

ROOTED IN LOVE

MCC Annual Report 1966



Rooted in Love

Two hundred and eighty-two workers — a record number — were accepted for service by the Mennonite Central Committee during 1966. These 282 brought to 584 the total number of volunteers in service at the close of the year. They were active in many parts of the United States and Canada as well as in 36 countries abroad.

Before the volunteers left for their tasks, they were given the following charge:

In the name of Christ and His church and the Mennonite Central Committee, we send you forth into a world of sin, poverty, sickness, and suffering. Some of you will face danger. All of you will experience frustrations. But you are being sent into a world that desperately needs the type of help and hope that is rooted in love.

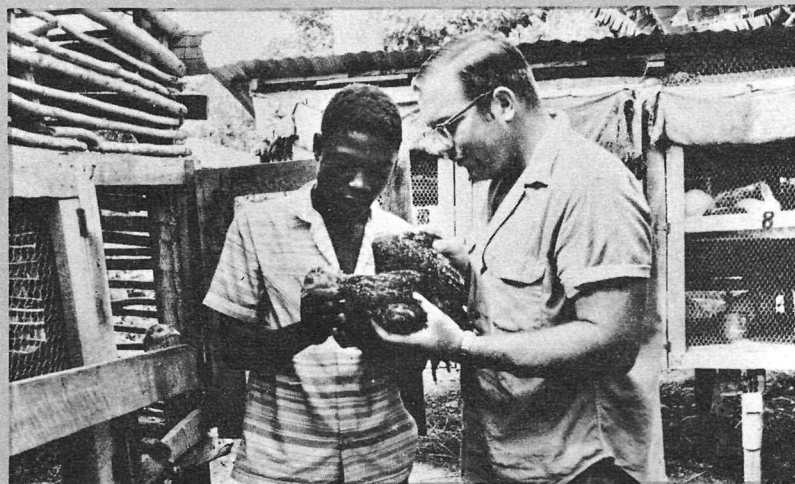
As you go, we charge you to share in the suffering of Christ as you participate in the lives of those you serve. . . .

Wherever you are, whatever you do, you will be representing Christ and His church. You have the assurance that He who has called you will enable you to accomplish the task, and we pledge you our support in every way.

With this charge and assurance we send you forth to serve.

**"Love means following the commands of God. This is the command which was given . . . to be your rule of life."
II John 6 (NEB)**

In the pages that follow a few of the workers who have thus been sent forth and several other MCC representatives tell about some of their most significant experiences during 1966. Along with some of these articles, summaries are given of the overall programs in which these individuals are engaged — Pax, Teachers Abroad Program, material aid, Mennonite Disaster Service, Peace Section, and Voluntary Service.



A turkey cooperative has been started in northern Haiti as a result of the community development work of the Voluntary Service team at Grande Riviere du Nord. The turkeys were supplied by Heifer Project, Inc.



Carol Hackler, a non-Mennonite summer service worker, assists a handicapped child at the Institute of Logopedics in Wichita, Kansas. Ninety-eight volunteers served under the Canadian and U. S. summer service programs in 1966.

Oh, to Understand Again

By Ruth Yoder, R.N., Mennonite nurse serving at the Evangelical Hospital, Nhatrang, under Vietnam Christian Service.

It had been a warm busy afternoon at the Evangelical Hospital in Nhatrang. It was past time for supper. An oldish little lady came up to the desk, clasping her hands in the customary respectful way when making a request. She smiled, "Em moon co noy bawk she nao toi dee vay duok." All I could honestly think of that tired minute was, "Really, is that so?" I silently asked myself if I would ever, ever understand the Vietnamese language.

This was the third time in 23 minutes she had asked for whatever it was. What could be so urgent for a patient who was almost well? Part of it I could understand. "Muon" means "wish" but why this older lady was using "Em" which usually means a child, to identify herself, I could not imagine. Unless to show respect. "Co" refers to me and the "noi bac si" is "speak doctor" — she wanted me to ask the doctor something. But what? Glancing up I saw the surgical cart coming through the operating room doors and I smiled briefly at the little lady as I scurried away to help transfer a burn patient back to his bed.

Ten minutes later she tried again. Her heavy northern accent made me think she likely was a refugee. And a big wad of betel nut in her mouth didn't help. "... bac si nao toi de vey duok." If only the interpreter hadn't left yet — but he was already half an hour late getting off. Oh, just to be able to understand people talking again.

I went with her to her bedside. Maybe she could show me what she wanted. I was surprised to see her husband and dark-eyed, little daughter sitting on the bed. (The family lives in Tuy Hoa, 180 kilometers away.) They smiled cordially and the little girl squeezed her mother's hand. I noticed



the bedside stand was empty and on the floor a small plastic basket was packed with a cooking pan, a small bag of rice, chopsticks, bowls, and a blanket — all that was needed for her hospital stay.

In response to three sets of questioning eyes, I burst out with, "Xin loi Ba, ya hieu bay gio, xin loi," meaning, "Oh, I'm so sorry. I understand now." At least that is what I meant to say, but I didn't get the "now" pronounced right and it turned out to be "7 o'clock" instead. But they understood and I felt warmly forgiven.

It took no words to explain. The two weeks the doctor had estimated for surgery and recuperation were past. The husband and little one had come the long bumpy bus trip to take mother home. They planned to return by boat because it would be safer and easier for her. The boat was to leave early the next morning on one of its two trips a week to Tuy Hoa. If she would be discharged now, they could catch the next boat and all return together. If not, she would have to return alone. It was getting late — the nurse had not been able to understand.

The husband broke the silence. His hands were clasped, too, as he spoke

Ruth Yoder, R.N., in front of the clinic porch where patients wait. At the close of 1966, 42 nurses were active in the MCC's overseas and North American programs. The eleven medical doctors in service was the lowest figure in five years.

kindly and quietly. I caught a word here and there: home, boat, early morning. He knew I couldn't understand everything but he needed to tell me why they had been so persistent. If only I could tell him that I did understand now and that I was so sorry I had not comprehended earlier. But my vocabulary did not afford that luxury.

