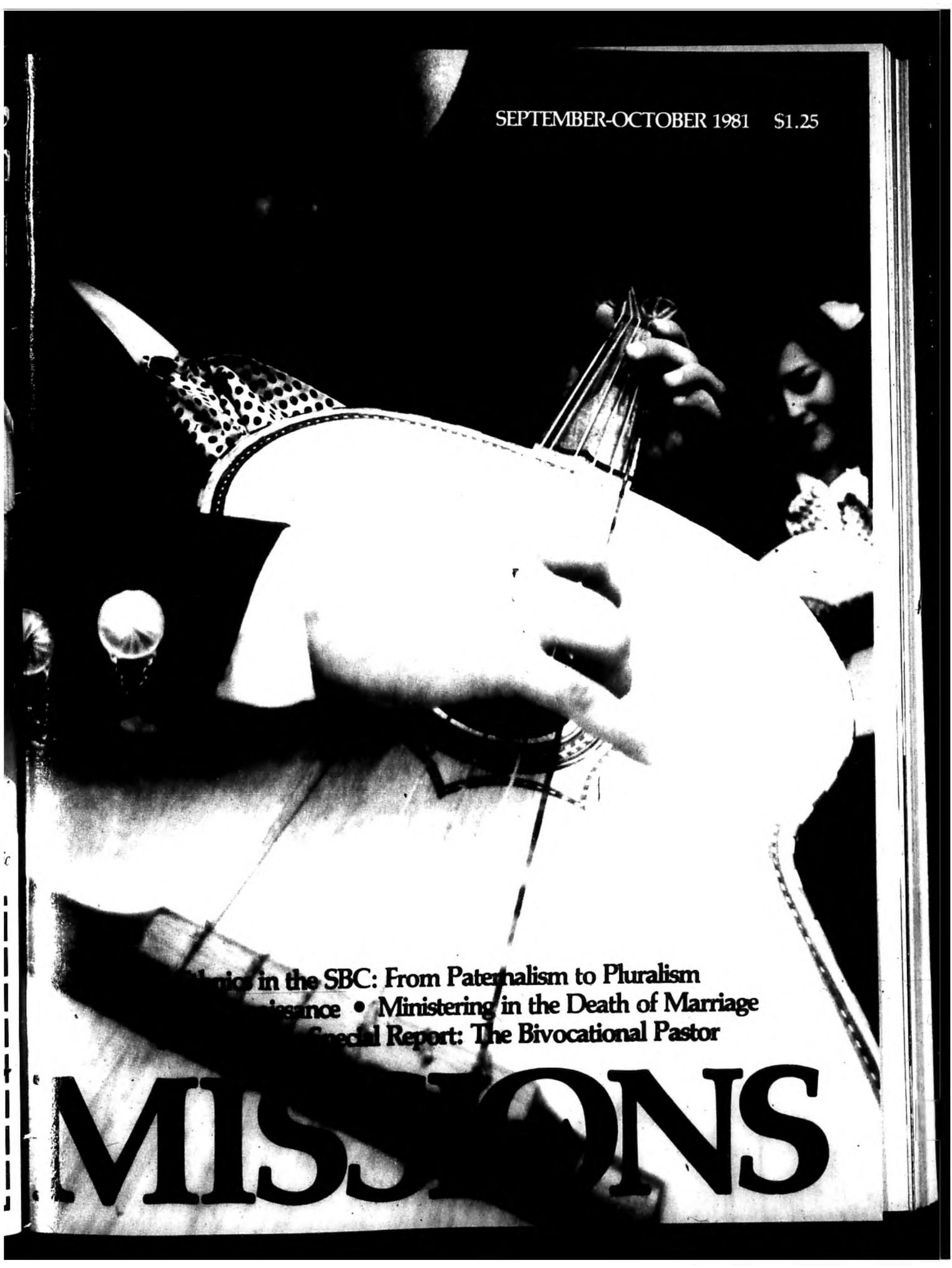




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From Paternalism To Pluralism

Ethnics in the SBC
By Toby Druin

On any Sunday in the United States, more than five million Southern Baptists gather. They meet in almost every conceivable type of facility: storefront, living room, hogan, saloon, rented building, vaulted cathedral. They are a motley lot. Though predominantly white, Southern Baptists are the most integrated denomination in America. With 175,000 from ethnic groups, they worship in more than 80 languages in 3,500 language-culture congregations.

So increasingly the face of Southern Baptists changes. And will continue to change even more radically, as in the decades ahead more ethnic, language-cultural persons affiliate with the Convention.

Will local churches, associations and other SBC bodies embrace these people as bona fide fellow Christians and church members of equal standing? Will they move from their paternalistic heritage to a pluralistic future? Will they match the zeal that has sent Southern Baptist missionaries to the world's far corners with an enthusiastic welcoming of international Baptists when they knock on local church doors?

Already ethnics by the thousands are waiting; they identify themselves as Southern Baptists and want to be full partners in this giant denomination. But only a few feel fully incorporated; others have met mixed responses—real or imagined—that cause them to doubt ever being integrated into Southern Baptist organizational life. Oh, they express commitment to Baptist doctrine, but they feel their future as Southern Baptists is in limbo. Whether they are added to the Southern Baptist pie—making the mix sweeter for both—depends on many things.

"It's true the future may bring organizations formed along ethnic and cultural lines—even to the point of creating new denominations," admits Cherry Chang, veteran home missionary who works with Asians on the West Coast.

But the better solution to ethnics' growing need for identity and responsibility, she says, would come "with a total

change of spiritual attitude [on the part of both ethnics and Anglos]. We need a great revival where we confess our sins and shortcomings to each other, and say from now on, we are together in what God has called us to do."

What God has called Southern Baptists to do, says Oscar Romo, is simply missions and evangelism. "To achieve God's purpose, we witness and minister in many languages and cultural patterns. Most Anglos now accept this approach. We have made a lot of progress in the past 10 years."

But Romo, director of language missions for the Home Mission Board, acknowledges obstacles to expanding outreach to other ethnic groups and to nurturing those within the SBC. Some are obvious—lack of finances to aid beginning/struggling congregations, lack of trained leadership, lack of multi-language materials.

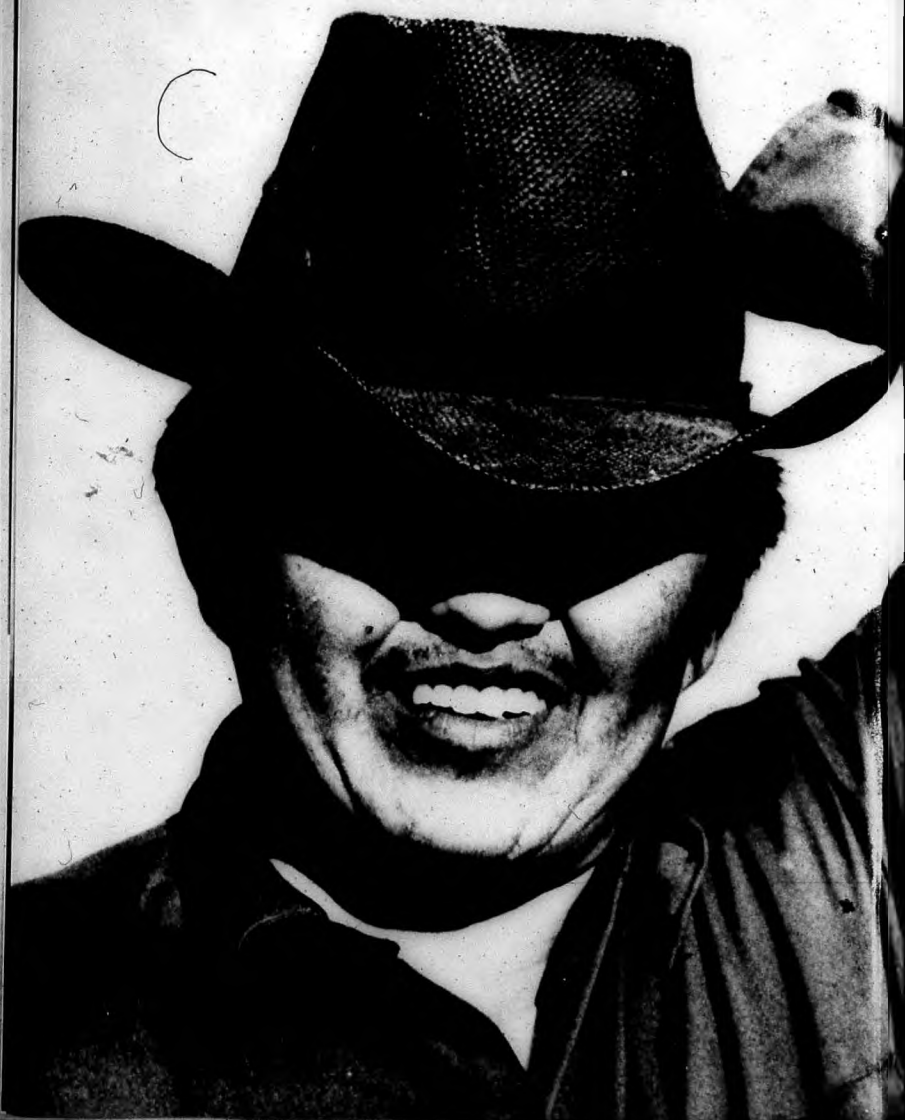
But another, more subtle obstacle may prove the greater barrier: gaining "a sense of belonging," a sense of worth in a denomination struggling to demonstrate the biblical ideal that Jesus Christ and his gospel are colorblind. "America is not white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant," says Fermin Whittaker, Romo's Guatemalan-born associate. "America is a mosaic. We need to stress and keep stressing that point."

"Ethnic people merely ask Southern Baptists to treat them as equals; they expect to contribute to the denomination. They don't want handouts, just help in becoming productive members of Southern Baptist life."

Too often an ethnic is forced into a mold, says Whittaker. Anyone attempting to break out is a "rebel. In reality, he is simply saying, 'Hey, you told me I am your brother. Am I your full brother or your half brother?'"

A new United States citizen, moments after her naturalization ceremony, celebrates. The U.S. admits more than 750,000 immigrants annually.





The quest: equality and responsibility

That ethnics will no longer accept token responsibilities and unchallenging roles as denominational stepchildren has become evident recently. In 1979, Spanish-speaking SBC congregations in Los Angeles created their own association. At this year's Southern Baptist Convention, another Spanish-speaking group formed a steering committee to plan a nationwide Hispanic fellowship. Earlier, in summer 1980, SBC Chinese-speaking congregations had formed a "convention" of Asian congregations in the United States and Canada. Its origins trace to a Chinese Baptist Ministers Fellowship in Los Angeles. A home missionary, Cephas Wong of Monterey Park, Calif., is chairman of the fellowship; among its organizers was Peter Kung, HMB language missions consultant for the Sunday School Board.

Koreans also have formed a fellowship. Native American congregations, beginning with the Five Civilized Tribes in the 1800s and continuing with Navajos in the 1970s, have had formally structured Baptist unions; Indian associations have long existed in North Carolina and Oklahoma. American Indian Baptists held a national meeting at Falls Creek, Okla., in June.

Hispanics in New Mexico have long had associations, working alongside Anglo counterparts with little friction.

In Texas, which has some 500 Hispanic congregations, are 25 Hispanic associations and a Mexican Baptist Convention, since 1964 linked with the Baptist General Convention of Texas under a "unification agreement." The Spanish associations are seen as vital. Charles McLaughlin, director of the Texas missions commission, says his office recognizes the associations—or fellowships—and feels they are important, especially for the young people.

"To do away with them would defeat our purpose," McLaughlin says. "We are not trying to make Anglos of Hispanics. They have a unique culture that shouldn't be swallowed up or stifled."

McLaughlin's office works primarily through the Mexican convention in correlating activities but also pays expenses for Hispanic moderators to attend training meetings.

Ministering to Native Americans—who today often look more like cowboys than Indians—has been a home missions assignment since the 1840s.

Leobardo Estrada, director of Texas language missions, says officers of the Spanish associations often meet with Anglo associations to plan programs, though some areas still lack coordination.

With that history, it was surprising the formation of a Hispanic association in Los Angeles could cause tension and conflict. But the 1979 incorporation of *Asociacion Bautista del Sur de Los Angeles y Vecindades*, has been controversial. The 27 congregations (18 churches and 9 missions), previously of Los Angeles Southern Baptist Association, differ from the majority of the 1,200 SBC associations only in one purpose: "To provide an atmosphere of fellowship to churches who share the same cultural and language backgrounds, or whose geographical location is populated by Hispanic groups."

A position paper notes: "The multiplication of the work can be done more effectively by the mutual cooperation of churches who have . . . affinity and commonality . . . The association will serve as a catalytic agent which can share the gospel . . . with a vast majority society in need of an energetic and dynamic witnessing."

Other rationale for the association, says Jose Duarte, pastor of El Camino Baptist Church and past president of the association, was simple: "The Anglo [non-Hispanic] churches never do anything for us. Association events are held at times and places hard for our people to attend. We felt our own association could do more to meet our needs."

Duarte, hardly a wild-eyed radical, came to California from Mexico 20 years ago. While on a repair job at El Camino Baptist Church, he "heard the gospel message and saw a difference in the people there. They had something special. The Holy Spirit was alive in each one."

Duarte became a Baptist. Soon home missions language worker Eugene Wolfe asked him to preach at an LA-area mission. Duarte was there four years before being called by his home church. He has been at El Camino ever since—eight years—ministering to a congregation of about 700.

Duarte says LA Hispanic Baptists—most of Mexican descent—were inspired by a joint evangelistic crusade in 1976. "It was wonderful, our working together," recalls Duarte. "The churches saw we need to cooperate."

Most Hispanics welcome the new association. They insist

The problem: stepchild status

Building on the past

This year, Southern Baptists celebrate 100 years of mission work with Hispanic peoples.

Hispanics have long been a part of the United States; their ancestors settled much of the Southwest before the pilgrims landed. But few Anglos could have envisioned, in the late 1800s when home missionaries began in Laredo and other Texas towns, that someday Hispanics would be the nation's fastest growing ethnic group. Or that they would someday present Southern Baptists with one of their greatest missions challenges.

The Southern Baptist Convention now has 1,500 Hispanic congregations with more than 150,000 members. Yet that is "clearly inadequate," says a denominational leader, "in view of the swelling Hispanic population. If we are to keep pace, we must far outstrip our mission efforts of the first 100 years."

California now has more than 3.5 million Hispanics; Texas has 2.6 million, New York 1.8 million and Florida 700,000. Sizable numbers also live in most states.

Texas, home of the first work with Spanish-speaking people, now has one-third of all SBC Hispanic congregations. In California, where the work is only 40 years old, the number of Hispanic churches has grown substantially. But not enough, says Lon Chavez, the state's first ethnic director of language missions.

"If our churches continue in the way that we have been, we will not accomplish what we're trying to do. If California Baptists are going to reach the state's thousands of Hispanics, they have to realize we're going to have to double, triple, even quadruple our efforts."

Greatest handicap to increased outreach is lack of money and indigenous leaders, say most experts.

Hispanics, long able to preserve their language and culture despite pressures to "Anglicize," respond best to the gospel when it is presented by other Hispanics. With numerous places needing new work, the leadership problem is serious. "If we create an atmosphere which encourages young Hispanics to enter the ministry," says a missions spokesman, "we have a brighter 100 years ahead. If we do not, this nation's largest language group will not hear of Jesus Christ from Southern Baptists."

they received little benefit from previous alignments with Anglo-dominated unions. Yet others complain the new arrangement merely repeats old problems. Says one pastor: "We sit and make big plans. We never do anything."

By June 1981, membership had dwindled to 17 churches and three missions. But new president Rafael Miranda, former pastor of First Mexican Church of Norwalk, says only one church has shifted to an English-speaking association; the higher figure "probably means we counted some as being in the Hispanic association that really were not in."

Miranda, a bivocational worker who serves the Hispanic association as a director of missions, contends most Hispanics were never incorporated into the area's Anglo associations. "Nobody attended because the Anglo associations were not geared for Spanish-speaking people."

That and the feeling "we were not advised or our approval sought" helped generate momentum for the Hispanic association. "But mostly we wanted to meet needs of our people that were not being met otherwise." Fewer than one percent of Los Angeles' two million—maybe more—Hispanics are Southern Baptists.

The association fares "better than a year ago," Miranda contends. "There is more unity. It is a blessing to everyone."

During past months, Miranda says, churches in the association have cooperated in several events, including evangelistic crusades, training events and several special emphases. They sponsored baseball and volleyball leagues for youth during the summer.

The association is still seeking recognition by the California state convention. The future is "great," Miranda says. "I am just hoping the people in the state convention offices will have the same vision. But even if we don't gain recognition," he says, "we are going ahead. This is a call from the Lord and when it's from Him, you have to do it."

That view is not shared by all. In the California Baptist

Until the past three decades, most Spanish-speaking people in the United States were Southwesterners of Mexican descent or Northeasterners from Puerto Rico. Today Hispanic people, from all Spanish-heritage nations, live in 50 states. They are the nation's—and Southern Baptists'—fastest growing ethnic minority.





The policy: no cultural segregation

offices, Don Venosdel, director of associational work, considers the Hispanic association "pretty well defunct." Only one Uniform Church Letter has been received from its churches. The state "tried to work with them whenever possible," Venosdel adds, but the association "never really developed in spite of a lot of furor."

Last September, the California Executive Board approved a plan to determine "recognition" of newly formed associations. Once recognized, the association would be eligible for services provided by the convention. But the board specified "recognition does not necessarily imply funding."

Some observers suggest such qualifications reflect paternalism—an effort by Anglo-dominated boards to keep ethnics in check. "If Anglo churches formed their own association, who would object?" they ask.

The Home Mission Board, which provides much of the language missions money spent in California through the state convention—has taken no side in the conflict. The HMB, says Gerald Palmer, director of the Missions Section, "does not determine the direction churches go in establishing local organizations."

But the agency did respond to the Hispanic-association question with a statement reflecting its philosophy:

- (1) Home Mission Board has encouraged ethnic churches to be full partners in the life and work of associations;
- (2) . . . has encouraged associations to respond to the needs of churches of all ethnic . . . backgrounds;
- (3) . . . has not encouraged formation of associations of specific ethnic backgrounds;
- (4) . . . has historically related to Indian associations in Oklahoma and North Carolina which predate the formation of associations. In Texas, the HMB has worked with Hispanic associations whose churches in reality are dually aligned;
- (5) . . . encourages formation of ethnic fellowships within associations. They are often workable and desirable alterna-

Because most European-heritage Americans first settled in northern states, Southern Baptist work among people of German, Slavic, Scandinavian and similar backgrounds dates back only 40 years. Yet the work is growing, for European continental language-culture groups comprise more than one-fourth of the U.S. population.

tives to separate associations;

(6) Associations are autonomous bodies, established by autonomous churches. The HMB has not sought to control formation of associations nor does it have a process for officially recognizing ethnic churches or organizations when they are formed; the agency relates to associations in accord with cooperative agreements with state conventions.

No one disputes the right of autonomous local Baptist churches to do anything, including organizing associations. They have been doing it for almost 300 years. But some, including Stanley O. White, director of missions Los Angeles Southern Baptist Association, see the Hispanic association as a radical departure from the norm.

"Historically—which doesn't necessarily make it right—our approach to organizing Baptist associations has been on a geographical basis," says White. Greater Los Angeles has six associations, not including the new Hispanic body. "I don't feel we should be held to exact lines with no flexibility, but I do believe strongly in an association ministering in a geographical alignment with the mix of people you find within those boundaries."

"In this situation, we have imposed a Spanish—segregated—association on existing geographical associations."

Such an arrangement will make coordination and administration difficult, White says, as Hispanic churches, in and out of the association, look to the state convention for ministries and service.

Should all Spanish-speaking congregations align with the Hispanic association, it would be a "step backward," says White. "One black pastor said his congregation was not about to retreat to segregation again, they had worked too hard for desegregation to pull apart."

While recognizing the uniqueness of every culture, White suggests "we should maintain the Hispanic fellowship within the framework of existing geographical associations."

When he became director of the Los Angeles association, White recalls, the Hispanic fellowship—it was a fellowship of pastors before it became an association—was seen as a source of dissension that should be put down. "My position was there is a need for that fellowship, language, culture? just camaraderie—let that exist." He sought funding to give Hispanic churches more assistance. "For three or four years I've pleaded on bended knee for the state convention to provide a Hispanic consultant to relate to our association and Long Beach-Harbor. But to date we don't have it."

The conflict: "we're not alike"

White's neighboring director of missions, James E. Forrest of Long Beach-Harbor association, questions the association from "biblical, polity and theological points of view."

"Everything we have been trying to do in California for many years has been multicultural," says Forrest. "For one group to draw off into a segregated stance opposes everything we have done."

"If we allowed this sort of thing—segregated associations—fed them financially and helped them with programs," he says, "we would proliferate every language group doing the same. We do not have resources to do that. There is no way to justify it."

Long Beach-Harbor association, unlike White's, has a Spanish-speaking person on its staff—Luis Quilo—although he draws only travel money and pastors several missions.

Eugene Wolfe, catalytic home missionary in Los Angeles, thinks "many Spanish people and pastors are not in accord with the Hispanic association." But, Wolfe adds, "there is great need for more Spanish work. Half of the 1,000 Southern Baptist churches in California could start an ethnic work if they were so disposed. In the Los Angeles area we have 200 Anglo churches and only about 30 Hispanic congregations."

Wolfe notes that in Los Angeles, Anglo churches have vacated the area within 20 miles of downtown, where many Hispanic churches and much of the Hispanic population are located. Anglo associational meetings often are held miles away from Hispanic areas and at times—during the day or early evening—when many Hispanic pastors, most of whom are bivocational, cannot attend.

In addition, Wolfe says, Anglos simply haven't included Hispanics or considered their cultural differences. "It's WASP (White Anglo Saxon Protestant) thinking more than anything else, not prejudice," he says. "We say we want to be 'one,' but too often that translates 'one like we are.'"

Wolfe points out, however, more Hispanics attend Anglo churches than are in all churches of the Hispanic association.

Neither are all Hispanic pastors in sympathy with the association. One outspoken opponent is Joe De Leon of First Bilingual Church of Pico Rivera. De Leon says Hispanic needs could be met better, but "I don't agree with this method—I believe in working within the system. Separation will not solve problems. That is just running away."

Whatever the future of LA Hispanic association, it has been unusual more in the intensity of the conflict than in the distinctiveness of its elements. Many of the same conditions of insensitivity-to-ethnic-uniqueness versus responsibility-to-integrate/cooperate have been at work in the Miami Baptist Association. But with different results.

Over the past 20 years Miami has undergone radical racial change, accommodating as many as 750,000 Cubans, many thousands more Hispanics from Central and South America, and blacks from Haiti and other Caribbean nations. By 2000, the city will be 70 percent Spanish-speaking.

As the city has changed, so has Miami association. It is composed of 119 congregations—67 English-speaking and 52 ethnic, including 42 Spanish, six Haitian, two West Indian (principally Jamaican) and one each Chinese, American Indian, Russian and Korean.

Cubans, of course, are the city's dominant group; they almost exclusively comprise the Spanish-speaking membership of association Hispanic churches. But Dottson Mills, Miami native and director of missions, says to cope with bilingualism in the association, parallel organizations have been set up below the moderator level. One serves Anglos, the other Hispanics. There is a pastors' conference for English-speaking ministers and another for Spanish-speaking ministers, although several Hispanics attend both. A pastors' meeting for French-speaking Haitians recently was begun and parallel associational positions are planned.

Mills foresees no separate associations. "The possibility always exists, but nothing has provoked anything serious along that line." On the contrary, Mills says, Cubans are active in the English-speaking association, a fact he attributes to their identification with Home Mission Board-sponsored work in Western Cuban before Castro.

With the mass influx of Southeast Asia refugees and Korean and Filipino immigrants beginning in the 1970s, U.S. Asian-American population has grown dramatically. Southern Baptists have shifted from working primarily with Japanese and Chinese—an outreach almost 100 years old—to a multi-faceted program of missions and ministry which encompasses all Asian-culture newcomers.





The challenge: overcoming yesterday

Felix Mesa, who came to the United States in 1953, is pastor of Coral Villa Mission. "There is no need for a Spanish association here," he says. The only problem occurs when the groups are combined and the program is in English. "So many don't speak English," says Mesa. "But it is not reason enough to have separate associations."

For several years the association, assisted by the Home Mission Board and state convention, has had a language missions coordinator. John Pistone, current director, translates during meetings. His secretary also is an Hispanic and Mills, a former missionary to Argentina, is fluent in Spanish.

The Cubans minimize any difficulty. "We are happy to build together one association for everybody," says Luis G. Rasco, a Cuban who attended Southwestern seminary, worked with the first Spanish mission in the city at Central church and has been at West Hialeah Mission for 20 years.

Both Mesa and Rasco have seen the community change. When Rasco began working at West Hialeah he helped organize a small class of Cubans in the Anglo church which ran 500 in attendance. Today the mission has 400 and the mother church fewer than 50. Without the Cubans, the church could not pay its bills.

