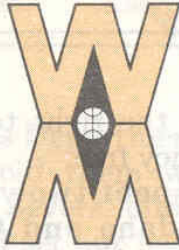


WORLD MISSION



CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE • NOVEMBER, 1976



NOVEMBER, 1976
Vol. 2
No. 11

WORLD MISSION MAGAZINE

THIS MONTH'S FEATURES

- 2 **Whitehorse Needed a Helping Hand—We Gave It,**
Vander Stoep Canada
- 6 **A + and a - and a + = Brasilia,** *Gates* Brazil
- 10 **Gold Nuggets,** *Walker* Swaziland
- 12 **No Dance Tonight,** *Porter* Dominican Republic
- 15 **I Don't Want to Fail God,** *Jones*
Republic of South Africa South
- 16 **Under the Big Tent,** *Parson* Papua New Guinea
- 18 **Firsts Are Exciting,** *Bunch* Portugal
- 20 **Iloilo Has a Bible School at Last,** *Divino* Philippines

CONTINUING FEATURES

- if **An International Church,** *Johnson* editorial
- 21 **Your Missionaries:** *Buchanan*, Uruguay; *Mander*, P. New Guinea
- 22 **JUNIORS: Seeing the Panama Canal,** *Buell* Panama
- 24 **The Mission World**
- 26 **Find It**
Wee Wisdom
Proverbs of the People
- 27 **Missionary and Children's Birthdays**
- 28 **Gratitude in Giving,** *Oliver*
- 29 **Prayer Requests for This Month**
Requests from Missionaries
Helps Available
- 30 **The Medical Plan: Distinguished Service Award**
- 31 **Reflections of Love in Remembrance**
- 32 **Gift Annuities for Missions**
- ib **Lifting Up Christ,** *Temple* editorial poem
- ob **Thanksgiving poster**

Front Cover: A little Indian girl of the Peruvian mountains
Photo by Clyde Golliher, Peru

JERALD D. JOHNSON, D.D.
Executive Secretary

HELEN F. TEMPLE
Editor

Published monthly by the General Board of the Church of the Nazarene. Printed by the NAZARENE PUBLISHING HOUSE, 2923 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Mo. 64109. Editorial Office at 6401 The Paseo, Kansas City, Mo. 64131. Subscription price: three years for \$3.00, in advance. Second-class postage paid at Kansas City, Mo. Address all correspondence concerning subscriptions to Nazarene Publishing House, P.O. Box 527, Kansas City, Mo. 64141. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send us your new address including "ZIP" code, as well as the old address, and enclose a label from a recent copy. Printed in U.S.A.

Whitehorse Needed a Helping Hand

We Gave It

by Mrs. Al Vander Stoep

Whitehorse, Yukon Territory,
is under the Department of Home Missions.

For almost 35 years Al and I ran a dairy ranch in Tillamook, Ore., and for 16 years Al worked at a lumber mill. When we sold the ranch and Al retired from the mill, we felt we had

earned the right to be "footloose and fancy free."

We spent two years traveling from Idaho and Oregon across Canada to Newfoundland, down to California, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, and several trips to Washington to visit our children. We were having fun for ourselves and enjoyed every minute of it.

But we found that it is impossible to remain a happy Christian just living on what you have and never giving anything out. And there isn't an awful lot one can do for the Lord sitting in the back of a camper. Our lives began to feel empty and useless.

I began to complain to the Lord, "Lord, how can we do anything for You when all we do is ride, ride, ride?"

And one day He said to me, "Don't you remember the 'impossible' things you've asked Me for before and I did them?"

I did remember them, so I answered, "Lord, just give us something to do for You!" and I rested on that prayer. I didn't tell Al about the prayer. I just waited.

One day Al came into the house and said, "Do you know what I'd like to do? I'd like to sell our house and most everything we have and find a home mission church to work in and just live in our camper."

To myself I thought, "This is IT, Lord. You are answering!"

Out loud I said, "That sounds good to me!"

Soon the house and all of the nonessentials were sold. Other things we "boarded" out to our children. Our pastor wrote to the

Home Missions Department of the church and told them what we wanted to do. Several offers came in, but we had set our hearts and our prayers on a church somewhere in Alaska, so we wrote to the district superintendent there.

He answered that the Whitehorse folk wanted to sell their old church and would then begin to build immediately; if they didn't sell, they needed to fix up what they had.

That sounded good to us. We didn't know the pastor's name, but Al wrote a letter and sent it to "The Church of the Nazarene, Whitehorse, Yukon Territory." Then we waited.

We felt that we should leave by the first of July if we were going to drive north. The middle of June came and we hadn't heard anything definite. The pastor called us at our daughter's but didn't reach us because we were off on a little trip. He didn't leave any message.

We prayed, "Lord, if You want us to stay here, we will; but we'd rather go to Whitehorse." Al added, "If we don't hear within a week, Lord, we'll just take it that You want us to stay here."

Within a week a letter came, saying, "We'd love to have you. There's more work here than I can ever get done."

We wrote right back saying that on July 6 we would be on our way.

After a Fourth of July camp-out with our children and grandchildren, we loaded our 11½-foot Conestoga camper to the hilt and started out. We enjoyed the beautiful Canadian scenery as we rode

along. Sometimes I wondered how the Lord was going to use me in this venture, but I was all for it.

You can't get alone much to pray in a camper. So I prayed silently as we rode along. "Lord, You know I've never had any special talents. I can't sing, I've never learned to play an instrument, I'm a rotten teacher. But I can scrub floors and wash windows. O Lord, just let me do that for You. I'd be really grateful to do it."