They thanked me sincerely for the kindness and care of the doctor and nurses. All I could do as I watched them go down the lane, was to breathe a prayer of thanks that some things can be communicated in a common spirit language. Once I tried this approach, the story was easy to understand without words.

He is No Longer the One Outside

By Virgil Claassen, director of the MCC project on the island of Crete.

A dark-haired man, middle aged and of medium height, stood in front of the office door with a slip of paper in his thin hand. The note was from Bishop Ireneos asking whether we had work for Manolis, perhaps in the area of livestock. We should try him out for a few days to see how well he would work into the program. Manolis was ready to go to work immediately, but since he had on a suit and white shirt, neither of which looked exactly Sundayish but were probably the best pieces of clothing he possessed, we found some jeans and a shirt left behind by a former Paxman, and with these under his arm, he trudged off toward the farm.

Manolis was homeless and jobless. The peaceful life he had shared with his wife and teenage son and daughter had suddenly been shattered. They had to leave their home and fields in the productive hilly region of Kandanos on the island of Crete because of an accident and unforgiving neighbors.



Manolis enjoys the work at the MCC-operated farm on Crete. With a new lease on life, he may return to his home village next year.

Johnnie, Manolis' son, and a neighbor boy had been out playing with a loaded gun. By accident, the trigger was pulled as the gun was pointing in a fatal direction, and the boy was killed instantly. What a blow to both families! The neighbors grieved because their son was dead, and Manolis' family was saddened because they were the cause of the others' sorrow.

In some areas of Crete blood feuds still exist. If someone kills your brother, you have not only the right but the obligation to avenge the brother's death by killing one of his kin. In the case of Manolis' son, however, the death was accidental. Everyone understood this. Nevertheless, the family of the lost boy made it so uncomfortable for Manolis and his family by calling Johnnie "killer" and Manolis, "father of the killer", that they finally decided to move away to find a new home and try as much as possible to forget the past.

The family moved to Athens where Manolis found a job as bellboy in a hotel. The job wasn't bad and the house was comfortable, but Manolis just couldn't get used to the city. After only a few months, he came back to Crete and went to the bishop of his diocese, Bishop Ireneos, to ask for help.

It so happened that we had just discussed the need for a worker to help care for the livestock which had recently come from America, and so Bishop Ireneos sent Manolis to us with the note.

When Manolis came to work with us, he was an unhappy man. He had lost the zest for living. "Ti na kanome" (What can we do?) accompanied by a hopeless sigh, expressed his situation many times during the day.

But slowly his outlook and his attitude toward the world began to brighten. He took new hope for the future. Working with these strange Mennonite boys from America, who although they

were receiving very little for their work, put their hearts and hands to the mountains of work before them with enthusiasm and good humor gave him new courage. These boys accepted him as one of the team. He was a part of them. He was no longer the one outside, driven away. Because of his experience with Christian love, he saw new hope. Hope that perhaps after a year's time, he might try again to return to his home in Kandanos.

In the meantime, we have had the opportunity and the privilege of working closely with a Greek family, one which needed our friendship in a special way. Yes, MCC is in Crete to help Bishop Ireneos of the Greek Orthodox Church to build an agricultural training center and our efforts are now concentrated on building up the physical plant and caring for the livestock, but much more than that, we are here to build the Kingdom of God through the extending of our friendship and love to all of our Greek Orthodox neighbors.

"Viva la Revolución"

By Eli Hochstedler, Paxman in Bolivia.

"This is a revolutionary school," said the commencement speaker. He had just given a run down on secondary education in Bolivia. He said it had always been for the upper classes of the city, never for the country farm children. It's true that Bolivia's social revolution of 1952 changed primary education. For the very first time in history more than a small percentage of all Bolivian children could go to school. But even after 14 years, not much change has come to secondary education. The high schools are for city children planning to go on to the university.

This may be the first time a group of country people decided they should and could have a high school, too. It is a symbol of the changing attitude of the Bolivian people since 1952.

From outward appearances the school had been a failure. It was being closed after operating at only 50 percent level for about four months. It was not closed because the idea was wrong, but because there was not enough money. The students themselves, poor farmers and sons of farmers, could not afford to support a full time teacher. They asked for volunteer teachers and got two Paxmen. They helped as much as they could, but they were unable to do everything. Some primary teachers also volunteered, but they soon stopped coming.

The school was revolutionary for Bolivia, where educational institutions come from and are controlled by foreign groups, such as mission boards, or by the government. This school was formed by a cooperative of local people. Decisions were made by the students. They contacted teachers, furnished a light (classes were at night), collected their own dues for materials needed, elected their director (a Paxman), and made the final decision to close the school. It was a school run by the students

and not by a director named by some outside agency. In this sense it was revolutionary.

It was also revolutionary for the work of the Paxmen in the "Colonia Cuatro Ojitos." Most of their work had been in agricultural extension. This school was their first real involvement in community development outside of agriculture.

This revolutionary school has some important implications for the future. Although it was a failure in 1966, a number of community leaders are studying the reasons for the failure so as not to make the same mistakes again. There is interest in having a school ready for February, 1967, when the school year starts. The initiative for planning the school is coming from the local people and not from the outside.

The Paxmen will continue with their agricultural work — their hog projects, vaccinating, raising vegetables, etc. — but will dedicate more time to non-agricultural work. One of them

has been named chairman of social action of the local church. With the help of the church members, he is planning a number of projects. One is a stand in the local market to sell Bibles, books, and needed agricultural supplies for the local farmers. A library has been started, a basketball and volleyball league is being formed, and plans are being made for a youth center.

In many ways the school was revolutionary. In one sense it was a failure, but it has widened the horizons of both the community people and the Paxmen.



