and Los Angeles—including the number of churches per resident population. He learned that the Saddleback Valley, south of LA, had little religious activity to offer its people. Developers planned only seven church sites for the entire community.

An eager student of church growth, Warren read numerous books on the subject. He wrote the 100 largest churches in the nation, requesting information and suggestions. He learned "the first rule in church growth is to know your community. Then you need to think like a lost person: what would appeal to him or her? Next, show the difference Christ can make in an individual's life."

Simply put, Warren says, "the key to church growth is to find a need and fill it."

Which is exactly what he did. In his first month in Laguna Hills, Warren informally surveyed the community. He asked four questions:

- (1) What do you think the greatest need of the community is?
- (2) Why are you not attending any church?
- (3) What would you look for in a church?

(4) What advice would you give to a new pastor starting a church here?

From answers, Warren summarized four basic complaints: sermons boring and not relating to daily living; emphasis on money, not people; church members unfriendly to visitors; quality of nursery care unsatisfactory.

He added to this his own observations of the community: recreation seemed to be god—everything was available, tennis, boating (on man-made lakes), basketball, golf, fishing, and family life was frazzled in the "fun for everyone" atmosphere.

Warren also knew, from early experience in the community, that "cold turkey" visiting was almost impossible. Most people didn't welcome strangers into their homes. Some sections were even walled; entrance was prohibited without invitation.

A direct-mail campaign, Warren decided, might prove the most successful approach. With help of a commercial artist friend who designed his letter, and labor of 30 volunteers from sponsoring churches First of Norfolk and Crescent of Anaheim, who spent two weeks addressing 15,000 envelopes, Warren prepared a mailout.

In March 1980, 10 days before Easter, Warren mailed the letters inviting people to attend the church's first official worship service, set for Easter Sunday. Two hundred and five people came.

Mail Order Church

In the posh Southern California environment of Laguna Hills, Rick Warren learned traditional visiting/church starting methods had little chance of success. So he turned to a direct-mail campaign—with surprising results.

By Margaret McCommon Photography by Everett Hulum



In his letter, Warren detailed ways the church met the needs he had discovered. "Our ministry is dictated by the community," he says. "The motto of the church is, 'Be flexible.'"

Warren plans another mass mailing, perhaps as many as 30,000 letters, this year. But he does not rely solely on that approach. The church advertises via radio, television and newspaper. Flyers, introducing people to the church and its ministry, are distributed. Warren and associate pastor

Steve Williams follow up each prospect, either from cards filled out during worship services or from names given by friends and friends of friends.

"In a community like this, there is no excuse not to grow," says Williams. "A church that is not growing means one thing: it is not meeting needs."

Williams and Warren believe the environment affects the church. "Anyone can be won to Christ if you find the key to his heart," insists Warren. "But to do that you must consider the community

Previous page: Rick Warren (left) and Steve Williams prepare a 30,000 letter mail-out announcing the Laguna Hills Baptist Church. Below: Rapid growth has caused the church, now meeting in a school, to seek its own property.



in developing a church strategy. You can't reach people who never hear your message."

Community outlook influenced the choice of a church name. Although committed to SBC doctrine, Saddleback/Valley Community Church gives no indication of Southern Baptist affiliation because Southern Baptists' reputation in the area is based on deep-south stereotypes.

After attending the church, people learn it is an SBC congregation—but by then the stereotypes have been shattered, Warren says.

Another break with SBC tradition is the unusual invitation given at the conclusion of each service. Instead of the traditional altar call, Warren asks everyone to fill out a card, marking a designated box if they wish to make a decision or indicating any specific questions or needs. Warren and Williams respond accordingly.

And they are careful not to confront "lost people in such a way as to make them uncomfortable," says Warren. The approach stresses concern, rather than judgment.

Despite differences, Saddleback church has experienced little opposition from sister churches. "It would be like two ants fighting for the same elephant," Warren explains.

"There is no competition, because there's so much to be done. We could use five or ten more Southern Baptist churches."

Warren credits the fast growth to faith. He thinks goals help growth, because they are "statements of faith. In challenging people to reach a certain goal, you ask them for a big commitment—and you get a big response."

Projected are new facilities. Because the seven lots designated as church sites in the planned community have already been sold, Warren hopes to find a lot on which to construct three multi-purpose buildings. These will meet, he says, not only spiritual needs, but also educational, social and physical ones. He envisions a Christian school for grades kindergarten through 12, a recreation center and a civic auditorium. The buildings will serve church functions on Sundays, community functions on weekdays.

Church membership should hit 20,000, Warren says. "That's not a large number. If the population is one million, 20,000 is only two percent."

Saddleback church members have been caught up in their pastor's dreams.

Businessman Bob McCord says Warren's "experience and positive at-

titude and leadership" convince members that the church can achieve the things Christ would have them to.

Another member says Warren's "youth, enthusiasm and daring thrilled me." She joined Saddleback church because she believed in its future.

Warren has found the one great lack to be experienced lay leaders. Because most members come from different denominations, or from no church background at all, he and Williams must train newcomers in Southern Baptist doctrine and polity.

This task is one of Williams' major responsibilities.

Even the lack of trained laypeople doesn't daunt Warren's optimism. "Church leaders must expect God to act," he says. "The faith of the church's leadership is an important factor in church growth. Goals are statements of faith."

"Failure is when we don't set goals, not when we don't reach the goals we set."

So far, Warren's goals and dreams have kept pace. Member Melba Bayless says, "We go where the Spirit leads us." On that journey, Rick Warren seems to know the way. □

McCommon is products, materials, communications specialist, HMB Associational Missions Division.

On Sunday nights, Rick Warren plays the guitar for the fellowship-Bible study, which meets in donated office space.



A "bridge-builder" working to span denominational barriers and discover common bonds, he has for 10 years kept closer watch on the Vatican than some Catholic bishops. He's

Brownlow Hastings



Brownlow Hastings is the official "Catholic watcher" for Southern Baptists. As assistant director of the Interfaith Witness Department of the Home Mission Board, he keeps up with happenings in the Catholic church, interprets these to Southern Baptists, researches/writes about Catholicism.

Hastings sees his role as "bridge-builder." A catalyst in Baptist-Catholic relations, he has led state and local church Baptist-Catholic dialogues that have drawn thousands.

Hastings' work has earned the respect of officials in the Catholic church. Says Rev. Thomas Fidejls, an Atlanta-area monk, "Brownlow knows more about the goings on in the Cath-

olic church than some bishops."

In June, Paulist Press, one of the most widely used Catholic publishing houses in America, will publish Hastings' *Introducing Southern Baptists: Their Faith and Their Life*, which explains Southern Baptists to a Catholic audience.

The son of a Baptist preacher, C. Brownlow Hastings was born on Seminary Hill in Fort Worth, Texas. The

academic setting influenced Hastings, who has been in educational pursuits most of his life; he has earned a doctorate in Greek from Southern Baptist Theological Seminary and studied at several universities.

After service as chaplain in World War II, he held several pastorates in Kentucky and Texas before becoming pastor and dean of Bible at Buckner Orphans Home in Dallas. Five years later he became director of Baylor University extension division.

In 1960, Hastings joined the staff of Park Cities Baptist Church in Dallas as minister of adult education, where he served until moving to the Home Mission Board in 1970.

Interview by David Chancey

Illustration by Randall McKissick

"Baptists and Catholics hold much theology in common. Disagreement centers on the question, does the church have the right and power to control the means of salvation?"

Hastings enjoys reading, hiking and mountain climbing, archaeology, piano playing and scientific study.

Set to retire at the end of the year, Hastings has made no specific plans, but has several opportunities to teach evangelical (biblical) theology and related studies in Catholic seminaries. "I've enjoyed teaching perhaps as much as any aspect of my ministry. It has been a valuable aid in my writing and for my efforts to interpret the Baptist faith to Roman Catholics."

MissionsUSA: How did you get into Baptist-Catholic relations?

HASTINGS: In the mid-60s, when the Second Vatican Council was creating a great deal of interest among Protestants, I was minister of adult education at Park Cities church. We had a very progressive and open people. That made it possible to bring Catholic priests and others to lecture on contemporary trends and interpret what events of the Second Vatican Council.

At the same time, I became chairman of the committee on work with non-evangelicals for the Dallas Baptist Association. Because of that involvement I became interested in the work of the Home Mission Board.

M/USA: You came here in 1970. What have you liked about your job here?