On July 13 we drove into the town of Whitehorse, and right there on the main street stood a white, wooden building with "Church of the Nazarene" painted above the door. We went in and met the pastor's married daughter, LaGene Engel. She called her father on the C.B. radio.

Soon Rev. Morrell arrived and we went into the study to talk over what we were to do. Right off he said to Al, "Would you teach a junior class so that my wife can be relieved of that? She's already doing more than she should."

Al agreed readily, for he loves to teach.

Then he turned to me.

"Don't ask me to teach," I said quickly. "My talents are more along the line of scrubbing floors and washing windows."

He looked at me quizzically and said no more.

We wondered where we would park the camper. All we had asked for was a plug-in for electricity. On the east side of the church there was a 12-foot alley between the church and a Chinese restaurant. Al backed the camper into the end

of the alley, put down the jacks, plugged into the electricity, and we were at home for seven weeks.

The alley was full of long grass and accumulated junk, but right by the camper door was a clump of beautiful fireweed. Al cut the long grass and made things neat, but he didn't touch the fireweed. "The Lord knew we were coming," he said, "and He planted a little garden for us."

The next day Rev. Morrell came to see us. Before he had a chance to say much, I said, "Do you have a church janitor, or are you it?"

"Well," he said, "I have a couple of boys who are supposed to be janitors, but when they don't show up, I do it." He looked at me hopefully and added, "Why? Did you want to do it?"

I said, "Yes. That's just what I want to do!"

"Good!" he said with a big smile. "That's what I came to ask you."

So, praise the Lord! I got to be the janitor.

Meanwhile Al was looking around to see what needed to be done. The church at one time had been both parsonage and church, built from an old army barracks. Later a sanctuary had been added, made from a half of another old barracks building. Many improvements had been started but quite a few had never been finished. Rev. Morrell has a wife and four children, and had to work on the side as well as pastor. He had very little time to work on the church.

Al was happy. He fixed the drafty windows, sanded and stained the floors, fitted carpets,

painted doors, built tables and benches, cleaned walls, painted ceilings, mended chairs, fixed fences, cleaned the basement, mowed the grass, and in between took part in devotions, taught a class, and made himself generally useful.

The population of the Yukon Territory is a little over 23,000, and 13,000 of them live in the city of Whitehorse. The only Nazarene church in the whole territory is the one in Whitehorse. And the next nearest Nazarene church is in Fairbanks, Alaska, 600 miles away. We found the people were very friendly and made us feel warmly welcome.

To encourage the people to come to Sunday school, Al built a Noah's Ark. It was six feet long and 40 inches high with gangplanks that went in and out when we turned a crank. Adults liked it as much as the children did. The first Sunday Al let down the gangplanks and loaded supplies for Noah's family. Up the gangplank went hotdogs, buns, mustard, ketchup, potato chips, and other goodies. Then he had the children bring all the toy animals they had and add them to the ark until it was stuffed. On the Sundays that followed, anyone who brought a visitor could put an animal in the ark and receive a small prize like a box of animal crackers.

The first Sunday we were there, there were 22 in Sunday school. Seven weeks later when we left, there were 60 present.

Al began to teach a class of boys and girls. The first Sunday only he and the pastor's son were pres-

IS PEOPLE HARVEST IS PEOPLE

ent. "We'll have to pray this week for more kids," he said. "Let's ask God to send four more next Sunday."

The next week there were 6. By the time we left there were 12 in the class.

Most of the work done around the church was done with scraps of lumber, paneling, and paint that we found in the basement. One of the special projects we took on was to fix up the kitchen. The painted walls were chipped and scratched, and the linoleum was old and torn and always looked dirty, no matter how often you washed it. Al tore the linoleum up, then went to the basement in search of paint.

He found a gallon of lavender paint and spread this on the walls. There was some leftover white outdoor paint that he used to paint the doors and window frames. He decided the ceiling would have to be left its original dark ivory because he hates to paint ceilings. But when Rev. Morrell came in, he convinced Al that the ceiling needed to be painted too.

The two of them went downtown and bought some yellow paint and a piece of gold carpet for the kitchen floor. When Al opened the can, the yellow paint turned out to be green. Al is not one to quibble over colors matching, and he was busy putting the green paint on the ceiling when I came in.

"Al!" I exclaimed. "Are you putting THAT on the ceiling?"

"It'll look OK," he said. "Green and gold go good together!"

"With lavender walls in between?" I said, "Oh, yuk!"

He went right on painting, be-

ing used to my protests.

But when LaGene had come in for a look and turned pale green herself, and when Rev. Morrell looked in and said weakly, "Well, it looks clean, anyway," Al decided that perhaps green was just too much, after all.

Back to town they went for a can of white paint; and would you believe, it took two coats to cover that green. So the ceiling that wasn't going to be painted at all ended up with three coats of paint.

I went down and bought some material for a curtain; and when we finished, the kitchen was beautiful.

What were we paid for our labor? Oh, we didn't get any cash, but we were paid. We were paid by rich friendships with new Christian friends; and by the joy of living in a new community and seeing the scenery and the countryside. And who could put a price on a jew's harp that Al received from a little freckle-faced boy named Jamey? It was his favorite toy, but he gave it to someone he really loved. Now it is one of our most treasured possessions and a payment we will never forget. We were paid with priceless experiences: riding up the Yukon River in the Schwatka with Rev. Morrell as our pilot; eating moose meat hamburgers; a beautiful hand-painted picture, and a book about the 1898 Klondike gold rush. But more than all of this was the deep, deep assurance that we were exactly in the place that the Lord wanted us. All the pay in the world could never compare with the joy of being in the center of His will.