

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT'S NEEDED

Janet Mace

CHRISTMAS IS KNOWN AS A TIME of peace and goodwill. But is that the whole story? Have we tinselled over the full meaning of Christmas? Joseph and Mary experienced little peace and goodwill as they trudged round Bethlehem from inn to inn. 'Sorry, no room.'

Bravely the shepherds left their sheep to the mercy of marauding wolves and went down the hill to Bethlehem. They risked much to go to the stable. The wise men too came through difficulty and danger. Probably both wise men and shepherds had to face ridicule and mockery. 'You must be mad,' they would be told, 'going all that way because of a star, because you think you've seen a crowd of angels. Take more water with it next time. Stay where you are and don't be such fools.'

Mary and Joseph became refugees only a few weeks after the birth of Jesus and in Bethlehem many baby boys were slaughtered, victim of the evil which felt itself threatened by the power of God.

These things too are part of the Christmas story. Over generations men and women have rejoiced at the hope the Christ Child brings. And we should rejoice. Surely he too, through the 33 years he lived on earth, enjoyed his birthday, celebrating with his family and later with his disciples and friends.

But this year, when perhaps more than ever before we long for the peace and goodwill which Christmas promises, we need to look at the cost of Christmas. Not the cost of the cards and the cake, but the cost of bringing that peace and goodwill to all the earth. *contd page 2*

NEW WORLD NEWS

Vol33 No24 7 Dec 1985 25p

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS

CONTENTS	PAGE
Fruits of obedience	2
A story from Russia	4
Christmas in Poland	6
Memories of Christmas	7



contd from page 1

The beginning of Christ's life was in a stable. The end was on a Cross.

Often at this time of year I have turned to a speech which Frank Buchman made in the early Forties, when much of the world was at war. 'May the Christ Child bring us the birth of a new thinking at this Christmas time,' he said. 'We need a fourth dimensional thinking—a gift from God that will lighten our darkness and bring a speedy answer.'

What is 'a fourth dimensional thinking', and why did Buchman add, 'May we have the courage to accept this gift'?

To me it means that despite all we see around us, we believe with our hearts and minds and wills that the power of God is the most powerful force in the world. We discern the seeds that he has planted growing, despite every tragedy, every injustice, every bewilderment, every horror that batters the mind and heart. We hold firm to the fact that there is a God who loves us all. His mercy is eternal. He has the blueprints for a world remade, and it is not too late to find them.

Militant

It does need courage to accept such a gift. Recently I have begun to serve on a committee where many have strong and militant opinions based on a totally materialistic view of the world. While I respect their conviction, I do not think that their philosophy is adequate to meet the responsibilities our committee faces. For me, accepting the gift of a fourth dimensional thinking will mean being ready to speak with a voice of hope and with the expectation that miracles can happen. It will require courage.

Many will exchange gifts this Christmas. For millions a little rice and some clean water would be gift enough. Some will be exchanging not gifts but bullets and petrol bombs.

Brilliant technology has no answer to these contradictions. We plug into more and more computers and more and more information comes pouring out. Buchman once said that the aim of Moral Re-Armament was more than remaking what is wrong—'It is adding to what is right. It is being originative of relevant alternatives to evil in economics, in government policy and so on.' The gift of a new thinking will help us to be originative, to be far-seers, because we shall be recipients of wisdom from the Mind of God. It is a daunting, humbling, adventurous thought.

Gift

The passionate pursuit of evil disfigures and threatens to destroy our modern world. It can only be met by a passionate pursuit of good. And that passionate pursuit of good can only be born of the love of God.

'Cast out our sin and enter in
Be born in us today.'

If I settle for sentimental love at Christmas time, I am a betrayer.

Buchman used the word 'gift' a second time in that Christmas talk. 'May each one of us,' he said, 'illuminated from afar, bring a gift to all mankind that will be more acceptable than any earthly reward.' And that is another daunting, humbling, adventurous thought to ponder through the blessed days of Christmas. ■

FRUITS OF OBEDIENCE

Michael Henderson, Portland, Oregon, USA

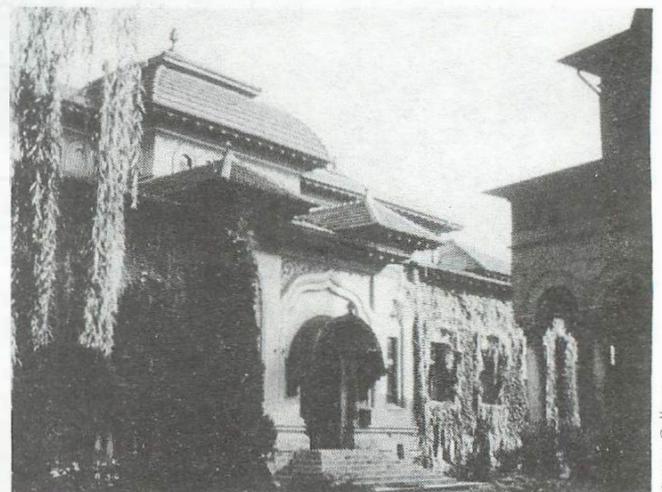
A BRAVE ROMANIAN PASTOR recently spoke in our home to a group from different Portland area churches. He is the Reverend Joseph Ton, President of the Romanian Missionary Society, now living in Wheaton, Illinois, from where he broadcasts and distributes Christian literature and relief and medical aid to his country. There had come a time four years ago, after he had documented cases of illegal government interference in church affairs, when it was no longer safe for him to remain in Romania.

