

# NEW WORLD NEWS

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'Unto us a child is born.'

## CHRISTMAS BREAKS THE CHAINS

AS I WRITE THE EDITORIAL for this Christmas and New Year issue, I'm waiting for the phone to ring—to tell me that a baby has been born. For its parents, who thought they might never have a child, its advent is a miracle.

Seven months ago in Washington DC, when I first heard the baby was expected, I hardly dared to believe it, for fear of the pain to its parents if something went wrong. Early the next morning I was in an inner-city church hall, where some 200 street people were queuing for a free breakfast. When everyone had collected their food a prayer meeting began, ending with the theme song of the mission—'little ones to Him belong, they are weak and He is strong'. For me it was an assurance that even at the earliest stages, each life is in God's hands.

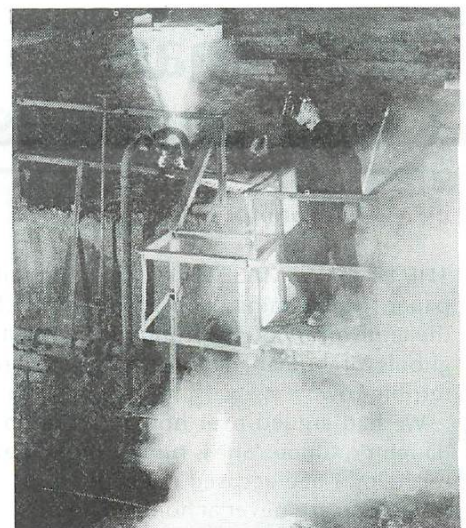
Christmas is about the miracle of a birth—and about the miracle of rebirth. Just as Christ's birth defied the laws of nature, so the rebirth He offers breaks the bonds of history, environment and personal experience, which seem to chain our personalities. If people can be liberated from hate and fear, prejudice and greed, one of the main obstacles to progress in society is removed. A new world becomes possible.

Looking back on the Old Year, with the New Year about to break, the need for such rebirth is indisputable. In the experience we find this Christmas lies the hope for 1983. ■

Mary Lean

A happy Christmas  
to all our readers

CONTENTS	PAGE
Birth	2-3
Rebirth	3-6
News	6-7
Australian Christmas poem	8



When the steelworks closes—  
what next?...page 7

Stewart and Lloyds

The next 'NWN' will appear  
on 16 January 1983



# BIRTH...

## On the threshold of life

by Meryl Horn

OUR SECOND DAUGHTER, Tonya, arrived in December last year, 12 weeks premature. She was a tiny, fragile bundle of life weighing 970 gms (2lbs 2oz) and 34 cms (13ins) long.

Tonya gave a faint cry when she was born and I remember saying, 'Oh, she is so minute but thank God she can cry!' The paediatrician told us that her chances of survival were slim. Several anxious moments arose in the weeks ahead when her weight dropped, and then she had an unlocated infection and needed several blood transfusions.

For weeks my husband and I tried to hold back our love for fear of the pain of parting if she died. Because of her early arrival we were unprepared with a name for her. I was so afraid that she would die without one and arrive in heaven nameless! (Needless to say we soon decided on a name.) After several weeks I was allowed to hold her for the first time. She was still attached to tubes and monitors and I thought she might break as she was so small and thin.

However we and many friends were praying for her. When I told my doctor this he said, 'Then she stands a chance.' After seven weeks we took her home. She then weighed 1,800 gms (4lbs).

Through all that time we felt that Tonya was in the hands of a Power beyond us. We realised that children are God's gift and He entrusts them to us. He has the power to give and take away. He knows best. In one of the many letters we received, a friend wrote, 'It is amazing how God has already used this little child by bringing so many of us to our knees at Christmas time.'

Tonya is now one year old and flourishing! ■

## More than a few changes

by Michael Smith

THE LP LAY SMASHED on the floor still wrapped in gift paper. The greetings card was in shreds. It was Hallowe'en, the anniversary of my proposal to Jan but all the ghosts and ghouls of human nature had arisen and we had had a terrible row.

