

**A Chaplain for
St. Jude's Children**

Mister Hamal

**Christianity
In Cuba Today**

Food Banks

**Flight of the
Low-Income Family**

Southern Baptists'

Tiniest Sponsor

Offers Refugees

A Huge Welcome

JULY-AUGUST 1981

**MISSION
USA**



MISSIONS^{USA}

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REFLECTIONS ON THE American Dream

In the fall of 1980, the American people seemed to repudiate their past 20 years. Pundits and soothsayers, observing the landslide elections, agreed: a new era of rugged individualism had edged the horizon; egocentricity's golden age was dawning. Said one euphorically: "This is the rebirth of the American Dream." Which sounds fine. But what does it mean? What is the much-heralded, semi-sacred American Dream? Beneath the Madison-Avenue hype, is there a dream at all? Or are there 220 million dreams, with another abominable with each new baby's cry, with each immigrant's arrival? We have an eerie feeling the dream once might have been more clearly defined, more commonly held: the concept of each person reaching his or her potential—expressed tangibly, perhaps, as the chicken-in-every-pot, car-in-every-garage vision which, for 80 percent of us, has become reality. We are Hollywood's happy endings. But now that the credits have rolled by, life continues; new dreams arise. Have they the same substance as our first dream? Or are the microwave ovens and video recorders that stir our imaginations far different from the goals, ambitions, aspirations of past generations? Has the dream of survival and security, of promise realized, been replaced by a greedy nightmare of comfort, luxury, compromise? And how, in this society which legally separates but mentally joins church to state, do our 1980s American dreams impinge on Christian ideals and actions? The questions seemed worth exploring. So for the past six months, we've interviewed Southern Baptists across the nation: what is your American dream? Is it based on the adman's revised-standard-version? Is the real American dream material, or is it conceptual? Do you still dream? Can you describe your "new American dream"? And what happens to a people who cease to dream?

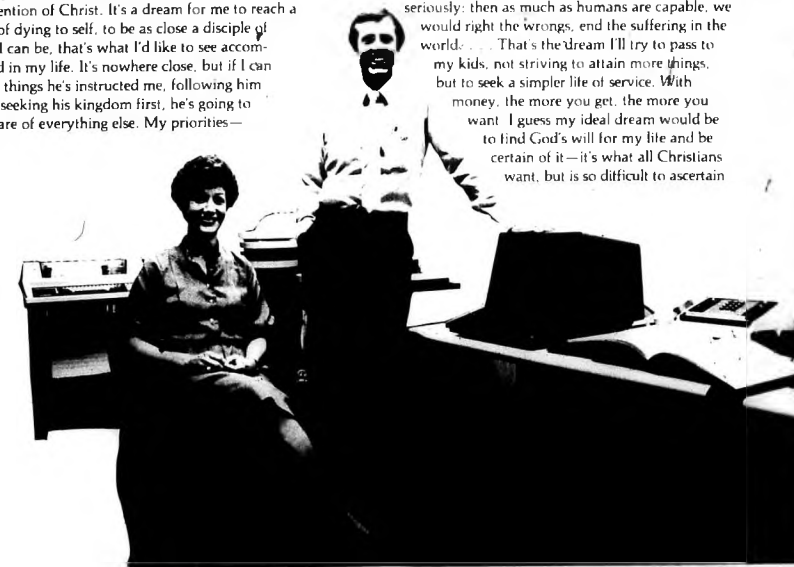
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Interviewed and photographed by Everett Hullum

TED DANIEL, vice-president, computer company, with wife Janet, San Antonio: Really, I didn't have a dream until after college, a guy asked me on a job interview. "What do you want to do in five years?" I didn't have any ideas, but being money-oriented at the time, I decided my dream was to be making \$25,000, managing people and selling a lot—success. I didn't think in spiritual or family values: I was 24, footloose and fancy free and loving every minute of it. So in five years, I achieved those things. I got married, I had kids. But I found my first dream was not adequate, my new dream, and it's still developing, came, I can truthfully say, with the direct intervention of Christ. It's a dream for me to reach a point of dying to self, to be as close a disciple of his as I can be, that's what I'd like to see accomplished in my life. It's nowhere close, but if I can do the things he's instructed me, following him daily, seeking his kingdom first, he's going to take care of everything else. My priorities—

dollars, family, job, success—are all turned around now, with Christ first and family second and the rest very subordinate. Including myself. There's so much of the self side today, everybody still trying to do it his own way, for his own benefit and gains; greed prevents human beings from ever doing anything to right the world situation.

I don't think man's dream is in line or in tune with what God wants for us. If everybody followed Matthew 5-7, it'd go a long way to righting the wrongs—but it would be a 180-degree departure from America as we know it today. People need to take Christ and his commands seriously; then as much as humans are capable, we would right the wrongs, end the suffering in the world. That's the dream I'll try to pass to my kids, not striving to attain more things, but to seek a simpler life of service. With money, the more you get, the more you want. I guess my ideal dream would be to find God's will for my life and be certain of it—it's what all Christians want, but is so difficult to ascertain.



Minnesota USA 3

Americans' capacity for change is beyond the measure of any statistician or pollster. I've encountered an ex-Klan leader who won his state's human rights award; the toughest girl on the block who became an extraordinary social worker; the blue-collar housewife who, after mothering nine, says: "I don't like the word 'dream.' I don't even want to specify it as American. What I'm beginning to understand is there's a human possibility. That's where all the excitement is. If you can be part of that, you're aware and alive. It's not a dream. It's possible. It's everyday stuff."
—Studs Terkle in "American Dreams"

JOHN BERKUTA, home missionary and pastor, Ukrainian Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa: Our family came to the United States in 1949. We were looking for freedom after many years in Soviet Union under religious oppression, many persecutions. . . . We were not looking for to be rich. Even now, I'm older, I'm thinking what can I do with my little money for the future, if I live so long. I don't know. Sure we appreciate good car and so on, but this is the second place. I like a good home and car and praise God I have, but first thing is to serve the Lord. We have more than we ever think. Our dream was to come here for freedom, we did not imagining the rest. Freedom was all. . . . Freedom [we learned] is not good for everybody. If you are not prepared for freedom, then you may be more lost than in the Soviet Union. Freedom is very useful, but for some very dangerous, too. Do you know the price of bread? No, you just complain how much you pay for it today. In 1933, I was witness to dying of eight million peoples, my family was near to dead because of lack of food, lack of bread. During second war was the same. Now I'm not judging bread according to the penny, because I remember the price. This is like so many things. We judge differently from people born here; they think they can throw away bread, they don't like it, they don't want it, because they don't know the price.

УКРАЇНСЬКА БАПТИСТСЬКА ЦЕРКВА

Неділя:
Богослуження 11:00 РАНКУ
Богослуження 3:00 ПОПОЛУДНІ
Недільна ШКОЛА 10:00 РАНКУ

СЕРЕДА:
МОЛИТВА В 7:00 ВЕЧОРА

Район ШКОЛА

GAYLE JERDEN, teacher, Mesquite, Texas: I never had a dream for myself, except traditional female values taught by my parents and church: I would grow up to be a wife and mother. I needed college education so I could get married to the "right person" and have a family and financial security. I didn't think I'd ever work or worry about money. . . . I've only begun to dream in the past few years. Now I know more what I want but never see the means of those things—a new career, financial security—coming to pass. I get depressed to think my dreams may go unfulfilled. I find teaching unrewarding and low status. I want to achieve more self-realization. I'd like for church people to be more involved in my personal growth and less judgmental: we shouldn't condemn the dreams of others or try to make them change to fit dreams of our own.



LLOYD JACKSON, director, Virginia Baptist Men, and avid outdoorsman, Richmond: I don't think mine is the stereotype, but I believe the American dream is about happiness, enjoyment of life—an appreciation of people and relationships; responsiveness to being human; tolerance and acceptance of diversity; personal growth and growth in relations with others. My dream isn't material; I get depressed by the society we've created, it's a monster that equates happiness with wealth, success with power. I like to think of success as a missionary helping blind kids, happiness as being contributed to and contributing to others. I'll never arrive at my dream. It's always a struggle.



HAZEL HENDERSON, minister of music, New Hope Baptist Church, Los Angeles: Growing up, I experienced prejudice, definitely. I always wanted to be judged on the same status as everybody else, to be appreciated and loved for who I am. I began to play the piano at age eight. I felt a desire to create and I found I could do it best through music. I dreamed to be somebody as a musician—to play with distinction and to help others learn music. . . . God has given me a gift I can transfer to someone else. I've never dreamed of wealth—just music. I've found security in my music, even though I've never attained my goals. But I'll never give up my dream of musical perfection; I'll be working on it until I die.



I still have a dream
that one day this nation
will live out the true
meaning of its creed.
[and] my four little children
will live in a nation
where they will not be
judged by the color of
their skins but by the content
of their character.
—Martin Luther King Jr.

KEN SEHESTED, magazine co-editor, Atlanta, Ga: We think of the American dream as our material abundance. But that's like the Hebrews and their covenant with God. They kept trying to make it exclusive. Too frequently, our covenant, our promise, our sense of specialness has been an image of imperialism, rather than servanthood. We need to see that all we have has been given us not because we somehow deserve it, but because God, through us, wants to do something unusual in the world. . . . "I've earned this, it's mine" is pagan philosophy. "Every good and perfect gift comes from above." We've gotten so rich, our wealth has isolated us from those who suffer. Learning to repent is a pressing issue. One of my images of America is the rich man up a tree. Like Zacchaeus, we need to repent . . . but we've so elevated strength and might, we have a hard, hard time understanding the power of repentance: we think it will make us weak. It's not that we've done everything bad, or that we are a no-good people. Like most folks, we're a heady mixture of good and bad. . . . The American dream has to be revitalized, renewed by each generation, or it won't keep pushing us to do more, to be a fuller people. Yet I believe if we'd repent of the ways we've abused our power and blessings, then it is very possible God could—and would—use this nation as a servant to the world.

JOE BATTLE, steel mill stovetender, Gary, Ind: I come from what you call a lower-income family in Texas. I always wanted to have something, you know; my goal was to better my condition. I was raised in church. I knew through prayer and Jesus Christ, all things are possible. I heard about coming to the North, to the cities, if you had initiative and were willing to work, you could have anything you wanted, you could accomplish anything. . . . I went into the steel mills, the Lord was good to me. My dream was to buy a prestige car, so I got me a Cadillac; then a bigger house. That was satisfying, sure, but only for a time. As I got older, I saw I was putting too much emphasis on material things. They weren't forever: I wanted something more permanent. I started working in church, helping less fortunate people; that gave me more satisfaction. When we start making a god of house or car, we forget everything important. When you get rid of things, maybe you get rid of hatreds in your heart. Like when I moved into this house five years ago, we were the first black family in the neighborhood. My windows were shot out and my tires cut. We stuck it out and I'm happy now. But I was scared to death for a while.

Our world is in very deep trouble and holds no promise. We jolly well have to have the courage to dream if we want to survive and give our children a chance of survival. The crisis will not go away if we simply carry on. It will become worse and end in disaster, until and unless we develop a new life-style which is compatible with the real needs of human nature, with the health of living nature around us, and with the resource endowment of the world. —E.F. Schumacher

*Last night I had the strangest dream.
I never dreamed before.
I dreamed that all the world agreed
To put an end to war. 1960s folk song*

KELLY POWERS, high school junior, Lacey, Wash: I think the American dream is the perfect family—mother, father, boy and girl; with good jobs, a nice home, new cars, a boat, cat and dog—good relationships between everybody—that's what I think of. Money for all. That's what you're taught the American dream is—having everything. My dream? I'd like to be a singer, I've had that dream ever since I was little. But I've tried to be practical about it and said, "You better reach for something a little more in your reach." I'm looking forward to a good job, I'm positive I'm going to make it. I'll probably get married and have kids. I hope my family can be Christian. If the whole family was Christian, God would provide a lot of the other things, material things, for us. I hope I can keep on raising horses. But I can't make a living out of it, I mean, there's no future in horses unless you're going to be a jockey or something. And that's not what I'm into. I'm just in it for pleasure. Money's important, but it's not everything.



LAWRENCE BRACEY "BUZZ" CAMPBELL III, newspaper editor, Nashville, Tenn: Our family has everything in the American dream — house, car, kids, good income. Sure, we've still got physical dreams, we'd like to reach out for a \$200,000 house someday and provide that for our child; we'd like to add a boat to the traditional trappings of the dream. But these aren't priorities. I'm more interested in my family being happy and my son being able to accomplish what he'd like to accomplish. It's not my thing to plan a career for my child, but I want to show him the world, show him what's out there so he can make up his own mind. I want my child to live in a free world, to be a free man, a Christian man. I want him to have a positive impact on those around him. I see major problems in our country, like the energy crisis. But we can overcome them, we've overcome problems before. The American dream is to meet challenges head-on and see what you can do about them. . . . And I know what the Bible promises. If I couldn't be optimistic, why should I be a Christian? What salvation offers is hope.

*Mr. Sandman, give me a dream,
make him the cutest that I've ever seen.
Give him two lips like roses in clover
and tell him that his lonesome nights are over.
—Popular, often revived American Song*



BUD HALL, truck driver, Conover, N.C.: I've been in trucking half my life; I drive about 200,000 miles a year. For a long time, my dream was having my own truck, shiny wheels and all. Five years ago, I rededicated my life to the Lord. Now I've got this dream that thousands of truckers become Christians not through my efforts alone but through starting truckers' missions where I and others who speak truckers' language can witness to them. We can also help truckers serve their communities, like underprivileged kids and the elderly. I know it's a big dream, but I've been a dreamer all my life.



FIDEL FERIA, warehouse worker, 1980 immigrant from Cuba, New Orleans, La: My dream is to come to America because we hear in Cuba the life here is different with the freedom, the convenience and the comfort and having things and being able to make a living. . . . I have discovered here more freedom than I anticipated, like going to church; over here to go does not affect me for my job, but in Cuba, when I say I am Baptist, people back up a little bit. . . . I worked very hard in Cuba but the compensation was very bad. Here I work hard, too. I have two jobs, but I get more money for them. Even if I get more in Cuba, how can I spend it, there is nothing. I knew when I came I would have to work hard but if I work hard, I can get enough for rent and food and clothes and a car, which I have and didn't have before. I am happy in the United States, it's the only free country for refugees. If the United States stops taking refugees the communist image that is brainwashing people would be true. Over there they tell us the black people are oppressed and police constantly beat them and only the rich people in America have cars and houses and good school for their children. But I come here and see everyone, even black people, can have these things. Now I want to make something of myself in this country.

*A dreamer is one who can find his way by moonlight, and his punishment is that he sees the dawn before the rest of us.
—Oscar Wilde*

KEN MORELAND, professor, Randolph-Macon University, Lynchburg, Va: I grew up in the depression, no one had very much. Our dream was simply to get an education and get a job; material things never loomed large. We didn't have long-range goals because the immediacy of making it to next week and next month was so overwhelming. . . . Maybe I've never been much of a dreamer; I don't want to get so hung up on the future I don't get the day-to-day job done. The present is so critically important: how you live now, what you do now. Who wrote, "Look to this day, for it is the light of life/Every yesterday is but a dream/Every tomorrow but a promise/But every today well lived/means that every yesterday is a memory of joy and every tomorrow offers hope."





ROY OTWELL, policeman,
Talladega, Ala: Five years ago, God saw fit to lift me out of a pit of sin—I mean a pit—and I want to uplift his son now. I'd like to work with youth. It's harder and harder to get their heads on straight. . . . Sometimes they look at me. "Hey, he's a cop." I want to get away from the police-officer image and be better identified as a follower of Jesus. . . . Where is humanity? People put literally thousands of dollars into a society to care for animals, but the human being is so much greater. I can take you to places here in town 70 percent of the people never see and show you little black children running around in cold weather without enough clothes. Those children hit 11, 12 years old, they strike out at, say, whites, who have the bicycles they never had. They end up in juvenile court. I was wanting a motorcycle—\$5,000. That was self speaking to me. Think of what that \$5,000 would buy the little black child that don't have even decent clothes or shoes. If we'd just turn loose of self things and look around, see the needs; open up our hearts and minds to others and recognize what God's wanted us to do from the beginning. . . . I guess that's my dream.

JUDITH QUINBAR, volunteer director of music,
Brown Deer Baptist Church, and homemaker,
Milwaukee, Wis: Our society is very materialistic, including a lot of Christians. We predominantly dream about things, not ideas. We want everything, immediately. We aren't even aware of needs like world hunger. We have so much. Our priorities cause us to make choices that are not Christ-like. . . . Everyone has potential: everyone exists for a reason. My idea of the American dream involves the freedom for each individual to become all they can be, the best they can be.



We need to help others develop their innate talents and use their own interests in life to benefit society. In becoming complete witnesses for Christ, we find complete joy for ourselves. People really need to care more for others again.

*All people dream, but not equally.
Those who dream by night
in the recesses of their minds
wake in the day to find that it was vanity.
But the dreamers of the day are dangerous people,
for they may act their dreams with open eyes
to make them possible.* —T.E. Lawrence

*For each age is a dream that is dying,
or one that is coming to birth.* —W.E.B. DuBois

CAROLYN SCHIEMER, volunteer worker with the handi-
capped, Clifton, Va: In 1938, I wrote an icky 13-year-old's poem, "My Hope for America." If you'll ignore rhyme and meter and concentrate on sentiment, I think it still expresses a lot of my ideas about the American dream: "A land of love, a land of peace/a land where beauty shall ever increase. An army of patriots, not for aggression for it needed the defense of the nation. . . . A land of joy, of people gay serving their country day by day. A land where children go to school to learn and practice the Golden Rule. . . . Everyone should know he has a place/To fill through life to aid his race. Though it may be large or very small/Give it your best, your very all. All are welcome to our wonderful land. America always offering a friendly hand/This is my hope for America." If there is still an American dream, I don't think it's material: most people have much, too much. We've come to believe what we want is what we need, yet we don't need half of what we have. I'd like for everybody to have just enough—that's kind of idealistic and maybe socialist but so what? If the dream still lives, it's in freedom, real freedom, the freedom an immigrant experiences. Not self-gratification. Not acquisition: things don't satisfy. . . . But I'm not sure there is an American dream any more, not the sort an idealistic child would write poems about. It's gotten lost in the shuffle.



Dream Whip: an ersatz cream contains no dairy products. But say the ads, it makes Dream Pies [that] look great, taste great. Now that's dreamin'.

PETER ORDEANU, owner [with wife Veronica], pharmacy/coffee shop, immigrant from Romania, Chicago, Ill: In Romania, I wanted very much to be somebody, so I said I'll be an engineer. My father was a Baptist pastor, but I postponed committing myself to God. Sometimes I was thinking, the only way to be somebody was to be a communist. . . . In college I realized the only way is to serve Christ, no matter what the cost. So I gave up on being a big-shot engineer. I said I will just be lost-in-the-crowd. I never thought of America until Veronica [a Romanian-American] came back to visit. We fell in love and married and came here. I knew this was a land of opportunity. If I work hard, I could be anything. . . . Now I dream, not of riches, but



things that enrich you, like vacation and time with family and church. To dream is essential. If we do not, we are like a bird without wings. Dreams are the wings of the soul. They give you enthusiasm, they give a sense of purpose. I would not understand to just live from one day to another without looking forward to something. I think the whole of life is to fulfill dreams God gives you and receive more dreams from him.

The Littlest Missionary *Hanh Nguyen*

When home missionary Hanh Nguyen visits the Ha family, all nine welcome her at the front door. The three youngest, Bao Nghiep, Kiu Tran and Nhi, ages five, four, and one-and-a-half, at first peer at her shyly, from behind parents. But quickly they warm to her sunny smile, and soon Nhi is in Nguyen's arms and his brother and sister, one on each side, cling to her.

Nodding and bowing, eldest brother Tam Van beckons Nguyen (pronounced gwen) to come in. The Has have little—a sagging armchair, an ancient couch, a scratched kitchen table with four vinyl chairs. Delighted by Nguyen's visit, Kiu Xi, Tam Van's wife, brings tea. The family clusters around Nguyen, asking question after question.

For she is many things to them, an honored guest, a spiritual leader, a translator, a friend. And she is the link between their poor apartment and the vast world outside. Through Nguyen, they are beginning to understand a new

Written by Phyllis Thompson
Photographed by Everett Hillum





On Sunday morning, Nguyen leads a Bible study in Vietnamese, translates the pastor's sermon, and between services comforts a very special friend.

language and customs. They have tasted unfamiliar foods, recognized strange smells. With Nguyen's help, they will become confident, self-supporting.

