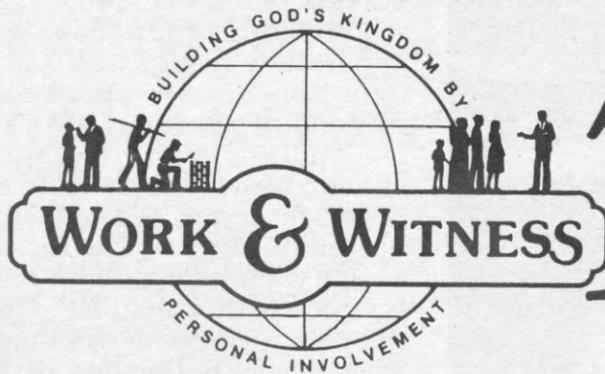


# SPECIAL EDITION

## SPOTLIGHTING THE SUMMER

### MINISTRY OF TREVECCA STUDENTS



# Trevechoes

Vol. #52

October 4-5, 1995

Issue #2

## Youth in Mission takes students to 5 continents

by Staci A. Richardson, NYI Ministries

*Puppets. Vacation Bible Schools. Music and Drama. Personal Evangelism. Compassionate Ministries. Cross-Cultural Experiences.*

Sound exciting? To more than 90 Nazarene college students from across the country it was more than exciting—it's how God used their lives and talents this past summer. These students shared the gospel in more than 15 ministry sites around the world through the Youth in Mission (YIM) program sponsored by NYI Ministries and the Church of the Nazarene.

What are you doing next summer? Each summer dozens of students just like you take this leap of faith. They've found that the entire process—from the fundraising and training to the actual seven week, on site ministry experience—was one of the most challenging and stretching experiences of their lives.

Each year, YIM invites young adults/college students to invest their summer in a life-changing ministry. Participants applied for the program last fall and spent most of the school year raising funds and preparing for their two-month summer ministry assignment. Four types of ministry opportunities were available to the students: International Student Ministries, Mission to the Cities, Contact, and the NYC '95 Music Team.

Working in conjunction with missionaries and national leaders, International Student Ministries (ISM) students ministered in a variety of ways, including VBS, canvassing, compassionate ministries, drama/music, and church planting. ISM sites for this past summer included Australia, Ecuador, Costa Rica, South Africa, Russia, Ukraine, Papua New

Guinea, Mexico, and Hong Kong. Those students involved in Mission to the Cities focused their ministry at Compassionate Ministries Centers (CMCs) throughout the United States and Canada. These centers are often involved in urban outreach and deal with issues such as homelessness, substance abuse, lack of education, AIDS, and hunger. CMCs hosting YIM teams this past summer were Golden Gate Community, Inc. (San Francisco), Crossroads of the



Rockies, (Denver), the Lamb's (New York), Shepherd Community (Indianapolis), and Community of Hope (Washington, DC).

Members of Contact teams assisted local churches and districts in making "contacts" with their communities. Most of their work was concentrated around Sunshine Clubs—short programs designed to reach the children of the community through a variety of methods such as music, puppets, and drama. Contact teams ministered in Montreal, Quebec; El Paso, Texas; and Louisville, Kentucky.

The nine-member NYC '95 Music Team traveled around the country singing in various churches, camps, and Vacation Bible Schools, ending their summer ministry at NYC '95 in Phoenix.

*continued on page 4*

## CAUSE '95 ministers in Maracaibo, Venezuela

by Tim Mastin, Nazarene Compassionate Ministries

What can a few college students do to impact their world? Plenty, when their passion leads to the formation of programs such as C.A.U.S.E. (College and University Students Serving and Enabling). That is exactly what happened 10 years ago when student leaders from several campuses contacted Nazarene Compassionate Ministries about becoming involved in impoverished areas of the world. From their expressed interest in serving others, the CAUSE program was born.

CAUSE is a unique short-term program. It is designed to holistically impact impoverished communities for the church and for Christ, to impact each person involved with a life changing and eye-opening experience, and bring spiritual renewal and change to both the project areas and to the campus community as God works his transforming power through people's lives.

This past summer, the project site was the city of Maracaibo, Venezuela as well as several nearby towns. Each of the nine Nazarene colleges and universities sent teams to Maracaibo during the spring and summer months for one-week compassionate ministry and work and witness efforts. Compassionate ministries can include many different responses depending on the place, the need, and how God would have teams respond. Evangelism and construction are the two other components of CAUSE. Evangelism may take place through special services, campaigns, and films, but most often it happens by building relationships with the people of the community in which the teams are working. Construction can include schools, homes,

health centers—again, it all depends on the needs of the community!

Over the course of the summer, teams from the Nazarene colleges worked in each of these three areas (compassionate ministries, evangelism, and construction). The combined team from Trevecca Nazarene College and Olivet Nazarene University cleaned streets, cleaned and painted a local sports court,



cleaned the church grounds, showed an evangelistic video, held a service on the sports court, put on a puppet show for children, played sports with the young people, and held a service after the sports at which several teens accepted salvation and later joined the ministry of the church! The team from Eastern Nazarene College poured the second-story concrete floor on a school in Machiques.

Also this year, a special health care ministry team consisting of nursing, pre-med, and physician assistant students from five of the Nazarene campuses also traveled to Venezuela. They engaged in cross-cultural health care ministry that allowed them to see over 700 patients.

*continued on page 4*

## Dawn Hedley: Reaching Home

Many college students end their semester preparing to go to find summer jobs or visit family. For myself and about 90 other college students from several sister Nazarene colleges, the summer of 1995 was somewhat different, and certainly one that will not be forgotten in years to come. This amazing summer started with a packed week of training in Phoenix AZ. Here teams of students who had never met before came together for one week to prepare for both international and domestic mission work for eight weeks. The excitement of the summer could already be felt as we met and got to know each other.

There is no way I could put in enough words my experience of Youth in Mission. My testimony of this summer, however, began several months earlier as I prepared to begin the second half of my Junior year at TNC. Leaving home (South Africa), I was not expecting to be able to return there for at least two years. When Youth in Mission representatives arrived on our campus, I was thrilled to find out that a trip was being planned to none other than South Africa. I began praying as I felt the Lord speak to my heart about this opportunity (though I had no idea where the money would come from). Within six months I was on a plane to Phoenix AZ, after having been selected as one of seven team members to minister in South Africa and to assist in the Thrust to the Cities program! All 21 Youth in Mission teams joined together for an incredible farewell communion service on the last Sunday evening that we were all together in Phoenix. My ultimate prayer was that God would use me not only to reach my people, but to reach home . . . my family, who also needed to hear about and see Christ in my life, and the difference He is making.

Our team was made up of Rosco Williamson (PLNC), Shelli Martin (MANC), Lisa Conley (MANC), Roger Cupp (MVNC), Jason Lipscomb (SNU), Shane Huff (TNC), and myself. We arrived in Cape Town after 26 hours of flying time and another 13 hours of lay-overs. We arrived to a very wet, wintry South Africa, but spirits were high with expectation for the weeks ahead (despite broken and lost luggage . . .). Though I had never been to Cape Town myself, I enjoyed the familiarities, like driving on the



Dawn and her mother, who surprised her by flying down to Cape Town to visit the team

left side of the road and seeing the faces of people that I knew as my own.

My desire for my own experience of Youth in Mission was simply for the opportunity to reach my own people . . . to actually minister with fellow young people in a way that is essentially new to my country. The fantastic thing about our whole trip is that God had already begun the preparation work ten years before we got there in a man named Ken Paynter. His vision was to begin training IMPACT teams of young people to reach South Africa, and eventually the continent of Africa. (IMPACT stands for Immediate Personal Action for Christ.) Ken's vision was actualized last year and God is blessing the work. Next year Ken hopes to have two teams ready to witness all over South Africa and would eventually like to send a team to work in the United States.