We had argued over how to bring up our six-week-old daughter, Chloë. 'She is running your life and you never ask for help,' I had accused my wife.

'But you are never at home to help,' she exploded. It was one of those rows that overtake you suddenly, and before you know where you are the damage is done.

Later that evening we began to put the bits together again. We realised that we had both bottled up things we had felt about each other but never said. It began to dawn on me how important it is to have enough time for each



Michael, Janet and Chloë Smith

other as well as for the baby; how much Jan needs my support not only for Chloë's bottle-feed at night, but also in simple demonstrations of love and affection; how important it is to remember the shopping that she asks me to buy on the way home from work.

On the day of Chloë's birth I had tried to capture something of God's perspective on this momentous event in our lives. Opening the Bible as I sat with Jan, in the hospital, I read, 'Just as children copy their fathers, so you too as God's children are to copy your Heavenly Father!' Later I had joked to friends that perhaps St Paul was a little biased—he had said nothing about children copying their mothers. 'Ah, yes,' replied an experienced father, 'but they have a disconcerting habit of copying the things you least want them to.'

It is somewhat salutary to realise that she is just as likely to pick up my impatient, bad-tempered, insensitive and ambitious nature as any of our virtues. A card we received on Chloë's arrival said it all. Beneath a cartoon of a long line of nappies, the caption read, 'There are going to be a few changes around here.'

### Prime Minister?

Changes there certainly have been—along with all the wonder and sheer joy of being parents for the first time. It has opened our eyes afresh to our Heavenly Father's painstaking love for us. Just as we love our daughter when she is fractious and bawling her head off—we would not dream of not doing so—so He goes on loving us even when we are self-willed. If loving our daughter means being willing to bring discipline into her feeding and sleeping routine so that she does not become the dictator in the home, it also means being constantly available when she needs attention. So, too, God is always there, ready to guide us, to answer our needs. 'I used to wonder what mothers did all day,' says Jan, 'Now I know.'

Perhaps the most remarkable experience for us is to realise how utterly our daughter depends on us. Without us she is incapable of doing anything. It has given us fresh insight into Jesus' saying that unless we become like little children we cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Without Him we are incapable of doing anything worthwhile.



It is easy to become ambitious for your offspring right from the start. Will she become a famous television personality, or perhaps a Fleet Street editor, or failing that Prime Minister? Our deepest ambition for her, however, is that she will grow up in the knowledge and faith that God has a purpose for her life, and that she too will aim to copy her Heavenly Father. Of course this choice will be hers. But we as parents can live in a way that points her in the right direction. ■

## Still-born

*From heaven she came, but was not free to stay  
A single hour with us. She went away  
Back to her home in heaven. We could not say  
'To us a little child is born today'.*

*We could not celebrate our baby's birth.  
Her little soul never knew life on earth,  
Her little body never drew a breath.  
And so we do not have to mourn a death.*

*It seems as though God kept her in His care,  
Feeling that after all He could not bear  
To part with her, indeed could scarcely spare  
Her to her parents, but we do not dare  
To doubt His wisdom, who is ever kind.  
It seems He thought to give, then changed His mind,  
And yet through tears His blessings we can find:  
We loved her. Now the love we kept in store  
Is freed to give to those who need it more;  
With all who do rejoice we can be glad.  
For nothing takes away the joy we had;  
We understand the sadness of the sad.*

*Now to our friends our hearts we give, and take  
Our places in the battle to remake  
The world she never knew—for her sweet sake.*

## ...AND REBIRTH

# No counterfeit love

by Lindy Drew

RECENTLY I SAW *Rich Man, Poor Man*, a play about the life of St Francis of Assisi. In the play, St Clare tells Francis of her wish to give up her dreams and plans and work with him to rebuild the Church. He sings:

*'Clare, one time girls cut their hair;  
What is it now today?  
What will you cut away?  
Dreams of Love—to be the centre of affection,  
To be secure inside another's care?'*



