

# **Awake!**

September 22, 1987



**Africa's Wildlife**  
***Still There—But for How Long?***



**G**ENERALLY the only time an elephant takes this position [ears spread wide] is when it is alarmed and about to charge."

—Cynthia Moss, in "Portraits in the Wild."

It is also time for the object of its attention to be alarmed—seven tons of fury pounding toward you is imminent.

But man is a far greater threat to the elephant than the elephant is to man. The price of ivory has skyrocketed, the biggest bulls carry over 400 pounds (180 kg) of it, and laws don't stop the poachers. They take the tusks and leave the rest to rot. How cruel. How sad.

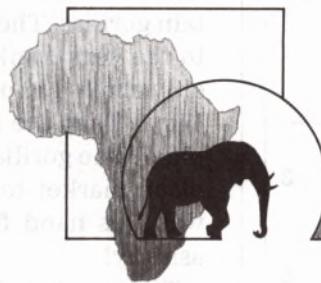
**I**T IS morning, and all is calm on the African savanna. A bull elephant is browsing among the shrubs. Curling his outstretched trunk around small plants and shoots, he uproots them, shakes the dirt off, and places them in his mouth, chewing contentedly; he is well on his way to consuming his daily 300 pounds (136 kg) of

vegetation. He doesn't know it, but he has seen 40 years pass on these grassy plains; his big tusks reflect his age. He may well continue to sire calves for another ten years and live for another decade beyond that.

A shot rings out, shattering the morning's quiet.

The bullet comes from a high-powered rifle; it penetrates deep into the old bull's side. He lets out an unearthly scream, staggers, and confusedly tries to lumber off, but more bullets come. He sinks at last to his knees and falls over. A small truck pulls up, and a band of men sets excitedly to work. They butcher the elephant's face to get at the tusks from their very roots in the skull and hack them out quickly. Within minutes the poachers are gone. Silence returns to the savanna. The once lordly old bull elephant is now a mere 14,000 pounds (6,300 kg) of meat, left there to rot.

Sadly, this is far from an isolated case. In fact, estimates on the number of elephants killed annually by poachers range from 45,000 to 400,000. Wildlife surveys indicate that the total number of African elephants has dwindled from its former millions to near 900,000 animals. If poaching continues at its current pace, that number



# Africa's Vanishing Wildlife

## Will It Survive?

will be cut in half within the next ten years. As old bulls, or tuskers, become increasingly rare, more and more younger males and even females are shot.

Why the carnage? Africa's \$50 million-a-year ivory trade, coupled with the easy availability of automatic weapons, has made the elephant an irresistible target for poachers.

The African rhinoceros is in even greater danger. Heavily hunted throughout the past century, its number had already dropped to about a hundred thousand a generation ago. Today, they are a mere beleaguered 11,000. Between 1972 and 1978, 2,580 rhino were killed each year; many biologists fear that they will be extinct by the year 2000.

Why the slaughter? Again money figures prominently in the answer: The rhino's horn may bring over \$5,000 per pound (\$11,000 per kg) in retail sales. It is sold in powdered form all over the Far East as a medicine for headaches and fevers, even though tests indicate that it is quite useless in this regard. An even larger market for the horn is in North Yemen, where newly wealthy young men yearn to possess a ceremonial dagger with a prestigious

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rhino-horn handle—even though a cow's horn would serve the purpose just as well.

High in the volcanic mountains of Rwanda and Zaire, and in the nearby Bwindi forest of Uganda, live the last of the mountain gorillas. Their numbers have dwindled to the very brink of extinction. At present only about 400 of them remain in the wild. Why? They are killed by poachers for trophies. The gorilla's head may be sold on the black market for up to \$1,200 to adorn a wall, his hand for \$600 to be used as an ashtray!

The world's fastest land animal, the cheetah, is also thought to be nearing extinction. Only 20,000 of them remain in the wild. Scientists further warn that this small population is dangerously inbred, so the rate of infant mortality is high among the cheetahs. Thus, they are even more vulnerable to the pressures of a shrinking habitat.

In fact, the need of living space for Africa's wildlife poses complex problems. For instance, a wild elephant passing through and feeding on a small farm may easily threaten the farmer's very livelihood. And yet, if too many elephants are confined within the borders of a park or reserve where they won't threaten farmers' crops, they may swiftly turn the park's forests into grasslands with their voracious feeding habits. Since the elephants can't move on, the forests don't have a chance to grow back.

Conservationists, rangers, and scientists have all struggled commendably with these problems and have some successes to their credit. In South Africa, for example, the white rhino recently numbered only about a hundred. Effective steps were taken to protect them, so now they number about 3,000.

And yet the danger persists not only to the African rhino and to Africa's wildlife but, rather, to all wildlife the world over. Both the elephant and the rhinoceros in Asia are in greater danger of extinction than are the African species we have discussed here. Still more disturbing, some studies indicate that one entire species of

life passes into extinction every day. Another report noted that between now and the end of the century, species will disappear at the rate of one an hour!

Can we afford this kind of loss? Can the market of human needs, whether real or imagined, possibly justify such insatiable destruction?

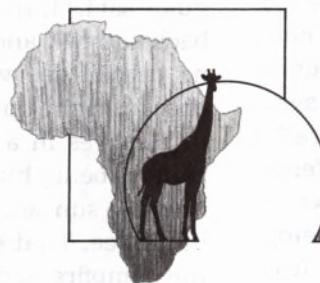
**"JAMBO!"** Startled, we rubbed the sleep from our eyes and called back, "Jambo!" It is our wake-up call, Swahili for "What's new?" After months of preparation and a few thousand miles of travel, we were in a tent in a Kenyan wildlife preserve —on safari in Africa!\*

The adventure really started the day before.

On our arrival our guide took us on a game run. "Gazelle!" one of us shouted as we bounced along in our two rough-terrain vehicles. Hands hurriedly fumbled for cameras, field guidebooks, and binoculars.

Our guide, a sprightly little Englishman, chuckled at our excitement. "Grant's gazelle, actually. Wonderful little fellows, aren't they?"

Petite, delicately painted, yet obviously durable and designed for speed, these lovely little creatures and the smaller Thomson's gazelle were to be seen everywhere we went. On this preliminary jaunt we also saw and photographed the big eland, the oryx, and the gerenuk, and we even spotted the rare greater kudu and the mountain reedbuck.



## ***My African Safari***

***They Were There  
for Me—  
Will They Be There  
for My Children?***

Rounding a bend, we startled a herd of impalas. From a standstill they leaped straight up six or eight feet, as if launched by hidden springs.\* "As you can imagine, this jumping confuses predators no end," said our guide. Then the impalas ran off, covering 30 feet in one bound.

We saw zebras, looking very striking in their dramatic black and white stripes, and were reminded of the account in the Bible book of Job that indicates that zebras can't be tamed. (Job 39:5) I asked the guide about it. "Some Americans made a movie here a while back," he said. "They needed a tame zebra for an actress to ride but couldn't find one because there aren't any. They had to paint stripes on a horse."

\* 1 mi = 1.6 km.

\* 1 ft = 0.3 m.

As we returned to camp on that first day, we spotted an ostrich. When she saw us she ran off, her powerful legs propelling her over the crest of a hill. The ostrich can run at speeds of 40 miles per hour, 25 feet in a stride. Her speed made me think of another Bible text in Job: "She laughs at the horse and at its rider." (Job 39:18) She could laugh at our trucks too, I thought, as we bounced along.

But it was on this morning when we awakened to the cry of "*Jambo!*" that we felt our safari really got under way. Riding out on horseback across a broad meadowland dotted with acacia trees, we admired Mount Kenya off in the distance. Suddenly our guide motioned us into silence and pointed. There, rising above the treetops, was a group of heads—giraffes munching on acacia leaves!

The world's tallest animals, the giraffes struck us as gentle, easygoing, even defenseless creatures. Not so; their long necks are useful not only to let them feed on treetops but also to give them a vantage point from which they can focus their big, far-seeing eyes on their young, their herd, or approaching danger. They seemed to us to move in graceful slow motion, but a giraffe can run 35 miles an hour and deliver a kick to a lion that can break its ribs. He can also wield his head like a sledgehammer. A zoo giraffe once landed such a blow on a 1,000-pound eland and sent it flying with a broken shoulder!\*

We rode right in among them. Had we been on foot, they would have scattered, but on horses we were viewed as just another herd of grazing animals. Some gazelles and elands were nearby, also zebras very different from the ones we had seen yesterday—taller, narrower stripes, and wonderful, big round ears.

"*Grévy's zebra*," our guide told us. "This

variety is steadily decreasing in numbers, largely due to the beauty of their hides. Decorators pay a premium for them." How sad that man is destroying so many of these creatures and their habitats! But there was more sad news to come.