Our Youth in Mission team doubled up with a national team of ten young people and together we traveled and ministered and encouraged. We spent three and one-half weeks in the area of Cape Town. Our contact besides Ken was a dynamic local evangelist named Winston Riddles. Our home for these weeks was a hostel and boys' orphanage located right under the well known Table Mountain. Our accommodations were bunk beds and lockers with a community bathroom facility, which we often shared with travelers who were coming to Cape Town. We had an amazing view of Cape Town and many times we would all stand outside the city and pray for her. Our basic day would be to rise up and be ready at 9:00 A.M. to be picked

up in a "combi" (van) and driven to our school location to join the IMPACT team. There we would get all the "Primary" (Middle) School kids together during their break and put together a program of singing, drama, mimes, and testimony. I think this was an interesting experience for my whole team and a reminder for me of the school system in which I grew up. All the kids would stand in the quad and the Headmaster would come to the microphone and greet them. The kids would reply, "Good morning Mr. ...." Then he would sit and wait for us to start. One experience I remember when visiting a particular school was something that the kids taught us. We had started our program and were teaching the kids a new song when the Headmaster said, "They want to share something with you." He counted to three and the whole school shouted out, "1-800- G. O. D. . . Dring, Dring... It's never engaged (busy)!!" It was

such a simple lesson. Our ministry in the schools was a great opportunity to proclaim Christ, though one's heart wishes it could stay and do more.

In the afternoons we would either return to the hostel to rest or go sight-seeing. We would later be ready to go again for our evening ministry doing revival services with Winston. These were always a wonderful time of lively singing, testimonies, drama, and strong preaching. Our hearts were humbled as we saw the huge need for encouragement and vision as we reached out. We would usually be back for the night at around 11:00 or later. One of the greatest lessons my team learned in Cape Town was the art of being flexible, whether it meant waiting for our ride for 4 hours, not getting supper until 11:00 at night, not following what we had planned in a service, or even not knowing what was happening the next day. We truly learned to appreciate the saying, "Live each day as it comes." Once the school holidays began, our time during the day became a time of keeping ourselves occupied. We often spent time with the orphan boys, walked all over town, or simply spent time alone with God.

Soon it was time to head up to our other site which was my home city, Pretoria. Here both the "America YIM's" and the "South African IMP's" split up in order to divide into five teams. We all become leaders in the training of about 35 high schoolers who were divided among the five teams. We called these combined groups Mission Expedition teams. These five teams were then each

*continued on page 12*



The team's accommodations in Cape Town was a hostel and orphanage at the base of Table Mountain.

# YIM: SOUTH AFRICA

October 4-5, 1995

Page 3

Trevecchos

## Shane Huff: Learning to Die in order to Live

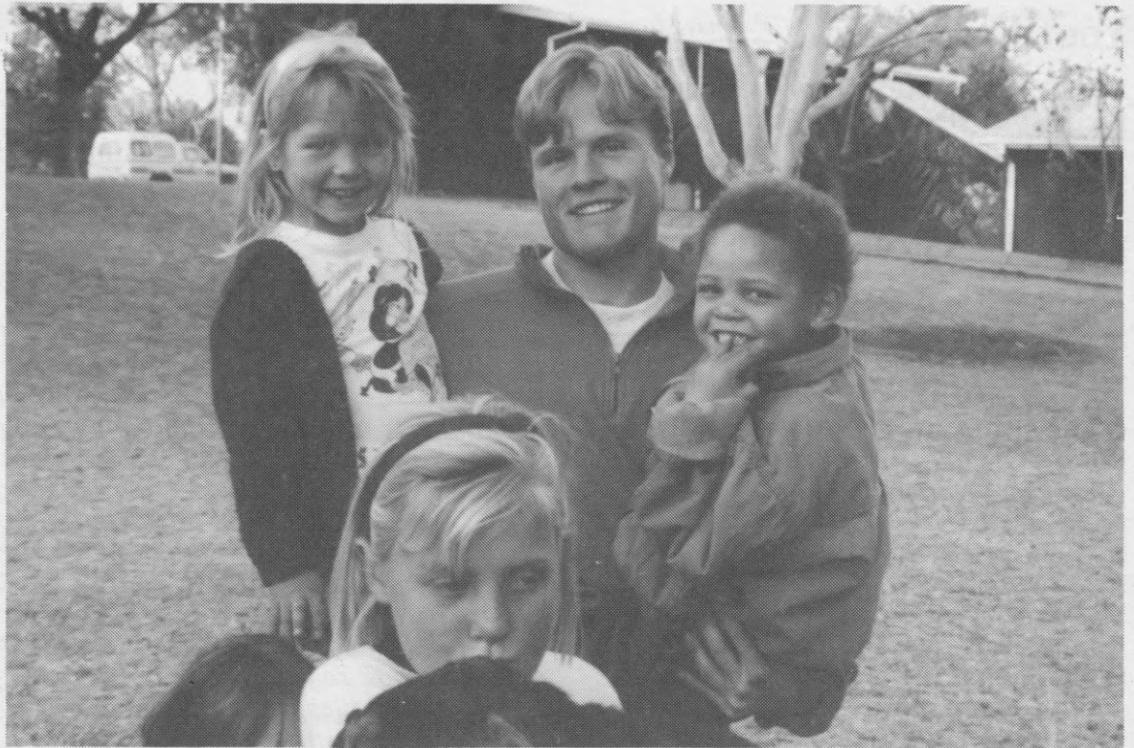
Dawn Hedley woke me up and said "Shane, we are almost there!" I wiped my eyes and looked out of the window, only to see a lot of gray clouds with the rugged Cape coastline and the icy cold Atlantic waves crashing upon the shore far below. My heart started to beat faster with excitement. Africa. I had come back to a land and people that I love. It had been three years since I left it all behind as my family and I moved back to the States. Dawn and I were all smiles since we knew what to expect and looked forward to the familiarities of South African life. We were the only two on our team of seven who had lived in South Africa before. Three of the others besides Dawn and me had previously been to Africa. (Six out of the seven members of our team felt that missions were definitely a part of their future.)

I had been looking forward to this trip ever since the Youth In Mission crew came to Trevecca at the beginning of the 1994 fall semester. I was a very new Christian and had recently felt God's call on my life into full-time Christian service. I had no clue as to what area of ministry, but I felt that YIM would be a good place to start my search. I took some steps of faith in signing up and having an interview. I told God from the start that if this was what He wanted, then I would leave it completely in His hands knowing that He would provide. Well, of course, He financed every cent of it.

The day we landed in South Africa, I felt totally comfortable and had no culture shock: I was home. I had spent six and a half of my growing up years in this country. This was a large part of who I was. I

found that I fit back in just like I never left. There were obvious differences, however. Politically, I was coming back to a new President and government. Racial barriers had been broken down so much that I could feel the freedom in the air. This was a pleasant difference from what I had remembered. Change does, on the other hand, often have a bad aspect. I had left a nation that had claimed Christianity as its religion. Now it was different. No longer was prayer or the Bible a part of the public school system. A push for freedom of religion had been instituted. Islam is now the fastest growing faith. These major changes tied into the change in my own life. I never would have thought that I would return to Africa on a mission trip. Parts of South Africa may have changed, but I also had changed. I was coming back as a new person in Christ and it was awesome. I knew that a big part of why God was bringing me back for this visit was to influence the lives of people that I already knew, including my best friend and friends from church and school, but also to build new friendships and sow seeds of love for the kingdom. I knew the summer was going to be a great one and I had high expectations. Yet, I just didn't know how great it would be.

Within the first six hours after we had landed, God answered several prayers. I got to see my best friend who, needless to say, was shocked beyond belief. After catching up on three years of separation, I saw that my worries that Glen would reject the changes in me were exaggerated. I was very thankful. Our



Shane and some of the children of an orphanage in Pretoria

friendship was still close in spite of our spiritual differences. Just to see my buddy alive and well was an answer to prayer. I also got to see a few other old friends all in my first day back. That first day was a wonderful start for me and my excitement for the rest of the summer grew intensely. I finally was able to retire to my bed after an exhausting forty hour trip from Phoenix, Arizona, to Cape Town, South Africa.

Due to jet lag, I woke in the early hours of the morning. The dark winter morning sky was pitch black with an occasional star shining out along with the huge white moon. As I sat in the empty cafeteria with my Bible and journal, I overlooked the city buildings and street lights of Cape Town. I imagined all the people and the lost souls who were out there. My heart sank into my stomach as I cried out to my Heavenly Father, "Lord, why am I here? How can you use me here? What can I do to make a difference?" Then God reminded me of a verse that a friend had given me before I left. It is Joshua 1:9: "Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous! Do not tremble or be dismayed, for the Lord your God is with you wherever you go." The Lord instilled in me His



A 12-year old street child with whom Shane visited and sang songs

peace that I was back in South Africa for a reason and that He would take care of me and use me in the process. Only later did I realize that I wasn't there just to minister to but to be ministered to and to grow in God's love.