Lindy Drew

Cummock

As I listened tears came in floods. There seemed no point in trying to stop them so I dashed away afterwards to be alone. But I was not alone—God seemed very near, and I talked with Him late into the night. I thought of all the things that I clung to, even though I had decided to give my entire life to Him two years before. I claimed the right to present a positive image of myself to myself and others; to rest when I felt like it; to be healthy and sane. How could God ask for all those things? I sensed Him telling me, 'It's true, all those are mine. But don't confuse the issue. Right now I'm asking you to give up this one thing—the right to be the centre of someone's affection, to love and be loved.' It was more than I was ready to give. For the first time I consciously said 'No' to God.

## Transaction

From that moment I became aware of a different relationship with God. I felt His compassion, His understanding of the difficulties, and at another time His anger at my stubbornness. He showed me that I had been trying to live by a self-made rule, 'Do what you don't feel guilty about and don't do what does give you guilt feelings.' Though I had wanted to think so, I realised that I had never loved, worshipped or feared God. I had had the counterfeit longing to love and worship another person. It had not satisfied me. I longed to be whole-hearted.

I remembered a friend saying that when you battle with God He usually wins. A week later I saw the play again. God did win. But I felt little emotion this time. It was like a transaction, 'Here God, take it. I'm yours.' Peace came back but then I felt an emptiness, a pain which was worse than the conflict before. I thought of people whose countries were at war, whose families had broken up, who had lost someone dear. My pain was so small in comparison. I almost shouted at God. He had to have an answer to pain. Calmly and quite unexpectedly came a reply, 'I will be your love.'

This was what He was wanting to give me. He had not been able to give it until I had given up what I had put in its place. I had not allowed Him to love me, to give me the joy and the love for others that He wanted to. However, He quickly reminded me that this love, though a gift, is not abstract and is not easy to carry. My part is to remain obedient to Him and not to give my heart to the things which stop me from caring for all the people I know and meet. ■

# BUS-RIDE TO CHRISTMAS

by Kenneth Noble

'I'M REALLY LOOKING FORWARD to my first Christmas as a Christian,' says Roger Watson as I chat with him and Debbie Brothers, on the day before their wedding.

I ask Roger to explain. Apparently his journey to faith started on a bus. He was travelling to Sheffield in October last year when he fell into conversation with his neighbour, a committed Christian.

Roger discovered that the man was the author of a play which he had seen about the Christian roots of the British labour movement. 'What made you write it?' asked Roger. The playwright replied by telling him about his commitment to seeking God's direction for his life. He also referred to four absolute moral standards by which he aimed to live—honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. When they parted, they swapped addresses and kept in touch.

Roger says that he has always liked a challenge. His love of rock-climbing and pot-holing has nearly cost him his life. On one occasion he failed to secure his rope properly before abseiling down a rock-face in the Peak District and fell 30 feet. He still walks with some pain—'a reminder to be more careful,' he remarks. However, much as he enjoys adventure, 'at first these four absolute standards seemed too big a challenge'. They stuck in his mind, though.

## Turning point

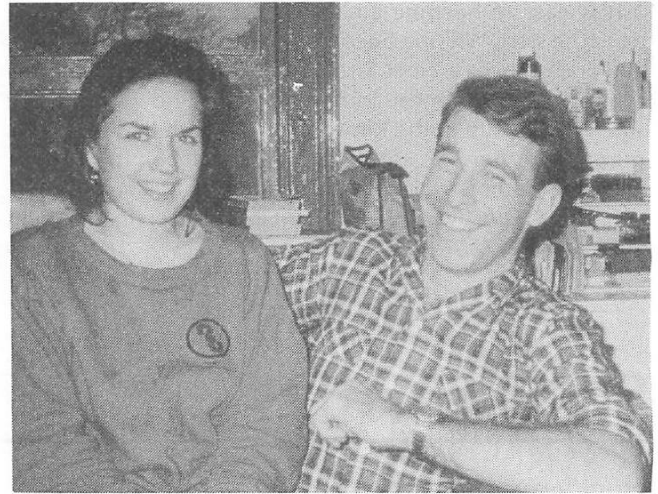
When the playwright next visited England in June, they arranged to meet in London where Roger and Debbie were now sharing a flat.

