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TIME FOR A NEW UNDERSTANDING

THE BRILLIANCE with which the military campaign in the Falklands was executed is a tribute to the spirit, courage, resourcefulness and skill of all who took part, civilian and serviceman alike.

The tragedy is that it ever was necessary. Few can have watched the first joyful homecomings on the television without thinking of the pain of those, in Britain and Argentina, whose loved ones will not return.

The campaign was of course expensive in financial and military terms. There has been a diplomatic and financial cost, as well, to our allies in Europe and North America. All this makes it essential that we should learn whatever lessons we can from the events of the last weeks.

Although we are still almost too close to events to do so, there are specific military, diplomatic and political lessons to be drawn. They will be the subject of a government inquiry. For instance, has Britain devoted too little interest and concern to Latin America in recent decades?

There may also be some more profound lessons, as relevant to the led as to the leaders. For example, does the Falklands crisis expose our reluctance as a nation to come to grips with thorny issues until it is almost too late? In the 17 years leading up to the Argentine invasion we neither achieved the diplomatic settlement nor provided the military defence which could have prevented it. We failed to appreciate the strength of feeling in Argentina and in that light to work out the future of the islands with their inhabitants. Despite all the fighting, this nettle still needs to be grasped for the longer term.

Through the crisis, writes *The Times,* 'the spirit of Britain... has been rediscovered as people have rediscovered something about themselves and their country'. This spirit must now rise to the challenges of peace. Can it inspire us in the demanding tasks of turning enemies into friends and anticipating violence by dealing with its causes? It is in this realm that, individually and nationally, we must make new discoveries if we are to be faithful to our allies, find a secure future for the islanders, build new relationships with Argentina and offer something of value to a world where many conflicts more long-standing and bloody are crying out to be resolved.

'Like a cathedral, peace has to be constructed, patiently and with unshakeable faith,' Pope John Paul II said during his visit to Britain, 'Each person has to become a stone in that beautiful edifice. Mistrust and division between nations begin in the heart of individuals. We must turn from domination to service; we must turn from violence to peace; we must turn from ourselves to Christ, who alone can give us a new heart, a new understanding. ■

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One of the cast, *Hari Shukla* (centre), Senior Community Relations Officer of Tyne and Wear, meets Liverpool city councillors.

'CLASHPOINT' IN TOXTETH

'THAT WAS GEAR.' 'Boss one.' These were some of the comments that greeted a performance of the play, *Clashpoint*, at Paddington School on the edge of Toxteth, Liverpool, on June 12.

The approval—in Scouse, Liverpool's language—came from 14-year-olds, black and white, sitting in the front row of their school hall. Earlier, as a curtain raiser, they had performed a Ghanaian fable, *Anansi and the Grain of Corn*—brown, white and black all imitating African villagers and salting the tale with Liverpool guile and humour.

Clashpoint, by Betty Gray and Nancy Ruthven, deals frontally with the issues of class, race and violence which bedevil so many inner cities and indeed society as a whole and shows a way out through the intervention of God in changing human nature.

A cross-section of Liverpool life was in the school hall—councillors from the divided city council, including the Chairman of the Education Committee, and councillors from other Merseyside local authorities, leaders of the Caribbean, Hindu and Pakistani communities, members of the Liverpool-born black community and people from industry, waged and unwaged.

'You should have the TV here,' said one member of the Community Relations Council. 'This play should be seen everywhere.' A councillor added, 'This play should go into all the schools.'

A teacher who had herself taught at Paddington School commented, 'You have a prime audience here. Now you should go to the "leafy lanes" of Liverpool. People don't understand what actually happens in the inner cities; the pain, the pressures, the potential.' Her time teaching in so vigorous and lively a school as Paddington had made her feel that it was almost a deprivation to teach anywhere else.

All over the hall after the performance, little knots of people discussed the play and its implications:

- Is racism a product of the system, or is there an individual responsibility under God to bring change?
- How can you deal with the bottlenecks of unchanged attitudes?

Two weeks earlier, Liverpool had been united in its welcome to the Pope, an overflowing demonstration that bridged all the many divisions—police and last year's rioters, the communities, the political points of view.

In Paddington School hall, a building block in making these bridges permanent was put into place. ■

THE CREATIVITY OF CAUX

'URGENT—MORAL AND SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT' is the theme of the international conference for Moral Re-Armament from 10 July to 29 August this year at Caux, Switzerland.

The invitation reads in part: 'In an uncertain world, the road forward will be shown through the wisdom God gives to those who search for His way to manage His creation.'