The community, says Rasco, now is 75 percent Cuban. Many Anglo churches opened their doors to Cubans in the 1960s, starting classes and departments. Probably every Hispanic congregation in the city was begun—and many still remain—in an Anglo church building. Communities changed, many becoming exclusively Cuban overnight as white Miamians fled to the suburbs. Today Cubans are everywhere, including the suburbs.

"Maybe a few still are afraid of the Spanish-speaking population and some react to it," says Mesa, "but mainly Anglo people have received us very warm-heartedly."

"The Cuban people have never felt discriminated against in the United States," says Rasco, "because in Cuba we learned to love American people. We got together, espe-

cially Christian people, and when we came to the United States we came home. I don't feel discriminated against. Language is the only problem and everywhere now are other Cubans, working and building. We are happy."

But increased tensions may lie ahead. Many Hispanic/ethnic congregations are housed in Anglo facilities in a paradoxical relationship that often has seen the ethnic group grow to outnumber the sponsoring church. The result has been a strange paternalism in which the Anglos determine the destiny of the ethnic mission—while actually needing it for survival. Consequently, some are reluctant to see ethnics organize into autonomous churches.

The situation has raised questions about the "department" approach, in which both Anglo and Hispanic groups have completely separate functions but combine offerings: Hispanic enrollment—and baptism totals—become a part of the record of the Anglo church. "We are lost in the statistical shuffle," says one ethnic pastor.

However, most Southern Baptist leaders argue the department route has been the best way to start ethnic missions. By double use of classroom and worship space, ethnic congregations are begun with minimal expense.

On the West Coast, several congregations sharing facilities have legally incorporated in an attempt to establish equity of expenses and space.

But paternalism develops when congregations, fearing an ultimate "takeover" by the fast-growing ethnic group, build into the arrangement conditions that ultimately rest control with the mother church. This reduces "departmental" ethnics, though they in fact are full church members, to less-than-full-participation status. In some situations they are majority but do not make final decisions. Miami association itself at one time stipulated that departments *could not* become self-supporting churches.

Getsemani Baptist Church, begun as a department of Flagler Street Baptist Church and now the most successful predominantly Cuban congregation, had difficulty breaking away, according to Getsemani pastor Daniel Rodríguez.

"We had become a source of assistance to the mother church—we had a big offering," says Rodríguez. Getsemani began as a Sunday School class with an initial attendance of 10-15, mostly adults, but grew quickly. "We were evangelis-

Seventeen of every 100 Alaskans is an Eskimo, Aleut or Indian. But their remoteness makes missions to them a challenge. Southern Baptists are working with Native Alaskans from the Aleutian Islands to the Arctic Circle. Their goal is to bring Christ—not U.S. culture—to a proud people.

The hope: all people united

tic." Some in the Anglo group, though proud to be sponsoring the Cubans, feared a time when Hispanics would control church decision-making. They resisted every effort by the Cubans to constitute into a full-fledged church. Eventually, to achieve independence, the Cubans split from the mother church and with help from the association and HMB church loans, built new quarters. Getsemani now has more than 400 in worship services and sponsors three missions.

The pragmatic Rodriguez at Getsemani church forecasts ethnic work's growth, too. "There is no possibility of slowing down with people coming from so many countries."

But he knows language churches eventually lose members to English-speaking congregations as children of original immigrants become more Anglicized and their children intermarry. Already that is happening to Cubans who came in the early 1960s, he says, and many times parents follow their children to Anglo churches.

Anyway, Rodriguez says, neither is a threat to the other.

"In fact, I was talking to an Anglo pastor in an area where about 30 of my families live. I asked him if I could start a Spanish department. He hasn't responded yet. But if he starts working with us—if he will give the space—we will send leadership. In the future he will get most of the young people and we won't get anybody."

"He says he is praying about it."

Some Anglo churches, though struggling to survive, decline to share facilities. Last spring Sierra Norwood Church in Miami turned down a request from 300-member Metropolitan Baptist Church, a fast-growing Jamaican congregation led by veteran home missionary David Morgan, to use part of its facilities. Don Mensinger, pastor of Sierra Norwood, said his deacons favored allowing the Jamaicans to use several completely separate classrooms and an unused chapel. But so many of the church's 125 members opposed, threatening to leave, Mensinger vetoed the request.

Several Miami churches, housing both Anglo and Hispanic congregations, have been sold by the Anglos after their members have moved away. The Hispanics had to find other facilities. One Hispanic congregation has faced the same move twice. Ironically, some proceeds of the sale will be given to "missions."

Bob Adams, pastor of First Baptist Church of Hialeah,

has another approach. A West Texan who came to the church as minister of education, Adams "does not envision the day when our Spanish department will be a Spanish church. They are the church just like the English-speaking people are the church. We are committed to the single church concept. It's not separate. There are separate things that happen because of different languages—separate worship services and separate Sunday School classes and some separate organizations. But the major committees encompass both Spanish and English members."

Business meetings are held simultaneously by Anglos and Spanish-speaking, with votes taken by ballot in both. "We don't count any until we count all of them," Adams says.

Adams admits the arrangement can be paternalistic. "No question about it," he says, "it can be the way English-speaking members control Spanish-speaking. But if it's that way it has no validity in the church."

His "one church" conviction, he says, is based on Ephesians 2 and "breaking down the wall of partition to make us one in Christ. Very simply, this church is here with two primary purposes—reaching people for Christ and expanding his kingdom. We are to 'model' the kingdom."

In the diversity of Miami, "it is as important to model the kingdom as it is to do the mission of the kingdom. To say the church can only follow the 'homogeneous unit' principle of just reaching those who are like us is to deny what the model of the kingdom is all about."

Most ethnics would probably agree. But until the majority of Southern Baptists—the White Anglo Saxons—make more significant, more concentrated effort to incorporate ethnics into all aspects of denominational life, most ethnics will continue to group around tradition, heritage—and language. As the Board's Oscar Romo says, "Segregation is not the object of language missions; rather the object is reaching persons for Christ in the context of their culture."

"Once they have become Christians, then they are going to want to exercise the freedoms and responsibilities of their new faith. If the dominant group, in this case the Anglos, won't give them the opportunity, the ethnics will make their own opportunity . . . and the Southern Baptist Convention will be the ultimate loser."

"Wouldn't it be better," Romo concludes, "for all Southern Baptists to recall Christ's teaching about 'who is my brother?'—before it is too late." □

Drizin, former HMB news editor, is associate editor of the Texas Baptist Standard

A Minnesota-Wisconsin native introduced to Southern Baptists during WW II, he began his "missions study" as associational missionary in New Mexico. He's held most jobs in the SBC, from pastor to denominational leader. Now head of HMB Missions Section, he's

Gerald Palmer



As the Home Mission Board's "practical missiologist," Gerald Palmer has been a mission pastor, a director of missions, a state missions leader, a denominational missions staffer in language and coordination work. So he comes well equipped, with that

"background study," to his present position as HMB vice president in charge of the Missions Section. But as a young man in his native Minnesota, he would hardly have seemed a less likely candidate for a high office in Southern Baptist life. For Palmer comes from a Presbyterian family which attended a Methodist church.

Palmer, fifth of eight children, grew up near Balsam Lake, Wis. With no

fort after a heart murmur kept him out of military service, Palmer worked in a California shipyard. Four months later, his brother, a Hardin-Simmons University student, convinced him to enroll there. Hardin-Simmons introduced Palmer to Southern

Baptists. He graduated in 1946 and spent the summer on a team leading revivals in New Mexico. At summer's end, he was asked to remain as associational missionary.

Among his new responsibilities was supervision of incoming summer missionaries. In 1948, Mary Elizabeth Black, a student from Virginia, was assigned to Northeastern association.

Palmer liked "Libby" immediately,

Interviewed by David Chancey • Illustrated by Randall McKissick

"I believe it is possible for every person in the United States to have an opportunity to respond to the gospel by AD 2000. It just depends on Christians being willing to make the commitment to tell others about Jesus Christ."

and before summer was over, the two were engaged. They were married in June 1949.

After his stint in New Mexico, Palmer pastored a Colorado church, before being appointed by the HMB to direct Spanish and Indian work in New Mexico. He later was appointed state director of missions for the New Mexico Baptist Convention.

Joining the HMB staff in 1960 as associate director of the Language Missions Division, Palmer became director of that division in 1966. In 1970, he became an HMB regional coordinator.

Following a year as director of the Program Implementation Section, Palmer in 1975 was named vice-president of the reorganized Missions Section.

With other HMB leaders, he helped form objectives of Bold Mission Thrust—a plan to reach all people with the gospel by the year 2000.

An amateur cartoonist, painter and musician, specializing in religious songs, Palmer, also an author, wrote *Winds of Change*, 1965 home missions graded series adult book.

This spring, Hardin-Simmons awarded Palmer an honorary doctor of divinity degree.

Missions/USA: What is your philosophy of missions?

PALMER: The church is God's primary missions agency. Through Christians in a local church, cooperating with other churches, and the denomination, missions can be carried throughout the world.

M/USA: How do you define missions? What is the mission of the church?

PALMER: Missions is what a church

or Christian does to reach people for Jesus Christ. Missions must include evangelizing people—telling them about Christ. But it also includes forming fellowships of believers based on the New Testament models. And, of course, it includes ministering to people's needs in the name of Jesus—the "cup of cold water" is certainly an aspect of missions.

In the context of Southern Baptist Convention life, the definition of missions includes everything a church does beyond itself. Actually, everything a church does ought to contribute to missions.

M/USA: We know how active in missions you are in your local church. Tell us how that's contributed to your missions philosophy.

PALMER: My family's been at Columbia Drive Baptist 20 years. I teach a Sunday School class, have served as a deacon, play the piano for a department, keep the nursery once a month.

My wife is the best missionary I've ever known. In addition to her many other activities, she is chairman of the refugee committee which directs work with Laotians. This began as a mission action project of the WMU. Today the Laotians—we have more than 100—are a full-blown congregation within the English-speaking congregation.

M/USA: Does your involvement there influence what you do here?

PALMER: If we ever get away from our church base for our mission activities, we will lose our scriptural basis. And we will lose our Baptist distinctive relating to our mission program. If we could have 35,000 churches whose individual members all—or at least a majority of

whom—felt a sense of their own personal involvement in missions, there'd be no question about their willingness to support cooperative missions endeavors through the Home and Foreign mission boards.

M/USA: How did Bold Mission Thrust come into being?

PALMER: In 1974, it became obvious that we needed an overall objective for the Home Mission Board.

We realized the Board had 14 SBC-assigned programs, but no national strategy that unified them.

After much discussion we identified priority concerns as evangelizing and congregationalizing. Around these objectives was formed Bold Mission Thrust. Soon a Southern Baptist Convention committee picked up the concept and Bold Mission Thrust "SBC-style" was born.

M/USA: Is Bold Mission Thrust today the same that you envisaged back in the mid-'70s?

PALMER: Today Bold Mission Thrust recognizes that to be effective the entire denomination must be involved. It has taken awhile for this understanding of Bold Mission to filter down to Baptists at the grassroots. But more and more, we hear individuals, churches are saying "we want to be involved." We find this exciting.

On the denominational level, we still experience some confusion in definitions and structures. But our churches don't try to make these distinctions between programs and objectives, and shouldn't. The churches serve best as they become aware of people who are lost and needy, and respond, "What can we do?"

M/USA: Do you think everybody will have an opportunity to respond to the gospel by the year 2000?

PALMER: It's possible—it just depends on Christians being willing to make that commitment to spread the good news of Jesus Christ.

I think we also need to keep in mind that from the very beginning we were not saying this task is reserved just for Southern Baptists. There are a host of other evangelistic Christians committed to the same purpose.

We Southern Baptists do not deserve credit for this. God does. It's amazing how some say, "We must plant churches." It frightens me when we get such an omniscient sort of "messianic complex," because God doesn't need us; we need him.

M/USA: You've been involved in missions on several levels. How have you seen missions change over the years?

PALMER: When I first began, missions with the Home Mission Board was generally directed from the Board to the field.

Now it is a cooperative relationship with state conventions.

The spectrum of missions covered pioneer work, mission centers, language groups—primarily only two, Spanish and Indian—as compared with 75 ethnic groups now.

Our emphasis is still on new areas, but now because of changes and shifts in population, we have greater involvement in regions historically dominated by Southern Baptists. Church extension is just as needed in old areas as in new. Language missions is as valid in Georgia as in Ohio.

Missions at one time was institutionalized, carried out through centers.

Today we recognize that the churches can be a base of ministry just as they are a base of evangelism.

At one time it was thought responsibility belonged to the Home Mission Board. Now we see home missions as the task of all Southern Baptists.

M/USA: What have been some highlights of your job?

PALMER: That the task can be accomplished with a minimum of frustration is a highlight.

• Relationships. Going back through the years the relationship with Loyd Corder, who was both my boss and mentor . . . no one will know what Loyd [recently retired after 42 years in home missions] means to a large number of us here.

• The opportunity in language missions—when I was in that department—to come to grips with the inadequacy with our program and be able to make the changes that are finding fruition in language missions today.

• Bold Mission Thrust, because it proves the entire Board can work together toward common objectives.

• The relationship with the missionaries, though so distant at times and with all their diversity, background, and training, and levels of attainment—they are the finest people on earth.

M/USA: What about disappointments. Have you had any?

PALMER: If there have been disappointments, they have been outweighed by the good things. I'm disappointed with the time it takes to communicate the needs and the opportunities to Baptist people. This is just part of our bigness.

M/USA: What do you see as the future of the Home Mission Board?

PALMER: I see the Home Mission Board continuing to put its resources in some of the most difficult areas of unmet need, but at the same time giving major emphasis to its catalytic role: providing opportunities for people to give their time and energies to missions and aiding churches in learning to do and in doing the myriad tasks of home missions.

M/USA: How about the future of the Southern Baptist Convention?

PALMER: I'm an optimist. Many years of watching the tug-of-war between extremes and seeing the Convention come back with the same basic commitments we've always had has made me an optimist.

The things that make us vulnerable—the autonomous nature of our churches, the volunteer nature of our cooperative bodies—are also the things that make us strong.

I think God has some great things for us to do together. I have confidence in our churches to work through controversy toward their great commission of bringing into being on earth God's Kingdom.

M/USA: What would you tell a person who wants to pursue full-time mission work?

PALMER: Missions is a calling that is bigger than any agency. First I would make sure of my personal commitment.

Then I would prepare myself for the professional side of ministry.

And always would I hold in mind that God is superior to the many thousands or millions who serve in missions. □

Runaways

Balanced precariously between childhood and adulthood, Teresa is typical of most 16 years olds: relentlessly seeking independence from parental restraints while uncomfortably clinging to the security of home.

But for Teresa, the usual frustrations of growing up were aggravated by heated family and school conflicts. Her parents divorced when she was ten, thrusting her into an unstable home life. Without a positive self-image, Teresa lost interest in school; her grades fell. As pressures mounted, her unhappiness grew. Running away seemed the easy out.

Teresa recalls, "When I first left home, it was great! I was free; I was on my own. But after a few days, I was ready to go back. When I did, my mother didn't want me; she said I was 'too much trouble.'"

"So I went and lived with my father and stepmother. That was terrible. They were so strict I ran away again. This time I really had no place to go. I knew the police were looking for me, so I couldn't stay with my friends."

This wasn't the simple escape Teresa anticipated. Without money, without friends, she faced the pressures of illegal drugs and sex; sleeping in bus stations and dodging pimps, she survived on the streets, frightened, alone. When police picked her up, Teresa felt bitter-sweet relief.

Brenda, like Teresa, had conflicts at home. "All my friends were having fun going out. I had to stay and take care of my little sister and clean house."

One afternoon two years ago, Brenda decided not to go home from school; she was picked up by police at a friend's house. But 14 months later,

unable to cope with her mother's disapproval of her boyfriend, Brenda—although fearful of a second encounter with police—left home again.

She stayed at an uncle's; the freedom was enjoyable but "I missed my mother, but I was afraid to go home. I didn't know what would happen."

Finally arrested, she spent a night in juvenile detention. "That was really scary," she recalls. "I felt bad. I was ready to go home. It made me think about what I had done."

In running away, Teresa and Brenda joined an estimated one million teenagers who annually leave home. Most seek only temporary escape. Because of psychological ties, they will return home within a few days. Yet even a few days away can be devastating for the young person suddenly dropped into an unsupervised world of fascinating temptations and overpowering pressures. And once may not end the desire to run away.

For like Teresa and Brenda, most runaways continue to flee home situations they feel intolerable. That's why others—social workers, counselors, ministers—often must intervene in the war between parents and adolescents.

Until conflicts are resolved, the Teresas and Brendas must stay somewhere. Occasionally, in Los Angeles, in Charlotte, N.C., in San Antonio, that somewhere is a Southern Baptist-sponsored emergency shelter, a short-term home for children in crisis.

"This is among the greatest ministries Baptists can be involved in," says Marie Knowles, who, with her husband, Robert, serves as houseparent at the Baptist emergency shelter home in Charlotte. "In caring for a child, not

only do we take care of her physical needs, we also share the love we feel because we know these few days can make an impact."

House, furnishings and other expenses are handled by Mecklenburg Baptist Association and Baptist Children Homes of North Carolina.

In Texas, San Antonio Association and Buckner Baptist Benevolences sponsor Teen House. "There are times when a child has to be removed from a crisis situation. We try to provide a safe, Christian environment," says Susan Brown, administrator of the South Texas Center of Buckner, a Texas Baptist agency.

Teen House was established eight years ago. "We want children to see two important things," Brown says. "First, that somehow these adults are different. One big problem is that most of these children don't trust adults. We want them to trust us."

"And second, that the reason we're different is we're Christians and God has made a change in our lives."

In Los Angeles, Kathy Boone Home, founded by the Frank Millers and sponsored by Long Beach Harbor Baptist Association, gives shelter to 60-75 girls each year.

The house holds 12 girls at a time, and the only requirement for admission is for the girl to say she needs a home. Once in, she determines how long she will stay—a few days, a few months. Some leave and return later. "We'll take them back as often as they come back," says Miller.

None of the houses bogs down in regimentation. The schedule at Teen House is representative:

By 9 a.m. the girls are dressed. Their mornings are spent performing house-

Their reasons for leaving their homes are as varied as their backgrounds. But every girl holds in common one thing: a desperate need for help.

Written by Margaret McCommon • Illustrated by Claude W. Stevens

hold duties. Various planned group activities—arts and crafts, gym, movies, bowling, Bible study—fill afternoons, while evenings are free for TV, radio or playing pool.

It's lights out at 11 p.m.

On weekends some girls go home; relief houseparents come in. Various activities are scheduled most Saturdays; girls are expected to attend church with houseparents on Sundays.

All three homes receive referrals from state agencies as well as from individuals—pastors, friends and family. All informally integrate family counseling into the total program of preparing a child to return home. None of the homes limits itself to runaways; all accept girls with a wide range of problems—from school truancy to sexual abuse at home.

At Boone home, girls who work are expected to contribute to expenses.

The North Carolina center is licensed to care for four girls, 6 to 17, for a maximum stay of 90 days. Teen House in San Antonio houses 10 girls, 12 to 17, for 30 days.

Knowles says, "We have found the girls resent discussion of God because of the heartbreak they have experienced, so we try to show them God's love. Actually, we're proving what we've been preaching for years. Our home is not glamorous; it is not exceptional. We are interested in simple, day-to-day living and teaching."

Houseparents at Teen House are Glen and Betty Deaver. Mrs. Deaver says, "Serving as a houseparent is satisfying when we're able to help girls who need help and witness to them about God at the same time."

Brown of Buckner Benevolences adds, "We take the behavioral sciences



In Southern Baptist-sponsored homes for runaways, the goals always include "living our Christian faith and being ready to explain our actions to others."

and balance them with Christian experience. We try to live our Christian faith and to be ready to explain our actions to others."

No one has statistics to measure the success rate of Baptist emergency shelters. Says Knowles, "We believe we're successful if we can let a child know there is somebody strong to lean on who is going to be there when she needs comfort or help."

That's happened many times. Recalls Wendy Tucker, a Western Carolina University junior who spent three months at the Charlotte crisis center when she was 16:

"I had been having problems throughout my whole family. I spent time in foster homes and with state agencies who always took care of my physical needs. But when I lived with Mom and Pop Knowles I really started finding answers. They provided for

not only the physical needs, but also the emotional and spiritual needs.

"They are good examples of what a home could and should be. They provided the strong foundation that I needed and also taught me about a personal relationship with the Lord and about the goodness of the Lord."

As Buckner's Brown says, "True love shows itself in action." □

McCommon is communications specialist, Associational Missions Division, HMB.

The parents' view: "What can we do?"

Hand-in-hand with the alarming increase in the number of runaways is the growing agony of parents of runaways. For every youngster who leaves because of parental abuse or unconcern, another flees for reasons as trivial as "too many restrictions" or "we just couldn't get along."

"I can't tell you the anguish I've been through," begins Jim Thornton, whose 16-year-old daughter Candy ran away eight days ago for the sixth time in less than a year.

The Thorntons are solid middle-class; Thornton works in the newspaper business. The family has long been active in a Southern Baptist church.

"When Candy disappears, I run the gamut of emotions. I continue to ask myself 'Why?'

"The anguish is in not knowing. Every time my wife and I hear the phone ring or hear a siren, we jump. We are constantly on edge.

"We have wrestled with the question of what to do with her. Should we report her to the police as a runaway? Should we place her in a detention home? The problem is too complex for a simple answer."

Thornton and his wife attended counseling sessions for a group of parents of runaways; he was surprised how few "were the kind of mean, low-class types you always associate with unhappy homes and child abuse—which we thought were the major reasons for running away, until Candy started." Members of the group included an airlines pilot, a doctor and several businessmen.

"My wife and I love Candy and only want what is best for her," Thornton says. "We just wish we knew what to do."



Written by Phyllis Thompson • Photographed by Paul Obregon

DIVORCE

The Death of a Relationship



It's nine o'clock Saturday morning. In the kitchen, Rob Haworth sorts a mound of dirty laundry, while a washer load squeaks clean; another thumps dry. Acrid scents of Ajax and Windex—proof of morning chores in progress—mingle with aromas of bacon and French toast lingering from breakfast. Upstairs a vacuum cleaner whines.

When the phone rings, three voices call, "I'll get it." Six feet clatter downstairs; six arms wrestle for the receiver. Alissa, 13, wins. "Hello? . . . Mom!"

"Lemme talk; lemme talk," Shannon, 11, and Jody, 5, beg for turns. As he waits, Jody studies an instamatic print of a woman with blonde hair and features much like his. Finally, he gets his turn. "Mom? Guess what? I see you." He caresses the stained photograph. "What? I love you, too. I'll see you this summer. . . . Mom? When's summer?"

In the kitchen, Haworth absently throws a black sock in with the whites. "Divorce is a curse," he says quietly.

Continued

*The phone rings,
the kids come running.
"It's Mom! It's Mom!"
"Lemme talk!"
But somehow, love
by long distance just
doesn't offer the
same satisfactions.*



It snowed last night. But as Betty White drives to work, she hardly notices the muted cold outside. For months, she has studied self-teaching manuals; today, for the first time, she'll operate a new computer terminal.

It's hard to believe, White muses, that three years ago she cried her way to work. She resented the job that kept her from home. She blamed her ex-husband not only for the divorce that made outside work necessary, but for leaving her unprepared—with no job skills, little confidence, less money, and three children to support.

White's resentment has abated. She enjoys her present job as a computer programmer for a Kansas City accounting firm. "I'm doing OK," she says with pride. "I can support the kids. I can make it alone." But, she reflects, "that's not what I wanted. I wanted to cook, to bake, to join a garden club. I wanted to be a Scout leader. I wanted to be PTA president. I wanted to be a good mother . . . a good wife."

Continued

Divorced women soon learn to handle "men's chores." And they discover jobs can bring joy. But a different joy than most expected. "I can make it alone. But it's not what I wanted."



Haworth and White are part of an ever-increasing number of Americans who enter marriage with belief in fairy-tale perfection, later to find the glass slipper ill-fitting, the golden carriage really a pumpkin.

One U.S. Census Bureau report predicts half of all marriages begun in 1980 will fail. Another reveals that of 30 million U.S. families with children under 18, 17 percent (more than 5 million) are headed by single mothers; two percent (600,000) by single fathers.

Yet, despite climbing divorce rates, Southern Baptist work with divorced had until recently been static and sparse. Traditionally, says Brittain Wood, who in 1970 became the SBC's first minister to singles—divorced, widowed and never-married adults—divorced persons have been rejected not just by marriage partners, but by society including the church. Having committed "an unpardonable sin," they were unfit to hold church offices and labeled "tainted," "less than whole," "second-class."

That has changed," believes Ed Seabough, whose 700-member singles group at South Main Baptist Church, Houston, yearly sponsors four divorce seminars. "You just can't shun everybody who undergoes divorce. If you do, you're probably shunning half your family, three-fourths your friends. It's funny how something can be so immoral until it happens to us."

"However we deal with it," says Wood, who teaches a class on "singleness" at Southwestern seminary, "it doesn't rid divorced persons of guilt, pain and anguish."