Riding a truck, we visited a rhino sanctuary, a 5,000 acre enclosure surrounded by a 10-foot-tall electrified fence and patrolled by armed wardens.\* It is the home of 13 black rhino and one white. Idling cautiously next to one of these formidable creatures, our trucks seemed suddenly frail and puny.

"The rhino has very poor eyesight," the guide said. "If the oxpeckers who live on its back squawk and fly off in alarm, the rhino cannot see what disturbed them and charges right up to whatever it is, to smell it. He lives in a world of odors. Now the rhino is being hunted to extinction."

As the sun set, we rode back to our camp in silence. That evening, as we sat around the campfire and talked of the fate of the rhino, we were startled to hear a throaty, rhythmic roar. It was answered by others.

"Lions," said our guide, calmly poking the fire. "They, ah, seem pretty close, don't they?" I asked nervously. "Not at all. Miles away. The lion's roar can carry five miles or more." Reassured, we went to bed, hoping to see some of these great cats in the Masai Mara game reserve, our next stop. We were not to be disappointed.

### ***The Big Cats of the Mara***

As we drove across the open grasslands of this northern extension of the great Serengeti Plain, we thrilled to the driver's cry of "*Simba!*" We pulled up cautiously to see not just one lion but a whole pride—some 40 in all. A number of lionesses sprawled in

\* 1 lb = 0.5 kg.

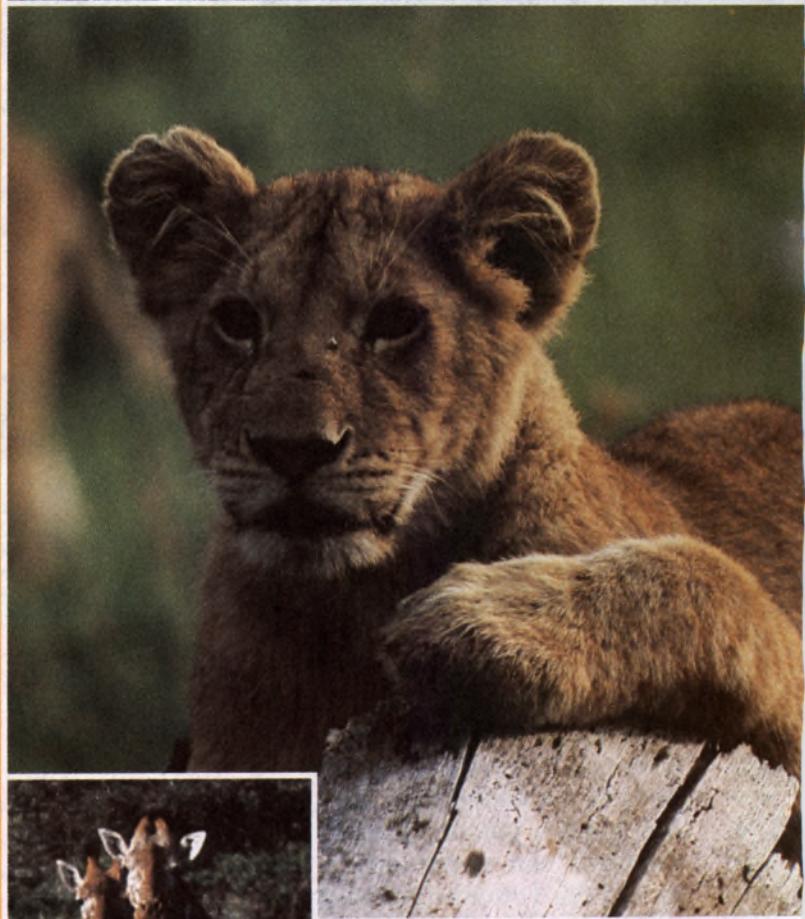
\* 1 a. = 0.4 ha.

bunches. More with cubs came out from the brush. Several crowded around a small rain pool to drink. Cubs tussled and chased one another about.

We longed to get out and play with them but restrained ourselves as we looked at the muscles under the lionesses' skin and noted two big males with luxuriant manes stretched out in sphinx poses—great golden cats blinking their yellow eyes contentedly in the sun's last rays. The time for frolicking with lion cubs is yet ahead.—Isaiah 11:6-9.

"Lions rest about 20 hours out of 24," our guide said. "Even more for the males. The females do virtually all the cub-rearing and 90 percent of the hunting, yet the males always eat first." The females in our group seemed to find these facts amusingly significant! But there would be little cub-rearing and peaceful feeding with no protective males in the pride. If they are shot as pests by herdsmen or as trophies for hunters, the pride often breaks up, and cubs are abandoned.

While the lion is holding its own right now against the threat of extinction, the cheetah is not faring as well. The next morning we happened across two of these elegant and graceful creatures. It was a mother teaching her son how to hunt. The two of them





ambled toward a herd of Thomson's gazelles, but as the mother slowed to a cautious stalk, her brash son took right off after the Tommies. He accelerated in seconds to his famed 70-mile-an-hour sprint, becoming a golden-spotted blur. In vain! Cheetahs can sprint only in brief bursts, and so the Tommies got away, scattering.

He tried and failed again. At last frustrated and panting, he let his mother show him how it is done. She stalked the gazelle until quite close and then put her sprint to effective use. She shared the small catch with her son.

"Look!" the guide exclaimed, pointing. A hyena had materialized as if out of no-

where. He ran at the cheetahs, scared them away from their hard-won gazelle, and ran off with it.

"Ah, that villain!" our guide sputtered. He was all for chasing the hyena down to retrieve the cheetah's kill, but the thief was gone. Hyenas are very unpopular with humans. Yet the hyena has never threatened any species with extinction. If only humans could say the same!

#### **Funny Families**

Besides the great cats, we saw a wide variety of family life in the Mara reserve. An ostrich family strode by, the seven-foot-tall parents herding a gaggle of scruffy-



coats, looked like priests gone mad. Baboon families were everywhere, too, the babies often riding their mothers like little jockeys. Baboons are raucous and intensely curious. In Tanzania, my wife and I even had to chase one out of our hotel room!

### **Africa's Biggest**

In one of the Mara's forests, we spotted elephants, their huge gray shapes moving soundlessly between the trees. It was a herd of eight cows, with a tiny three-month-old calf belonging to the matriarch. The herd would shield this little fellow from our view as he moved unafraid among their pillarlike legs, finding mother and nursing occasionally. The herd, I learned, will match its pace to the calf's and stand together to protect it. In fact, the matriarch nearly charged our driver—he quickly scurried back inside the truck!

Bull elephants are often loners. In the Ngorongoro Crater in Tanzania, we saw one old male with long, gleaming white tusks. He can use them to dig holes for salt and minerals or even to dig water holes that other animals will share in the dry season. How ironic that these beautiful tools, clearly designed to help the elephant survive, have so fired human greed that they may cause his downfall!

Second only to the elephant in size is the massive hippopotamus. (Some say the white rhinoceros is the second largest land mammal.) We stopped near a small river to see a whole herd of them basking, snorting and yawning the day away.

"The hippo," our guide told us, "lounges about in the water all day to avoid sunburn, then comes out to graze at night. The oil on his skin protects him from too much sun and water. Surprisingly," he continued, "the hippo kills more humans than any other African animal. They're not carnivores,

looking youngsters between them. Wart-hog families abounded, too, so ugly they're comical. Admirably quick and clever, they trot along with their shovel-shaped, tusked heads held high. Their thin tails point straight up, like car antennae.

Our Masai driver held up a forefinger and laughed, "That is Mr. Warthog's way of saying, 'I'm number one.'"

Monkey families, also, were a source of constant delight. Wiry black-faced vervets leaped and chattered in the trees while their babies learned to climb by playing rambunctiously below. Colobus monkeys, performing aerial acrobatics over our heads in their somber black and white



but swim or paddle too close  
—and one bite ends the story!"

Looking at them, we could see why the book of Job says that even a flooding river bursting against the mouth of this behemoth will not panic him. His head alone may weigh up to a ton!—Job 40:23.

### *The Serengeti Plains*

We journeyed south to Tanzania, stopping in the spectacular Ngorongoro Crater, a 12-mile-wide bowl teeming with wildlife. One of its shallow, alkaline lakes seemed from a distance to have a pink cloud on its surface. It was covered with lesser flamingos, the smaller and pinker variety. They murmured and honked as they strutted elegantly in throngs, their legs looking like a thicket of bright red straws bending and unbending.

The Serengeti plains northwest of the crater are great flat seas of grass dotted with islands called kopjes. Huge, sunbaked groups of boulders, kopjes swarm with small furry rock hyraxes and colorful lizards. In the nearby brush we spotted the dik-dik, a ten-pound, one-foot-tall antelope whose only defense is to know how to hide.