The summer was the best one in my life. God brought many people into my life. He showed me how to love others. From giving a homeless man some food and a hug, to witnessing to an old drunk man and telling him that someone loved him, to singing songs with a street child living in the doorway of a side shop, to playing with orphan kids, to listening to the stories of a lonely woman at an old age home, to giving a beggar some change, to praying for a gang member, to encouraging a

friend who felt unworthy of God's love, to asking for forgiveness, to holding back my words, to making friendships with people that society and the church look down upon, to sharing a testimony, to exchanging my attitude for the love of Christ; in all of these He taught me how to love others. God broke me down in many ways this summer as He taught me about His love and how to love others. I saw and experienced many things, but Jesus showed me above all else that if I want to live, I have to die first.

SHANE HUFF is a Junior Religion major. He plans to attend Nazarene Theological Seminary and to then enter the mission field.

## Youth in Mission *continued from page 1*

All YIM participants began their summer ministry at YIM Training Camp, June 4-12, at Orangewood Church of the Nazarene in Phoenix. Teams took part in various seminars and training workshops on topics such as personal evangelism, drama, puppetry, ministry to youth/children, recreation, group dynamics, and cross-cultural interaction. Special speakers and workshop leaders included Dr. Louis Bustle, Director of World Mission Division; Gustavo Crocker, Nazarene Compassionate Ministries; Dr. Gary Silverwright, Chaplain—Mount Vernon Nazarene College; Dr. Hermann Gschwandtner, Nazarene Compassionate Ministries—Eurasia Region; Lori Salierno, Associate Pastor—North Hills Church of God, Phoenix; Rev. Rick Power, Radio Coordinator, China Ministries; and Dana Hojsack, Golden Gate Community, Inc., San Francisco.

If the Youth in Mission experience sounds like something in which you'd like to be involved, be sure to schedule an interview with the YIM/NYI Ministries staff while they're on Trevecca's campus October 4 and 5. You may also contact Tim Mastin, YIM Coordinator, at (816) 333-7000, extension 2210.

## C.A.U.S.E *continued from page 1*

Venezuelan missionaries Marty and Debbie Hoskins and Craig and Gail Zickefoose gave the following report on the CAUSE effort: "The overall impact of CAUSE on Venezuela was great. The national church will never be the same. We have seen many young leaders come out of CAUSE that seemed to be hiding before. We have seen many people touched through the different ministries that were performed. I believe God has been working with us through the CAUSE experience, and our ministry will never be the same. . . . We saw the involvement of many people who had been 'on the fringe' people, find a ministry and become actively involved. Several here have felt the call to missions. Leaders were developed that will continue the work, now that the CAUSE teams have returned to their schools and homes."

The work begun by the CAUSE teams has caused the national church to desire to continue this type of program each year. The goal is to target an area of Venezuela each year, using many of the new leaders to organize Venezuelans to minister!

Would you like to be a part of CAUSE 1996 ministries in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil? If so, be sure to pick up an application in the Office of Student Services. The deadline for application is October 27.

### Trevechoes Mission Statement

1. To provide factual written news, relevant commentary, and general information;
2. To serve as a record of the life and thought of Trevecca;
3. To provide a forum for students (though faculty are not excluded) to explore issues and ideas on their own through the creative process of writing; and
4. To provide a medium through which dialogue about any of these may occur.

## An invitation to share our tears



by Kenneth L. Couchman, Editor

Ken,  
We met you by chance; it was something destiny brought to us. It is a beautiful friendship

that has begun and though we are going to be far away by the distance, you will be always in our heart and in our thoughts.

Remember that here, in this little city, you have two good friends and when you feel alone or lonely or sad or happy, write to us. We will be here waiting for your letter to help you or to congratulate you for all the goals you could reach.

God bless you and good luck.

Christopher Leon

Andrea Gonzalez

The words you just read were written to me on a farewell card from two Venezuelan university students. They brought tears to my eyes.

I was in Venezuela with Trevecca's CAUSE team. On the third day of our stay, I was accidentally left behind at our hotel. After an hour of unsuccessful attempts to reach the church by taxi, a young bilingual man by the name of Christopher Leon volunteered to help me find my destination. Soon, I was rejoined with my teammates. I also found that Christopher and I were friends.

Christopher came to the church every day to see how I was doing. He insisted that I find an opportunity to get away from the group and go touring around the city with him and his girlfriend, Andrea Gonzalez. Before our stay was over, the three of us had spent more than 15 hours together. I had even visited Christopher's apartment, where his family lavished gifts on me and offered

their home to me as lodging if I could stay in Maracaibo longer. That same evening, I called home and told my parents that I might not be coming home as planned. I did so with tears in my eyes.

I do not know why people such as Christopher and Andrea would want so badly for a guy like me to stay in their country. I do not know what it was about this lost college student from the United States that caused them to want to be friends with me. I don't know why they would want so badly to spend time with me or why they would give me grand tours of their city. I do know, however, that my strange desire to stay in Maracaibo could not have been realized. I also know that when Christopher, Andrea, and I hugged good-bye at the airport, our eyes were heavy with tears.

I suspect this was how it was for most, if not all, of the students from all across the continent who participated in Youth in Mission or CAUSE this past summer. Not all students may have found their emotions tapped by friendships resulting from a getting lost in a host city, but I am sure that everyone had wet cheeks and red eyes at some point in their travels. It could have been the result of the separation from friends, but it could just as well have resulted from pure frustration or a profound spiritual moment. In most all cases, however, it will have resulted from that student finding himself or herself connected to a person or an environment that discloses something about their own genuine personhood or of the reality of the world around them.

Please keep this in mind as you read this special issue of the Trevechoes. These are not news stories. These are descriptions of significant events in the lives of a few of our own classmates. Who knows, maybe someone reading about them in this issue will find himself or herself connected with a person or environment that discloses something about genuine personhood or reality. And maybe, someone's eyes will be filled with tears. . . .

## Trevechoes

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Publisher: Franklin-Web Publishing Company, Franklin, TN

The Trevechoes office is located in Room 103 of the Tidwell faculty building. The views expressed in the Trevechoes are those of the individual contributors and do not necessarily reflect the views of Trevechoes or Trevecca Nazarene College. Trevechoes encourages letters to the editor. All opinions, complaints, and suggestions are welcome. For publication consideration, all letters must be signed and sent to Trevechoes, Box 1646.

## Christy Brummett: Out of My Poverty

How can I begin? Exactly how can I tell you about two months of my life that I still don't understand myself? I am not a missionary or special in any way. I have few outstanding talents if any at all, yet God asked me to give of myself in a way I had really never considered before.

I have a hundred stories to share with you, yet they don't even contain half of the emotions, turmoil, loneliness, or joy I've shared this summer.

I boarded a plane Monday, June 5, 1995, to Phoenix, Arizona, with my eyes full of tears. I was extremely anxious about what the next two months would hold for me. My mom and a lady from my church were there to see me off, and I had to hurry into the plane to keep from crying. My family was more than a little nervous about my going away to the former USSR, so I didn't want to upset them any further.

I was met in Phoenix by two smiling YIM'ers and my very busy week of training camp began. We were up at 7 A.M. and in bed long after midnight each day. We had wonderful speakers such as Rick Powers, Lori Salierno, and Curt Salierno. Each day held so much that I didn't really get to absorb everything until I was at home at the end of August.

On Wednesday, June 7, Lori Salierno spoke on brokenness. I have often heard how we are called to be "broken before God," yet this whole message was so different for me. She said (in my words, what it said to me) that to give is wonderful!! That's great. Yet don't we find ourselves giving what is easy to give? It's important for us to give our



Christy glues wallpaper at a center for the handicapped in Kiev.