According to Cardinal Koenig, Archbishop of Vienna, even a small part of the story of Caux 'reveals an astonishing number of political, racial and social problems which have been both confronted and resolved'.

What accounts for the effectiveness of these conferences?

Caux offers realistic hope in a global perspective combined with an atmosphere in which people can encounter God as well as each other. There are usually people there from some 40 countries so delegates begin to see their own and their nation's problems in the context of world needs. Equally, many gain a new understanding of the ideological forces at work behind some of today's confrontations. Differences which, on arrival, seem too difficult to overcome—whether between countries, ethnic groups, representatives of different sides of industry, or within families—shrink in the light of the common threat to mankind's survival and the global tasks waiting to be tackled.

The chance to hear at first-hand from people who have experienced God's intervention in their lives, or in their countries, is a powerful stimulus to seeking strength and direction from the same source. People from countries as diverse as Morocco, Australia, Zimbabwe and Cyprus have found at Caux a new commitment to obeying God's will and have then affected the destiny of their nations.

End of soft slavery

Last summer, for example, 115 people from all over Africa spent five days together within the conference. One outcome was a pan-African seminar in Salisbury (now Harare City), Zimbabwe in February. 150 from 12 African countries met there to discuss how to create the moral infrastructure to make development effective. Many took heart from finding that they were not alone in the struggle for honesty, unity and effective development. They decided to take action and have since been doing so in their own countries.

Last summer's conference in Caux was also the venue for 40 Afghan exiles meeting in search of unity. This was not easy. One said to another, 'If I had known you were coming I wouldn't have come.' The initiator of this gathering, Noorullah Delawari, says, 'One thing we learned through MRA is that we don't have to have a president or positions in our organisation.'

On the personal level, too, many find fresh hope and motivation. 'Our aim is to return home and free ourselves from the soft slavery of seeking a slightly better life, a few more possessions, a little more comfort,' said a man who attended last year's conference with his family.

A senior Australian civil servant said that Caux had been the 'element of creativity' in the crisis facing Europe in the late 1940s, and that in the Fifties, Sixties and Seventies Caux

Caux

Hill

had been at the centre of such issues as the decolonisation of Africa, the growth of German and French unity and the creation of Europe as a force in the world. This summer Caux may see men and women making decisions which will be just as vital for the world of the Eighties. ■

SPECIAL SESSIONS AT THE CAUX CONFERENCE:

Dates	Session
10—20 July	Opening session.
14—18 July	A symposium to explore fresh aims and larger concerns for Europe and North America.
23 July—2 August	A family conference: Families focus on the world.
5—11 August	A week's study on the theme of the conference.
6—8 August	A conference for people of the health professions and others interested.
14—22 August	Africa: The way to the future.
24—29 August	For leaders of industry, the trade unions and those concerned with economic affairs: World industry—confrontation or common task?

NEWSBRIEF

'IS THERE AN X-FACTOR, an inner compass, which can give direction to a caring society?' asked a leaflet for a recent public meeting at the Westminster Theatre, London. 'My X-factor is faith in God,' said a West Indian student.

Gordon Wise, an Australian now living in Britain, called the X-factor 'the new dimension in statesmanship and decision-making which follows when men and women seek the wisdom of the Holy Spirit'. As an example, he spoke about Allan Griffith, currently Special Adviser to the Australian Prime Minister, Malcolm Fraser. A recent article in the *Sydney Morning Herald* had said of Mr Griffith, 'Part of his negotiating strength is that he manages to get on with people who can't get on with each other. The Foreign Minister trusts him as much as the Prime Minister does.' The paper had described him as 'a trouble shooter fitted with a silencer', and gone on to say that no public servant had been more deeply involved in the Zimbabwe peace settlement than Mr Griffith.

Other speakers at the meeting told how the 'X-factor' had led them into student politics, into working for racial harmony, or into service in other countries.

Alan Porteous from New Zealand had been managing a 10-hectare farm in India. He said that moral and spiritual growth in man was the most important element in answering world food shortages. Also, the rich needed to give opportunities for the poor to develop their latent skills and talents. Financial and technical inputs should satisfy these two conditions, he said.

Mr Porteous told how his assistant tractor driver had walked out because he felt he was not getting enough driving. Mr Porteous's first reaction had been to let him go, as he had caused division among the other workers. However, after deeper thought, Mr Porteous had decided to teach him to drive other vehicles instead. This had worked out well and the atmosphere on the farm had improved. 'I believe that if we consulted God more often we would get the creative ideas which would bring out the best skills and initiative from the poorest of the poor,' Mr Porteous concluded.