We rode into a herd of wildebeest that stretched to the horizon in every direction. They were massing together

for their migration, mooing and cavorting clownishly. I smiled at their overwhelming numbers and noise, and thought, 'Here at last is an animal that is not being wiped out by mankind!'

Our guide was thrilled. "There will be two million of them this year, I don't doubt. Right now they're heading for the nearest rainstorm—they can sense one from 30 miles away!"

Late one afternoon on the plains, we were doing some birdwatching, excited that we had seen nearly 200 varieties so far, all of them beautiful.

"It can't be!" my sister gasped, pointing. I turned to look, expecting quite a bird, and found instead a leopard, stretched out regally in the limbs of an acacia tree not 20 yards away.\* He returned our stares calmly and yawned, looking completely at home. Lions also can climb trees, but at over twice the leopard's weight, they do it only rarely, to escape heat and flies. The lions we saw in a tree looked so clumsy and uncomfortable up there that we all laughed. But the leopard eats, sleeps, virtually lives in trees.

"Terrific, isn't he?" our guide enthused. Sad to say, he went on, "most tourists go home without seeing a leopard these days. They are heavily poached for their beautiful coats." All our cameras clicked and buzzed as the sun sank on the plains. I wonder if that leopard is alive today, just a few months later.

### ***Will They Be There for Our Children?***

As our plane took off toward home, I looked down at the Serengeti and felt sad. It was sad, for one thing, to leave this beautiful place. It had won me over com-

pletely. But several of the safari's recurring themes, too, had been sad ones.

For instance, the speed of the cheetah, the tusks of the elephant, the neck of the giraffe, and qualities of every creature we saw, all point to a Designer who combines beauty and usefulness, form and function, in all his work. Human designers are showered with praise when their work even approaches that kind of balance. Yet the Designer of these immeasurably greater works is rarely even recognized as a designer at all. Rather, the credit is given to a blind force of billions of accidents, called evolution. Sad.

Worse still, the works themselves are being steadily, wantonly destroyed. Despite the valiant efforts of those who labor to preserve it, terrible questions persist about Africa's wildlife. Can these creatures survive continued poaching and the pressures of a steadily shrinking habitat? Will they be there for our children, our grandchildren?

Troubling questions, indeed. And yet, to thinking persons, such questions can't help but lead to another even more important one: Will the intelligent Designer of the earth and all its creatures stand by and watch it all be ruined? No; he promises "to bring to ruin those ruining the earth." Better still, he promises a time soon after when mankind will be at peace with the animals.—Revelation 11:18; Isaiah 11:1-9.

Yes, the Creator provides happy, reliable answers to our most disturbing questions. Thinking about his promises dispels my sadness over the plight of Africa's wild animals. Not only are they there now; they will remain there in the future.  
—Contributed.

\* 1 yd = 0.9 m.

## Foot Care for Children



"WE ARE breeding a nation of cripples," worries chiropodist Adrian Grier of the town of Luton, England. In his hospital clinic, he sees children as young as six years of age with disfigured feet. The cause: poorly fitting shoes. In just one year, out of more than 3,000 children examined by Grier, 600 of them had foot problems attributed to shoes that did not fit properly. "The earlier children start to wear a fashion shoe, the quicker deformities come and the worse they will be," states Grier in Luton's *Herald*. But ill-fitting shoes are not the only cause of foot deformities. Babies' feet can be initially deformed when parents put them into all-in-one sleepers, and socks that are too

small may be equally damaging, claims Grier.

Being alert to the dangers and adopting a sensible approach in the purchase of well-shaped shoes will do much to prevent deformities, ingrown toenails, bunions, and even arthritis in later life. Grier suggests that shoes for children be  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch (2 cm) longer than the child's foot (to allow for growth) and have a rounded toe.

When it comes to clothing, as well as shoes, this time-proved piece of advice given to Christian women can benefit all: 'Be modest and sensible about your clothes.'—1 Timothy 2:9, Today's English Version.

## Sunbathers Beware!

AS PEOPLE now head for sunny beaches in some parts of the world and suntan lamps in other areas, they should heed the warning given by the ACS (American Cancer Society).

"Overexposure to the sun," says the ACS, is by far the most common cause of skin cancer. Who are the most at risk? Although no one is immune to the damaging effect of the sun, an ACS leaflet, *Fry Now. Pay Later.*, warns "sunbathers who deliberately expose themselves to the sun's ultraviolet radiation." It says: "People who sunburn easily and have fair skin

with red or blond hair are most prone to develop skin cancer." And the risk is higher in places where there is intense year-round sunshine.

Of the 450,000 new cases of skin cancer reported each year in the United States, approximately 22,000 cases are diagnosed as malignant melanoma—the least common but most serious of the major skin cancers—which begins in skin cells that produce the dark pigment called melanin. Melanomas may begin in or near a mole. They are characterized by a brown or black color and have the strong tendency to spread to other parts of the body.

How does one distinguish between a normal mole and a melanoma? Although the only way to know for certain is to

see your physician, the booklet *Why You Should Know About Melanoma*, published by the ACS in cooperation with the American Academy of Dermatology, lists four "ABCD" warning signs of melanoma: Asymmetry (one half does not match the other half), Border Irregularity (the edges are ragged, notched, or blurred), Color (pigmentation is not uniform), and Diameter is greater than  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch (6 mm) (any sudden or continuing increase in size should be of special concern).

If the disease is detected early enough, chances for cure are good. Better still, emphasizes the ACS, most skin cancer can be prevented simply by using good sense and avoiding the hot midday sun, by using sunscreens at the beach or pool, and by covering up.

# INDIA'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

## *Where Is It Heading?*



*It represents a small minority of the population. Often it is viewed as a foreign intruder and eyed with suspicion by the majority, who adhere to faiths considered native to Indian soil. But India's Catholic Church unquestionably has a foothold on the subcontinent and desires to remain firmly planted here. What is the church doing to reach this goal? Will it succeed? In short, where is the church heading?*

By *Awake!* correspondent in India

THE Catholic Church may not be the most important of India's religions—its nearly 14 million members here comprise less than 2 percent of the nation's inhabitants. Yet, the importance of India's Catholic Church to world Catholicism was highlighted when, in February 1986, Pope John Paul II paid a ten-day visit to India. His 14-city tour included a visit to the state of Kerala, where the largest concentration of Catholics in India is found.

Kerala shines as a jewel in the eyes of the church. It is the seat of Catholic power in India, and the church is one of the biggest organized institutions in the state. Kerala is also thought to be the home of Christianity in the nation. According to popular tradition, Thomas—one of the 12 apostles of Jesus Christ—came to the Malabar Coast of Kerala after the death of the Messiah.

It was not until some 14 centuries later, however, that the Roman Catholic Church came to India. Portuguese explorers and missionaries who followed them brought the Roman church to Goa, a former Portuguese colony on India's west coast. From there, believers made their way south to Kerala.

The Catholic Church has long existed as a paradox in the eyes of the local people. While many credit the church for its educational, social, and medical services throughout the country, they disdain what they see as the real purpose behind the presence of the church—the making of converts.

### ***Is 'Conversion' the Aim?***

When fundamentalist Hindu organizations warned that the pontiff's presence would itself encourage mass conversions to Christianity, the church did everything possible to put distance between itself and the thought that it desired to convert Indians. "No one need be afraid," said the president of the Catholic

Bishops' Conference of India. "The Holy Father is not coming to convert people." Even more emphatic was the statement of one Indian archbishop: "The Catholic Church strongly opposes proselytisation. It is an interference in religious freedom. We denounce it, condemn it."

What about the pope himself? "The Catholic Church recognizes the truths that are contained in the religious traditions of India and this recognition makes true dialogue possible," he told an audience representing Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, Jainism, Sikhism, Judaism, Islam, and some professing Christianity. On another occasion, he professed a like-mindedness with other faiths, stating: "We proclaim our solidarity with our Hindu and Muslim brothers and sisters and the followers of other religious traditions."

This professed solidarity was manifested not in words alone. During the pope's visit, he was garlanded by a priest of Calcutta's famous Kali Temple of Kalighat.\* At another time, he received *vibhuti*, or holy ash, on his forehead from a Hindu priest and donned a Muslim *ponnadai* (shawl) displaying symbols of the Islamic faith.

Despite all of this, when the pope addressed the Indian bishops, he outlined the "proclamation of the Gospel" as one of the key issues affecting the well-being of the church in India. But what kind of gospel proclamation did the pope have in mind? Not surprisingly, he emphasized that the spreading of the gospel should come through programs for social justice and economic advancement.

The pope stated that "the Church's mission of evangelization includes energetic and sustained action for justice, peace,

and integral human development. Not to assume these tasks would be to betray the work of evangelization; it would be infidelity to the example of Jesus."