A young gypsy boy begs on a Moscow street

money, time, friendships, etc., but how often do we give what is really tough to give? Do we give or love until it hurts us so deeply we don't know how we'll make it? I prayed in that instant that I would give out of my "poverty," what really hurt me to give, and that I would be totally broken, because that's when we can rejoice since God is there to put the pieces back together.

Monday, June 12, came and the 11 of us headed to the former USSR were nervously ready to board our plane. We made up three separate teams: one to Volgograd, one to Moscow, and mine was to Kiev, Ukraine. We flew into Moscow on the 13th and did a lot of sightseeing for the first few days. We toured Red Square—what an awesome experience! So much history has transpired there. St. Basil's and the Kremlin were also amazing their beauty.

My trip, however, was not a vacation or a sightseeing adventure, it was all about the people. Even though I consciously always thought I didn't stigmatize people, I had a fear of "Communist" power. Their world is so different from ours. You can see the heartache in their eyes; they live a very hard life. When people ask me what I did this summer, a lot of times I say, "I lived." No one really understands that answer. However, in that country living is a full time job. We had no supermarket to which to go to buy our groceries. There was a market for vegetables, and sometimes you could get bread there or on the street, but often you'd go to the bread store. The "western" stores sold milk and other items that only westerners

and a few Russians could afford. Everything else one had to buy when one could find it. Milk there is sold in boxes and stored on the shelf for up to six months without refrigeration. Everywhere you go you either have to walk or take the bus or subway.

Our main goal in Kiev was to build relationships with the people of the church. Going in we had visions of saving the world and making a huge dent in the nation. That was not to be the case. Kiev has been through a great struggle the last year and a half. They've been without missionaries and have been running themselves. Their numbers have fallen drastically. However, please don't find yourselves thinking that the situation over there is bad; it's not. God is so real to these people. They have endured through it all, thick and thin, because they

believe in what God is doing in their lives and in their country.

We continuously worked with a youth group throughout our time there. These young people were so in love with Christ that they had no qualms in approaching strangers in the street to tell them about Jesus. This is really a huge deal because street evangelism in the Ukraine is illegal.

For about two weeks of our stay, we worked closely with two handicap centers. We held weekly Bible studies for both. At one of the centers, we wallpapered and painted the rooms they met in. There were precious ladies always hugging and kissing us. They loved to hear us sing hymns in English while they sang them in Russian. The few times we tried to sing them in Russian they smiled and laughed with us at our many mistakes.

I spent my summer in a beautiful, yet hurting country. That's the simplest way I can put it. Are they really that different from us? Is that nation that far from where we often find ourselves? Are we locked into complacency? These are some questions I've been asking myself. I will never know if I made a difference in anyone's life there, but I can tell you that they made a world of difference to me. Even as you read this, God is helping me piece myself back together in the way he really desires me to be.

CHRISTY BRUMMETT is a Junior Biology major.



Dema and Vova, assistant youth pastors in Kiev, enjoy a slice of pizza

## David Sanders: The Adventures of Plastic Man

"You take this one, Dave. You're the puppet guy."

"Okay," I numbly replied.

It was a Friday afternoon and I was sitting in an office on the twentieth floor of a skyscraper in Hong Kong. District Superintendent Fai Chan was going over our ministry itinerary for the next two months. Corey, my team captain, had just asked me to teach the 2 1/2 hour children's ministries seminar scheduled for the following Sunday, and I had accepted. What was I thinking?! What am I doing here on the other side of the world? How am I supposed to minister to these people? I can't preach to them because they would make me too nervous. I can't sing for them because that would make them too nervous. What can I possibly do here? Then I remembered how I had come to be here, how God had assured me and reassured me that this was where he wanted me to be.

I had been selected for YIM despite having no previous experience in cross-cultural missions. Over \$3,000 had miraculously poured in to cover the cost of the trip without me ever asking for a dime. I tried to reassure myself that God had me here for some reason, probably to show me something about his will for my future. At least that's what I hoped it was. "I may not be able to minister here," I thought, "but at least I can gain some valuable experience."

I consoled myself and listened as the DS went through week after week of planned ministries, none for which I had any qualifications. My children's ministries seminar was scheduled for the following Sunday, and I had less than two weeks of experience in this field. I kept hearing the words of the Youth In Mission staff from training camp: "Be flexible."

"I don't mind stretching myself a little," I thought, "but I'm not Plastic Man." It was obvious that these people expected a lot from our team (who had met for the first time only a week earlier) and I didn't want to disappoint them. My teammates seemed unconcerned, but I was frantic. Because I had experience with a MOT (Ministry Outreach Team) from Trevecca, I knew what it was like to be totally unprepared for

what a church expects of you. Still, it wasn't pretty, and I didn't care to make a fool of myself on both sides of the globe.

My only talent is working with kids, but there were no children's programs on our itinerary. We were scheduled to do everything from teaching English courses to personal evangelism "blitzes," but no kids! I called on God to help me overcome my inhibitions and fears.

By the end of the summer, I had stretched my comfort zones, my patience level, and my dietary habits beyond recognition. I had done things I had never dreamed I'd do (but am now having nightmares about). I had taught classes and seminars on things I had never done (such as Scottish folk dancing!), had been a youth counselor at an international camp, had eaten shark fins and barbecued chicken feet (giving new meaning to the phrase "finger lickin' good"), been "shot at" by nine-inch tropical spiders, been keynote speaker at an NWMS convention, and posed for hundreds of photos—many with people who didn't even know me but who wanted their picture taken with an American.

I can't say that I did any of these things well, but God showed me that He wasn't interested in my ability, but instead in my availability. When I looked back at it all, trying to find some difference I had made, I realized that it wasn't through the singing or the skits or the speaking that I'd accomplished something in Hong Kong, but through my love for the people and my willingness to show it. Hong Kong doesn't need food or money (they already have the highest percentage of Roles Royces and cellular phones of any city in the world), but there are six million people there who are hungry for hope, love, and some kind of meaning to life. In their pluralistic society, the gospel of Christ is just another empty fairy tale, until they see His loving smile on the face of a disciple, until He takes them in His arms and gently wipes away their tears.

One of my English students was a 19-year-old boy named Cheong who had failed his exit exams. Because of the competitiveness of the educational system in Hong Kong, he would not be allowed to



ABOVE: Dave vs. the camera-happy man hunters of the Philippines



LEFT: Dave and Cheong

continue his education in public schools, and his widowed mother could not afford education costs for a private school. In Hong Kong, one's life is dependent on exit exam scores; they are the only information asked for on job applications. Cheong opened up to the group one night and told us that he was lonely. He said that he had frequently considered suicide but did not have the courage to go through with it. I

befriended him, and soon he enrolled in our English class that was to begin the following week at another church. Every day I spent time with Cheong talking about his life, his dreams, and his fears. On my last night in Hong Kong, I invited him to spend the night with Corey and me in our apartment. We stayed up talking until 4:30 A.M., and he told me

*continued on page 12*

## Tracy Dersch: Ministering to the AIDS community

The "city by the bay," the Golden Gate Bridge, trolley cars, and earthquakes: these are all things we think of when we hear about San Francisco. If we were honest with ourselves, however, we would admit that the first thing we think about is the gay population and AIDS. San Francisco is where I spent my summer and AIDS is what I dealt with every day. A portion of my time was also spent with the homeless population of Golden Gate Park.

The first few weeks, I, along with ten other interns at Golden Gate Community, Inc. worked day in and day out at a number of soup kitchens and doing blanket runs to serve the homeless. We also had an in-depth training and orientation time to the city, the AIDS population, and AIDS children. This was all in preparation for the camp of which we had now become the staff. Three days a week, I was camp counselor for a day camp called Camp Bridge. It is the only summer-long day camp in the U.S. for children who are infected or affected by HIV/AIDS. By this I mean that the children were infected themselves with the HIV virus, or a family member was or is infected. Some of the children knew why they were there, while others had no clue. One family lost a parent and another family found out that their father was HIV positive during the course of the summer. It is difficult to see children hurting, but the selfish part of me was glad to know that I was leaving at the end of the summer because I did not want to have to be around when "my kids" lost a brother, sister, or parent, or even died themselves. I honestly do not see how a parent can ever handle losing a child. I miss my kids and love them very much. My camp name was "Tigerlilly" for the summer and it was like a hug on my heart when a little one would come up and say "Tigerwilwey, come on!" and then grab my hand. Those children were truly a blessing to me. It broke my heart to see all they were going through. Most of the children were from the broken homes of Latino and African American families who were of a lower economic status. But they were kids! They loved to run, play, have fun, and do everything possible to break the rules! They were as ornery as any child and could really test one's nerves. I know I will see some of them again in heaven, but my



If only every day was Christmas, then life would be happier (because people are nicer at Christmastime).