Paxman Eli Hochstedler is sitting in a Bolivian market place selling seeds. He is one of 130 Paxmen currently serving abroad. Since the beginning of the Pax program in 1951, 645 young conscientious objectors have served overseas under its auspices.

Inspiring Experiences In 1966

By Vernon Reimer, MCC director in India, Pakistan, and Nepal.

Were it not for the fine contribution many of our workers are making, I would often feel frustrated. I am reminded of one who spent months in an isolated and primitive hill station in charge of 70 Tibetans building a dispensary. The relationships formed in this and other situations where our Paxmen have capably carried responsibilities far beyond their age makes life in administration meaningful and satisfying.

India is experiencing food shortages. MCC provided food and funds in "Food for Work" projects. A visit to these villages left an indelible mark on my mind. Upon arriving at one village, completely constructed in one such project, we were met by the whole village dressed in their best. They came down the main street singing and beating drums in welcome. We visited each home and could not leave without sharing a meal. Before leaving we had a time of prayer and praise. To these poor Christians, God had answered in a miraculous way by giving food and new hope. In a Hindu village we were served a sumptuous meal. Despite extreme poverty, the villagers had collected one cent from each person so they could serve us a meal they could not even dream of for themselves. Shortly before this they had collected enough to supply the relief worker with dacron cloth for a shirt.

Calcutta has large filthy slum areas. Thousands live in unbelievable conditions. In response to a distress call one day, my wife and I got on a scooter to visit a family. After an hour's search through narrow lanes, winding dark passage ways, open sewers, with dirty feet and minus a scooter muffler we found a lady in a small 6x7 room. It had one door, but no windows or furniture. She had shortly before given birth to a child and was in a most exhausted and piti-

ful state. Another two year old was crying for food. The mother had no where to turn. Her husband had died shortly before. We left her some clothing and food. A few days later she came to our office to earn at least a little by putting MCC stickers on needlecraft items while holding her child in one arm. We are providing monthly rent and milk and once again one can see hope written on her face.

I must mention a further experience that has been a great inspiration and reward, namely, that of working with our sister churches in India. Many cannot boast of much wealth (the per capita India income is \$80 per year), still it is so moving to note the concern and efforts being made by many to speak to the surrounding needs in a loving and Christlike way. I think particularly of Christmas bundle preparation and distribution by ladies groups, volunteers in emergency feeding programs, and in many cases a sacrificial giving which we in the West have so often forgotten.



Each day 1,200 children and mothers receive milk through a distribution program in Calcutta.

The Indian Food Tasted American

By Pramod Kumar Singh, a trainee from India who visited North America during 1966.

I was the first trainee from India. America was a new experience in my life and I found many things quite different than my India, especially food.

I will never forget the first Indian food I had in America. It was the first day I went to work on my job. My mom, Mrs. Detwiler, was worried about my lunch because she knew that Indian food was different. Finally, she got the Mennonite Cookbook and there she found a recipe for Indian food, rice and curry. She put rice in one thermos and curry in another. I went to work at 7 a.m. with my lunch box. At lunch time I opened my lunch box and smelled Indian food, I was real hungry for that. It was good. You know why? Because it smelled and looked like Indian food, but tasted like American food. But now I am used to American food.

I enjoy it in America, especially my work. I learned many different things. Welding was my most interesting job.

One time I went to Arizona with a gospel team, this was a very good experience.

Thanks to MCC for this good program. Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Detwiler and family where I spent my year as a member of their own family. Thanks to my sponsors, Mr. and Mrs. Nikkel and family, for their love and help. Thanks to Excel Industries where I learned many different jobs.

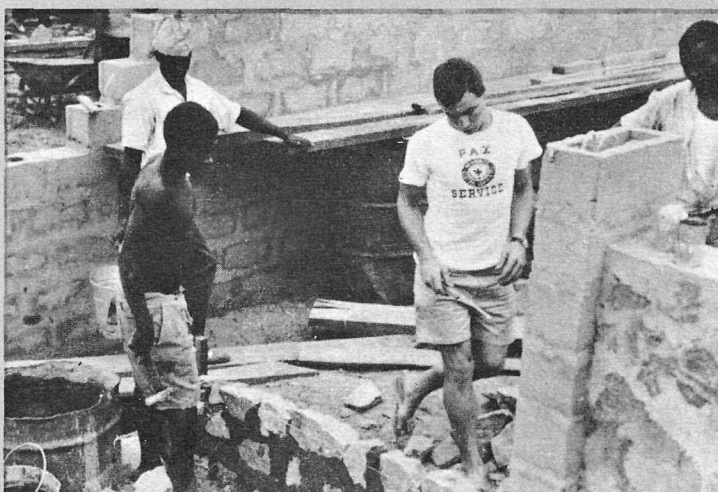
In total 42 trainees from 14 countries came to North America in 1966 under MCC's exchange program. Of the 26 U. S. and Canadian young people who went to Europe as trainees, 15 are in the Netherlands, five in Germany, three in Switzerland, two in France, and one in Luxembourg.



Margaret Willms, R.N., is teaching these Bolivian mothers to read. She and the other volunteers at Santa Cruz spent one afternoon a week in literacy work under Evangelism in Depth.



Vern Penner, a VSer at Boys Village in Ohio, demonstrates that VS demands a willingness to get your hands dirty.



Paxman Lonnie Goering during his two years of service supervised Congolese construction crews building schools and churches.



Four of the 30 Japanese young people who were guests of the Mennonite churches in Oregon in August, 1966, as part of the second annual Project Bridgebuilding.



A Jordanian woman picks up supplies for a needlework project. The items she and 500 other women make are sold in North America by the MCC. During 1966, \$46,000 worth of items from nine countries were sold.

Can Your Hearts Forgive?

By Carl C. Beck, missionary and Peace Section representative in Japan.