HASTINGS: I like seeking to interpret contemporary Catholicism, and training lay associates. They have been catalysts between Baptists and Catholics in their own areas.

The regional dialogues have been exciting experiences; and seeing, for the first time, Baptist and Catholic leaders sit down and in a Christian spirit tell each other exactly what they

think about each other—clearing up wrong impressions and expressing desires to reach out to each other.

Another feature has been a real surprise. After I covered the '71 Synod of Bishops in Rome for Baptist Press, Catholics found out I was interested in their concerns and began inviting me to their national meetings. I've spoken in their seminaries and to groups of priests, sisters and lay people.

M/USA: You've been to the Synod of Bishops four times. What is this and what has been your role there?

HASTINGS: This is a meeting—every three years—of representatives of the national conferences of bishops. About 200 bishops from all over the world come together to discuss an agenda which the Pope has approved.

These have included the priesthood, social justice, world peace, evangelization, religious education and the Christian family in the modern world.

After about three weeks of debate on the subject, they prepare and submit a report to the Pope for study.

There are no Protestants or press observers in the meetings themselves, but press conferences and other means of contact enable us to discover the thinking of bishops who present their addresses to the assembly. One of the best things I gain from this is a periodic view of what is going on in other countries in the Catholic world. This helps set the context for U.S. Catholicism.

M/USA: How have Southern Baptists responded?

HASTINGS: Some of our people have not understood what we are trying to do in bridge building, and have criticized us for not being evangelistic.

The thing that has made it so much easier in the past five or six years is the increasing number of incidents of Baptists getting acquainted with truly evangelical Catholics. This helps them see not all Catholics can be condemned to perdition, and, like Baptists, not all are saved, and everyone needs a deeper relationship with the Lord.

I think the average Baptist today is much more willing to approach his Catholic neighbor with a positive assumption that there is a basic dedication to the Lord and with an understanding of the need for personal relations in the Christian experience. There are extremes: those who cannot admit that anybody who has anything to do with the Catholic church could possibly be a Christian brother or sister; and those who see no problem at all in Catholic-Baptist relations.

M/USA: You also mentioned Baptist-Catholic dialogues. What are they?

HASTINGS: These dialogues are held on different levels. In regional dialogues Baptist and Catholic leaders sit down and discuss differences and likenesses of their faiths. On the local church level, dialogues are held on weekends. The Baptist congregation visits the Catholic church for Saturday evening mass; afterwards I explain the fundamentals of Baptist faith. There is an opportunity for Catholic members to ask questions.

Then the Catholic congregation attends Sunday evening worship at the Baptist church. We ask the pastor to make this service as much like the typical Sunday morning worship service as possible. Whenever feasible, we like for him to schedule a baptismal

service. After worship, the priest who is my counterpart explains the Roman Catholic faith. There is ample opportunity for questions.

M/USA: Are Catholics as interested in us as we are in them?

HASTINGS: A good many are, particularly those in the old South where we predominate. In the North and East, where they predominate, their interest has been mostly out of curiosity because of Southern Baptist Jimmy Carter's election.

M/USA: Where do Baptists and Catholics agree and where do they differ?

HASTINGS: In theology Baptists and Catholics have very much in common. There is little difference in their understanding of God as father, creator, as providential ruler, as final judge of all human beings, as the one who has provided throughout the ages the way of salvation.

There's no difference in attitude toward Christ. There is no difference in understanding the Holy Spirit.

Baptists and Catholics agree on inspiration of scripture.

They disagree on how many books are in the canon, and on the authority of the scripture. Catholics accept the continuing authority of the Catholic church, particularly through the magisterium, which is the teaching function of the bishops and the Pope, whereas Baptists hold the written authority is the scriptures.

They both agree on the nature of man, that he is born in sin and needs the salvation only God can provide through Christ.

The main points of disagreement are: the sacramental system, which is

the Catholic way of saying this is how you receive the salvation which Christ has provided and this is how you maintain the strength and purity of your Christian life; the priestly system, which is the necessary complement of the sacramental system—if you have sacraments you have to have authorized priests to carry out the sacraments; and devotional practices such as prayers to Mary and the saints.

To reduce it to one major thing of difference—does the church have the right and the power to control the means of salvation? Catholics say yes and Baptists say no.

M/USA: Why is it important for Baptists to keep informed about Catholicism?

HASTINGS: In the first place, who can afford to ignore any other persons who claim Jesus as Lord, no matter how much they may differ?

In the second place, Baptists and Catholics are the two largest Christian denominations in America and they have a stewardship not only to the nation by reason of their size and influence, but also to each other. So they cannot afford to ignore each other or fight each other.

In the third place, dialogue at any level produces greater clarity and dedication to one's own faith.

For example, we have seen so many cases where youth choirs have gone into an area in the north that is 95 percent Catholic and they haven't had any orientation into Catholicism except what their prejudicial background has given them.

They fall flat on their faces because they just don't know how to relate to people of Catholic heritage.

M/USA: How can Baptists become more involved in interfaith witness?

HASTINGS: I would like to see formed in every association a committee, or perhaps a subcommittee of the missions committee, that would be responsible for informing people about Interfaith Witness resources—literature, conferences, dialogues. I'd also like to see interfaith witness committees formed in churches.

M/USA: What does the future hold for interfaith witness?

HASTINGS: We're going to have to take on a larger responsibility for interpreting Baptist faith and life to the Christian community. We have grown up with two stances: evangelistic on one hand, for those whom we do not consider to be adequate Christians; and a polemical stance against the sectarian groups that try to proselytize our Baptist people.

But we've ignored the vast majority of the other Christians who are left to interpret Baptists through the very narrow images of radio and television. We need to have a greater vision of the dynamism of our faith and enough confidence that when we present it in a positive and loving way, we will no longer need to be defensive and embarrassed over our witness.

M/USA: In what areas have you felt the most challenge?

HASTINGS: The main challenge has been to think big enough, to open my heart big enough to overcome the prejudices with which I grew up.

I certainly could not have done it without the grace of the Lord and the confidence and support of our leadership at the Board. □

Splintering evangelism, with one faction advocating social action while the other emphasizes preaching, blurs the gospel's

Mandate of Reconciliation

Properly understood, evangelism—telling the good news of Jesus Christ—is the essential ministry of every Christian. Its base is the incarnation—God in Christ reconciling all things to himself. On the cross Jesus destroyed all separation between God and humankind; he tore down walls between Jew and Gentile, slave and free, male and female—all are united in the Father's reconciling love.

This is indeed great Good News. Our problem, however, is that for many people, contemporary evangelistic efforts don't seem like good tidings of great joy for all people.

In 1980, two meetings dealt with world evangelism. In Melbourne, Australia, the theme was "Your Kingdom Come." A Pattaya, Thailand, meeting built its agenda on "How Shall They Hear?"

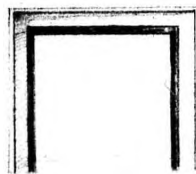
In the keynote address to the Melbourne gathering, professor Ernst Kaseman, New Testament scholar of University of Tübingen (Germany), asked for three responses to the coming of God's kingdom:

(1) Preach the gospel to every creature. "We must confront the whole world with the Gospel to the advantage and favor of every creature."

(2) Make the church worthy of the banquet table of our Lord through the "active participation in the struggles of God against the idols of our day."

(3) Resist all temptations to non-involvement in the struggle against "rich societies" with their "unstoppable lust of possession, and the unrestrained use of scientific and technological capacities to defend their privileges and make whole continents pay for this with their blood."

The Pattaya consultation gave little



mention to the kingdom of God and refused to acknowledge social concerns in evangelization strategies:

"We do not deny that social action and evangelism are integrally related, but rather, we acknowledge that of all the tragic needs of human beings none is greater than their alienation from

their creator and the terrible reality of eternal death for those who refuse to repent and believe. If, therefore, we do not commit ourselves with urgency to evangelization, we are guilty of an inexcusable lack of human compassion."

The contrasting focus of these meetings illustrates again our own persistent cleavage in evangelism. The Melbourne meeting saw evangelism as a mandate for reconciliation which inevitably challenges those practices which cause separation, violence and brokenness in our world.

In Thailand, many viewed evangelism purely as proclamation of the gospel, although a small faction, including Baptist theologian Ron Sider and South America's Orlando Costas, argued that the conference, by ignoring social, political and economic issues, failed to recognize realities of communicating the gospel today.