When at 19, White dropped out of college to help her new husband finish his degree, she "never considered it a sacrifice. He was all I wanted from life—security, strength, protection." But 14 years later, when he asked for a divorce, White believed her life to be over. "It would have been easier if he'd died," she says. "At least then I wouldn't have suffered the rejection; I would have lost him still loving me."

Compounding grief were feelings of failure. "I couldn't face friends." For months, she lived a charade. If someone asked about her husband, White made polite excuses.

Leaving nearest friends and relatives four hours away in Springfield, White moved to Kansas City. She bought a house and found a job her first day in the city. But stretching the less-than-\$700-a-month she made at a local grocery to meet house note, food costs and needs of three children, made each day a struggle; financial and emotional burdens became almost unendurable.

Every minor problem became major. When Kelly, 4, caught a sore throat, White had no one to call, no money for a baby sitter; oldest daughter, Valerie, then 10, had to care for her younger siblings. When the car wouldn't start or house needed repairs, White had nowhere to turn. "We were so close to the edge," she remembers. "To pay unexpected bills, we had to do without something we needed." She could no longer afford meat, cosmetics, new clothes.

As financial burdens increased so did White's guilt. "Not only did my kids come home to an empty house every day, I couldn't provide for them things other kids had."

When Kelly cried, fearing her mother would leave as her father had; when Valerie, moody and depressed, fluctuated between deep hate and undying love for her father; when Michelle, 7, was reluctant to bring home school friends who might ask about her father; then would White blame herself. To compensate, she stayed up late, cleaning, scrubbing. She got up early to prepare a full-course breakfast. Nightly averaging less than four hours of sleep, White, who had been thin at 5'5", 120 pounds, lost 25 more pounds.

Seeking an outlet, she attended a small church near her home. But after being placed in a class "for my age group—all of them happily married" she felt worse than ever. She determined never to attend church again.

She considered suicide.

One January afternoon, Nelda Kibby, a neighbor, "came by to get acquainted." Kibby was amazed to find "Betty, a beautiful woman, in the most grievous state I've seen. She was totally broken." For several weeks, Kibby visited every afternoon. As she listened to White pour out feelings of remorse and anguish, Kibby realized White needed a support group. "Even when I invited Betty to dinner with my husband and me, it brought back old memories," she says. "It made her miserable."

Kibby suggested White attend Singles United, a group of 35 young adults led by home missionaries Shirley and John (Hop) Hopkins at First Baptist Church, Bethel—a Kansas City suburb—where Kibby was a member. Reluctantly, White promised to visit.

She was surprised to find a group who so openly discussed divorce. "I thought they were talking directly to me," White remembers. Embarrassed and hurt, she left crying, hoping to slip away unnoticed. But almost immediately, a classmate was at her side. That afternoon, and during the week, others called. "They didn't give me a chance to remain

When Betty White arrives home from her job as computer operator, she heads straight for the kitchen. Rest comes only four hours later, after the three girls are in bed.



Since his divorce, Rob Haworth has had to learn "woman's work": cooking, cleaning, combing and arranging daughter Shannon's hair. Double-duty means free time comes rarely.



uninvolved," White says. "It was like I had a family again."

The Hopkinsons became surrogate parents. Now, when a child is sick, Shirley cares for her. When White's car needs repairs, Hop recommends a mechanic. When White is lonely, the Hopkinsons offer companionship.

"It was an act of God that Nelda came when she did," says White. "Otherwise, I'm not really sure I could have made it."

But many divorced—who like White need the shelter of a church group—"feel, for one reason or another, they just won't fit in," says Ed Seabough. "Or it's a case of who gets the church in the divorce settlement. If both are churchgoers, one feels compelled to leave."

Son of a Baptist minister, Rob Haworth spent his first 18 years attending church "every time the doors opened." At University of Kentucky, he attended less. After graduation, married and working as a parole officer, Haworth again became active. But while he was leading an experimental parole program, he asked the Southern Baptist church where he was a member for permission to use its gymnasium; the church gave its OK, then, learning one participant was black, withdrew consent. Haworth stopped attending. Over the years, Haworth's disillusion with church grew, and when, after 12 years of marriage he found himself alone, divorced, with care of three children, 2, 9 and 11, he decided to carry the burden alone. "It might have been easier if I had had a church group," he believes. "But somehow, I couldn't believe it would help."

Haworth's marriage, despite reconciliation attempts, broke up shortly after he moved to Washington, D.C., to accept a position as executive assistant to the chairman of the U.S. Parole Commission. Bitter, confused and upset "with life in general, marriage in particular," he found himself, like White, in a strange town with no one to call for help. Youngest child, Jody, was in diapers. Oldest daughter, Alissa, was just reaching adolescence. "Sometimes I wonder if I had known then all I know now, whether I would have accepted the responsibility," Haworth admits. "Single parenting is 10 times more difficult than anybody realizes."

First year pressures were enormous. "I had expected the kids to have adult emotions—understanding, gratitude, patience," he admits. "And the first time a child questioned my authority, I couldn't handle it."

As White had to learn to be a "breadwinner," so Haworth had to learn to be a "home-maker." He found himself unprepared for running a household. Many times, he went to the grocery store three or four times for items for a single meal. His first attempts at cooking were disasters: rare chicken, overcooked vegetables.

More frustrating was juggling a work schedule to meet needs of two pre-teenagers and a toddler. Haworth found he must keep strict office hours. For an ambitious self-starter who took pleasure in long, pressure-filled days, it was a hard adjustment. "I could never understand those who arrived late or rushed out on the stroke of five," he says. Yet Haworth found himself doing just that. "When kids have a crisis in the morning, you straighten it out, even if it means you're late. And when the day-care center closes at six, you leave in time to get there."

Often calls from or about children came during important business conferences. Says his supervisor, Cecil McCall, "Sometimes I've wondered how Rob stood the pressure. This isn't an easy job, and it's especially difficult if you're single-handedly working on a job of equal or greater importance at home. But Rob remains consistently calm. He manages well; he does a good job."

Like White, Haworth at first tried to keep children free from household tasks. Gradually, however, he taught daughters to cook and gave them responsibility for one meal each week. Jody learned to clean his room.

Haworth re-evaluated his disciplinary actions. "I had a tendency to get home tired, to complain about everything from the dirty dishrag in the sink, to shoes left in the living room," he says. "But if you complain all the time, how will kids know what's important and what isn't?" Haworth now saves complaints until a weekly family meeting. He determines then which are really important, he explains, "and we concentrate on those."

Haworth's busy life did little to dispel loneliness. With social contacts limited to job acquaintances, he looked forward to visits from old friends. But it was awkward discussing experiences shared by Haworth's wife, and "threesomes turn out to be pretty lonely," he says.

Yet Haworth was not interested in dating, preferring to spend free time with the children—on camping trips, picnics, museum visits. "If that ruined my social life, I didn't care," he says. "I didn't need or want a social life that badly. If the kids had other plans, I preferred being alone."

Continued

Recognizing the reluctance of many newly divorced persons to seek out support groups, some Baptist churches are trying to bridge the gap, to make both church- and unchurched divorcees feel needed and wanted.

South Main in Houston advertises its divorce seminars on sports and women's pages of local newspapers, and on TV and radio talk shows. Wieuca Road, Atlanta, buys ads in singles' magazines and on popular radio stations.

John Reed, singles' minister at Wieuca Road, also recommends small encounter groups where divorced people can meet once a week "and just get to know each other better. They discuss common problems. It's a time of self-evaluation, of sharing, of understanding."

At South Main, Seabough has found effective, in addition to divorce and single-parenting seminars, a forum where children of single parents can talk freely. During one adult seminar, a panel of children discussed divorce—from their perspective. "When a person comes into our program," says Seabough, "we want to provide something useful, something to help with all aspects of life."

"The key," says Brittain Wood, "is to plan ministries with, not for divorced. We must show the divorced persons the church needs them as much as they need the church."

To accomplish that goal, Bill Yeldell, singles' minister for First Baptist Church, Jacksonville, Fla., attempts a different approach. "We are unashamedly evangelistic," he says. "We emphasize Bible study; Christian lifestyle; everything we do has a spiritual emphasis. Singles are drawn by that."

Each Sunday, 800 singles attend First Baptist; 120 participate in a singles choir. Special Sunday night sessions on single parenting, financial planning, Christian sexuality and dating are well attended. Yeldell counsels many.

Yeldell "never uses the term 'divorce,'" he says. "I don't distinguish between those 'single still' and those 'single again.' I don't want anyone pointing a finger or accusing another person of wrongdoing. The important thing is all in our group are single now. We work on things that bind us rather than on the past."

At Southwestern, Brittain Wood adds, "It helps to consider divorce as an act, rather than a state of being. As an act, it can be forgiven. There's a chance to start again."

Kansas missionaries Shirley and John Hopkins have helped many divorced make new starts. From the 25-30 who attend Bethel First's Singles United come "some of the most critical needs I've seen," says Shirley.

Yet the Hopkins remain optimistic, accepting all who seek their help, allowing each person to grow at his own rate. "Just because someone comes to church," says Shirley, "we don't expect his lifestyle to change overnight. If Christians can't accept a person honestly, who can?"

The attitude often leads to unusual encounters. One woman, during a Singles United social, vividly described her latest love affair. Another asked Shirley's advice on birth control. "But if I get judgmental, or start preaching," Shirley says, "I've lost them. They have to learn for themselves. I can't expect them to believe certain things are wrong just because I say so."

With good humor, Shirley tells the class: "After you've been here awhile, you'll change." Most do. Because of different backgrounds and needs, progress comes at different rates, in varying levels. "But none is unimportant," the Hopkins believe. "We don't give up. There's no end product the person is expected to achieve."

White, who came to the group shy, withdrawn, dependent, has begun to date, and to give rather than take support of others. She urged one member not to send her children away during the holidays, despite lack of money for gifts. "You can't live a lie," she counseled. "You have to accept your life where it is and go from there."

It has taken White three years to discuss openly her divorce; talking to others like herself furthers the healing process. But it remains difficult to explain reasons for the separation to her daughters. "I don't want them to think marriage is always bad," she says. "I worry about them. As a little girl, I dreamed of marriage, children, happiness. Divorce wasn't a part of the dream. It just wasn't supposed to happen. I don't want their dreams shattered."

She admits, "I loved marriage. There are days when I would drop everything and go back to it."

"Divorce is so unfair," says Shirley Hopkins. "People who care most about marriage are so often those most hurt by it."

For White, the past is an open wound. Packing Christmas ornaments she finds a faded card of red construction paper. Hand drawn in crayon is a squiggly nativity scene—beneath it the words: "To Mom and Dad, Merry Christmas. I love you, Kelly." For a moment, White is painfully submerged in another time; quickly, she puts away the card, forcing herself to return to the present.

From January to April, the busy tax season, White often works 12-hour days and weekends. Exhausted, she returns

For White (seated at right) much needed support has come from a group of singles at Bethel, Kan., First Baptist, led by missionaries John and Shirley (behind White) Hopkins.



home to tuck children into bed, eat a late dinner and go to sleep. The remainder of the year, school and church activities and household chores—the needs of mother/father parenting—pack her schedule.

Says White's supervisor, Karla Oyler, "I don't know if I would have Betty's stamina. She works full force here, then

does the same thing at home. She never lets up."

Believes Shirley Hopkins, "It's Betty's way of coping—staying busy so she won't have time to think—so she won't have time to remember. I just hope she doesn't eventually wear herself out . . . physically or mentally. Because the pain of divorce never goes away entirely."



After talking by phone to their mom, Shannon and Alissa Haworth return to household chores. They're elated by the call, but Alissa admits, "It always makes me realize how much I miss her." For both, it reclaims the past. Shannon, nine at the time, recalls her parents' separation: "I was so scared. I hugged her and wouldn't let go. I was crying. I didn't want Mom to leave."

"We've adjusted pretty well," says Alissa. "At first, my brother cried all the time and called me mom. And I tried to be the mom—bossy, telling my brother and sister what to do. But I'm still a kid; divorce hasn't changed that."

Shannon has endured hard times at school—relating to peers with drug and alcohol problems, coping with teachers and classmates' questions about her mother. "But you survive," she says.

For Alissa, most difficult has been the inner turmoil. "I still dream about all of us being together again," she says. "Just like we were." She pauses. "You learn to accept a lot; the hardest thing is realizing Mom isn't ever coming home."

That acceptance has been no less difficult for Haworth. "I was happy married," he says. "I didn't want a divorce. I think few people do. But finally you accept it, because emotionally you just can't take any more."

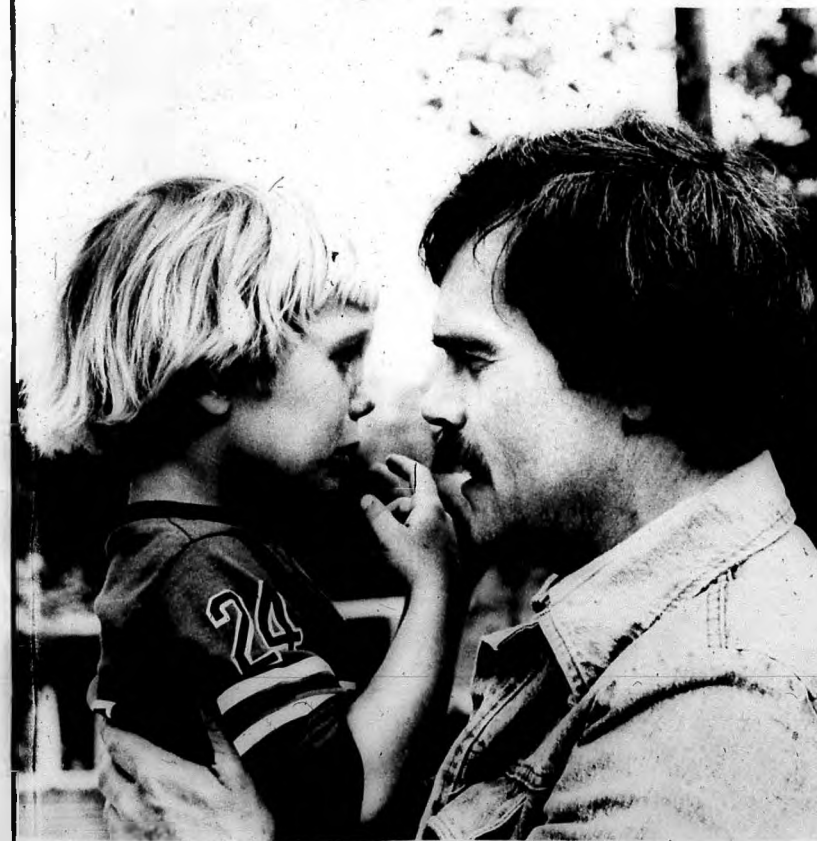
Yet loneliness remains. One Saturday, Haworth plans a special meal—fried chicken, biscuits, all the trimmings. He cooks all morning. The family sits to eat. Ten minutes later, the kids dash out to play. Haworth is alone.

Another day, friends at work invite Haworth to dinner. He spends the afternoon arranging details—food for the kids, someone to bring Jody home from day care, a babysitter. Just as he's leaving, the phone rings. The babysitter cancels. Weary and disappointed, Haworth stays home.

Despite fatigue, irritation, frustration, Haworth is content. "My children are my life." He smiles sheepishly. "I know you're not supposed to admit that. But I figure if I can help three kids grow up knowing one person cares more about them than anything else in the world, that's a lifetime pretty well spent."

Haworth foresees little change in the future. "I try not to think past the kids leaving," he says. "Marriage?" He shakes his head. "It's scary. You really don't understand how a marriage goes wrong, how two people in love start doing things to each other they wouldn't do to an enemy. I'm sure not very optimistic about trying it again; there are just too many unanswered questions."

Today his three children "are my life," says Haworth. And he makes a dedicated effort to give them time—and affection. If it costs him personal pleasures, "they're worth it."





And for Southern Baptists seeking to help divorced persons, the questions are no less confusing. At a Glorieta Singles Conference, Ann Smith, Sunday School Board single adult consultant, was asked by a group of 25 divorced persons: "What can we do? Our pastor seldom speaks and hardly acknowledges us as persons."

Many pastors will not marry the divorced. Yet Smith thinks "we're seeing some progress. Finally churches are learning it's all right to help divorced; that to love, accept and forgive is biblical. That's quite a step forward."

Smith, who saw her divorced mother forced to give up choir and the Sunday School class she taught, asks, "I don't understand our strange attitude toward those who are crying out so desperately for help. Why, when they need us most, do we turn away?"

Most Southern Baptists "bat around the biblical aspects of divorce," says Brittain Wood, and take sides on the issue of remarriage, "while others create programs for divorced and teach openness." Behind this dichotomy, he stresses, lie our own failures to ask honest questions of marriage itself: "We don't want to hear anything bad. That's taboo. It's betraying the status quo. So when a marriage breaks up, we don't like it; we don't want to deal with it."

"Yet we're going to have to deal with it. Southern Baptists can't afford any longer to ignore unhappy marriages, just as they can't ignore divorce."

"Just recently," recalls Ed Seabough, "I called the registrar's office here in Houston. This year there had been one more divorce than marriage. That's pretty awesome; but the question is, 'What are we going to do about it?'"

It's 9 p.m. Jody has been bathed and put to bed. Shannon and Alissa have kissed their father goodnight. He puts the last dirty cup into the dishwasher and sits with the morning paper at the kitchen table. The house is quiet. "A lot of nights like this," he says, "I stare at the walls, trying to figure out solutions to problems. There's always someone to give advice. I don't need that. What I need is for someone to listen."

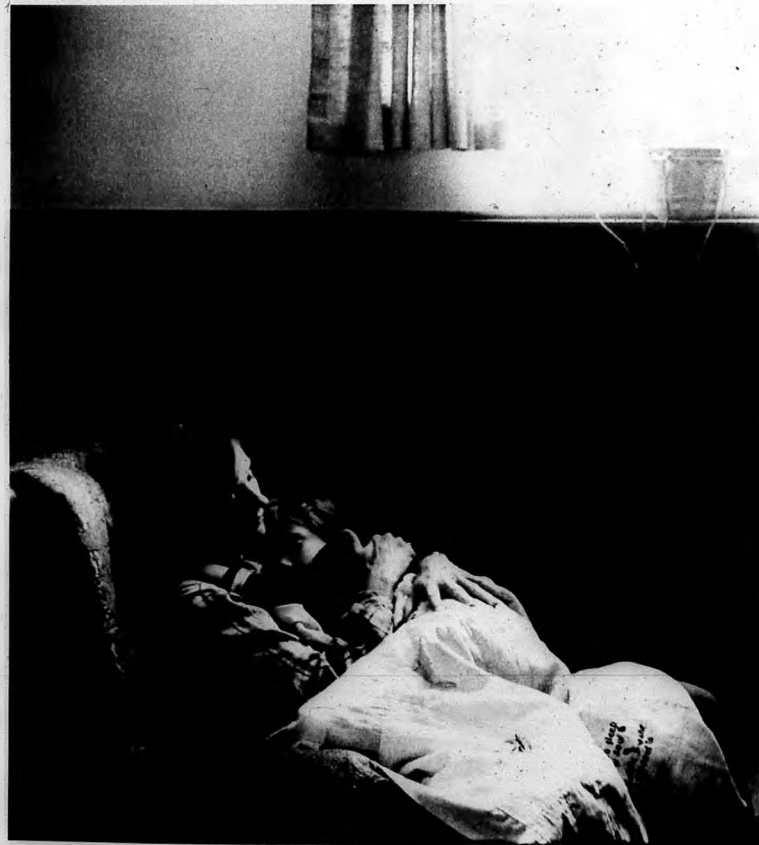
Between five and five-thirty each morning, before she wakes her daughters, Betty White "does her thinking." At the breakfast table she reads her Bible, prays, ponders changes in her life. She re-evaluates her goals, her needs. "I'm going to make it," she says. "But I need acceptance. Not just by other singles, people like myself. By 'normal' people—people with two-parent homes, families. I don't want to remain isolated the rest of my life."

Continued

Despite her own weariness from work, White makes weekends special for her daughters. On a trip to Kansas City's Agriculture Hall of Fame, they examine farm machinery from the past.



Outings together, intimacy at home, create feelings of "normality."
"I just want to be myself, Betty White, who's been divorced, but is going to be OK. I want to go on with living."



Ministers of the Marketplace

Church-Starting Potential of the Bivocational Pastor By Elaine Furlow Illustrations by Martha B. Bibee



Ministers of the Marketplace

Several years ago, after a visit to the west, Harry Callahan "started thinking about all the non-Christian people outside the Bible Belt."

Feeling called to pioneer missions, the chemical engineer left Florida and enrolled at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Fort Worth. There he heard Gerald Colbert, Colorado Baptist consultant on bivocational ministries, describe the need for bivocational church starters: "we've identified 150 sites for new churches," said Colbert, "but we can't afford to put full-time pastors in each of them."

The bivocational concept appealed to Callahan. "I liked Denver, I liked the idea of starting churches. So here I am." If Callahan is successful in finding a job in Denver, Baptists will have gained another pastor who can support himself while starting a church—

Roadmaps for the bivocational route

Each month, the Church Extension Division receives about 25 inquiries into opportunities for bivocational pastorates. It forwards resumes and references to 156 directors of missions and others who might use bivocational pastors in new work. Explains David Benham, director of the HMB bivocational church-starter program: "We are matchmakers—up to a point. We get calls from the field, we send out resumes, then we let them do the talking from there on."

For a limited number of bivocational pastors approved by HMB and local leaders (40 over the past year), the division pays \$500 toward moving expenses.

an increasingly interesting concept among Southern Baptists.

For years, many pastors have held full-time jobs—engineers, carpenters, insurance salesmen—while pastoring in off-hours. Hundreds of churches started that way; now Southern Baptists want to start 15,000 missions in the next 20 years. Because there is not enough money for that many fully supported pastors, a practical solution is bivocational pastors.

The Home Mission Board—through its Church Extension Division—and local SBC leaders do all they can to attract bivocational pastors; they visit schools, send out letters, show prospective pastors the territory. Yet by necessity, they must paint a realistic picture of what to expect.

"I have entire counties with no church," says Dick Ashworth, director of missions in eastern Utah. He can rattle off 15 places needing bivocational leaders. Yet he admits, "I have nothing to offer but hard work, a place of service, and our love." He adds, "We only want a bivocational pastor here if he is sure this is where God wants him."

In Colorado, Colbert warns prospective pastors, "If you want lots of hard work, this is the place." Of 48 bivocational-pastor applicants he interviewed last year, only 12 came.

What can be done to attract more people to bivocational ministry? Southern Baptist universities and seminaries could "make a tremendous contribution in erasing the stigma [that churches with bivocational pastors get shortchanged] if they would offer more training to equip pastors for a dual role," says Bill Slagle, former HMB consultant on bivocational work.

After all, the bivocational approach

does have many advantages. Says Jack Redford, director of HMB church extension: "A church-planter in a pioneer area desperately needs a sense of identity in the community; being bivocational can give a person a foothold. He can build relationships he might never have had otherwise." Redford himself was a schoolteacher/pastor for two and a half years.

Adds Colorado's Colbert: "The bivocational has contacts another man could not buy."

Often church starters are frustrated because "in the early stages there is no growth," says Redford. "The job gives him an outlet, a way to use his time and make contacts; it gives him an anchor until the church *does* get started."

Adds David Benham, of the HMB Church Extension Division: "Another advantage of a bivocational situation is that laypeople assume more of the burdens of running the church. The whole spirit's different."

"I don't view bivocational as ideal in all situations," says Redford. "But in some, it is the best alternative; in others, it is the *only* alternative. If we are really serious about starting all these churches in the next 20 years, we have got to use every talent we can lay our hands on."

Full-time contributions from part-time workers

More than 9,000 Southern Baptist pastors—about 27 percent—are bivocational. Churches with bivocational pastors average 103 resident members to 291 for those with full-time pastors. Yet rates of baptisms are very close, and rate of S.S. attendance, actually higher in bivocational-pastored.

Seminaries Offer New Approaches

Many prospective pastors have gone through seminary "being psychologically prepared to pastor First Baptist, County Seat," observes one veteran director of missions. "When I was at seminary, this trinity was drilled into me: buildings, baptisms, budgets—and that is still the measure of success for many. They glorify the pastors of huge churches. 'Bivocational' becomes a dirty word, almost, because the idea's planted that the bivocational pastor won't succeed."

Today Southern Baptist schools and seminaries are trying to change that impression. At Southwestern seminary in Fort Worth, professor of missions Cal Guy warns his classes, "It's a false assumption that because you've had three years of seminary, somebody owes you a church, set up and ready to go."

He estimates "in the Fort Worth-Dallas area are as many seminary graduates without a church as with. The job market is just not there for half of those that graduate."

Indeed, in today's church-job market, the person with a vocational skill and seminary training has the advantage. Gerald Colbert, Colorado's consultant on bivocational work, says, "Many who would like to be bivocational have no marketable skills. I urge students to learn a secular trade or profession."

Echoes David Benham of the HMB, "Even the emphasis in seminary isn't enough." He suggests a salable skill be learned in college or earlier—not instead of, but as a foundation for religion courses and seminary training.