And in time, they will become Americans.

The Has are Vietnamese refugees. They escaped their war-torn country in an unwieldy wooden boat and 20 days later arrived in Hong Kong, hungry, thirsty, exhausted, "only to be beaten with clubs, treated as animals," says Tam Van. Two years later, when the Has learned they would be accepted in America, they "rejoiced."

They arrived in Seattle in October 1980—Tam Van, a 29-year-old rice farmer from Quang Ninh, his wife, a sister, and three children. No armed guards waited—only a tiny, glowing, 30-year-old Vietnamese woman. Nguyen escorted them to her apartment, cooked for them; she secured for them food stamps, welfare aid, employment cards, social security numbers. And immediately she sent for three



brothers Tam Van had left behind in the camps.

When they came in April, Nguyen again was waiting.

A home missionary appointed through the HMB's language missions department, Nguyen—a U.S. resident since 1973—moved to Seattle in July 1980. Since then, she has sponsored 25 Vietnamese families—more than 100 people.

Nguyen came to the United States from her native Vietnam at the urging of American friends Harold and Pearl Van Beck, whom she met at the Saigon U.S. Post Exchange. Because she spoke English, she felt ready to enter the United States. "But you are never totally prepared," she admits. "The morning I arrived, we stopped for breakfast—I saw pancakes for the first time." She shudders. "That sticky sweet stuff on them!"

Nguyen's "textbook English" was tested by idioms like "raining cats and dogs." "It makes no sense," she exclaims. "We say, 'raining like a waterfall.' That makes sense."

With good humor, Nguyen adapted. "I brought only one

suitcase—13 dresses, a couple pairs of shoes, all out of style. I couldn't wait to shop!" But when Nguyen, 4 feet 11 inches, 77 pounds, tried to buy dresses, she found them "big." She illustrates with arms held wide. "And to find a size 4 shoe in a ladies' style..." She clicks her tongue. "Impossible."

So Nguyen learned to sew and shop in thrift stores. Her favorite shoes—black high-heeled pumps—she bought for 85 cents. "Nobody else could fit into them, so I got a real bargain." For her dresses, "I use a size 6 junior petite pattern and cut it down—a lot."

In her first year, Nguyen enrolled at Walnut Ridge Baptist College, a Southern Baptist school near Benton, Ark. There she became a Christian. "I wanted to learn everything so I could go back to my country as an English teacher," she says, "where I would share my new faith."

But with the 1975 communist takeover of South Vietnam, Nguyen's plans changed. Worried about parents and nine

brothers and sisters in Saigon, she longed to return home. Finding that impossible, she volunteered for work with refugees at Fort Chaffee, Ark. In the fall, she decided to finish her elementary education degree at East Texas Baptist College, where she had been granted a full scholarship.

At graduation, she applied to the Foreign Mission Board, hoping to work in Indochinese refugee camps. Refused appointment because of her Vietnamese citizenship, Nguyen realized, "I must stay in this country. The Lord has set me aside for a special purpose here."

She entered Golden Gate seminary, and in 1980 became the first Vietnamese to graduate from an SBC theological institution. When the HMB asked her help with a refugee group at Seattle's Beverly Park Baptist Church, Nguyen enthusiastically agreed. "God's way became clear."

The first Indochinese family had come to Beverly Park in 1978. Under leadership of pastor Ken Branton, church members remodeled the Branton's basement into a three-bedroom apartment, donated food, clothes, furniture, and made plans for transportation. Within 18 months, they sponsored 35 refugees and made contact with 25 others.

But from the beginning, communication had been "hit-and-miss, at best," Branton says. On arrival, one man seemed in great pain; doctor's examination revealed he needed immediate surgery. "It's pretty difficult to communicate 'operation' with hand signals," Branton says.

Even more difficult was explaining complications when the man returned home. During one visit, Branton noticed family anxiety but couldn't understand their gestures. Finally, the Vietnamese wife found her English dictionary and slowly spelled "h-e-m-o-r-r-h-a-g-e." The Brantons rushed her husband to the hospital.

With Nguyen's arrival, communication difficulties passed. Many who had attended church from gratitude now come "to hear the gospel," says Branton. Twelve have made professions of faith and seven have been baptized; more than 100 Vietnamese regularly attend the church that has only 262 English-speaking members. "I have to credit Hanh," says Branton. "We laid groundwork before she arrived, but there's no substitute to hearing about the Savior in your own language, from someone of your own nationality."

As the Beverly Park group grew, Baptists in other Northwest towns—Lacey, Camas, Mount Vernon, Longview—sought Nguyen's help in refugee resettlement. Says Rosemary Rogers of Lacamas Heights Baptist Church, Camas, "We've baptized 21, and it's just because they were able to understand the gospel. We can't thank Hanh enough."

Nguyen realized the importance of this communication not only for newcomers, she admits, "but for myself." Telling of Christ "makes my job worthwhile," she explains. "Without these times, I am just a social worker." Yet, she realizes, "that aspect of my work is important. First I must help meet physical needs; then I may share the gospel."

But meeting those needs requires patience, an ability to wait hours, days, even weeks, with few or no results, and willingness to try again—and again—until bureaucratic red tape can be overcome.

RUSH TO WAIT

8:00 a.m. - Nguyen is dressed and ready to leave.

8:15 - Her ride arrives.

8:30 - They pick up Tam Van Ha at his family's apartment.

8:51 - They arrive at Burien County Community Services office, where Nguyen hopes to help Tam secure medical coupons for his younger brother Tam Thap, only 11, who on his second day in the United States broke his leg. As they wait, Nguyen helps Tam Van with his English. "I—spik—Vietnam," he begins. Gently Nguyen corrects, "I speak Vietnamese." "I—spik—Viet-nam—ez-Vietnamez?" "Good. Good!" praises Nguyen.



10:12 - An employee informs Nguyen, "You'll have to come back. The brother must have a social security number." Nguyen



politely explains this is an emergency, the brother needs the coupons for a doctor's appointment. Sorry, no help without that number. Undaunted, Nguyen promises to return later that day. She smiles a thank you, hurries outside.

10:28 - Nguyen hurries back to the Ha apartment, unloads Tam and picks up the next-to-youngest brother, Quang, who is due at the tuberculosis clinic by 11.

11:05 - They reach the clinic.

12:11 p.m. - After an hour in the waiting room, Quang sees the nurse, receives his medicine.

12:26 - They drive home, first to the Ha apartment, then to Nguyen's.

1:20 - After a small lunch, Nguyen returns to the Ha residence for Tam Thap.

1:45 - Nguyen and Tam Thap arrive at the community services office; Nguyen hopes to get the medical coupons in time to make the boy's 2 p.m. appointment.

2:50 - They still wait. Nguyen calls the clinic, only to learn Tam Thap's appointment has been canceled. If she brings the boy by, she's told, "You'll have to take your chances at seeing the doctor."

2:58 - She receives coupons.

3:18 - At the doctor's office, Nguyen and Tam Thap wait in the crowded foyer.

4:14 - Tam is called to see the doctor. Nguyen translates.

4:34 - Examination finished, they leave the clinic.

5:00 - Having deposited Tam at his apartment, Nguyen arrives home.



6:15 - After a short rest, Nguyen leaves for a Far Eastern Broadcasting Company banquet. She has used Christian-information tapes in Vietnamese provided by the organization, and wishes to support its work.

10:20 - Nguyen returns home. "I am so very tired," she says. "I think I will jog and go to bed."

10:40 - Before she gets out the door, the phone rings. A refugee seeks information. Other calls follow.

1:35 a.m. - Nguyen goes to bed.



As physician's assistant Julian Rodriguez examines Chau Loi, Nguyen tells him, "She has had chest pains and much trouble with her breathing."

On a typical day, Nguyen spends hours rushing from one appointment to the next, driven by volunteers from the church—she has no driver's license; more hours on the phone; even more waiting in offices. "But it's all for a good purpose," she says. "I find someone to talk to; I enjoy that very much."

In most conversations, Nguyen finds herself explaining her faith. Doctors, nurses and government employees to whom she witnesses have mixed reactions.

"You're the most beautiful minister I ever saw," one doctor teases, much to Nguyen's embarrassment.

A nurse confides, "I'm Baptist, too."

In many first encounters, Nguyen must dispel "images" people have about her before she can tell them of Christ. They expect someone with gray hair, in a nun's habit," she says, smiling. "They are very surprised to instead see me." She draws herself to full height and thoughtfully looks at her tiny hands and feet. "I used to wish I am bigger. But I think God can use me as I am."

"Little Hanh," as one nurse calls her, manages each day to answer more telephone calls, comfort more flu patients, serve as "mouthpiece" for more people than she can count. She has accompanied three mothers to delivery rooms, at birth assuring them, "Everything is OK."

"I've always had many titles," she says. "Teacher, minister, translator. Now I also am Aunt Hanh."

Through these encounters Aunt Hanh has gained the trust of many other Beverly Park Vietnamese women. Often they call her with problems they find hard to discuss with anyone—even immediate family members. She counsels them on the most delicate subjects—birth control and family planning, home child care.

Despite Vietnamese tendency to keep problems in the immediate family, Nguyen is included in the close-knit circle. The Brantons fear some depend on her too much, use her as a crutch to avoid learning a difficult language and customs.

"I am very revered," Nguyen explains, "because I am a lady, and well-educated. In my country, I would be a cook, a seamstress, a maid, a waitress. My people respect what I have become."

Although "honored" by the admiration, Nguyen admits her personal life becomes lonely. "I cannot pour out my heart to them as they do to me. It would not be proper."

And while Nguyen enjoys time spent with family members in the States—a brother and sister in California, a sister in New Jersey—she worries about elderly parents now in China, and brothers and sisters in Malaysian refugee camps. One younger sister, Nguyen learned this year, has contracted Hansen's disease, leprosy.

But Nguyen finds little time to reflect on personal problems. She prepares Sunday School lessons, children's stories, works with a Vietnamese choral group. She organized a New Year's celebration that drew 200 Vietnamese. She studies Chinese and wants to learn French and Japanese. This summer she will begin translating into Vietnamese the HMB Evangelism Section's *Survival Kit for New Christians*.

"And if ever I have any free time I plan to get my driver's license," she says.

She smiles. "Some have said to me, 'Hanh, you must lead such a sad life, living alone as you do.'" Behind large pink-tinted glasses, sable brown eyes open wide with amusement. "Me, Hanh, sad? With so much to do? Never. And I am not alone. I always have the Lord with me." □

Rather than discarding thousands of dollars worth of day-old or mismarked foodstuffs, concerned individuals—including many Southern Baptists—are using it to feed the hungry through

Butter Beans and Bread Banks

"We collect food that would be wasted, get it to people who need it, and do it without depending on the government or on big agencies."

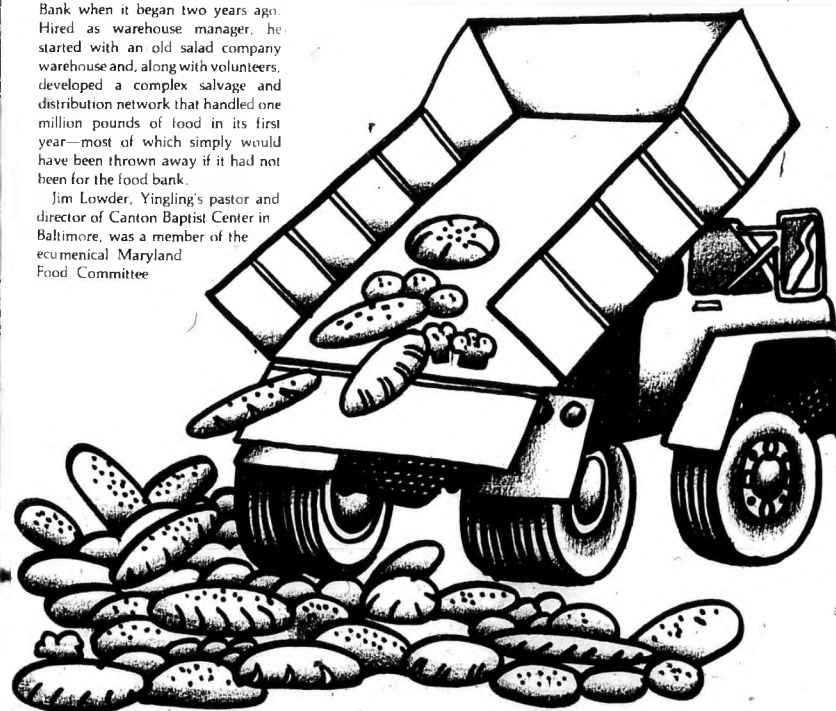
Mike Yingling, a 19-year-old Southern Baptist from Baltimore, was the first employee of the Maryland Food Bank when it began two years ago. Hired as warehouse manager, he started with an old salad company warehouse and, along with volunteers, developed a complex salvage and distribution network that handled one million pounds of food in its first year—most of which simply would have been thrown away if it had not been for the food bank.

Jim Lowder, Yingling's pastor and director of Canton Baptist Center in Baltimore, was a member of the ecumenical Maryland Food Committee

which launched the food salvage network in 1979.

Lowder's group knew that 15-20 percent of the people in Baltimore received food or meals from emergency centers in 1976. The city health department reported 50,000 children

were anemic. In addition, describes food bank director Ann Miller, "Many individuals—the unemployed, elderly, women with dependent children—are caught by inadequate social security and welfare payments, high energy costs and inflation. In the winter they



Written by Gary Gunderson Illustrations by Brenda Losey

Almost one-fifth of all food produced for U.S. consumption—or 8,200 "quarter pounders" per Baptist—is lost each year.

end up choosing between eating and keeping warm. Organizations that try to help these people are themselves victims of inflation, tight money and shrinking budgets.

Meanwhile, food processors, bakeries and supermarkets annually were discarding thousands of dollars' worth of food that was completely edible, but could not be sold. Explains Elwood Berger of Giant Foods, "Food manufacturers' mistakes"—like potato salad with slightly too firm potatoes and mismarked cans—often result in discarded food. And many edibles, such as yogurt and cheese, are not shelved when they near their sale date.

In 1978, the Maryland Food Committee decided wasted food and hungry people could be brought together; one year and countless hours later, a nondescript warehouse became the Maryland Food Bank.

Yingling quickly discovered "producers hated throwing good food away, but they needed assurances it would actually get to hungry people if they gave it to us. They had to know donated food would not end up back in the retail market. When we guaranteed that, they were eager to cooperate."

The Baltimore facility now receives a vast array of day-old bread, blue-looking grape soda, mismarked cans of vegetables, underweight bottles of cooking oil and surplus butter beans. More than 75 tons of food makes its way from mistake to godsend each month. And it does so without costing taxpayers a dime. The Maryland Food Bank charges nine cents a pound for everything it handles, and that—combined with very tight control of expenses—makes the operation run

narrowly in the black. Miller, a former public health nurse who claims "the financial instincts of a miser," is surrounded by volunteer businessmen such as Ted Baker, a banker for 25 years before retiring and managing the books for the Food Bank.

The bitter irony of hungry children living near mountains of wasted food is not unique to Baltimore. Government figures estimate nearly 25 million people in the United States live at or below the poverty level. Nobody knows the full extent of domestic hunger, however, because nobody has ever systematically surveyed.

Last year the Home Mission Board added its voice to other church groups asking Congress to fund a careful study of hunger in America. Although receiving bipartisan support, the bill failed to pass before Congress adjourned. It will be reintroduced this year.

Yet some facts are known. The National Advisory Council on Economic Opportunity reports that while the absolute number in poverty is lower now than 16 years ago, a "frightening pattern" is developing as women, minorities and youth make up an increasing portion of the poor. These groups do not benefit as quickly from general economic programs.

The problem of wasted food is equally staggering and equally widespread. According to former Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland, almost one-fifth of all food produced for U.S. consumption—137 million tons—is lost each year. That's roughly equivalent to 8,200 McDonald's "quarter pounders" per Southern Baptist in the nation. This food, worth \$31 billion in 1976 alone, could have fed 49 million

people for a year, more than twice the total presently living in poverty.

Food banks are turning up in many cities. As Maryland demonstrated, salvaging food for the hungry is so obvious a solution to the embarrassing problem of waste/national hunger, one wonders why it was not done earlier.

The reason is taxes and lawyers. The major breakthrough regarding taxes occurred when Congress passed the Tax Reform Law of 1976.

A minor change in that law made it possible for a company to deduct not just the actual production cost of donated food, but also up to half of what the food would have brought through normal market channels—often a markup of 200 percent. Says a food industry executive, "As long as we could deduct only actual cost, it was rarely worth the trouble to salvage unmarketable merchandise. We work under too heavy pressure and too narrow profit margins."

"Now we have a financial incentive to save the food."

The second restraint in food salvage is more subtle and more controversial. Companies are unwilling to accept the legal risk of their food going through "unusual distribution channels" such as food banks.

A Tennessee grocery store owner explains, "A company could give a box of green peas to a food bank, who gives it to a church, who puts it with emergency food that goes to a family who might give it to a friend. If anything goes wrong anywhere along the line, the original company could find itself in a costly lawsuit. Probably nothing would happen, but these days, who can take that risk?"

Continued on page 22

Poverty—everyday, ugly and real

Written by Nathan Porter



In the United States, death certificates seldom name "starvation" as the cause of death. Yet malnutrition lowers resistance to fatal disease and leads to physical and mental disorders. And malnutrition may affect as many as 25 million Americans.

These people are hungry not because of scarce food, but because they are too poor to buy it. One of eight U.S. citizens survives on an income below the government's official poverty level. For them to eat, even inadequately, they must spend an estimated 40 percent of their income on food, compared to 16 percent by the U.S. population as a whole.

Poverty is an everyday, ugly and dehumanizing reality for millions. More than 100 million people are seeking jobs. A full-time laborer, paid minimum wage of \$3.35 per hour, earns only 86 percent of the poverty-line income of \$7,450 a year for an urban family of four.

Yet most U.S. citizens on welfare or food assistance are unemployable: children, mothers of young children, elderly, handicapped, ill or otherwise disabled. And, although hidden from the privileged, they live in every part of the nation: in low-income housing projects, city slums, migrant camps, on Indian reservations and depressed rural lands.

The South, where Southern Baptists are concentrated, has a poverty rate more than twice that of the North. Two million rural blacks have been bypassed by industrialization. Small farmers, especially black farmers, are disappearing. Black families lose 9,615 acres per week. If this rate continues, few blacks will own farms by 1983.

Two-thirds of all U.S. poor are

white, but non-white people have a much higher rate of poverty. Of whites, 8.7 percent have poverty incomes, while 30.6 percent of blacks and 21.6 percent of Hispanics live below the poverty line.

Many of the nation's three million migrant farm workers lead subsistence lives. The 1.2 million Native Americans have a per capita income of \$1,470, the lowest of any U.S. population group. Unemployment runs as high as 40-50 percent.

Thirteen percent of the 25 million U.S. poor are over 65.

Nearly 43 percent of black children and 27.6 percent of Hispanic children live below poverty level; 11.5 percent of white children lack medical care, adequate shelter and nutrition.

Almost two-thirds of the adults in poverty are women. Women have a higher unemployment rate, do more menial work, and earn an average of 59 cents for every dollar earned by men.

What can we do as Southern Baptists and followers of the Jesus who brought good news to the poor? Feeding the hungry and eliminating the causes of poverty are ways to show and tell people of Christ's love.

Church Missions Committees can

survey local hunger: Who are the hungry? What federal, state and county agencies assist them? How can the congregation be involved?

A church community ministry can provide job training, literacy classes, dental and medical clinics, emergency food distribution, meal planning classes, child care and food fairs.

Church people can work closely with government agencies to eliminate poverty. Only 50 percent of the eligible participate in the Food Stamp Program. The church can make those who qualify aware of programs designed to help them, furnish transportation and give other assistance.

Southern Baptists can monitor proposed cuts in programs for the poor. The health of many families may be adversely affected if the nation's attention is distracted from the goal of eliminated domestic hunger.

And when cuts occur, churches must be ready to take up the slack.

Gifts to home missions help support missionaries involved in ministry to the poor and hungry. Individual Baptists and churches can send funds to the Home Mission Board designated for "Hunger Relief." (All moneys received for hunger relief are used in areas of immediate need.)