Clearly, on a global scale as well as in our own Southern Baptist context, the enemy of Christ continues to divide Christ's followers over the very commission that called Christ's church into existence. This despite overwhelming New Testament testimony that authenticates a holistic evangelism which sees reconciliation as its mandate.

"God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, not counting their trespasses against them, and He has committed to us the word of reconciliation." II Corinthians 5:19.

Effective evangelism declares a message of reconciliation. The gospel is far more than just words. But let us never forget that Jesus came preaching. He planted his feet right in

the middle of this world's pain and evil and declared the kingdom of God is at hand: "Repent and believe!"

We must correct perversion of evangelism at both ends of the Christian spectrum. Those who deal only in rhetoric must be helped to understand the righteousness of God is the power of the Gospel. Paul wasn't ashamed of the Christian message because it reveals the righteousness of God. Many Christians in America should be ashamed because their gospel is devoid of righteous deeds of justice, mercy, compassion and reconciliation.

On the other hand, we must call those who are committed only to deeds of righteousness, to speak the name of Jesus boldly and bear witness of his life-changing power. If we leave out the spoken witness about the Saviour, we seem to be only secular humanists calling people to *ourselves* and not to Christ. He has committed to us the word of reconciliation. The message is the same today as it was in Jesus' time: "Repent and believe!"

In *Where in the World Is Jesus?* author John Havlik of the Home Mission Board asks, "What kind of righteousness do Christians practice in a nation which claims half its people are church members, 36 percent 'born-again,' but which allows a large number of its citizens to suffer grinding, degrading poverty?"

Where is justice in sitting down to \$50-\$75 meals, dropping gravy on \$30 ties, while we look from our glass-tower restaurants onto tenements where hundreds of children are malnourished and hungry? Are these sins, or is sin just what the homosexual, prostitute or fornicator do? Martin Luther said, "If in your preaching you avoid



the issues which bring conflict and challenge, then you haven't preached the cross and your message isn't God's Good News."

Before the oppressor can be reconciled to his God or to the victim of his oppression, he must repent and get his foot off his brother's neck. Before the

racist can be reconciled to his God or to his neighbor, he must repent and stop his racist actions and attitudes.

Evangelism that is truly good news for America's cities and our world waits on the word of reconciliation which leads us to repentance.

It is also the word of faith. The Gospel isn't good advice, it is good news. Preaching the cross may be foolishness to those perishing, but to those who believe, it is God's power of salvation. Faith comes by hearing the word of God. But how shall they believe in him of whom they have never heard? And how shall they hear?

In *I Want My Church to Grow*, C. B. Hogue, HMB vice-president of evangelism, writes, "The only way for non-Christians today to witness Christ is through the lives of his followers. People will not swap their secular lifestyle for a method of living that is seemingly negative, uncaring and unfruitful. The kingdom will not grow and churches will not grow, until Christians present to the world and to their neighbors the true image of Jesus' death, life and eternal love. Incarnational witness is an essential part of the church's mission, and it ought to liberate the proclamation of the gospel from the notion that it fulfills merely a 'spiritual role' in the life of humankind. Preaching must also be seen in terms of social action because (theologically speaking) it aims at the total transformation of man."

Millions of persons will never know God's reconciling power unless we as his followers in this generation recommit ourselves to announcing this message of reconciliation.

"But all things come from God, who has reconciled us to himself by Jesus

OPINION

By Dale Cross

Illustrations by Randy Spear

On the burned-out streets of the South Bronx, a young man accosted me with a question that should haunt all Christians: "Before I went to Vietnam, this was a nice place. . . Why don't somebody do something?"

Christ and has given us the ministry of reconciliation." II Corinthians 5:18.

Effective evangelism demands our commitment to a ministry of reconciliation. The model for this ministry is Jesus. Christ embodied God's reconciling the world in a lifestyle which was good news for poor people, release for captives, sight for blinded eyes, food for hungry, compassion for the downtrodden, love for the loveless, friend for the friendless—and he lived that life all the way up Calvary's hill.

Even with his life's blood staining the earth, he was forgiving—seeking reconciliation with those who had crucified him! Jesus died as he had lived, for others. This is the commission he has entrusted to us. If his message is to be good news for our generation, it must deal with the real-life concerns which torment and terrorize this globe.

Such metaphors as salt, light, leaven have no meaning for kingdom people if we aren't directly involved in challenging the darkness, decay, despair.

A few days ago I stood with three other clergymen on a street in South Bronx, New York City, surrounded by block after block of burned-out buildings. A young man in his late 20's, very inebriated, accosted us, "Why don't you do something about it? Before I went away to Vietnam, this was a good place. Now all anybody does is just talk. Why don't somebody do something?"

That young man is spokesman for a raging army of young and old, men and women, black and brown, yellow and red and white, the poor of every race and culture, crying from the anguish of their soul: "Why don't somebody do something?"

I hear Christ say, "To you I've given this ministry of reconciliation."

"Him who knew no sin was made to be sin on our behalf, that we might become the righteousness of God in him." II Corinthians 5:21.

"The kingdom of this world has become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ and he will reign forever and ever." Revelation 11:15b.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creation, the old things are passing away and new things are coming." I Corinthians 5:17.

True evangelism depends on a miracle of reconciliation. The miracle is eschatological. The miracle is existential.

We hear a lot about miracles today. Some seem to be designed to line the pockets of the miracle workers. But the real miracle of reconciliation will probably empty our pockets.

Some miracles seem programmed to reinforce the prestige and power of ego-centered religious leaders. But the real miracle which is good news is revealed when religious leaders humble themselves and take up the manner and ministry of a servant.

Our day calls for the miraculous reconciliation which only God can work. He is active in dramatic, mysterious ways on the world scene. All across this nation I feel a stirring—it crosses denomination, race, class; a new radical faith is emerging. Yet it isn't the popular media-hyped religion which we hear about; it is the new reformation, a movement to the radical center of the faith, where hundreds say, "I'm through with the competi-

tion, the polarizing, the fragmenting of the gospel. I'm going to live out the faith of Jesus in this world and I'm going to share boldly his good news, his words of reconciliation and grace."

How else can you explain the unique giftedness of a John Paul II, who can move into the eye of raging political conflicts and call leaders to moral accountability in their own palaces?

Or a Lech Walesa, who leads throngs to the foot of a giant monument in Gdanst, Poland, a monument erected on behalf of workers killed in their fight for freedom? Walesa said, "This monument is an admonition to those in power. It establishes the right of human beings to dignity, order and justice." And the monument is three giant crosses!

It is no accident that the cross is the symbol of these workers' revolution!

The script for this emerging world movement isn't written by Marx, Engels or Lenin, but by a man named Jesus, who isn't dead, but alive; and living, able to create miracles by the minds and hands of his followers.

Wrote C.S. Lewis, "When I met Jesus it was like seeing the sunrise for the first time, not only did I see him, but I saw everything else because of him."

Effective evangelism in today's world demands that we truly see Jesus, and that we also see everything else because of him. Only a cosmic gospel which relates to every dimension of life can be seen as good news of great joy for all people.

This is the New Testament mandate for effective evangelism. □

Cross is director of metropolitan evangelism strategy, Home Mission Board.

By Phyllis Thompson Photography by Paul Obregon

THE PRIDE OF PIPPA PASSES

Summer volunteers to Appalachia discovered they gained as much from the mountain people as they gave to them.



May-June 81/Missions USA 67

Home missionary Lawrence Baldrige has found "these kids do in a week what it would take me four months to do alone."



Queen Anne's late and wild roses line the road into Hollybush holler. Winding through the valley, the two lanes become one pot-holed path past gardens rich with plump cabbages and brilliant tomatoes.

The path deadends before a sprawling decaying house, its walls of loose clapboard stuffed with rags to hold out nature's elements. Here the shiny black pickup bounces to a stop. Three teenagers jump down, carrying paperback copies of *Good News for Modern Man*.

At first no one answers their knock. But as they start to leave, a woman with a toddler appears. "You're giving away Bibles? Free? Sure, thanks, I'll take one . . . where you from?"

The teens, part of a 28-member group from Nashville's Parkway Baptist Church, were among nine mission

youth teams to work out of Caney Creek Baptist Church last summer. In seven days, they gave away more than 200 Bibles and performed minor repairs and paint jobs on a dozen senior citizens' homes.