Two schools, Southwest Baptist College in Bolivar, Mo., and Hardin-

Continued



A dual answer to "the call"

Southern Baptist seminaries and colleges turn out more pastors than vacancies exist in established churches, says Jack Redford, HMB church extension director.

"We graduate about 2,500 each year, but only about 1,000 vacancies occur, from death or disability or whatever. That's a surplus of 1,500 a year. And many of these graduates are frustrated because they have trained and have no place to go. There's the fellow still working at that discount store in Fort Worth, feeling guilty because he doesn't have a church, and doesn't know what to do. We need to put that talent to work, and bivocational is one way to do it."

"Our goal in church extension is beginning congregations that become self-sustaining. We don't care if a pastor stays career bivocational. At different points along the way, he can evaluate the situation to see if that's the right way to go. But to start with, we need bivocational pastors to just get that new church going."

Simmons University, Abilene, Texas, offer students that option. Ron Smith of Hardin-Simmons credits increased awareness of bivocationalists to "our recognition that some key people of our denomination may need to support themselves, and be part of the community as a professional."

Of course many bivocational pastors come to the ministry with a vocation, but without advanced study in religion. Schools such as Baptist Bible Institute in Graceland, Fla., provide "training in Bible and pastoral administration they have missed," says BBI dean Walter Draughon.

Baptist Bible Institute graduates about 75 students a year—average age of 32. Draughon estimates 20 percent continue a bivocational ministry. Another 20 percent go on to seminary.

"We want to create the atmosphere in which it is acceptable to be bivocational," says Draughon, "as long as that other vocation is a means to an end. Some graduates may become full-time pastors; others may find, espe-

cially in pioneer areas, that they have to supplement their income."

Bivocationalists who want seminary training, but—for geographical, economic or other reasons—cannot attend seminary, can benefit from the SBC Seminary Extension Department. Of 10,500 students in the program, about 2,000 are ministers, many of them bivocational, says the department's Jim Ryan. "Our thrust is toward recognizing that role as valid."

Adds Cal Guy, "The small-church movement that spawned our denomination was led by working pastors. Despite today's large churches, our growth still depends on small groups."

Bivocationalists have been the backbone of the SBC—part of the reason it has grown to be the nation's largest Protestant denomination. "And if we intend to keep on growing," says Jack Redford of the HMB, "we cannot ignore the importance of the bivocational. We have got to seek them out—and give them the best training and support and sense of identity we can."

Pioneering bivocational plans at Hardin-Simmons

With encouragement from its president, Jess Fletcher, a former Foreign Mission Board worker who "understands the needs of missions," Hardin-Simmons University has developed a plan to "stack" B.A. and M.A. degrees, coordinating a student's work better to prepare him for bivocational ministry.

Under this plan, a student would work on a B.A. in accounting, for instance, while completing requirements for admission into the M.A. program in religion.

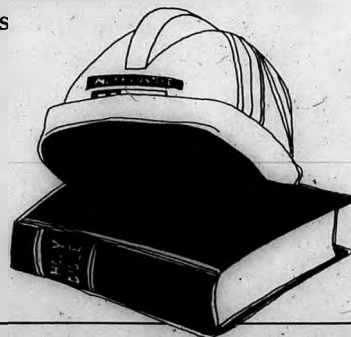
Or an undergraduate working on a Bible major could complete the requirements to be accepted into the master in business administration program.

The amount of work and time required have not changed; the difference is better planning early in a student's academic career.

A duty to do more for bivocationalists

John C. Howell, academic dean, confirms that Midwestern seminary in Kansas City has been rethinking the bivocational role: "Some students have a resistance to the idea of bivocational. They feel they've studied and worked during the week, perhaps pastored a church on the side; now they've graduated they want a full-time pastorate in which they can concentrate all their energies."

"To a certain extent, that's understandable. But in the proposals we've adopted, as a convention, considering the need to start churches in newer areas, we can't be content with that option alone. Seminaries have a stake in preparing students to understand all options of the pastorate, including being bivocational. It's our duty, especially when consulting with students who already have vocational skills, to encourage them to consider the bivocational route."



Georgia 'Adopts' New York

Supporting "I love New York" buttons, several hundred people gathered last May to raise spirits and support for Southern Baptist work in New York state. But most of the crowd spoke with a Georgia drawl, and instead of upstate New York, the scene of the meeting was a thousand miles south.

The Georgians have become "partners" with New Yorkers in an agreement linking the older Georgia Baptist Convention with the newer New York.

In particular, Georgia's Floyd County Baptist Association has banded with New York's Adirondack Baptist Association (ABA) to help start new churches using bivocational pastors.

The 67 Georgia churches have divided into 12 groups to help 12 New York villages. ABA's goal is—with Floyd County's help—to put a lay couple and a bivocational pastor in each area within a year. Five pastors already are on the field. Others are scheduled.

The Georgia churches support the church-starting process with money, prayers, help in holding revivals and buying buildings, and rallies like the "I love New York" one. Georgians visited "their" villages last summer, conducting surveys, music and puppet shows and Bible studies.

Says Charles Evans, Floyd County's director of missions, "Before, the New Yorkers felt a little isolated and alone; now they feel our encouragement, that it's a supportive venture and somebody cares they're up there."

Among the first villages to get a bivocational pastor was Rouse's Point, nestled next to Lake Champlain. Bivocational pastors have been here before. One lasted a month; the other stayed a year. But Bell says that's the exception not the rule. As the person responsible

for recruiting bivocational pastors, he is realistic—resolutely so—about conditions. "I don't plant 'em in a bed of roses," Bell says.

Only the brave—perhaps 20 percent that Bell interviews—visit New York. "But once they come, it grips their hearts." Ninety percent stay, each signing a two-page yellow contract that repeats Bell's blunt assessment: "You will be in a brand new work situation with no building, no property, no Southern Baptists and no red hot prospects. Your ministry will begin from zero. The work will be slow and hard [and] you will be ministering to northern people only."

ABA guarantees the pastor's rent for the first month (and next two, if necessary), and groceries for the first week while the pastor job-hunts. One Floyd County church helps support a bivocational pastor, and two churches fund Mission Service Corps volunteers.

Floyd County association has promised to stick with the project until all 12 villages have a functioning church.

"Southern Baptists have the message, the men, the money," says Bell. "We just need to pull them together in the same place."

Challenging conversations and difficult decisions

Over the years, Norman Bell of New York's Adirondack association has learned to be brutally honest with students. A typical interview, Bell reports, goes like this:

Student: Is it hard to get a job? Will you help me get one?

Bell: I'll give you recommendations, but you sell your own skills. And you should know that unemployment is way above average—like 17.5 percent in my county. In our area, tourism is the main industry, but when tourist season slacks off, hundreds of people are without work. Carpentry and many other trades are seasonal. The options are substitute teaching, clerical work, medical professions. And they seem to need insurance salesmen.

Student: Well, what's the area like?
Bell: Winter lasts six months, the people don't flock to you, and it's a long distance between churches.

Student (getting desperate): Then what size church will I be coming to?

Bell: Friend, where you'd be going there is no church. You're the one to start it!

Georgia facts, New York figures

New York Baptists' Adirondack association runs from Lake Ontario on the west to Lake Champlain on the east, from the Canadian border south to Interstate 90. It takes in 11 counties and is about the size of South Carolina, but has only 1,300 Southern Baptists, in 25 churches/missions/fellowships.

On the other hand, Floyd County association in Georgia has 67 churches with 29,400 members—almost one for every two residents. Yet in land size, it's less than a tenth of Adirondack association.

"We'll not give up our responsibility to help start churches," Norman Bell emphasizes. "We'll do everything in our power up here. . . . I don't want to build up a welfare mentality, but we recognize we can't carry the load alone."

Blaster-Pastor Ministers to Miners

Once, in an idle moment, Marvin Thompson counted the jobs he'd held since high school: cafeteria worker at Baylor University; UPS clerk; sheet metal laborer; school teacher—16 jobs in all. "I had never not worked, so this is nothing new."

This is drilling blast holes at one of the largest coal mines in the country, and pastoring a Baptist church in South Superior, Wyo.

This town boomed in the 1920s and '30s, when underground mining was at its peak; 8,000 people called it home. As the mines petered out, Superior did, too. But in 1973, strip mining started. Lucite and uranium mines followed. Construction began at the coal company and power plant. And South Superior thrived and throbbed again.

When South Superior started its resurgence, Calvary Baptist Church in nearby Rock Springs, under leadership

of pastor Earl Wood, bought a building to begin a mission there.

Meanwhile, Thompson, finishing at Southwestern seminary, was challenged by Charles Crim, associational director of missions for southern Wyoming, who described his region's need for bivocational pastors. Then "LaNette and I talked about this, prayed about it, prepared for it together," says Thompson. In 1978, they came to Wyoming.

At Thompson's first service in South Superior, only one family showed up. But more followed, and the church now has 12 members. In March 1980, they organized. "What it takes," says Thompson, "is patience and getting to know the people."

The Thompsons quickly involved themselves in community life—sometimes with surprising results.

LaNette, a substitute teacher who knows "every kid from sixth grade down," learned a student had been repeatedly raped by her stepfather. LaNette reported that to the school social worker. But parents of the youngsters who had told LaNette were furious. "This is none of your business," one said. Another demanded Thompson "control his wife."

Child and spouse abuse are common here, the Thompsons say, because of long work hours, alcoholism and crowded housing conditions.

Many workers live in trailers—if they can find them and afford them. A two-bedroom mobile home with leaky shower and old refrigerator rents for \$475 a month. A one-bedroom home in a gully sells for \$39,000, a faded yellow bungalow for \$42,000.

"In one weekend," says Thompson, "we had three cars with out-of-state license plates pull up, people asking if we knew of anything—anything—where they could live."

Added to the overcrowding are wage-earners who work 12-hour days, then relax in main street's two bars. The Palace draws the younger men, while old-timers gather at Ghost Town bar.

Community spirit is nil, says Thompson, who tried to organize a Lions Club, which fizzled. The church provides some outlets—pool, Ping Pong, occasional community events.

LaNette counsels on the crisis line. "One man had found his wife in bed with another man. He was ready to kill her," LaNette recalls. It took five hours to thrash that problem through.

Marvin's a quiet, steady guy; LaNette "rushes headlong into things." They complement each other. "I'm a Wyomingite now," says Thompson. Last year,

the Thompsons purchased licenses to hunt antelope; they killed two. "It saves on the food bill," says Thompson, who had to learn to butcher the animal.

But Thompson doesn't believe their efforts should be "glorified, because we feel this is where we should be."

When a friend from seminary learned of Thompson's work, he sighed, "Man, I wouldn't do that for anything." To which Thompson replied, "I wouldn't do anything else."

Many are not winners

When the Thompsons first moved to South Superior, LaNette began an afternoon discussion group for teenage girls. Once as they discussed sex she asked them "why sex outside of marriage is not a good idea," recalls LaNette. "They listed 20 reasons against it." Relieved, she moved to the "pro" side—and found the teens had only one argument—to them a clinching one—"We enjoy it."

"I saw logic wasn't going to convince them," says LaNette, realizing it would take strong and lengthy relational work with the girls. Four of the five girls who attended the discussions are now pregnant, and unmarried.



Getting a blast involves some danger

Nothing you have read about the western energy corridor quite prepares you for it. The Hill-sides teem with hundreds of trailers, construction workers, electricians, miners. No small scale stuff here. Seams of coal—running to 70 feet and more—dwarf the miners.

Near the Wyoming-Idaho border, the Jim Bridger Coal Company strip-mines thousands of tons of coal a day.

A thousand tons an

hour are burned in the Bridger power plant, which shoots electricity on silver strands to energy-starved states. Coal is buried beneath an "overburden" of shale and earth. To blast into the seams, pastor Marvin Thompson drills holes as deep as 120 feet, packs them with explosive—"then, get back."

The blast throws boulders, sends black torrents of coal 60 feet into the air, mulches rock into powder.

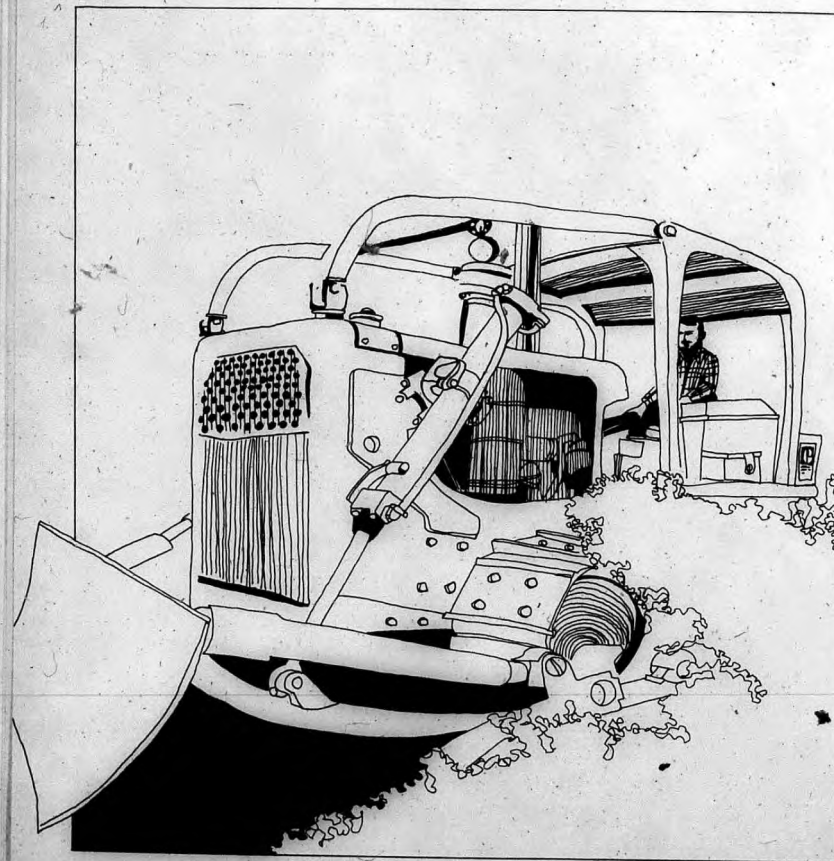
A flying, fist-sized rock can kill.

"Drilling itself is not all that dangerous, but more than once I've taken a nose dive to avoid fly rock," says Thompson.

Blasting done, a drag line (a crane with enormous shovel) digs out the coal.

Thompson works the 11 p.m. to 7:30 a.m. shift. During the day he sleeps, studies and, with his wife's help, tries to grow a Baptist church.

Boulden Bulldozes Berth for Baptists



Jim Boulden's men and bulldozers rip and shove and smooth the earth on the West's hot, dry mesas, building roads and preparing sites for oil companies' drilling. Eight years ago, at Moab, Utah, Boulden—a red-haired Utah native—started running one bulldozer. "That's all I intended to do," he recalls. "Then I needed two and hired another guy. Then I got another dozer." And on and on. Today he has seven pieces of equipment, six employees, and an annual gross of \$750,000.

The wall map in his office is dotted with colored tacks marking places his company has work, from Nevada to New Mexico. To keep up, Boulden's day starts at 7 a.m., stretches until dark. But Tuesdays and Sundays, he makes an additional stop—at the little town of Green River, 50 miles northwest of Moab. There Boulden is helping start a Baptist church.

An estimated 85 percent of Green River's people are Mormon, but that does not discourage Boulden. "Out of a population of 1,200, that leaves 180 people who *aren't* Mormon," says the optimistic Boulden, "and that's still a good-sized church."

The mission has five members, all homegrown westerners. "People aren't going to commit themselves until they're sure you're going to stay," Boulden observes. "People are looking at us, wondering. That's one reason we have a building fund, to establish our intent to stay and grow."

In fact, Boulden says "one disadvantage of this situation is not living in the town you're working in." It's a 50-mile drive from home. Aside from that, he downplays his efforts. "I don't feel like I'm doing anything out of the ordinary. I'm completely comfortable riding bulldozers in the day and going to Green River at night and weekends."

This life is quite different, he admits, from his high school days of aimless drinking and carousing. In June 1968, young Boulden was "getting ready to go to Nam. I thought, well, I'd better find out who God is," so he started attending Protestant services.

The night before he shipped out, he committed himself to Christianity. At the Army chapel "they gave me this little New Testament," he recalls. Now well-thumbed and grimy, the testament rides in the glove compartment of his truck.

A year later he returned, married sweetheart Linda; the two attended church sporadically. "Until then, my only background had been the services in the Army, and my own reading."

Mormons say, "If you aren't one of us, you're nothing." We went to a Southern Baptist church in Salt Lake that emphasized the important thing was whether you were saved. I thought that agreed with the Bible, so my opinion of Southern Baptists changed."

The couple moved to Moab and "Linda got me going to church again." When the Moab church was without a pastor, Boulden preached. Later the church at Blanding, 80 miles south, asked Boulden to supply. He did for seven months, nursing the congregation toward health. "I finally got so I don't feel uncomfortable in the pulpit."

In April 1980, "just driving along toward Blanding, I finally understood, fully and completely, that I was supposed to preach the gospel."

Linda supported him. "I can count on Linda," Boulden says. "And that's important for a bivocational pastor. If your wife is not behind you, you'll spend your time taking care of home problems, not the church."

Genesis of a bivocational church

Green River, Utah, the only sign of civilization on a long, lonely stretch of Interstate 70, is a stopover halfway between Denver and Las Vegas; the next gas and food lies 107 miles to the west. Last fall, a Green River resident, Mary Caffee, called director of missions Dick Ashworth to ask about starting a mission. A Southern Baptist 30 years ago, she was holding a Bible study—off and on—in her home. Ashworth called Roger Russell, pastor of the Baptist church in Moab. Russell, in turn, called Boulden, one of his deacons who wanted to preach. "When should I start?" asked Boulden. "How about this Sunday?" Caffee replied.

The Moab church agreed to sponsor the mission, and the group rented a senior citizens' center for \$10 a week.

But when the group told Boulden they wished to be non-denominational, his heart sank. "You need some organizational backing," he said. He explained that if the Moab SBC church sponsored them, they should become Southern Baptist. "But it was their own decision," he recalls, to affiliate with the SBC. After all, "we're not going to build a church on Baptist transplants. We must have westerners."

Goodbye Bluegrass; Hello Grease Bush

Jim and Cathy Ward's new mission field is 2,000 square miles of arid southern Arizona desert. Last year the Kentuckians traded their rolling hills for this flat, remote region of cactus and grease bush. And to this area they brought some unique ways to reach people.

Cathy runs the Good News Bookmobile, a free lending library. Four shelves of books, including some in Spanish, line the van. Close at hand, a dust mask hangs, to ward off fits of sneezing when clouds of sand swirl up from the desert roads.

"Where's your Harlequins at?" asks one sunburned woman, looking for romantic novels. Kids thumb through *Four Famous Quarterbacks* or *The*

Young People's Science Encyclopedia. One rancher regularly comes down from the hills, carefully selects five Louis Lamour westerns, then retreats.

"The books give them something to remedy the boredom," says Cathy, "and give us a way to meet people."

While Cathy runs the bookmobile, Jim Ward teaches second, third and fourth graders. Each morning at 8:30, Ward walks the few yards to the "schoolhouse," lines up his charges and marches them in. They warble *America the Beautiful*, recite the pledge to the flag, then divide up into grades.

Ward taught school in Kentucky, but this is different. There are only nine students, most sons and daughters of ranch hands, but three different grades

for which to prepare lessons. Throw in one little girl who speaks only Spanish, and it makes for a full day of giving lots of individual attention.

Teaching pays Ward \$15,000 and provides housing. "The job is ideal, because school goes from 8:30 to 3:30," says Ward. "If I were a ranch hand, I couldn't do the ministry, because those guys work 12-hour days and barely have time to breathe."

After school, Ward travels—visiting the ranches, leading Bible studies, holding worship. Distance is the Wards' worst enemy. "You may stay one place only 30 minutes, but it takes an hour to get there."

On Sunday, the Wards hold three services: in Paloma at 11:00, Sentinel

at 2, Sun Country Acres at 5. Fridays they go to Whitewing Ranch. Thursday nights, he preaches at Hyder, where Baptists have a small neat building boasting air conditioning.

"My dream at Hyder is to have 30 or 40 people," he says. "That may not sound like much, but when you consider where the church came from and what we've got, it's a lot."

Meanwhile Ward gathers a dozen people at one stop, five or six at another. Wherever he goes, he and Cathy invite others.

All in all, the Wards have quickly adjusted to Arizona ways. Ward has studied Arizona history and Cathy plans to learn Spanish. "Once when I was out visiting, a little girl pulled me over to some bushes," Cathy relates. "Some wetbacks [Mexicans who enter the U.S. illegally] were there, scared to death I was the Border Patrol. I wanted so badly to talk to them in Spanish, but I couldn't. I'm going to fix that."

Ward says he is "very much at ease in this style of ministry. I can do things I want, not have 15 people breathing down my neck or saying, 'Brother Jack always did it this way.'"

In Kentucky, he says, "I tried everything except what God wanted me to do." When he read about bivocational pastors in a missions magazine, he began praying about whether he should pursue that. He sent his resume, which included experience as a pastor and teacher, to the Home Mission Board, who put him in touch with associational director of missions David Morgan in Yuma, Ariz.

The Wards came to southern Arizona in October 1980. Ward is sure this is where he should be. "Because I'm so content—in the work and at school."



Home on the hot, dusty, remote ranges

Railroad and Interstate 8 ribbon their way west, side by side, across vast expanses of sand and cactus, close to the Mexican border. Small towns are tucked away here and there, but most of the territory is ranchland, with pockets of trailer homes for those who keep the ranches running.

"Wherever a grease bush grows, a crop will grow," the locals joke—"if only you have water." With the miracle of irrigation, dusty miles of desert land have turned into neat rows of cotton and wheat, grapefruit and lemon groves. Ranch hands check irrigation hoses and ditches, repair tractors and trucks, and, in season, harvest crops in a frenzy of activity.

Some live in trailers, others in makeshift lean-tos or just on truck beds. Days are long—12 to 14 hours of work. At day's end, there's little to do. No TV, no movies. "You better like your wife 'cause you'll be looking at her a lot," counsels one old-timer with a chuckle. If a permanent building can be found in the little towns dotting southwest Arizona, it's likely to be a bar, with winking neon sign.

This is the mission field of Jim and Cathy Ward—and its one they've grown to respect . . . and to love.



Broker-Pastor Invests in People

Late one evening, Wayne Somers received a call from a nervous couple who asked him to baptize their newborn baby "right away."

"We have to protect Jason from the neighbors," they confided when Somers arrived at the hospital. Because an earlier baby had died at birth, neighbors implied satanic harm might come to the couple's new child.

Somers explained Baptists' view of baptism, reassured them of God's love; his calm words dispelled their fears.

"We had been warned that witnessing here is not like witnessing in the South," says Somers, who moved to Bloomsburg, Pa., from Florida. "It's true. The way to reach people here is to help them with these kinds of needs."

Wayne and Pam Somers learned of Bloomsburg from the area's associational director of missions, Jack Smith.

Somers, a successful broker/salesman who felt called to preach, believed he could support his family and start a church. He came to investigate, met the people and landed a job.

The Somerses arrived in July 1979. In time College Hill Baptist mission was started, first meeting at Bloomsburg State College, then—to save rent—at the Somers home. "Nobody in our subdivision came at first. It was like they were waiting to see if somebody else would—then they'd try it," says Pam. "We were on trial—Are they for real?"

"This is my first pastorate," Somers explains. "You don't realize the difficulties until you're in it. So we're growing, too. It is teaching us patience more than anything."

The first year Somers had a salaried job. Now he has his own stock broker and insurance business. He says he

does well. But "the secular job has one purpose: to generate money to support the work. The problem is priority. Where do I spend my time? Several times I've lost accounts because I couldn't call during church hours."

This year he is spending more time on church work, less on selling.

Because of his financial experience, Somers is often asked for advice. One member spread out her bills and asked Somers to help her draw up a budget.

Then come typical pastor's chores.

"People call with marital problems at 2 a.m. You go arbitrate, get home at 4:30; the next morning go to work at 9 to earn a living."

"In bivocational work," says Pam, "the pastor and his wife are the church, at least at first. If something needs doing, you do it."

Sundays, for example, the Somerses babysit a little girl all day because her mother works and it's the only way the child can attend Sunday School.

People have urged Somers to do less.

"But I feel we have to answer the needs as they come up." A woman alcoholic, a 40-year-old man without a job, a friend with terminal cancer: these are among Wayne and Pam's people.

Attendance has grown to about 30. Says Somers, "I'm comfortable now, but as the church gets bigger, you want to have more ministries, and that takes

more time. I can't be involved in the hospital chaplaincy, for instance, even though I'd like to. I think a good growing work will go only so far with a bivocational."

The church has \$3,000 in its building fund; a local man has offered land. Somers would like to build, but feels frustrated: "You've got to go to the zoning board, get plans, take bids . . . who does that? The pastor. Do I take time, or do I make the business call that will produce a \$100 commission?"