A retired civil servant, Ethel Roberts, described her church's project to give young unemployed men window-cleaning jobs. Some of them found the work dreary. Miss Roberts said that she had once been frustrated and unhappy in one of her posts. 'I was thinking how to escape when the startling thought came, "Commit yourself fully to this job as if you were in it for life." Strangely, I began to find satisfaction in it.'

'I believe that the fact that God can get through to us in silence and work through us, or alongside us, when we obey is what stops each of us from becoming a helpless victim of circumstances,' said one speaker, summarising the meeting's answer to the leaflet's question. ■

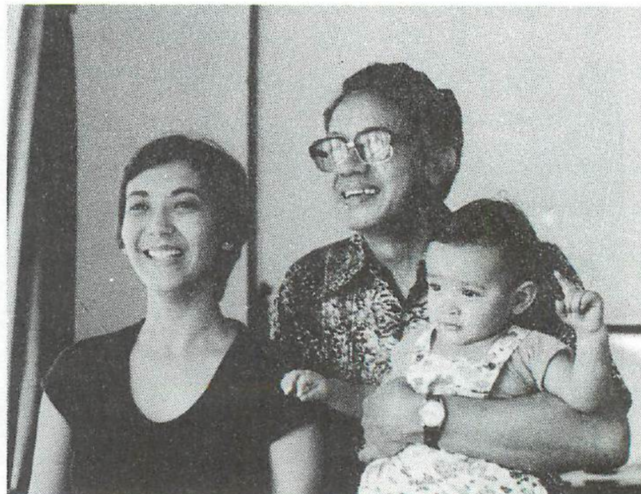
'UN SOLEIL EN PLEINE NUIT', Hugh Steadman-Williams' play about St Francis of Assisi was given two gala performances at the Theatre Princess Grace in Monaco recently. Princess Edouard de Lobkowicz arranged the occasions which were in aid of the Order of Malta's hospital work in Lebanon. Princess Grace of Monaco was the patron. ■

ALEC SMITH, a chaplain in the Zimbabwe army, took morning prayers at Harvard University Church on May 10. Mr Smith, son of the former Rhodesian Prime Minister, told about his dramatic change through a personal experience of Christ from a drop-out and drug addict to one of those working to bring healing in his country, then at war.

During their three days in Boston, Mr Smith and Samuel Pono from Soweto, South Africa, also addressed students in the University of Massachusetts and in a Harvard student house. ■

THE HALF-TRUTHS THAT THREATEN THE NAGAS

by Mary Lean



Niketu Iralu with his wife Christine and son Kevipulie.

WHEN NIKETU IRALU first left Nagaland to study in Madras, he was overwhelmed by the crowds he met on his journey. As he struggled on to a train in Calcutta he thought, 'Our people have no place in a society like this. India is not even aware of us. We're so small that we will be crushed to death, like I almost was on this station. No one would have known I'd disappeared.'

Iralu grew up in Phek, a small township near India's border with Burma, where his father ran a government dispensary. As the Japanese advanced in 1944, thousands of refugees streamed into India. 'My father found himself looking after people dying of dysentery, malnutrition and occasionally cholera,' Iralu remembers. 'My mother had to keep the kettle boiling all the time to give the new arrivals and British soldiers tea and sometimes to cook for them. My father was awarded a medal by the British government for his work.'

I talked to Niketu Iralu in London, on his way home from a visit to Canada, where he had met organisers of the World Assembly of First Nations, which will draw thousands of indigenous peoples to Regina, Saskatchewan, in July. At a conference there he had spoken of the danger to minorities of being trapped by the guilt others felt towards them, and I wanted to discuss this further with him. But first I asked him to tell me more about his people.

The Nagas, he told me, are one of the Tibeto-Burmese tribal groups which stretch from Tibet south-eastwards through North-east India and Burma into Thailand and South-east Asia. They are linked with language groups in China. 'We are of Mongolian stock,' he said. Half of the Nagas live in India and half in Burma—thanks to a boundary line drawn by the British two hundred years ago. 'At the time, nobody paid much attention. But now it's becoming a hot issue.'

Could bankrupt India

As Indian independence approached in the Forties, the Nagas began to agitate for the right to decide for themselves where they belonged. An open insurgent war raged from 1955 to 1960, when India decided to create the State of Nagaland within the Indian Union, with a separate legislature, council of ministers and high court. Delhi, afraid of similar demands from India's other minority racial groups, feels it has given as much as it can. But many Nagas are not satisfied and continue to fight for full independence, from bases inside Burma.