Other groups conducted activities for the elderly and Bible schools and day camps for the young; they did renovations and helped staff the many programs of Caney Creek church.

Says Larry Baldrige, home missionary, pastor of Caney Creek and coordinator of the groups, "These kids do in a week what it would take me four or five months to do alone."

Baldrige has been using the teens for several years; each summer, their numbers grow. All are volunteers, paying their own expenses and

giving a week of summer vacation to come to Pippa Passes, Ky., an Appalachian community where more than half depend on welfare and food stamps.

"This is a real ministry to our people as well as to the teens," says Baldrige. "Our people love to see groups come into the valley from outside, because in spite of differences, they see love—and love crosses all barriers."

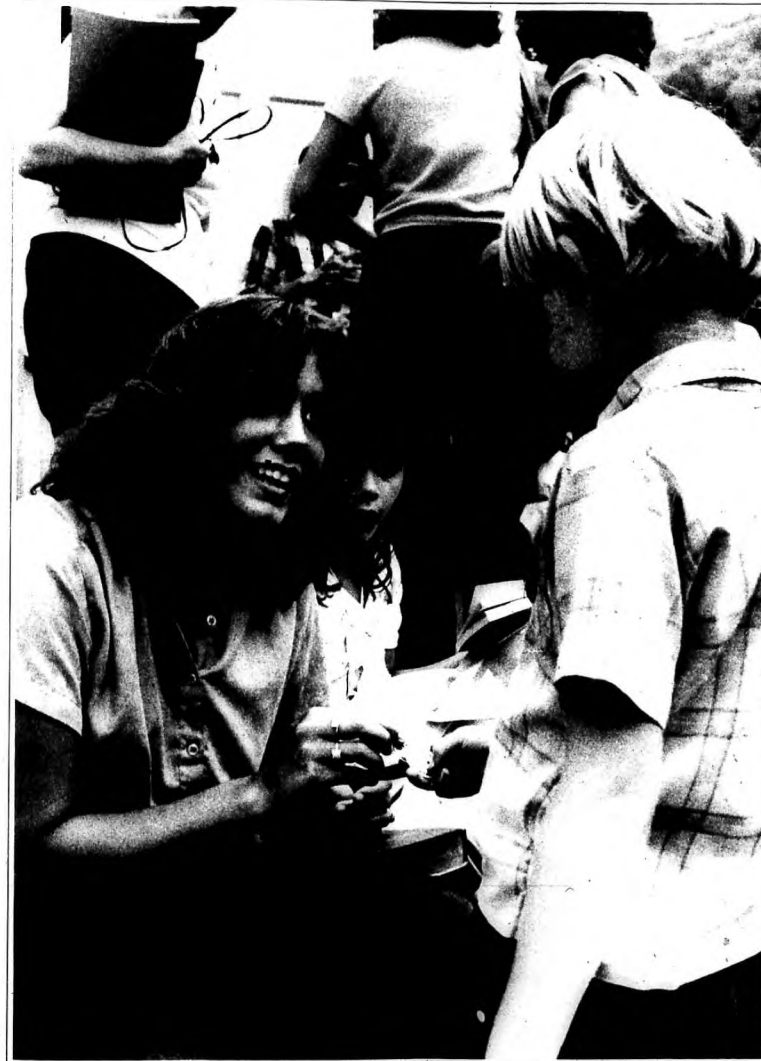
For some volunteers, differences at first seem pronounced. "In one home," recalls a girl, "we learned several family members had died of exposure during the winter. It was almost more than I could handle, just thinking what that must have been like." Adds Judy Jackson, a Nashville mother, "We never realized before how lucky we are."

But first impressions faded. In a Bible school led by Acteens of Holston (Ky.) Baptist Association, kids that seemed unmanageable daily grew more interested in the stories and activities. Jesse, a squirmy six-year-old, lay still as Rene Hashe, a high school senior, outlined his small body on butcher paper. Then, carefully, Jesse added eyes, nose and smiling mouth. And, in large shaky block letters, the words he remembers from Bible study: "God loves Jesse."

"It's amazing," says Baldrige, "a child can touch the life of another child, in a way we never could."

Yarn flowers and fresh coats of paint were all part of the summer. Judy Mullins, during crafts with senior citizens, remarks, "See the lady sitting in the corner? She told me she didn't want to make flowers from yarn. But I've watched her make five."

The Nashville group painted the house and tool shed of 76-year-old





70 MissionsUSA/May-June 81



May-June 81/MissionsUSA 71



The summer workers learn the pride of Appalachian culture is unique, but the need for "a lot of love is no different from home."

Virgil Slone. "These are fine kids," Slone says. "My house, it looks mighty nice."

Slone, like many in the community, is an Old Regular Baptist. But "me and Lawrence [Baldridge], we're great buddies," he says. "He's done me a lot of good, like bringing in these young folks to fix up my place."

Yet Slone and many others, while being friendly, rejected invitations to come to revival services at Caney Creek church. As one man, rocking on his porch, told the teenagers, "Why, thanks, I'd like to have a Bible. But no, I don't think I can make it up to the church. I got me a lot to do."

"Religion is the most difficult barrier to break down," says Baldridge. Even though many in the hollers attend no church, they claim traditional affiliation with the ultra-conservative, non-missionary Old Regular Baptists.

Baldridge, who has lived all his life in the area, serving as a teacher before becoming a missionary pastor in Pippa Passes, has a natural kinship with the people that allows him to bring in a different religion without being rejected.

Yet in 15 years at Caney Creek, the church has reached less than 100 members and averages only 50 on Sundays. "People here like me," says Baldridge. "But that doesn't mean they like my religion."

Rather than be discouraged by week-to-week or day-to-day statistics, Baldridge gains perspective from looking at the whole expanse of his ministry, which ranges from tutoring children to leading crafts shops for adults.

"I don't try to change the culture," he says. "I preach Christ to the culture that is here."

The volunteer groups are expected



to reflect that attitude. "Don't come looking down on people," he warns. "Thinking you are better than they are, because you aren't."

"You can't know what it's like to be branded 'hillbilly,'" he continues, "but if you get behind the stereotypes, you'll see we're just like any other people in the world. Except we've managed to keep hundreds of years of unbroken tradition—and there's a lot of value in that. Our future may be decided by the outside, by our dependence on coal for jobs, coal owned or bought by outsiders. But we determine the culture we live in, and we've preserved ours. We're proud of it."

The teenage volunteers learn, in their week in Pippa Passes, to understand Baldridge's feelings for the mountain people. Says Rene Hashe,

"Kids here need a lot of attention. So do all kids. We all need a lot of love."

For many, the week also reveals how much work there is to be done," says Darlene Martin, a high school sophomore, "not just here, but everywhere. Before I came," she reflects, "everybody said, 'Wow, a missions trip!' like it was a vacation or something. But I know it's more. I'm here training for some larger thing."

Adds Nashville youth minister Mark LeMay, "We've seen a lot of differences. We have nicer houses, nicer cars, an easier life. We appreciate them more now. But they aren't most important. We have grown so much."

Baldridge echoes their feelings. "It's great," he says. "I love the excitement of having the groups here." □



Attempting to reach the "totally unchurched," a group of New England Southern Baptists have thrown out the old forms. But their message is "way out" only if you've always been "way in."

An Experiment in Worship

By Ben Turner Photographs by Everett Hulum

Without popcorn machine endlessly spilling puffy corn, without gurgling punch fountain, without throngs of moviegoers, a theatre is an eerie, empty place. Yet somehow familiar, too—comfortable. Because in the dark theater, you choose your level of involvement. You can be aloof, or close; deeply involved, or without commitment.

These feelings are exactly what leaders of Middlesex Community Church—which meets in a movie theater—assayed and built on.

Without feeling threatened, persons who dislike churches, who do not recognize a need in their lives for God, can come to Middlesex church. And relax, enjoying a Sunday morning "celebration" especially designed for the unchurched. In their hour or so inside the theater, visitors glimpse, briefly, Christianity and the lifestyle associated with it . . . but without demands to join—or give money.

Begun less than two years ago with New England Baptist and Home Mission Board support, the experimental Middlesex Community Church aims specifically "at reaching the lost," those who have no religious background or commitment, says Al Buchweitz, youth minister.

"The major difference between us and traditional churches is that they are geared primarily toward Christians," adds coordinating minister Kerry Kunst. Typical Sunday services have "heavy Bible teachings and an altar call. We try to make Sunday an expression of the church to the community. On Wednesday we get deeply

into the Word: it is our worship and study with fellow Christians."