If only I didn't have HIV, then I wouldn't have to worry so much about dying.

If only I knew more about what dying was like, then I would probably feel a little bit better about the fact that it might happen.

If only I could talk to someone in Heaven, then they could tell me how it is there, what things there are to do there, and what I should bring.

Rachael, age 9

ABOVE FROM: Wiener, Lori S., Aprille Best, and Philip A. Pizzo, art and writing compilers. *Be a Friend, Children Who Live with HIV Speak*. Morton Grove, IL: Albert Whitman and Company, 1994.



LEFT: Tracy and two of the children from Camp Bridge at Marine World

prayers are with those who will grow up and have to face cruelty in a world that is homophobic and scared of growing close to someone who is dealing with AIDS.

Two evenings a week, we delivered meals to people living with AIDS through a program called Project Open Hand. This project delivers over 1,500 meals every night through the help of volunteers. The first night I was sent to a hotel in "the Tenderloin," which is the roughest part of San Francisco.

hotels where anything that was evil would happen there. Now, imagine the people you see on late night talk shows: homosexuals, transvestites, cross-dressers, drug addicts, and persons suffering from mental illness; these are the types of people who lived at the Ambassador. We delivered over eighty meals to this one hotel. We met an individual named Tonya in the hall who was actually a Tony! She in her black mini skirt, heels, and a face full of makeup asked us for a meal. Outwardly, I was the face of a Christian who

loved everyone, but on the inside, I did not feel quite like that. As she/he walked away she said, "Remember, Jesus loves all!" I and my attitude thought, "Who are you to be telling us that Jesus loves us, dressed in your drag and sinful life?" The Lord quickly dealt with me and brought to my mind John 13:34, "...Love one another. As I have loved you, so you must love another." Jesus does love all, no matter who we are or what we've done. He died for that cross-dresser and I was to love him because Christ loves me. After that day and a few hours of processing and prayer, I was prepared and wanting to return to the Ambassador every week in order to show the people there the love of Christ. I found that I was actually able to develop friendships with them.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that I believe I met an angel. While walking into McDonald's with two other girls, we passed a homeless man who was asking for money. One of the girls stopped and told him she would buy him a sandwich. After waiting in line, we all got our food, and she took the sandwich out to him and came back in. After prompting from the Holy Spirit, she realized she was inside eating while he was outside eating all alone. She decided to go outside and talk to him. A few minutes later, myself along with the other girl joined them. We were truly blessed by this man named Les. He was a Christian who was struggling. He loved the Lord and talked to us about things he faced in his life, but for some reason everything he talked about directly pertained to things that I was dealing with. It was incredible! We talked for over an hour, and by the end, we were all standing in a circle outside of McDonald's in downtown San Francisco holding hands, and each one of us prayed, even Les! We all gave him hugs and said our good-byes. It is wonderful the way the Lord sends certain people into our lives at just the right time, and gives us just what we need. We thought we were helping a homeless man that day with some food, a smile, and some conversation, but in actuality, he probably ministered to us more than we did to him. Les was an angel to me!

There were so many things I learned this summer that it is almost ridiculous to try to put them into words. The whole issue

continued on page 12

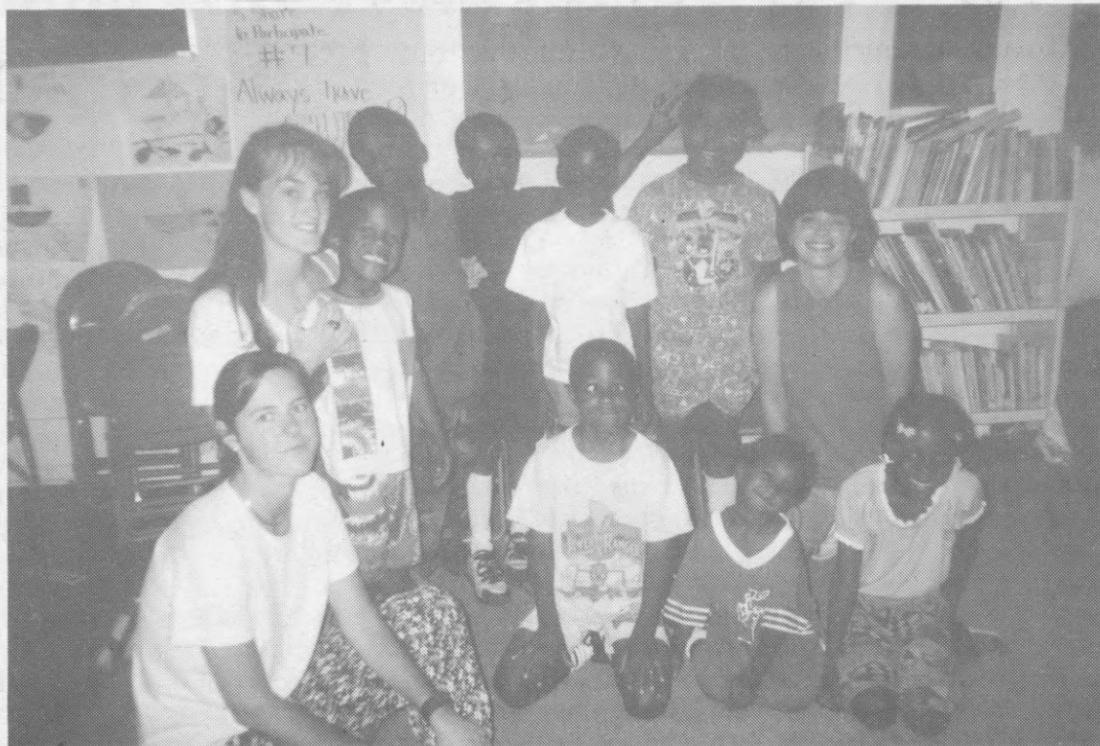
## Melinda Donaldson: Helping Youth in our Capital City

It is so incredibly hard for me to put my summer into words. So much happened and so much was learned that I don't feel that I can adequately describe it, but I'll try.

When I think about it, my summer didn't begin when school let out: it began December 19, 1994, when I received a letter saying I had been accepted into Youth in Mission. Preparation for my summer began that day. I had to prepare in many ways: financially- I had to raise \$2000; spiritually- I knew the devil would be throwing things my way, so I had to be strong enough in the Lord to defeat him; emotionally- I knew I'd see many things (poverty, homelessness, neglected children) that would be uncomfortable for me, (I did not want to cry in front of those to whom this was happening); and physically- there's nothing worse than being sick away from home!

For my program- Mission to the Cities, (one of the areas of YIM), I had to raise \$1500 plus \$500 for airfare from Birmingham, Alabama (my hometown), to Phoenix, AZ (where training camp was held). To be honest, I didn't think that I could raise that amount of money. That's where I learned a MAJOR lesson in faith! I knew that if the Lord wanted me to go on this trip He would make it possible, and He did! My youth group raised the money for my airfare (they said they wanted to get me out of town!) and the other \$1500 came through friends and churches on my home district! While I was fundraising (and having a hard time with it) a friend showed me a familiar verse, Philippians 4:19, which says, "And my God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory." This verse has come to mean a lot to me over the past 10 months.

On June 4 as I boarded my flight for



Phoenix, AZ, I looked back at my friends and family who had come to see me off and smiled. The day that I thought would never get here had finally come and I was off to YIM '95!

Training camp had to be one of the greatest experiences of my life! There, I met many wonderful people who I now call friends. I also met three individuals who became very special to me. They laughed, cried, laughed some more, and grew with me throughout the summer. These three girls were my teammates. We were all different as far as personalities and talents and gifts, but we would not have been complete without each other.