One night, members told him, "Don't get bent out of shape to get a building." Somers says he isn't, but discouragement shows. "In the South, Baptists are number one; here, we're nobody. Every Southern Baptist ought to visit Pennsylvania or Michigan or Alaska—then they'd really appreciate their own churches."

Still, a small church has its pluses. "In a big church you don't have to be involved," says Pam. "But here everybody is needed. And if one person is out—it matters."

And where else would the six-year-old pastor's son, eyeing offering proceeds, announce in a stage whisper, "Dad! We got three dollar bills!"

For further information about the bivocational pastorate, contact: Church Extension Division Home Mission Board, SBC, 1350 Spring Street, NW, Atlanta, Georgia 30367.

A small community in full bloom

Bloomsburg nestles in the Susquehanna River valley. Surrounding mountains harbor tons of coal, but small textile factories and Bloomsburg State College are major employers. About 13,000 people live in the peaceful village of family-owned stores and frame houses, where the center of activity is the town park. Holding to its rural roots, Bloomsburg has one of the largest county fairs in Pennsylvania. Most exciting recent events: the 1972 hurricane Agnes flood—water rose 20 feet; and building a nuclear power plant nearby.

Growing Up in Jackpot

For children of a small Nevada gambling town, the Baptist church gives more than Sunday worship. For their parents, it's truly a "God send."

Written and photographed by Everett Hullum

Once upon a time, in a far-away land called Nevada, lived 900 people in the village of Jackpot. Jackpot, a blink-and-you-missed-it stretch of neon-lighted buildings, small houses and big mobile homes, sits amid a vast, windy, dusty sea of scrub brush; it is about 45 miles from the nearest town, and maybe

equal distance from any tree tall enough to shade a jackrabbit. Twenty-five years ago, a few folks drifted south from Twin Falls, Idaho; they stepped across the Nevada state line and built a gambling casino. The village of Jackpot grew up, literally, around that and two later casinos.

About the three casinos of Jackpot there hangs a phantasmagoric air of unreality and spurious good times; the casinos are lures, drawing people from as far—judging from auto license plates—as Montana, California; Washington and Michigan and Arizona; and from as close as Idaho, just a few hundred yards from Cactus Pete's.

All seek to win their fortunes. Few ever do.

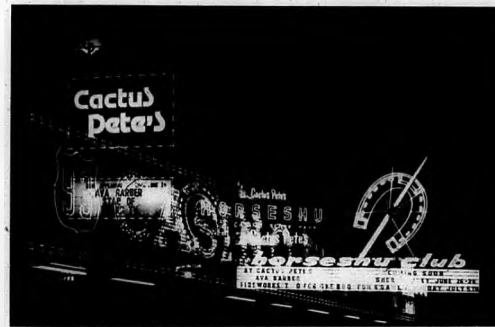
For the casinos are illusions, gaily decorated 24-hour-a-day slot machines, sucking up human dreams and schemes, wishes and hopes, coughing out an occasional winner, lots of losers and many also-rans.

In games of chance, odds favor the house. But does it matter? Old and young sit, dimes to silver dollars in paper cups, in glassy-eyed trances rhythmically dropping money and pulling levers, clink-crank, clink-crank, clink-crank, never really waiting for the splatter of coins.

So hypnotized by the play, the pay matters little?

To operate the casinos of Jackpot requires dozens of workers, who empty the slots and deal the cards and spin the wheels—and scoop chips from green velvet tabletops.

Serving casino employees are others: workers in the grocery stores—Jackpot has two, small and limited; restaurant



cooks and waitresses and cashiers and dishwashers; four teachers for the elementary school; owners of gas stations—also two in town; tellers in the bank and clerks in the post office—both in a casino; numerous folk who staff the motels. And four young women who operate, under the auspices of Nevada Baptists and the Home Mission Board, the only regular day care available in all of Jackpot.

A year ago, when Debbie Snyder and Jan Salmon arrived, Growing-Up Day Care Center, which occupies two-thirds of Jackpot Baptist Church, was between ebb and flow.

The center, a ministry of Jackpot church, had been started six years earlier by Bob Schreckenber, a free-spirited, cantankerous Southern Baptist pastor in Twin Falls.

The church itself dates back a dozen more years; Schreckenber, now retired, started it almost as soon as the first casino was built. As a mission, it first met in a building donated by the casino; later in a casino lounge.

Unlike the casino, it never really took root. But as Schreckenber, who now pastors the church, visited the community, he discovered "there was no place for casino workers to take their kids, so you'd see kids all hours, running the streets and at home without their parents."

Schreckenber nursed his dream for several years, finally raising money among Baptists of North Carolina—his home state—scraping up more here and there, until he could begin day care in Jackpot.

The center struggled, lean and fat years, until Tom Bacon, associational director of missions, appealed to the Home Mission Board for assistance.

Snyder, 25, and Salmon, 22, Mission Service Corps volunteers from Georgia, were assigned to the center, spon-

For the young women of Growing Up Day Care Center, it's been a year of struggle, adjustment, frustration—and much, much joy.



sored by Eastside Baptist of Twin Falls. Later Brenda Cloyd, 23, and Donna Patterson, 31, joined them.

The center began operating on a round-the-clock, six-day-a-week schedule, taking infants to seven-year-olds. In six months, the number of kids drifting through, from a few hours to sometimes more than 24, rose from six or seven to 20, in eight months, to 30-plus.

Many are children of single-parent families living in Jackpot. Some are out-of-towners, referred by casinos.

"Kids can't go in the casinos," says Cloyd. One casino employee saw a four-year-old waiting in his parents' car in the 100-degree heat. "He found the parents and told them about us. Others recommend us, too."

"We're better known now than we've ever been," says Schreckenberg.

"A lot of us have to work," says Elsie Whitney, a motel cashier and maid, "and it's really hard here to find reliable babysitters." In the past, she often left her children at the sitter's, only to see them later wandering down the street. "Now I don't worry, I know they're well taken care of."

Fees are modest—when collected.

"We try to get pay in advance," says Cloyd. The center wasn't so strict until several mothers failed to pay. One woman came in crying. "She'd lost all her money in the casino," says Cloyd. "What could we do?"

Despite its numbers, Schreckenberg stresses, the day-care program barely scrapes by. "What we're doing doesn't benefit the church financially, but it does witness to families."

"We're well accepted because of our service to the community. No one is doing for this place except Baptists, everyone knows that."

Says Iris Hillstead, a dealer at Cactus Pete's: "It's hard to go to work, but when you know your kids are OK, it's a lot easier." Echoes casino dealer Dawn Thornton, a new Christian. "The center's a lifesaver. The town was in really desperate need. My kids love it here, they learn discipline and to share with others. I don't know what I'd do without it."

She may find out soon, because Snyder, Cloyd and Salmon all near the end of their term. If they are not replaced by a fresh volunteer corps, the center may cut back—or close.

The HMB has not yet found volunteers to replace them.

Donna Patterson, Jan Salmon, Brenda Cloyd and Debbie Snyder with their kids behind the center. The pole's shadow is unfortunate, says the photographer, but have you ever arranged that many kids for a group portrait?

Coming to a community so apathetic to religion tested Cloyd: "We were lonely. We had to depend on God a lot."



"Pick up the blocks and we'll listen to a story. . . . Pick up the blocks. . . . like the way Brandon is doing. . . . now! Pick up the blocks. . . ." CRASH!

"Chris, if you don't get quiet you're going to have to sit in the hall. I mean it. . . ."

"You're supposed to potty inside and not in the play-yard. Now pull up your pants. . . ."

It has been a hectic year. With the best of intentions for a progressive, structured learning program, Salmon and Snyder began their ministry. But the tasks of feeding children, cleaning—including bathrooms and kitchen—wiping runny noses and separating squabbling five-year-olds soon dashed early plans.

"We didn't know we'd be carpenters, plumbers, painters, gardeners, designers—we've done all that—it's been a surprise," says Cloyd.

Snyder and Salmon appealed to Bacon for more help.

Cloyd came, later Patterson. "But we still feel short-handed," Snyder says. Patterson tends the infants in one eight-hour shift. The other three divide the day; one is always on duty, often two work together, doubling up or overlapping shifts. "We never get away from it," Cloyd says.

"The Home Mission Board warned us it'd be hard, and they were right," adds Snyder. "It's been frustrating, and physically and emotionally draining."

"Jesse, Sean, we don't fight in here. . . . We can't take that outside, it's an inside toy. . . . don't climb the railing, Juan, that's not allowed. . . ."

"Where are your shoes? Did you look by the bed? Did you look in your cubby? Donnie put them in the what?!"

"Don't scream. That's your outside voice; in here we use our inside voice, very soft and. . . . What's our magic word? What? That's right, 'Please.'"

But if the center was demanding, it was also rewarding. "A lot of the kids are ignored at home," says Snyder, "so we've

Top left: Blowing bubbles is one of the fun activities. Bottom: Salmon comforts a youngster with a hurt finger.

tried to be a positive influence. We hug them and pay attention to them.

"Sometimes one will come and say, 'Debbie, I love you,' or 'I love you, Brenda.' It makes a lot of things better."

A Hispanic mother brought twins; both knew only one word of English—it was dirty. "Now they both speak English well," says Snyder. "The mother is so pleased."

"It's taught me a lot about love," says Snyder. "You learn to love kids when they are dirty or mean or not very lovable. Parents who mistreat kids, drop them off dirty and leave them for more than 24 hours, they're not very lovable either. But you learn to love them, too."

Says Cloyd, "I've changed, I'm more accepting of people with different backgrounds and lifestyles. I've gained patience—and I've learned to live with noise and clutter 24 hours a day."

Early months dipped the young women in culture shock. After lifetimes in religion-dominated southern societies, they were tossed into a town whose people were drawn together by economics. Jackpot had only three churches, one resident minister. People were apathetic—at best—toward religion.

At times they were suspicious.

"It took a while to be accepted," says Salmon. Adds Cloyd: "We had to depend on God a lot. Sometimes you'd think, it's just me, God and the desert."

"OK. I'll find you something to put your grasshopper in. . . . Seth, you stop kissing Rosie. . . . Mandy, you better not be saying what it sounds like you're saying. . . ."

"What happened to your grasshopper. . . .?"

"That's a lovely picture, Michael. . . . Stacy, are you ready for your nap? . . . Mandy, don't say that!"

"Chris, you know we always pray before our meals. . . . Travis, Brent, stop blowing bubbles in your grape juice. . . . You color so good, Juan."

"Your grasshopper is WHERE?!"

Yet religion has always been a strong part of the day-care program. The team hasn't pushed the Baptist faith, but it has emphasized Christianity. Only once has a mother objected to the Bible lessons and daily prayers.

Continued



Says one, "I'm a Mormon, and I think the kids need this. Where else are they going to learn it?"

A women's Bible study has been started—10 or more attend each week. A men's study is just underway. The church has added a few members.

Snyder reports at least one mother making a profession of faith; all the young women mention changes in the lives of those about them—and in themselves. "A lot of the kids have never heard the Bible stories," says Snyder. She recounted the flood story only a few days before one of Jackpot's rare rains. "It was a downpour, and Milo was watching at the door. Finally he turned, 'Debbie, you said this wasn't even going to happen again.'"

Another time, as Snyder told of Jesus walking on water, Seth interrupted: "Was he scuba diving?"

The kids' Sunday School has grown enormously; several dozen now attend. A youth group and youth choir has been started.

"It is rewarding to see kids growing, changing. We've seen God work in this community," says Snyder, "even if a lot of people won't accept it."

Adults change slowly. Yet "they see more what Christianity is all about," says Cloyd. Many discuss personal problems with the center workers.

"We've seen prayers answered," says Salmon. "We can tell a difference, especially in the kids. They have a knowledge of Jesus now; their parents tell us they won't eat until prayers are said, or go to bed without them."

"At Christmas, they know whose birthday they're celebrating—and many didn't before."

"When you're giving so much," concludes Cloyd, "because the kids demand it, you know what's real—and you know that you're not number one. Maybe that's the best thing we've learned."

"I wouldn't trade my time here for anything."

"Brenda, Debbie—Hey Jan, did you hear this one?"

You can't get to heaven with nickels in your jeans,
'cause the Lord doesn't have any slot machines."

"That's our theme song, Mandy." □

Never-ending tasks—feeding babies, resolving disputes—demand much time. But daily the workers find opportunities for a Bible story and for intimate, playful moments.



The program doesn't "pay." But it does offer "church" at its finest. And it makes a difference in Jackpot. "We've seen prayers answered."

Cults & Sects

HARE HARE, HARE KRISHNA

For followers of this Eastern-influenced religion, total devotion involves an all-consuming way of life.
First in a series of interfaith witness articles • By Gary Leazer

Each barefooted worshiper fell on his face before the multi-colored altar. One worshiper swung a censer in front of idols, while others beat drums or clanged cymbals. Sari-clad devotees jumped, clapped and chanted names of their god; *Hare (hail) Krishna, Hare Rama*. I was experiencing a Hare Krishna *artika*, a worship ceremony. An appeal to join the sect was made during a vegetarian meal.

While few Christians have visited a Krishna temple, many have encountered members of the Hare Krishna sect, seeking donations on street corners, in airports and fairgrounds.

The International Society of Krishna Consciousness (ISKCON) came to the United States in 1965 when A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada won his first converts in New York's Greenwich Village. In 1979, the Krishnas completed an elaborate temple of gold leaf, imported marble and stained glass near Moundville, W. Va. Other centers are in 40 locations.

Hare Krishna dates from 16th century India. Its first leader, Caitanya, believed to be an incarnation of Krishna, preached an emotional kind of *bhakti* or devotional yoga as the proper way to worship Krishna, a mischievous, happy and loving god; Krishna is said to have had 16,000 wives and lived on earth 5,000 years ago.

Today's typical Krishna devotee rises and dresses at 3:30 a.m. The next four hours are for prayers, chanting, studying Krishna and presenting offerings to idols. After a communal breakfast, devotees are assigned to clean the temple; care for children; street chant or solicit. Evenings hold worship and scripture study. A devotee has time only for thoughts of Krishna.

The temple president has absolute control over devotees; they even must secure his permission to marry.

Austerity and communal living are cornerstones; materialism is rejected. A devotee gives the temple or friends all possessions, except for a sleeping bag, shoes and prayer beads. Devotees are not allowed to watch TV, listen to radio or read current periodicals.

The physical body is an object of enmity. Ritual bathing is practiced. Sleep is limited to 4-6 hours. As a sign of surrender, and to avoid false ego, males shave their heads except for a lock called the *sikha*, which enables Krishna to pull the devotee out of trouble.

Females must be submissive to males.

Four rules of conduct are binding. The rule against eating meat, fish and eggs is based on the Hindu idea of reincarnation and the belief that all life is divine. Intoxicants and tea and coffee are prohibited; medicines containing narcotics must be avoided if possible. Gambling—"any frivolous activity"—is prohibited because it diverts attention from Krishna. Finally, sex is allowed only between married couples once a month for procreation; at that time, the couple must chant for several hours to purify the mind.

In the temple, devotees escape the demonic world, the materialistic life, the world of *karma*; they learn to worship Krishna through service to a spiritual teacher or *guru*. For Krishna devotees, a savior is not necessary, but everyone needs a *guru*.

Krishna devotees accept the Hindu idea of reincarnation, which is the belief that the soul must be reborn many times to achieve liberation from the physical world.

Hare Krishna teaches that a person is not a sinner; the soul is trapped in the physical body by its actions or *karma* from previous lifetimes. Through the proper worship of Krishna, *karma* is destroyed and the soul is liberated.

The supreme form of worship is chanting the *mantra*: "Hare Krishna . . . Hare Hare. . . Hare Rama. . ." Using prayer beads, this ritual is repeated at least 1,728 times a day.

While a Krishna follower happily talks about his faith, he avoids discussions about Christianity. Jesus is considered a great spiritual leader, but not Savior. Hare Krishna teaches that a person can save his own soul.

Evil of the physical world justifies Hare Krishna's neglect of social issues. Each person should be concerned only with his or her own liberation. Suffering is an illusion.

Many Krishna devotees were once members of Christian churches. For some, Hare Krishna offered a sense of the transcendental and experiential which they had found missing; the intense participation rituals moved them from stilted "observer" status. Others were attracted by Krishna's discipline and demanding lifestyle, or because of its rejection of materialistic emphasis.

Hare Krishna will continue to attract young people unless we prepare them to meet its challenge. Lines of communication should be kept open so problems can be freely discussed. Christianity should be a personal experience expressed in every facet of life. We must teach youth not only beliefs and practices of non-Christian religions, but also—most important—doctrines of the Christian faith. □

Leazer is associate director, Interfaith Witness Department, HMB.



The woman sat nervously awaiting the verdict. The door opened and her doctor, wearing surgical gloves, gown and mask, walked in. Diagnosis: Hansen's disease. When she told her husband, he left town. She never saw him again.

A short period of treatment and medication arrested her illness. But she returned home to face the final shock: someone had confiscated and burned her possessions.

Public fear and ignorance of Hansen's disease—formerly called leprosy, among humankind's oldest diseases—often tears victims from family, friends and lifestyles. Its stigma nurtures hopelessness. Yet Hansen's disease isn't hopeless, nor is it nearly as dreadful as the biblical scourge implies.

Today nearly one-half of the 3,400 Hansen's disease (HD) victims in the United States are treated in Carville, La., at the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital.

About 230 patients—mostly older people who have lived there most of their lives—are housed, fed and treated at Carville, a massive compound on swampy ground beside the Mississippi River. Sounds of foghorns and boats sluggishly wending their way along the river cut through otherwise silent nights. Morning sun penetrates fog and bounces blindingly from 100 white buildings that house research, hospital and rehabilitation programs—and a chapel.

Union Protestant Chapel, a stucco structure built by the American Leprosy Society, has welcomed worshippers—both patients and staff—since 1928.

Today, wheelchair patients—aided by friends, some with physical handicaps themselves—drift in. A nine-member choir finds its place on the chancel. Some hold music with deformed, claw-shaped hands. Others, whose disease was treated early, show no deformity.

Twenty people have gathered to hear the message of Raymond McPherson, the Southern Baptist chaplain of Carville. Like the scientists, doctors, patients and nurses of Carville hospital, McPherson's message is ministry: alleviating the mental pain, relieving the emotional suffering, healing the internal aches that eat away at the victims of HD. For few diseases have ever carried such overwhelming myth and superstition, such agonizing mystery and fear.

Ask Julia Elwood, who 25 years ago first became a patient.

Elwood was a popular south Texas 15-year-old when it changed her life. Because bumps and bruises are natural to an active teenager, a raised discolored spot on her knee first caused no alarm. As time passed she noticed something odd about this bruise: it had no feeling. Her mother took her to a doctor.

"The long ride home from the dermatologist was torturous," she recalls. "I had leprosy."

She had to leave school, friends, family. But in many ways Elwood was lucky. Early diagnosis and treatment arrested the disease. She daily takes two pills to prevent recurrence. Yet upon her arrival, she was horrified to see the patients with extreme disfigurement.

"I said, 'Lord, I'm gonna die here.'"

But unlike many, Elwood was not forgotten. She learned to enjoy daily activities. She continued her education, later married another patient. Her first child was born at Carville, then taken away by authorities who feared the baby might contract Elwood's disease. Not until a year later, when Elwood was discharged, was the child returned. She obtained a teaching degree and ultimately returned to Carville to teach. She is the only former patient to become a staff member.

Elwood, through understanding, accepted her disease; many others cannot. One of her children's friends was not allowed to attend a birthday party at Elwood's home; the father didn't want him with the child of a Carville patient.

"Public fear, based on antiquated concepts, adds to HD victims' suffering," says McPherson.

One patient refused to shake hands with McPherson. When pressed for a reason, the man told of a visit home after diagnosis. His dearest friend reluctantly shook hands, then wiped his hand with a handkerchief.

"I swore I would never experience that again."

Compassionately McPherson places his hand on the man's shoulder. "I'll be happy to shake your hand anytime."

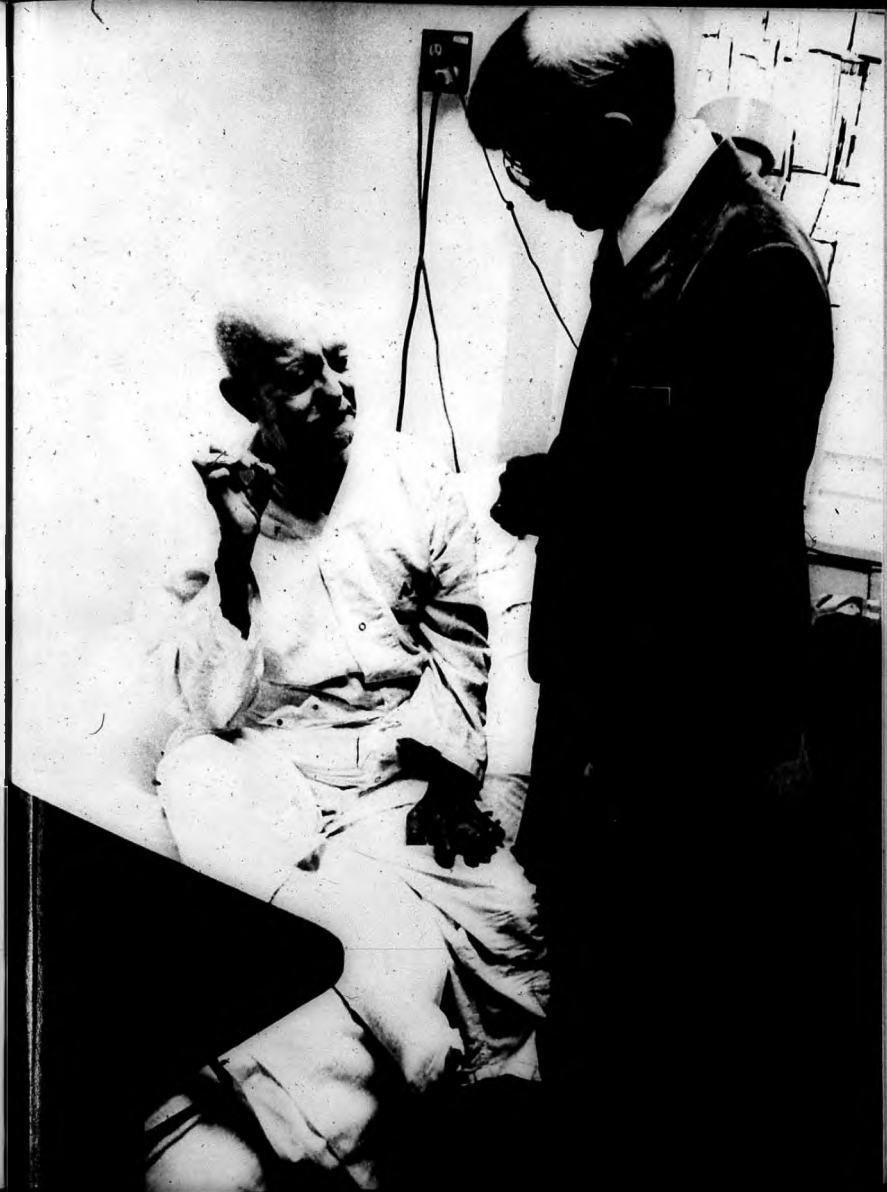
"One of the kindest and most affirming things you can do for these people is touch them," says McPherson.

Like many infectious diseases, HD is caused by a bacterium or germ, first identified in 1847 by Norwegian physician

Written by Jan Trusty • Photographed by Martha Simmons

Untouchable No More

Doctors can arrest Hansen's disease—the dreaded leprosy.
But more difficult to treat are the fears surrounding the age-old illness.
That's where Chaplain Ray McPherson comes in.





Gerhard Armauer Hansen. The disease may be ancient, but many modern scholars question whether the affliction translated "leprosy" in the Bible is the same one known today as Hansen's disease. Whatever its history, research has shown it is neither as highly contagious, nor as incurable, as once believed. With treatment, danger of spreading the disease is negligible; and early diagnoses can result in the disease's arrest before serious deformities occur.

Carville hospital was born 87 years ago, when under cover of darkness, seven HD victims were secretly transported from New Orleans 75 miles up the silent waters of the Mississippi to the crumbling ruins of a sugar plantation. They suffered alone for two years, until an order of nuns came to nurse them and renovate the old buildings.

Over the years, Carville has changed dramatically. Beautifully restored and expanded, it is the only institution in

the continental United States devoted exclusively to treatment and research of HD.

In addition, Carville is a self-contained community. "Remnants of the past," says McPherson, "when this was the only world in which HD patients were allowed."

The 337-acre compound provides private rooms for patients, as well as single-bedroom cottages for married couples. The large antebellum buildings are connected by miles of covered walkways. Jobs are available in the post office, bank, theater/ballroom, library, at *The Star*—a bimonthly magazine published by patients—and in the canteen where community members gather for coffee.

Each year the small community admits, treats and discharges about 135 patients. But until the 1960s, when a person entered Carville, he or she didn't leave voluntarily. Armed guards patrolled the compound; absconders were hunted like criminals, brought back in handcuffs.

Hospital director John Trautman recalls his introduction to the "manhunt." Late one night he was roused by the phone: "A patient has escaped; we have to go after him."

"Why?" questioned Trautman.