Finally, Southern Baptists can make the poor and hungry a vital part of their prayer life. Earnest prayer will prepare us to accept the biblical mandate so clearly expressed in Proverbs 31:8-9: "Speak up for people who cannot help themselves. Protect the rights of all who are helpless. Speak for them and be a righteous judge. Protect the rights of the poor and needy." □

Porter is national consultant in disaster relief and domestic hunger, Home Mission Board.

Food banks work because a community gets involved, and because churches and religious people form their foundations.

In 15 states, the solution has been "Good Samaritan" laws, which limit liability of the donor. Critics such as Warren Traiger of New York State Consumer Protection Department say such laws are dangerous because they make *nobody* responsible for food quality and could lead to poor people getting bad food. But Maryland Food Bank's Miller argues that in a case of negligence by a donor, a lawsuit still could be filed and won.

Food bankers deny they ever handle "bad food." John Brandt of Moving On Food Bank in New York City says flatly, "I won't accept a bad product. We are too careful."

"If food is good when we get it, it gets eaten before problems can develop," he continues. "We got in 40,000 pounds of frozen beans two weeks ago and in four hours they were gone."

Seven more states are considering Good Samaritan laws. Observers expect all 50 states will have them within a few years. And a coalition of church groups and huge agribusiness corporations are pushing national legislation.

More than one hundred food banks currently operate in the United States. Local creations, they reflect needs and opportunities in each community. But many owe a great deal to the Phoenix (Arizona) food bank which began in a St. Vincent DePaul dining room in 1967.

Phoenix' St. Mary's Food Bank, a kind of flagship for the food salvage movement, distributes two million pounds of food each year. In 1975 the remarkable success of their program attracted government attention. St. Mary's was offered a \$50,000 grant to expand its work throughout Arizona.

The directors turned the money down, deciding they didn't want government interference. Later, they accepted a grant to create a separate entity—Second Harvest—to assist other beginning salvage operations.

Bob McCarty, Second Harvest director, notes, "While most food banks are similar, none are exactly the same since each one depends heavily on donated expertise, time and equipment. Each bank has different opportunities. But within each different situation we help the local group to establish efficient, dependable methods of operation and accounting. The health department is pretty picky about food quality and the IRS is very picky about food quantity. We make things go smoother."

McCarty notes that benefits of food banks extend well beyond the obvious. "They also help low budget organizations. When a social ministries center can get good food for 5-8 cents a pound, it takes pressure off its scarce cash. As a result, for instance, an alcohol rehabilitation program may be able to hire another counselor that otherwise would be impossible."

To an increasing degree, Second Harvest acts as an alternative food distribution network on a national scale. When large food companies offer donations that would overwhelm any one food bank, the Second-Harvest clearinghouse "ensures that when one food bank has 700 cases of candy bars and another has two semitrailers full of green beans, things get evened out," explains McCarty.

In 1979, a national processor gave the Second Harvest network 30 tons of perishable food. Its successful handling received wide publicity in the food

industry and opened the door for more large-scale donations.

"We have helped more than 100 food banks get started," says McCarty. "Only two have failed, both because they had too much money."

McCarty believes in people power. "Food banks are a grassroots movement and about the worst thing they can do is to get a half million dollars and be able to lease nice offices and new trucks and pretty furniture and hire lots of well-paid staff. Food banks work because a community gets involved. This is why churches and religious people are usually at the foundation of any food bank organization."

Atlanta Food Bank is typical. Located in an old warehouse next to a downtown Atlanta church, the bank began on a shoestring and still operates on a lean cash flow. Episcopal and Presbyterian national hunger funds underwrote part of the initial costs. The Lilly Foundation provided a grant to help pay beginning salaries. Although the bank handles 25 tons of food a month, it has no sign on the building—and won't "until somebody volunteers to paint one," says Harriet Brown, assistant director.

Like most, the Atlanta operation lives and breathes through volunteers. A critical need in Atlanta has been transportation, being met in part by volunteers from Northside Drive Baptist Church, who make runs between the food bank and the short-staffed agencies which distribute the goods to the hungry. "This isn't a very glamorous job," notes one Northsider, "but it sure is practical." □

Gunderson is co-editor of *Seeds*, national hunger magazine.

TO: HMB President William G. Tanner
FROM: Bruce Brady of Brookhaven, Miss.
SUBJECT: Our summer missions trip

Dear Bill. . .

Now that we at First Baptist of Brookhaven, Miss., have begun planning our next mission trip, I want to pass along a few impressions gleaned from our trip last summer.

When our big, air-conditioned church bus rocked to a stop in the gravel parking lot of little Calvary Baptist Church in Grafton, W. Va., I heaved a sigh of relief.

It had been a hard two-day drive with a bus load of raucous teenagers. Our minister of education, Ron Shearer, and family life minister, Clayton Jordan, tried to establish order as we stepped off the bus.

A neat, off-white mission church stood before us, where only two years before an army tent had been. Men of the mission had furnished labor, and construction costs had averaged only \$5 per square foot.

Calvary's pastor, administrator and chief laborer, Jon Caudle, stood alone in the church door. In his shirt sleeves, clipboard in hand, feet planted firmly in place, he reminded me of a first sergeant at boot camp.

Caudle is a soft-spoken, barrel-chested man with heavy wrists and hands. He looks more like a middle linebacker than a mission pastor. I expected some special recognition when my wife, Peggy, and I and another adult couple stepped off the bus. But he simply welcomed us with a warm smile and powerful handshake.

"Okay," Big Jon told the teenagers, "pipe down and line up. We have a lot to accomplish in only a few days."

The kids gradually fell into a ragged, single column. The other couple and Peggy and I stepped aside, but Jon turned to us: "Adults, too."

Big Jon briefed us: Each afternoon



Illustration by Claude W. Stevens

**More Southern Baptists
need to discover the hope,
the vision and the love
a mission experience brings.**

we would divide into groups of four and make house-to-house visits in every section of Grafton. "Tell the people who you are," Big Jon said. "Invite their kids to vacation Bible school. Tell them about the revival we'll have each night. If transportation is needed, get names and addresses. I have arranged for enough vehicles to provide all transportation necessary."

"Last," he added, "and most important of all, witness to people at every opportunity."

After Big Jon's brief prayer, we hit the streets. And so, Bill, despite the fatigue of a two-day bus trip, we scarcely took time to catch our breath before kids and adults alike were climbing those Grafton mountains and knocking on doors.

Somehow I hadn't envisioned myself actively engaged in a mission effort. I had considered myself a chaplain, an advisor, a visiting mission committee member from a sponsoring church. But to Big Jon I was simply a fellow Christian who had offered myself for brief duty on the mission field; Jon Caudle assumed my commitment was equal to his own.

Was there a latent resentment in me for having to share work I assumed was for the young people only? I began to evaluate my commitment. Were there certain limits beyond which I was not prepared to involve myself? I wasn't sure, but I felt the next few days would be personally revealing.

Knocking on doors, I was amazed at the responses received—interest, curiosity, indifference, hostility, now and then the shining face of a Christian who welcomed me and understood my purpose better than I.

Initially, I was intimidated. I felt

reticent to speak to strangers about the religious activities of Calvary Baptist Church. The idea of witnessing to a stranger was forbidding and fearful.

As the hot afternoon wore on I gained a measure of confidence. I'd found a number of children who needed transportation to our Bible school.

The mountain to the west had cast its long shadow over our end of town when Peggy and I knocked on the door of a small frame house. A 90-year-old man with clear, blue eyes greeted us cordially and invited us to rest on his porch. Before we said goodbye we told him of our mission and invited him to services at Calvary.

In the twilight, as Peggy and I walked away, I suddenly felt a strange compulsion to go back and speak with the old man about his spiritual life. I hesitated, then dismissed the thought.

That night Jon Caudle worked out logistics of picking up the kids, while our group reviewed materials and prepared lessons for the next morning.

Though tired, I had difficulty sleeping. I couldn't push the old man from my mind.

The next morning I told Big Jon about my strange impulse to talk further with the man. I suggested he make a visit there when time permitted. Jon said the moment classes were over we would go. He smiled. "I don't wait when the Holy Spirit points the way."

Bible school that morning was a revelation. Many kids came from extremely poor families. Some wore little more than rags, and others carried the bruises of desperate, impoverished parents. Their eyes were empty and did not reflect the loves and joys of childhood or its hope of the future. The materials we had so carefully prepared

was all but useless, for we had grossly overestimated the spiritual level of the children who came to us.

And so, for the next few days we simply set about telling these children about Jesus, who he is, why he came to earth to teach, how he provided us a blueprint for a life of love and happiness, regardless of our earthly circumstances; that he left us with a plan of salvation.

In teaching these basic truths of Christianity, we began to better understand our own faith. As time passed it became increasingly important to give those children the knowledge that each of them is special. That it doesn't matter what life may bring, they have the assurance that Christ loves them, cares about them and will supply all the strength they'll need.

More adults should get out and see what their mission dollars are achieving. They need to meet men like Big Jon Caudle, mission ministers who could be serving in big, comfortable churches for attractive salaries, but who serve instead through sacrifice and self-denial, day by day laying it on the line.

Most of all, more Christians need to look into eyes that hold no hope, they need to share the love they've discovered in Christ. They need the enlightenment, the confidence, the boldness that a mission experience will bring.

Yes, it brought a boldness to me. When classes ended that first day, Peggy, Jon and I returned to the old man's house. He welcomed us again, and as we rocked on his porch we told him about Christ. That afternoon he accepted Jesus as Lord. It was a moving experience for us all. □

Brady, a freelance writer living in Brookhaven, Miss., is mission chairman for his church.

To outsiders, he's
a paradox. But to
those he helps—the
poorest of the city's
poor—he's just plain

MISTER HANNA

Written by Marv Knox
Photographed by Mark Sandlin

Fear bleached the woman's brown skin as she scurried across the busy street and burst into the Baptist center.

"Mister Hanna!
Mister Hanna!"

Only two persons mattered at that moment: her son, whose severed arm lay lifeless at his side, and Ross Hanna, the missionary she trusted to help.

A volunteer hurried to find Hanna while others tried to calm the terrified woman. When Hanna arrived, she exploded in staccato Spanish: "Mr. Hanna, you are a Christian, would you pray for my son? He just got his arm cut off at the bottling company. He's at St. Mary's Hospital—they have sewed it back on, but it isn't working. The blood is not circulating. Please pray."

So Hanna asked God to mend the boy's wound and send blood pumping through his arm again. As soon as the "amen" was said, the woman, whom Hanna had never met, ran out. Hanna wrapped up his duties and followed her.

By the time he arrived at the hospital, the woman's fear had turned to joy. She threw her arms around his neck. "Come feel his hand," she urged, guiding him to a young man whose warm hand grew stronger each minute.

Hanna explains the incident simply:

"The Lord did that. It was his miracle. The woman said, 'But you prayed.

Delfina Soto (left) looks forward to Hanna's visits. "He's always here when I need him," she says.



Hanna's ministry extends beyond the center's walls to meet the needs of people.



Though not loud or boisterous by nature, Hanna often explodes into quiet laughter, a welcome sound to those he visits in sun-scorched Pascua Village.

You prayed,' I said again and again, 'God did it.'

'You know, that experience made a believer out of her.'

The woman lived in an area not directly reached by Pascua Village Baptist Center, but she'd heard of Hanna—a Christian who cares for the needs of the city's poor people. And she turned to him when she really needed support.

That's the way it's been for Hanna for more than 11 years, since he became director of Christian social ministries for Southern Baptists in Tucson. Yet Hanna hardly seems the kind of man to fill that role. He's a hell-fire-and-damnation, soft-hearted paradox. As comfortable teaching a literal interpretation of Genesis as carrying groceries to an aging invalid, he sounds like James Robison while acting like Mother Theresa. He preaches—with fervor—Paul's message that salvation is

by grace through faith, yet practices—with equal fervor—James' teaching that faith without works is dead.

Hanna lives out his theology serving the poorest of the poor in Tucson's sun-baked ghettos. His domain is a downtown housing project of crumbling plaster, collapsed plumbing and unemployment; a parched Indian sector of baked adobes, tortilla-and-bean diets and chronic diabetes; a dusty Mexican barrio of matchbox homes teeming with children.

Most of his parishioners are Mexicans and Indians. They're trapped by languages useless in an English-dominated society. Each generation finds opportunity a step—or a sentence—out of reach; few are ever able to break the pattern of poverty.

For them, Hanna runs two centers: Pascua Village in northwestern Tucson, and Friendship near downtown. He and a crew of volunteers offer





"There might be trouble if someone else came, but we all like Mr. Hanna."

literacy and citizenship training, sewing and cooking courses, arts and crafts classes, medical services, children's day camps, Bible study and worship services.

But Hanna's ministry stretches beyond centers and programs. He goes with his friends to city council meetings and pleads for lighting and paved streets. He lobbies on their behalf for better housing, brings them food and clothing, takes them to doctors. He cries with their widows, celebrates births, prays for their sick.

"People here usually resent outsiders who come in, but nobody resents Rev. Hanna," reports Lupe Sinohui, director of the city-owned community center in Pascua Village. About 3,000 people, mostly Yaqui Indians, live in the one-mile-square "village," a blistered cluster of decrepit adobes and scrap lumber shanties.

"Many times I go to families whose loved ones have died, and Rev. Hanna has already been there," Sinohui says. "People feel comfortable with him. They know he cares for them, and they like him. There might be trouble if someone else came in, but we know this man is an asset to our community."

Hanna came to Tucson after 15 years as a missionary to Indians in Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona. He had experience as a chaplain, in day-care and kindergarten work. He and his wife, Betty, and their four children even had started and maintained an orphanage for homeless Papago Indian children. But Tucson

Hanna visits 84-year-old Carmen Wells, hospitalized for diabetes— "Just too many tamales," she teases.



was his first Christian social ministries assignment.

Three-fourths of the Indians already had moved to Tucson, and we asked the Home Mission Board to make us Indian missionaries in town," he explains. "The Board wasn't appointing new Indian missionaries to the city. But Friendship Center had been without a director for two years, and we were asked to serve here."

Hanna got Friendship's programs in working order while scouting for other communities that could use help. Within two years, he was busing people from Pascua Village to classes downtown at Friendship.

Because Yaqui tribal leaders appreciated his efforts, they invited him to minister at Pascua Village. The invitation, however, carried one stipulation: he must serve for one year without offering anything "religious."

"I told them I'd accept that challenge, because my product would sell itself," Hanna recalls. For a year, the only religious time he had was when he was asked to pray.

But Hanna found the "disadvantage" worked in his favor. Setting up a medical clinic, conducting citizenship, literacy, sewing and cooking classes, providing arts and crafts and recreation and supplying food and clothing "put us into their community on their cultural level," he claims. "It helped us concentrate on their physical needs, and it helped us earn the right to be heard when we were ready to begin working on their spiritual needs."

At Friendship Center, where 11 years ago Hanna began his ministry, an Indian woman enjoys needlepoint.

"Being Christians didn't give us the right to start button-holing people and witnessing to them. We had to begin at the point of their needs."

"And we didn't have to worry about them knowing who we were and who we represented," he adds. "The Scripture mentions 'giving a cup of cold water in Jesus' name.' If you give it in the right spirit and attitude, people are going to know it's from Jesus."

Trinidad Madril was one of the first Yaquis to receive a "cup of cold water" from Hanna. Ten years ago, he noticed her on a street corner, waiting for a bus to go downtown. She didn't speak English; he didn't speak Yaqui; but he understood she needed transportation to the doctor's office.

He gave her a ride and made a friend. Soon she was enrolled in literacy classes and riding his bus to Friendship Center every week.

Five years later, she was the first Yaqui he baptized.

It often takes Yaquis like Madril that long to become Christians because they must cross rigid cultural barriers, Hanna notes. Yaquis' blend of Catholicism and paganism dates back for generations.

"They're Christian in name, but they don't know who Jesus is," he claims. "They wake up to the ceremony of the sun and progress through a day filled with ceremony. They have to overcome this background of ritual and develop whole new lives when they become Christians."

Hanna helps them make the transition by providing an example of rock-hard persistence and "deep respect for people," says Jim Barber, area director of Christian social ministries for the

Through literacy, arts classes, Hanna "earned the right to be heard."

Home Mission Board.

"Ross is strong-willed, has lots of drive and works very, very hard," Barber says. "But his love for people always shines through. He doesn't build an over/under relationship; he treats everyone on a peer level."

That ability not only serves Hanna well with the Mexicans and Indians of Tucson's poor neighborhoods, it also helps him "get along beautifully" with the volunteers that support his work, says Earl Stallings, CSM director for Arizona Baptists.

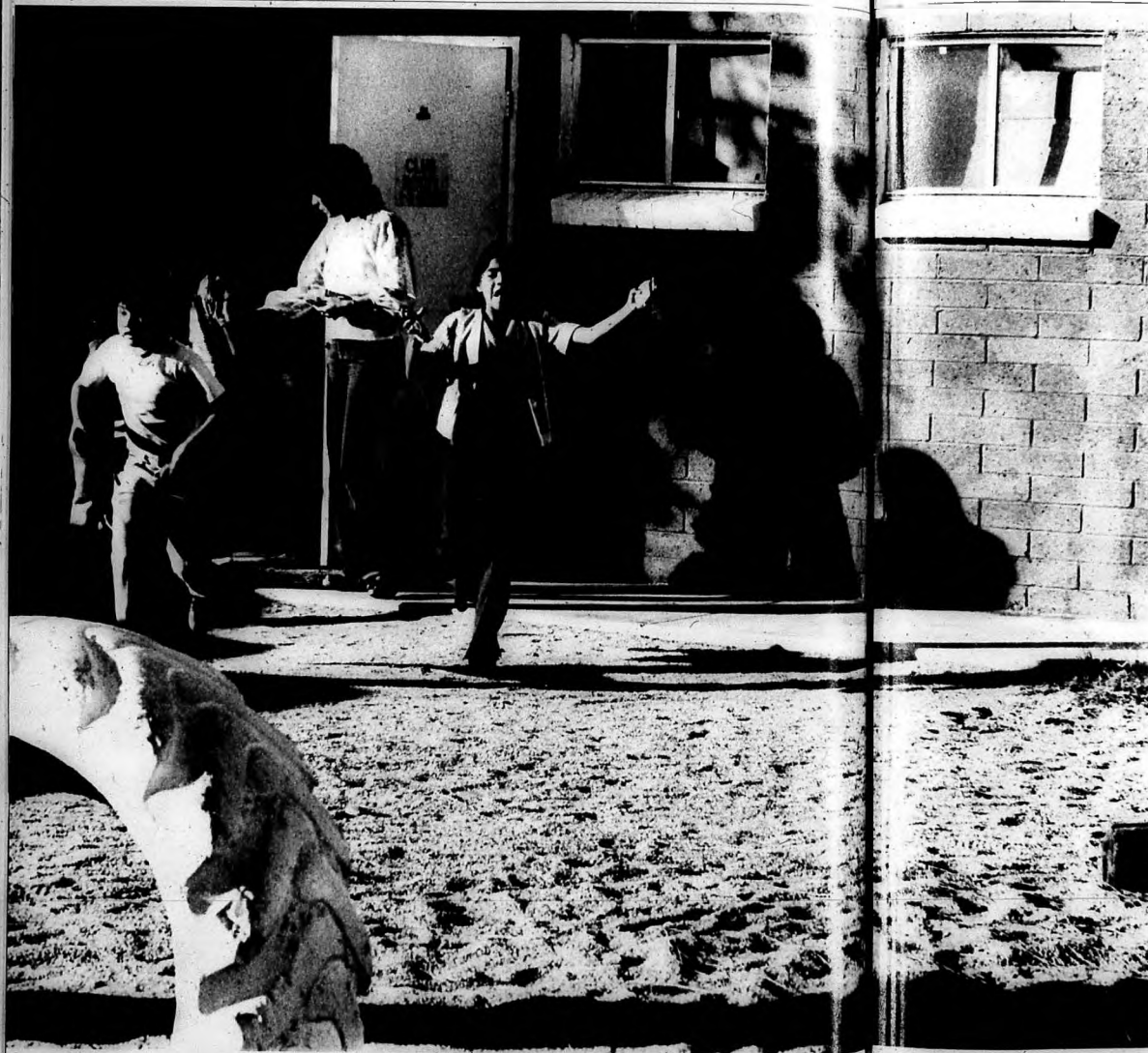
Hanna has at least 25 local volunteers who head up various ministries and provide continuity to the program, plus 25-30 summer volunteers from throughout the United States. Eight or more retirees help with construction, maintenance and weekday programs.