Quickly he rose from his hunched position and glided swiftly across the front of the room. Long-flowing brown robes gave him the appearance of a giant moth bobbing across to the chairman's seat. Hurried whisperings filtered back. Evidently there was some hesitation in granting his request.

Then he was in the center of the stage, speaking.

"My friends," his sharp voice staccatoed through the murmurings of the crowd and cut them into silent shreds. "My friends, tonight we have wept together as we listened to what we—our soldiers, our civil servants, our church leaders—have done to our Korean brethren. I say, we have sinned beyond belief."

Then, turning to the seven-man Korean delegation, he said, "My brothers, we have wronged you. We have wronged you in remaining silent during the years that mattered. We have wronged you in not even caring to know what was going on. We have wronged you in not bothering to apologize for, nor even now wanting to

know about, these heinous deeds. If you can now find it in your hearts to do so, please forgive us.

With tears glistening through a sparse flowing white beard he turned again to the crowd. "If they can forgive us, then it is up to us to make amends in every way we can. We have sinned grievously."

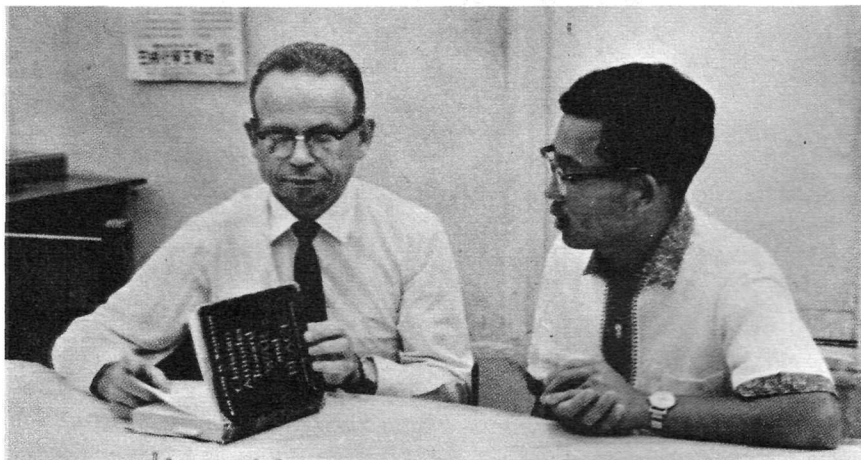
His voice choked and he fluttered back into the crowd.

The stunned silence that continued for a moment after this apparition-like moment of truth said eloquently that he spoke for all. The meeting ended. The always staidly proper Japanese broke down and embraced their Korean guests. Brother was reconciled with brother.

The above incident occurred at a one-evening forum meeting our Japan-Korea Reconciliation Committee had arranged for Christians concerned about reconciliation between the Korean and Japanese. It was held in one of the public halls in the Shibuya area of Tokyo. It had been scheduled so as to utilize the seven-man delegation which had come to Japan at the invitation of our Christian Student Peace Seminar committee.

Professor Saburo Takahashi of Tokyo University and Professor Kidong Chang, dean of the graduate school of Taegu University, Taegu, Korea had spoken. Our unknown guest (no one seemed able to find him after the meeting), a cross between Old Testament prophet and Buddhist monk-like figure, gave a fitting response.

This stands out as a high point of MCC Peace Section's activity in Japan during 1966, and it is a sort of culmination of one thing it has been trying to do in the past months. It speaks for two Japan-Korea Reconciliation Work Camps; for last fall's peace seminar in Korea; for this year's Christian student peace seminar, which zeroed in on this problem; for dozens of committee meetings, and for the sacrificial efforts of many people.



"The Korean participants," wrote Beck after a Japan-Korea work camp, "having had little contact with Mennonites, were very curious about our peace emphasis."

Kenya is Teaching Me Patience

By Michael R. Brown, Teachers Abroad Program volunteer in Kenya.

"This idiot should be sent back to America." That was one of the indictments hurled my way by Kenyan students recently.

The night before I had banned roasted maize from the library. Our Form IV boys, who were busy cramming for their big Cambridge School Certificate exam, submitted rather complacently, knowing full well the rule against maize anywhere on the compound.

When I found the cobs littering the ground the next morning, I refused to open the library until the Form IV's had picked them all up. This was quite a threat, since all their books were confined there. One of the maize-eaters gathered up most of the cobs but claimed that the rest was not Form IV rubbish. I held firm and took the keys back to my house.

Ten minutes later I was waited upon by 15 sullen scholars. Trailed by this angry committee and under the gleeful eyes of lower form members, I walked back up to the library. The cobs were still there.

"Now open this library."

"You're wasting our time."

"This idiot should be sent back to America."

I restated my terms and turned to go. But before I had gone far, the cobs were picked up—at least temporarily.

I am still shaken by the incident—a little with fear, mostly with anger. "I'm giving three years of my life to a bunch of good-for-nothing, smart-alec, know-it-all, undeserving ingrates. I hope they fail. Then they'll see who's right." In spite of my noble motives for coming here, it's easy to think this way.

But God has been teaching me some things this past year. One thing I'm learning is patience. I related the corn-cob crisis partly out of pride.

This time I did not yell, or shout, or make terrible threats, or pelt the boys with insults. Before I began this TAP assignment, I thought that patience was an easy sort of virtue. Now that I have to direct other people—and to make it worse, people of a different race, culture, mother tongue, religious training, and educational level—I find that patience is not such a natural thing after all. The "poor underprivileged Africans" are not perfectly holy, I'm discovering, and I must not expect them to be.

Along with patience, the daily trials and tribulations are teaching me faithfulness. How often in the midst of a battle of wills and interests I would have liked to have committed the whole school to doom and walked carefree away. But I cannot do that. I must stick with this lousy job until it's done. That's my duty. That's why I was sent. And it's for these miserable times that Christ was sent, and I dare not desert when Christ's moments come. (Thank goodness, of course, for MCC's binding contract when my ideals all seem to fade away!)