They talked frankly about some of the things closest to their hearts. Debbie had had a tough childhood, and felt depressed and bitter against some of her family, people at work and 'just about everybody'.

She had had a faith as a youngster but had 'put it away'. She and Roger had planned to get married, but Roger backed out. 'This way I kept my freedom and still had Debbie—it seemed the best of both worlds.'

The playwright suggested that they should try listening for God's guidance, so they sat quietly and wrote down the thoughts that came to them. Roger says, 'I saw that my philosophy was to try and change other people, but not to change myself.' This insight seemed to come from 'outside the room. It was quite a shock!'

It was a turning point for Roger. Till then as a scientist—he had just finished work on his biochemistry doctorate—he had found it hard to accept God. Now something was happening 'from within'. He began to seek God's direction and to bring his life nearer to that suggested by absolute moral standards. 'I was always very concerned about honesty as a scientist and never missed a chance to comment on the honesty of the scientific community. Yet I had cheated in presenting the results of some of my research.' He decided to write to his examiner owning up, even though he risked being denied his PhD degree. He received a friendly reply telling him that it was being 'looked after'. He also admitted to the Social Security department that he had obtained benefits by 'fairly foul means'. These actions gave him a new sense of freedom, and he regards them as



Debbie and Roger Watson

important milestones in his journey towards faith.

Debbie, too, has an adventurous streak. She relates a horrendous story about pot-holing in Sheffield when she forgot her waterproofs. 'As I came out of the water-filled passages I was screaming,' she recalls. Roger admits, 'I was playing the hard outdoor type: "If you've forgotten your equipment it's too bad!"'

As she, too, experimented with searching for Christ's illumination, Debbie began to see that she had lived selfishly, just wanting her own way. She started to put right what she could, writing honestly to her parents about her life and her feelings. 'Within a month I had begun to lose my bitterness and felt much better emotionally,' she recalls with a relaxed smile. This inner change led her to be more outgoing in her new job on a rock music magazine. 'I am the only secretary there and I feel responsible to create a better atmosphere.' Previously she hated the very idea of being a secretary.

## Harrowing

Dissatisfied with research, Roger went into nursing and has now completed his first year's training. His deepening relationship with Christ has helped him in this work, he says, both in coping with some of its harrowing aspects and in caring for patients. He relates an experience that helped to build his faith: 'One patient was a very old and sick former district nurse. The other nurses were rather scared of her and tended to ignore her. During my tea-break I prayed for guidance and had the thought to ask her if she wanted a bath. It turned out to be the thing she most wanted.'

Roger is also active in his trade union, and was recently elected shop steward. During the current health service dispute he has worked to build trust between the different factions in his hospital as well as joining in other initiatives to bring a spirit of caring and trust into the National Health Service. He comments, 'A year ago I couldn't have cared less if the NHS fell to pieces. I was a militant—but only for what we could get.' He had not been particularly concerned when the strikes started—'I preferred not to think about the results'. Later, however, he was struck by the word of a doctor that caring and demand were incompatible.

Roger and Debbie attribute much of their growth in faith to the half hour they spend each morning in quiet, reading the Bible and then listening for God's leading. Debbie stresses how important it is to share the thoughts that come.

Noble

'Some thoughts may not seem important to the one who gets them, but they can mean a lot to the other.' These times of honesty have deepened their fellowship with each other as well as giving them clarity of purpose, she says. They will stick to the practice when married.

What made them decide to marry? 'It was one of the thoughts we had in our times of listening,' Roger explains. 'It came to us both independently. My reasons for calling off the wedding before were selfish. No one put pressure on us to get married, we both knew it was right.'

