

# NEW WORLD NEWS

FOR MORAL RE-ARMAMENT



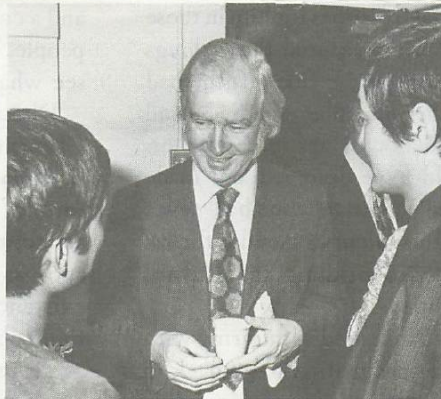
## Asian song in Welsh valleys

Songs from 'Song of Asia' recorded by HTV, Cardiff.

WE'VE NEVER HAD anything like this in Rhondda'; 'The greatest day in the Rhondda for 25 years'; 'This is the gospel in a nutshell': these were some of the comments from the 750 who packed into Treorchy's Park and Dare Theatre to see what the local newspaper called 'the brilliant star of Asia' on stage.

In the audience with their wives were the two Rhondda councillors, one last year's Labour mayor, the other a prominent nationalist, who had invited *Song of Asia* to their valleys. Local trade unionists, miners working and retired, a leading Welsh authoress and critic, Indian doctors with their families and friends, parsons and civic officials were among those who jammed the stairways and foyer to talk after the show. A bus-load of children from a large Cardiff school where *Song of Asia* had given an assembly the previous day arrived to join the throng.

Welcoming the cast at the start of their days spent in the area, Councillor Gwyn Tudball, last year's Mayor of the Rhondda, told of his determination after seeing *Song of Asia* at the MRA World Conference at Caux, Switzerland, in the summer, that it should be seen by the people of the Rhondda. 'To us this is a very great

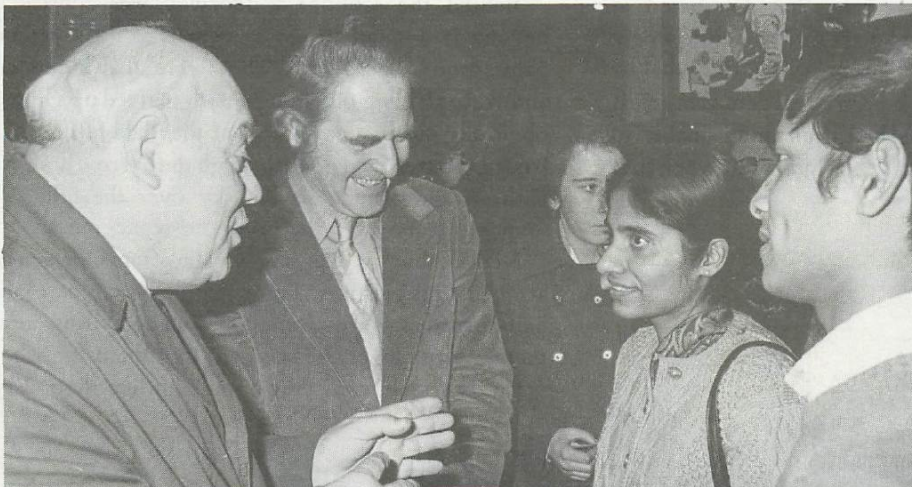


Gwynfor Evans, MP, meets members of the cast of 'Song of Asia'. Photos: Rengfelt

moment,' he told them. 'It is a miracle to see you all here.'

Standing with him, Plaid Cymru Councillor Glyn James spoke of the Rhondda's history of struggle against poverty and to establish social justice. 'You from Asia have experienced even greater poverty and also war,' he said, 'yet you have broken the chain of hate and blame. *Song of Asia* is an inspired phenomenon. The Rhondda needs to have its secret if we are to play our part in the world.'

WALES contd p4



Councillor Tudball and Councillor James with the cast.

## A joyous Christmas to you

Next issue of 'New World News' 3 January 1976

Because of wide demand we have reprinted the 6 December issue of 'New World News'. Special offer: 20 copies for £1 (+20p p+p).