Finally, my day to day TAP experiences are teaching me love. I am beginning — just beginning — to learn that the way of love is the only way to help, live with, and get along with people. My students, I'm beginning to see, cannot be treated like machines or animals. They have dreams and longings and feelings, and I must respect these. Like all people they are as stupid and lazy and sinful as they feel they can afford to be, and they sometimes need discipline and plain old punishment. But I must not forget that they are people. I must be genuinely concerned about them, care about them, and see that they get the most they possibly can out of life — that their best dreams are fulfilled, that their deepest longings are met, and that their strongest feelings find relief. To do so is to love them.

I'm beginning to see this. To do it is something else. But I think God's got me on the road, and as I go along, this TAP experience will become a blessing for my students as well as for myself.



TAP volunteer Sam Kulp with the winner of the grand prize in a science fair held in Tanzania. One hundred and eleven teachers were serving under the Teachers Abroad Program at the close of 1966—95 in Africa and 16 in Newfoundland.

Reconciliation In the Deep South

By Jake Friesen, Voluntary Service worker at a community center near Canton, Mississippi.

"I'm going to request a return to to Vietnam; it's safer there," said a CBS reporter working in Mississippi. "It has never been as difficult," stated Edgar Stoesz, Director of MCC Voluntary Service, "to outline objectives for an MCC program as in Mississippi."

Although the direction of MCC's program in Mississippi was not always clear, it's workers always knew where they were: in a land of cotton fields, segregated public facilities, murderous heat, large roadside billboards shouting "Save our Republic, Impeach Earl Warren" or "Martin Luther King is a Communist," in the midst of frustrated demonstrators singing,

Jingle bells, shotgun shells,
Freedom all the way.
Oh, what fun it is to blast
A trooper man away.

This is Mississippi.

As a venture of faith, with the support, prayers, and encouragement of the Mennonite churches of North America, Voluntary Service took on the challenge of attempting to be a Christian presence in the midst of conflict, listening, serving, communicating, and working with the people. Aiming to work with both black and white, believing that the ultimate answer to estrangement, discrimination, and injustice is in Christ, and that Christians have an obligation to the ministry of reconciliation.

There have been many failures. Yet some seemingly impossible things have been done. A credit union has been organized. Negro names have been listed on ballots. Cooking and typing classes have been conducted.

Continually speaking against unethical and immoral practices, regardless of the color of the offending person, has brought resentment from both races. I have been pushed around

and called "dirty white" by black teenagers who received a new consciousness and pride as a result of the "Black Power" slogan. In this way we helped absorb some of the hostility of the blacks toward the whites and bore some of the injustices that the blacks for decades had to quietly receive from local whites. Permitting blacks to call me "brother" in the presence of whites has brought forth the word "Communist" from the lips of the angry whites.

The extreme difficulty of the problems of this area became clear to us a few months after we arrived. For a few months I taught classes in community development, the purpose, programs, and organization of community centers; and in democratic processes and procedures. For the first few weeks everything went smoothly. But it wasn't long before attendance dropped because the leaders felt threatened. Their power and authoritarian paternalism was becoming transparent to other members of

the community, who now wanted to participate in the decision-making process.

For decades the white man has taken advantage of the black man. In the minds of the blacks, the only concepts of a leader are the wealthy white man who often is corrupt and who uses blacks as he pleased, and the shrewd, paternalistic black minister who frequently appears more interested in money than people. So when laymen are elected as leaders they, too, often become corrupt. Their understanding of leadership has been warped.

How does one work with impoverished, culturally deprived people who have a distorted view of leaders, who have never been permitted to make decisions before, and who do not understand power? The answer isn't easy. However, this problem does help one to understand the coups and countercoups which take place among emerging peoples.



VSer Jake Friesen converses with an elderly Negro at a community center near Canton, Mississippi. Listening in is a Japanese workcamper, one of a dozen university students who spent several weeks in this Negro community last summer.

Is it Wrong For an Orphan To Eat Meat?

By Helen R. Tieszen, who is in charge of the Christian Child Care Training Program in Korea.

In the late afternoon, we went to see Miss Lee. She was working very enthusiastically on her field projects. This unusual orphanage is located on a Korean mountainside. The approach is really beautiful. The rocks, trees, and ponds, partly natural, partly planned, form a beautiful picture. The main building, too, has a nice aspect.

But when we went beyond the main building to the children's living quarters, we were disappointed to find mediocrity. This is not the worst institution we have visited, but it is just so very institutional.

Miss Lee was doing a good job on her projects. Her group projects were especially good, but of special interest is a little seven year old girl named Yong-Sookie.

Yong-Sookie was thought to be mentally retarded. She showed no interest in anything, and she could not carry out even the smallest task well. On our previous visit, as we were discussing this child with Miss Lee, we found that Yong-Sookie had been a bright, happy child when she first came to the orphanage two years ago. Thus, it seemed that this was a case of depression and lethargy rather than true mental retardation. On the first visit, we made various suggestions, such as noticing her and giving Yong-Sookie the very easiest tasks and then praising her when she did well.

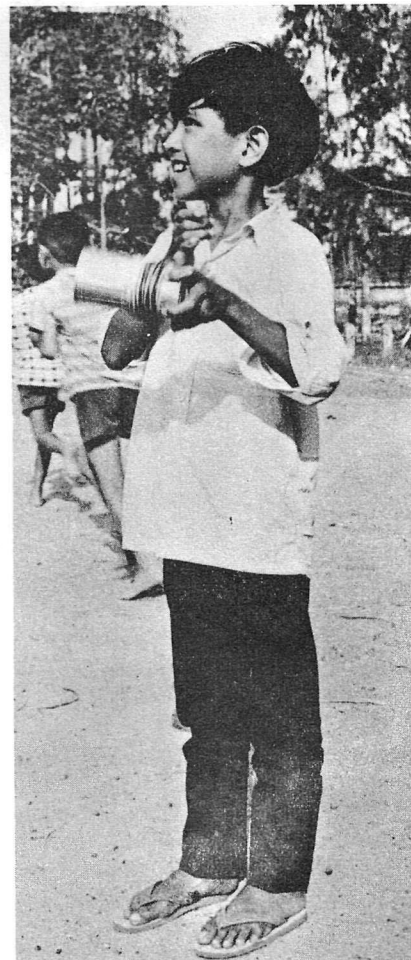
Today, Miss Lee described a child who had changed a lot. Now Yong-Sookie talks, both to adults and to children. She even says "no" sometimes. She participates actively in the play group, and even without being asked, she cleans the room and carries out various errands thoroughly.