Roger and Debbie enter their marriage with a commitment to passing on the faith they have found and thus play a part in building a better world. ■

## WHAT CHRISTMAS OFFERS US

by Hélène Guisan-Démétriades

A FEW YEARS AGO, a group of young Europeans were celebrating Christmas at Panchgani, the Moral Re-Armament centre in India. With free and joyful hearts, they sang of Christmas in the different tongues of old Europe. Around them, Indian Buddhists, Hindus and Muslims listened, interested not so much by the young people's religion as by the person of Christ.

Should it not be so with us, after 2000 years of Christianity? Instead of crying 'mea culpa' over the state of the world, don't we rather have occasion to rejoice that Christ is still here? Despite our betrayals, beyond our countless sects, He lives. He has turned every one of our human values inside out, once and for all, like a coat. Whatever we do or claim, we know from now on deep in our hearts what is right and true.

We preach human rights. He had no right to anything, neither to a cradle for His birth nor a bed for His death. He was only concerned with the rights of His Father.

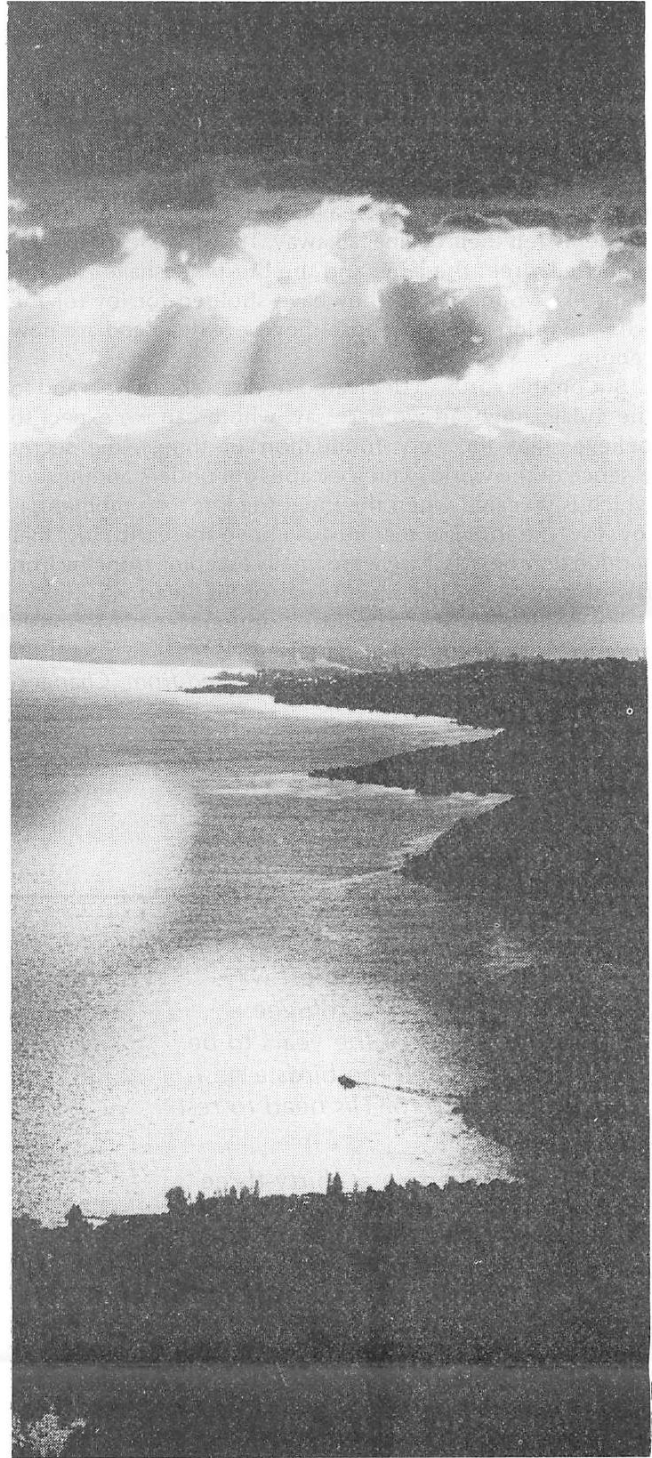
### Dusty road

We base our authority on our positions, our knowledge or our financial state. He rested on the force of truth alone.