"All who have advanced the dignity and freedom of their brothers and sisters are blessed in the eyes of Christ," the pope proclaimed. Thus the Indian press appropriately observed: "No one—not even the most conservative and pro *status quo* member of the church hierarchy—now talks of preaching the good news in the narrow, literal sense of spreading Christianity as a religion."

### **A Hindu-Catholic Church?**

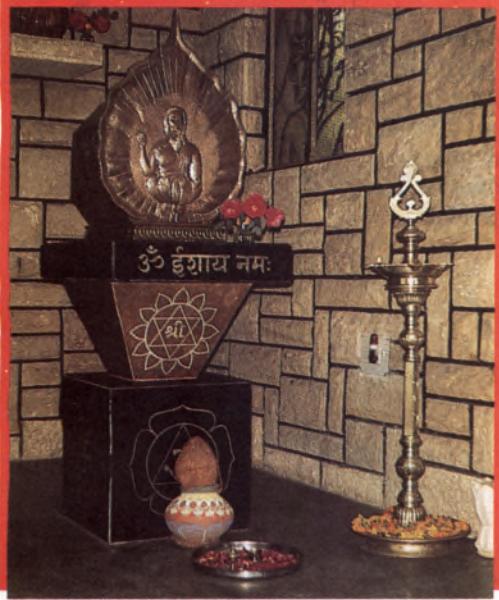
In an effort to make Catholicism less foreign and more Indian, the church has encouraged a program of adaptation in its worship. Thus, some Catholic priests will read prayers while sitting on the floor as in a Hindu ashram, Vedic mantras may be used in place of Western hymns, and Hindu *Nilavilakku* (brass oil lamps) may be lit before many functions.

"The idea," according to one Catholic layman, "is to identify the universal elements in Hinduism and other religions and to incorporate symbols and rituals associated with those into our worship, to complement and support it." The religious rites and methods of worship in many of Kerala's churches are a definite mixture of Catholic traditions and Hindu customs.

### **Where Is the Church Headed?**

While in India, the pope, alluding to the teachings of Mohandas Gandhi, advocated that "leaders of all peoples must believe and act on the belief that the solution to the world's problems lay within the human heart." He also urged the youth to "follow the teachings of the great sages of yore whose words contain 'perennial wis-

\* Kali is a Hindu goddess of destruction.



**Image of Jesus Christ seated in Hindu yoga position. Written below is the 'om' mantra, and below it, the star of David**

**Image of Mary dressed in sari with tilak (dot) on her forehead**



dom and truth' and which will inspire them to march forward in life."

How different all of this is from what Jesus Christ taught! The central theme of his teaching was the coming Kingdom of God, a world government that would completely eradicate poverty, social injustice, and diseases. (Matthew 9:35) The entire Bible highlights this Kingdom as the only solution to mankind's problems. Jesus also displayed implicit trust in God's promise when he said in prayer, "Your word is truth." (John 17:17) And he urged his followers: "Keep on, then, seeking first the kingdom and his righteousness." —Matthew 6:33.

What about collaboration with other faiths? The Bible clearly warns true believers: "Do not become unevenly yoked with unbelievers. For what fellowship do righteousness and lawlessness have?"—2 Corinthians 6:14; Deuteronomy 12:30, 31.

So, then, as the Catholic Church in India moves in what it deems a positive direction—and one that will secure its position here—it is in reality drawing further away from Bible truth. As it does so, however, more and more people are being called upon to make a distinction between the teachings of Jesus and the teachings of the Catholic Church. In what way?

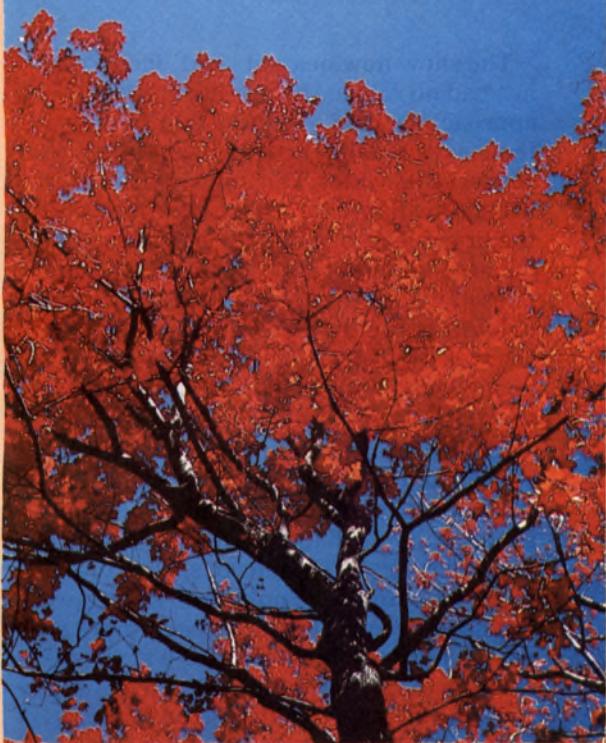
Presently, more than 7,000 of Jehovah's Witnesses throughout India are single-mindedly upholding the truth of the Bible. They desire to help interested ones appreciate God's promise of unending peace under his Kingdom rule. And unlike the Catholic Church or other religions, they do not take part in the wars of the nations or political controversies. (Isaiah 2:2-4) If you would like to know why the Witnesses are different and how they are able to conform to the Bible, write and ask the publishers of this journal.

JACK FROST gets credit for it, but he has nothing to do with it. The leaves do it, but they are forced into it. The trees themselves start it, but they are acting in self-defense. And behind all these mysterious happenings, it is divine wisdom that quietly directs the show. However it comes about, the perfor-

# *Autumn Leaves*

*Bow Out in  
a Blaze of Glory*





mance dazzles the eye and stirs the heart of those who see it. And even as the extravaganza reaches its climax, next year's performance is waiting in the wings.

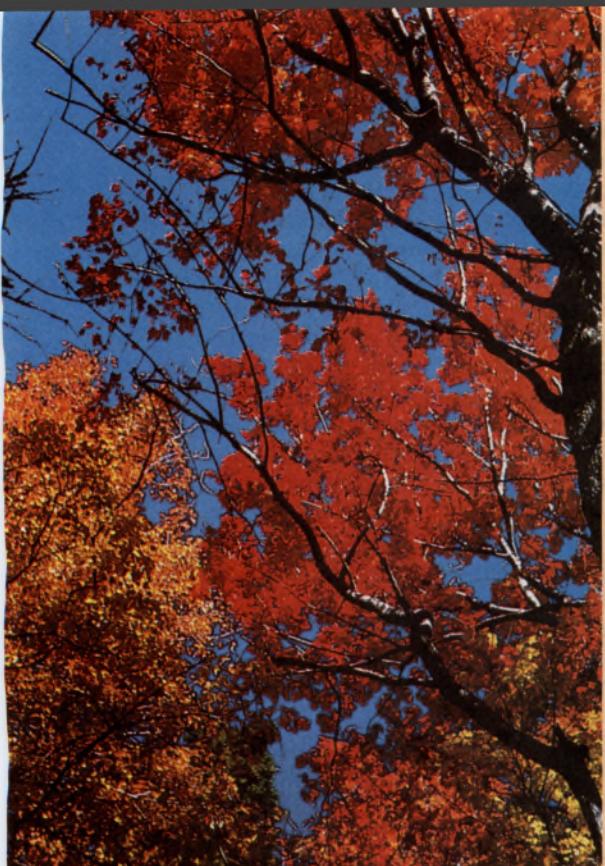
In early October the curtain opens on the show, quietly and without fanfare. A tiny band of cells where the leaf's stem is attached to the twig begins to loosen and dry out. Between these cells and the twig, a layer of corklike cells begins growing. It is scar tissue forming even before the amputation of the leaf takes place.

Its appearance on the stage is perfectly timed—just another one of those engaging mysteries so commonly found in creation. It is the season for brightly lighted days and cool, crisp nights—requirements for the colorful extravaganza that is to follow. The freezing presence of the legendary Jack Frost has no role in this drama. That imaginary sprite with his paint pot is no member of the cast.

As the layer of corky cells toughens, the tiny pipelines that bring sap to the leaves are stopped up. All the while the other layer of cells is continuing to loosen and dry out. The flow of sap to the leaves has been cut off, but it is still two weeks before they will fall. These are the days of autumn's blaze of glory. Without sap, photosynthesis in the leaves stops and the green chlorophyll in the leaves is destroyed by the sun's rays.

With the passing of the green, pigments that have been in the leaf all summer now take the limelight. Outstanding is carotene—its name comes from the carrots it colors. It is also the pigment that makes butter yellow and egg yolks orange. Sugar-maple leaves have orange and chrome hues of carotene. Birches have pure yellow carotene.

