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ANDEX INTERNATIONAL

Volume 22, No. 2
March-April 1995

Beauty, baskets and beggars

by Betty Taylor

As the jumbo jet lowered its landing gear beneath my feet at 8:55 p.m. on the evening of January 18, 1995, I pressed my forehead against the window. Tears stung my eyes as I caught the first glimpse of the destination of my flight that had originated 11 hours earlier in Greensboro, North Carolina.

How can I describe what I saw? The moon cast a soft glow over the landscape. A jewel-encrusted mantle lay draped before me. It nestled in the valley and crept up the side of the dark mountain, sparkling like diamonds with a sprinkling of ruby, sapphire and topaz: Quito, Ecuador.

I had prepared for the trip by taking care of the newspaper, mail and bills. I was prepared for a foreign language and a different culture.

I was not prepared for the breathless beauty of this place: lofty snowcapped mountains, the profusion of roses and dahlias and snapdragons, bougainvillea, hibiscus and tree-sized poinsettias, and tiny orchids nestled in the trunk of a sturdy palm.

A multitude of vendors with their diverse items overwhelmed me: hand-woven scarves, vests, wall hangings, hand-knit sweaters, caps, ponchos, leather

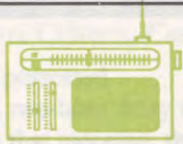


Choose your "sombbrero"!

bags, boots, breeches, jewelry, dolls, brightly painted parrots, toucans carved from balsa wood, rugs, furniture, dome-shaped lamps, embroidered shirts, shawls, and jackets.

Many of the wares are displayed on walls and rocks or spread on the grass wherever anyone is likely to pass by.

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DXer of the Month

Congratulations to Kingsley Senior (ANDEX # 8909), DXer of the month!

"I'm a salesman and farmer and have done this for more than 20 years. I have a standing contract with hotels to supply them with various vegetables/food produce. It's a very exciting field as well as being lucrative, especially since it caters to overseas visitors.

I live in a flourishing area in terms of farming. We grow a variety of crops, like melons, tomatoes, carrots, sweet peppers, onions, thyme, cauliflower and potatoes. One of the world's biggest aluminum plants is located here.

I live almost two miles from the Caribbean Sea, where large ships come to collect aluminum for the U.S. Our south coast is now developing as a tourist center.

My future plans are to formulate a plan to study journalism or broadcasting overseas.

My hobbies are: traveling, meeting people, photography, studying sociology, anthropology and history,



Kingsley Senior

reading, corresponding and going to church.

"I became interested in DXing/SWLing about 20 years ago and used to log Trans World Radio and Voice of America. My dad and mom also used to log HCJB in Ecuador before I was born and listened to those two 'golden voices' of Jack and Ruth Shalanko.

"About 12 years ago I confirmed almost 19 stations but have logged many more. The language barrier keeps me from confirming most of them.

"My first shortwave radio was a three-band cassette recorder with antenna. Now I have an A-ORSON 2300 A.W. with a

powerful antenna, which satisfied my longing and won my heart to shortwave.

"Shortwave has opened up a new world to me and allowed me to reach many people around the world.

"My philosophy in life is to live one day at a time and to be loyal to all my fellow men."

If you'd like to write Kingsley, his address is: Ballard Valley, Junction P.O., St. Elizabeth, Jamaica, West Indies.

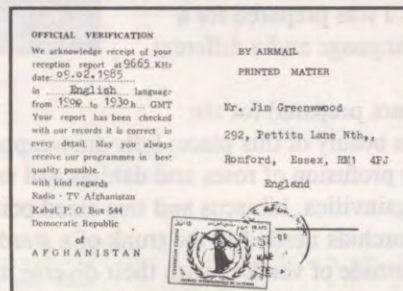
My Favourite QSL

Jim Greenwood, of Essex, England (ANDEX #499), describes his favorite QSL:

"Among my treasured collection of QSLs, this is probably my favorite. It was a great day for me when I came across Radio Afghanistan by chance while spinning the dial of my receiver. The reception came about during the time of the Russian occupation of the country. I couldn't send my report off quick enough! I sent it on Feb. 9, 1985, but it was not until mid-1986 that I received my favorite QSL card.