The fear of the Nagas of being swamped is real and understandable, Iralu feels. But at the same time, he believes, India has some grounds for her fears that a process of fragmentation could result if independence were granted to any part of modern India. This is a threat that his people should not ignore, he says. 'A country of 700 million splitting apart would shake up the whole continent.'

While Iralu was studying English at Madras University he came into contact with people from Moral Re-Armament and began to see his people's problems in a new light. 'MRA somehow challenged me to be truthful and not to close my mind to unpleasant issues I considered were beyond the immediate interest of my people.' He realised that it was not just up to the government to create a just society for India's 100 million deprived minority people. If Indians were to achieve the changes needed, he felt, people from the minorities would have to become concerned about the problems of India as a whole. 'If we just go on demanding without taking any responsibility we can make the rest of India bankrupt, without solving any of our problems.' Since then he has been giving all his time to work through Moral Re-Armament for the changes of attitudes in both haves and have-nots that can be the foundation of a just society.

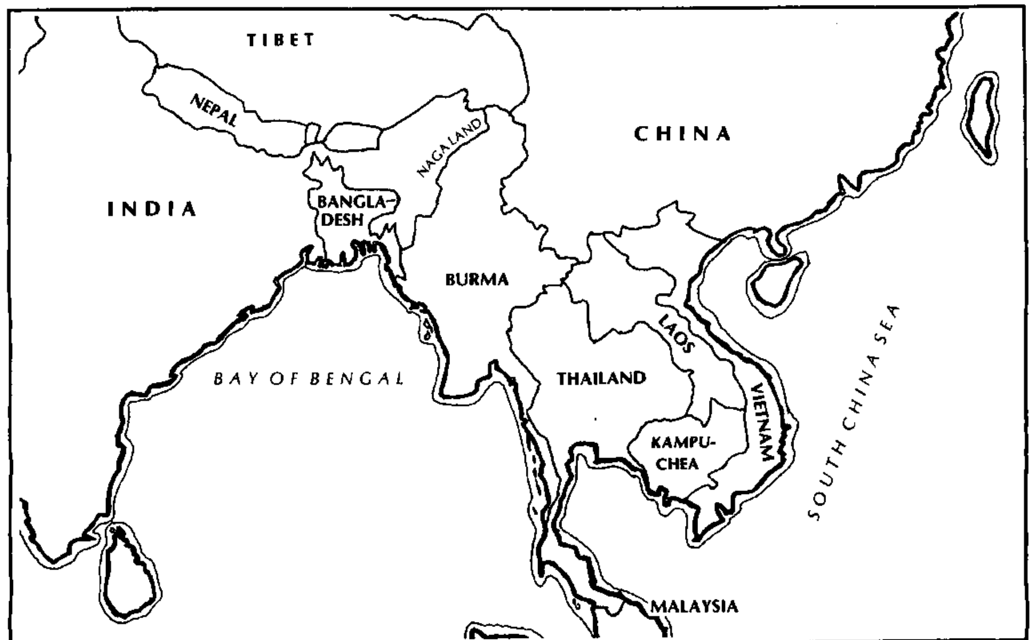
Internal conflicts

Minorities must not accept the view of the majority group that they were backward, weak and therefore incapable of doing anything constructive to help themselves, Iralu said. But, he went on coming to the point he had raised in Canada, if the majority's prejudices were a threat to a minority, their remorse was too.

'Because we have been badly treated, people of higher castes and dominant groups feel guilty towards us. They may not admit it, but it's there. So minority groups like mine find ourselves in a position where we can never be politically wrong in the eyes of the world.' Many minorities had suffered greatly. But the wrongs others had done them, Iralu said, were no excuse for failing to see the wrongs they were doing themselves. 'In all the sub-groups in India, those who are well off exploit those who are weak.'

This attitude was destroying his own people. 'We blame the Indian businessmen who come to Nagaland for all the corruption in the state. We blame the government officials from Delhi for everything that's done badly, although we are as corrupt as they. We take the attitude that because we are tribal people who are still economically backward, those from outside who are well established are the ones who have to be honest. So things go from bad to worse.