If we see only forlorn children when we visit an orphanage, it is most depressing. But when we see some glimmer of hope as in the work that Miss

Lee is doing, then at least we can endure the pain.

All the while we were at the orphanage, I had to think of the words of a friend. He had spent part of his childhood at such a place. The last time I saw him, he asked, "Would it be wrong for an orphan to eat meat once in a while?" As I saw the children today, I kept asking his question, "Would it be wrong for an orphan to wear warm clothes during the winter?" "Would it be wrong for an orphan to look happy and contented once in a while?" "Would it be wrong for an orphan to eat meat once in a while?"

All of this takes concerted effort. It takes people at home who are concerned for the well-being of every child. It takes education as to what is really important for children. It takes cooperation on every level.



A total of 1,744 youngsters, most of them in Asia, were supported in various ways by the sponsorship program during 1966.

Behind the Scenes: Women Of the Church

By Roy Bauman, director of the MCC relief center at Yarrow, B.C.

Working quietly and efficiently behind the scenes of the MCC material aid program are many ladies who are ready and willing to help in any way they can. They make gift bundles, blankets, homemade soap, and many other items needed for overseas distribution.

They respond positively to human need when it is presented to them. This was evident when 300 ladies, representing churches from various parts of the British Columbia, met for the third annual provincial MCC ladies' meeting in November, 1966. They came not out of curiosity, but because they wanted to know how they could best respond to human need. Undivided attention was given to the reports from overseas and local workers, as well as to the "Parade of MCC Needs for 1967," presented by a local girls club. Pencils and notebooks could be seen throughout the



"A Parade of MCC Needs for 1967" was presented at the B.C. women's annual meeting in 1966.

audience, indicating that points of special interest were being jotted down. One could sense that there would be a positive response resulting from this meeting.

Ways and methods are always being sought in the use of more voluntary workers in connection with the material aid center at Yarrow, B.C. More workers on a regular basis were needed so a Voluntary Helpers program was begun here at the Yarrow center. Thirty-two women responded to this need by giving one day per month for eight months to assist in processing relief supplies. This was a new experience for many of them, giving them an inside view of the material aid program.

One wonders if the stressing of urgently needed items in the relief program has much effect on the actual contributions. In checking our records for the past several years, we learned that emphasis on the need for homemade soap has resulted in a tripling of the quantity received in 1966 as compared to four years ago. This, again, is evidence that ladies respond positively to human need when they are told clearly how they can help.

The overall material aid contributions in the U.S. and Canada increased dramatically in 1966. The five clothing centers at Ephrata, Pa.; North Newton, Kansas; Reedley, Calif.; Kitchener, Ont.; and Yarrow received 988,052 pounds of new and used items, an increase of 110,000 pounds over 1965.

Local canning projects and the portable canner processed nearly 125 tons of meat, lard, fruit, and vegetables during the year.

Through its membership in Inter-church Medical Assistance, Inc. (IMA), MCC was able to obtain 88,000 pounds of medicines in 1966. This was sent to 33 doctors in 12 different countries. Through IMA \$85 worth of drugs can be procured for each contributed dollar.

Raising Meat on The Spot

By Archie Graber, relief director in the Kwilu, Congo.

It was nearly one o'clock when we finished delivering peanut seed to two of our worst refugee camps. Two Paxmen had been there with the tractor and plow and had just finished preparing the ground for planting. After bumping over rough roads, Paxman Elmer Beachy and I were quite hungry, so we stopped the truck to eat our sandwiches. A sea of black faces appeared all around us.

As I was finishing my first sandwich, I saw a little boy who had the marks of one who had suffered much from hunger. I stepped down from the truck and broke a piece of my bread and meat and handed it to him. He ate it eagerly. Immediately there were people with uplifted hands trying to get the rest of the sandwich. How I wished that it might have increased like the loaves and the fishes.

We have supplied much food and clothing to these people and are continuing to try to relieve the suffering. The yellow-labeled tins of MCC meat have been appreciated and helpful. But we cannot expect to continue this effort indefinitely. For this reason we searched for a way of raising meat on the spot, where it is needed so badly. Pasture land is limitless in Kwilu province. "Why not raise cattle and grow meat?" we asked ourselves.

Others who believe as we do, made possible the purchase of the first 15 head of cattle. They were divided into three herds of five each as a beginning project. The interest shown by the Congolese and the possibility for them to own livestock again for themselves, makes this one of the most encouraging programs in the entire rehabilitating endeavor. We hope that this will be the beginning of meat supply for the Kwilu area in the Congo.

Homes Built For Turkish Quake Victims

By Phares Martin of Lancaster, Pa.,
an MDS volunteer in Turkey in 1966.

On September 20, 1966, I received a call from Mennonite Disaster Service, asking if I would be willing to go to Turkey for six to eight weeks to do some building in an earthquake area. After thinking about it overnight, I consented to go. One week later Oren Yoder of Iowa and I left for Turkey.

Akgelin was the little village that had been selected for our project. I was surprised not to see any damaged houses or people around when we got there. All I saw was large, treeless mountains looming 6,000 feet above sea level. We were told that the old, destroyed village was three miles away. That site had been declared unsafe by the geologist because of the numerous quakes there.