During T.C. the NYI staff brings in many great speakers that challenge you to grow like you've never grown before. One of the speakers challenged us to improve our prayer lives 110%! We must spend time in prayer! During the course of my summer, I realized how important prayer really is — it got me out of several ruts I seemed to be in. Training camp even helped prepare me for a lot of the highs and lows I had throughout my summer, and even things I go through now.

My summer's ministry assignment was at the Community of Hope

ABOVE: Melinda and her class at Community of Hope

RIGHT: Melinda and her teammates: (counterclockwise from Melinda): Shelley (MANC), Jen (ENC), and Danita (MVNC)



in Washington, DC. When my teammates and I arrived in DC on June 12 we had no idea of what lay ahead of us. We were so excited that we could hardly contain ourselves!

Our first two weeks at Community of Hope (COH) was spent working in a clothing room giving out clothes, cleaning the apartment we would be in all summer, painting (just call me Michealangelo!) and going through orientation for the program we would be in all summer: the Summer Growth Program. The Summer Growth Program is like a day camp for inner-city children ages 5 - 14. (I also spent one of the weeks sick!)

During Summer Growth, I, along with another YIMer and a Vanderbilt intern, worked with 11 kindergarten through third graders! Talk about a challenge! Each day we shared Jesus

with them through songs (those DC kids love to sing and dance (to Christian songs!)), and Bible stories (they love Jonah and the great big fish and Jesus feeding the 5,000). We also helped "tutor" them in math and reading. We took them on field trips, and even took them swimming (once a week) and to the park. Our mornings were usually reserved for Bible stories, sharing time, but our afternoons were our times for swimming, parks, and computers. We had so much fun at COH!

My class of eleven was a unique bunch of kids! They were all so full of life and wanted to know everything about everything! Their faces were always so bright that they glowed when they were all together . . . but when they were all apart and away from COH they were sad. Many came from dysfunctional

families. Two children in my class were labeled "crack babies," one child would come to COH every day to escape his stressful home life. It was so hard to leave these children every day not knowing how they would be treated or if they would be fed that night. But when morning came it was so great to see their smiling faces running towards me!

This summer the Lord gave us not only COH for our ministry, but He also allowed us another place- we lived at a place called the Glaydin Center in Leesburg, Virginia (2 hours away from DC). Glaydin is a home and retreat center for inner-city "at risk" youth (mostly boys ages 6-18). We had many good times at Glaydin. There were 9 "core" kids at Glaydin that lived there throughout the year. My teammates and I became really attached to them.

Every day after our long day at COH we would come home and "hang out" with the guys. There was always something to do with them (hiking, jogging, wrestling). It seemed that no matter what we did we had fun. We got to know these kids on a very personal level and were able to share Jesus with them when they found our testimonies while going through our stuff. It was a real neat thing!

It seems hard to believe that my summer is over. There are many days I wake up thinking I have to go catch the train for my 2-hour commute to the city, but then I'm brought back to reality when I hear my mom's voice.

If I learned any major spiritual lesson it would be this: before YIM I thought it would be so easy to lead people to Christ and that when I left DC I would have helped bring hundreds to Christ. It did not work that way. I had to plant seeds that hopefully one day will be

*continued on page 12*

## Tammy Jo Free: NYC '95, A Place to "Shine"

Nazarene Youth Congress is known for being a "once in a lifetime" experience, but thanks to the Youth in Mission program, I was given the opportunity to take part in this great event for the second time in my life this past July. Like many of you, I was a participant in NYC '91, and was amazed at the pure awesomeness of the event. As great as the '91 Youth Congress was, this year's NYC in Phoenix was 10 times as incredible.

I had just graduated from high school and was on my way to Trevecca to study Youth Ministry the summer I attended NYC. It made such an impact on me that I knew I had to find a way to come back again in '95. I had no idea how this was to be accomplished, but the Lord had it under control. Being a married student with many responsibilities outside of school, I was exempt from one chapel service a week last year. I had no clue what the chapel schedule was, and I went whenever I didn't have something else to do. Somehow I ended up in chapel the day the Youth in Mission people came to town. I listened to Fred Fullerton, Tim Mastin, and Stacy Richardson speak (a few of the many great people with whom I got to work and even somewhat know while in Phoenix), and then I heard about the opportunity to serve by going to NYC. This was it: my chance to go back. I signed up, interviewed with Fred, and waited. For me, the waiting took longer than for most: I was originally picked as an alternate. But in January, I found out that I was definitely going to Phoenix. I was so excited! It took some faith and works to raise the money, but God provided. Before I knew it, I was flying across the country (alone!) to go work with a bunch of people I never met before for nine days. I was scared, but I had no doubt that this was the Lord's will.

To pull off something as large as a Youth Congress takes a great deal of preparation, as I'm sure you can imagine. Yet one cannot even begin to comprehend the amount of time and effort that goes into this thing until you've been thrown into the middle of it. My trip to NYC this time was not as a mere spectator, but as an intern with the NYI ministries staff. I was extremely privileged in that I was the intern for Diane Miller, assistant to the NYI director. This incredible lady was one of the key people in putting this whole show together and making sure operations ran smoothly once it began. Needless to say, I knew just about everything that was going on at NYC, whether I wanted to or not! Diane ran the NYI office on location in Phoenix, and I tried my best to help her. In doing this, I worked closely with most of the people who make NYI Ministries work. The entire staff of NYI moved their offices to Phoenix and took on jobs they normally would not be doing back in Kansas City. There are too many of these wonderful people to begin naming one by one, but if I were to begin, you would surely recognize the names from Sunday School curriculums and other publications from NYI (or else you could find



John James of the Newsboys gives his testimony during the Saturday night concert

the names inside the front cover of one of those publications) By the end of the first day, we interns (only 13 picked out of 500 applicants) felt as if we'd been a part of the staff all along—or at least we were working like it. We did so many different jobs—from registration, to answering phones, to greeting special guests, to staying up until one o'clock in the morning every night for staff meetings. I worked harder in those nine days than I ever have in my life—but I wouldn't have had it any other way. When we saw the America West Arena (home of the Phoenix Suns basketball team) fill up with Nazarene teens from all over, it made it worth every minute of work, and more. To be able to impact that many lives at once is an awesome feeling. I know I'll never forget that. There were many great things going on the week of NYC. We had some of the biggest names in Christian music share their faith with the 6,500 participants: Geoff Moore and the Distance, Point of Grace, Anointed, and of course, the Newsboys. The Newsboy's song "Shine" became the unofficial theme of the week. We were challenged on the last night of the congress to go into the world and let Christ's light "shine before all men." The Newsboys themselves shared with not only Nazarene teens, but people from the Phoenix area as well in a first-ever outreach service on Saturday night. Miss America, Heather Whitestone, was the surprise guest of the week, bringing a message to inspire us all. Teens also experienced the sense of well-being that comes with helping others by performing service projects and were able to expand their knowledge at the many training seminars. We interns were able to participate in some of the goings on, but mainly I worked behind the scenes. This too was educational: seeing the



Fred Fullerton, Director of NYI Ministries, with Tammy Jo on Sunday night

dedication and the love our NYI staff, as well as the NYI General Council, has for teens of the church was inspiring. No one rested until the job was done—and I do mean literally. On Sunday night the majority of the staff and the interns stayed up all night sorting video tapes and delivering them to the motels so that teens could have them to take home. Not one detail was overlooked in the planning of NYC '95.

NYC '95 impacted my life in so many ways that I cannot even begin to describe. I learned more in that week about dedication and service to the Lord than possibly any other time in my life. The people I met and with whom I had the opportunity to work made a huge difference not only in how I view the Church of the Nazarene, but how I view Christian service as well. A trip to NYC may not sound as if it should be a part of Youth in

Mission program, but it was an experience that impacted my life as much as any mission trip ever could. Some people want to "grow up" and become missionaries to foreign lands, and this program gives them a chance to experience firsthand what that would be like. Others of us want to "grow up" and serve the Lord in different ways—such as working for NYI ministries—and the Youth in Mission program doesn't overlook us either. I thank the Lord for this program and the dedication of the people who run it and all the other divisions of NYI Ministries. They are a wonderful group of Christians, and I will never forget the nine days I called them friends. They truly let their light SHINE.

TAMMY JO FREE is a Senior Youth Ministry major.