We believe in numbers, in the majorities that make and unmake those who govern us. He gave the mission and the power to conquer the world to twelve men, going two by two.

We mark out the uncertain years of our lives with insurance policies and provident schemes. He made it our duty not to worry for the morrow but to abandon ourselves to His generosity.

We want to succeed at any price, to take advantage of at least a few results, if only to justify our existence. He experienced the failure of all His efforts to lead men to greater justice and love. What was left at the foot of the Cross of those huge crowds that followed Him and overwhelmed Him from one shore of the lake to the other? And as a man, did the dying Christ know what would come to birth through His being?



Mulder

We believe in life. We push death aside as the ultimate horror. Through His push, it became an open door for us to eternity.

What we are offered at Christmas is much more than a birthday, it is rebirth. The good news is that we can make a fresh start, begin anew once again, and that right up to our dying breath. A cry of faith is enough to wipe out the past, the cry of the thief on his cross: 'Remember me when you come to your kingdom.' There is no longer an unatonable past, there is no irreparable act. Nothing is finally sealed. The game goes on somewhere else. The dead continue to live and powerfully shape the living.

From age to age down the dusty road of the centuries



winds the swelling procession of shepherds and kings. One offers up his hatred, cherished in his heart as though it were his dearest possession, another surrenders the dream of a South Sea isle's escape from the world... The procession rolls on down the road.

Those who have given up the treasures to which they had been clinging, who have renounced their rebellion, their bitterness or their grief, have, like Peter in his prison, suddenly felt their chains fall away. They have leapt to their feet, free. Free, the lame and the burdened have run and leapt like young rams. They have shouted for joy for the whole world to hear because they were dead and are now reborn.

But on this earth so dedicated to disasters, to wars and to the gulag, how can we dare say, whom can we expect to believe, that the very foundation of things, the secret essence of the world, which escapes our understanding, but which is revealed when the inner fog lifts for a moment, is joy. Joy, the impulse that lifts us above the earth; joy, that sudden lightness as if we were finally escaping from the iron law of gravity and the rusted cogs of the heart.

Joy. With a finger to its lips, it announces mysteriously another birth beyond the shadows.

Reprinted from 'Changer'

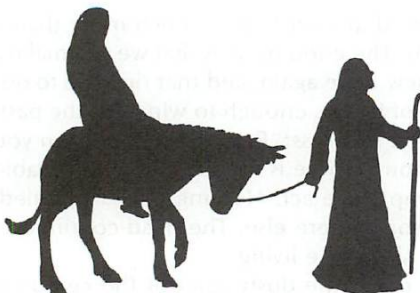
## Who follow His star...

*Far from His home saw the light's first ray,  
Fled for His life on the desert way,  
Lived for two years as a refugee—  
This was the shape of the years to be.  
Foxes had holes and the birds a nest,  
No place His own for His head to rest.*

*Hanged as subversive at thirty-three  
Naked, exposed for the world to see,  
Laid in a tomb on the mountain slopes,  
Buried with Him were a million hopes.*

*Centuries passed, now a tortured earth  
Summons fresh hope from the Infant's birth,  
Buffeted mortals take strength that He  
Suffered, past reckoning, more than we,  
Yet He arose from the earth's cold sod  
Entered His realm at the side of God  
Proffering succour to all of them.  
Who follow His star to Bethlehem.*

Bremer Hofmeyr



'NOTHING NEED STAY AS IT IS,' read the invitation to an MRA meeting in the Potteries town of Biddulph last month, called by local sixteen-year-old Peter Cartwright. The invitation continued, 'If you would like to see things different in the home, at work, in the country, come and hear what the ordinary man can do.'