One observer says Hanna's greatest weakness is that he works his volunteers almost as hard as he works himself. Many, however, claim they enjoy Hanna's regimen. "This is our third year out here, and it has been good for us," says Evelyn Wilkerson of Waco, Texas. "We stay busy, and I like that."

Besides, working with Ross is terrific," she adds. "He's like the Apostle Paul; he's a right-to-the-point guy, good and gentle and loving. He wants us to get done what needs to be done. He's such a good leader we know we're accomplishing something."

He hurries from activity to activity with two damaged knees. An artificial right knee replaces the original he shattered in a fall from a tree when he was 11 years old. And he pivots on a stiff leg, the result of a freak accident years later which took his left kneecap.

But Hanna never asks volunteers to



Hanna is never pushy.
"If they're not ready,
I'll leave as a friend."

perform tasks he won't do. When the eaves of a new roof need trimming, he perches both gimpy legs on top of a chain-link fence to do the job. When visits are to be made, he walks in front. His teasing grin and jovial banter never fade. Only the bulge of a knee brace and the occasional use of a crutch betray his discomfort.

Most days, Hanna has no time to worry about comfort. He arrives at Pascua Village center early to help volunteers map out their day's work. Then he tackles his tasks: hospital and home visits, projects to oversee, errands to run. "They're written on cards marked 1, 2 and 3," he explains. "The 1's need to be done today, 2's ought to be done, 3's can wait."

But in a city with 160,000 Mexicans and 15,000 Indians, it's an accomplishment for Hanna to narrow needs down to day-sized bits, claims Jim Barber. "The challenge of reaching people in Tucson is limitless. The number of people who are simply not being reached in the traditional way is staggering."

"To his credit, Ross doesn't seem overwhelmed. Lots of people would be," Barber adds. "The need is so great on many levels, yet Ross doesn't see much that can't be done."

Perhaps that's because Hanna focuses on a personal level: "Every time I drive through a community, I think, 'Lord, what people here would respond to you if I came?' If he has them ready, and I don't go, they might go to hell. How do I know I'm going to reach the ones he's prepared? I don't know

unless I knock on their door."

Friendship and Pascua Village centers touch about 600 lives a week. When Hanna moved into the predominantly Mexican Manzo section this year, he reached an area six blocks long by five blocks wide, with an estimated 300 interested in the center.

If Hanna's success in Pascua Village is duplicated in Manzo, it will be because his ministry centers around a gospel for the whole man. That means getting to know the people, their spiritual and physical needs, and obtaining adequate facilities and manpower to set up programs to meet them.

Hanna predicts the new territory will be "much easier to reach than Pascua, because parents are more open and desperate for things for their kids to do."

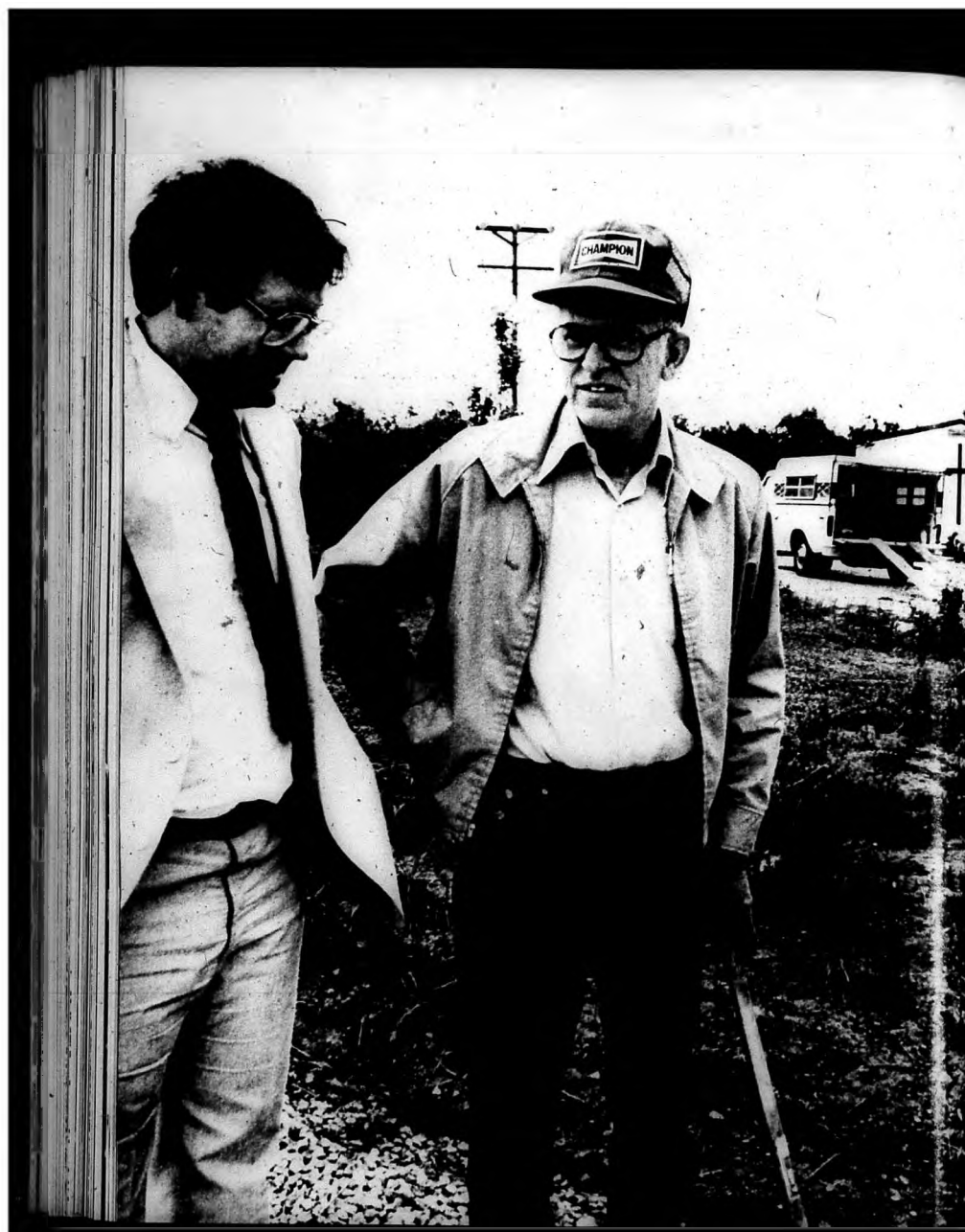
And kids are a key to reaching communities, he says, because "preventive medicine"—reaching them young—keeps children from moving away from church and Christ in their teen years and provides access to families.

Nine other ethnic communities in Tucson have no Southern Baptist work. Given time, Hanna is certain they can be reached. He'll be first to knock on their doors.

"Jesus said to keep moving," he explains. "If the people don't seem interested, we'll leave the best of friends and move on. We'll let the Lord do some work on them. Later, we'll follow up and build relationships with them, get to know them so we can be available when the Lord opens their hearts."

That means we'll have to keep our ears to the ground, being very sensitive to the Spirit of the Lord and the needs of the people," he says. "But when you think about it, it's a great job, taking truth to their front doors."

At Pascua Village center, kids race from Monday club, led by Hanna's daughter-in-law, Brenda (center).



Written by Michael Tutterow • Photographed by John Swain

With one of every five Georgians a Southern Baptist, it might seem strange for the Home Mission Board to station a church starting missionary in the heart of Georgia.

But it did. Alan Gilley, a native Georgian, pastors Brookwood Baptist Mission in Lawrenceville, a suburb of Atlanta, as part of the HMB church planter apprentice program. Such two-year appointments allow seminary graduates without pastoral experience to serve as pastors under supervision.

Involved in psychiatric work while in seminary, Gilley entered the pastorate because he wanted to be involved in "giving direction" rather than "treating people after they're sick." The opportunity to start a church while gaining practical experience attracted the 1978 graduate of Southern Baptist seminary.

But why Georgia? Only 35 Southern Baptist churches are located in Gwinnett County, yet its population of 166,000 is projected to double within 10 years. Recognizing the potential, Lawrenceville Baptist Association, one of several in the Atlanta metropolitan area, planned to establish 15 new missions within five years. Brookwood mission, sponsored by Bethany Baptist in nearby Snellville, became the first step toward that goal.

"We chose this area because it was the most heavily concentrated growth area in the county," explains Alton

Wilson, pastor of Bethany church and Gilley's supervisor.

More than 1,500 homes are within a three-mile radius of the church.

"I saw possibilities," says Gilley, "but I didn't know what to expect."

Talking with residents, Gilley found many were skeptical of churches and ministers. Overcoming such feelings became a focal point of his ministry.

"Most of the people have been inactive for several years," he says.

Because "some remember negative experiences with churches," Gilley works to create a "community church." Activities are tailored for specific needs rather than "just to have something."

Brookwood's facilities are used for area Boy Scout and Brownie troop meetings because "we thought these fit the needs of the community in helping young people develop spiritually and in reaching families that might never come to a Baptist church," says Gilley.

He also believes such programs help establish trust by "letting the community know we're here to stay."

For Gilley, fresh out of seminary, Brookwood has been a challenging training ground. "The most difficult part is learning the best use of time," says Gilley, "how many hours for visitation, how much time for administration, how much for Bible study."

Still, he has definite ideas about forming a church. "My philosophy

comes from the book of Acts: the witness, the fellowship and the service of ministry. We've spent a lot of time building fellowship, but it's important that we also build a core.

"One of our ministries is to make the church a kind of family."

His approach seems appropriate for the community. Three of every four families moving into Gwinnett County come from out of state. Gilley believes Brookwood mission fills the vacuum created by newcomers' separation from relatives and friends.

"People really want somebody to care about them, to tell them, 'We need you, we want you; you're important,'" he says. "Relationships have been easy to form; people have been responsive."

Within a year, attendance increased from 15 to 65, with seven baptisms.

Al and Cathy Goldsmith are among the new members. "We felt we were missing something personally and as a family," Goldsmith explains. "The church has brought us closer together." Cathy adds, "The friendliness was more abundant than in any other church I've been in."

Brookwood members have purchased their own land to establish a meeting place—a big step from temporary facilities at Gwin Oaks Elementary School. Volunteers built foundations for three trailers. "When they said come build a church, I didn't know they meant literally," Gilley muses.

As new industry lured native Georgians and brought transplanted Northerners to Atlanta outskirts, Alan Gilley saw the need to begin

A Church for Crackers and Carpetbaggers

And as a gesture of their intent to be involved with and supportive of the community, they named the mission for the new high school.

Randol Britt, Bethany's missions chairman, believes "by working together as a group, Brookwood members have gained a fellowship that could not have happened otherwise."

Georgia Southern Baptists have also benefited. As sponsor, Bethany supplies financial assistance and lay leadership, but Brookwood has been helped by First Baptist Church of

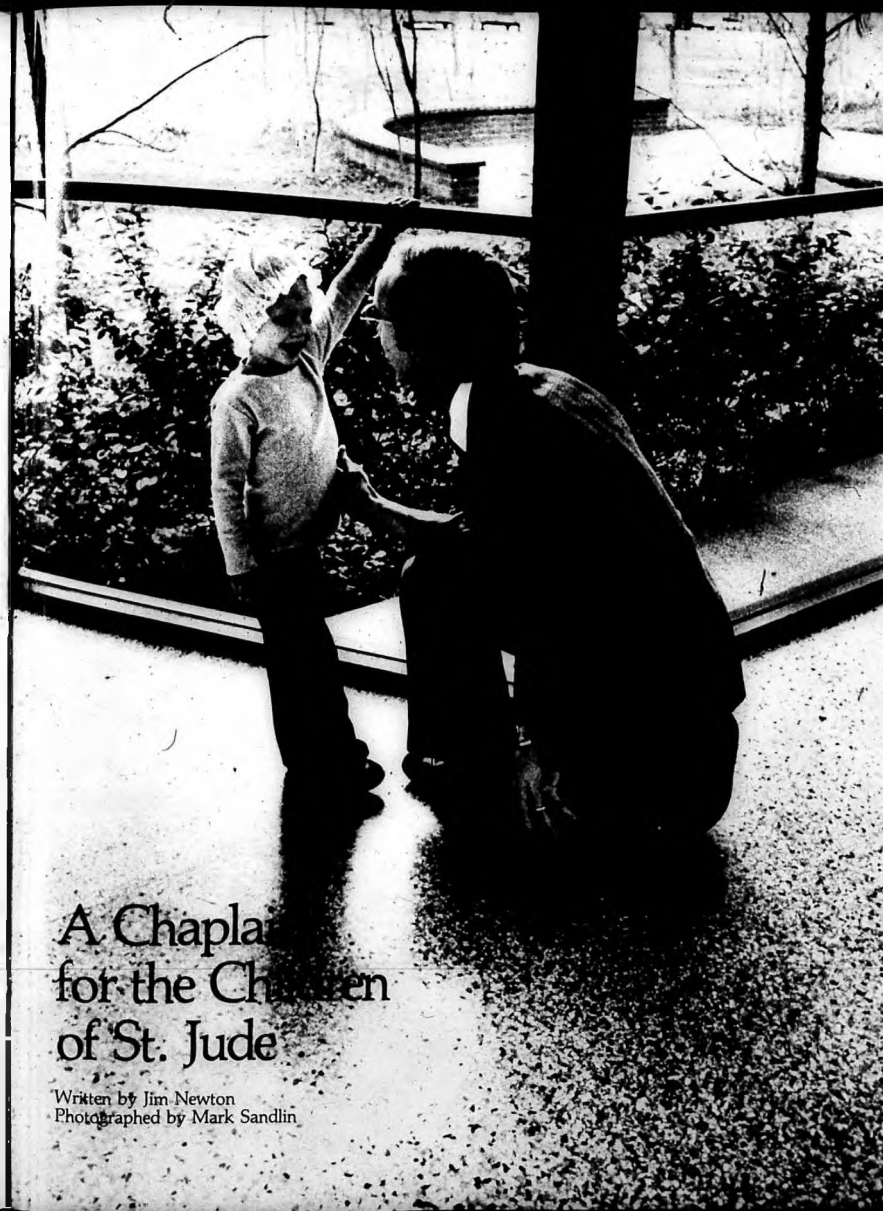
Columbus, which pledged \$7,500 a year for four years and Lucerne Baptist Church in Lilburn, which donated Brookwood's first trailer and furnished a Sunday School worker. Lawrenceville Baptist Association contributed \$1,000; the Georgia Baptist Convention added \$5,000 toward a site plan. And Rock Springs Baptist in Toccoa sent \$100 just because members "heard about it and wanted to lend a helping hand." Funds from the HMB, Georgia convention and Bethany Baptist make up Gilley's salary.

"This has been," says Alton Wils, "a perfect example of how cooperative missions can work. It's been a mission education for Bethany, creating a mission consciousness in the church."

With the establishment of a solid core of believers, Gilley feels ready to begin an emphasis on witness and ministry. "Our goal as Christians is to interpret to the world Jesus Christ," he concludes. "I think with all our work we've said, 'We're here to stay, to be involved and to show how Jesus Christ can touch lives.'"



To show the community "we're here to stay," Brookwood recently purchased land. Gilley (left) puts much work into its maintenance.



A Chaplain for the Children of St. Jude

Written by Jim Newton
Photographed by Mark Sandlin

Their children afflicted with cancer or other catastrophic diseases, they come to St. Jude, a family in crisis. And often they find admission is scary: a waiting room by day filled with haggard, distraught parents and frail children, balded by chemotherapy; by night, a room alive [fold-out page] with memories of happier times, made lonely by the frightening isolation of the unknown future and the anxious present . . .



[fold-out page]



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For St. Jude's cancer patients, chemotherapy provides hope. In the treatment room, mothers hold their offspring as the cold liquid cleanses the bloodstreams. But the process can be painful. The tearful "down" moments of chemotherapy often demand an "up" patient to offer a consoling word, an uplifting expression. For the little boy at right, the cheerful smile of a bald-headed girlfriend gives strength. And one more time he endures his ordeal.

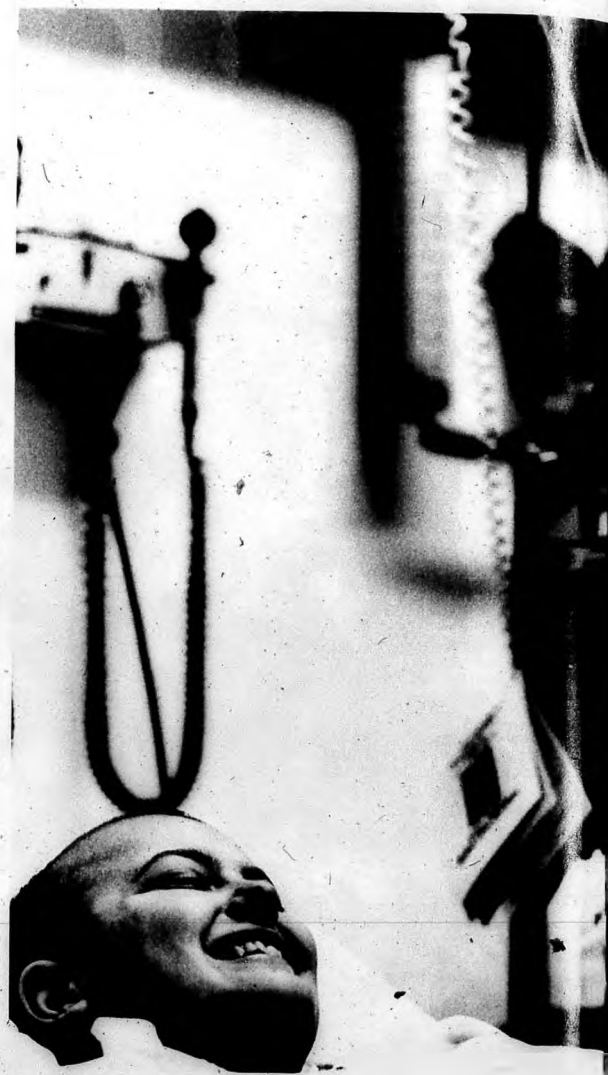


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In such an environment, Maurice Graham, a home missionary, works every day. As chaplain of St. Jude Hospital, a non-sectarian, interracial facility in Memphis, he finds his religion is often mistaken: "Some think I'm a Baptist chaplain at a Catholic hospital, while others think I'm a Catholic priest, because the hospital's name sounds Catholic." But no one mistakes his role: to minister during the awful stress of death and traumatic disease.

With Graham's help, 17-year-old cancer victim Denice Mason learned to accept her future. "I'm not afraid," she says. "My friends have a problem talking to me about cancer; they want to know about me losing my hair, but don't want to ask about it. The best thing is to take it as a joke. Some did start calling me 'chrome-dome.' I just laughed. You shouldn't take things too seriously; it robs you of life."



His forehead furrowed with concern, Maurice Graham sits at the foot of 17-year-old Denice Mason's hospital bed. "Help me understand something," he says. "Imagine I've just learned I have cancer. OK? Tell me: what do I do if I get scared?"

"Don't be afraid of being scared," Denice replies. "That's normal. Just pray about it. . . . Just let God know you're scared, and ask him to help you handle it. When I've been scared, that's when I feel his presence the strongest."

"Are you afraid of telling your parents how you feel about having cancer?" asks Graham.

"No, we talk. I tell them I'm not afraid of dying. I don't tell them so much it scares them."

"How do you handle the possibility of your own death?"

"I don't lose anything when I die," Denice says. "My parents will lose—they will hurt. They have to go on living."

"You seem prepared to die. Are you prepared to be well?"

"I've got plans to go to college," Denice responds. "You can't give up on yourself—or on the future. I'm still praying for a miracle. And I'm still me, even if I have cancer."

Maurice Graham, Southern Baptist chaplain at St. Jude Children's Research Hospital in Memphis, pats Denice on the hand. "You've helped me understand. You've given me insight," he says. "But if I get depressed, is it OK to cry?"

"Sure. Don't be afraid to cry. It helps wash it out of your system. Sometimes it's not easy to pray. But when you have the Lord, you can get over it together."

Five weeks later, 17-year-old Denice Mason died. A victim of lymphoma, a cancerous tumor that affects the lymphatic system, she struggled for breath all that Thursday afternoon; several times she went into cardiac arrest, to be resuscitated by her father, Joe Mason of Bossier City, La., an assistant fire chief.