Sunday service is planned and plotted with great care. Usually included are scripture reading, congregational singing, dramas, slide shows, a devotional-type speech on a topical subject: family life, money worries.

Kunst and Buchweitz first encountered this approach when they attended Willowcreek Community Church, near Chicago, while students at Wheaton College. Upon graduation, the pair headed for Danbury, Conn., where Kunst's father, Bill, was pastor of Candlewood Baptist.

There, the younger Kunst and Buchweitz implemented techniques they had learned from Willowcreek's youth program. Their first year's results were

not spectacular. Yet "we developed a core group," Buchweitz says. From that, youth attendance at Candlewood exploded, jumping from 30 to more than 200 in three months.

But if the program was successful, it was also controversial. More youth than adults were coming into the church; new outreach methods were suspect by some long-time members. Tension simmered.

The evolving conflict led Kerry Kunst and Buchweitz to dream of a new church, in a new area, developed around new ideas. The focus would be on unchurched people.

The Kunst family had been in New England many years, with Bill first coming to the area as a home missionary. Excited about the potential of "a new kind of church," he explained the group's ideas to the Baptist General Association of New England. In September 1979, with New England Baptists' support, funds from the Home Mission Board and a grant from the Day Foundation, the Kunsts and 16 young adults from Candlewood church moved to Framingham, Mass., a heavily populated area near Boston.

The group's goal was to have 750 by December 1980. They failed miserably. At year's end, attendance was only in the middle 60s. The Kunsts and Buchweitz reexamined their approach. The first goal had been unrealistic, they decided. Candlewood's dramatic growth had built heavily on the existing church and its well-established support system. In Framingham, they had no establishment and little support. Yet they still felt a quantum leap in attendance was possible. The revised goal, set early in 1981, is as



After hours of work—unloading and setting up sound equipment—Bill Kunst begins morning worship.



awesome as the first: by Middlesex's second anniversary, they hope to have 1,000 people in Sunday service.

To reach their goal, the Kunsts and Buchweitz bank heavily on "Full-Cycle Evangelism." It has seven phases.

First comes *friendship*—building relationships with non-Christians. "A lot of churches are built without friendships," Kerry explains. "They are built on Southern Baptist heritage, or on the fact that members are white or black; or rich or poor. Always some sort of homogeneity, but oftentimes it is not real honest-to-goodness friendships."

Emphasizes Kunst. "In our church, Sunday morning is basically about developing and deepening relationships. You really can't understand the loving Father until you experience something like that here on earth."

Second step is *sharing your faith*. "Making visible the invisible Christ," Kerry explains. "Let others see God is at the heart of your life. This is a natural outgrowth of the first step."

Third comes *attendance*—getting people to "come to a place to hear. Sunday service introduces unbelievers to what Christianity can contribute to their lives," Kunst says. "One can come and be a spectator. We are trying to meet the need for relational love."

These result in *new conversions*. "Without this, we could go no further."

New community follows. On Wednesday nights "we build a Christian life . . . it is the real church I guess you might say," Kunst shrugs. The service follows traditional Sunday patterns, except it combines worship and prayer meeting in a single event.

Next evolves *discipleship*. "We don't consider a conversion complete until a person is being disciplined," Kunst says. "The hardest part has been discipleship; it's just not been there."

Finally comes *leadership*. "We have all been given something we can edify the body with," Kunst says. "Ideally, as a person progresses through the cycle, he brings others into the cycle, and they others."

The other half of Middlesex's program is geared to youth. "Son City" stresses "belonging and acceptance." As though a recording, Buchweitz says, "Son City is a competition youth group ministry designed for fellowship, discipleship and evangelism by and for high-school students."

"Kids need to be somebody," Buchweitz continues. "We involve everybody. Kids who won't take a risk in high school will at Son City."

The focus is on scripture memorization, attendance and competition. We find areas in which all students can compete: athletically, artistically, intellectually," Buchweitz says.

To parents, Middlesex's glaring flaw is no children's program. Plans are under way for "Constructionland," which will emphasize current needs rather than "Bible stories with obscure meanings," says Kerry Kunst. "It will be a contemporary upbeat ministry for children," he predicts.

"When a child faces real-life conflicts," echoes the elder Kunst, "we want him to relate what he learned here to those situations."

Rough edges in its programs still hamper Middlesex Community Church. Son City exists, but part of it remains only in the mind of Al Buchweitz. Constructionland has been under construction for several months, but the superstructure is not in place.

Nevertheless, the ministry grows; it has touched a few of the thousands it sees as its target. The diversity of clothing and hair styles in a typical Sunday celebration makes clear Middlesex's success at attracting non-traditional worshippers.

Although initial goals were not reached, Middlesex's average of 65, betters many missions' first year. "We are not a reaction to the traditional church," says Bill Kunst. "We are reaching into the vacuum that is there. We have not come with the idea of

A typical service at Middlesex will run the gamut from Christian rock to multimedia slide shows to live drama all written and choreographed by the staff. Because of its innovative worship techniques, Middlesex has earned a permanent place in the new cinema and will draw newcomers.

building this church on a negative concept, reacting against, but on a positive concept of reaching people.

"Everything in this church has been set up to best reach unchurched people . . . in large numbers," Kunst concludes.

He peers intently through his black-framed glasses. "We Southern Baptists must be frank, we have barely begun to reach the unchurched thousands in New England." □

Turner, a former Mission Service Corps volunteer in New England, now lives in Austin, Texas.

COMMENT

By Walker L. Knight

When the ax falls

I read with interest the budget cutting plans of the Reagan administration, now going through the lengthy congressional process, because I, too, want something done about our spending spiral—though I cannot understand how cutting services and spending even more for the military will help reduce inflation.

It's one thing, however, to favor budget cuts that might make my life easier.

It's another to learn those same budget cuts may harm friends who depend on the services provided by many of the targeted programs.

My church has been active in resettling refugees as far back as the Cuban crisis in the early '60s. Among the latest families settled were ethnic Chinese from Laos; two men have been trained through the CETA (Comprehensive Employment Training Act) program. We hear this training may no longer be available, but we are told tax advantages will induce businesses to create more jobs. Will private industry do the training for the new jobs?

A friend who suffered a heart attack found it difficult to adapt to inactivity, so he started working at a limited pace for 20 or so hours each week. He and his wife and four children exist on her earnings and his disability from Social Security. With his new work he expects some adjustment in his Social Security assistance, but the budget cutting zeal has him facing the possibility of its total elimination. Financially, he might be better off not working at all.

My church is located in a transitional community, one that underwent a radical racial change 12 years ago and since then has been shifting. As in many such communities, the new

families had smaller incomes. Consequently, many businesses did not survive. A recent move back into the city by persons escaping high transportation costs or who just love older homes and want to restore them, has brought a positive note to the community.

The city applied and received tentative approval of a grant to improve the small business district with street changes and other additions. Hope swelled in the collective community, but now that optimism has been dampened by budget paring. Word has come that the improvements will not be funded.

The community, with many new families at or below poverty level, lost its medical services. Civic groups and churches recently raised funds to help begin a community medical center. Without government assistance these medical services will end after a year.

A doctor in our church working for the Center for Disease Control recently shared with me his concern for the Public Health Service; he expects many associates to lose their jobs as a result of budget cuts. It is a similar story with friends who work for legal aid services.

With all this as background, I certainly applaud a recent move by Home Mission Board President William Tanner. He issued a plea at the last meeting of HMB directors for churches to fill the gap if and when government programs to feed hungry people in America are cut back by budget proposals.

Calling for churches to re-establish their leadership role in meeting the needs of hungry people, he said, "As government programs may be cut back, there are voids that are going to

be created that the church and the association not only should, but will be able to meet."

He asked other SBC agencies to join the Home Mission Board in developing plans and programs to help churches and associations respond to community hunger needs.

Tanner pointed out that throughout history the church has been involved in helping hungry people, but after government became heavily involved, many churches discontinued their programs for meeting such needs.

"As these proposed government cutbacks are made, it appears to me God may be giving Southern Baptists and our churches another opportunity to get involved more directly in meeting the needs of hungry people in the name of Christ," Tanner said.

The first step suggested is for churches to discover needs in local communities. Tanner pointed out that government cutbacks will differ in most states; thus needs will be different in each community.