"We have to," Relenting, Trautman went with guards, all the while wondering, why are we doing this?

"We never did find that guy," he muses. "It was the last time we conducted a manhunt."

Says patient Bill Burton, "When Trautman took office, things began to loosen up more. But first, we had to convince the community that we weren't really dangerous to society." Some local shopkeepers did not want patients in their establishments. "You could put your money on the counter and they wouldn't take it," Burton says.

Overcoming this ostracism has been a slow process. Even with educational campaigns and increased contact, many have been reluctant to accept HD patients.

The mystery and superstition enshrouding the Carville hospital, with its long passageways and antebellum architecture, is being peeled away as scientists learn more about Hansen's disease.

Combating superstitions about HD

The term 'leper' contains all the unwarranted horror that has surrounded victims of Hansen's disease since ancient times," says John Trautman, Carville hospital director. Until the outside world conquers its fears, "HD patients will suffer the dangers of social ostracism."

Worldwide there are about 20 million cases of Hansen's disease. Less than 20 percent receive treatment.

"HD victims as a group," says Trautman, "have been treated worse than any other."

Scientists at Carville are among many worldwide seeking to prevent and cure HD. A major breakthrough came in 1971, when Carville researchers successfully cultured the HD organism, the first step in effecting a vaccine.

The disease affects peripheral nerves and may eventually cause hands and feet to lose their feeling. Without pain's warning, injuries go undetected in a tragic sequence of infection, complication and finally severe crippling or destruction of fingers, toes, hands, feet. Contrary to superstition, HD does not eat away tissues; fingers and toes do not drop off. Without pain, they simply wear away from abuse.

Fortunately, most people seem to have a natural resistance to HD bacteria. Even patients with severe forms of the illness become uninfected after a few months of treatment.

Sulfone drugs—economical medication—arrest and control HD. Doctors describe HD as "inactive," rather than cured, since dormant bacteria may remain undetected for long periods after treatment. However, with early diagnosis and effective treatment, most cases can be deactivated as long as medication continues.



Chaplain McPherson serves communion to patients attending Carville chapel.

"It's one thing to cure a person's physical ills. But we must minister to the whole person."

This attitude by the uninformed causes many to try to hide their disease. Some outpatients even lead double lives. McPherson counsels one who, terrified that friends will discover his secret, refuses to give his real name or home address. Another patient—a mother with six children—was forbidden by her husband to tell the children of her disease.

Burton, however, experienced relief when he discovered he had Hansen's disease. Since childhood he had suffered, but doctors didn't recognize his symptoms. By the time a doctor who had spent time at Carville diagnosed Burton's disease, he had lost several fingers and a foot. He was 32 years old.

Burton entered Carville in 1952. Surgeons reconstructed his hands. He stayed five years, then returned home to work in construction. But deterioration of his hands, and other physical problems continued. "I was killing myself working," he says.

He returned to Carville. "I guess you could say this is my retirement home," he teases.

Yet many long-term patients cannot adjust to life at Carville. One elderly woman, her sight gone and her thin hands drawn into claws, sits alone by the hour, a small radio her only companion. McPherson, though often disturbed by her bitterness, visits frequently.

"Good morning, how are you today?" he asks cheerfully.

"Good morning," comes the high-pitched voice.

"No one brought you to chapel Sunday?"

"No one came," the old woman complains. "We just don't have the help we used to." A resident of Carville since her early teens, she enumerates for McPherson her latest grievances. He listens. When she tires, he reminds her he cares about her, "and so do all those at the chapel." He assures her someone will escort her next Sunday.

"Patients need a daily, visible, caring Christian concern," says McPherson. "It's one thing to cure physical ills; we must minister to the whole person."

For McPherson, that means befriending newly committed patients. He knows they are struggling with loss of self-esteem, and he tries to be available when their questions erupt: "Why me? What have I done to deserve this?"

McPherson has studied HD, understands its causes and remedies. He explains modern-day knowledge of HD—it's something that can happen to anyone, no matter how good or how bad they are—with the added reassurance that

"you are not being punished by God."

Such counsel is helpful, for many Christian patients come to Carville experiencing doubt and guilt.

Others come without any faith. For the ones without a religious background, McPherson says, there are often numerous psychological problems. "They're facing serious individual stresses; without Christ to lean on, their agony is even more acute than that of our Christian patients."

Lefanoga, a young American Samoan, entered Carville for foot surgery. An alcoholic who often became violent when intoxicated, he several times ripped apart his living quarters. He was constantly in trouble with the administration and other patients.

McPherson talked to Lefanoga; as the two became friends, McPherson invited him to chapel services. The first few invitations Lefanoga declined, but eventually he began to attend. He finally accepted Christ and asked McPherson to baptize him.

Few requests please McPherson more. But in Lefanoga's case, it presented an unexpected dilemma. Former chaplains had used a local river for baptisms, but Lefanoga's leg was in a cast. Immersion was impossible. "I had to come to grips with whether I could in good conscience use a method other than immersion," explains McPherson.

McPherson baptized Lefanoga at the courtyard fountain. Patients and staff—Catholics and Protestants—encircled the garden to watch as McPherson dipped water from the fountain and poured it over the new convert's head.

"A little unorthodox," McPherson shrugs, "but it meant a lot to Lefanoga. His life had changed and to him baptism was a reinforcement." Lefanoga remained active in the chapel until discharged. He returned home where on medication he lives an active life; he remains deeply involved in a hometown church, McPherson reports.

Says Charles Patout, deputy chief of rehabilitation and McPherson's supervisor, "Ray has a real interest in patients. When someone is having a hard time, it's good for them to have spiritual guidance."

But McPherson hasn't always been so understanding of HD. When first told of Carville by friend Oscar Harris, previous chaplain, he was shocked to discover the ancient disease is still in existence. Admits McPherson, laughing, "I never dreamed one day I would follow in his steps."

"When I first came, I had a narrow definition of beauty. I was concerned with appearances."



"Sometimes I ask, 'Why me?'" says patient Henry Nalaiehua. "But then I realize, 'Why not me? Life is a mystery.'"

When Harris retired, McPherson, an active-duty Navy chaplain, was invited to become Carville's new chaplain. It was a difficult decision. Living facilities would be on the hospital grounds, and the McPhersons—unaware HD is not highly contagious—were concerned for their three children. "We prayed about it," he says, "and decided if the Lord wanted us here, he would offer protection. Of course, after we learned the facts, we had no fear."

Over the years since, McPherson has done all he can to erase "the stigma and fear that haunts this disease." But he has had less success in changing those "who exploit the disease to serve themselves."

One that still leaves McPherson unbelieving was a radio minister who visited Carville, one of the many tourists who pass through the facility each year as part of its educational endeavors. With each visitor, staff and personnel answer questions and try to correct misconceptions about Hansen's disease. "But this guy, unfortunately, failed to hear."

Within a week he sent McPherson a \$150 donation toward newly-automated chapel doors. But newspaper articles by the minister reported distorted facts, overdramatized

descriptions of patients' deformities. The man also requested a box of tiny shells from Carville's parking area, to be given as incentives to encourage his radio audience to contribute to his "ministry." McPherson returned the \$150, explaining the publicity was resented and harmful to patients.

Such exploitation also keeps alive misinterpretations of biblical leprosy, he believes.

He points to Leviticus where leprosy is described as "stricken of God." One mistake made today, he says, is "interpreting the Bible as a medical textbook. Methods of disease prevention in the Old Testament are not necessarily to be used today." Thus while researchers seek ways to defeat HD, McPherson looks to the gospel to cure emotional and spiritual wounds.

"When I first came here," McPherson says, "my feelings were of overwhelming sympathy and care. I was concerned with physical appearance; I felt a strong empathy for their handicaps. I had a narrow definition of beauty."

Now, he says, "I have come to know the inner persons. I can honestly say about the patients, 'Look at the beautiful people.' These are victorious people—they are heroes." □

Does the SBC have too many pastors?
Or too many pastors in the wrong places?

THE PACKED PULPIT

Written by Wilma Trammell

A dozen years ago he arrived at New Orleans Baptist Theological Seminary. A student wanting a pastorate, he set out to find a pastorless church. Across Lake Pontchartrain he found one. "You don't have a pastor," he told them, "and I don't have a church, so I'll be your pastor, if you want me."

They did. And he was.

That was in the late 1960s, when Southern Baptists were still growing churches faster than they were educating pastors. Things have changed since then.

Today's seminary student discovers—often to his amazement and despair—that finding a pastorate is a difficult, painful and time-consuming process, for evidence suggests there are more pastors than churches.

Figures released in June 1981 by the Home Mission Board Church Extension Division reveal a growing pastor shortage in the Southern Baptist Convention. Says Jack Redford, division director: "Of the 12,000 students in Southern Baptist seminaries, colleges and Bible institutes, 2,500 to 3,000 graduate annually. But only about 1,000 pulpit vacancies occur, from death or disability or retirement. That gives a surplus of 1,500 pastors; many are frustrated because they've trained and have no place to go."

In a survey of associations in metropolitan Atlanta, directors of missions reported less than five percent of their churches without pastors; normal turnovers accounted for that; only the smallest churches went pastorless long.

Texas Baptists report 4,000 churches and 12,000 licensed ministers.

In 1979-1980, the SBC added 201 churches. SBC seminaries, however, gained 275 pastoral-candidates stu-

dents. Others skipped seminary to enter the ministry directly.

Says Glen Edwards of the Louisiana Baptist Convention: "From the standpoint of sheer volume, requests from men seeking posts of service outnumber inquiries from search committees something like five to one. When one of our churches becomes pastorless, recommendations virtually inundate the search committee."

"It is not uncommon for a church of reasonable size and strength to receive in excess of 50 resumes from various sources when a pulpit is vacated."

The number of churches that could support a pastor full time is not "large enough to contain the pastors available," admits George Capps of the SBC Education Commission.

Confessions of a seminary wife, I:

We knew it would not be easy. But we never imagined it could be this hard, this devastating, this depressing.

Clark has been in seminary almost three years. He still doesn't have a church to pastor. Everyone tells us, "Don't worry, he'll have one at graduation." I keep thinking, "That sounds good in another year, but why won't anyone help us now?"

Perhaps hardest for Clark has been the indignity of competing with local high school and college students for low-paying, part-time jobs that fit his class schedule. To have a college degree and not be able to use it to support us, and then hear Southern Baptist laypersons and professors label him "too young and inexperienced" to qualify for staff positions in surrounding churches, is a harsh blow.

The result is a deep wound in the pride of a Christian husband who is



Illustrated by Randy Spear

forced to rely on his wife's salary. But we're lucky. I have a college degree and a good job. Our neighbors in seminary housing, John and Phyllis, may be more typical.

To support the family, Phyllis worked, each day dropping the kids at school and day care; John came home from seminary to meet them. He studied—as much as possible—until Phyllis arrived, then left for a night-shift job as security guard.

Phyllis and John saw each other about 10 minutes a day, spent little time with their children—and still barely paid bills. Compounding their problems was pressure to be "active in the local church." The seminaries imply this makes one qualified for church service upon graduation.

Somewhere between church/work and the needs of her family, Phyllis had an emotional breakdown. Such crises seem to happen all too frequently.

"For seminary graduates, the situation is discouraging," says Neil Wilson of the Maryland convention. "Students need to know the problems in finding jobs." He points to one search for a pastor. "The church has 105 members and has on file 60 resumes of prospective pastors. Another church has worked through 37 resumes."

Too Many Pastors? The Clergy Job Market, a book based on Hartford Seminary Foundation research on clergy employment, is a study of 12 denominations, including the Southern Baptist Convention. Authors Jackson W. Carroll and Robert L. Wilson point out: "In one sense an oversupply of clergy is a contradiction in terms. If a minister is defined as someone who is dedicated to and prepared for service

in the name of Christ, there can never be too many. However, some denominations find themselves in the position of having more ordained persons than there are congregations that can afford to employ them."

While most Southern Baptists acknowledge the validity of the Carroll/Wilson report, many want to qualify the overage. "There are not too many preachers," says Shalynne Poole of Southwestern seminary's placement office. "There are opportunities" as bivocational pastors, but the difficulties are in marketable skills and there are problems in relocation.

"For individuals open to any area, there are limitless opportunities."

"Do you think God is calling too many preachers?"

Larry Rose, executive director for the Center for Urban Church Studies, agrees Bible Belt states near saturation, yet adds, "Baptists need new churches in pioneer mission areas; therefore, new pastors. We have too many pastors in the wrong places."

"If God has called me, is there a place to go?" is a question often heard by Harold Crane, missions director who also serves as church-minister relations director (CMRD) for Penn-South Jersey Baptist Convention. Pennsylvania needs 18 pastors for existing churches; it lists 95 places where new churches could be started were money available.

"Yes," concludes Crane, "there is a place to go if the minister is willing to be flexible and open to needs. By 1983, we hope to have 283 churches; that's 127 more than we have now. The pastors have to come from somewhere."

Bill Peters, missions director for the vast Northwest Baptist Convention, adds, "We could use more bivoca-

tionals. For so long churches have had the philosophy pastors should be full time. This is changing."

Confessions of a seminary wife, II: One area of emphasis these days is new missions frontiers. Somehow, the seminary suggests the student is at fault if he doesn't find a church. To make amends for this situation, I guess, students are encouraged to become bivocational and start churches in remote parts of the country.

This sounds great. But theory and practice are two different things.

Why must it be these young, "inexperienced" and not yet-established men who must start new churches? Why don't those with experience and sound financial footing take this area, and leave the emerging pastor a steady, secure congregation in which to begin?

Surely a new pastor needs to gain assurance. Isn't he more likely to find it supported by an established church? Why do we criticize our young ministers as being apathetic and uncommitted if they want an atmosphere of familiarity and stability?

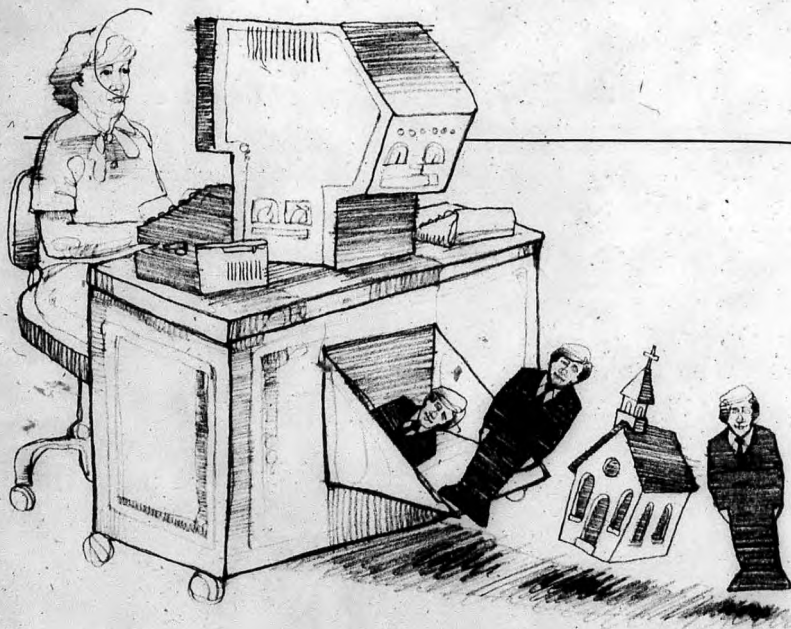
In our three years of applying, time after time, for church jobs, Clark has been scarred by rejection. Most often he—like other seminary students—is never told why he wasn't hired. Usually we just never hear again.

Too many of these experiences can be devastating. Questions of one's worth and worries about one's inadequacies arise: Did they not like my preaching? Did I come on too strong? What's the matter with me? Is this what I'm supposed to do with my life?

Such questions have plagued my husband for years, haunting him with fears and uncertainties about our future.

"There are limitless opportunities for individuals open to any area. Do you think God is calling too many pastors?"





Even those willing to go the bivocational route don't automatically have an easy course. Fred Thurmond, a '79 graduate of New Orleans seminary, has been approved by the HMB for church pastoral assistance, but has heard nothing from pioneer-area churches or directors of missions. "I'll go anywhere in the world in any area of church-related work except music," he says. "I can't sing a note."

Adds Thurmond, "Baptists have a lot invested in me, and I'm not using the education to the fullest. It is really a miracle how Baptists get pastors."

Thurmond's job-search points to the very real problem of getting available

pastors' names to pastorless churches. For most Southern Baptists, the common method of finding a pastorate, relates Charles Dorman of Southeastern seminary, is through the informal network of friends or the formal network of seminary/college placement offices or associational missionaries.

Though this may seem a simple process—at least on the surface—many find it confusing and complex. In an autonomous-church denomination, the realization that "it's who you know, not by Whom you are called, that makes the difference," can be disillusioning, at best, for idealistic young seminarians.

Says a North Carolina Baptist, "The SBC gives ministers good training, but it has a problem with locating pastors."

To remedy the situation, 17 of the 33 Baptist state conventions have created the position of church-minister relations director (CMRD). These men "assist congregations in their search for clergy, and assist and support clergy who are in trouble or are seeking calls."

With Baptists' strong emphasis on "the call," some questioned the theological propriety of placement/referral offices. Yet SBC pastors have used CMRDs heavily. In Virginia, for example, CMRD James C. Massey reports 95 of his 1,400 SBC churches

without pastors; yet he has 3,000 pastor resumes in his files and in 1980 sent out 3,247 biographical sketches.

Massey follows a procedure similar to all CMRDs. When a church contacts him, he sends a packet of materials and offers to meet with the pulpit committee to instruct them on the "calling process." And he gives them at least three names of potential pastors.

According to Massey, ministers who have the greatest difficulty finding pastorates are unmarried, divorced (single or remarried), over 50 or under 30. "Many seminary graduates are as young as 24, and a 70-year-old deacon may not feel he can accept counsel from one so young."

Virginia churches, like those in other established SBC states, are demanding in choosing a pastor, says Massey. A large number require a seminary degree. "Churches are more selective because of the number available. On the other hand, ministers are also selective in such matters as salaries. There is too much variance in salaries."

Says Robert Bruhn, North Carolina Baptist's CMRD, "If everybody wants to go to First Church, there will not be enough pastorates. We need to re-accelerate the 'call to pioneer missions.' It is frustrating for a fully-equipped person to be six months without a job."

Confessions of a seminary wife, III: Clark first tried the seminary placement office. He filled out the forms, gave his resume and was interviewed. That was it. We've never received one contact through the placement office.

Next we tried association offices. Near the seminary, we felt very unwelcome. But I guess that's to be expected. We filled out forms, were wished well,

told their major responsibility was to local churches, then dismissed.

Undaunted, Clark tried other associations. The following week he drove 60 miles to interview. The director of missions was friendly; he knew Clark's father, a pastor. He promised to put Clark's name at the top of his list and recommend him. But when the director filed Clark's resume, all hope was dashed. Clark's was jammed in a two-foot metal drawer filled to the brim with hundreds of other similar files—all beginning with the same last letter.

We knew little help could be expected at this source. We were right; we've never heard from him.

We began to learn the system. The hierarchy—yes, Baptists have one—is political in every sense of the word. The more contacts you have, the better your chances. Unfortunately, we didn't have many. But for months we futilely contacted everyone we knew.

We searched and continue to search the state Baptist papers for mention of pastors resigning their churches.

This massive effort has brought Clark three preaching opportunities and tremendous heartbreak and disappointment. Why?

Not because we weren't called, though that's part of it. Rather because, of more than 60 letters and resumes we sent out, only two search committees even responded. And both of those were memos letting us know they'd received our application.

We lived for the mail, awaiting any type of response. Yet only two even found time to tell us anything. . . NO.

Though possible cause of controversy among Southern Baptists, computers may help solve the locating problem.

"We began to learn the system—the hierarchy. Yes, Baptists have one. And the more contacts you have, the better your chances of a job."

C.D. Butler, CMRD for Missouri Baptists, explains, "We were the first state to use a computer to match a minister's biographical with the needs of a church. The computer does not eliminate guidance of the Holy Spirit or the value of human judgment. It frees me for more personal counseling."

One church told Butler it doesn't need a computer's help, and one man warned, "Don't lose my name in that thing." But most have reacted favorably.

Southern seminary's Rodger Murchison says Southern keeps computer records of graduates' addresses, locations and kinds of jobs preferred. "The pulpit committee could narrow down a selection by age or interest. We can survey or screen more people with a computer than manually, but," he cautions, "you must input the right stuff to get the right information out."

One of the biggest needs, he adds, is developing a system for discovering positions that are open.

Recognizing the tight job market, Murchison urges graduates to send out many resumes. He encourages students to be "pushy—let them know you are there."

Paul Silvus, an Ohio native, heeded such advice. Having pastored in Texas, he and his wife Zell decided, following a vacation back home, to return to Ohio and seek a pastorate. With the support of his congregation in Texas, the Silvuses moved to Ohio.

"When we arrived in Athens, we began to have doubts. None of the churches needed a pastor. I served as interim in Gallipolis and finally at First Baptist Church in Athens.

"After some months, I asked the pulpit committee when they were going to look for a pastor. They looked me in

"We don't want the denomination placing pastors; but something has to be done for today's seminary graduates."

the eyes and said, "Brother Paul, we think we've found our pastor."

Walter Johnsey, January 1981 graduate of New Orleans seminary, hasn't been as fortunate as Silvas. Johnsey went back to college after ten years, earned a B.S. degree in education, continued through seminary, then returned home to Birmingham. Unable to find a pastorate, "for the time being, I'm a 'house husband.' My wife works as a registered nurse, and we found day care for the children costs too much."

Johnsey keeps ready by preparing two sermons a week "whether I preach or not." He supply preaches most Sundays. "At last count there were 28 churches in Birmingham without pastors; the problem is they want someone in his twenties with 30 years experience. Churches don't want to take a chance on one without experience."

Johnsey expresses a willingness to do bivocational work. And he has been pleased with seminary efforts to find him a job. "They gave me a confidence I didn't have," he says. "But, of course, seminaries cannot assign pastors to churches."

"Sometimes it's almost like God has forgotten about us," Johnsey muses. "But we'll wait on him; we can't run ahead of the Lord. We're not bitter—God knows all and is in control . . ."

Confessions of a seminary wife, IV: Not getting responses to our inquiries hurt. But even worse has been the way a few congregations treated us when Clark did supply for them.

One was 200 miles away and we left home at 6 a.m. Clark preached both morning and evening services. Afterwards, he was summoned to talk to the deacons, presumably about his qualifi-

cations and their interest in him. After a long interview, he was invited to preach again.

We had little doubt he was seriously being considered as their pastor.

We had a tense and nervous week. Excitedly we made the drive again on Sunday. Again he preached twice, again questions followed. We left late that night, their promise to contact us ringing in our ears; we felt so confident that we had found our place.

We have not heard one word from them, either by letter or by phone. To this day, a year later, we have never received so much as a thank you.

Whether there are too many pastors for the churches seems to depend on the geographical area of the country and perspective of those doing the considering. Dorman of Southeastern seminary explores the issue: "God calls people he needs. How can you say we have too many people? The problem is more likely, how does God intend to use large forces of workers? How do people need to be prepared? The question concerns training. What can seminaries do to train workers for the churches?"

Wilson and Carroll call this overage in one sense a cause for rejoicing. "Despite the already crowded job market for clergy, the increase in candidates may be God's way of calling the church to a new awakening. In fact, some make the interesting suggestion that previous evangelical awakenings were preceded by an increased number of clergy. . . ."

Confessions of a seminary wife, V: You promise not to use our names? After all, Clark is still trying to find a church . . . OK, here's what we think:

My husband and I support churches right to pick their own staff. We don't want the denomination placing pastors.

Yet something must be done for today's seminary graduates.

A decade ago, seminaries worried about pastor shortages and students were reinforced in their calling; never did they feel they overcrowded the system or that their choice of a location to serve indicated apathy or indifference to missions.

Today the pendulum has swung. As seminaries reach new enrolments each year, we wonder why so many ministers, so limited opportunities? Our leaders say there isn't a surplus, yet where are we to go when Clark graduates next year?

Will we end up like others, getting a secular job and losing sight of our calling? Will we shift to related fields, such as social work or counseling?

And how much longer will we suffer from lack of support?

We are told opportunities are there. Baptist Press reports 4,000 vacancies last year. But where are those vacancies when we inquire?