At the foot of the bed, her parents and her associate pastor, Keith Rowe, held hands. Rowe, of Bellaire Baptist Church in Bossier City, had flown to Memphis when word came that Denice might not live through the night.

As they prayed, Denice's breathing slowed; then she died. Looking back, the grief-stricken Masons praise "the support our church has given us. It's been almost unreal." St. Jude, too, "showed us a love that couldn't be beat anywhere—I'm talking about everyone from the man who swept the floor to the top administrator." And the chaplain: "He has a gift for being able to relate to people who are hurting."

Graham shrugs off such compliments. The Masons are exceptional in the way they've handled the trauma of their only daughter's death, he says: "They have a strong faith, and they've had what I call a 'good grief experience.'"

A good grief experience, Graham explains, occurs when a family accepts the reality of death and discovers hope and courage for the future. Without this, a family can "die" emotionally; often the attitude is, "I don't know how I can go on living without my child." Graham's role as St. Jude chaplain is to help patients and families—and medical staff—handle the stress of death and traumatic disease, and deal with theological questions which arise.

Death is the exception rather than the rule at St. Jude. The

vast majority of patients survive their bouts with leukemia, cancer and other catastrophic diseases. More than half the children with the most common form of leukemia live, going into "remission" which is considered total after five years. The non-sectarian children's hospital also provides treatment and research on infantile malnutrition, muscle disorders, sickle cell anemia, Hodgkin's disease, osteosarcoma (bone cancer) and other malignancies.

At St. Jude, medical care is free, thanks to massive fundraising efforts spearheaded by entertainer Danny Thomas, who founded the hospital, and federal grants for research. The hospital even pays for transportation, food and lodging of parents while their child is a patient at the hospital.

More than 4,000 children are active patients. Twenty-five to 30 are inpatients occupying one of the 48 beds. Another 100 outpatients are treated by the hospital each day. The remaining patients live in their own hometowns and receive medication under the care of a local physician, returning several times a year to St. Jude for re-evaluative tests and treatment.

Acute lymphocytic leukemia (ALL) is the most common disease, comprising 80 percent of the leukemia cases and about half of all illness at St. Jude. "Incurable" acute myelocytic leukemia (AML) is less common; average survival span is only two years.

Most malignant tumors, if detected quickly enough, can be removed surgically, or treated with radiation and chemotherapy. Some have 85-90 percent cure rate.

Anger is one of the most frequent reactions of parents when they learn a child has cancer. "Why did God allow this to happen to my child?" Sharron Davis admits she and her husband, Larry, felt this way when they suddenly learned their only son, Tim, had leukemia.

One Thursday night in February, Tim's nose began bleeding. Despite his parents' efforts, the bleeding continued all night. At the Fort Smith, Ark., hospital, doctors finally controlled it. The Davises' doctor acknowledged, however, "Tim has a serious problem." Pressed for an explanation, he told the Davises: "I think Tim has leukemia."

"Oh, man, what do you do?" recalls Sharron. "You just can't believe this is happening. The first thing I wanted to know was, 'Is Tim going to die?'"

Blood tests indicated Tim had ALL, the easiest leukemia to treat. The doctor recommended the Davises leave immediately for St. Jude.

As with every family arriving at St. Jude, admission was scary. The waiting room was full of haggard, distraught parents and frail children, balded by chemotherapy.

Tim's temperature hit 103, and a St. Jude physician warned that sometimes the fatal AML is misdiagnosed as ALL. Larry and Sharron Davis had no sleep that night.

Sensing their anger and frustration, the admitting physician suggested they talk with Chaplain Graham. "He's a fantastic person. You've got to meet him."

When Graham stopped by Tim's room, Sharron unloaded. "I was so bitter." She wondered, "Why couldn't it

have happened to someone who doesn't give a rip about her kids?" She told Graham she hated God. He responded quietly, "I don't really think you do, but that is a normal feeling right now." To most of her comments, however, Graham "just listened," Sharron recalls. "He never judges. He's always there with helpful suggestions. I've never known a minister like him."

Perhaps one reason Maurice Graham empathizes with cancer patients and their families is that his own father had a leg amputated because of cancer.

Thirty-one years old, Graham is lean, steps with a bounce and addresses life with intensity. He grew up in a "very poor, but very close family that dates back to the 1700s in our part of East Tennessee." His grandparents lived next door. At Southside Baptist Church at Shelbyville, he made his profession of faith when he was only five. At 16, he felt God was calling him into the ministry.

While a student at Belmont College, he became involved in a prison ministry, a crisis drug intervention program, civil rights and race relations efforts following the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr.

Some of the professors at Belmont thought Graham would never make it as a minister. He had dyslexia, a learning disability, and speech and hearing difficulties which he gradually overcame with treatment. He received scholarship help from Vocational Rehabilitation.

After graduation, he borrowed \$20 from his grandfather to pay for gas to go to Midwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Kansas City; for living expenses, he worked as a janitor. Later, as a Home Mission Board Christian social ministries seminary intern he found great satisfaction.

But at seminary, he met Jim Hatley, pastor of Second Baptist Church in Memphis, who was teaching a course. "There was instant rapport, instant friendship," Graham recalls. Their meeting changed Graham's life.

Hatley had been looking for someone like Graham to become Second Baptist's associate minister for church and community missions. A year later, after Graham took Clinical Pastoral Education training, he and his new wife, Laurie, moved to Memphis to take the job.

For Graham, it was a shift in ministry style. Instead of doing CSM work, his task was equipping laity to be active in a far-reaching missions and ministry program. Graham, however, never lost his personal involvement. He spent countless hours in street ministry, tutorial work, prison ministry—and as a volunteer chaplain at St. Jude.

Never have I seen a greater need for a chaplaincy ministry in a children's hospital. I've never been in a place where the needs are so great," says Carl Hart, director of the Division of Chaplaincy for the Home Mission Board. Yet for the first 18 years of its existence, St. Jude was without a full-time chaplain. Graham is its first.

"When we didn't have a chaplain, it was awful," says one nurse. "The patients and parents were always asking nurses and doctors religious questions we couldn't answer."



KEEP DOOR CLOSED

STRICT ISOLATION

1. LIMITED VISITORS
2. HANDS
3. GOWNS
4. MASK
5. GLOVES

DISCARD BEFORE LEAVING ROOM

KEEP DOORS CLOSED

SKIN AND WOUND

ISOLATION

1. VISITORS PERMITTED
2. HANDS
3. GOWNS
4. GLOVES

DISCARD BEFORE LEAVING ROOM

KEEP DOOR CLOSED



Graham constantly confronts the question of suffering. His answer is gentle: "It is easy to explain suffering in simplistic ways: you sinned, therefore your child suffers. But I don't believe God works that way. One day, the people who say a child's suffering is caused by something a parent did, will face—without explanation—suffering in their own lives. For no one is exempt. No one. The truth is, evil and death are a part of life, a part of the world."

To maintain a non-sectarian stance, the hospital had shied away from having a chaplain. "It leads you into trouble," says a hospital spokesman. "If you have a Catholic priest, people ask, 'Why don't you have a Methodist?' If you have a Methodist, they ask, 'Why don't you have a rabbi?'"

An estimated 60 percent of St. Jude patients are Baptist or have Baptist preference. Graham estimates 95 percent are "very religious people."

The chaplaincy program started about 2½ years ago as a result of the concern of one doctor, Richard Wilber. An active Catholic layman, Wilber called together a group of ministers, rabbis and priests—including Graham—and challenged them to begin a volunteer chaplaincy program.

Graham agreed to spend one afternoon each week at St. Jude. Soon he caught a vision of the needs. Within a year, he had established a trust relationship with the medical staff, who saw him as a minister "who cares." Graham became convinced St. Jude needed a full-time chaplain.

He explained the situation to Shelby Baptist Association and the HMB. Shelby association voted to pay the salary of a chaplain and the HMB Chaplaincy Division agreed to appoint a missionary to St. Jude. It was an unusual step for the Board, for chaplains are "endorsed" by the Board, but seldom appointed missionaries.

Shelby association's missions committee unanimously chose Graham. At first he refused to consider leaving Second Baptist. But after much inner struggle, he accepted.

Officially, Graham is not on the St. Jude staff. He works there as a guest of the institution under an agreement between the hospital and the HMB. "It's a new work situation, and it may be a long time before it looks like a traditional hospital chaplaincy," says Graham. "But the needs are so great, the challenge to minister is here."

For more than an hour, 18 mothers of children at St. Jude share their agony. Their problems are similar: whether to spank a child with leukemia . . . how to respond when kids at school make fun of the child who has no hair . . . how to handle feelings of neglect experienced by the cancer victim's siblings . . . what to do about isolation or rejection of a child at school because others mistakenly believe leukemia is contagious. . . .

Discussion also focuses on "guilt" and "sin."

"My brother-in-law who is a psychologist told me my child has leukemia because God is punishing me for separating from my husband," one woman confides. Another misinterprets Exodus 20:5, which implies the sins of the parents are passed on to the children. A divorcee whose brother-in-law is a Baptist minister recalls, "My sister told me, 'You're reaping what you've sown.'"

After several minutes, the mothers turn to Graham.

"Suffering is extremely hard to explain," he says. "It's hard to deal with suffering. OK? There's a whole book in the Bible called Job devoted to suffering, but Job still doesn't explain it. His friends said Job did something to cause his suffering. But the Bible plainly states this was not the case."

Turning to the New Testament, Graham points out an

incident in John 9 in which the disciples asked Jesus why sin had caused a man to be blind, his own or his parents'. "Jesus told them neither one," Graham says. "This is very important for you to hear. God doesn't punish that way. God is a redeemer. God loves you in spite of who you are and whatever might take place."

After the Parents' Support Group meeting ends, the mothers, who had been especially upset, hug and weep together. At St. Jude, that is a common scene.

Stacy Awalt is the typical 16-year-old "girl next door"—cute, intelligent, president of her class at Hillsboro High School in Nashville, oboist in the junior and youth symphonies, star in this spring's school play—a teenager with everything going for her. Except she has leukemia.

For half her life Stacy has had ALL. "The first two weeks were so hectic," recalls her father, Mike Awalt, professor of religion and philosophy at Nashville's Belmont College. "We were overwhelmed, bewildered, we felt as if the whole world was closing in on us."

Stacy was in remission until she was 12. Just six months short of the time her remission would have been considered total, she relapsed. "That was worse than the diagnosis," Stacy says. "We felt we had it licked. Then suddenly one day, I was different from everyone else."

"I actually hated God," she confides. "I felt like throwing something. I even questioned the reality of God."

Now she has worked through those feelings. She was forced to probe the meaning of life and death, to realize the importance of living one day at a time. "This is a quick way of growing up," she observes. "It's harder on teenagers than on little kids. They don't really understand how serious it is."

"She's remarkable in the way she deals with it," smiles the bearded Awalt. "In many ways, she's handled it better than we have as parents. It's been harder for me to watch Stacy go through this than to go through it myself. We feel so helpless."

The Awalts have not only a strong faith, but also the support of their church, Glendale Baptist. During a Christmas service on "The Gift of Love," Stacy told church members what they meant to her. "It was a moving experience," Awalt recalls. "People came up and hugged her and us, and wept. For us, the church is an extended family."

Stacy does not believe she will die. She plans to go to Baylor University, and says one day she'd like to do social work with children who have terminal disease.

Like a rubber band stretched almost to its breaking point, stress among family members often reaches an explosive climax while a child undergoes treatment at St. Jude. Therefore the hospital makes a determined effort to treat not only the patient, but the whole family, through an interdisciplinary approach to healing.

As part of St. Jude's team approach, Chaplain Graham and Social Work Director Jean Fisher work closely with others to help family members cope with stress. "It's almost co-therapy," says Fisher. "Maurice is really good at answering religious questions people face, but he recognizes the

Continued



limits of his training and is quick to refer a patient or parent who needs other help."

Families face incredible stress when a child has a catastrophic disease. Unemployment, sibling rivalry, family adjustments and other problems intensify. Sometimes parents turn to alcohol or drugs. Occasionally, they are so distraught as to consider suicide. Divorce may result. Often family members are separated for months, one spouse with the sick child and the other at home caring for the other children and working to pay mounting bills. "A family is like a triangle," observes Graham. "You take a piece out of it and it is no longer a triangle, even though it will never be anything else. It just no longer is a whole triangle."

Financial problems often worsen. Even though St. Jude hospital pays most costs, some expenses are not covered. "St. Jude is the only hope we've got," says one mother. "We got no insurance at all, and my husband just started work after being unemployed for seven months, so he can't come up here." Her six-year-old daughter, Lana, has been at St. Jude for two months with rhabdomyosarcoma, a softball-size malignant tumor in her jaw.

For parents and patients with some cancers, disfigurement is a most traumatic problem. One teenage girl with a facial tumor screamed in horror when she saw herself in the mirror for the first time in several weeks. A teenage boy wore a paper sack over his head to hide his disfigurement.

"Dying on the way to death can be worse than death itself," observes Janie Whitaker, a nurse in intensive care.

A child's death on a holiday or birthday creates tremendous family stress, adds Graham. Between Thanksgiving and Christmas 1980, 10 children died at St. Jude. One died on Christmas Day.

In one small effort to ease stress, the day before Christmas, Graham protested—and prevented—the closing of the cafeteria on Christmas Day. "It is wrong to close. These people have no place to eat," Graham pointed out. Hospital administrators realized he was right.

In addition to helping families and patients handle stress and grief, the chaplain at St. Jude has responsibility for helping the medical staff handle the emotional strain of working where death is ever-present.

"Nurses catch the brunt of the emotional impact here, because they are with the patients and families more than anyone else," says pediatrics nurse Debbie Bowles. Neither nurses nor doctors are equipped to deal with theological questions the patients ask, she adds. "I tell them, 'I don't know the answer, but we have a chaplain who can help.' Rev. Graham's expertise in talking to people about sensitive questions is really beautiful."

Adds Linda Jeffries, hematology nurse, "It's an answer to prayer to have a chaplain to call. It makes a big difference."

Every Monday morning, Graham meets with the nurses. "They are really sensitive to personal problems and share them with me so I can try to help," says Graham.

Sometimes they see a parent crying, and go over and cry with them, Graham says. Often a mother will ask a woman



"I don't want'a, I don't want'a... please..." Tim Davis begs. In the months of his chemotherapy, he, like many of the children, has come to dread the treatment. But there is no choice, Tim's agonized mother explains to her uncomprehending four-year-old, as she envelops him in her arms. "If you want to get well, you have to take the medicine." Then she, sharing his pain and feeling her own, cries too. It's a catharsis for Sharron Davis, who bitterly denied God at first, but soon discovered, "There's no way to get through this if you don't have the Lord to depend on."

"Why me, Lord? What did I do to deserve this? What does it mean? Is God trying to teach me something?" Graham fields a barrage of such questions daily. Over the years, he's learned they merely express attempts by frustrated and frightened parents to wrestle with the "ultimate question: 'How do you explain death?' If I didn't have a theological answer to that," he says, "I could never help anyone."



nurse a question she might not ask a man.

On the other hand, at times "a minister can get in the door when no one else can," points out social worker Fisher. She cites one situation when an angry mother would not talk to her or to a doctor, but would talk to Graham. "Most patients and parents perceive me as their pastor, their minister at the hospital," Graham says.

Usually, Graham emphasizes the importance of the home church and minister. He often telephones the local minister, who is "the only person in the community who can knock on the door any time, day or night, and say, 'I've been thinking about you. How are you doing?'"

But he also must be sensitive to families being neglected by home churches. One father revealed they had had no visits, phone calls or support from pastor or church leaders. "That really hurts," the mother confessed. "This situation is such a perfect time for the church to really minister."

Another of his responsibilities is to protect patients and parents from what he calls "shoddy evangelism" by groups which play on emotions and encourage people to make "spiritual deals" with God.

Graham recalls one Baptist church group which staged a puppet show, followed by a "hell fire and damnation" sermon. They passed out tracts asking, "If you die today, where will you go?" Such scare tactics, he feels, are inappropriate ways to convey God's love and concern.

Since Graham became chaplain last November, a few patients and parents have become Christians. "I try to be sure they are sincere and not bargaining with God for healing."

Graham admits his greatest problem is handling his own stress. On call 24 hours a day, he is connected to the hospital switchboard by a beeper. He has no private office, but moves from room to room, floor to floor, making visits and answering calls. "It drains you to work in such a stressful situation all day every day, to see so much suffering around you."

To cope, Graham spends as much time as possible with his wife and two sons, Peter, 4, and Aaron, 1. "I plan one weekend off a month to go away with my family," he says. "And I try to live each day to the fullest."

Sensitive and caring, he obviously loves people and shares their pain and agony on a deep level. His commitment is to help the people at St. Jude "walk through the swamps" of personal stress and crisis.

"Sometimes we have to walk through swamps that are dark and smelly and scary," explains Graham. "In such circumstances, people need someone else to walk beside them."

"Some don't understand this, but faith can be just as real during the swamp experiences of life as it is in the mountaintop experiences. Most of us want to live always on the mountaintop where the air is clean and the view is breathtaking. In the swamps, you feel abandoned, for life is agony. People cry out, 'My God, why have you forsaken me?' It's hard to understand the swamp experiences."

But Graham understands. And so seeks to minister to all those at St. Jude Hospital who struggle to get out of the mirey swamp where the monster called "cancer" threatens to devour anyone who loses the way. □

With a voice soft as cotton, yet an ability to spellbind audiences of one to one thousand, he's a charismatic spokesman for home missions. With 25 years experience in missions, both on the field and in forming strategy, he's in demand as a teacher, preacher, planner. He's

Wendell Belew



Wendell Belew's voice is often so soft and low one has to listen carefully when he speaks. But people as varied as old men on porches in Appalachia and professors puffing their pipes at Yale listen with interest, for Belew has the ability to bridge gaps that separate others. The twangy accent from 10 years as a mountain missionary/pastor in Eastern Kentucky still sticks like a frog in his throat. But he seemed to have no trouble communicating with students at Yale Divinity School, where he recently was a visiting lecturer.

Belew, 59, director of the Missions Ministries Division at the Home Mission Board, has roots firmly planted in the rich Southern Baptist heritage, appeals

to all types of people. He grew up on a farm in the bluegrass hills of Kentucky. He accepted Christ in the 30-member Shiloh Baptist Church which held services once a month. His mother introduced him to missions by making him play piano for a Bible class she led for black children. He felt a call to the ministry at an early age, but "tried to convince the Lord my ministry would be medicine." After several years

in medical school, he joined the Navy serving as an officer in Europe and in the Pacific. In the Marshall Islands, he commanded a flotilla of amphibious landing craft, and doubled as chaplain.

After graduation from Southern seminary in Louisville, Belew spent 10 years as pastor of several Kentucky churches, establishing 13 mission points during one three-year period.

Twenty-five years ago, he joined the Home Mission Board as director of church-oriented missions, a title he chose because it fit his theology.

During those 25 years, he has directed numerous phases of the HMB's national missions program, including

Interview by Jim Newton • Illustration by Randall McKissick

"Southern Baptists are gaining a world vision, perhaps becoming less provincial. As we become more tolerant of others, we can better communicate the gospel. You cannot communicate the gospel in an arena of hostility and fear."

associational missions, church extension and pioneer missions. He was director of the Missions Division before assuming his current position.

Author of six books, adjunct professor at several Baptist seminaries, mission strategist and former president of the American Society of Missiology, Belew directs the work of four departments: Christian social ministries, special mission ministries, interfaith witness and black church relations. More than 600 home missionaries and more than 40,000 volunteers serve through his division.

MissionsUSA: Is the name Missions Ministries Division redundant?

BELEW: Yes, for missions theological-ly includes ministry. Mostly for organizational reasons we use this name to describe the special arena of missions in which we work. Ministry is just one part of missions.

M/USA: What do you mean by ministries?

BELEW: It has to do with the servant-hood role of Christian individuals, of the church and of Christ. When Jesus read from Isaiah 61, he said his ministry was to preach good news to the poor, to set free the captives, etc. In Matthew 25 he said Christians would be judged by whether they ministered to those who are hungry, poor, naked, in prison. It is a dimension of the gospel very important to Christ.

M/USA: Have Southern Baptists been as open to ministering to the needs of people as you feel they should?

BELEW: Not as much as we should, but we've been much more open than most people have assumed. We have

historically been concerned about widows and orphans. Many churches have kept clothes closets and food pantries. We have a history of benevolent concern.

M/USA: With the trends in today's society, do you think Southern Baptists will be less open to ministries in the future?