'If you know that blaming everything on others is a half-truth, and that you have compromised, you begin in no time to have a sense of guilt yourself,' he went on. 'You begin to feel that you are bogus and fraudulent and you start to hate yourself. Many of my people find it difficult to contend with all these internal conflicts and they start



drinking heavily. Some of our most brilliant, able young people are dying as a result.'

Iralu has had to break the same blame-barrier in his own work. Some of his closest colleagues come from high-caste Indian families. 'For a long time I took the position that I was not as talented as they were and that because I came from a different racial group I could not take as much responsibility as they. I said "I am not good enough." I thought I was being humble, but I was stepping away from doing a job at which I might not shine too brilliantly. I found I was a slave of an excuse which resulted in blame and hate of others.' Gradually the awareness grew on him that God expected as much of him as of others. 'I prayed, "I am fully yours. Use me for your task for India, whatever it may entail. What little I have, I give."' He laughed. 'I don't know how to make it more vivid, but it has been a most real spiritual experience.'

'What difference did it make?' I asked. Iralu laughed again. 'I just started enjoying life.' He became one of the organisers of a series of industrial seminars at Asia Plateau, the MRA centre near Panchgani, Maharashtra. 'In the same way as I had been cynical about what I could do, I had been very cynical about Indian workers. "What can such simple people do?" I used to ask myself. Every time I sat down to talk with a group of them I would feel sleepy—sometimes I even fell asleep. After this decision I began to see their potential.'

He saw what happened when workers returned from Panchgani and began to make changes in their homes and factories. 'Some decided to start working harder, to stop drinking so that they could give more money to their wives, to control their tempers, to stop being dishonest with their companies. One man even apologised to a man he had been determined to kill. Some went back to their villages in Bengal and Bihar and started development work.' One young union leader found work for unemployed teenagers collecting factory workers' lunch boxes for them from their homes. The National Coal Board of India had asked this man and his colleagues to give training programmes, like those at Asia Plateau, in the coal fields.

'You may not fully understand this,' he said. 'But for a man from a tribe like mine to enjoy working with Indian factory workers is something quite revolutionary. We don't want to think about these people because we think we've got enough problems of our own.'

Niketu Iralu is a Baptist. Christianity is the main religion in Nagaland. Perched among the almost inaccessible hills, the Nagas were left untouched by the other great religions. 'The waves of Islam, Hinduism and Buddhism rolled past us on the plains. Then the Christian missionaries arrived and climbed the hills!'

The Nagas need to see the relevance of their faith in their geo-political context, Iralu believes. 'We are surrounded by China, Burma, Bangladesh and South-east Asia. The region is so full of conflicts, racial and communal, stemming from fears and frustrations. We can massacre one another because of them. What is the part of our knowledge of forgiveness and of the truth of the Cross in that situation? Could we, through our faith in the power of forgiveness, demonstrate a cure to hate? If we do not do that we have betrayed our faith and ourselves.' ■

At Asia Plateau

SIXTY-SEVEN STUDENTS from India and Sri Lanka attended a ten-day 'Training Programme in Effective Living' at Asia Plateau, the MRA centre in India, last month. Many decided to change their personal living as a step towards creating a better world.

One young man said that he had lived 'a narrow life', only interested in his family's cement business. He had been under constant pressure because they were trading on the black market. 'Now I have decided to stop these malpractices and develop an interest in the happenings of the world,' he said.

Others decided to return stolen library books, to put right family relationships and to boycott marriage ceremonies where the dowry system had been used.

A Kashmiri student who is a TV artiste said he had been rusticated from his college four times for misconduct. He was writing to apologise to a professor whom he had beaten up.

The students also took part in practical workshops on solar cooking and electronics. ■

Thirty writers, musicians, artists, film-makers and a TV producer spent three days together this month at a country house in Herefordshire. Their theme was 'Where there is no vision, the people perish'. People from the different disciplines represented gave papers and there was a dramatised reading of a new translation of 'La Fillette en Rose' by Jean-Jacques Odier for an invited audience.

The conference took place at The Rodd, near Presteigne, at the invitation of Joanna d'Hauteville and Juliet Boobbyer, whose family home it is. JULIET BOOBBYER, who is an artist and writer, gave the opening speech which we reprint here:

WHERE THERE IS VISION...

THE IDEA FOR THESE THREE DAYS grew from a week at home watching a lot of television and with ample time to ruminate about many things. At the end of the week I felt like exploding: 'Where, oh where, are the plays and programmes that stir the heart and imagination to great things?' Many people give their lives selflessly to help those who are physically and economically disadvantaged. But what bore in on me with great force was that the really disadvantaged are those without a spiritual dimension, whose lives have no purpose or meaning.