But what about the crimson of the red maple, the scarlet of the oak, the deep red of the sassafras, the plum color of the ash? Those colors are newcomers to the leaves. Only after the corky layer has cut off the flow of sap from the leaf do these dynamic colors usher in their dramatic finale to the fall show. If the weather is cool and bright, the leaf continues for a time to make sugar, which is now trapped in the leaf and is turned into a chemical called anthocyanin. If the sap is acid, the anthocyanins turn red; if alkaline, they turn blue or purple.



The show now nears its end. Jack Frost has had no role in the drama; nor is it the approaching cold of winter that causes the leaves to fall. The tree itself does it to conserve its water. During winter, very little is available from a frozen earth, and the broad leaves of deciduous trees give off large amounts of it. Without new supplies of water, these leaves would soon dehydrate the tree. So to forestall this, the tree sheds its leaves and seals the open wound with a layer of corky scar tissue.

The tree must retain its water, or the show will not go on next year. There would be no spring green, no summer shade, and no fall foliage to dazzle eyes and stir hearts. The buds of spring that burst open and send out green shoots are not newcomers. They have been there all year, waiting in the wings for warm sunshine to thaw their plumbing and start the sap flowing. Now they grow rapidly, getting the lion's share of available food.

But at the same time tiny buds no bigger than the head of a pin are being formed, packed with leaves, flowers, twigs, and stems. Only by midsummer, however, do these tiny buds get the food they need to grow larger and develop further. By the end of summer, they contain next spring's leaves and flowers, stems and twigs, all tightly packed inside waterproof wrappings. Protected from drying and freezing, they wait without stirring for seven months, waiting for spring. In this state of suspended animation, they are called winter tree buds.

So as you look in awe and wonder at the colorful extravaganza of the fall leaves that are exiting the stage in a blaze of glory, know that the ones that will put on the show next year are quietly waiting in the wings for their turn to dazzle your eyes and stir your heart.

And know and also thank the Producer of the show. Who can sensibly deny that only God can make such trees?

# ***I Gained My Freedom In Prison!***

**I**DREW a deep breath of fresh air that seemed so different from that of the prison I had just left behind. It was almost impossible to believe . . . I was free at last! Free to leave the French prison of Villeneuve-sur-Lot. Free to return to my homeland, Spain.

I entered prison at the age of 23 and came out when I was 28, in 1976.

As I drew away from the prison, the pleasant sensation of regained freedom became more and more pronounced. Once more I turned around to cast a long glance at those forbidding walls. One thought dominated my mind—*while still in prison, I had already achieved freedom!*

During my years of incarceration, I had been held in five different penal institutions. But how did I find myself in French prisons? Certainly it was not for any noble cause. I was a delinquent. A wretched childhood in a broken home and a contradictory religious education served to shape my rebellious and bellicose personality. I certainly could not reconcile a loving God with one who tortures his creatures in an inextinguishable fire. I became a problem child. I was expelled from five different primary schools.

Born in Barcelona, I grew up in a hostile environment. When I was six years old, my parents separated, and I was entrusted to my father. However, he didn't give me the firm direction that I needed, and eventually, because of my rebellious and unstable nature, he put me in a reformatory.

I couldn't avoid the bitter resentment I felt toward my father. I felt abandoned. Needless to say, I didn't leave the reformatory reformed.

### ***French Legion or Spanish Prison?***

Twice I was arrested for common criminal offenses. After that, I got myself mixed up in smuggling and had to flee to France. I was 20 years old at the time. I was picked up by the French gendarmerie (police), who gave me a choice—either join the French Foreign Legion or be handed over to the Spanish police. I chose the Legion.

Three years of service in the Legion didn't contribute anything positive to my personality. After finishing my first military campaign, I was granted a three months' leave. During this period, I got together with a bunch of fellow legionnaires out for a good time. To make ends meet and to support our Bohemian and reveling way of life, we had to rob. I knew that "trade" well. Some months later the police arrested us.

I was charged with several offenses, among them falsification of documents and, most serious of all, armed robbery and kidnapping. This time my desire for freedom and independence cost me a high price—an eight-year prison sentence! I was taken to the military section of the Les Baumettes prison, Marseilles, in the south of France. There I was assigned to serve meals to the convicts from cell to

cell, 63 cells altogether. I also had to clean the cells and passageways.

### A Strange Encounter

One day I was distributing the meals at certain cells when the accompanying officer indicated: "These are Witnesses." At that moment I could not see them, as the meals were handed over rapidly through a hatch in each cell door. However, my first thought was, 'If they are *witnesses* of some crime, how is it that they are in prison?' Of course, they were Jehovah's Witnesses and conscientious objectors.

Some days later, while cleaning their cells, my work companion found a book in French with a blue cover. The Witnesses had been transferred to other cells, and someone must have left it behind. He gave it to me, and I put it with my belongings. Later, during one of those boring, drab days, I started to read it. It was *The Truth That Leads to Eternal Life*. Halfway through the second chapter, I got weary. Yet, before putting it down, I thumbed through a few more pages. The picture on page 95 caught my attention: "1914,"

"Generation," "End." I was intrigued and read the entire chapter.

Later, I went to the library, where I knew I would find the Witnesses. Turning to one of them, I demanded, "Show me in your Bible this about 1914." The Witness, a little surprised, told me: "First, read this other book, and you will find the answer yourself." He handed me the book "*Your Will Be Done on Earth*."

The next day during the exercise period, I asked them for more information. A Bible study was started—held daily! There was no end to my questions: "What about gambling?" "That involves greed and covetousness, and those are not Christian qualities" was the answer. (Colossians 3:5) And so it went on, question after question about habits, morals, doctrines. Each and every answer was backed by the Bible.

I had the feeling that I was untying myself from ropes and chains, as if I were escaping from a mold that had been crushing me most of my life. It seemed as if the prison walls were no longer on top of me. Those Bible truths opened up a new horizon to me. I learned that human society, "the system of things" as it exists today, will be replaced by a new society of persons who love God's law and justice. My personality changed. *In prison I began to feel free!*—Matthew 24:3; 2 Peter 3:13.

## In Our Next Issue

- Why Do Bad Things Happen to Good People?
- I Survived the Sinking of the "Bismarck"
- Is Lying All That Bad?
- The Spanish Inquisition—How Could It Happen?

### A Cell-to-Cell Preaching Campaign

Proselytizing was prohibited in the prison. But, of course, I was authorized to distribute the meals to the cells. I felt the urge to share with others the same sensation of freedom that I was experiencing. (John 8:32) So whether I was sweeping the floor or distributing meals, I slipped magazines under the heavy metal doors. I even kept a cell-to-cell record so as to remember which

**Former criminal  
Enrique Barber  
González studying  
the Bible with his  
wife and children**

issues of the magazines I had left. The pleasant days had begun.

From that prison I was transferred to several others, including one in Paris. I was kept there under observation for a while to determine to what degree I was dangerous. Since I expected another change of prison, I applied to be sent to Eysses in the southwest of France. I had been told that there were Witnesses there.

Indeed, there was a brother, but during the three years I was in that prison, our paths never crossed. He was in a section to which I did not have access. Yet I organized my activity the best I could. I started to distribute magazines in the prison and started several Bible studies. I was even able to conduct a study of *The Watchtower* with two of the inmates each Sunday. Eventually, I had three Bible studies—one with a Frenchman, another with a Spaniard, and a third with a Moroccan.

**Tests of Neutrality in Prison**

In any prison the spirit of solidarity is part of a convict's ethic. There are moments when your past life, race, and nationality disappear, and each inmate feels that he is tied by a common 'umbilical cord' to a shared 'placenta'—the prison. It is as if by means of one's initiation into crime, one is invested as a member of the 'Order of Convicts.' This common interest obligates you to participate in prison riots—setting



fire to your cell, aggressions, and strikes—whenever the popular will so decides. Yet, now I had broken with the 'order.' I had to remain neutral and not get involved in the other convicts' activities.

Because of my neutrality, I suffered some reprisals. Three times I was beaten up, on one occasion a bucket of water was emptied on my bed, I received death threats. Yet, I was surprised, for that was really the least I could expect. Others had been stabbed or been badly beaten for having refused to participate in revolts. Then why did I get off lightly? As time passed, I came to realize that I had a protector. How was that?

During my transfer from Paris to the Eysses prison, I witnessed to another convict in the group. He was a prisoner with great influence, a mafioso. We started a Bible study. The Kingdom message impressed him but not enough for him to change his life. He discontinued the study. However, he turned out to be my protector! Whenever the convicts decided to organize a demonstration, he would intervene on my behalf, warning them to leave me

alone. But then he was transferred to another prison.

About this time another riot was planned. They intended to set fire to the prison. I requested to be locked in solitary confinement so as to avoid possible acts of retaliation. I passed nine days incommunicado. On the tenth day a general disturbance broke out, culminating in a blaze. The devastation was complete and security forces had to intervene. Fortunately I came to no physical harm.