Men with a lifetime at the coal-face, a pit manager and a former Lord Mayor of Stoke were among those in the audience. Peter Cartwright, who is doing business studies at the local Polytechnic, spoke of his visit to the Moral Re-Armament centre in Caux, Switzerland, last summer: 'I saw a pattern of the world as it could be. I thought we needed it in Biddulph.'

There were speakers from management and trade unions and overseas. Allison Neethling, a teacher from South Africa, said, 'I come from the Coloured community. I knew I would never have the privileges and opportunities of the whites. Although I was a Christian, I became bitter.' She had examined her life in the light of absolute moral standards. 'I found out that I have not been absolutely unselfish because I wanted everything for myself. Only when I discovered this could I experience absolute love, also towards the white man. I believe this can be the key to our problems in South Africa or any nation—if everyone could only start with themselves, obstacles and barriers could be overcome.'

As the meeting drew to a close, the Deputy Mayor of Biddulph sprang to his feet. 'People tell me,' he said, 'that we have a bad lot of kids in Biddulph. I have been inclined to believe it. We spend a lot of money on them. People like Peter Cartwright give the lie to it.'

'I have learned a lot tonight. I have been a union secretary in the pits for twenty years. What I have seen and heard today is the right step for Biddulph.'

**SENATOR RALPH VIBERT**, President of Jersey's Finance and Economics Committee, was interviewed by the *Jersey Evening Post* last month as part of a series on the extra-curricular interests of the island's politicians. The Senator talked about his lifelong involvement with Moral Re-Armament, which, writes Rob Shipley, 'he feels has had more bearing on both his public and private identities than any mere pastime ever could'.

The article describes how Senator Vibert met Moral Re-Armament as a young man and discovered that absolute moral standards 'were not incompatible with his work as a lawyer, a job for which he still says it is not necessary to be "fundamentally dishonest"'.

'There have been instances where the dictates of the absolutes have cut across the behaviour normally expected of a politician, and the Senator cited as one example the confusion caused when, having made a stirring speech, he has then voted against what he had said. "There is certainly a temptation to hold to one's set view more fiercely than is necessary in political life," he observed.'

The article describes the core of MRA as the belief 'that personal change is the root of international change' and gives examples of this taking place. MRA's philosophy, Senator Vibert says, 'is based on the teachings of Jesus—that God wants to work through every single man and woman'. ■

# NO LONGER VICTIMS

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TWO AND A HALF YEARS AGO a group of steelworkers from Consett, County Durham, travelled to London to protest against the proposed closure of their town's steelworks. Their protest failed and 3700 lost their jobs.

Earlier this month some of the group were back in London with their wives, reporting on the sequel at an MRA meeting on the theme, 'What can we do about unemployment?'

'When we lost our jobs we felt that we'd lost the focus of our lives,' said John Lee, one of the former steelworkers. 'We continued to meet on a regular basis. We didn't allow bitterness to disease our minds. Out of these meetings we formed the idea of a workers' co-op.' He was speaking on behalf of the co-operative they then founded. The chairman and secretary and their wives were also at the meeting.

## Thriving

Since then, Mr Lee continued, Consett Co-operative Enterprises had established an information centre for the town's unemployed, gone into partnership with a London firm to demolish the steel plant where they had formerly worked, and set up two small factories manufacturing car accessories. These ventures now provided work for 63 people.

The co-operative had had to overcome several difficulties, Mr Lee said. There had been a lack of finance, with no bank loans forthcoming. The co-operative had been financed by its members out of their redundancy money. There had been opposition from the local community. But the greatest difficulty had been conflict within the co-operative.

'We are ten individuals, each with an opinion to express,' he said. 'We're all going in the same direction, but we all believe we should get there by a different method. It is because of these conflicts and the way we reconcile them that we are strong. The strength in any organisation is the way you cover your weaknesses and the way you reconcile conflicts.'

'At a time when established businesses are going to the wall, Consett Co-operative Enterprises is still in business. We're only thriving because we've got this resolve and we've got pride in ourselves. We want to work not just for ourselves but to keep the community alive, for our children and their children too.'