"Because of the problem the people of Afghanistan were experiencing, I never thought for one minute that I would hear from them, let alone have my report confirmed, especially as the months were flying by. But lo-and-behold one morning it did arrive!

"It proves that however difficult the situation appears, most stations will confirm a report if at all possible, providing reception details are correct."



Jim's long-awaited QSL

Beauty, baskets, beggars *(cont. from p. 1)*

Other vendors stand on grassy median strips with bags of plums and bunches of bananas.

And the baskets! Some are large enough to cradle a baby and tote my produce from the market, or small enough to tuck into my purse. In-between sizes hold potted plants or my hairbrush and cosmetics.

At 6 a.m. as I head up the hill for my daily walk around the park, I see a big aluminum pot of coffee over an open fire and *empanadas* sizzling in the pan. *Empanadas?* They're little fried pies filled with meat and vegetables or sometimes cheese and sprinkled with sugar. The rising steam meets the morning mist drifting down from Mount Pichincha.

Then there's a touch of home: a rooster I've dubbed *Juan Pedro*. He does not live close enough to disturb my sleep; but anytime I'm awake, the sound of his crowing takes me back to my childhood.

I was not prepared for the gracious warmth and acceptance into the HCJB family--even before my feet had touched the ground. The couple behind me in the plane had overheard my mentioning HCJB to seat-mates. John and Gwen Reimer from British Columbia were on their way to serve short term at HCJB's Hospital Vozandes in Shell at the gateway to the jungle. They spread the word that I was on the plane. Soon Charlie Scherer came by. He introduced me to his wife, Frances, and to Ruth Jordan and her sister Peg Robertson--all going to HCJB! Already I was a part of the family.

I had been warned by an Ecuadorian on the plane about beggars. I had steeled myself against men and women outside a cathedral door, but I was not prepared for young mothers with nursing babies in my own neighborhood. I was not prepared for large eyes peering out of dark brown tear-stained faces behind outstretched empty hands--often at my car window in the middle lane of heavy traffic.

My most haunting memory: sad faces, imploring eyes, dirty, tear-stained faces of little boys. One, maybe 8 years old, sat on the grassy bank by our parked car and cried woefully. It looked as if his face had been burned. I handed him 100 sucres (approximately 4 cents)--an amount that most people give beggars. He fingered the piece of paper but did not look up and did not stop crying. A piece of paper money did not ease his pain. No one else on the street even seemed to notice or care. And by now he was wailing pitifully and loudly. I didn't know how to ask him what was wrong.

Where were his parents? Will anyone ever share with him the love of Jesus?

It breaks my heart to think of the life he must live. Oh, if I could reach just one of those sad little ones

while I am here ... "Dear Lord, please send someone to help him."

I came here to write and to help wherever needed in HCJB's public information department--my first experience with a short-term mission project. I cannot imagine



Betty enjoys buying from the Otavalan Indians who sell their wares outside HCJB's gates.

a better place in all the world to begin. Yes, I said "to begin." Already I find myself thinking: "Next time I come ..."

Since my husband died in 1985, I have been more aware: life is precious and can be very fragile. Wanting to make the most of every day, I've gone white-water rafting with my grandchildren and ridden on the back of my brother's Harley. I've been with Bill Gothard and a group of dedicated young people to take the first Basic Youth Conflicts Seminar to New Zealand--all new and thrilling experiences.

And now I've come to Quito. What purpose did God have in bringing me to this place? What purpose beyond doing a bit of writing for public information? Beyond answering the phone and the buzzer on the front gate? Beyond worshiping and praying with other missionaries? Beyond reading my poetry and talking with other women?