What was most outstanding to me was the fact that despite everything, I could organize preaching campaigns in the prison. Although proselytizing was prohibited, the prison director supported me, saying, "These ideas can't do harm to anybody." I also talked to the trusted prisoners of each section so that they would distribute tracts that I had typed out. They had access to areas that were denied to me. I paid for their help with jars of instant coffee.

### **Baptism and Free for Good**

I was visited by brothers of the local French congregation. Eventually, I indicated to the brothers my desire to be baptized. Yet, how could we do it? There was no possibility in the prison. Would they let me out for such a reason? The idea seemed like a dream. A circuit assembly was to be held in the town of Rodez, very near to the prison. I took the bull by the horns and asked for permission to attend.

Contrary to all expectations, I was granted a three-day leave and was to be accompanied only by the brothers from the local congregation. Some prison officials were opposed to the decision. They were convinced that I would not return. But the permit was already granted.

On May 18, 1975, I symbolized my dedication to God by water baptism. I was free for

good! Of course, I went back to the prison —much to the amazement of those who had opposed my permit. After that, I was granted two more permits of up to six days each. I used those days to preach and to meet with the brothers. What a sensation of true freedom!

In January 1976, I was finally freed from prison with a three-year remission for good conduct. At last, I crossed the French-Spanish border. Five very intense years of my life were left behind. When I arrived in Barcelona, I immediately contacted a congregation of Jehovah's Witnesses. What a thirst I had for a normal life!

### **The Way to True Reform**

Now I am married. We have two young sons and a daughter, and I relish what I could not savor in my childhood—a united and happy family. I recognize that Jehovah has been merciful in abundance toward me. When I read in Psalm 103, verses 8 to 14 that 'he has not brought upon us according to our sins, what we deserve, for his loving-kindness is superior,' then I understand that only a God of love can replace this present corrupt system of things.

From my experience, it is evident to me that prisons do not have the power to reform and never will. That power has to come from an inner force and motivation that actuates the mind. (Ephesians 4:23) There are so many who debase themselves even more in prison, and upon their release they are almost irreversibly damaged, morally and emotionally.

Happily, in my case those insurmountable prison walls had crumbled long before I was released. There is nothing that can restrict the truth of God's Word, nor can it be imprisoned. I know that, for I gained freedom while still in prison!—*As told by Enrique Barber González.*

# JADE

## *And the Stories Behind It*

By *Awake!* correspondent in Taiwan

**M**Y TIME is limited," said our dear friend Jim, who was on his first visit to Taiwan, "and I want to see something of the culture of the Chinese. What would you recommend?"

I suggested a visit to the National Palace Museum.

"A museum?" reacted Jim.

"Well, you might not think so, Jim," I explained, "but, actually, a visit to the National Palace Museum is probably the best way to achieve your goal in the time available to you. Its collection of Chinese artwork—nearly a quarter of a million items—is perhaps the largest in the world, and these works of art illustrate the character and attitude of the Chinese in ways not easily seen otherwise."

The National Palace Museum is located just outside of Taipei. As we drive up to the museum, Jim's eyes open wide.

"What a beautiful building!" he exclaims. "It's a work of art in itself!"

The museum is a four-story structure built in the style of the former imperial palace of the Ching dynasty (1644-1912). We enter through the second-floor entrance and wonder what to see. Should we take a whirlwind tour and try to see everything, or should we concentrate on something of particular interest?

After a quick glance at the directory, Jim decides we should start with the jades.

There are two varieties of jade—nephrite

and jadeite. On the Mohs' scale, where diamond is given a hardness rating of 10, jades fall between 6 and 7. Nephrite, usually of a single color throughout the piece, comes in a variety of hues—green, pink, white, yellow, and so on. Jadeite, on the other hand, may be of a single color, or it may be green and white, green and black, even red or some other color. Emerald-green jadeite is the favorite for jewelry today.

As we look at the pieces on display, Jim notices a cicada-shaped brown-and-green jadeite from the Han dynasty (206 B.C.E.-220 C.E.).

"What was that used for? Decoration?"

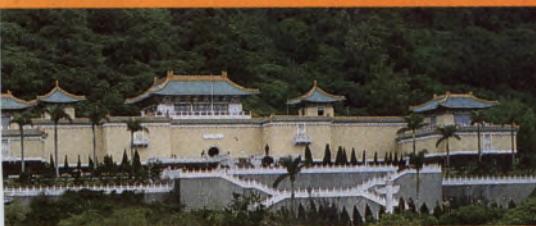
"No," I try to explain. "You know, I'm sure, that cicada larvae live underground for four years and then emerge to become adult cicadas. So the ancient Chinese used it as a symbol of rebirth. From long before the time of Christ, they followed the custom of putting a cicada-shaped piece of jade in the mouth of the deceased, which they thought would prevent the body from decaying. They did this because they believed in the reincarnation of the immortal soul. But apart from that, to know about the cicada's life cycle, they must have been astute students of nature, don't you think?"

Jim agrees. We come to a piece from the Ming dynasty (1368-1644). It is in the shape of a leaf carved from a piece of white nephrite.

"See how the artist utilized the flaws in the stone to enhance his masterpiece?" I ask.

Jim looks carefully and notices a cicada and some marks in the surface of the leaf-shaped jade. "Looks like he turned the little imperfection in the stone into a lively insect nibbling away at the leaf!" he exclaims. The explanatory note next to the exhibit shows this to be exactly what the artist did.

We next come to one of the better-known pieces in the museum—a Ching dynasty



jadeite Chinese cabbage with white stems and green leaves, topped with two grasshoppers. Here again, the artist with an imaginative eye made use of the stone's natural coloration to create his work of art.

We move on and look at a bowl made of grayish-white jade from Hindustan, shaped like a chrysanthemum blossom and engraved with a poem by the Ching emperor Ch'ien-lung (1735-96). The jade is so thin that it is almost transparent. Next to it is a magnificent screen composed of thin slices of elaborately carved green jade set in a wooden frame. Remembering the hardness of jade and the simple tools available, it staggers the imagination to think of the time and work involved in the production of just one such work of art.

Photos: Collection of the National Palace Museum, Taipei, Taiwan



Archaic jade cicadas ▲

Jadeite cabbage ▶

White jade brush washer,  
cicada and leaf design ▼



"Apart from its obvious beauty, is there any other reason why jade has always been such a favorite with the Chinese?" Jim asks.

"Since ancient times," I explain, "Confucian and Taoist thinking has idealized certain moral virtues, and jade has been looked upon as a fitting symbol of them. Confucius extolled its virtues this way: 'It is soft, smooth and shining—like intelligence. Its edges seem sharp but do not cut—like justice. It hangs down to the ground—like humility. When struck, it gives a clear, ringing sound—like music. The strains in it are not hidden and add to its beauty—like truthfulness.' What imagination!"

Because jade was believed to symbolize these virtues, it was much admired and used by anyone who aspired to be the 'perfect gentleman.' He would wear pendants of jade around his waist, and the tinkling tones produced when he walked would regulate his gait. If he should become agitated or unseemingly hasty—by all means to be avoided by a true gentleman—the discordant jangle would remind him of his lapse from proper demeanor. This perhaps casts a little light on the mistaken notion of the 'inscrutable Oriental.' In reality, Orientals just consider it ill mannered to display their emotions openly!

"I could spend all day here," Jim remarks as we rush through the galleries on our way out, catching fleeting glimpses of the extensive displays of paintings, carvings, porcelain and lacquer ware, and so on. "Thank you for persuading me to come. I really appreciated seeing those beautiful jade pieces and hearing the fascinating stories behind them."



## How Can I Get Along With My Brother and Sister?

**A**LL brothers and sisters fight! Many youths—and adults—feel that way. And in spite of the fact that over a hundred thousand children a year in the United States reportedly use a gun or a knife against a brother or a sister, an expert on family violence laments: "Most people do not take sibling violence seriously."

You may thus feel little incentive to make peace with your brother or sister, though both of you may constantly be at odds. Nevertheless, even when such clashes do not erupt into violence, they do upset the family peace. Young Camille, for example, speaks of how her parents react when she and her sister argue: "Our parents hate it. They hate it a lot when we fight—it upsets them." More importantly, constant bickering arouses ugly feelings and emotions. Says the Bible: "For where jealousy and contentiousness are, there disorder and every vile thing are."—James 3:16.

A previous article gave some of the reasons why young family members so often disagree.\* Among them: a lack of willingness to share, lack of privacy, stepfamily tensions, and jealousies. According to Proverbs 14:6, having this understanding puts you at an advantage because "to the understanding one knowledge is an easy thing."

\* See "Young People Ask . . . Why Is It So Hard to Get Along With My Brother and Sister?" in the July 22, 1987, issue of *Awake!*

In other words, your understanding *why* you have trouble getting along makes it easier to figure out *how* to get along with your sister or brother. Following are some specific suggestions.