## C.A.U.S.E. '95: Meeting Members of the Family

by Sean and Missy Poloskey

For 15 Trevecca students, faculty, and alumni, life on Monday, May 9, took on a different pace for what was to be a week of service in the country of Venezuela. We all had our own preconceived notions of what this trip would be like, and these notions were fulfilled, but so were many others for which we were not ready. However, this unexpectedness is part of the ambiance of work-and-witness projects. It is the way small experiences will cause your world to turn from concreteness to a mere dream, and how this dream will infect the way you live, act, and love others.

The trip began May 9, but most of the work was done before the trip. Many team members worked long and diligent hours in preparation for this trip, and this preparation helped the trip go as smooth as possible. At a time the morning of May 9 too early to mention, most team members were awake, although none of us could probably sleep very well that night anyway. Our flight plans went fairly smoothly from Nashville to Memphis, and from Memphis to Miami where we met the rest of our team: about 22 students from Olivet Nazarene University. From Miami, we got onto our plane, which closely resembled a can of sardines on the inside. Still, we arrived safely in Maracaibo, but had a lengthy wait for our luggage to arrive from the one Chevy pick-up truck unloading the plane. However, after clearing customs without any problems, the team found itself in the same situation of being packed tighter than peas in a peapod as the transportation to our accommodations was not designed for the volume of people, luggage, and supplies that had arrived. Finally, the whole team



BACK ROW: Holly Miller, Beth Pierce, Miranda Payne, Christa Sanders, Carol Eby, Lee Eby, Jennifer Horst, Missy Poloskey, Sean Poloskey; FRONT ROW: Jennifer Kahle, LeAnn Ogg, Julie Cruse, Jennifer Pennell, Kenneth Couchman; NOT PICTURED: Chuck Hail

was able to reach our final destination: an air-conditioned hotel.

Our first morning in Maracaibo was one that smacked us with a reality check: it was going to be hot. We had heard how hot it was during a Venezuelan summer, but words cannot describe just how bad the heat really was. After the first layer of sweat was on (as well as a layer of sunscreen), we were ready for work. We arrived at the La Trinidad church, and after an opportunity to bond with the church people, we were ready to begin work. The team was clearly a bit apprehensive about this, but we knew everything that we would do would help make us a better team and better individuals while also helping us bond with the community in which we were working. It would be this community that we would grow to love, and who would equally love us back. Soon, we found ourselves out in the community helping clean streets, passing out literature, and beginning public relations for the church by having a puppet show.

The second day, also the hottest, would have us

begin projects to help refurbish the church building. One-third of the team helped separate supplies, one-third began to paint primer on the church rafters, and about one-third of the team worked on clearing the church lot of garbage and waist-high weeds. However, the day was not just work. In between our frequent breaks, we had worship services and bonding time with our friends. This was the basic format we used most days. In its simplest form it was us going out into the community and serving, and the community welcoming us and ministering to us.

Saturday was a day of play. Part of the team went to a sports court to play basketball with teams from the community. It was a court that we had earlier cleaned and repainted the lines. The others stayed at the church to play wiffleball on the newly cleared lots. In the afternoon, another group went to another sports court where we not only played basketball, but gave out invitations for the people to come to the La Trinidad church for Sunday worship. Some did

come. Not one hundred, nor fifty; but some did come. They came because some "Norte Americanos" came to play basketball with them. They came because they saw us trying to help, and they wondered why. When they came to church, they were welcomed as if they had been there all along, as if they were a part of the family; a family to which they do belong: the same family to which we at Trevecca belong, the same family to which the people of Rio De Janeiro, the site of CAUSE 96, belong. We are all a part of a family, and a family needs to be together, to worship together; otherwise the

family cannot properly function. There is a need to show the world that there is such a thing as family. If we do not do it, there is no guarantee that anyone else will.

Leaving Venezuela became tough, not just emotionally, but literally also. Our flight was canceled and we were left stranded in Maracaibo, so we got to stay there for an additional night. The next day, our flight out of Maracaibo was delayed for 4 hours, and we missed our connecting flights. Regardless, we found ourselves back in Nashville around 11:00 P.M. that night. Our journey had finally ended, but when most great journeys end, they are often just beginning. They will continue to go on as long as either I or a family member in Venezuela continue to remember just what went on during that week. This is the dream I live today, the dream that came when my concrete world disappeared as I looked at La Trinidad church for the first time, or when I saw the first of hundreds of mostly naked children. Every experience makes me remember, and I am forever haunted by a CAUSE and the dreams it has given to me.

SEAN POLOSKEY is a Senior History Education major. MISSY POLOSKEY is a Senior Elementary Education and English double major.



Children from the La Trinidad neighborhood of Maracaibo at a rally hosted by the church

# CAUSE Medical Team

October 4-5, 1995

Trevecchos

Page 11

## CAUSE '95: Providing Medicine for the Body and Soul

by Lisa Wilson, Louie Arena, and Chris Shavers

During the summer days of June 1995, several of our Trevecca students joined with other Nazarene colleges and universities as a combined C.A.U.S.E. Healthcare Team. Under the leadership of Susan Elliot, a Nurse Practitioner from California, the following students went to Venezuela to set up clinics and care for the health needs of the native people: Louis Arena, Travis Layne, Cliff Moore, Christopher Shavers, Kimberly Weaver, and Lisa Wilson from TNC, Beth Bustle from MANC, Lynette Graham and Jeff Cotner from SNU, Brian Richardson from MVNC, and Wendy Lemp from Canada. By the time of arrival in Maracaibo, Venezuela, the team was a united medical team ready to serve.

We set up five temporary clinics in total in the Zulia region of Venezuela including the cities of Maracaibo, Machiques, Cujicito, El Silencio and San Pedro. As we needed translators, we were assisted by missionaries Craig and Gail Zickefoose and Todd Edgerton, a volunteer missionary currently residing in Ecuador. The team worked closely with a married couple of doctors, Drs. Alberto and Rosilita from Argentina, and also Dr. Jorge from Venezuela. Venezuelans came from the surrounding areas to receive medical treatment for their physical ailments at each of the clinics. We also found that many of them just wanted someone to listen to them. As we were ministering to their healthcare needs, local Venezuelans were ministering to their spiritual needs as the patients waited to go into the clinic. Due to the efforts of these local Christians, many came to know the Lord.

The CAUSE trip was a memorable and moving experience for all of the team members. All gained valuable experience and brought home lasting memories.

Louis Arena reflects on the trip in this way: "The team was led by Craig and Gail Zickefoose who are two of the missionaries for the Church of the Nazarene in Venezuela. The time and effort that these two gave to the effort surpassed any that we gave that week. Craig had his supporter, Todd Edgerton, to do all the donkey work. This entailed everything from throwing and tying suitcases down, to finding Chris Shavers and I clothes to

wear when our bags were left in Miami by the competent airline officials of Zuliana Airlines. My memory fades to one late morning about 1:15 A.M. The team was driving a beat up school bus back to the hotel. Everyone on the bus was sleeping or listening to their Walkmans. As I looked up the aisle at Craig driving the bus, I glanced at his red bandanna that he wore as if he were part of a gang. In retrospect, he was part of a gang, a gang of Christians called the Church of Nazarene. Seeing Craig bouncing in his seat somehow took for me the emphasis off the fact that it was a Nazarene mission. I realized that our effort was a coming together of many people, some from different backgrounds, for the purpose of sharing God's love."

Chris Shavers reflects on how communication barriers can develop into great friendships: "Communicating with the Venezuelan people wasn't always easy, but it did lead to some humorous moments. The word I learned most quickly was 'broma,' which means 'only joking' in Spanish. I may have called their mom a cow, but this wasn't anything that a quick 'broma' and a smile couldn't fix. Their patience with our lack of experience was amazing and comforting. We could have wrapped the blood pressure cuff around their necks and they would have just said 'Thanks.'"

Shavers continues: "The medical experience and spiritual growth we obtained will stay with us for a lifetime. I could sum up this trip in the facial expression of one young boy: Johanel. I had become friends with Johanel, and the last day I wanted to leave him something to remember us by. He liked basketball, so I decided to give him one of my old Vanderbilt basketball shirts. It was just a T-shirt to me, but the look of thanks, pride, and love on his face when I gave it to him was hard to put into words. Another strong memory I have is how Craig Zickefoose would always respond to any of our whining or complaining about how tough things were with his hallmark statement, "Welcome to the Mission Field!"