He commended the work of Nathan Porter, Home Mission Board national consultant on domestic hunger, who is developing a local hunger survey to help churches discover needs in their own communities.

Tanner called on other Southern Baptist Convention agencies to join the Home Mission Board in discussions of ways to help churches and associations meet the needs of hungry people; he appointed Paul Adkins, director of the board's Christian Social Ministries Department, as coordinator of the effort.

"Whatever we do needs to be done quickly and effectively," Tanner warned. □

Birthdays of chaplains

(with home states and types of service)

JUNE

1: Riley W. Eubank Jr., Texas, hosp.; James Rogers, Okla., Army; Pete Sharber, Fla. Army; William H. Simpson, Texas, hosp.; Frederick A. Taylor, Mo., Army; 2: William E. Franklin Jr., S.C., inst.; Jack A. Hanberry, Ga., inst.; Robert Herndon, Ga., Army; 3: Sieve McCollum, Texas, inst.; 3: A.N. Hollis Jr., Tenn., V.A.; Jodie E. Jackson, Miss., inst.; 4: Ray E. Bell, Miss., inst.; Johnie B. Dellinger, Ala., V.A.; Eric R. Jewett, Va., A.F.; Arthur N. McGinnis, Mo., inst.; Oliver C. Wilson Jr., Ga., hosp.; 5: Ray W. Fullilove, Miss., Navy; 6: Julianne Crawford, Texas, inst.; James R. Perkins, Mo., Army; Alex L. Sullivan, Okla., inst.; 8: Marvin L. Gold, N.C., hosp.; John R. Mark, D.C., inst.; William R. Peoples, Ala., hosp.; 10: Lee Butler, Texas, hosp.; Robert E. Gray, Fla., hosp.; Claude B. Marshall, N.C., Navy; Charles A. Shaw, Ga., hosp.; 11: Louis B. Parks, Texas, V.A.; Justus F. Selph, Tenn., Army; Michael R. Durham, Ill., Army; 12: Ernest R. Barnes Jr., N.Y., Navy; John M. Gaines, Fla., hosp.; Earl E. Keele, Mo., inst.; 13: Phillip S. Carter, N.C., inst.; Henry G. Wade, Calif., Army; 14: Arthur P. Graham, Va., inst.; William O. Graham, Fla., V.A.; 15: Cecil R. Threadgill, Ala., Navy; T.D. Whitehorn, Ark., V.A.; 17: Ralph Bray, Tenn., hosp.; Eli H. Campbell, Ga., Navy; Blake L. Greer, W.Va., Army; Harold L. Hawkins, N.C., hosp.; Robert H. Lloyd, Texas, hosp.; Francis M. Marks, Okla., inst.; Samuel L. Young, Iowa, inst.; 18: Verna Elaine Hickman, S.C., hosp.; C. Cleveland Kiser III, Ga., hosp.; 19: Joseph M. Antos, Mo., inst.; George P. Bowers, N.Y., A.F.; Robert E. Saunders, Tenn., Army; 20: Norman L. Bellury, Ohio, inst.; William E. Dodson, Ala., Navy; Robert W. Garland, N.H., hosp.; Glenn D. Mace, Texas, Army; 21: Dennis K. Vlassis, N.Y., hosp.; 22: Fred Reid Jr., Va., hosp.; 23: William Blanton, N.C., hosp.; Walter L. Howell, N.C., V.A.; Bobby L. Klutts, Mo., hosp.; 24: Donald C. Beson, Mo., Army; Albert Brodie Jr., S.C., inst.; Jasper J. Dean, Ala., Army; Donald B. Doggett, Tenn., Army; Ed F. McDonald III, Ark., hosp.; 26: James O. Nations, Miss., Navy; 27: Robert E. Ballard, Ga., hosp.; Wayland M. Hartsfield, Tenn., A.F.; John M. Smith, S.C., hosp.; 28: Donald W. Grover, Texas, Army; 29: Lester C. Cornett, Ky., hosp.; Donald W. McSwain, N.C., Army; Robert Lee Menz, Mo., hosp.; Henry G. Wade, Calif., Army; 30: James N. Brister, Miss., hosp.; Darryl J. Tiller, Texas, inst.

JULY

2: Huey A. Bridgman, Ga., Army; 3: Weaver S. Anderson, Mass., A.F.; William P. Brock, Ala., hosp.; Kenneth W. Cook, Ga., inst.; Gary Cragun, N.Y., Navy; Nancy E. Ditch, Mo., hosp.; Geoffrey Knott Jr., N.C., Army; Jerry W. Pitman, Texas, hosp.; 4: James Conard, Ark., hosp.; James P. Jarrett Jr., S.C., hosp.; John C. Lee, S.C., inst.; Charles

D. Phillips, Miss., hosp.; 5: I. Eugene Ryder, N.C., hosp.; Paul Henry Williams, Ga., Navy; 6: Vance Davis, N.C., hosp.; Kyo Itokazu, Hawaii, Army; Blawett A. Smyth, Mich., V.A.; Wm. Everett Tumblin, Ga., Navy; Charles P. Van Frank Jr., Okla., Navy; 7: Winston P. Fox, Ga., A.F.; Charles N. Russell, Texas, Army; 8: Larry D. Farrell, N.C., Army; 11: James Lee Doss, N.C., Navy; Elmer C. Horn, Miss., Army; Daniel Keels, Ga., hosp.; John N. Sims, Ala., hosp.; 12: William E. Donan Jr., Ky., Navy; 13: Terry Gene Buford, Tenn., Navy; Bruce Coltharp, Texas, A.F.; Bobby M. Cox, Texas, inst.; Richard L. Park, Fla., Army; 14: Charles D. Bass, Texas, Army; Ralph M. Calbraith, Canada, hosp.; Thomas E. Reiff, Ind., hosp.; Charles H. Wilkens, Texas, inst.; 15: Jeff P. Cheatham, Tenn., ind.; Kenneth Pepper, Texas, hosp.; William R. Shirah, S.C., inst.; 16: John Wm. Bond, Tenn., A.F.; Willie E. Buice, Ca., A.F.; Clark H. Shotwell, Fla., inst.; 17: John B. Tucker, Ark., V.A.; Buster P. White, Texas, Army; Samuel Young, Va., inst.; 18: Jerry L. Davis, Ariz., hosp.; Darrell C. Highsmith III, A.F.; Thomas H. O'Neal, S.C., hosp.; 19: Carl W. Kyle, Md., hosp.; 20: Alfred DeLossa Jr., Mass., Army; Jerry L. Dickerson, Va., Navy; 21: David E. Breeding, Tenn., A.F.; Wayne Durham, La., hosp.; Lowell C. Todd, La., V.A.; 22: Derral J. Foreman, Miss., hosp.; Curtis Allen Russell, Hawaii, Navy; 23: Edwin A. Gates, Okla., Navy; Carroll L. Johnson, Texas, A.F.; Charles E. Vickery III, V.A.; Larry D. Wagoner, Ind., hosp.; William P. Webb, Fla., Army; 24: James B. Annis Sr., Fla., inst.; Claude B. Farris, Okla., A.F.; Louis D. Hendricks, Okla., Army; Bob J. Traywick, N.C., inst.; 25: Gerald R. Chancellor, Texas, inst.; Ebb G. Kilpatrick, Ky., hosp.; David R. Morrison, Iowa, inst.; 26: James D. Elrod, Ala., hosp.; John L. Harris, Texas, hosp.; John W. Samb, Wis., Navy; 27: B.F. Bennett, Texas, hosp.; Ronald Frank King, D.C., hosp.; Phillip L. Tillman, Miss., A.F.; 28: I. David Alwater, N.C., Navy; Thomas D. Denson, Texas, Army; 29: S. Denton Bassett, Texas, hosp.; David P. Heydt, Pa., hosp.; 31: James Lee Britt, Ky., hosp.; Kenneth R. Israel, Mo., A.F.; Billy J. McKee, Texas, Navy; Richard E. Sapp, Fla., hosp.; G. Richard Travis, N.H., Army; Russell Waldrop, Miss., hosp.