### **Preventing Fights Through Communication**

"Where there is no wood the fire goes out." So says Proverbs 26:20. This principle is often applied to preventing the spread of forest fires by cutting firebreaks, strips of land where all the trees have been cut down. If a fire does start, theoretically it can advance only to that point, and then it dies out. You can apply the same principle and prevent—or at least limit—disagreements with your brother or sister. How? By communicating and working out compromises *before* an argument flares up.

For example, is the problem a lack of privacy? If so, at a time when the issue is not raging, try sitting down together and working out an actual schedule. ('I get the room to myself on these days/hours, and you get it on these.') Then "let your word Yes mean Yes, your No, No" by respecting the agreement. (Matthew 5:37) If something comes up that calls for an adjustment, let the other person know in advance, instead of just thrusting the change upon him without notice.

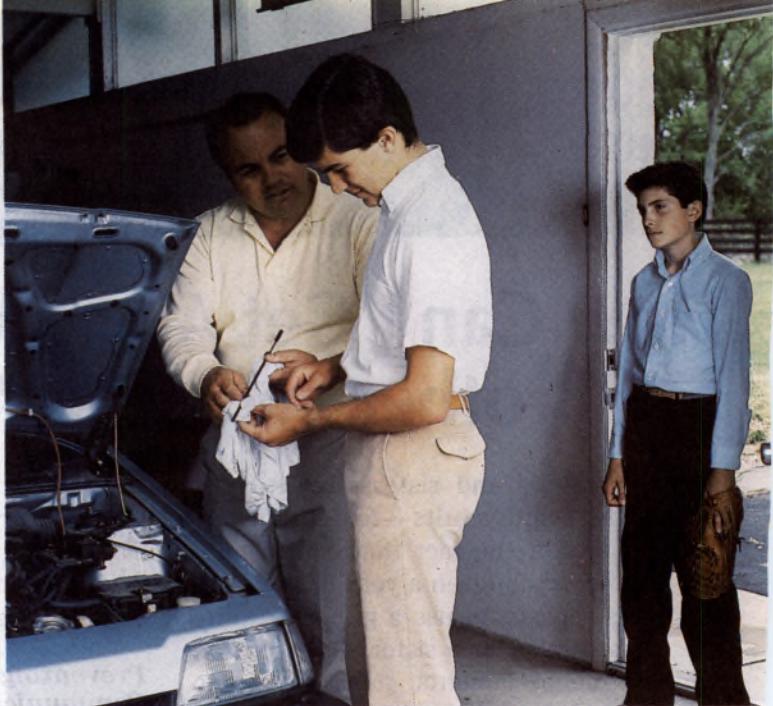
Are you battling over property rights?

One teenager complained: "My stepsister always uses my things without asking me. She even used my makeup, and then had the nerve to tell me I didn't buy the right kind!" You could call upon your parents as the final arbiters. Better yet, though, sit down with your brother or sister at a calm moment. Try to agree upon some rules regarding borrowing, one of which might be always to *ask* before taking. Of course, as with so many other situations, the golden rule of Matthew 7:12 is really the key: "All things, therefore, that you want men to do to you, you also must likewise do to them."

So communicate! Work out compromises. Set down specific rules. In this way you can watch the 'fire go out' before it starts!

#### **'It's Not Fair!'**

"My sister gets *everything* she wants," laments one youth. "But when it comes to me, I get left out completely." Does this sound familiar? But note those two absolutes, "everything" and "completely." Is the situation really that dire? When we are upset, we do tend to exaggerate the severity of the situation. The Bible gives this encouragement: "Let your reasonableness become known to all men." (Philippians 4:5) Being reasonable literally means to be 'yielding' and 'not insisting upon the letter of the law.' Would it be reasonable to expect perfect treatment from imperfect parents? Would it be reasonable to expect absolutely



***Do not conclude that it is unfair that a brother or a sister on occasion receives more attention than you do***

equal treatment for two different individuals? Of course not!

The danger of being too quick to call parents unfair is illustrated in the Bible's story of Joseph. His brothers hated him because he was specially favored by their father, Jacob. However, when Joseph's brothers shepherded their flocks in a distant area, Jacob demonstrated that he also had deep concern for his other sons by sending Joseph to check on their safety. Similarly, you may find that your resentment over a brother or a sister's receiving 'special treatment' is equally unfounded.—Genesis 37: 1-4, 13.

This is especially important to remember if you have stepbrothers or stepsisters. Says an article in "Teen" magazine: "There's an important distinction between equal and fair. People have individual personalities and individual needs. . . . Instead of trying

to be treated the *same*, it's important to see if your stepparent is trying to meet each of your needs. If you don't feel as though your needs are being met, then you can talk about that with your stepparent."

### ***Brothers and Sisters a Blessing?***

This may seem hard to believe at times—especially when they are annoying you. But an often untapped aid in getting along with your brothers and sisters is calling to mind the benefits of having them! Child psychiatrist James P. Comer reminds us that "rivalry among brothers and sisters is such a prominent feature of childhood that we sometimes forget that siblings are also companions and friends." Diane certainly agrees. "It's fun having brothers and sisters," she says. She has seven. "You have someone to talk to and share your interests with."

Her brother Dennis adds: "There's always someone there to get opinions from." Anne Marie and her brother Andre concur on the advantages of having a ready companion: "Even though you can go places with your friends, you always have your brothers and sisters. They are always there when

***"There's an important distinction between equal and fair. People have individual personalities and individual needs"***

you want to play a game or sport or go to the park." Donna sees another practical advantage: "You have someone to share the chores with." Others have described their brother or sister as "a special adviser and listener" and someone who "understands what I'm going through."

Furthermore, consider the future benefits. Later in life, you will experience some of the very same problems with others that you now have with your brother or sister. Jealousy, property rights, unequal treatment, lack of privacy, selfishness, personality differences—such problems are a part of life. So view learning to get along with your brothers and sisters as training in the fascinating and often bewildering field of human relations.

### ***Taking Notice of God***

The biggest motivation for working for family peace, though, is knowing that it can improve your relationship with God. Seventeen-year-old Andre echoes the Bible's words at 1 John 4:20 when he says: "If you can't get along with people you can see, how can you get along with Jehovah, whom you can't see?"

Admittedly, it is not always easy to remember this. Anne Marie confesses: "When you're fighting, at times you don't think about how it affects your relationship with Jehovah. You just think about how you can make the other person feel stupid or get revenge." But to maintain God's approval you *must* 'take notice of him in all your ways.'—Proverbs 3:6.

This does not mean that you will never disagree with your sisters and brothers. But you can learn to do so without "malicious bitterness and anger and wrath and screaming." (Ephesians 4:31) One 15-year-old girl, for example, used to look for ways to start trouble with her brothers or sisters. But after learning to study and *apply* the Bible in her life, she says: "I no longer look for fights but try to avoid them." Why not try doing the same yourself? You may even find that having a brother or a sister is not so bad after all.

# From Our Readers

## Good Health

Thank you for the article "Good Health Is Good for Business." (February 22, 1987) Although I don't work outside the home, I sure work a lot better at home since I started regular exercise a year ago, and also I am 80 pounds lighter.

J. W., United States

## Acne

Your article on acne was of special interest to me, since this problem caused me much irritation when I was a teenager. (February 22, 1987) What helped me was a remedy that an old Bolivian Indian gave me. Here it is. Eat lots of natural yogurt, preferably unsweetened. Wash the face daily with water to which lemon juice has been added (one lemon to a liter of water). Apply honey to the face once a week, leaving it on for at least one hour.

J. D. S., Brazil

**We are pleased that the remedy helped. "Awake!" does not endorse any particular remedy. What works for one person may not always work for another.—ED.**

## Hope for the Mentally Ill

We were extremely impressed by your articles on "Hope for the Mentally Ill." (September 8, 1986) Our group, Nova Scotia Friends of Schizophrenics, has been in existence since 1981. We have undergone considerable stress and problems as friends and relatives of loved ones who suffer from schizophrenia. We are gradually succeeding in getting the illness "out of the closet" where it can be faced and dealt with. Your research and accurate reporting in the three articles is excellent

and goes a long way in helping to educate the public so that we can gain their understanding and support.

C. L. C., Canada

## A Birth? Or an Abortion?

I read your articles on "A Birth? Or an Abortion?" (April 8, 1987) I found these excellent, well written and informative. I write not only as a reader but also as a physician to commend you. I face patients with decisions of an abortion. I will give this issue to those patients contemplating a termination. I write from experience in this matter. Not that I perform abortions but that at one time I was almost an abortion. My mother got pregnant just a few months after giving birth to my sister. Both she and my father elected that she have an abortion, since they couldn't afford to have another child so soon. On the way to the doctor's office, my mother changed her mind. I was born one year and two days after my sister. I am now a physician in obstetrics-gynecology, a husband, and a father. I hope these articles will help patients to see the importance of life to our heavenly Father.