To find the answer to that question, I must place myself securely in the hand of the God of the universe and not try to wriggle out through pricks and prods and trials. I must allow Him to unfold His purpose as I do my job from day to day.

Betty Taylor was a recent working visitor with HCJB's public information department.

COLOR, CULTURE AND CORNUCOPIA IN OTAVALO

by Gary Meier

Can we carry our wallets? How much money will we need? Wow! Look at all the people. Where are the bathrooms? What are those animals on the spit? Should we bargain?

Such was the excitement as 28 members of an HCJB World Radio tour to Ecuador bounded down the steps of the bus into the Indian market at Otavalo. This foray into another culture was just one of many experiences this group would encounter during their 13-day "missions in action" tour.



A young Otavalan mother cares for her baby while selling her wares.

Today the Otavalo Indians are one of the most well-to-do indigenous groups in Latin America. This has not always been the case. Migrating from the highlands of present-day Colombia hundreds of years ago, the Otavalans settled in a valley surrounded by the Imbabura and Cotacachi mountains. Hundreds of years later, this group was conquered by the Incas during their relentless pursuit of peoples and territory.

The Incas assigned each conquered group a certain responsibility, such as carving wood statues, making leather goods or creating jewelry. The Otavalans were designated artisans and merchants for those Andean empire-builders, and thus their destiny as weavers and merchants extraordinary was sealed.

But not immediately. When the Spaniards vanquished the Incas in the 16th century, their lot worsened as first they were herded into sweatshops (*obrajes*) and then, when independence from Spain was achieved in the 19th century, they became slaves to hacienda owners under the system known as *huasipungo*.

With land reform in 1964, the Otavalans' pent-up skills of weaving and merchandising erupted from the Otavalo Valley as first they tested the markets in the capital city of Quito, then in neighboring countries and, inevitably, in cities throughout the world.

As the tour members wove their way through the pressing throng up the narrow streets to the central plaza, they were overwhelmed by the crazy pallet of color seeming to engulf them from all sides. The cornucopia of tapestries, scarves, hats, ponchos, jewelry, knapsacks, and a myriad of other items called into play every power of decision-making

(cont. on p. 6)

Person to Person

"Good news gives health to the bones," wrote the wise man of Proverbs. Yet, I have noticed how little real "good news" there is around us. In the morning as we get dressed for the day, we turn on the radio and hear everything bad that has happened while we were sleeping. We learn that the economy is

failing, our savings in the bank is losing value and inflation is up. Later, we read the paper and get the local crime report. In the evening we watch television and see earthquakes in Asia and Latin America, famines in Africa and Russia, or we're transported to the most recent war zone, with vivid footage of what's happening between Russian and Chechnya or Ecuador and Peru. And we ask ourselves: "Is there any good news in the world today?" There is, but we'll not get it from the secular media. No wonder there is a growing army of people searching for uplifting and positive programming instead of that which leaves us psychologically beaten up.

Two thousand years ago, our "bad" world received the gospel which is the good news of what Jesus Christ did in promising life and peace. It is not without reason that the writers of Scripture began to refer to the gospel as the good news in a bad-news world.

We invite you to tune in to HCJB's programming and be encouraged by the good news from the Bible and learn that God is in control of the world He made. Listen to HCJB for some of the best news you will ever get!

- Wally Kulakoff



Wally Kulakoff, Russian Language Service broadcaster

Digging trenches for God

by Heidi Perkins

Last summer I left Quito for a Quichua Indian community called Calancha, in Ecuador's province of Chimborazo, with a group of 18 other people. We went there to help the people install a waterline. The job all week long was digging trenches. It was difficult work, but it opened our eyes to how hard these people were willing to work to obtain water for their community.