Our theme is 'Where there is no vision the people perish'. It seems to me that we perish here in Britain for lack of a vision and that this is the role of creators—not to concentrate on the evils and absurdities of life, but to touch the deep springs within people, the hunger for great living. The Jerusalem Bible puts it in a different way—'Where there is no vision the people cast off restraint'. That is exactly what is happening.

Vision means far-sightedness, inner sight, a goal to work for of which you never lose sight, which makes all the knocks, disappointments and toil infinitely worthwhile.

I believe there is another element in vision—'the pure in heart shall see God'. When I isolate the greatest need in our civilisation, I would say it is purity. Purity is more than the sum of its ingredients. Without it real love is impossible. The old Celtic monks in Ireland used to teach by using opposites—the opposite to greed, for instance, is the practice of unselfishness and generosity. We can learn about purity in the same way. It is the opposite to lust, and self-centredness. It is being free from the domination of relationships which are too close. It is the right use of sex.

There is a lot art cannot do, but also much that it can do. It can reach the imagination and connect it to the will so that a person wants a new life. There is a transforming power, the Holy Spirit, which means that a person's life can be changed, cleaned up and turned around in a new direction. I believe art of all sorts can play a big part in binding up the broken-hearted and that it can help to set at liberty those that are bound.

Art, to me, is the crystallisation of truth as seen through the vision of the artist and wrought with his or her skill. Great art has truth at its heart and unimaginable skill. Sometimes skill with no heart is presented as art. It often sells well, but as far as I'm concerned it is a waste of time.

In amateur artists you often get a genuineness of feeling, conveying something the artist passionately wants to say, in spite of a relative lack of skill. I would put the Polish protest films into this category. This should never be scorned. It is part of the fullness of life. Ruskin says something akin to this: 'We must not esteem smooth minuteness above shattered majesty.' He also says, 'We mustn't lower the level of our aims that we may surely enjoy the complacency of success.'

I hope that as a result of these days we will make room in our lives for the silence of the listening heart. Out of a new clarity about ourselves could come a wider and deeper commitment to God's battle in the world—that between good and evil. I long for creative people to take up the battle for the world, not putting Christian theatre and art in a separate box, but working as Christians in the mainstream of public life. For some of us this will mean deciding to do what really carries weight, rather than just pursuing the next interesting idea. ■

An adaptation of Juliet Boobbyer and Joanna Sciortino's play, 'Columba', which tells the story of the coming of Christianity to Scotland, was part of the programme presented to the 44,000 young people waiting for the Pope's arrival in Murrayfield stadium, Edinburgh, last month. HAZEL HASTINGS describes the occasion.

PAPAL PILGRIMS HEAR COLUMBA

IT WAS OVERWHELMING to be among the thousands of young people, chosen from Catholic and non-Catholic schools, whom Pope John Paul II addressed in Murrayfield rugby stadium last month. The Catholic Church had spent months preparing people spiritually for the occasion, which they described as a 'youth pilgrimage'.

The afternoon programme, leading up to the celebration of the Mass before the Pope's arrival, had been conceived and prepared by priests and teachers from the schools represented. It portrayed man's relationship with God and his fellow-man through incidents from the Bible and the lives of saints and martyrs, culminating with St Columba. The compere, Father Michael Burns, had the help of a large schools choir and a hundred mimers.

At the end of the programme came a 15-minute adaptation of the play *Columba*. Taking part were some of those associated with the play during its two years' touring in Scotland, Wales and England, and a group of former pupils gathered by Sister Catherine Butler, a drama teacher and the overall drama director of the programme.

The cast gave a vivid impression of St Columba's life and explosive influence on British and European history, through songs from the play linked by narration. The audience listened in rapt silence and applauded with cheers. As a finale, the hundred mimers joined the cast in forming a great St Andrew's cross across the whole rugby field, to the accompaniment of the song sung by St Columba's followers, the Peregrini, as they set out to transform the world: 'Home is not a place, it's a road to be travelled, we say'.

When I asked Sister Catherine Butler for her comments for this article, she told me she had valued working and praying with the composer, Elaine Gordon, and the co-author, Joanna Sciortino. Those who took part in *Columba*, she said, had decided to meet regularly and devote time and money to helping their community. They include a miner, a junior civil servant, a bank clerk and a sign-painter and decorator.