Missionary Appointments

(with places of service & birthdays)

FEBRUARY

Missionaries: Thomas H. and June M. Cairns, 12-6, 6-11, Rochester, N.Y.; Christian Social Ministries Missionary Associates: Jimmie Duane and Maria S. Cline, 2-17, 12-9, St. Joseph, Mo.; Church Extension: Robert D. and Deborah Cochran, 3-9, 8-9, Indianapolis, Ind.; CE: John R. and Ann Marie Crow, 12-22, 11-2, Wabash, Ind.; CE: Charlotte Ann Johnson, 12-7, Meridian,

Miss., CSM; Kendale A. and Elizabeth A. Moore, 8-18, 2-16, Middletown, Ky.; Language: Leonard Morgan, 4-8, Beckley, W.Va.; CE: Gayle A. Prettyman, 7-28, San Antonio, Texas; Lang.: Fuad Tawfik and Rifka F. Shorosh, 5-10, 5-20, Knoxville, Tenn.; Lang.: Yun and Su-ling Yong, 6-14, 10-9, Pennsylvania; Lang., Church Pastoral Assistance, CE: Herbert C. and Wanda F. Copeland, Romulus, Mich.; William E. and Clarice Cowan, Tubac, Ariz.; Al and Barbara Engelmann, Isaquah, Wash.; Paul W. III and Angela French, Timber, Ore.; Robert W. and Carolyn Grootzinger, Florence, Ore.; Paul and Vickie Huger, Mineral Wells, W.Va.; Daniel S. and Sharon Hunt, Cleveland, Ohio; David S. and Linda Keener, Edwards, Colo.; Neil and Patricia Kibbe, Shillington, Pa.; John Rutherford and Barbara R. Land, Wasilla, Alaska; Michael and Sandra Maixner, Norwich, Conn.; Johnny R. and Kathie Mansell, Las Cruces, N.M.; Lawrence and Barbara Stewart, Leivasy, W.Va.; Robert Lynn and Joann Walker, Tucson, Ariz.; George Lee and Florence Wright, Benicia, Calif.; Mission Pastor Interns, CE: John W. and Shirley Ann Cossey, Duncan, Ariz.; Larry J. and Joan Thesen, Ephrata, Penn.; James Paul and Rita Susan Wood, Chatham, Mass.; Language Pastoral Assistance: Rudy and Dianna Aguilera Windsor, Calif.; Jose and Nydia de Jesus, Hartford, Conn.; Josue C. and Janet Delgado, Colton, Calif.; Ruben D. and Dora E. Gonzalez, Des Moines, Iowa; Young Hwan and Youngai Nam, Khl., Martinez, Calif.; Manuel and Donna S. Salinas, Clovis, N.Mex.

MARCH

Missionaries: Susan Diane Griffin, 2-5, Philadelphia, Pa.; CSM: Carolyn Jean McClendon, 6-6, New Orleans, La.; CSM: Claude Preston and Patsy North, 10-8, 11-7, Eastern, N.D.; Rural-Urban: Hai Minh and Nguyen Tran, 1-1, 1-29, District of Columbia; Language: Missionary Associates: Cheryl Boots Allen, 4-15, Tarzana, Calif.; CE: John Bruce III and Jacqueline Hall, Copeland, 12-22, 11-1, Anchorage, Alaska; CE: Donoso and Geanine Escobar, 11-18, 1-7, Atlanta, Ga.; Language: Church Pastoral Assistance, CE: W. Eugene and Frances Bolin, New York, N.Y.; James R. and Carol Burns, Rainier, Ore.; Ervin Earl and Mary Joyce Cope, Nashville, Ind.; James William and Valerie Ferguson, Helena, Mont.; William Ray and Estelle Hand, Gardnerville, Nev.; Ben L. and Linda Jennings, Tacoma, Wash.; Charles and Barbara O'Neal, Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii; Richard W. and Romaine Porter, Hampstead, N.H.; Edward Lamar and Jennifer Sue Smith, Mammoth Lakes, Calif.; Missionary Pastor Interns, CE: Steven C. and Peggy Melissa Davidson, Camarillo, Calif.; Language Pastoral Assistance: John Peter and Elaine Chow, Cupertino, Calif.; Chin H. and Young Ja Chung Kim, Houston, Texas; Elton T. and Doris Mayse, Roosevelt, Utah.

BIRTHDAYS/APPOINTMENTS

LETTERS

Hello Baptists

Just an informative item re the feature on non-resident Southern Baptists [Mar/Apr '81]. . . the Sunday School Board is involved in a project to discover and enlist non-resident Southern Baptists in active church life—called Hello Baptists.

Churches who have members moving to other areas can write to the Hello Baptists' Desk, c/o Sunday School Board, SBC, 127 Ninth Avenue North, Nashville, Tenn. 34234, and request free information cards and instruction manuals to aid them in communicating with Southern Baptist churches in distant areas where non-residents have relocated.

Gerry Peak
Nashville, Tenn.

Support and challenge

"Alternative Lifestyles" [Jan/Feb 1981] was an encouragement to us. It helps to know others are struggling to interpret their own responsibility in living out the Christian life.

For us, the message was one of support in what we are attempting and of challenge for where we fall short.

We look forward to continued emphasis on lifestyle.

Bill Black
Ochlocknee, Ga.

Moving brown-eyes

The article, "A Message from Brown Eyes," about the five-year-old [Winter 1981 HM Notebook] really got me.

D.F. Norman
Appomattox, Va.

... particularly moving; I appreciated it [Richard Harmon, Nashville, Tenn.]

... really grabbed me. That's one of [HMB president William] Tanner's very best stories. Thanks.

Jim Godsoe
Springfield, Ill.

... one of the most brilliant editorial appeals I have read.

H. Rex Hammock
Nashville, Tenn.

Just 26 letters I read completely the last edition. . . it is better than ever and it was always thought provoking. . . It's really amazing the continuous challenge you present to us through God's Holy Spirit and just twenty-six letters of the alphabet. Keep encouraging us to grow.

Libby Maynard
Lakeland, Fla.

• MissionsUSA contains so much information, and it is presented in such an interesting manner. The pictures are great!

Jewell Acevedo
Tucker, Ga.

• I have appreciated your experimentation with various formats and many innovative approaches to the problems encountered in trying to cross the barriers involved in witnessing to so many different groups in America.

I have appreciated the courage and openness in dealing with controversial subjects, and also the sensitivity and response to beauty in people.

Don C. Jones
Seoul, Korea

• This is a thank you for the many improvements in our magazine (and for the Home Missions study book for 1981). They are just so thrilling to get into. The photography is such a help, and is so excellent.

Vera C. Lineberger
Gastonia, N.C.

• The beautiful March-April edition arrived yesterday. You have brought much-deserved attention to the plight and promise of the Haitians among us.

I was also pleased to see the excellent article on "New York City SPOTS." Students from Sanford and elsewhere have indeed strengthened our outreach to this city.

Also, your statistics on the Baptist Convention of New York members (page 58) are probably out of date; we are reporting about 20,000 now.

DeLane Ryals
New York, N.Y.

Baptist Men not recognized

In the article on our attempt to feed the Haitians [Winter 1981 HM Notebook] I was surprised to see no reference to Baptist Men. The van was the Louisiana Baptist Convention van, a Brotherhood Department project; one of the men who went, Cal Jones, is associate Brotherhood director for Louisiana; and the group was the Baptist Men's group from the church. These men are doing a lot through their Brotherhood and Baptist Men's involvement and like to see the Brotherhood story fully told.

David Haney
Memphis, Tenn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We regret that Baptist Men were not mentioned in the account. This was unintentional as we definitely want to give credit due and wish always to encourage Baptist Men's groups.

More accurate

I rejoice in the change in name. . . I think MissionsUSA is a better term—in fact the Board should consider changing its name to that. It's more accurate and much less paternalistic than the old home-foreign differentiation.

Thanks for what you are doing and for the ministry you keep spot lighting.

William J. Cumbie
Alexandria, Va.

• I want to commend you for the new name of the magazine. . .

Your edition with the article on the Ku Klux Klan (Sept/Oct '80) was one of the best.

It was encouraging to see an official publication of our denomination facing one of the real issues with which Baptists wrestle in their daily lives.

... recently [I was told] about half the members of the Klan in northwest Florida are Baptist Sunday school teachers. I know that we as Baptists have much freedom in Christ, but I find it difficult to square membership in an organization with the avowed anti-Semitic, anti-black, violent policies of the Klan with Biblical teachings.

Adon Taft
Miami, Fla.

IN PASSING

By William C. Tanner



Come see this land/Detroit

On the expressway in from the airport, you are immediately reminded that this city has been built on the wheel: a giant tire company sign trumpets the number of new cars rolling off assembly lines; the mammoth Ford River Rouge auto plant stretches out on your right; signs point to Cadillac and Chrysler plants.