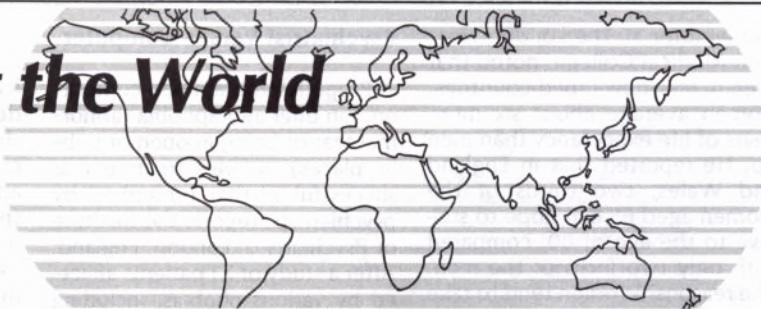
R. R., M.D., United States

## Thankful for What I Have

I have just finished reading "Thankful for What I Have" by Lindsay Stead. (May 8, 1987) It is the most heart-tugging story I have read in a long time. It makes me feel very guilty now when I think of how I sometimes complain for no reason at all. The account brought tears to my eyes.

S. v. A., Zimbabwe

# Watching the World



## AIDS Threatens Asia

The deadly disease AIDS is threatening Asia with an epidemic, warns WHO (World Health Organization). "If we allow AIDS to get into the powderkeg of Asia, then we are really going to have a problem," says WHO director-general Halfdan Mahler, according to the international news service organization Reuters. Although North and South America now have the highest number of reported cases of AIDS and Asia the lowest, WHO fears that as the lethal virus spreads to the highly populated nations of Asia, governments will not be able to check its growth. "I am afraid you have a potential for a major catastrophe," says Mahler. "I am really afraid of that."

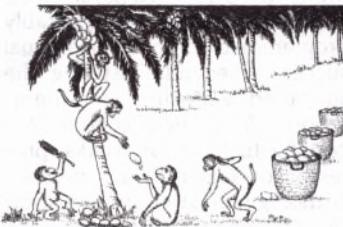
## For the Birds

"More Israeli military aircraft have crashed following collisions with birds than have been downed in air fights," reports the German newspaper *Die Zeit*. Millions of large migratory birds, such as storks, herons, and pelicans, cross the country each year. To save energy when gliding, the fowls make use of the warm updrafts from the earth that carry them to heights of over 6,500 feet (2,000 m). The airplane accident rate, however, was reduced recently when ornithologists arranged for gliders to accompany

huge flocks of birds in order more easily to warn jet pilots of their "feathered competitors."

## "Monkey Business"

If you were in the coconut business, whom would you employ as pickers? In the southern province of Surat Thani, Thai-



land, one enterprising firm employs about 800 monkeys to do the job. Under a \$4,000 (U.S.) grant provided by the Thai royal family, monkeys are given professional training on how to pick coconuts from trees. However, "not any old monkey will do," reports *The Economist*. Some do not have the temperament for the job, as is true of the 'white eyebrow' variety—they often prove to be too lazy. By contrast, a workaholic monkey can pick as many as a thousand coconuts daily, notes *The Economist*. If it were paid a salary proportionate to its productivity, it would earn more than a middle-ranking civil servant in the Thai

government. In spite of a working life of only about five years, they are well worth the investment. They cost about \$40 to train.

## Children's Greatest Fears

A Melbourne psychologist recently surveyed over 3,000 children in Australia between the ages of 8 and 16 concerning their fears. *The Sydney Morning Herald* published his results and listed the fears expressed by the children. They are ranked: (1) being unable to breathe; (2) being hit by a car or a truck; (3) bombs and invasion; (4) earthquakes; (5) being burned; (6) falling from heights; (7) burglars; (8) snakes; (9) death or dead people; (10) electric shocks. Girls revealed nearly twice as many fears as did boys, and children from eight to ten years of age tended to be the most fearful.

## Women Live Longer

It has long been known that women live longer than men. Past research has shown that, even in prenatal life, womb deaths, on the average, have been 50 percent higher among male fetuses than among female fetuses. Now, an article published in the *British Medical Journal* confirms that women still live longer than men. Alan Silman, the article's author

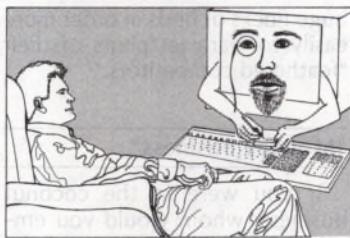
and lecturer at The London Hospital Medical College, noted that even in less-developed countries, women average about six more years of life expectancy than men do. He reported that in England and Wales, two thirds of the women aged 65 can hope to survive to the age of 80, compared with only two fifths of the men. The reasons? Women tend to take fewer risks, visit their doctor more often, and perhaps more importantly, they smoke less. In addition, heavy drinking is less common among women than among men. Yet, according to Mr. Silman, "there is a sting in the tail." The extra years that women survive are often of "poor quality," spent in social isolation and poverty.

## Disasters Increase

A Swiss insurance company recorded 2,305 major disasters that struck worldwide between 1970 and 1985. According to statistics, "on the average, a large-scale catastrophe strikes somewhere in the world every three days, taking the lives of more than 20 persons or causing damage in excess of ten million dollars," says the German newspaper *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*. About 1.5 million people lost their lives within these 15 years, some 50 million were left homeless, and the combined estimated cost to national economies was 700 billion dollars. "Together with typhoons and floods, earthquakes are also occurring with increasing frequency, often reducing whole cities to rubble," the newspaper comments. "During the last 16 years, 90 such earthquakes were registered." Because of the increase in disasters, compensation claims made on insurance companies have multiplied.

## Psychiatrist Versus Computer

Properly programmed computers can offer agoraphobia (abnormal fear of being in open or public places) sufferers treatment as successful as that prescribed by psychiatrists, reports the Institute of Psychiatry in London, England. After a study of 71 patients afflicted by various phobias, including



40 agoraphobics, researchers found that a qualified psychiatrist, a self-help manual, and a suitably programmed computer had equal success when administering the so-called exposure treatment, reports *The Times of London*. According to Dr. Isaac Marks, professor of experimental psychopathology, related studies show that "alcoholics interviewed by a computer admitted drinking more than alcoholics interviewed by a psychiatrist." Faced by mounting evidence that much of the psychiatrist's work "can be done remotely," doctors who believe their professional expertise is vital "may not find [these] results easy to swallow," concludes the report.

## New Therapy?

Osteoreflexology is the name of a new therapy in the Soviet Union. What is it? The treatment of pain and certain diseases by using the sensitivity of bone tissue. Soviet doctors claim that bones can detect changes in

blood pressure, temperature, and the composition of various chemicals, reports *The Times of London*. Their experiments have shown that bones relay complicated sensory signals to the brain and central nervous system and that bones of healthy people send information completely different from that of unhealthy ones. By inserting needles into a bone near an area of pain or in the vicinity of an affected organ, the doctors claim that they stimulate nerve impulses that, in turn, help in the treatment of rheumatism, arthritis, circulation disorders, and myopia.

## Bibles in Japanese

The Japan Bible Society is publishing a new, 1987 Japanese translation of the Bible, called the *Common Bible*. Both Catholic and Protestant scholars worked on the translation, making it the third ecumenical Bible in the world after those of West Germany and Korea. Japan's financial newspaper *Nihon Keizai Shimbun* says that the translation took 18 years to complete because the scholars "endeavored to come up with a translation faithful to the original text as well as to integrate the interpretation of both parties." The Japan Bible Society hopes that the *Common Bible* will attract wide readership and increase their distribution of Bibles. In 1985 that Bible Society sold 180,000 complete Bibles. Five years ago, however, the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society published the complete *New World Translation of the Holy Scriptures* in Japanese. In 1985, 232,055 copies of the *New World Translation*, including the *Reference Bible*, were shipped from its printing factory in Japan.

**W**HAT do you do for relief? A headache remedy that for some people may work just as well as medicine is an ice pack. Long used to relieve fevers and sprains, ice can also ease headache pain, according to a recent study. Of 90 patients who suffered from acute headaches, including migraines, use of an ice pack brought relief to 71 percent. Over half noted an immediate decrease in pain. Why does it work?

"A headache is caused by the swelling or dilation of blood vessels," explains Dr. Seymour Diamond, director of a headache clinic in Chicago. "Cold will cause these vessels to constrict." He recommends putting crushed ice in a plastic bag and pressing it against your forehead for

## *When Your Head Aches*

30 to 45 minutes while either sitting or lying down. Some relief may be felt immediately because of the numbing effect of the ice.



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