Available from MRA Books.

### FOLLOW THAT STAR

a Christmas carol by Veronica Phelps  
words and music 15p plus 10p p+p



## Marathi translation

*GIVE A DOG A BONE*, the Peter Howard pantomime, has just been translated into Marathi by Anasuya Paithankar, a young woman from a village near the Moral Re-Armament centre at Panchgani in India.

From there she writes, 'The monsoon is over, and the garden is exuberant with flowers. In this atmosphere, I've had the time to do the translation. Just when it was finished, 150 children walked up to see the centre.'

The children saw the film in the new theatre, and contributed afterwards to the cost of the showing.

Anasuya reports the headmaster's words before leaving, 'Just to have looked at this place will create a permanent impression on the children's minds. They learn bad things very easily. Bad does not need a teacher. You will not see the effect of what they learned today, but 50 years on, when some of us may not be alive, some if not all of these children will follow this path.'

She continues, 'Yesterday, 300 children came. It is a joy to give one's best to them. They were so eager to learn all they could. Thinking of my own brothers and sister, I have discovered that the best thing we can do for these children is to wholeheartedly follow the light ourselves. May this time lead us all from darkness into light.'



**T**om Smith threaded his way with difficulty through the milling crowds doing their Christmas shopping. The darkening sky heralded snow as well as the approach of evening, and he would have liked to be able to move more quickly in order to keep warm.

Impatiently he turned up his coat collar and decided to try walking in the gutter for greater speed. He and the wife, Jean, had done most of *their* shopping by now, he thought with satisfaction. But, God, what expensive tastes kids had nowadays! Transistors, tape recorders, fur and leather mixture coats had been what his four had asked for this year. Still, he and Jean had bought everything the family had wanted, and even a few smaller gifts too. It gave him quite a kick to be able to do it — a bit different from the presents he had had himself as a child.

Tom's face hardened as he remembered the sugar mice, the rare treat of fruit, and the single small present of a torch or a cheap book, which had meant Christmas for him in those days. In a way, he supposed he had treasured those things more than his own kids had treasured the fine gifts he had given them over the years. Yet he remembered how he had longed for lovely leather-bound books, art materials, his own tools, with which he could have designed and made things. He was what was called 'creative', but had never really had a chance to develop this talent as a child, for his parents had had little money to spare for things that had not been considered absolute necessities.

He remembered the men who had served in the army with him during the war, and their determination to go back to build a very different Britain when peace came. Some, like himself, had wanted more drastic change than others, and had geared their whole lives to working with men who had planned in detail to ensure the total breakdown of 'the system' that had made possible the conditions of his childhood. And success was on the horizon he felt sure. It was all going to be just as they had wanted, he insisted, somewhat defiantly, to himself.

Tom was leaving the chain stores behind now, and reaching the smaller shops clustered round a pleasant, open square. The trees that rose here and there from the square were bare, and straining against the biting wind. When they were dressed in their spring glory, one could forget the towering chimneys and ugly factories that dominated so much of the city. Although for him art was still quite a new hobby, last year he had painted a picture of the trees that he had known intuitively could have been a real gem. Yet it just failed, for, try as he would, he had been quite unable to capture the sense of radiant promise he always felt when first he saw the blossom each year.

# The Sapling

by Betty Gray

Suddenly, his attention was caught by a crowd in one corner of the square. What were they looking at? Curiosity overcame him, and he changed direction to make his way through the crowd. Tom could see that a large, three-sided hut had been erected in one corner, and that everyone was staring at what was inside it. He was searching for a vantage point when there was a cry of, 'Oh, there's the bus coming, John' and a couple at one side of the hut struggled out of a mass of people. Tom elbowed his way into their place, and turned to see what was claiming everyone's attention.