Bypass downtown; take Edsel Ford Freeway north, then curl back on Jefferson Avenue, running parallel to Lake St. Clair. Two-story brick mansions built with automotive dollars, their lawns full and green, afford luxurious waterfront views.

Suddenly estates are replaced by pawn shops and boarded-up storefronts.

Zigzag into a neighborhood and you find dingy apartments and nondescript homes interwoven with burned-out shells and broken-window hovels, the unreconstructed products of 1967 rioting.

Nearby Belle Isle, offering baseball and fishing, yachting and museums, is playground for both rich and poor. But even here, the two seldom mix.

Ahead gleams towering Renaissance Center, the anchor of downtown, symbol of the rebirth of Detroit.

From the top of Renaissance Center's 72-story hotel, you can see all of metropolitan Detroit: the Detroit River, the old gray buildings, the poked-wheel streets disappearing into old then new neighborhoods.

Standing there, it's hard to link this metropolis of three-and-a-half million people with Memphis, Tenn. Yet the two cities are united in ways deeply significant to Southern Baptists.

This past fall, Tennessee Baptists and Michigan Baptists voted to begin a

working relationship—a kind of partnership in missions.

The project, based on realization that old-line SBC strength and stability should nurture and support developing, weaker SBC areas, is part of a healthy, growing trend.

Bob Wilson, executive director of Michigan Baptists, says, "We began under sponsorship of an older, Deep South convention. But when we attained convention status, that relationship was severed. That was an error in judgment. We're a long way from being as strong as older state conventions."

"Now, we see exciting things can be done cooperatively; we realize the opportunities we have by linking again."

The first older convention to link with a pioneer area was Texas. On their relationship with Minnesota-Wisconsin, Texans have spent thousands of dollars and thousands of man-hours—to the benefit of both.

Maryland and New England, Missouri and Iowa also boast long-standing relationships.

In recent years, Georgia's agreement with New York and Florida's with Penn-South Jersey Southern Baptists have encouraged other link-ups. Arkansas with Indiana, New Mexico with Northern Plains, Virginia with New England.

North Carolina has paired with Maryland and with West Virginia; more than 80 North Carolina churches are teaming with West Virginia counterparts to begin 80 new congregations.

All have built on previous examples, but all are also forging new approaches. One of the most exciting I've learned about is part of the Tennessee-Michigan relationship.

Southern Baptists of Memphis, with help from the Tennessee convention, have chosen Bill and Evelyn Foote to become the communications bridge between the two conventions.

Bill, an active 63-year-old, describes his job as "finding the needs in Michigan and the resources in Tennessee." He spends about four months in the North, visiting churches and associations; he returns South for two months, speaking in churches and encouraging Tennesseans to link with Michigan churches. "I never imagined I'd be so busy," he tells me. "My calendar's full through May."

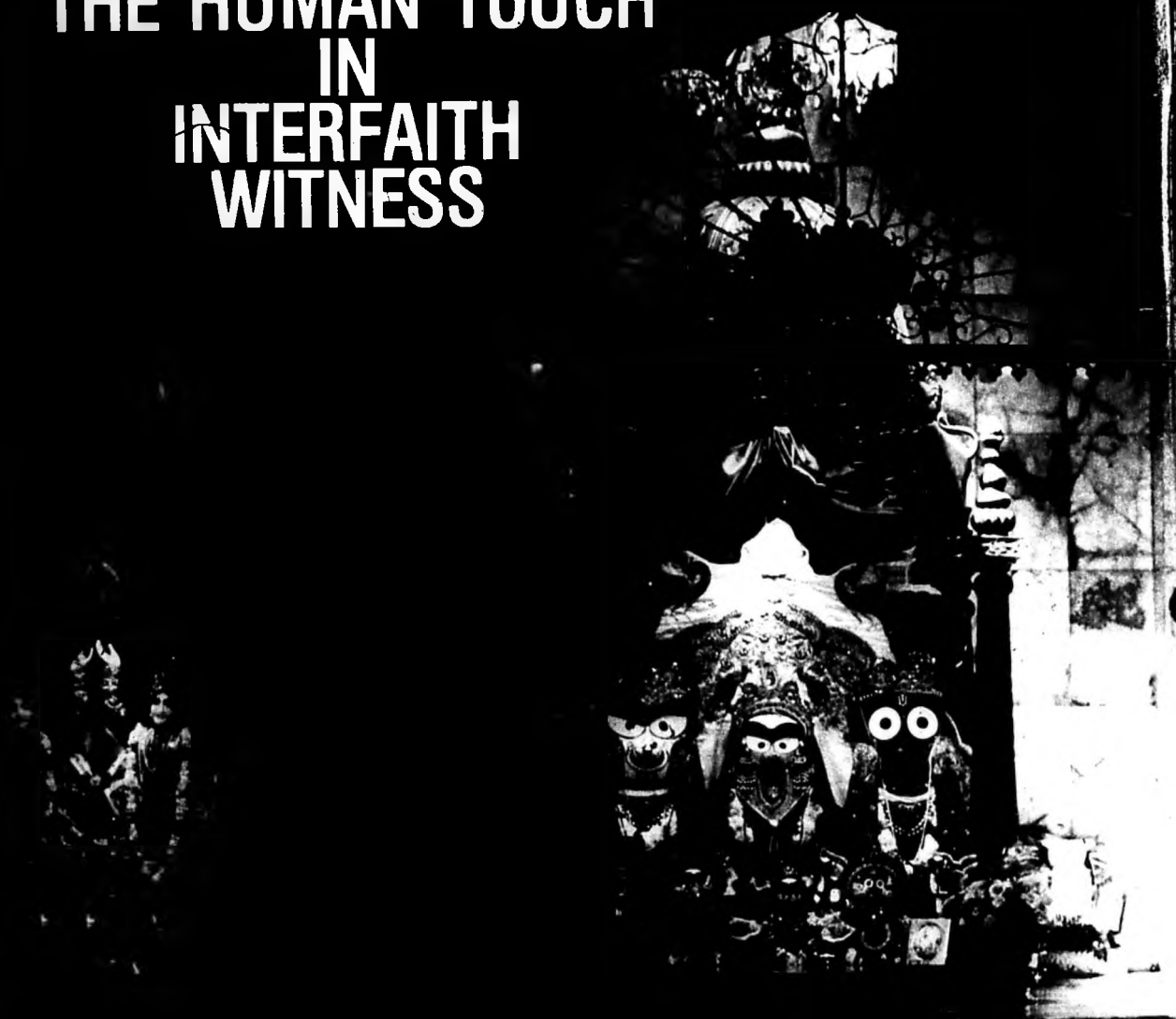
Bill is lining up people for vacation Bible schools, church construction work, surveys, revivals and training courses; the full gamut of needs faced by fledgling congregations. But perhaps his most ambitious goal is to match churches and personnel to fulfill the Michigan emphasis of 50 new churches begun this year and 50 more started in 1982.

That will require great commitment from Southern Baptists in both Tennessee and Michigan. The benefits for Michigan SBC work are easy to see. But the value of such efforts for Tennessee may not be as evident.

Tom Madden, Tennessee's executive director, understands what we at the Home Mission Board have learned from years of experience with churches on mission projects in newer areas, and why we encourage these partnerships.

Says Tom, "I want blessings for Tennessee Baptists. And I know when they get involved with others, the enthusiasm and zeal they find in that encounter spreads through the whole people, and mission work grows both at home and afar." □

THE HUMAN TOUCH IN INTERFAITH WITNESS



YOUR GOD, MY GOD

Not all Mormons are in Utah. Not all Moonies in New York's LaGuardia airport. Not all Muslims in Saudi Arabia. These groups are rapidly becoming part of your world.

So how do you, a Christian, respond? Before turning your back on this mission field, read **YOUR GOD, MY GOD**.

The book, written by Mike Creswell and photographed by Paul Obregon, is an encounter with a myriad of world religions, cults and sects, from

Buddhism and Hare Krishna, to Judaism.

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YOUR GOD, MY GOD, latest book in the Human Touch series documenting for you Southern Baptist missions in the homeland, is available from Baptist Book Stores for **\$7.95**.

All books in the series may be purchased individually, or through the Photo-Text Book Club, Book Services, 1350 Spring Street NW, Atlanta, GA 30367.