## Coronary

Politicians and the media should realise that unemployment was not just a question of statistics, but of 'human beings with families', Mr Lee asserted. And it was an indictment of trade union leaders and of the employed that so many worked overtime during a period of mass unemployment. 'If the hours of overtime worked in industry in this country were equated to a 40-hour week, the evidence is that we could create 200,000 jobs tomorrow,' he said, quoting a House of Lords report.

During the weekend the party from Consett visited the new urban development at St Katherine's Dock, Tower Hamlets, and were shown round a Fleet Street newspaper

by printing trade unionists.

Also with the group was Alan Aughton, the engineer who suggested the car accessory factories to the co-operative and now works with them. Three and a half years ago, he said, he had had to give up his business life because of a coronary which left him in 'utter desolation and depression'. 'Then I heard about Consett Co-operative Enterprises. The need these people projected was sufficient to say to me that I was needed. It brought me out of my depression.'

## Contribution

The experience of the Consett co-operative was followed in the meeting by other examples of grassroots response to unemployment. Keld Jorgensen from Denmark described how, faced with 20 per cent unemployment in the Thirties, 'people of moral conviction' all over Denmark had set to work to create jobs, and succeeded in slashing unemployment levels. 'Today one nation cannot solve the problem alone,' he went on. For that reason it was important that Britain and Denmark solve their disagreement over fish.

'A Danish economist has said that a major reason for the present economic crisis is that we have not used our economic growth to help the Third World with their basic needs,' he said. 'If we take on this wider aim of ensuring that those who have no food and shelter get it, then I also think that those who have no work will get it too.'

An unemployed printworker pointed out that everyone could make a contribution, whether they had paid work or not. He had found that there was valuable unpaid work that he could be doing—helping friends in difficulties and also in the field of voluntary social work. 'The work is always there,' he said. 'We don't always find the right work we should be doing.' A speaker from Hertfordshire described how a group from local churches had been meeting to see what they could do about unemployment and were now running a scheme, with the help of the Manpower Services Commission, which employed 15 young people.

## Thousands

'Why not thousands of such initiatives up and down the country, big and small, carried out by "ordinary" people and by "important" people with power and position?' asked the chairman of the meeting, Chris Evans. 'Could this be the answer to unemployment that we're all waiting for? Not some brilliant new theory from an economist, but an active, powerful new commitment by thousands of people?'

The last speaker was Blyth Ramsay, who described how he had met the ideas of Moral Re-Armament as an unemployed shipbuilding worker on Clydeside in the Thirties. He and his friends had begun to meet together to seek God's guidance on how to deal with the problems in their town. 'Workers through history have always been the victims of circumstance,' Mr Ramsay said. 'MRA took us from being victims of circumstance to being remakers of the world.'

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'HUSBAND AND WIFE ARE ONE—but which one?', a talk on married life by Kenneth and Stella Belden, is now available as a pamphlet. Copies can be ordered from Grosvenor Books, 54 Lyford Road, London SW18 3JJ, price 50p, with postage 65p, or £4.60 for ten copies, including postage.



# Christmas beneath the Southern Cross

Our lazy sea in summer calm  
has washed the shores of Palestine.  
Burning sun and hot dry air,  
brown stretched plains and mirage glare,  
astringent scent of eucalypt  
from shadeless trees. A hard-baked land  
at Christmas Eve; no winter stall—  
our Bethlehem the township's hall.  
But children gather brown and strong,  
the tin-roofed hall is full of song.  
He's their Christ too—their birthday Boy;  
the stable's wrong—but Ali says  
they have them that way in his land,  
he's Arab so he'd understand.  
Then night unfolds this timeless eve  
when darkness grabs it suddenly;  
when stars are showering in the sky.  
The Cross inflexible above  
is ours, and His, and burning love.

Betty Cameron, Australia



UNESCO/David Davies

**NEW  
WORLD  
NEWS**

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