Disappointment flooded through him. It was just a Christmas nativity scene. Of course, he should have guessed that that was what it would be. He had seen so many in a sort of places in years gone by, and had wondered at the attraction they held for other people. He had concluded long ago, as a schoolboy in a family struggling for its very existence, that there could be no God. He had no time for a 'this 'baby Jesus stuff''. Tom glanced at the crowd, and started as he recognised Mr Green, the managing director of the company where his brother Jim worked. 'He *would* be here', he thought bitterly. 'I hate him, and all his kind. Jim insists he's OK, but I can't stand people of his class.'



Tom was just turning away when he noticed to his amazement a sapling in a pot, near the centre of the nativity scene. He rubbed his eyes. Surely this was the same as the trees in the square, the trees he had tried so hard to paint. Whatever was it doing here? It was so incongruous among all the straw and the figures in Eastern dress. Tom leaned forward to look more closely.

Behind the sapling, a doorway was constructed, and beyond it a small group of people of different races were painted on a back-cloth. They were clad in modern dress and were striding out along a path that led up a hill. One was obviously meant to assume that they had been to the stable, passed the tree, and gone through the narrow doorway to the path. A glow hung in the sky over the hill. What was supposed to be over the brow, he wondered.

He half shut his eyes, the way he often did when he looked at one of his pictures. Those people on the path, they were half-turned towards him, as though inviting him to join them. Very clever, he sneered. Join them for what? What were they seeking as they strode out like that? Whatever

was, he wanted none of it, for he was working for a heaven in this world. Change the system, and you would get it!

What was the significance of the sapling? Somehow he had to know. Someone had a very amateurish idea of how to create an artistic effect. The young tree had two well-formed branches growing horizontally, so that it stood like a cross in front of the door. A cross? Life and death, all in one single stage setting? Surely that was not what the designer had intended.

'But new life does come from His death, and was the main purpose of His birth,' said a voice just behind Tom. He wheeled round hastily, but everyone's attention was rivetted on the crib. He had imagined it, Tom decided, and he had better go on his way. He would take one last look at the sapling.



'You, too, could find the new life necessary for a truly new society, if you left your hate and bitterness here. That could be a great gift to Me this Christmas, and, indeed, to the fellow men you claim to care about,' came the voice again.

'No! No, I can't do that. Our bitterness is the spur that drives men like me to work for a different society,' Tom exclaimed to the startled people beside him. He blushed to realise he had expressed aloud his thoughts, and fixed his gaze on the tree, until he judged other people had stopped staring at him. Anyway, why should he leave his bitterness there, he insisted defensively. It was justified, wasn't it?

'But what sort of society will you build on bitterness? And will the sort of Christmas presents you have bought for your family encourage them to live "each according to his need" as your ideology demands?' came the voice very quietly from deep, deep inside him.

Tom looked at the people portrayed on the path beyond the doorway. They seemed to him to be waiting for something. 'I must get away from here. My imagination's doing overtime,' he thought frantically.

Yet something held him firmly there. Suddenly, inexplicably, his resistance broke. 'What you say is true, I know it. I've felt it for some time really, but have suppressed it,' he admitted. He was surprised at the great relief the confession brought.

'Leave it all here; at the sapling. Wish Mr Green a happy Christmas, and mean it. Then you will be a free man, like those on the path. You will know from experience that a new society depends on what I can do in people's hearts, and on you all creating it together, as you listen to Me,' said the voice.



'So that's what the sapling was for,' thought Tom. Turning his head, he looked at the crib as though he was seeing it for the first time, and faith began to be born in him. Several minutes passed. Then with a cheery greeting to Mr Green and a new spring in his step, he began to walk away. He was oblivious to the cold air and the flurries of snow that were beginning to whirl about him. Now he knew how to give the missing quality to the picture of the trees in the square, for the same spirit of promise and joyous expectancy of the future had hold of his own heart.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGARET GRAY

So, International Women's Year draws to a close. Much has been spoken and written, meetings have been held, women's libbers have demonstrated, statements have been made and resolutions passed.

But there is one woman about whom little or nothing has been said. She was a young girl of peasant stock. She did not go to a grammar or a comprehensive school, a polytechnic or a university. She did not travel beyond her own continent; barely beyond her own small country.