BELEW: As government becomes less involved, the church will have to assume greater responsibility.

Already our CSM department has been asked to coordinate efforts to help churches get more involved in ministries to replace government programs being phased out. This is an unlimited arena: feeding the hungry, ministering to the poor, providing housing, literacy and tutorial services, ministries to single and aging, legal aid, counseling, etc. Baptists have lay persons in our churches who, as volunteers, can perform significant ministry through their professions.

M/USA: How does your division assist volunteers who want to use their gifts and skills?

BELEW: Our special mission ministries department helps match missions needs with the talents of individual volunteers and groups from churches. That department involved more than 28,000 volunteers last year in numerous programs, such as student missions, short-term missions, long-term projects, resort and leisure missions, Sojourners. All kinds of ministries can be performed by volunteers in their own communities as well as in home mission projects.

M/USA: What are other departments

in your division doing to meet needs?

BELEW: The department of black church relations offers one of our greatest opportunities in urban areas. A growing number of black churches are affiliating with the SBC. Long-time SBC churches could work in partnership with black congregations to determine what needs they could meet together.

Interfaith witness helps us become aware of religious pluralism in America. In the last 15 years, 1,300 new cults have been introduced to our nation. The church has an opportunity to perform foreign missions by ministering to persons of other nations and religions.

Christian social ministries, which I've already mentioned, has an increasingly vital role—and must grow at a very rapid pace.

By providing expertise in many areas, CSM really provides a kind of "core curriculum" for the whole division, and for WMU and Brotherhood, which practice techniques and strategies we discover.

M/USA: What strategy is your division using?

BELEW: Mission strategy begins with the local church. So our responsibility as an agency is to elevate this theological concept: the church itself is on mission for God, and every Christian has gifts from God to use through the church.

The most difficult mission fields in America are not remote geographically—but fields occupied by churches that don't know their own mission.

M/USA: This past spring you taught a course at Yale Divinity School. What was the response?

BELEW: I taught local church missions strategy to Catholics, Congregationalists, Methodists—a mixture of students from many denominations. They've been surprised, delighted at the discovery of biblical truth. Southern Baptist strategy of missions is held in high regard at Yale.

Also, Southern Baptists know they alone can't win this world; we must be partners with any Christian who is on mission.

The faculty has been very gracious. They are discovering an intellectual dimension to missions, and learning that it is not arrogant to start new churches. They have rediscovered that denominations need not be competitive, but complementary. Southern Baptists are well received on the campus of the whole university, not just the divinity school.

M/USA: How did you come to receive the invitation to lecture at Yale?

BELEW: Possibly through my writing about church missions strategy, and my membership in the American Society of Missiology.

M/USA: You are the immediate past president of that society. What is the organization?

BELEW: It is the professional organization of persons involved in missions. It includes missions professors, missions administrators and missionaries. It has a membership of about 600, and publishes an international journal called *Missiology*.

M/USA: You've come a long way for a former mountain missionary.

BELEW: Well, mountain people are people, and a person can be just as

isolated, just as provincial at an ivy league school as in Appalachia. Whether in Kentucky or in Connecticut, the same basic sensitivity is required, the same appreciation for people, wars and all.

Our churches too often have tried to decree the kinds of people acceptable to reach. But America is not the melting pot we thought it would be. It is a collage or mosaic of many different groups who form a common society. That doesn't mean they have to yield their identities.

M/USA: Where do you see the SBC going in the next 10 to 20 years?

BELEW: At times I am terrified by quibbling over issues that are made to seem important but really are not major issues. This quibbling overshadows the great responsibility of Christians to carry the whole gospel to all the world.

But we are rediscovering the role of the church. I see a growing unity between ministry and evangelism, because the churches that are highly evangelistic are usually employing methods of ministry. We are gaining a new world vision, perhaps becoming less provincial. We may become more tolerant of other persons and as this happens, we can better communicate the gospel. You cannot communicate the gospel in an arena of hostility.

Church life is going to change. The pastor will not be the singular leader he once was; he will become an equipper. There will be super churches, which appeal to a large segment of the population. But the media church will pass its zenith in the next decade, because it will suffer a backlash of credibility as people question TV-built dynasties.

With gasoline prices increasing, many churches will be smaller and closer together in community-like entities.

M/USA: What are the key issues facing society in general and Southern Baptists in particular?

BELEW: The theology of the church is the primary issue. What is church all about? What are Christians all about? I believe we will rediscover the issues that relate to those whom Christ came to set free from their bonds.

Today people are captured and bound by such things as sex, race, culture, prison—yet Christ came to set us free. We've got to deal with the issue of women in the church. We've permitted women to motivate us to pay for missions, but we've set boundaries around what duties they can perform.

Ethnics will be an issue. How are we going to tolerate an increasing number of ethnics in the SBC? Now at about 10 percent, ethnics will expect more leadership responsibility. It is much easier to be paternalistic than to operate reciprocally.

We will also have to develop world vision; the fact that we are Christian and citizens of the United States does not mean this is a Christian nation, or that we do not have a responsibility to go to the rest of the world. That means we must become as concerned about the needs of people in Africa, and the human rights of people in Latin America, as we are about our own.

That's going to be a hard lesson to learn. Even if you try hard, it is difficult to see a starving child in Africa as being as important to God as the president of a seminary. It won't be easy, but God will be with us. □

Despite emigration of members and government restrictions, the churches of Cuba keep growing.
Written by Jim Newton • Illustrated by Claude W. Stevens

Christianity Survives the Revolution

EDITOR'S NOTE: During Holy Week, Jim Newton, HMB news editor, joined seven other journalists who, at the invitation of Cuba's Ecumenical Council, visited Cuba. His report on the religious situation there today, and its impact upon Baptist work, follows.

Overlooking the emerald entrance to Bay of Havana, Christ of the Harbor, a 70-foot white marble statue, stretches wide its arms. Sunlight shimmers on the sparkling water below, where docked at berths are two Russian ships.

From the waterfront esplanade, the Soviet hammer-and-sickle, painted gold on crimson smokestacks, appears to converge with the foot of the Christ.

The two symbols communicate graphically the conflict between religion and communism in Cuba today.

Holy week in Havana: Christians prepare for the celebration of the resurrection; an estimated 1,500 Jews in Cuba simultaneously get ready for Passover, which this year coincides with Easter Sunday.

Most Cubans, however, seem to ignore the religious emphases. *Granma*, the communist party newspaper, does not mention the events. Instead, the city is abuzz with festivities commemorating the 20th anniversary of victory in the Bay of Pigs invasion.

Yet leaders of many denominations indicate in recent years relations between Christian churches and government have improved. Indeed, although the majority of churches remain small, there is a vibrancy among them, evidenced by the zeal of their services and the intensity of their members.

On Palm Sunday, Baptist churches in Cuba appear to be among those most alive, well and growing. But

underneath their seasonal joy hide problems arising from shortage of trained leaders and thorny questions of church-state relations.

For Cuban Baptists are debating the extent to which they can cooperate with the communist government's humanitarian and socialist goals without compromising their theological integrity.

Of the 16,000 Baptists in Cuba, only a small minority favor increased cooperation with the government. Among 6,300 members of the 105 churches of the Baptist Convention of Western Cuba, less than one percent advocate closer ties with government, according to informed sources.

The western convention, which in 1980 reported 252 baptisms, historically has related to the Southern Baptist Convention through the Home Mission Board. The Baptist Convention of Eastern Cuba, affiliated with the American Baptist Convention, has about 6,000 members. The third group, the Free Will Baptists, claims 4,000 members.

Despite their unwillingness to ally themselves with the Marxist regime, Cuban Baptist leaders of all three conventions report amicable relations with government officials and freedom to host four or five evangelistic campaigns each year.

Nevertheless, they are not treated as favorably as churches in Cuba's Ecumenical Council, whose existence reflects government efforts to soften its opposition to religion and to seek cooperation of religious leaders. Says Jose Felipe Carneado of the communist Central Committee, "We acknowledge the possibility of joint work between honest Christians and Marxists in

building a new society."

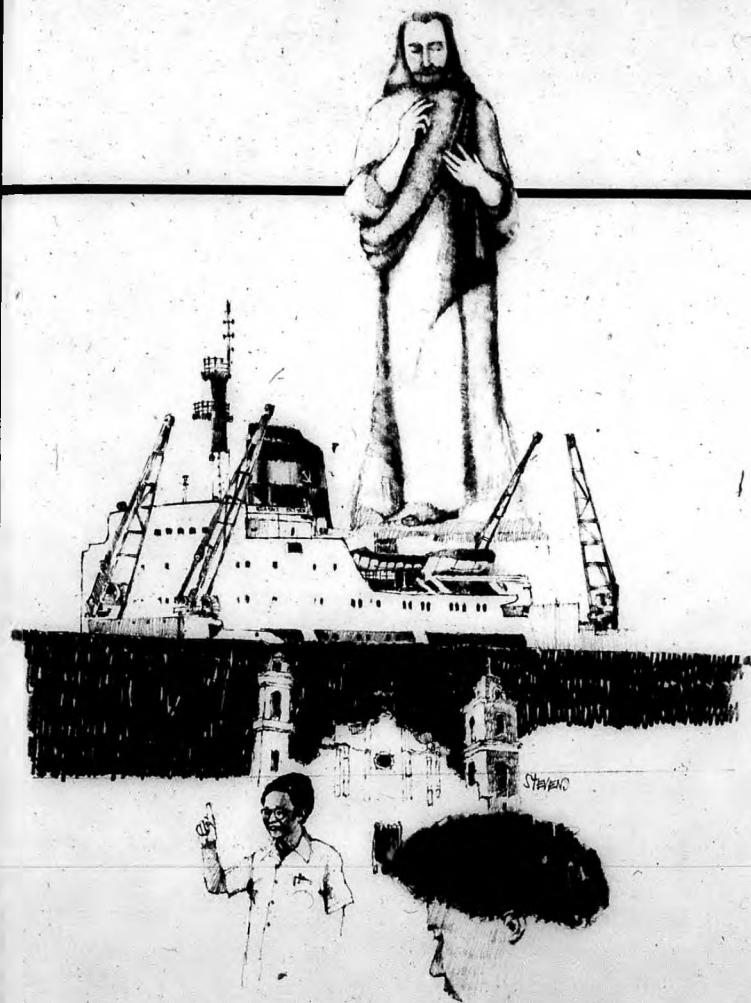
Carneado, for 20 years coordinator of church-state policies, insists the constitution guarantees freedom of religion. He also quotes recent speeches by Cuban premier Fidel Castro, who has pointed to similarities between communism and Christianity.

And some Cuban Christians, including Protestant seminary professors, president of the Ecumenical Council and several pastors and laymen, argue it is possible to be a good Christian and a Marxist.

Among the very few Baptists openly to agree is Raul Suarez, pastor of First Baptist Church of Marianao, a Havana suburb. "I am not Marxist," says Suarez, "but I believe there is a social dimension to the gospel, and we must get into all areas of society."

Suarez, vice president of the Ecumenical Council, recently helped organize *Coordinacion Obrero Estudiantil Bautista de Cuba* (Cuban Baptist Coordination of Workers and Students). COEBAC, a group of perhaps 100 individual Baptists which affiliates with the council, is strongly opposed by officials of the Western Baptist Convention. One calls it "a cancer eating at the convention."

A young COEBAC member disputes him. "Baptists can cooperate with the government in the struggle against poverty and in goals to give everyone in Cuba an opportunity to live fully," he says. "Those who have understood this are discriminated against by those [Baptists] who maintain the traditional theology that to participate in government efforts to improve the welfare of society is bad, and that communism is anti-Christ."



This ideological struggle erupted in September 1980 when Suarez and three of the other 14 professors at the Baptist seminary in Havana were dismissed. Immediately following the action by the western convention's executive board, seminary rector (principal) Cirillo Aleman Sardinas resigned in protest.

The board gave no reasons. But Suarez believes the professors were not reelected because all four had indicated willingness to help in social tasks of the revolution. "This does not mean we were going to abandon or diminish our Christian responsibilities," Suarez explains. "But on some occasions, the government needs our aid and we are willing to be involved."

For example, the professors took off from seminary and church responsibilities for several weeks to join other Christian volunteers cutting sugar cane. Such "political acts" alienate other Baptists, says one convention official. "We don't want our seminary professors engaged in politics."

Perhaps the tension traces to longstanding mistrust of Christianity by the Cuban government. "Like the government, we Christians support the poor people; it's what the Bible says," agrees a Baptist leader. "But this Marxist ideology is very hard against Christians." Adds another Baptist, "The only thing I find against the revolution is discrimination against Christians. If there was no discrimination, I could support the Marxist government with no problem."

Although not every Baptist reports difficulty, many tell of losing jobs, and their children being mistreated in school, because of their Christian

commitment. And a Presbyterian engineer, Emelio Rodriguez, says he knows he will never advance in his profession because he is a Christian, but "whatever I lose, I will lose gladly. All my co-workers know I am a Christian. I always talk about my beliefs. He who hides his beliefs is not really a Christian."

Marxist official Carneado denies discrimination charges. "It is possible this might happen," he admits, "but it is not the policy of the government." What is policy of government, he adds, is a job, free health care and free education for every citizen.

Each morning and afternoon, Havana streets fill with children in white shirts and goldenrod-colored pants or skirts, the traditional public school uniform. Many wear fiery red neckerchiefs or berets, proudly symbolizing membership in Pioneers, the communist youth organization.

Cubans are equally proud of their health care services. Life expectancy has risen from about 50 years in 1959 to more than 70 years today; 98 percent of the births occur in public hospitals.

Most common medical complaint is hypertension, a symptom, says one pharmacist, of "too much smoking in a country where tobacco is a major crop, too much drinking in a country where

rum is traditional, and tensions caused by an underdeveloped economy."

Stifled growth, Cubans argue, is a result of the United States' economic blockade, which they denounce as "inhuman, criminal." The island nation suffers shortages in many items, from drugs to meat, from paint and building supplies to maintenance equipment. Streets of Havana resemble a 30-year-old movie, as dozens of '50s vintage U.S.-made autos zip among the buses most Cubans ride.

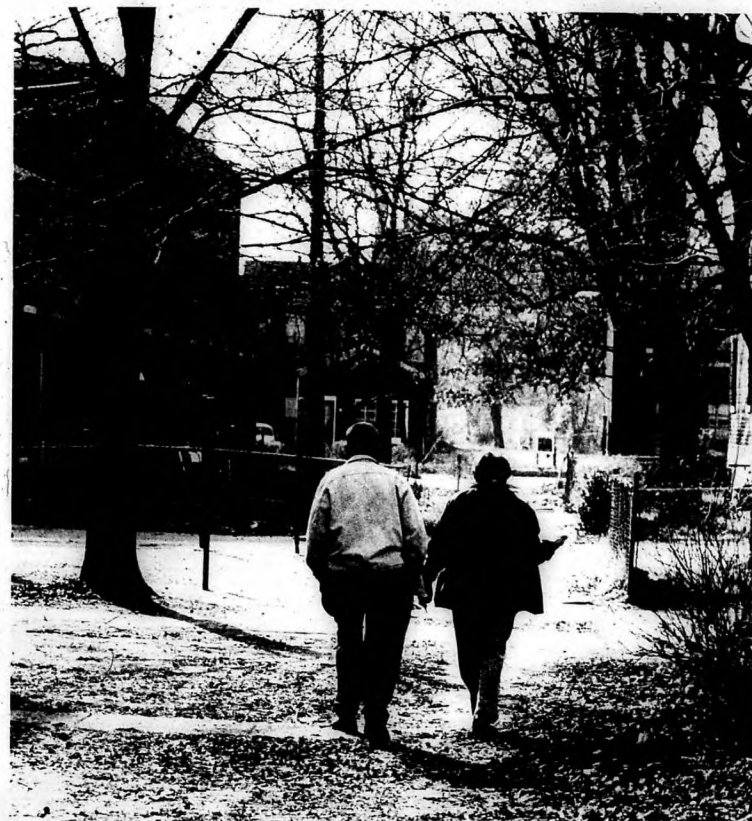
For Cuban Baptist churches, however, the most serious shortage is not food, medicine or auto spare parts. It is trained pastors and leaders.

Great numbers of Christians, especially those strongly opposing communism, have left Cuba. Among those in the exodus have been dozens of pastors, despite their congregations' pleas for them to remain.

Today one-quarter of the western Baptist convention's churches are pastorless. Only three full-time students attend the Baptist seminary in Havana: eight graduated in 1980 and six to eight new students are expected to enroll this fall.

Baptist leaders estimate 4,000 church members—of all three Baptist conventions—have left since the 1959 Cuban revolution.

Yet, despite the serious depletion of its congregations, the western convention has doubled in the past 20 years. This fact of growth amid opposition, amid shortages, amid unrest and disillusionment, are strong evidence, says Raul Suarez, that "Christ is still in Cuba. He has not gone away. Nor will he go away. We will be with Christ in Cuba." □



For many older Americans, the burden of living on a fixed income during inflationary times weighs heavily. "We don't have much," Ralph Beckley says. "We have to watch ourselves awful close."

The Penny Count

Written by Jan Trusty Photographed by Jim Wright

Unable to read, able to write only his name, Ralph Beckley has spent a lifetime trying to "make it." Now at 63, his strength no longer matches his deep desire to "be able to give somethin' and do it good."

Kentucky's bleak, winter sky clings to Clarksdale, a six-block housing development on Louisville's east side. Signs hang on the two-story, red-brick buildings: "If We Don't Care, No One Will." But enticement to care seems futile—windowpanes are broken, torn door screens dangle from their frames. Graffiti marks buildings. Small front yards have spotty grass and dirt turned to mud by winter snow and rain. Residents of the crime-ridden area keep a cautious eye on strangers.

In the midst of Clarksdale live Alice and Ralph Beckley. Adjusting to the new surroundings has been difficult. The Beckleys came to Louisville 12 years ago, after Ralph suffered a heart attack while on his carpentry job. Told company insurance would permit Ralph to work no longer, the couple moved from their country home to Louisville's west side, where medical and financial help and transportation were more accessible. Reluctantly they adjusted to the busy urban community, but last year the cost of living forced the couple to relocate once again, this time to the government housing complex on the east side.

They had no choice. Now 63, Beckley has spent a lifetime trying to "make it." He's worked at farming, cooking, carpentry, each job filled with long hours of hard labor. Finally, his body failed to meet his willingness to work, his deep desire to "be able to give somethin' and do it good."

Today he owns no personal property, has no company retirement. The couple live on less than \$300 a month.

It is a debilitating environment, improved only slightly by the presence of Jefferson Street Chapel, a Southern Baptist ministry pastored by Mike Elliott. "The people at the chapel care about us," Beckley says. "That makes us feel good."

Very little else does these days, for the Beckleys, or for the nation's other 35 million elderly living under the burden of fixed incomes and soaring inflation rates. A survey of people 60 and over revealed one-fifth of the elderly population are victims of gaps between incomes and prices. A 1980 government report indicated six of every 10 elderly live a "hand-to-mouth" existence.

Newspapers report an upswing in shoplifting by the elderly, especially in areas near senior citizens public housing. One Atlanta law enforcement officer points out the elderly poor who steal take cosmetics and over-the-counter drugs, items not covered by food stamps.

But not all elderly despair—many express optimism about their lives. The elderly, the study concluded, fall into three groups: enjoyers, casualties and survivors.

Beckley, a survivor and a keen enjoyer of life, met and married Alice 12 years ago. The first marriage for both, they laugh about friends' predictions that it would "never work—you're too set in your ways. But we've stayed married and they have married and remarried."

Alice, 17 years younger than her husband, grew up in the farming area of Shelbyville, Ky.; she finished fourth grade.

Soon after they married, Beckley had his first heart attack. After a six-month convalescence, he returned to farming.

Youngest of 10 children, Beckley had been born on a farm two miles outside Ellenburg, Ky. When he was six his mother died. Shuffled from home to home until age 12, he then found a place with a farm family. The new parents sent their own three children to school. Beckley and other foster children—15 came and went over the years—tended the farm.

"They were good to me," says Beckley. "They just needed me on the farm."

Today, unable to read and able to write only his name, Beckley depends on his wife to help him learn the right bus for trips to the doctor or visits to friends.

"Once I got on the wrong bus," he says. "Thought I was on the right one, 'til it turned at the bank downtown. The driver gave me a transfer and told me, 'Next time, read.'"