(left to right) Heidi, Lydia Rydbeck and Lisa Griebeling

Also, every afternoon we held children's meetings, directed by HCJB missionaries Cherith Rydbeck and Sheila Leech. The children were precious! We told Bible and health stories, colored pictures and handed out little treasures--candy, balloons, crayons, soap and toothbrushes.

The demonstration I gave on how to brush teeth held them in awe. When we washed our hands or face with soap, their eyes were glued on us! It amazed me to see them so enthralled with an everyday part of life for *gringos*.

In the late afternoons, we played games with the kids, teaching them how to play Frisbee. They loved it. They were incredible soccer players! The children especially thought it was funny when I swang across the monkey bars.

We also attended night meetings in the church with the Quichuas. They sang mostly in their own language, which was impossible for me to understand, but I knew they were praising God. I was pleased to have the opportunity of sharing Scripture on unity of the Spirit and explain that God is the same God of all people.

One night five of us did a drama about a person looking for true light, being deceived, and finally finding that true, consuming light in Jesus. The team showed films on cleanliness as well as the "Jesus" film and prayed together for the church, especially that God would provide a good leader for the youth there.

God showed me through these Quichua people how important thankfulness is. He has given us so much, how can we not show our appreciation by giving our lives back to Him?



Teenagers help dig trenches for "running" water.

Heidi Perkins helped out in HCJB's public information department the past two summers.

Chicken soup, beets and ...

by Duane Birkey

I recently traveled to Chillanes, Ecuador, to photograph the dedication of a new water system installed by HCJB's Community Services team.

Clean water is a necessity of life--one we often take for granted. We've had plumbing and running water in our homes all our lives, but most people in the world still don't have this "luxury." They are forced to carry water from a well, a stream or perhaps a spring. They may have to travel fairly great distances to find clean water and, even then, it is often contaminated.

Bruce Rydbeck, an HCJB civil engineer who supervised this project, hopes that this system will be an example to surrounding communities, showing how a community can work together to help build and pay for such a system. He also prays that these projects will help people understand God's love for them, which is why he works with the local church.

The community of Chillanes thanked God for providing the water system and showed *us* their appreciation by giving us a feast of chicken soup, a large plate of beets, potatoes, lettuce, and the main course: guinea pig.

Duane Birkey is an HCJB photographer

Color, Culture, Cornucopia (cont. from p. 4)

they possessed.

A two-hour delay waiting for the clearing of a landslide that morning, the jostling of tightly packed crowds, the heat and dust, and the sudden emersion into a strange culture didn't dampen the enthusiasm of these tourists. Tired but "happy campers," the group held an impromptu show-and-tell on the way back to Quito. More important, they returned to their homes with a better understanding and appreciation of complex differences between wealthy countries as their own and that of third-world countries.

Those animals on the spit? Guinea pigs.

Gary Meier is director of hospitality/tours and coordinator of purchasing for HCJB. If you're interested in joining a 10- or 12-day HCJB tour, write to HCJB's address in Colorado. (see below).

A BIG THANK YOU to Marian Houghton who has been ANDEX membership secretary and has written "DXer of the Month" feature for almost nine years. She and her husband, Stan, who have served in Ecuador for 38 years, will retire as missionaries in May and settle in the U.S.



Marian Houghton

Thank you, Marian!

HCJB, the Voice of the Andes, is pleased to present the following news special

Good Friday, April 14

With all of the urgency of today's all-news stations on CNN, this special takes you back to the first Good Friday as news reporters cover the trial and death of Jesus Christ.

Join on-the-spot correspondents as you sense the mood of that day. 0730 UTC to Europe, 0900 UTC to South Pacific, 1700 UTC to Europe and the Andean region, 0100 and 500 UTC Saturday to the Americas.

ANDEX INTERNATIONAL

is the official bimonthly publication of *Andes DXers International*, a listeners' club operated in conjunction with the DX Partyline broadcast on HCJB.

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Colorado Springs, CO 80949-9800



HCJB, Casilla 17-17-691
Quito, Ecuador



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