She had a son, born before she was married. He was born while she and her prospective husband, who trusted her enough to stand by her, were on a long and arduous journey at the command of a dictatorship government. Through the days preceding her confinement, she joggled along on a donkey. When her time was come, the only place the couple could find was a stable — not an ideal place to bear a child, specially if the ox and ass, whose home it was, were also there. The floor must have been hard and dirty, the night cold, the manger, in which the baby was placed, had only a wisp of hay to soften its hardness.

But to what kind of woman would God entrust the privilege and task of bearing and bringing up His own Son?

Our thinking about the Mother of Jesus has been so influenced by pretty pictures and unrealistic ideas that the real woman she must have been has, for many of us, never come alive.

Jesus, I believe, was divine. But He was also human. From His Mother He needed to find the kind of love that strengthened His own innate qualities of discipline, selflessness, compassion. If, surely, she had not been a woman of purity, courage, integrity and faith she would have blurred His growing realisation of right and wrong.

That she loved Him — flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone — is evident to anyone who reads the Gospel story. But suppose her love had had the clinging, demanding quality which is in so much of our caring for our children and those closest to us — would He have been able to move out at the right moment and do the work for which God, His Father, had sent Him?

During the war, mothers had to watch their sons tortured, and, understandably, often at that point bitterness was born. But Christ's Mother stood beside His cross and saw the cruel thorns piercing His forehead, the marks of the lash on His back, the excruciating torture of the nails and His spread-eagled position on that wooden crossbar. Yet no word of bitterness or desire for revenge escaped her lips or dwelt in her heart.

Women today are free as Mary never was — free to travel, to work, to study, to bear children, to get rid of the unborn child lust created and selfishness doesn't want. Women are encouraged to be soft, yet to get what they desire. They carry a gun or a contraceptive. They scream for their rights, and they demand equality.

But little is said about the kind of freedom Mary knew — the freedom to take part — her part — the part that only she could play — in creating a new way of living in the world, a new understanding of God's love and creativity. The freedom to set others free from the slavery of bitterness and hate, hopelessness and self-concern.

I hated my mother. God healed and forgave that hate. As a result, rifts were healed in my family and in other hearts and homes as well.

Isn't that true liberation? Wouldn't that be a fitting outcome for International Women's Year if we women began to think of ourselves as liberators rather than demanding to be liberated; as people who can show others how to pursue and love the right rather than to demand our rights; to care for and cherish the needy in our homes, communities, nations and our world rather than our own beauty, convenience and comfort?

Women like Mother Teresa live that way, but we think of it as 'special', 'unusual', the result of being a special kind of person. But within every woman's heart there is the possibility and, I believe, the longing, to live out the kind of life style that Mary lived.

If we would truly listen to that inner prompting, and follow it, we women could bring to birth a whole new world.

JOAN P BUXTON



## WALES contd from p1

Adding his voice to the welcome, Idwell Brace, Union Secretary at the Rhondda's largest factory, told the cast, 'It is easy enough to say a few words to you, but the real test is not what we say but what we do. You are showing the way by your action and your sacrifice.'

At a luncheon reception given by the Rhondda Borough Council, Niketu Iralu from Nagaland in North East India told the Mayor, Councillor W D Jones, why the 14-nation cast had come to the Rhondda. 'We have come from all these nations of Asia and the Pacific to pay our tribute to the spirit and fight of your people. We have heard of the great men that your Valley and Wales have sent out to the world. You have a part in healing the hurts of mankind because you understand them so well.'

Thanking the cast for 'your words to describe the Valley that I and my colleagues are so proud of', the Mayor highlighted what was for him the most significant fact of all in the history of the Rhondda. It was that though in the last century it had experienced a dramatic transformation from a rural parish of 5,000 to an industrial community of 170,000 within a few decades, the population had managed in that short time to weld itself together into a community with a distinctive Welsh culture of its own.

## Weaves a magic tapestry

Groups from the cast visited a Rhondda junior school, two Day Centres for old people, Idwell Brace's factory and several typical Rhondda homes. The whole cast were received at the Ysgol Gyfan Rhydfelen where a complete secondary education is given through Welsh for children desiring it. As well as giving some of their own songs and experiences, the cast were entertained to a programme of traditional Welsh singing and dancing by members of the school.