'To hear 44,000 young people cheer when they are challenged to live the most demanding qualities of the Christian life is unforgettable,' commented Joanna Sciortino afterwards. 'To describe the love of Christ which filled that stadium is almost impossible. For all of us, Catholics and non-Catholics, it was a privilege to be part of that event—I suspect that none of us will be quite the same again.' ■

MICHAEL HUTCHINSON reviews Pope John Paul II's play 'The Jeweller's Shop' which is running at the Westminster Theatre, London. The play stars Hannah Gordon, Gwen Watford and Paul Daneman and is directed by Robin Phillips.

WEIGHED IN THE JEWELLER'S BALANCE

THERE IS AN AIR OF SUSPENSE and mystery as the lights go up on the set of *The Jeweller's Shop*—windows at all angles suggesting shop windows and countless lines converging in the distance. Then from between the windows comes a young couple in the first joy and thrill of their engagement. Each has a mysterious sense of having been meant for the other. Both have experienced promptings, signals from outside themselves which it was hard to ignore or resist, and they are aware that they share some purpose beyond themselves. They talk of a jeweller (whom we never see) who measured their fingers for rings, looked long into their eyes and told them, 'The weight of these gold rings is not the weight of metal, but the proper weight of man.'

John Haynes

Dominic Guard and Lalla Ward as the third couple.

Then to the same shop comes a woman in whose marriage love has died. 'Bitterness is the taste of food and drink,' she says. 'It is also an inner taste—a taste of the soul, when it has suffered disappointment or disillusionment.' Wearing dark glasses so that the jeweller may not look into her eyes, she goes into the shop to sell back her ring. The jeweller refuses to accept it, telling her it weighs nothing on his scale.

On her way out of the shop she meets a stranger and pours her whole complaint out to him. 'In the course of that conversation,' he says, 'I could see the whole span of human love and its precipitous edges. When someone slips over such an edge he finds it very hard to get back.' He warns her that she will meet a Bridegroom and when she sees the Bridegroom's face she is shocked to see it is her husband's—'the face I hate and the face I ought to love... Must He have that face for me?'

Lastly we meet the third couple, the son of the first couple and the daughter of the second. We learn that his father died at the front when he was two years old. Yet he is conscious that his father lives in the memory and love of his mother, while his fiancee feels that she has lost her father completely. He has hope and enthusiasm: she is afraid. He longs to warm her freezing hands. But first his mother has to let them go, saying 'How heavily we all weigh upon their fate.' Even the couple in whom love had died begin 'to share the guilt' and be children once more.

Challenge fate

To appreciate this play, the theatre-goer has two difficulties to overcome. It is not what current fashion—or even the fashion of the last four centuries—would lead him to expect in the theatre. The author had his apprenticeship in an underground theatre where a few actors *would* perform in a limited space for an audience of about twenty. Words had to be important and the action to take place in the minds of the characters. In style and spirit this play is nearer to *Everyman* or to the greatest Greek dramas.

The second difficulty goes deeper. Modern western man and woman want to analyse, to argue, to examine propositions which they can accept or reject. One must come to this play not to weigh but to be weighed. It is subtitled 'a meditation on the sacrament of matrimony passing on occasion into a drama'. Each person, married or unmarried, has to make his or her meditation.

The play spoke to me about the quality of love, not emotion or passion, but something given, infinitely precious, not to be misdirected or destroyed. Seeking to kindle hope in his doubting bride, the son says, 'Love is a constant challenge, thrown to us by God, thrown, I think, so that we should challenge fate.'

It is to challenge fate that the mysterious stranger invites each character, to break the chains of fear and bitterness which bind every child of a divided family. He does not argue or explain, but he listens, until people heed the signals which they may have heard but ignored or not understood. His name, we learn, is Adam. He is what the author himself aims to be. He is what anybody, if he cares, can become. ■

*CHARIS WADDY reviews 'For the Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God—Mother Teresa of Calcutta, her Missionaries of Charity and her co-workers' by Kathryn Spink.**

NO TICKET TO CALCUTTA

TWO FIGURES who hold each other in high regard—Pope John Paul II and Mother Teresa of Calcutta: this is one of many photographs illustrating the story of the Albanian nun who took her vows in Darjeeling in 1931 and stepped out of the safety of her convent school in Calcutta in 1948 to follow her 'call within a call'. There are photographs of many of the Indians who follow in her footsteps to serve 'the poorest of the poor'. It is a beautiful book, honouring the love it portrays with the dignity it deserves.