During the first four weeks, our sleeping quarters and kitchen were two tents set up for us by the Turkish army. After this we slept and ate in two of the new houses we had completed.

To begin with, we had to decide on a design for the homes we were going to build. It was finally agreed that we would make 14 x 40, A-frame structures. Each two-room building would provide room for a pair of families. My first job was to build a jig for the A-frame because we needed 363 in all, and this required speed.

During the first week progress was slow, but by the end of the second week things were going a lot better because of some new ideas we developed, better understanding between us and the villagers, and the arrival of more workers from abroad.

On November 9, we completed the last of the 32 houses and a clinic. The dedication service was held that afternoon. The new village was a pleasing sight, and it gave us a feeling of accomplishment. It was inter-



Providing assistance in local disasters is still MDS's main function. These two volunteers helped clean out a house gutted by fire in Landisville, Pennsylvania.

esting to see the women, with babies on their backs, going around looking in all the houses and speculating about which one they would be living in.

Up to that point we had not mentioned who would be getting which house for fear that the men would not help to work on someone else's house once they knew which one they would be getting.

We numbered the houses from 1 to 64. At the dedication service the governor called the name of each family head, who then came forward to draw a number out of a hat. We could see disappointment on some faces as they learned which home would be theirs, but we felt this was the only fair way we could handle it.

I felt the MDS project in Turkey was worthwhile, not only because it provided homes for these poor Turkish people, but because it gave us an opportunity to leave a testimony behind that we are our brother's keeper, a fact which they found somewhat

hard to understand. It may be somewhat hard to see the spiritual fruit of this type of project, but I am sure there were seeds sown that may spring to life many years from now and thus make it worth all the time and money spent on it. It was a good, new experience for me. I will long remember the good hearted Kurds and my fellow workers who came from a number of countries to inscribe the words of love in many hearts in isolated Akgelin.

Visiting the Church in the Soviet Union

By David P. Neufeld, a member of the MCC executive committee, who along with Frank C. Peters and William T. Snyder, visited the Soviet Union in fall, 1966.

"Dave, this is Russia," said William T. Snyder as our plane landed at Moscow's international airport. We had been waiting for this moment for a long time. In the fall of 1965 there were some hopes of a delegation of Baptists and Mennonites going to visit the Russian Christians, but it didn't materialize. The proposed April-May, 1966, visit also did not materialize, and during the final week before our scheduled departure October 25, 1966, we waited anxiously for our visas. They finally arrived the day before we were to leave.

For the Mennonites this was the fourth attempt to get to know and understand the Christians in the Soviet Union. The first delegation of Harold S. Bender and David Wiens went in 1956. Later Gerhard Lohrenz, H. A. Fast, Peter Dyck, and David Wiens went, and Orie O. Miller went alone once.

Our visit had a threefold purpose: 1. to learn more about the Baptist Church in the Soviet Union; 2. to encourage the Christians there in the faith; and 3. to visit Mennonite communities, to fellowship with fellow believers, and to share their joys and sorrows.

An intense evangelical, personal faith is evident in the Baptist churches. In Moscow the church was filled to the door. Every aisle and stairway was filled with sitting and standing people. A two-hour service did not diminish their attentiveness. The singing is unforgettable, not because of its quality but because of its intensity and honesty. Singing mostly in minor keys, the congregation implores God to hear and to help. The choir, too, sings with fervor. And when the people pray, one gets the feeling of having had an encounter with the Early

Church. As the minister leads, a thousand souls join quietly and audibly. "Gospadin," the people implore, "Gospadin—God help us."

In Baku we spoke to a church packed with 300 people. We told about our common faith, our common hope, and our common Lord. When, after 2½ hours, the congregation rose for closing prayer, there was a burst of prayer from the congregation. Here and there ladies and even ministers of the church knelt in holy reverence and in deep commitment.

We constantly kept our ears open to learn all we could about the Mennonites in the Soviet Union. The Baptists estimate that there are 40,000 Mennonites in Russia—20,000 Mennonite Brethren and 20,000 "Church" Mennonites. Sixteen thousand Mennonites have joined the Baptist Church.

There are many things which one can conclude after a brief three-week visit, but for me the following things were especially significant:

- The words of Christ about the church are true, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

- The Baptist church is a growing evangelical force in Russia.
- The Baptist-Mennonite relationships seem to be generally satisfactory on both sides.
- Mennonite church leadership is made up largely of middle-aged and younger men.
- Both Mennonites and Baptists are theologically conservative.
- There is hope for more communication with the West.

This visit was significant. The Mennonite leaders sensed its importance quickly when they said, "Brethren, think what this will mean to our churches when we tell them, 'We have seen the brethren from America.' This is an historic event. The contact between East and West has been restored."

The delegation was unable to accomplish all it had set out to do, yet we consider this to be only one phase in the longer task of restoring relationships with our brothers of the faith, and, in many instances, with our brothers of the flesh.



The Mennonite delegation which visited the Soviet Union in autumn, 1966, met with nine Mennonite leaders from Siberia and Moscow. In the meeting were Johann Penner, Frunse; Jacob Fast, Novosibirsk; A. Friesen, Karaganda; Traugott Quiring, Dushanbe; Johann Martens, Kant; Friedrich Funk, Dushanbe; Peter Heese, Tokmak; Helmut Kliever, Kant; and Victor Krueger, Moscow.