Councillor Glyn James spoke of *Song of Asia* and its visit to Treorchy in a popular Welsh-language morning radio programme produced by Carwyn James, coach on the successful British Lions rugby tour. Two Maori songs and a Haka had been previously recorded for the programme.

The *Rhondda Leader* carried a full page of photos and story of *Song of Asia* and its cast under the headline 'An inspired spectacle of entertainment'. Calling it 'the finest musical show ever likely to come to the Rhondda', the article continues: 'This unique show is unforgettable as it weaves its magic tapestry of drama, colour, dance, humour and song across the stage and into the memories of those lucky enough to see it.'

After describing in detail the content of the show and the underlying message of the power of the inner voice, the article concludes, 'This is the voice that sings out in *Song of Asia* — a song to stir the conscience of everyone who listens to it, to question their own motives, and act less selfishly.'

## Great works of art



HEATON COOPER presents to Hsu Fun Chi copies of a colour print of his 'Derwentwater' for each member of the cast of *Song of Asia*.

The Lakeland artist, who saw the Asian musical in Edinburgh and London, writes, 'It seems clear to me that here is the Holy Spirit at work through these young people; that it is, in the long run, irresistible; and it comes entirely at the right time for a world so terribly in dire need.'

'The presentation has the simplicity and professional assurance of great art, enchanting in sight and sound, leading up to the great climax of silence in which everyone in the theatre takes part.'

'The compelling quality of *Song of Asia* is that, like all great works of art, it has the authority of first hand experience.'

Heaton Cooper felt that 'Derwentwater' was a particularly appropriate choice of painting to give to the cast. It had been inspired by the fact that Frank Buchman, initiator of MRA, had walked round this lake at the turning point in his life.

## Breaking Indian bottle-necks

MANAGEMENT AND LABOUR representatives from the public and private sectors attended an industrial seminar organised by Moral Re-Armament at the Ecumenical Christian Centre in Bangalore, India, earlier this month.

The seminar was opened by Major-General O M Mani, Chairman and Managing Director of Bharat Earth Movers, and was reported in the *Indian Express* and *Deccan Herald*. 'There is no collision between me and the workers because we are on the same side,' said General Mani, 'but we need to have the national interest in view.'

The Chairman of the Committee of Invitation, Major-General Bhatia, told the delegates that the seminar aimed to train people in industry to deal with human bottlenecks, to explore how human resources could be harnessed and to learn to take responsibility beyond the factory for the wider needs of society. He said, 'Moral Re-Armament is a global force of people committed to doing God's will and determined to bring about social, economic, national and international changes.'

## Call of the hour

'MRA is the best of the ways of changing attitudes,' declared Mr Ataula, Deputy Personnel Manager of Indian Telephone Industries, a government company employing over 20,000 workers. 'It is a sensitive

instrument to tackle the confusion created by communal and religious disharmony. I should start in the family — at the breakfast table. This is the call of the hour.'

'Management needs to change,' said N Balakrishnan, Assistant Secretary of the Tamilnadu Planters' Association. 'MRA holds the key to better industrial relations.'

'What has encouraged me,' said a personnel manager, 'is that I know I am not alone in this struggle but there are others and together we can win.'

'The most important thing I have learned here is: it is not important what I say to God but what God says to me,' said a works manager. 'I will start with myself. I have no doubt that this idea will spread.'

'The inner voice could be a major breakthrough in the art and science of human management,' was how an industrial engineer evaluated his experience at the three-day seminar.

## Just for the record

THE *EVENING NEWS*, London, reported last week, 'For the first time, the Cowboy Carol will be sung in Westminster Cathedral by a 12-year-old choirboy, James Hands, in the *Evening News* Festival of Carols.'

'Written in typical Western style by Cecil Broadhurst, it was first performed by the late Sir Malcolm Sargent with the Royal Choral Society.'

Just for the record, it might be pointed out that the carol was performed by MRA choruses for many years before that in Broadhurst's play *The Cowboys' Christmas*.