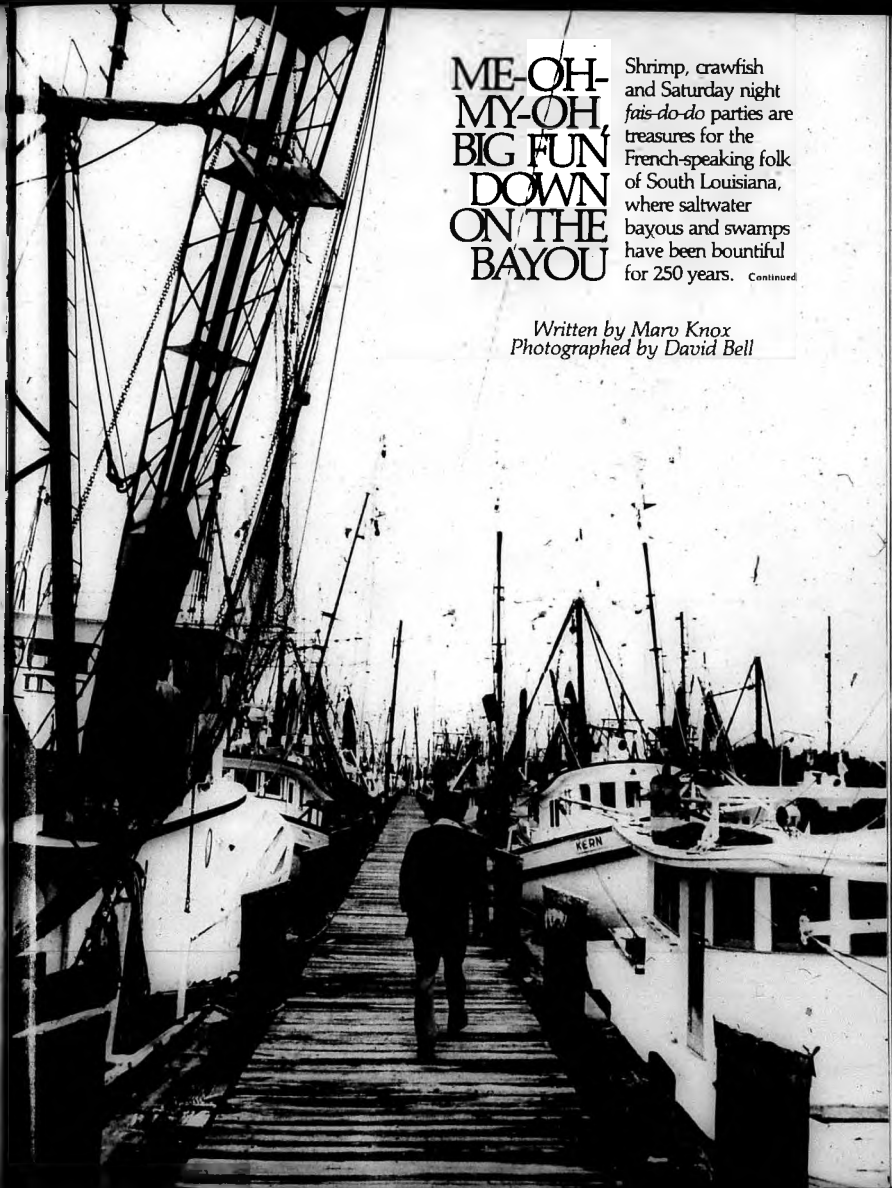
The SBC has a massive communications network. Why can't it develop an effective system to help young ministers find places of service? Why can't it develop a training program so they will have "experience"? Why can't it offer them places of security in which to establish themselves? Daily Clark and I pray for God's guidance; we want to be in his will. We feel the Lord has given us a mission and a message. Will we forever be "too young" or "too many" to carry it out? □

Trammell, a graduate student at Ohio University, served this past summer as an intern with Editorial Services.

ME-OH-MY-OH, BIG FUN DOWN ON THE BAYOU

Shrimp, crawfish and Saturday night fais-do-do parties are treasures for the French-speaking folk of South Louisiana, where saltwater bayous and swamps have been bountiful for 250 years. *Continued*

Written by Marv Knox
Photographed by David Bell



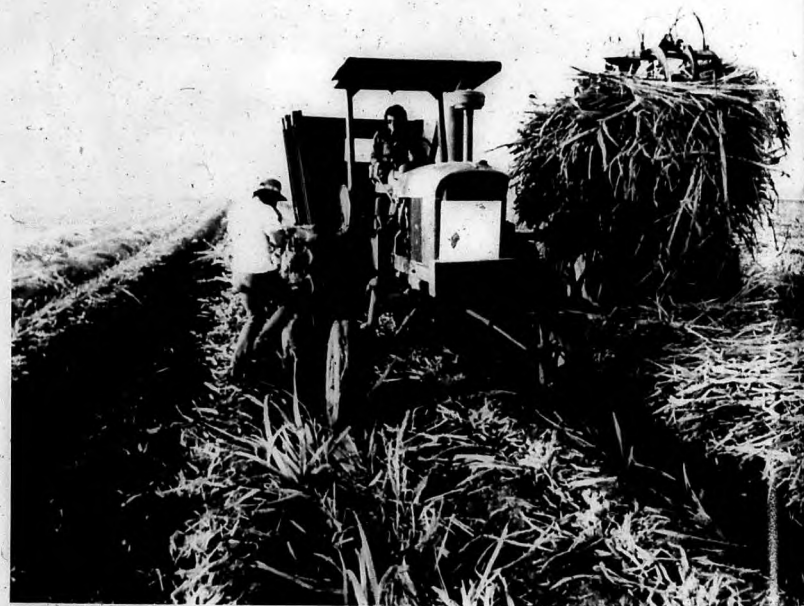


They're Creoles—descendants of French aristocrats who fled their homeland amid political turmoil in the early 1700s; Cajuns—whose ancestors were pushed from Nova Scotia by Britons in the 1750s;

blacks—whose forebears slaved for Creoles; Indians—remnants of the first settlers. Diverse origins, similar manners; generations of intermarriage and shared experiences have melded them as



one. Well, almost. Blacks and Indians obviously *look* different; New Orleans Creole doesn't *sound* like Lake Charles Cajun. Yet there's widespread fondness for Tabasco sauce; shrimpers toil as

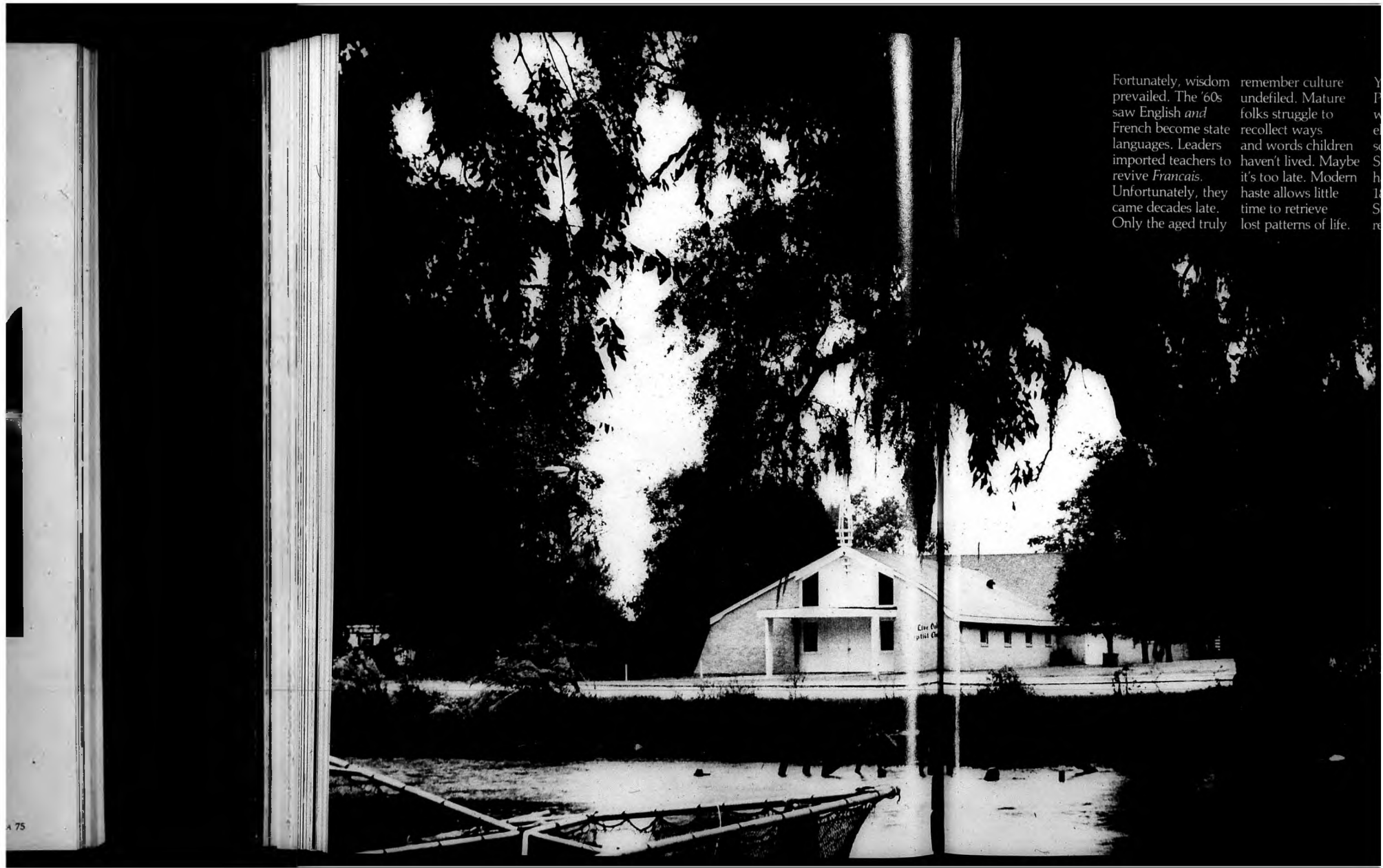


hard for their catch
as sugar cane farmers
labor for the harvest.
When work's done,
one and all love to
laissez les bons
temps rouler—let
the good times roll!
But it isn't a static
domain. Big Oil

introduced change
early this century
when an internal
combustion society
thirsted for gas.
In came "foreign"
technicians—Texans,
Okies, others. They
spoke English and
expected their new

neighbors to do
the same. Talk
about a culture
shocked! Lawmakers
ousted French from
schools; "Cajun"
became diminutive
slang. Old became
"ignorant;" new was
"in." Culture bled.

Continued

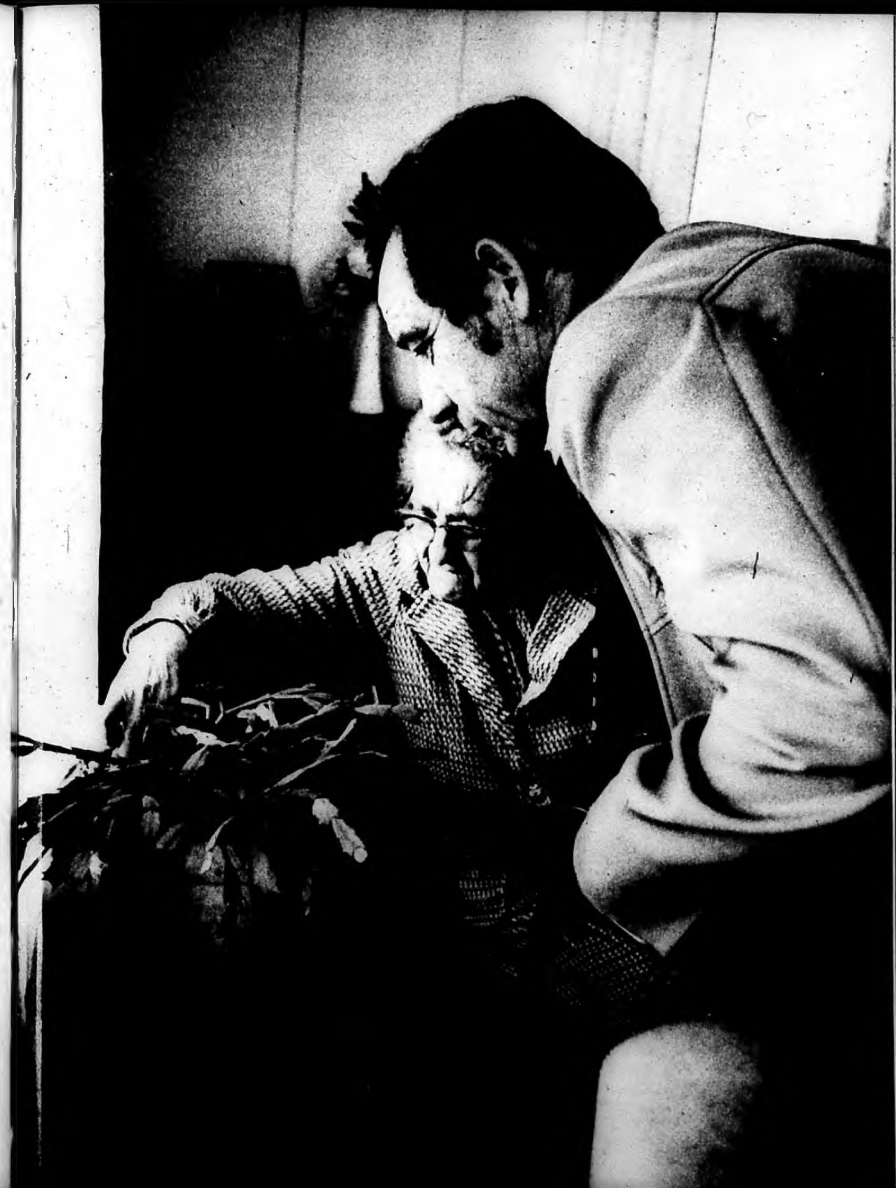


Fortunately, wisdom
prevailed. The '60s
saw English *and*
French become state
languages. Leaders
imported teachers to
revive *Francais*.
Unfortunately, they
came decades late.
Only the aged truly
remember culture
undefiled. Mature
folks struggle to
recollect ways
and words children
haven't lived. Maybe
it's too late. Modern
haste allows little
time to retrieve
lost patterns of life.



home mission field. Since 1945, when Louisiana Baptists started broadcasting *L'Heure Baptiste en Français*—The French Baptist Hour. And especially today, as Elie Woerner, a native Frenchman, maintains the weekly program on 20 radio stations. Woerner preaches in classic French, understood by Creole, Cajun, Indian, black. More than 200,000 of 864,000 French-speakers in the area tune in. He preaches "the gospel—the same for all denominations" to an audience that's only marginally Baptist, 90 percent Catholic, but almost unanimous in praise of his words and message.

Continued



Cajun people have been open to hearing the gospel presented in French. Many listen to sermons and music on radio, when, for cultural reasons, they would never come to a Baptist church.

Many Louisiana Cajuns love The French Baptist Hour. Their affirmation pours in: from elderly who speak no English and hear Woerner in "the language of their hearts;" from educators who urge pupils to listen and heed precise diction; from politicians who are intent on rebuilding French culture in their state; from clergymen who are ecstatic over having the Bible preached in a language their parishioners can understand.

For The French Baptist Hour clearly meets a need that makes its message transcend parochial interests: it is an outstanding symbol of Southern Baptists' concern for and commitment to the revival of French language and culture in Louisiana.

Preservation and revitalization of Cajun ways have become important to the people of south Louisiana. Several years ago, realizing the area's youth were growing up with little knowledge of the language or historical background of their culture, state legislators created the Council for the Development of French in Louisiana—CODOFIL—designed to encourage use of the French language and to promote cultural, economic and tourist activities related to French culture.

Since 1968, CODOFIL has imported French-speaking teachers from five nations into Louisiana schools, established groups to promote French in their communities, hosted French-speaking professional organizations, supported festivals and plays and sponsored French radio and TV shows.

The need for such emphasis is obvious to middle-aged folks and old-timers, claims Doris LeBlanc, a 45-year-old businessman and Southern Baptist layman.

"My age is a dying generation of French culture," explains LeBlanc, who remembers paternal grandparents speaking only French and classmates being punished for speaking the forbidden language in school. He's actively doing his part for rejuvenation by building his office and a store in traditional Cajun architecture and collecting a library about Louisiana culture.

Now more than 200 years old, Cajun culture evolved from French people

driven from Acadia—now Nova Scotia, Canada—by the British. "Cajun is a slurring of 'Acadian'."

"We've realized it was wrong to think French was inferior just because the rest of the country spoke English," he says. "The language and culture are important. South Louisiana is what it is today because of French people."

"I want my grandchildren and great grandchildren to know how my father and his father lived. But if we don't preserve this culture now, I'm afraid it's going to die."

The threat of linguistic and cultural death is a shame, adds Jean-Marie Jammes, a Catholic priest from France. He believes the "social melting pot" of the early part of this century was good for the French in Louisiana because it forced them to learn English and to become involved with the rest of the country. But he insists it was "tragic that progress in English was afforded at the expense of French."

Averting the death of French language and culture calls for the best efforts of concerned Louisianians, including ministers such as Woerner, says James Domengeaux, founding director of CODOFIL.

"We've got a battle to preserve our heritage and language," Domengeaux concedes. "But one of the great contributing factors has been the reverend's radio program."

Domengeaux and Jammes both note Woerner's listeners benefit from his pure, textbook-perfect French, undiluted by Cajun or Creole dialects.

Woerner's French is pure because he learned to speak it where it originated—France. Son of a Baptist minister, he grew up north of Paris and earned college and seminary degrees in Wales before doing postgraduate work at Wayland Baptist College in Plainview, Texas. While there, he was introduced to Southern Baptist life. He served two terms as a Home Mission Board summer missionary in Acadia—the triangle-shaped section of South Louisiana occupied primarily by French-speaking people. Through those experiences, Woerner believes "the Lord more or less confirmed the

he wanted me to come work in South Louisiana." Months later, in 1959, he returned to become a mission pastor in Mamou, La. He stayed for two years, until drafted into the French Army. In France, he also pastored two English-language churches, working primarily with American military personnel and their families.

But the people of Louisiana never left Woerner's mind. In 1967, with his military obligation long since fulfilled, he brought his American wife, Glenda, and young sons, David and Tim, to Louisiana. He simultaneously pastored three French missions until he joined the staff of the Louisiana Baptist Convention in 1973 and became director of the radio program.

Now he prepares a weekly 30-minute program that includes a sermon, hymns in French, prayer and invitation for prayer requests. He also provides free Bibles, tapes of programs and pastoral visits. He makes a master tape in his New Iberia studio/office and sends it to SBC Radio and Television Commission to be duplicated and distributed. The program has been financed by the Louisiana convention, with strong support of the state Woman's Missionary Union. Next year the Home Mission Board will provide 31 percent of the funding.

"I try to keep my words simple and direct so that everyone can understand the message," he explains. "I preach the Bible, the gospel, not doctrine. That's the same for everyone, and it doesn't create a gap between my Catholic listeners and me by putting them on the defensive about their beliefs."

His formula seems to work, for his listeners have continued to grow, even while the number of Louisianians who speak only French has declined. He's received countless requests for tapes and Bibles—even from Catholic priests and nuns. He's been invited to speak in Catholic churches as well as Baptist, and he's even been named to the CODOFIL board of directors.

But the most heartwarming responses have come from listeners: "Oh, how good it is to hear news in French," one man wrote. A "staunch Catholic" woman commented, "I do enjoy your

Sunday morning talks, not only for their content, but also for your beautiful French—a rare treat in Acadia." And another told him: "I'll pray for you to keep preaching the French word of God, because there are lots of French people who don't understand English."

One old French couple, a brother and sister, listened to the radio program for years before they found someone to write a letter for them asking Woerner to visit. When he did, they said they wanted to accept the Christ he talked about, but weren't sure how to do it. After he helped them understand, they asked God to enter their lives.

About a month later, Woerner was preaching in the area and decided to visit his new friends. He found them with five relatives, holding a Bible they couldn't understand, trying to explain how to become a Christian. Woerner took over, and within minutes all five relatives accepted Christ.

The apparent success of The French Baptist Hour, however, belies years of frustration and thwarted progress for Baptists in South Louisiana.

St. Martinville, one of the oldest towns in the state, originally was founded completely on land owned by the Catholic church. Thus it was impossible for another congregation to buy land in the village. Only when a local woman gave a corner of her lot to the Baptists did they get a chance to build a place of worship. And in Broussard, the woman who first allowed Baptists to erect a revival tent on her property was excommunicated from the Catholic church.

LeBlanc remembers his mother's reaction to his conversion: "When I came home and told her I had been saved, she said, 'Of all the things you could have done, this is the worst.' Then, when I came home from my baptism, she told me it would have been better for me if I had drowned."

Even less-devout French Catholics ascribed to beliefs similar to his mother's, LeBlanc says. "They've believed in a Cajun code of honor: born a Catholic, stay a Catholic, die a Catholic.

There's been a feeling that if you desert the church, you desert the culture."

"Southern Baptists never have been physically persecuted. Unfortunately, we've been ignored," says Kenneth Fournet, a Southern Baptist physician, noting a "180-degree turnaround" in attitudes in recent years.

Longtime observers report various reasons for the change:

Catholics have been allowed to read the Bible for themselves, making them more open; more young people from South Louisiana have attended college, raising the awareness and tolerance levels of the society; television has brought a broader spectrum of society into virtually every home; industry has imported Baptists into the region, providing converts with an instant resource group and making social implications of their conversions less severe.

Nevertheless, The French Baptist Hour deserves much credit for helping Southern Baptists reach unchurched people in South Louisiana, says Leon Hyatt Jr., director of cooperative missions for Louisiana Baptists.

"French people have been very open and willing to listen to the gospel on radio, even when they would never think of going to a Baptist church," Hyatt explains.

"It has given us a tremendous opening to their hearts and minds, and after we've made an impression on them, they have made contacts with Baptists in their towns and eventually become part of our churches."

Right now those churches in Acadia number 200, but Woerner sees the need for at least 50 more.

To help Southern Baptists get into those unentered communities, he's considering expanding The French Baptist Hour into television. He plans to produce two or three pilots programs, using funds supplied by the Louisiana Woman's Missionary Union, a strong, faithful supporter of his radio ministry.

"We need to involve those communities, so maybe we'll see how television helps," he muses.

"We might be able to reach even more people with the gospel than we ever have before." □

COMMENT

By Walker L. Knight

The call and the pulpit committee

The usual process by which most Southern Baptist churches locate, investigate and call their pastors is far from being an exact method of discovering and implementing God's will. In fact, many ministers—and the number is growing—report dissatisfaction with the work of most pulpit committees (see "The Packed Pulpits," page 65). The area of greatest complaint is of communication between committee and ministers throughout the process, especially at the points of getting an adequate hearing and follow through.

I recently served on a committee which received an unusual number of compliments from ministers contacted saying they appreciated the process. Since the procedure was different from that suggested in most denominational material, I will give a brief report here. If your church's experience sheds additional light on the subject, or if you have found some of the things we did not working for you, why not share your experience with us.

The first major undertaking of our committee was to lead the church to determine the characteristics that members felt a pastor needs to lead our congregation. This process included lengthy discussions by the committee, a series of small group discussions within the membership, and eventually an entire Wednesday prayer service devoted to the effort.

The consensus developed that we needed, at this time in the life of the fellowship, the following traits in the order listed: caring to heal a bruised community, leading to strengthen the organization, serving to fulfill our calling as a congregation on mission, proclaiming to announce the good news and lead us in worship, and equipping

to train a strong laity for their ministry.

The committee then asked members, friends, denominational leaders and others to recommend persons. A list of more than 35 names was compiled. We wrote each one telling how we had received his name, describing the church and asking if he would be open to being our pastor. Replies cut the list almost in half, even though we continued to add other names throughout our work.

The next step was to prepare a packet of materials to inform the ministers about our congregation—containing the church's annual letter, copies of the church newspaper (including the one with the characteristics the congregation desired in a minister), rules of procedure, church covenant and copies of recent sermons by church members speaking to the church's needs. In return, ministers were asked to send us helpful information about themselves.

In the next phase we telephoned more than 16 ministers, using a conference call to allow all committee members to interview each candidate. The exchange was taped. Calls were limited to 45 minutes, and followed a list of questions reflecting our concerns and interests in evangelism, missions, social concerns, denominational interests, how each saw his strengths and weaknesses.

Following the telephone interviews, we narrowed the list to five persons we wanted to hear preach and wanted to interview face-to-face. We called each one to make sure he would be preaching on a certain Sunday and have time for our interview. Of these, one minister impressed us all as being God's person for our church.

We arranged for him to visit our church to meet committee members

who had not made the trip and other church leaders, and to see the congregation gathered for Sunday School and worship. He met with the personnel committee to discuss benefits and other related matters. He agreed to come back and preach at a service, and this was followed by a vote by the congregation to call him.

As soon as we had made this decision, we wrote all on our first list thanking them for their help in the process of discovering God's will for our church and telling of our decision. A number replied thanking us for writing, saying few churches ever do this.

The experience of our search for a minister also revealed a weakness in our denominational structures: we have no "training program" for upcoming ministers. I feel strongly that our churches need to provide opportunities for seminarians to spend one year as interns before graduation. Seminaries have limited intern programs, but nothing is required; success of the effort rests with the churches.

Such a program would provide the student experience under a seasoned pastor, give him confidence and knowledge, furnish contacts helpful in securing permanent positions—and show the calling church his abilities in the role.

Many churches use students in summer months, but I urge a year-long effort. Students should see this as an extension of their education and training and be willing to serve with only expenses covered.