"Ralph may be uneducated," says his pastor, Mike Elliott, "but he's smart. He's people smart. If he had an education, he would be great in my job. He really cares, and is always ready to help. He relates to people well, and people are the reason for the chapel's existence."

With its gaily painted walls and its bearded, caring pastor, Jefferson Street Chapel is one of Beckley's favorite places. "I went back to my church on the west side a few times," says he, "but it's a long way, and nobody could come and get me I go here now. Mike and the others are like my brothers."

A couple of blocks from the Beckleys' apartment, the chapel is church and social center. Monday through Friday senior citizens gather for a nutrition program administered by Jefferson County government. Activities include knitting classes, games, physical fitness, and time to sit and visit. "OK, ladies and gentlemen," calls Julia "Sug" Coulter, program director, "time for our exercises."

Beckley is first to step forward. "Knee-bends. Hold on!

something if you have to." Beckley reaches for a nearby table. One exercise follows another. He joins in, never able to do any quite right.

As they try walking briskly, one 89-year-old finds herself out of line. She cuts across the large, checkered floor to regain her place. "Cheatin'," kids Beckley. "Hattie's cheatin' again." The petite, black lady merely laughs.

Lunch—meat, vegetables, dessert—is the only meal some have that day. The government pays \$1.92, charges the senior citizens 50 cents. But that isn't mandatory. "We can't always pay a dollar," says Beckley. "But I wash dishes."

"If they have it, fine," says Coulter, "but if they don't, they are welcome anyway."

Alice Beckley collects reservations for the next day. Comments Coulter, "It's important they feel they are contributing. And it helps Alice become more a part of things. She's not as outgoing as Ralph."

Quiet, shy, Alice finds adjusting to a new neighborhood difficult. She longs for her country way of life. "Even after Ralph's first heart attack, we stayed in the country," she stresses. "We worked on a Catholic orphanage farm." After Beckley's second attack, "the people at the farm said they couldn't let me work no more," Beckley reflects. With no alternatives, the Beckleys went on welfare.

The local Catholic church "helped us find a place to live, and paid the \$64 rent [and provided other necessities] until welfare checks began," Alice relates. "They made sure we were gettin' food stamps and knew about clinics for Ralph."

In 1971, a State Aid (welfare) check of \$140, plus food stamps for \$76, made up the Beckleys' total income. From this they paid their rent and living expenses. "We were doing OK," assures Beckley.

As their expenses climbed, the Beckleys became adept at stretching their income. In 1976, they qualified for Supplemental Security Income (SSI)—federal income maintenance program for the aged, blind and disabled. Their staggering new income of \$336 a month totaled almost \$1,000 less than the \$5,010 annual poverty guideline set by the U.S. government for a non-farm family of two. But they did have the "medical card" assistance which they used frequently for Beckley's checkups and for heart and arthritis medication. At one time he was taking 17 different medicines.

Concerned with Beckley's inability to read prescription directions, clinic doctors enlisted United Way nurse Linda Knapf to routinely visit the Beckleys.

Continued on page 70



Jefferson Street Baptist Chapel, near the run-down Clarksdale housing area in Louisville's east side, attempts to minister to many people like the Beckleys. But with a clientele ranging from derelicts to boisterous children, pastor Mike Elliott admits frustration and despondency.

"Many of these people know nothing but welfare and living off churches," Elliott has discovered. "When you see people come in again and again to get a bag of groceries, knowing they are going to sell them for a bottle—it's a battle to keep from being cynical."

Many residents have problems with alcohol.

"What really gets me," Elliott continues, "is the kids. When I saw a little boy about the age of my 30-month-old son playing in trash in the back alley, I cried. 'Lord, why did you bring me to this hell hole?'"

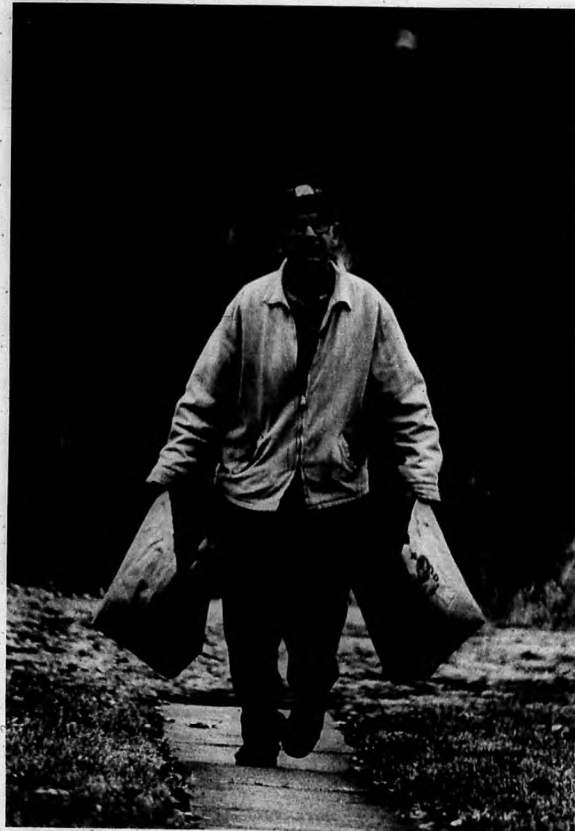
To rediscover his compassion for east side residents and to reconfirm his ministry to them caused Elliott much soul-searching. In the end, his love for the people outweighed his personal discomforts.

The chapel, housed in Jefferson Street Baptist Center, is one of three centers supported by Long Run Baptist Association and the Home Mission Board. Ministries are aided by East Baptist, the mother church.

The chapel's monthly income from the congregation is understandably low. "If we receive \$250 a month," explains Elliott, "that's tremendous." To help make up the difference between expenses and income, churches across Louisville contribute to center/chapel ministries. Some contribute financially, others donate food and clothes.

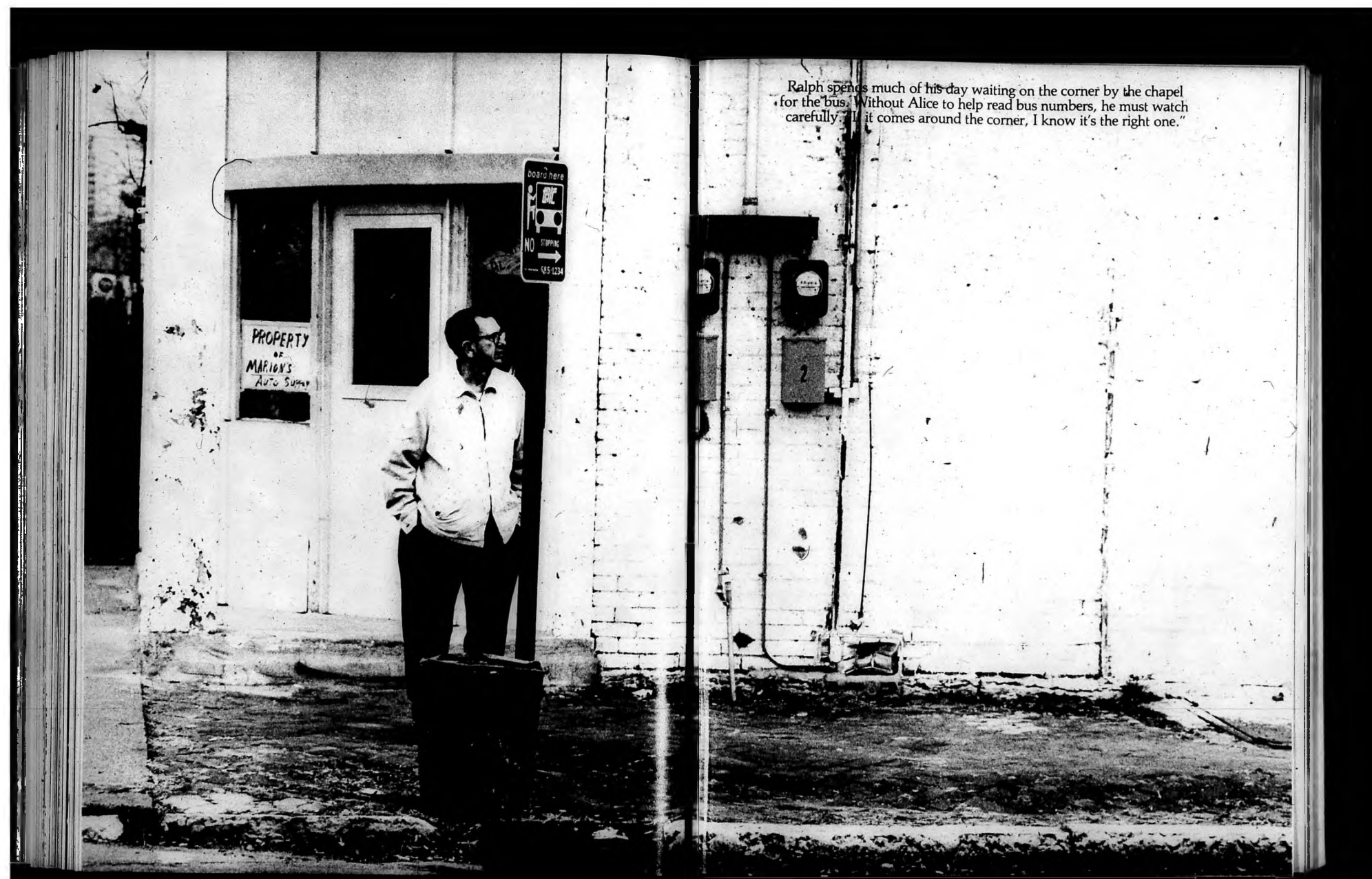
For all the problems and heartaches, however, Elliott finds also, "it has its good points. Some people are trying, and it's important that we are here to provide spiritual as well as physical support."

"I'll stay until the Lord tells me to move."



More than anything, Ralph loves to give. Without steady work, that becomes difficult. Yet the small garden he tends comes in handy; he returns home with two full bags of "greens" to give his friends.





Ralph spends much of his day waiting on the corner by the chapel for the bus. Without Alice to help read bus numbers, he must watch carefully. "If it comes around the corner, I know it's the right one."



Living on less than \$300 a month, Alice and Ralph shop for clothes at the center's clothing closet, make phone calls from a corner pay booth. Alice's only luxury is an ancient wringer washing machine.



Once a month, Alice gets up early, catches the bus across town, and begins the long wait for food stamps. It's a tiring day, as will be tomorrow when she walks five blocks to buy groceries.

FOOD STAMP BUYERS YOU MUST HAVE YOUR IDENTIFICATION CARDS



Quiet, shy Alice missed the tranquillity, the beauty of the country; when she'd adjusted a little, it was time to move.

Knapf describes Beckley as "an optimistic person who enjoys life and people." Alice is his protector. She attempts to make him take care of himself, but, says Knapf, "I still have to threaten him. I tell him I'll limit him to doing nothing but walking if he doesn't quit overdoing."

"A person like Ralph has to have something to do, but he's restricted in how much he can do."

Soon after moving into the city, Beckley began attending a neighborhood Baptist church; Alice went occasionally. Beckley made friends easily: he met a college girl who taught him to write his name; he and Ben, a neighboring black man, planted a tiny garden in Ben's backyard. Slowly Alice made friends and grew to tolerate the city.

But, she says, "I miss the trees and the open country."

During their nine years on the west side, both Beckleys grew to accept the cozy neighborhood of small white houses and narrow green lawns. But escalating rent—up to \$130 a month—and utilities forced them to contact Louisville Housing Authority. "I put our name on their list for an apartment," Alice says. In weeks word came of a vacancy.

In July 1980, the couple moved into Clarksdale. Their \$70-a-month three-room apartment has gold walls, dark brown woodwork and black tile floors.

At windows are flowered plastic curtains, some unevenly cut to avoid the hot steam radiator. They can cool their apartment only by opening a window or the door—even in mid-winter.

Laundry is done with a secondhand wringer washing machine. As awkward as it is, Alice "wouldn't take nothin' for the washer. When it goes," she says, "I don't know how we could get another."

Their limited income means no credit. Everything is cash.

Once a week Alice walks five blocks to the nearest grocery, buys needed items and walks home. Behind her she pulls an old shopping cart, its worn wheels creaking.

"You have to be careful around here," she warns. One afternoon, a young man wrenched tokens from her hand. "He probably thought they were money."

"I still get lost," she continues. "I don't get out much. And I only know a couple of the people who live close." Her first friend in the neighborhood was "Moocher," a squirrel she

Lunch at the center—meat, vegetables, dessert—costs 50 cents. When Ralph doesn't have money he does dishes.





"We don't have much," Ralph says. "We have to watch ourselves awful close, make every penny count. But doin' without somethin' is worth Jeremy smilin'. You can't price makin' someone smile."

taught to take peanuts from her hand. But mostly Alice sits—her short, round body perched on the edge of a square stool at a window—and gazes on the outside world.

Beckley goes out more. "Most of our neighbors are colored," he states, "but that don't make any difference. They're my friends."

When a youth threatened Beckley, a muscular man who lives nearby, stepped in. "You bother Ralph an' I'll kill you."

Beckley constantly invites neighbors, black and white, to go to church with him. When Mose, a tall, thin man drops by one Wednesday evening, Beckley asks, "You going to church, Mose?" The inebriated Mose gives his checked pants an upward tug. "Maybe next week."

"Mose is a good guy," explains Beckley later. "He just drinks when he ain't workin'. Maybe next Wednesday he'll go to church with me."

Connection with the Jefferson Street Chapel aids the Beckleys' settlement into east side life. And they maintain contact with west side friends through occasional visits—always between 9 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. when bus fare is only 35 cents.

Often these visits provide opportunities for doing small jobs to earn a few extra dollars. A two-hour job for most people, raking a westside yard takes Beckley most of the day. "I have to stop ever once and a while."

Extra money is important. Clarksdale's lower rent eased financial strain, but in August 1980 the Beckleys' lives—and pocketbook—became entangled in government red tape.

On Beckley's 62nd birthday, his eligibility for Social Security benefits (\$122 a month) caused their SSI check to be cut to \$39.90, decreasing their monthly income to \$162. And "they didn't send us a medical card either," Alice explains.

Social worker Knapf discovered that an SSI case worker reviewing the Beckleys' case had believed Beckley was able to work and suggested the income cut.

"How many people will hire someone like Ralph?" questions Knapf. "A man [whom] strain could kill—who actually needs to lie down three times a day."

Knapf requested a reconsideration hearing by a case worker with both law and medical knowledge, hoping to reestablish Beckley's SSI income.

For most, raking a yard would take a few hours. It takes Ralph all day. "I have to take some time to sit and rest."

"No matter what the amount of their [SSI] check," states a Louisville SSI administrator who knows Beckley's situation, "the Beckleys should be receiving a medical card." Until it can be reinstated, Beckley pays as much as \$107 a month for medicines. It's money they don't have.

Beckley's income has shrunk, but their rent—based on income—has not been lowered. "I can't prove in writin' that we are gettin' less," laments Alice. "So we have to keep paying the \$70."

It isn't that the government is unsympathetic, indicates a Louisville Social Security officer. "But sometimes, people's files get tied up between agencies." The Beckleys' file is being studied, he says; things will work out shortly.

"I guess seven months is shortly to the government," says Beckley. For that long Beckley's case was under consideration before SSI agreed to pay \$254 a month, giving the Beckleys an annual income of \$4,512, including all benefits—still far below poverty level.

During the hassle, came another blow. Knapf, on whom the Beckleys had depended, was transferred.

In the Beckleys' daily struggle to survive, Jefferson Street Baptist Chapel is a major sustaining force, says Knapf. "I was able to cut down on the number of my visits to them," she relates, because of its ministry. "I know through its nutrition program that Ralph and Alice receive at least five balanced meals a week, and there are people in contact with them so in case something happens they won't be alone."

"Oh, sure," confirms Beckley. "If they didn't see me or Alice, they would come and see if anything was wrong. And if they needed anything I'd help them. That's what's folks are supposed to do."

It's a code Beckley lives by.

"Ralph is always volunteering to do some little job," says pastor Elliott. "He doesn't let himself get bored, and it's his way of being able to give."

Caught in the spirit of Christmas last year, Beckley visited the chapel's "toy room" where donated, cleaned toys are sold, all for less than a dollar. Carefully he inspected the toys, searching for just the right ones—gifts for the Elliott children. "He was so excited about buying a ball for Jeremy," says Elliott.

"We don't have much to give," Beckley says. "We have to watch ourselves awful close, make every penny count. But God's good to us. And doin' without somethin' is worth Jeremy smilin'. You can't price makin' someone smile."

COMMENT

By Walker L. Knight

Viewing with alarm

Southern Baptists are a print-oriented people. The nature of our denomination—the voluntarily associated, autonomous churches, associations and conventions—demands rapid and thorough information dissemination.

The 34 state Baptist newspapers reach 1.8 million homes. Mission publications of WMU, Brotherhood and the two mission boards reach nearly three-quarters of a million homes. More than 200 publications of the Baptist Sunday School Board reach almost 12 million.

Many of these publications are distributed under second class postal rates, the least expensive of all classes. For years, the government subsidized all second class publications to foster information sharing in the nation, but in the past decade the postal service has moved to make all customers pay their own way.

Because of their non-profit status and the benefits they produce for the nation as a whole, religious, civic and benevolent publications received favored treatment by the gradual phasing in of increased postal rates, not scheduled to reach the maximum until about 1986.

That plan seems to be another victim of the nation's present cost-cutting mood. The Reagan administration has proposed that government subsidies for non-profit mailers be eliminated October 1, 1981. This has been approved by the Senate, and House committee members indicate it will likely be approved in the larger chamber.

This act, if it passes, will suddenly double costs!

MISSIONSUSA's annual mailing charges would soar from \$25,000 to \$50,000. The largest of our state

papers—Texas Baptist Standard—would pay \$1.3 million.

No matter, we are told, that religious, civic and benevolent publications and their organizations render a service to the people of the nation. Such increased costs clearly threaten their very existence.

If these publications cease to exist or if they have to drastically reduce their services, the nation will suffer more in the long run, for the dissemination of ideas and approaches to Christian/charitable concerns certainly helps government by increasing citizen involvement in areas of critical needs.

If these publications die, will government inform the people of the opportunities for Christian witness and ministry in the United States and overseas?

The object of the Reagan administration is to pass the increased costs to subscribers. But is that an acceptable option for Southern Baptists?

For most Southern Baptists, prices of their publications unfortunately are hidden from them, since church budgets pay for periodicals. Only a few of our publications, like MISSIONS USA and The Commission, are sold primarily to individual subscribers.

Payment from church budgets has its drawbacks. With the church paying, publications are often not as appreciated. They reach people who may not want them, even though the church wants them to receive them. Those who do want the literature, tend to think of it as coming "free."

Big cost increases, as will be necessary if this bill passes, appear even larger when subscriptions are lumped together in a single budget. It may be \$1 more for an individual, but it may be as

much as \$4,000 or more for some large churches.

Other factors are compounding this. We inform our members. Postal increases are not the only added costs. Paper, printing and information gathering also demand larger amounts of money, which somehow must be paid by subscribers and churches.

In addition, there is a new boy on the block—television. The Radio and TV Commission rightly seeks to move Southern Baptists into the important area of television transmission, and millions of dollars are being sought from individuals and the denomination for this effort. Churches will need to add new funds for TV use, from purchase of software to sponsorship of low-wattage TV stations.

If Congress does enact the present legislation, we may witness a dramatic change in how Baptists distribute their information. For example, we may discover our publications are smaller and mailed with less frequency, to fewer and fewer people.

Such a change might have serious consequences for a denomination dependent on a free flow of information. Television may be enhanced, but it provides only partial information with its headlines and strong emotion. As less information is distributed, greater vacuums will be created.

The denomination will be subject to an increase in special interest publications, going to small but intensely interested subscribers, who will pay the full costs for their publications. State Baptist papers will be hurt most, for they circulate most frequently.