The book's title is a tribute to Mahatma Gandhi, who called his helpers 'co-workers' because they worked with *him* 'for the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God'. Like Gandhi, Mother Teresa is a contemplative in action, experiencing God at the very centre of difficulties. He placed much personal emphasis on the Sermon on the Mount. She says, 'What people expect from us is that we live our Christian life to the full.' The Chairman of the Nobel Committee which honoured her in 1979 quoted an Indian journalist: 'The sisters, with their serene ways, their saris, their knowledge of local languages, have come to symbolise not only the best in Christian charity, but also the best in Indian culture and civilisation, from Buddha to Gandhi.'

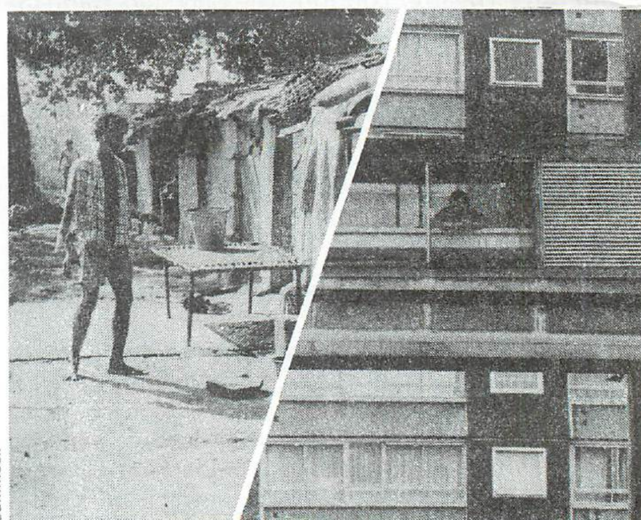
The first to join her new order, the Missionaries of Charity, were girls she had taught at school. A large element in its expansion are the 'co-workers', lay-people who give all sorts of support and are fully included in the risks involved. One group, considering a Christmas party in Calcutta, asked how many children. 'What about 10,000?' asked Mother Teresa. Seeing they were taken aback, she added, 'We will share the work. I will provide the children, you will do the rest.' She sees the joyful flow of provision for the work God leads her to undertake as no elitist privilege, but as a security of giving and receiving open to all.

She has found co-operation from people of different faiths on the basis of each one's commitment to the will of God. For every Christian among the co-workers there are *nine* Hindus. 25 years after the order was founded, Muslims, Hindus, Jains and Parsees joined in thanksgiving services. The sanctuary lamp in the sisters' chapel is the gift of a Buddhist abbot.

The book draws on the literature of a variety of faiths and cultures to demonstrate not what divides, but the common recognition of goodness and search for truth. 'God has His own ways to work in the hearts of men and we do not know how close they are to Him', Mother Teresa says. 'But by their actions we will always know whether they are at His disposal or not. Whether you are a Hindu, or Muslim or Christian, how you live your life is the proof that you are fully His.'

The world owes a debt to India for Gandhi's greatness in bringing the power of non-violence to bear in the independence struggle—not only in his own country but elsewhere. Mother Teresa's work, with its stark challenge to the materialism of the modern world and its emphasis on the value of life, may have similar far-reaching results. The thinking on poverty set forth in this book goes against the tide. So as to understand the poor, the sisters embrace poverty, which becomes 'their freedom, joy and strength'.

Such a calling can stir to action—or it can paralyse us because our own circumstances seem less needy. Perhaps the vital point is to seek to clarify our own 'call within a call', in the faith that each life can be as much a part of God's pattern as hers is. The mental, emotional and spiritual poverty Mother Teresa encountered in Britain distresses her as greatly as that in Calcutta. She asks her co-workers in other countries not to dull their perception of the needs around them by a dramatic distant image. Not for most a ticket to Calcutta, but the transformation of our own homes and cities by the same love.


Cummock Hodel

Two kinds of poverty

The source of her own power shines through. She calls herself 'a little pencil in God's hand'. 'God is the friend of silence. The more we receive in silent prayer, the more we can give.' Devout in the practice of her own Catholicism, 'Mother Teresa is non-discursive by nature... She comes to know God with that intuitive inner eye which concerns itself with the ultimate truth at a level where the differences between religious beliefs break down.'

Most of all, the Prayer of St Francis epitomises her aims. It is said daily, not only by the sisters but by every co-worker. 'Lord, make me the channel of Thy peace... May I seek rather to understand than to be understood.' The frustration and bitterness that has soured so much work for social betterment is decisively rejected, and the fundamental element in any effective change is lovingly and joyfully demonstrated. ■

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