Possibly other steps need to be taken in the area of ministerial training and placement. The opportunities and problems affect us all, and we all must find appropriate ways to respond. □

Birthdays of Chaplains

(with home states and types of service)

OCTOBER: 1: Ronald S. Walker, Fla., inst. 2: Richard C. Fletcher Miss., Navy; W.L. Simmer, Va., inst. 3: John Thomas Brown, Tenn., V.A.; Stephen Y. Gantt, S.C. Army; Harry T. Jones, Ga., Navy; Roy J. Remont, La., inst.; Sidney Waterhouse, Ga., V.A.; James R. Wilson, S.C., A.F. 4: Billy D. Dunn, Texas, hosp.; Edmund W. Holmes Jr., Fla., V.A.; Thomas H. Pulliam, Ga., hosp.; Fred L. Senter, Texas, hosp.; Ernest W. Jolin Jr., Conn., Army; Gerald T. Richards, Mo., Navy; Glenn C. Womack, Ark., hosp.; Thomas H. Cole, Ky., hosp.; Glenn W. Nowell, Ga., A.F.; James H. Ritchey, Texas, inst.; James E. Davis, Va., hosp.; Donald W. Caudle, Texas, inst.; Austin D. Moon, La., Army; Frank J. Powers, Ga., inst.; Arthur F. Bell, Tenn., Army; Preston C. Brown Jr., S.C., A.F.; George O. Hand, Miss., ind.; Dean E. Newberry, Ark., ind.; Jimmy R. Wilson, Okla., hosp.; 11: James W. Corbett, Ala., hosp.; 12: William H. Gibson, Texas, Navy; Eugene W. Hufstutler Jr., N.M., inst.; Frank D. Mercali, Fla., A.F.; B. Clifford Rawley, Mo., inst.; 13: Carter E. Hudson, Ala., VA; Benjamin Patrick Jr., Okla., hosp.; 14: Verlin E. Barnett, Jr., S.C., hosp.; James G. Harwood, Okla., Navy; Andrew C. Puckett, Miss., hosp.; E.D. Smith, La., inst.; 15: Richard L. Baur, Mich., Navy; David G. Page, Mo., Navy; 16: Donald G. Phillips, Mo., V.A.; Medicus D. Rantz Jr., Texas, hosp.; Charles N. Wilcox, Ky., hosp.; 17: Charles W. Burdick, Texas, hosp.; Roscoe E. Rector Jr., Va., Navy; Larry Pete Vance, Ky., inst.; Willie Roscoe Woodrick, Sr., Miss., inst.; 18: Carl E. Bilderback, Texas, A.F.; Anthony Longval, Fla., Army; John P. Meiss, N.Y., Army; Samuel A. Ray, Ala., A.F.; James E. Smith, N.C., hosp.; 19: Raymond McPherson, N.C., hosp.; John S. Sanders, S.C., A.F.; 20: Louis G. Adler, Okla., inst.; William Gordon Page, La., A.F.; 21: George Celgin, Va., hosp.; Billy G. Ricks, Texas, Army; 22: Richard C. Davis, Ga., hosp.; Homer C. McElroy, Ga., V.A.; 23: Cary L. Higgs, Sr., Texas, A.F.; 24: Henry Otis David, Ga., ind.; Arthur S. Howard, Texas, hosp.; Wesley Montalcone, Va., hosp.; Robert Z. Powell, Ala., hosp.; 25: Michael E. Champlin, Okla., hosp.; Alfred M. Clark, Mo., Navy; Henry J. Martin, Tenn., Navy; Richard Lee Peerey, Tenn., Navy; Howard Tisdale, Ky., ind.; 26: Bobby G. Bunce, N.C., Navy; Lewis E. Dawson, Ky., A.F.; William W. Goins, Ga., inst.; 27: Donald Lee Cone, Texas, inst.; Alan W. Bundy, N.C., hosp.; 28: Kenneth D. McCuffey, Texas, A.F.; Elvin C. Scott, Ga., Navy; Jim Travis, Miss., hosp.; 29: W. Paul Andrews, Ala., hosp.; Ritus J. Crawford, Tenn., hosp.; Eugene R. Krieger, Fla., A.F.; Roter Lee Stocks Jr., Va., hosp.; Vernard T. Utley, La., A.F.; 30: Richard McLean, Ga., Army; 31: Clarence Lee Corbett Jr., N.C., Army; Jerry Lynn Mixe, Ark., Army; Rabum Stevens, Texas, Army.

NOVEMBER: 1: Glenn DeVine, Okla., inst.; Samuel Ganaway, Ill., Navy; 2: James H. Rankin, Texas, Army; 3: Doyle Lumpkin, Texas, inst.; Harold Leon Mills, Texas, Army; Thomas R. Thompson, N.Y., Army; 4: Bill Beatty, Texas, hosp.; H.M. Denton, N.C., hosp.; Bill Dean Donovan, Okla., inst.; Harland R. Gettis, D.C., A.F.; Danny J. Niedeken, Texas, inst.; Barry W. Presley, Tenn., inst.; Wallace Wiltshire, Texas, Navy; 6: Robert Hampton Crosby, Ga., A.F.; Jesse G. Hood, Texas, ind.; David S. Humicker, Mo., Navy; Thomas E. Lord, Fla., inst.; Luther R. McCullin, La., Army; Robert D. Moseley, Ga., hosp.; Clyde B. Smith, Okla., hosp.; 7: Richard R. Crowe, Wis., Navy; Gene M. Little, Mo., inst.; John W. Long, N.C., V.A.; Coyle Stephenson, La., inst.; 8: Lawrence J. Biermann, Fla., V.A.; Jerry R. Smith, Ga., Navy; Garland T. Walker, Texas, Army; 9: Clyde M. Northrop III, Ark., Army; 10: Carl W. Flick, Va., Navy; Harold D. Palmer, Miss., Navy; 11: Jimmy Hancock, S.C., A.F.; Edward A. Newhouse, Ill., Navy; Thomas C. Perkins, Texas, hosp.; Keith Wooster, Tenn., Navy; 12: Earl L. Boyette, Fla., Navy; Charles Allen Debnay, Texas, Army; Ronald C. Powell, Colo., Army; 13: Jan E. Cox-Gedmark, Ga., hosp.; Reuben V. Johnson, Ga., hosp.; 14: Bill G. Thompson, Okla., A.F.; 15: Samuel H. Beck, D.C., hosp.; Max A. Eller, N.C., Navy; Clyde M. Johnston, Texas, inst.; Wayne C. King, Okla., Army; 16: George Lee Gray, Ga., V.A.; 17: Troy E. Hall, Okla., V.A.; David T. Horsley, Mo., hosp.; Frederick W. Love, W. Va., Navy; 18: Bill B. Bailey Jr., S.C., hosp.; 19: William M. Etheridge, Miss., Navy; Elgin Last, Mo., hosp.; John W. Payne, S.C., Army; Ardi Stevenson, Okla., inst.; 20: Robert O. Daniel, Ala., Army; Lewis M. Lamberth Jr., Ala., hosp.; 21: Andy Miles, Ga., inst.; 22: Donald N. Scott, Kans., ind.; Dennis R. Whitaker, Texas, Army; 23: Richard M. Betts, Okla., Army; Douglas H. Sowards, Ky., Army; 24: Robert Campbell, Ky., Army; Edward R. Dowdy Jr., Va., V.A.; Willford Manley, Texas, hosp.; Dewey V. Page, N.C., Navy; John E. Williams, Tenn., hosp.; 25: Tony A. Biles, N.C., hosp.; George K. Crosby, Miss., A.F.; Anderson C. Hicks, N.M., V.A.; Melvin E. Martin, Va., A.F.; Bobby W. Myatt, Texas, Navy; 26: Beltram Robert P., Texas, Navy; James K. Fox, Ky., ind.; Billy R. Lord, Texas, Army; Donald R. Smith, Ind., A.F.; Hoyt W. Swann, Ala., Navy; 27: William M. Hall, Va., inst.; William C. Mays, Tenn., V.A., hosp.; 28: John P. Pollard, Tenn., hosp.; 29: Wayne Bruchey, Md., hosp.; Dalton H. Barnes, Okla., inst.; James O. Duckworth, Texas, hosp.; Paul M. Mullen, N.C., hosp.

Missionary Appointments

(with places of service and birthdays)

JULY—Missionaries: David Nelson and Nancy L. Baldwin, 6-23, 5-17, Fairbanks, Alaska; Christian Social Ministries: Betty Lynn Cagle, 8-1, Rochester, Minn., CSM; Gloria Cudry, 7-12, New Orleans, La., CSM; John and Lynn McBride, 1-5, 9-30, Pascagoula, Miss., CSM/Language; Tobey and Cathy Pitman, 7-30, 6-12, New Orleans, La., CSM; Randy and Martha Cash, Arkansas; Language, Missionary Assoc.; Cloyd and Claudette Hargis, 8-26, 2-17, Lawrence, Kan., Language, Church Pastoral Assistance (Church Extension); Harry Robert and Ann L. Blalock, East Tawas, Mich.; J.D. and Catherine Hendricks, Old Field, W. Va.; James E. and Junita Holmes, Auberry, Calif.; James L. and Edythe Kirtley, Dillon, Mont.; Clark E. and Martha Llewellyn, Woodson, Ill.; Larry and Sonya Reagan, Welch, W. Va.; Jerry Don and Lola Swini, Pueblo, Colo.; Danny and Jan Waxell, Prescott, Mich.; Language Pastoral Assistance: Miguel and Oralia Barrios, Aurora, Ill.; Elias and Andrea Bracamonte, Vallejo, Calif.; Man Young and Aie Hee Hong, Wichita, Kans.; Paul and Rebekah Kim, Oakland, Calif.; Tok Su and Suk Cha Shin, San Rafael, Calif.

AUGUST—Missionaries: Milton Kliesch, 5-16, New Orleans, La., CSM; Thomas E. & Lou Sherrill, 5-7, 11-13, Blamark, N.D., RU; Missionary Assoc.; Stephen and Janice Hoekstra, 8-30, 2-9, Val, Colo., CSM/SMM.

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LETTERS

Future missionaries

In regard to article about Ken and LaDonna Wynn (Mar-Apr), I want to tell the story of their work at Vacation Bible Schools and during "Bible and Missions Week." For several years I have been choosing articles from your magazine for such presentations. It is exciting to me to be able to keep missions in all its varieties, before those who may soon be involved. It is good for them to see that mission possibilities are unlimited.

Wyldine Gallimore
Springfield, Va.

Deep impression

Have just read the 1980 Home Mission Board Report (Mar-Apr 1981) and want to commend you and Bill Junker for both the content and appearance. If the message in the report could be read in the same spirit I believe it was written in, surely it would make a deep impression on those who read it. We in the Missions Department of Arkansas appreciate your assisting us in "doing our thing," while we contribute to what the HMB is wanting to accomplish across our land.

Conway H. Sawyers
Little Rock, Ark.

Fund raising

In the report of fund raising tactics by Mt. Rainier Baptist Chapel (Winter Notebook), the method is a departure from the pattern of tithes and offerings Baptists have been taught to use. Have we abandoned our principle of not using worldly sales and suppers to raise the Lord's money? Baptist fish fries, garage sales and bazaars! God forbid.

Donald Kissiar
Lexington, Ohio

Two sides

I deeply regret Stan Hasey's comments entitled "Pass the Ammunition" (Spring Notebook). These represent a very limited understanding of the issues. I am a gun owner and ardent sportsman. I am also a Southern Baptist pastor who is vitally concerned with the lives and safety of persons in our country. So please do not insinuate that all gun owners and NRA members are

bloodthirsty, irresponsible, or uncaring.

The abuse of guns is a symptom, not a cause. All reasonable facts point to the conclusion that gun control does not deter crime, and trite though it may be, guns will be available to those who want to use them outside the law. Many persons have grasped gun control as a panacea to crime. This thinking is as limited as the idea behind prohibition. We, of all people, ought to recognize that legislation is good and it is vital, but we must first deal with the heart.

Gun control is an impossible panacea and a convenient scapegoat for those who fear crime and human suffering. Please let us not allow Baptists to pursue crime prevention in this futile manner. Let us go to the courts of law and let us go to the hearts of men. There we can begin to make a difference.

Bill Blackmon
Lago Vista, Texas

• Me thinks Stan Hasey reports from both sides of his mouth. He is obviously Pro-First Amendment and Anti-Second Amendment.

The State that violates the individual's freedom to own and use firearms in a responsible manner will not hesitate to tell that same individual when and to what extreme he can practice his religious beliefs. You can't have the Constitution and interpret it according to the whimsical thought patterns of today's generation and wind up with the same Constitution our founding fathers wrote.

You can't be against the misuse of firearms and not be against the misuse of religion. You can't be for laws that would stop the Hinkleys and Oswalds without being for laws that would stop the likes of Jim Jones and Rev. Moon. If you are you ought to reexamine your definition of freedom. It's not the same as the writers of the Constitution had in mind. We are a free people, we live in a free land, and perhaps we have too much freedom. However, I'd rather be too free than not free enough and if that means putting up with a few assassins and a few religious fruitcakes, so be it.

For Mr. Hasey's information some Southern Baptists are members of the NRA

[National Rifle Assn.], and a lot of arguments propagated for gun control come not from the people but from the press.

James Shaver
Friendship, Wis.

Discerning pastor

Thanks for the helpful, informative article with excellent pictures on Brother Enrique Feliciano of western Puerto Rico (May-June).

The story could have been improved by interviewing the pastor of Iglesia Bautista Emanuel during Feliciano's conversion and early developing stages as a maturing leader in that church. Behind Feliciano is also a wise pastor, Brother Mike Malavet, who saw leadership capacity in the high school graduate/recent convert with no church background. He helped him develop, encouraged him to serve, while some church members didn't always approve. Many more bivocational, spirit-led pastors would arise in Puerto Rico if the rest of us church leaders had only half the discerning insight that pastor showed in Mayaguez.

Donald T. Moore
Guayama, P.R.

Specifics

Sat down to "skim" the magazine (May-June) as soon as it arrived. I was so pleased to see the story about James and Joan Huse. My husband and I have served in New Mexico only six and a half years but we met the Huses as soon as we came here. They truly are wonderful people and their story was well told. The photography was fantastic. I am so pleased that you finally have begun to tell about specific people.

Vesnelle Norris
Hobbs, N.M.

Budget concerns

Thank you for your recent editorial "When the Ax Falls" (May-June). My political persuasion is different from yours. I avidly support the President's program of budget reductions. I share your concern for the hardships this will cause many citizens; am delighted HMB is planning to give some direction in meeting human needs that will result from the shift of emphasis in Congress.

Roger S. Dorsett
Amory, Miss.

IN PASSING

By William G. Tanner

Sobs and CPA

Sarah's sobs reverberate through the small frame house.

"He's knocking me around . . . I can't stand it . . . anymore."

Her tear-filled voice, racked by explosive gasps and moans, rides the exhaustive violence of spent emotions. And underneath floats the soft, gentle drawl of Richard Lunsford.

"God, we just know *Frank* loves Sarah; be a comfort during this crisis. I pray the angels surround Sarah . . ."

Richard, pastor of Escanaba Baptist Church on Michigan's lonely Upper Peninsula, sits with a handful of

Escanaba church predates Richard Lunsford, but it was at a low point when Richard came several years ago. In effect, he began from scratch to build a congregation.

A busy summer resort that drops to a quiet 20,000 population in winter, Escanaba had no transplanted Southern Baptists. Richard—tall, solid with a kind, square face, thick glasses and the well-worn look of a man who slept in his clothes—started by finding those most in need: street people and drifters, addicts and outcasts.

As the fellowship began to grow, it

About one-fifth of the 3,000 home missionaries receive CPA. This creates a very fluid missions force, with a large, and desirable, annual turnover. Last year, CPA helped more than 900 different churches.

Yet the Board's CPA program is among its least understood, most successful programs. CPA represents a revolving fund which provides financial assistance for hundreds of fledgling SBC churches with potential to become solid, self-supporting congregations within a five-year period.

Pastors whose churches get CPA "are the real missionaries," says Jack Redford, director of church extension. He explains, "Most Southern Baptists think of a missionary as someone who preaches the gospel, knocks on doors, saves souls, grows a church. That's exactly the role of the CPA pastor."

As in Richard Lunsford's case, CPA seldom fully supports the pastor. But because pastors must be HMB-screened before getting CPA, the funds open doors for other aid.

Says Richard, "CPA was a sort of litmus test of my legitimacy. When the HMB approved, other churches agreed to help us." Without CPA, Richard spent more time raising money than he did ministering. With CPA, "I could turn my full attention to helping people. There was constant pressure to turn from hurting down-and-outs to families, which provide a more stable financial base. But I felt if we met needs of those that others had rejected, God would add the rest."

At Escanaba Baptist Church, that seems true. We of the HMB—through a very worthwhile CPA program—are glad to have been a part of it. □

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agony. That she now has Herman, Richard and other Escanaba members to offer solace evidences the importance of this church which ministers to all people.

And that such a church exists in Escanaba evidences the value of the Home Mission Board's Church Pastoral Aid (CPA) program.

died out now—partly because he felt, he says, unwavering support of Michigan Baptist Convention and the HMB.

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LETTERS

Future missionaries

In regard to article about Ken and LaDonna Wynn (Mar-Apr), I want to tell the story of their work at Vacation Bible Schools and during "Bible and Missions Week." For several years I have been choosing articles from your magazine for such presentations. It is exciting to me to be able to keep missions, in all its varieties, before those who may soon be involved. It is good for them to see that mission possibilities are unlimited.

Wylaine Gallimore
Springfield, Va.

Deep impression

Have just read the 1980 Home Mission Board Report (Mar-Apr 1981) and want to commend you and Bill Junker for both the content and appearance. If the message in the report could be read in the same spirit I believe it was written in, surely it would make a deep impression on those who read it. We in the Missions Department of Arkansas appreciate your assisting us in "doing our thing," while we contribute to what the HMB is wanting to accomplish across our land.

Conway H. Sawyers
Little Rock, Ark.

Fund raising

In the report of fund raising tactics by Mr. Rainier Baptist Chapel (Winter Notebook), the method is a departure from the pattern of tithes and offerings Baptists have been taught to use. Have we abandoned our principle of not using worldly sales and suppers to raise the Lord's money? Baptist fish fries, garage sales and bazaars! God forbid.

Donald Kissiar
Lexington, Ohio

Two sides

I deeply regret Stan Hestey's comments entitled "Pass the Ammunition" (Spring Notebook). These represent a very limited understanding of the issues. I am a gun owner and ardent sportsman. I am also a Southern Baptist pastor who is vitally concerned with the lives and safety of persons in our country. So please do not insinuate that all gun owners and NRA members are

bloodthirsty, irresponsible, or uncaring.

The abuse of guns is a symptom, not a cause. All reasonable facts point to the conclusion that gun control does not deter crime, and trite though it may be, guns will be available to those who want to use them outside the law. Many persons have grasped gun control as a panacea to crime. This thinking is as limited as the idea behind prohibition. We, of all people, ought to recognize that legislation is good and it is vital, but we must first deal with the heart.

Gun control is an impossible panacea and a convenient scapegoat for those who fear crime and human suffering. Please let us not allow Baptists to pursue crime

[National Rifle Assn.], and a lot of arguments propagated for gun control come not from the people but from the press.

James Sharer
Friendship, Wis.

Discerning pastor

Thanks for the helpful, informative article with excellent pictures on Brother Enrique Feliciano of western Puerto Rico (May-June).

The story could have been improved by interviewing the pastor of Iglesia Bautista Emanuel during Feliciano's conversion and early developing stages as a maturing leader in that church. Behind Feliciano is also a wise pastor, Brother Mike Malavet, who saw leadership capacity in the high school

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ought to reexamine your definition of freedom. It's not the same as the writers of the Constitution had in mind. We are a free people, we live in a free land, and perhaps we have too much freedom. However, I'd rather be too free than not free enough and if that means putting up with a few assassins and a few religious fruitcakes, so be it.

For Mr. Hestey's information some Southern Baptists are members of the NRA

Thank you for your recent editorial "When the Ax Falls" (May-June). My political persuasion is different from yours. I avidly support the President's program of budget reductions. I share your concern for the hardships this will cause many citizens; am delighted HMB is planning to give some direction in meeting human needs that will result from the shift of emphasis in Congress.

Roger S. Dorsett
Amory, Miss.

Sobs and CPA

Sarah's sobs reverberate through the small frame house.

"He's knocking me around . . . I can't stand it . . . anymore."

Her tear-filled voice, racked by explosive gasps and moans, rides the exhaustive violence of spent emotions. And underneath floats the soft, gentle drawl of Richard Lunsford.

"God, we just know Frank loves Sarah; be a comfort during this crisis. I pray the angels surround Sarah."

Richard, pastor of Escanaba Baptist Church on Michigan's lonely Upper Peninsula, sits with a handful of church members in the living room of Sarah's home. In the kitchen, Herman, another member, consoles Sarah, whose impassioned, disjointed story wafts across Richard's prayer.

"I says to Frank, I don't know you from one minute to the next . . . I don't know how to deal with . . . you and them drugs. . ."

" . . . in Jesus name we pray the demonic power in Frank be turned back."

Early discolorations of bruises begin to show on Sarah's pale face; her cheeks are streaked with mascara smears. " . . . if he loves me . . . he wouldn't do it. . ."

"I don't care any more. . ."

"I don't care any more. . ."

Not so many months before, Sarah would have suffered the battering rages of her drunken husband in lonely agony. That she now has Herman, Richard and other Escanaba members to offer solace evidences the importance of this church which ministers to all people.

And that such a church exists in Escanaba evidences the value of the Home Mission Board's Church Pastoral Aid (CPA) program.

Escanaba church predates Richard Lunsford, but it was at a low point when Richard came several years ago. In effect, he began from scratch to build a congregation.

A busy summer resort that drops to a quiet 20,000 population in winter, Escanaba had no transplanted Southern Baptists. Richard—tall, solid with a kind, square face, thick glasses and the well-worn look of a man who slept in his clothes—started by finding those most in need: street people and drifters, addicts and outcasts.

As the fellowship began to grow, it added families and others in an odd mixture that ranged from conservative old-timers to glossolaliacs. Richard tells of a doubting fellow Southern Baptist who questioned his church-building: "He asked me, 'Is she charismatic?' I said, 'Yes, but she's the only member I've got. You want me to get rid of her?'"

The church appealed to diverse people "because we're open, we're non-judgmental." But Richard still encountered Baptists "more worried about their reputations than saving souls. We accept the drug addict, the alcoholic, the divorcee, the prostitute; we love them and welcome them and let God do the changing. And he does change lives. We've seen it."

Richard weathered the charismatic controversies—that element's about died out now—partly because he felt, he says, unwavering support of Michigan Baptist Convention and the HMB.

Perhaps the most substantial expression of that support was in Church Pastoral Aid, which Richard received for three critical years.

"I'm not sure how we'd have made it without CPA," says Richard.

About one-fifth of the 3,000 home missionaries receive CPA. This creates a very fluid missions force, with a large, and desirable, annual turnover. Last year, CPA helped more than 900 different churches.

Yet the Board's CPA program is among its least understood, most successful programs. CPA represents a revolving fund which provides financial assistance for hundreds of fledgling SBC churches with potential to become solid, self-supporting congregations within a five-year period.

Pastors whose churches get CPA "are the real missionaries," says Jack Redford, director of church extension. He explains, "Most Southern Baptists think of a missionary as someone who preaches the gospel, knocks on doors, saves souls, grows a church. That's exactly the role of the CPA pastor."

As in Richard Lunsford's case, CPA seldom fully supports the pastor. But because pastors must be HMB-screened before getting CPA, the funds open doors for other aid.

Says Richard, "CPA was a sort of litmus test of my legitimacy. When the HMB approved, other churches agreed to help us." Without CPA, Richard spent more time raising money than he did ministering. With CPA, "I could turn my full attention to helping people. There was constant pressure to turn from hurting down-and-outs to families, which provide a more stable financial base. But I felt if we met needs of those that others had rejected, God would add the rest."

At Escanaba Baptist Church, that seems true. We of the HMB—through a very worthwhile CPA program—are glad to have been a part of it. □

IN PASSING

By William G. Tanner

"ME, A MISSIONARY?" "YES!"

As Christians, our commission is to tell the world about Jesus Christ. Every disciple has a missionary responsibility where he or she lives. But some are called for special places of service.

If you are among those seeking opportunities to express deepened commitment to Christian missions, Mission Service Corps could be for you.

Mission Service Corps is the plan of Southern Baptists to

enlist 5,000 adult missions volunteers who provide their own living expenses and who serve full time for one or two years.

In the arena of home missions, many outlets for service exist, from library work to Christian social ministries to church construction.

But crisis needs include:

- Pastors/families/key leaders to assist churches beginning in new areas;
- Student workers to start Baptist Student Unions on university campuses; and
- Music leaders for developing churches.

As an MSC "field volunteer," you'll be working alongside Southern Baptist missionaries and church leaders in some of the

most exciting and challenging missions efforts in the United States today.

Your work will not only support the efforts of career missionaries and pastors, but also make possible many new ministries.

But even if you can't leave home, Missions Service Corps has a place for you.

By financially sponsoring an MSC volunteer, you and your church can express your commitment to Christian missions and to Southern Baptists' Bold Mission Thrust goal of telling everyone in the nation about Jesus Christ.

Won't you become part of the MSC team? Today.

For more information and to apply as a volunteer or as a sponsor, use the business reply card inside this magazine.