"Thank you," from all of us, Craig. It was quite a trip.

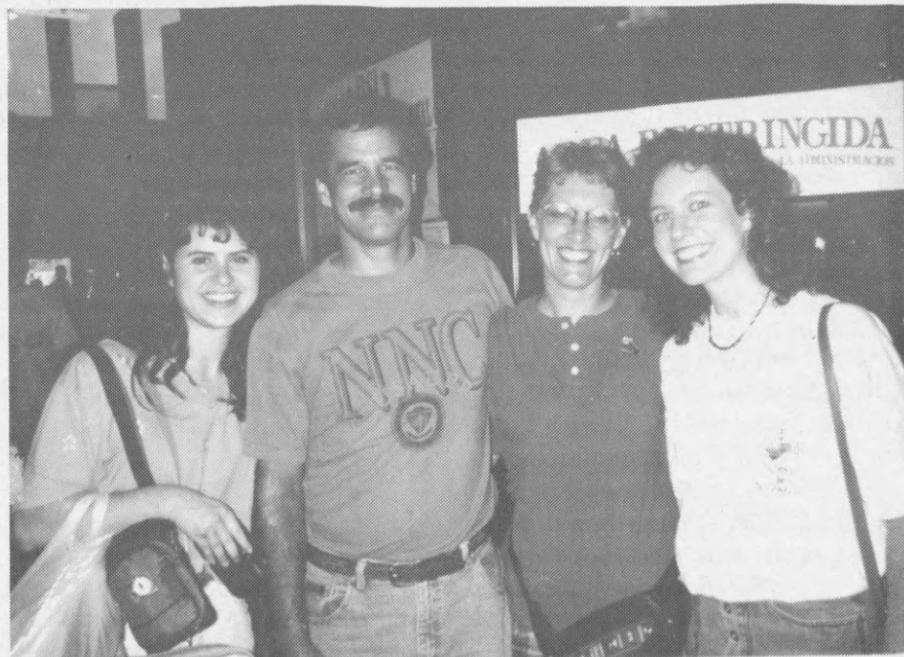
LISA WILSON is Junior pre-PA student with emphasis in Biology and Chemistry. LOUIE ARENA is a Senior Psychology major with aspirations of earning a Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology. CHRIS SHAVERS is a Senior PA student.



Jeff Cotner (SNU) performs a throat exam



Chris Shavers (TNC) at the team's "pharmacy"



Beth Bustle (MANC), Craig and Gail Zickefoose, and Lisa Wilson (TNC)

## Dawn Hedley *continued from page 2*

assigned a local church in which, for two weeks, they would join the teens of the church in reaching out to the surrounding community. We were able to stay in the homes of the local church members and each day would go out and do open-air services, children's game days, canvassing, street evangelism, visitation at a children's hospital, and church programs on Sundays. It was an incredible time for me as I saw God answering a burden of my own for the young people in our churches in South Africa. Visions were growing before me as these young people began to see how dynamically God can use every one of them in ministry.

Our time in Pretoria sadly came to a close and we had to say our good-byes. Though the YIM's had to prepare to return to the United States, the National teams would continue the work throughout the year. It is a wonderful joy to see

young people in my country following what God is calling them to do. It was especially a privilege for me to see these opportunities being given and taken up because of the need.

Just before we had to leave South Africa, our team was given the opportunity to spend three days game-watching in the "Kruger National Park." This could be likened to experiencing what every American thinks Africa is like. (And so it is, but not everywhere.) We got to see all of what is called the "Great Five," except the leopard. The highlights were the buffalo, rhino, elephant and lion. After two evenings of watching an African sunset and driving through the bush, we drove back to Johannesburg for one last weekend of ministry.

Our return to Johannesburg was a sad one for me. As we prepared for our ministry site, I received a phone call to say my uncle, who was

like a second dad to me, had passed away. I had to cancel my plans to minister with my team one last time and instead I left to be with my family. I had already planned to stay an extra two weeks with my family once my teammates had left, but not under the circumstances that came our way. God made it a beautiful time, however. I said my good-byes to my team that Sunday and they returned for a time of debriefing in Phoenix. With a heavy heart I had to let go of the wonderful time we had as a team. In not joining them for the debriefing I felt that my summer had not ended correctly, but I was so grateful for the last two weeks I would get to spend with my family.

As I look back on my experience in YIM, I have to thank the Lord for his hand in it all. I carried with me the promise that He gives us all: "For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you. Plans to

give you hope and a future." I don't know if the Lord will lead me to eventually minister to my people on a long-term basis, but I do know that he will use me there sometime in the future. My heart is very burdened for the need of vision in my country, not just as it changes politically, but as the church takes up the incredible challenge to seize every opportunity to minister. As I worked over the summer, my own vision was built even more for what God can do. I would love to be given the opportunity to develop or head-up simple programs to reach kids who are addicted to glue sniffing on the streets in every city of South Africa, teens in rich suburban areas trying to escape from peer pressure through drug addiction, homeless men and women addicted to alcohol, and even the huge poverty and hunger problems due to unemployment. I suppose it sounds as if I want to change the world that I

have come from as a South African (and that I do), though I may not be able to do this on such a huge scale, just maybe I may be able to be used as a vessel to help send others. My dream has grown through my experience in Youth in Mission. I want to send young people to reach young people. Most of all I think I was reminded that though I have been called by God, I need to remember daily that this calling is still His, and I will only follow what He wants me to do and where He wants me to go. Then one day He may lead me to reach home . . .

*DAWN HEDLEY is the President of Trevecca's Student Government Assembly. She is a graduating senior with a Religion major (Compassionate Ministries emphasis). She hopes to attend Nazarene Theological Seminary or work at Nazarene Headquarters before ultimately entering missions.*

## David Sanders

*continued from page 6*

that I was the best friend he had ever had. The next day he arranged for all our students to meet us at the airport. They all cried and told us how we had brought joy to their lives. Five of my students have written to me already and Cheong wrote that ten of the students are now enrolled in Nazarene churches (none were Christians when the classes began).

You see, the story of Jesus is a story of radical love. Our world, however, no longer believes in such love. It can never accept such an incredible tale until it encounters that love firsthand.

*DAVID SANDERS is a fourth year English major. After graduation, he hopes to clear his debts before attending Nazarene Theological Seminary. David senses a call to missions.*

## Tracy Dersch

*continued from page 7*

of AIDS is an area with which I had never before been forced to wrestle. The fact that everyone longs for love and acceptance and that I am called to love them was another issue with which I struggled. In the end, I realized the extreme humanness of Jesus along with the almighty sovereignty of an all-powerful God. He is awesome!

You see, the story of Jesus is a story of radical love. Our world, however, no longer believes in such love. It can never accept such an incredible tale until it encounters that love firsthand.

*TRACY DERSCH is a Sophomore Social Work major.*

## Melinda

### Donaldson

*continued from page 8*

harvested. I had to build relationships with the people in DC and Virginia before I could share anything with them. Those folks have had so much help by strangers that they are tired of it; they want relationships, then help. It is through building that relationship that they see something different in you!

If you are thinking about applying for YIM or CAUSE- do it. You don't have to be a religion major or elementary education major. You just have to have the heart to serve others. That's what Christianity is all about--service to Christ and others!

*MELINDA DONALDSON is a Junior Social Work major. She is currently taking a break from school and working in Bessemer, Alabama. To all of her friends at Trevecca, she says, "Hey, ya'll." Melinda senses a call to missions.*

## "Good-byes are not forever"

By Sean Poloskey

Though we've said our last farewells,  
Our hearts have not conceded.  
It has learned far too much  
For these good-byes to ever be heeded.

What you have taught transcends  
Our leaving you behind.  
Reflections take us back to find  
Feelings too deep for tears in the end.

Looking back is part of the bridge  
Which links us to another world.  
The pain we feel now hinges  
On the love we them unfurled.

It is in this return of love you gave,  
A love without complete understanding.  
Your love is the love that saves,  
Love which is never ending.

It is only now that I see His plan,  
For our friendship is to always span.  
For ours are the ties that will not sever,  
And so our friends, good-bye is not forever.