



Shiny-eyed Mexican children watch Kathy Pound and Debbie Melendy illustrate a Bible story at the flannelgraph.



The traditional pinata at the final Bible School session. Laurie Berg hates to leave the appealing little tot she is holding. Greg Fyvie is on the roof.



Mission To Mexico

When 41 Soquel teenagers spent Easter Week in Mexico, they mixed hard work and fun, and returned home bursting with enthusiasm and ready to try again next year.

The members of the Soquel Congregational Youth Fellowship conducted three Bible Schools in Ensenada, Mexico, and painted, laid tile and dug fence post holes at an orphanage on the out-

And there was plenty of time for singing, guitar-strumming and youthful antics, too.

But to have accomplished something good—these youngsters delighted in it. A bunch of teenagers, descending on an area during Easter Week can be a blessing.



Shooting marbles before Bible School begins; Greg Fyvie shows his skill.

Photos By Blankinship

Tree'n'Sea Living

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"You paint, we'll wipe up the drops!" Chris Ouellette and Laura Hamby work the floor detail while Ike Hamby and Jim Burklo man the roller and brush.

skirts of town.

The kids made nearly all the money for the trip themselves.

More pictures and a complete story of their week are on the following page.



Taking turns sawing form lumber, for use in the cement project, are Jim Burklo and Frank Rutherford.

Soquel Teens Work, Play In Mexico

By BARBARA BURKLO

"Adios! See you next year," called the Soquel teenagers, as they leaned out the windows of a venerable, rattling bus that was to transport them from their last session of Bible school back to their Easter Week Mission to Mexico encampment.

Dozens of eager Mexican children surrounded the bus, as though to delay its departure. Earlier that morning they had waited for the young missionaries to come play with them, tell them Bible stories and help them in craft projects.

At an orphanage, where other Soquel young people had labored, a similar leave-taking was going on.

Mission to Mexico began Friday, March 28, when 41 members of the Soquel Congregational Youth Fellowship boarded a bus at their church. They had heard their pastor, the Rev. Walter Boring, give a brief devotion and had repeated the Lord's Prayer with all those who had come down to wish them a successful journey.

The pastor, sponsors, and other interested families from the church who were to accompany them formed a caravan and they drove all night. During breakfast at the Mexican border, similar groups from Bass Lake and Sanger joined the Soquel group. They proceeded down to Ensenada, and set up camp at nearby El Faro Beach.

Food, stoves and other equipment had been brought from Bass Lake to serve the

99 campers. Tents were quickly erected, butane tanks and electricity tapped in — they were in business in time to serve lunch.

On Sunday morning, the group disbursed to various churches. All were impressed by the Mexicans' hearty hymn singing and enthusiastic welcome.

Work began on Monday morning. Bible school workers boarded the old bus, headed for the three churches where schools would be held for the next three days.

Roaring down the rutty roads, even fording streams, the bus passed women washing clothes in tubs in their front yards, dumped garbage, hovels, children wading in scummy water—every vista of poverty. And the bus riders, packed in so tight they seemed to be part of the bus itself — singing "Rise and Shine" and "Give God Your Glory" — "Do Lord, Oh Do Lord" — "He's Got The Whole World In His Hands" — always singing.

Arriving at the ramshackle churches, they were greeted by hordes of little Mexicans. One church, dubbed the Tin Can Church, but officially known as Colonia Popular, was constructed of flattened five-gallon cans. Pride was shown in two simple stained glass windows which had recently been set in.

Panchita's Church was simply an area—the church building had fallen down during the year. Bible school in this desperately poor section had the best attendance of all—70 youngsters on the last day.

The third church, Instituto Luz Y Vida, was a two-room building, with Sunday school room and sanctuary. A Spanish-speaking interpreter assisted in each school.

Workers at the orphanage, Centro De Ampara (refuge center), kept busy painting rooms, laying tile in the church located on the grounds and erecting a fence to enclose the inner yard.

Conditions at the orphanage were remarkably better than anything seen in town. Simple and clean, the building housed orphans from infants to 17 years. One baby, much fussed over by the girls, had been tossed out of a window and abandoned. She was receiving tender care, as was little Lupe, a crippled girl of 7.

Some of the Soquel girls sorted the clothing that they had brought from their church. Gay cloth booklets and scrapbooks, made earlier by the youth group, also were given to the orphans.

The teenagers got to go shopping twice in Ensenada, coming back to camp with their "finds" and the usual boasts of bargaining for lower prices.

Noteworthy contrast at the campground — the church youth singing, joking, strumming guitars — having a "blast" THEIR way—and the tentsful of American youth on either side of the church camp — drinking, smoking marijuana, stumbling uncertainly across the sand—having THEIR kind of Easter Week "blast."

Short devotions were held every morning. Campfires at night included singing, brief

talks by the ministers and marshmallow roasts. The California Parks Ministry provided two special vacation booklets for each camper.

Adults accompanying the Soquel CYF were the Rev. and Mrs. Boring, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blankinship and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Burklo, sponsors; Shirley Bollinger, bus driver; and Mr. and Mrs. Ike Hamby, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ebert and Mr. and Mrs. William Courtney. Nine younger children from these families went along.

Soquel teenagers who participated in the mission were: Jim Benson, Laurie Bollinger, Jan Brotherton, Sandy Brotherton, Kathy Burklo, Jim Burklo, Jo Caddow, Tom Caddow, Carol Carr, Skipper Covell, Dewey Fyvie, Greg Fyvie, Carol Gilbert, Laura Hamby, Bob Ebert, Mimi Sampson, Debbie Waltrip, Mindy Hooker, Judy Laidlaw, Mark Levonian, Beth Lyford, Ken Lyford, Debbie Melendy, Dorothy Melendy, Mary Melendy, Janet Nelson, Chris Ouellette, Karen Ouellette, Kathy Pound, Frank

Rutherford, Lee Ann Santaluce, Doris Schlichtmann, Kathy Shaw, Dan Spurl, Mike Spurl, Linda Tiffin, Sandy Tiffin, Bill Waltz, Laurie Berg, Danny Berg and Tom Waltz.

CYF members had held endless bake sales, a spaghetti supper and thought up other projects to make enough money for the trip. Each member was required to participate in full in meeting and church attendance and fund raising in order to fulfill the requirements for the trip.

It was Thursday morning — time to head on home. Everyone was pleased that they had been able to finish the projects they had planned — many wanted to "work even harder, next time."

Although their efforts might have seemed to make a small dent in the nearly hopeless need that is reflected in Mexico, the impression made on the youthful missionaries was immeasurable. As one of the Soquel boys put it, "I don't know how much we helped THEM, but it sure did US a lot of good!"



Mexican orphan snuggles in arms of CYF president Carol Carr.



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"He's got the whole woorr-uld in His hands!" Singing and strumming are a major activity every evening around the campfire.

I'll take this one, and this, and this one . . .
Lee Ann Santaluce, Linda and Sandy Tiffin admire the jewelry at a shop in Ensenada.

Thrive
in a
climate
of eternal
Springtime

Despite steam heat,