Overseas Activity In 1966

COUNTRY	No. of Workers	Total	Cash	Material Aid Total	Clothing ¹	Food ¹	Gov't. Surplus ¹	Special Projects ^{1,2}
Algeria	24	\$ 345,560.96	\$ 20,348.37	\$ 325,212.59	\$ 289,156.50	\$ 806.40	—	\$ 35,249.69
Argentina	2	10,549.25	10,549.25	—	—	—	—	—
Austria	1	3,859.61	3,859.61	—	—	—	—	—
Belgium	8	4,734.52	4,734.52	—	—	—	—	—
Bolivia	17	28,224.98	25,878.21	2,346.77	—	—	—	2,346.77
Brazil	7	3,977.56	2,977.56	1,000.00	—	—	—	1,000.00
Burundi	2	43,812.24	1,910.74	41,901.50	35,377.50	5,150.00	—	1,374.00
Congo	37	517,789.93	92,407.93	425,382.00	283,036.95	134,724.10	—	\$7,620.95
France	7	4,734.37	4,734.37	—	—	—	—	—
Germany ³	13	56,500.67	56,500.67	—	—	—	—	—
Greece	7	37,152.89	28,786.79	8,366.10	1,476.00	—	—	6,890.10
Haiti & Dom. Republic ⁴	24	101,964.78	64,523.04	37,441.74	4,870.00	10,641.50	—	21,930.24
Honduras	—	4,960.72	—	4,960.72	1,948.00	1,676.44	—	1,336.28
Hong Kong	2	159,325.60	53,243.80	106,081.80	33,101.00	24,767.00	—	48,213.80
India	12	139,864.09	67,085.42	72,778.67	14,969.00	34,691.40	—	23,118.27
Israel	3	4,991.38	4,991.38	—	—	—	—	—
Indonesia	14	101,233.76	50,666.62	50,567.14	13,830.00	20,833.28	—	15,903.86
Jamaica	—	2,704.00	—	2,704.00	—	2,104.00	—	600.00
Japan	2	3,847.15	3,847.15	—	—	—	—	—
Jordan	10	318,698.42	79,708.12	238,990.30	30,885.00	660.00	207,290.30	155.06
Kenya	24	58,468.26	58,468.26	—	—	—	—	—
Korea	8	270,499.72	85,748.06	184,751.66	111,557.00	43,822.41	—	29,372.25
Malawi	7	8,221.94	8,221.94	—	—	—	—	—
Mexico ⁴	7	7,505.21	7,505.21	—	—	—	—	—
Morocco	4	10,005.13	5,709.69	4,295.44	2,510.00	—	—	1,785.44
Nepal	4	5,690.82	5,690.82	—	—	—	—	—
Nigeria	21	38,281.59	38,281.59	—	—	—	—	—
Pakistan	5	3,752.81	3,752.81	—	—	—	—	—
Paraguay	11	199,163.68	108,022.08	91,141.60	24,071.50	740.00	17,620.13	48,709.97
Peru	—	1,650.00	—	1,650.00	—	1,650.00	—	—
South Africa	—	2,790.00	—	2,790.00	2,790.00	—	—	—
St. Lucia ⁴	1	1,044.16	674.16	370.00	—	—	—	370.00
Switzerland ⁵	3	3,768.34	3,768.34	—	—	—	—	—
Taiwan	—	72,180.30	—	72,180.30	16,734.50	29,133.95	—	26,311.85
Tanzania	12	153,879.53	26,651.03	127,228.50	107,306.50	6,667.00	—	13,255.00
Turkey	—	1,714.42	1,714.42	—	—	—	—	—
Vietnam	41	497,591.12	50,379.80	447,211.32	68,197.00	33,000.00	145,204.49	200,809.83
Yugoslavia	2	665.50	665.50	—	—	—	—	—
Zambia	12	23,920.85	23,920.85	—	—	—	—	—
Indirect Exp.	—	217,237.00	217,237.00	—	—	—	—	—
Administrative	—	208,363.00	208,363.00	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	354	\$ 3,680,880.26	\$ 1,431,528.11	\$ 2,249,352.15	\$ 1,041,816.45	\$ 351,067.48	\$ 370,114.92	\$ 486,353.30

1. Conservative market value.

2. Christmas, layette, and leprosy bundles; school, medical, and self-help supplies; soap.

3. The cash item of \$56,500.67 includes administrative costs for the entire Europe-North Africa program, non-reimbursable

freight on material aid, and East-West services in behalf of Mennonites in Eastern Europe.

4. Administered by Voluntary Service.

5. Includes MCC's cooperative share in Agape-Verlag.

Note: Totals in this summary do not coincide with disbursement figures in the Financial Summary on the back page because this summary covers the total expenditures of the Overseas Services and International Education programs and the overseas portions of the Peace Section and Voluntary Service programs.

Financial Summary

For the Year Ended November 30, 1966

WE RECEIVED

Gifts of Cash	\$1,253,864.48	
Gifts of clothing, bedding, food supplies, etc., from churches and individuals	1,881,762.16	
Gifts of food items from the United States Government	370,114.92	
Other Income (Note 1)	707,408.32	
		\$4,213,149.88

WE SPENT

Overseas Services	\$3,599,027.21	
Voluntary Service	256,537.76	
Peace Section	57,436.52	
Mennonite Disaster Service	20,387.14	
Mennonite Mental Health Services	27,831.44	
Other Expenditures (Note 2)	182,853.05	
		\$4,144,073.12
Increase in Fund Balances		69,076.76
Decrease in Applied, Reserved, and Designated Funds (Note 3)		7,820.45

Note 1: Material aid repayments, trainee repayments, TAP salaries, Voluntary Service personnel earnings, and headquarters housekeeping and housing income are included in this amount.

Note 2: Certain categories of interest expense and depreciation, as well as headquarters housekeeping and housing expenses are included in this amount.

Note 3: Applied, Reserved and Designated Fund decreases consist primarily of reduced equity in institutions and headquarters through operations and expenditures for buildings and equipment.

Contributions for the Mennonite Central Committee should be channeled through your own congregation's offerings or be sent to your conference's relief, service, and peace treasurer. In Canada direct contributions should be sent to the provincial MCC treasurer.

Mennonite Central Committee

21 South 12th Street
Akron, Pennsylvania 17501

Printed in the U.S.A. 267 Ik 80M