Southern Baptists are a print-oriented people, but that orientation is being threatened. □

Birthdays of chaplains

(with home states and types of service)

AUGUST

1: Larry Neil Shirey, Ala., Navy; 2: Gerald Wayne Craft, Miss., Army; 3: Charles H. Locklin, Miss., A.F.; Jack R. Peters, Okla., Navy; 3: Thomas W. Black Jr., Miss., A.F.; Clarence R. Bridges, Texas, inst.; Lewis G. Burnett, Texas, Army; Gilbert R. Thornton, Pa., ind.; 4: Kenneth H. Edmiston, La., Army; Charles R. Parker Sr., Ga., Navy; 5: Howard A. Easley, Ala., Army; James R. Perdew, Mo., Navy; 6: Ray N. Conley, Ky., hosp.; James T. Howard, Ky., inst.; Raymond M. Perkins Jr., Texas, hosp.; 7: Lester T. Buckalew, Ga., A.F. & John D. Ford Jr., Calif., Army; Joe Frank Weber, Tenn., V.A.; Charles H. Wolcott, Texas, Army; 9: Robert F. Cullum, Texas, hosp.; Harry C. Hand, N.J., ind.; Baxter M. Pond, S.C., hosp.; Ronald J. Porter, S.C., Army; 10: Glenn T. Fasanella, N.C., Army; O. Ray Jackson, Ala., hosp.; Willard David Sapp, Ga., hosp.; 11: Bobby G. Allen, Miss., Army; Richard W. McKay, Va., hosp.; Michael L. Nichols, Mo., Navy; Ronald M. Stephenson, Ky., hosp.; 12: Harold Jordan, Miss., ind.; 13: Larry L. Eakes, Ala., Army; William R. Eaton, Ariz., V.A.; 14: Herbert R. Earley, Texas, inst.; Virgil M. Graham, Tenn., hosp.; Donald A. Morris, S.C., Navy; 15: Austin N. Brown, Fla., inst.; James T. Truitt, Ala., Army; Douglas W. Walton, Ga., hosp.; 16: Wesley E. Brett, N.C., hosp.; Gerald Cook, Mo., Navy; Michael D. Hudmon, Ga., inst.; Jerry D. Reynolds, Texas, Army; Timothy P. Van Duivenyck, Mich., hosp.; 17: Elvin B. Norris, Texas, Army; 18: W.T. Permenter, Texas, Army; Alfred J. Poole, S.C., hosp.; 19: Horacio Cardenas, Texas, hosp.; H. Douglas Roebuck, Ga., hosp.; Ray E. Woodall, Miss., Army; 20: Wallace M. Hucabee, La., A.F.; E. Reita Moody, Ky., hosp.; 21: James H. Pope, N.C., Navy; Mark E. Woodruff, Ala., Navy; 22: William G. Justice, Tenn., hosp.; 23: James E. Doffin Jr., N.C., Navy; Leslie M. LeFils, Texas, Navy; R. Gene Mills, Ala., hosp.; William T. Taylor, Ky., Army; 24: Robert L. Browning, Miss., A.F.; Robert T. Durham, Ky., hosp.; Willford C. Kimble, La., Navy; Paul H. Mason, Tenn., Army; Gene P. Theriot, La., Navy; 25: Alfred W. Meeks, Fla., A.F.; Thomas F. Shirley, S.C., inst.; Hugh D. Smith, Texas, Navy; Clyde J. Wood, Ala., Army; 26: Charles A. Tyson, Tenn., Army; 27: Bernie Calaway, Texas, Navy; 28: William K. Bagnall Jr., S.C., Army; Steve L. Doran, Tenn., inst.; Donald G. Gardner, Mo., hosp.; Kenneth T. Kelley, N.C., AF; 29: Paul B. Cassibry, Ala., Army; Philip J. Cassibry, Ala., Army; Sim O. Hasler, Texas, hosp.; Gary E. Penton, La., inst.; 30: Bobbie Bundick, Texas, Army; Marvin Dean Keenen, Colo., inst.; Jimmie A. Roberts, Texas, Army; Jonathan H. Waddell, Miss., hosp.; 31: Charles F. Hill, Tenn., Army; Benjamin F. Kelley, Ark., A.F.; Norman L. Redding, Fla., inst.

SEPTEMBER

1: Terry L. Brooks, N.C., inst.; George F. Ricketts, Va., inst.; Milton P. Snyder, Ga.,

hosp.; 2: Ronald H. Kelling, Okla., A.F.; Claude Milton Linn, Texas, inst.; 3: Jerry Wayne Bailey, Mich., inst.; Charles T. Clanton, Ark., Army; Thomas W. Murphy, Kan., A.F.; Gordon Shamburger, Miss., hosp.; 4: Norvell E. Knight, Ga., Navy; Russell A. Patrick, Mo., VA; Dennis G. Whitaker, Ga., inst.; Edwin R. York, N.Y., Army; 5: Jerry Shirley, Texas, Navy; Robert D. Tatum, Texas, Navy; 6: Otis Owens Jr., S.C., A.F.; Tallie Williams, Texas, hosp.; 7: Newton V. Cole, Miss., A.F.; Robert N. Edwards, Ind., Navy; Russell A. Ford, Va., inst.; Anthony W. Seaton-Johnson, Md., hosp.; 8: A. Joe Baroody Jr., S.C., hosp.; Earl Duncan, Ark., A.F.; Virgil Lee Kearney, Tenn., V.A.; 9: Ocie J. Courtney Jr., Texas, Army; M. Terry Hall, Miss., Navy; Talmadge P. McGary, Ky., inst.; L.L. McGee, N.C., hosp.; John C. Morris, Fla., inst.; 10: Timothy D. Brown, Ga., hosp.; Robert B. Estes, Texas, Army; Bennie J. Hornsby, Miss., Navy; Charles Mallard, Fla., Army; Richard T. Roney, Tenn., Navy; 13: Marvin L. Chamberlain, Mo., Navy; Vernon L. Fash, S.C., A.F.; Andrew Johnson, La., Navy; George F. Spencer, N.C., Army; 14: Roland J. Fells, Texas, hosp.; H. Marlowe Link, Calif., hosp.; Jack F. Phillips, Texas, Navy; 15: L. Randall Stout, Ky., hosp.; 16: Donald E. Fowler Jr., Minn., Army; Wm. Neale Williams, Texas, V.A.; 17: Robert David Knight, Fla., hosp.; 18: Richard Earl Martindale, Texas, Navy; James R. Taylor, Miss., A.F.; 19: William T. Bassett, Okla., V.A.; Leigh Edward Conner, Md., hosp.; 20: David L. Bluford, Tenn., hosp.; 21: John A. Atwood, La., Army; Robert W. Green, Ark., hosp.; Roger Allen Marshall, Mo., ind.; Philip M. Owens, Ga., hosp.; 22: Thomas J. Z.T. DuBoise, Fla., Navy; 23: Robert W. Jakoby, Texas, hosp.; Samuel August Kimcoke, Hawaii, Navy; Bert E. Miller, Texas, ind.; 24: Harold Garrett, Okla., Navy; Martin A. Schlueter, Calif., hosp.; 25: Kenneth E. Elkins, Tenn., Navy; Raymond C. Moore, Pa., hosp.; William H. O'Dell, Texas, V.A.; Robert Vickers, Ky., Army; 26: Billy D. Ingram, Texas, Army; 27: Jerry L. Martin, Ill., Army; Theron E. Moore, Ga., A.F.; Charles R. Riggs, Ky., inst.; 29: Jack W. Elliott, Ala., A.F.; James D. Johnson, N.C., Army; Malcom W. Rogers, Ky., Army; C. Byron Smith, Ala., inst.; Kenneth P. Witt, Ill., inst.; 30: Rhodes W. Harper, Mo., Navy; Stanley E. White, Texas, A.F.

Missionary Appointments

(with places of service and birthdays)

APRIL

Missionaries: Charles David and Karen Arp, 11-30, 10-2, Chugach Baptist Association, Alaska, Rural-Urban; Luther Milton and Nora Berry, 10-25, 11-23, Central Baptist Association, Kans., RU; Sheila Dewese, 11-22, Tulsa, Okla., Christian Social Ministries; Tom and Anne Donaldson, 9-21, 11-8, University of W.Va., Special Mission Ministries; Jay Harvey and Fayna Humphreys, 2-14, 1-27, Elysian, Minn., Church Extension; Lillian and Charles

Mitchell, 10-9, 12-15, New Orleans, La., CSM; Maxine (Mrs. Gordon) Robinson, 7-8, Medford, Ore., RU; Thomas J. and Sherry L. Smith, 7-12, 9-1, New Orleans, La., Black Church Relations.

Missionary Associates: Timothy Allen and Jeannie Gramly, 9-1, 11-29, Onawa, Iowa, CE; David and Terry M. Hankins, 11-9, 3-6, Stockton, Calif., CE; David Michael and Debra K. Lew, 10-22, 8-28, Southfield, Mich., Evangelism.

Church Pastoral Assistance (CE): Carey David and Betty J. Berryhill, Blunt, S.D.; Leon and Lourdes Ivonne Freeman, Carolina, Puerto Rico; Albert Dee and Geraldine Sims, Torrington, Wyo.; Robert C. and Glenda Wilson, Webster Springs, W.Va.

Mission Pastor Interns (CE): V. Michael and Trina D. Crescenzi, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.; Richard L. Love, Northglenn, Colo.; David LeRoy Tidwell, Ten Sleep, Wyo. Language Pastoral Assistance: Ruben and Emilia Casanova, Chicago, Ill.; Isabel and Olivia Chavarria, Stockton, Calif.; Chi Choon and Young (Grace) A. Lee, San Jose, Calif.; Binh Thanh and Thien T. Truong Phan, El Cajon, Calif.; Omar and Marisol Ramirez, Rochester, N.Y.

MAY

Missionaries: George Edward and Gwendolyn Arthur, 5-19, 1-2, Montgomery Bapt. Assn., Alaska, Metro; Walter H. and Shirley Ann Grindstaff, 10-9, 10-17, River Valley Assn., Alaska, RU; David and Connie Holden, 5-22, 6-7, New Orleans, La., CSM; James and JoNelle W. McDowell, 9-23, 3-15, Pilot Min. Assn., N.C., CSM.

Missionary Associates: Duane Wilbert Cook, 1-4, Wilmington, N.C., CSM; Michael C. and Carla A. Dixon, 1-12, 2-21, Lanai City, Hawaii, CE; David Philip and Jeanette C. Heydt, 7-29, 6-13, Rochester, Minn.; Chaplaincy: Patricia Denise Lamb, 8-11, Lake City, Pa., CE; Lester and Donna Meriwether, 6-16, 2-10, West, USA, CSM; Ronald Norris and Carolyn Faye Norman, 8-12, 1-23, Salmo, BC, Canada, CE; Donald Ray and Martha Sue Tenan, 11-23, 1-13, Bradford, Pa., CE; Joe and Rosa Lee Wiggins, 5-17, 3-14, Albuquerque, N.M., CSM; John A. and Delma Wilkes, 9-16, 5-1, Rawlins, Md., CE.

Church Pastoral Assistance (CE): Wesley C. and Anita Cobb, Gallup, N.M.; Thomas Carroll and Sharon Fishell, Roscommon, Mich.; Daniel Eldridge and Sandra L. Forsee, Dover, Del.; Michael H. and Helen Wiebe Hicks, North Pole, Alaska; William Edward and Roma M. Johnson, Green Bank, W.Va.; Billy Eugene and Rosell Ann Lynch, Franklin, N.J.; Gary Wayne and Darlene Maroney, Troutdale, Ore.; James L. Sr. and Jimmie Marion Smith, Ruffs Dale, Pa.; John Wayne and Cynthia Mae Stair, Indiana, Pa.; Arthur Clinton and Marlene June Wells, Martins Ferry, Ohio. Language Pastoral Assistance: Charles and Betty Alexander, Denver, Colo.; Pedro and Lydia Sanchez, San Francisco, Calif.; Moises Antonio and Marilyn Kaye Valdes, Immokalee, Fla.; Samuel Lionel and Ann Lee Young, Denison, Iowa.

LETTERS

Powerful

Your photographer, Mark Sandlin, did a beautiful job and Erich Bridges did a fine job . . . (May-June) very poignant and spontaneous pictures on page 5 and 6 respectively. That's powerful. You have done great work showing me what Christian love is and I am impressed with Marie's capacity to trust and Daddy Huse's caring that made it possible.

Hiroshi Suzuki
New York, N.Y.

So moved we moved

Because of your article on Boomtown USA (Jan-Feb) we were so moved that we sold everything out to travel to Wyoming and Colorado. . . . We know there are needs here for workers. Our names were sent to over 100 associational missionaries and only one has inquired. If there is such a need, why am I and my family having to suffer so as we patiently wait. . . . Say a prayer for us as we continue to await a door to open.

Bob and Glenda Craig
Fort Collins, Colo.

Doctrinal fruit salad?

The Winter 1981 Home Missions Notebook contained an article ("Rather switch than fight") that calls for an explanation or a definition of "theological position". . . . The phrase implies Southern Baptist churches are as diverse in theological positions as they are in economic and social composition. If this is true, we have at best a doctrinal fruit salad and at worst scriptural heresy.

G.C. Peck
Fairborn, Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE: The term was used to apply to individuals and to churches, not to institutions. Southern Baptist churches have no theological requirements—only the requirement that they support missions. As expressed in the Baptist Faith and Message statement there is common commitment to Christ and to missions.

Old friends

It was interesting to read "The Wong Way" (Sept-Oct) because we had known

James Wong and his brother when they were seminary students here. . . . We have been missionaries to China, Macau and Hong Kong for the past 32 years. We left China in 1949 . . . just shortly before the whole of China was united under the Communist government.

Little did we suspect within a few weeks we'd have the opportunity to return to Shiu Hing. A lady attending services in our chapel brought news that an old pastor in Shiu Hing was very ill and had expressed hope he would be able to see a Baptist missionary again before he died. She asked if we'd go. We finally were given permission to go to Shiu Hing.

The old pastor turned out to be father of James and Do Sum Wong who was the principal of the Baptist School in Shiu Hing when we were visiting there in 1948.

He had been in prison since the Cultural Revolution of the late 60s . . . had only been released last summer. . . . I took the picture of James in Hawaii and part of the article to his father. His step mother, younger brother and three sisters came while we were there.

Pastor Wong is suffering from asthma, he's very thin but was better and in excellent spirits. He told of singing hymns in prison and being joined by others in adjoining cells.

Mrs. James D. Hollis
Hong Kong, China

Written off?

We appreciate your boldness and willingness to tell it like it is. Wish more of our publications were as "in touch" with the real world as MissionsUSA.

A question bothering me is in regard to pastors who suffer such tremendous "blows" during their ministry they have nervous breakdowns. What happens to them? Are they written off as failures? Is the SBC so large that individuals are not important?

Is there a rehabilitation program for exhausted, confused, disillusioned SBC pastors? Or do we have so many young ones graduating that the older, tired, wounded ones aren't needed any more?

Also, are Southern Baptists more interested in pushing programs than meeting

peoples needs? . . . is it more important to start new work than to heal one already begun?

Laura Jean Phillips
Sidell, La.

EDITORS NOTE: Some here at the HMB and others in the denomination are concerned about "burnout" among pastors. MissionsUSA is considering a future story on this subject. In the past (Jan/Feb 1980), we carried a report on Marble Retreat, concerned with problems of pastors and pastors' families. Also, the June 1974 issue was addressed to this subject.

Pictures and words

Please let me cancel the vote in Letters (Jan-Feb) about eliminating the pictures. Not only is a picture worth more than a thousand words—it stimulates interest in the printed word.

I teach a Sunday School class of Juniors, 9-10-11 years old, and I find MissionsUSA pictures invaluable, so large and clear. The only way they could possibly be better would be if they were in color! Keep 'em coming!

Marie L. Edwards
Hanceville, Ala.

• The problem I have with your new magazine—I look at it but I don't read it! I read every word of the Home Missions Notebook and enjoy it thoroughly. I realize it's only one vote but I cast mine for fewer pictures and clearer writing.

Martha Brubaker
So. Boston, Va.

• I hope you and your colleagues will continue to combat the narrow-mindedness and self-righteousness which are our constant temptations.

Jo Ann Hanson
Laredo, Texas

CORRECTION: Due to a printer's error, pictures on pages 35 and 36 of the May/June issue of MissionsUSA were transposed. We apologize for any confusion that may have been caused by the mistake.

IN PASSING

By William G. Tanner

Fireworks and interfaith witness

Each year, on the eve of fireworks and Fourth of July picnics, my mind wanders to the America of my youth: Whatever happened to that idyllic, consensual land of simple virtues and constant values? I hardly need to be clubbed by a demographer's chart, or buried under an avalanche of census data, to realize the United States has changed drastically since my boyhood.

One reason—among many, I believe—for the transformation is burgeoning racial/ethnic pride and movement. The implications of the new population mix range further than the fact you now can buy good moo shu pork in Montgomery and a fine burrito in Winston-Salem. The shift in population signals radical new patterns of thought, action, influence: the scattered potholes of people with "non-founding father" backgrounds have been leveled out into a nationwide highway of heterogeneity. We have become a diverse, pluralistic people.

And we aren't likely to return to those grand ol' days of yesteryear homogeneity.

For one thing, we annually add about 700,000 immigrants to these shores; a minority are white Anglo-Saxon Protestants. For another, folks already here are afflicted with itchy feet: the national restlessness causes one in five of us to move each year.

The human composition of our regions shifts quickly. The treasured gewgaws of our youth vanish amid the baubles and bangles of other cultures, other heritages.

We end up watching our cities and our towns transformed by a dizzying array of modes of dress, patterns of conduct, threads of thought; almost daily we bump against strangers

as foreign to us as visitors from Mars. Our world has the same stability as a bucket of minnows.

The communications revolution, which is often revolting indeed, dumps upon us a constant barrage of hard-to-digest, often worthless trivia packaged as truth and processed as fiction—and contextually meaningless.

I'm reminded of a "Comment" by Walker Knight, in which he pointed out that the "flooding of imagery" we experience through mass media has dulled us, so that we are unable to intelligently sort and assemble what we hear. "Our souls are conveniently electronic, -omni-attentive" and comfortably anesthetized. It takes the attempted assassinations of a president and a pope to shock us.

Bombarded by visual and audible stimuli—but seldom stimulated—we search for meaning. In such an environment, it is easy to understand the rise of religious groups, cults and sects. Amid the cultural confusion of modern America, subscription to simple-and-solemn Eastern and pseudo-Eastern religions effortlessly becomes a balm to many. And the development of quasi-religions, science worshiping and naval-gazing faiths is a logical expression of illogical times.

Wrapped in this milieu, Christians must offer the anchor of belief in Jesus Christ. His good news offers the true meaning of life. But as you've probably discovered, it can be difficult to explain this to persons whose religious experience reflects either total ignorance of Christianity, or rejection of its founder in favor of another discipline or brand of behavior.

Christ's "abundant life" clearly dis-

tinguishes Christianity from other religions; we, his followers, know the most complete realization of human potential is possible only through him. And because we have the security of his promise, "I am with you always," we wish to share the joyful message with everyone.

More and more in the future, this will involve Christians in interfaith witness. What an opportunity God gives us through our society's diversity! The nation's enormous communications networks—credible mobility and unflagging dedication to individual liberty toss us all together, Christians, cultists, Jews, Catholics, Buddhists, Mormons, Zoroastrians and "other-religionists." Surely God has brought us together for a purpose.

Since 1966, whenever Southern Baptists have had questions about how to relate to people of other faiths, they have been able to turn to the Home Mission Board's Department of Interfaith Witness. Over the years, the work of the department has grown tremendously, as it answers an increasing number of requests.

As one effort to help Southern Baptists understand, appreciate and respond to those of other faiths, IFW's Gary Leazer is writing articles on America's newest cults and sects; this series will begin in the next MissionsUSA with a report on Hare Krishnas.

As Leazer says, "Christians are commanded to be witnesses for Christ, and we can be better witnesses if we know the beliefs of the persons with whom we share our faith." That's an important maxim for us who celebrate, on this July Fourth, what God has done in creating our pluralistic society. □

Funeral at one, wedding at three, and you just found out the church needs a new heating system.



When do you have time to think about growing an evangelistic church?

Maybe we should ask, when do you have time *not* to think about evangelism? For without doubt, evangelism must rest at the core of all we do.

For you know its true: when we fail to set our priorities by Christ's demands, our religious life no longer expresses the full rich fabric of the gospel message.

Yet it is easy to be so swamped under daily pressures we forget to strive for the total evangelism spectrum our churches need: the witness in word and deed that validates our funerals, our weddings—and our worries over heating systems.

That's why we've designed our **Growing an Evangelistic Church Seminars** especially for the busy pastor. Each three-day course packs instruction by key evangelism leaders on such topics as theology of evangelism, role of the pastor, lay commitment, implementing lay evangelism—and much, much more.

Two **Growing an Evangelistic Church Seminars** are planned for 1981: One in May, another in September.

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