In 1977 he was imprisoned, charged with treason, and beaten. Returning to his cell, he recalled it was Holy Week and was suddenly filled with the privilege of sharing Christ's suffering. When he was taken for interrogation the next day, he said to his jailer, 'I am sorry for shouting when you beat me. I should have thanked you for the most beautiful gift—to suffer as our Lord did. I am praying for you and your family.' The beating was stopped and he and the five friends who were imprisoned with him spent that Good Friday morning together, holding a service. 'It was the most beautiful Holy Week in our lives,' said Ton. He told his captors, 'Your strongest weapon is killing. My strongest weapon is dying. Only, when you kill me, I am the victor.'

Rare book

In 1955, Ton told us, he was given what he described as 'a very special book, a rare book that influenced my life like no other.' It was *For Sinners Only*, about the Oxford Group, forerunner of Moral Re-Armament. That book, he said, was more than the story of Frank Buchman and his conversion, more than the story of a group. 'It was a training in quiet times in the morning and in capturing the thinking of the Lord.' He had learned from it that he should get up much earlier in the morning. 'I got up at five and have stayed with that all my life,' he said. 'I get up for a study of the scripture and to listen to what God has to say to me. I get in a frame of mind where the Lord can speak to me.'

Some years later he applied to visit a friend in Vienna and



Antim Monastery, the offices of the Department of Foreign Relations of the Romanian Orthodox Church and Holy Synod

Keston College

was interviewed by a secret serviceman. During the interview he had the clear thought that he was meant to go to England and study in a first class seminary. He and his wife and others talked it over and felt the idea was of God.

His visa permitted him to visit only Austria. He got a friend in England to invite him for two weeks to Oxford. Ton went to the British consulate. The British were not supposed to give him a visa unless the Romanians had already stamped permission but they failed to notice its absence and granted the visa. When he got to England the Foreign Office people were amazed. 'It's incredible,' an official told him. In Oxford Ton was immediately offered a scholarship at Regents Park College. 'It was one instance of God's guidance,' he said. 'You have to have a training of your ear so you can capture the voice of the Holy Spirit.'

To be sure that a thought was God's guidance and not just wishful thinking, he suggested four tests: is this pure, is this honest, is this based on love, is this unselfish? If it passed those tests, it was of the Lord. For instance, he said, a man who had been indebted to him turned against him and threatened to publish his sins to the world. As Ton shaped what to reply, the Lord said to him, 'If you write this letter that way it won't be from the Holy Spirit.' So he asked in quiet, 'How should be that letter if dictated by the Holy Spirit?' It became clear that he should write, 'Thank you. I will double the list of my sins, listing sins not known by others, and across the list I will write, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin."' The man wrote back apologising instead of getting into a fight.

'Listening to the Holy Spirit is one of the most beautiful things in my life,' said the pastor. 'All we have done in Romania was following that.' He described some of the things they had done.

When he got back from Oxford in 1973 he felt he should write a paper about the state of church freedom in the country. He showed it to an engineer friend, Aurel Popescu, now Pastor of the Romanian church in Gresham. Popescu said, 'It is beautiful. It is marvellous. It is impossible. They will kill you.' Ton knew that he was called to be a watchman for the Church. He had to blow the trumpet. He had to do what God said: 'The only word was obedience.'

Ton gave a copy to the Secretary of the Baptist Union who showed it to the secret police. Ton was fired from the Baptist seminary, harrassed, forbidden to preach. Part of his paper was published by Keston College in England, the foremost research institute on religion in Communist lands. For three months, he said, he was in no man's land.

This was the moment, however, in 1973 when Romanian President Ceausescu came to the United States to beg for most favoured nation status. Acceptance was conditional on human rights. So the US government handed Ceausescu Ton's document as a test, asking if he would solve the problems in the way it suggested, reducing government interference in the Church.

The President accepted the conditions on a Friday. By Tuesday Ton had his job back and the churches had a greater degree of freedom. 'I got that guidance in May,' said Ton. 'I believed I was committing suicide but I wanted to obey God. How could I imagine that God could take that paper via England to the President within six months and give unbelievable victory. What a great God we have. He takes your little obedience and does these miracles. And it all started with training in the Holy Spirit's guidance.'

Joseph Ton was thrilled when I was able to present him with an old copy, which we happened to have in the house, of *For Sinners Only*. ■



B Cummock

A STORY FROM RUSSIA

BABOUSHKA, THE OLD PEASANT WOMAN who lived in a clearing in the great Russian fir forest, puffed and grunted as she carried another log to the hearth of her wooden cottage. It was a cold, grey autumn morning and already the snow was beginning to build up in little drifts at the bases of the trees.

As the flames fed hungrily on the new supply of fuel, Baboushka opened the oven door. Yes, it was now warm enough. Carefully she lifted up the blackened tray that she always used for baking and pushed it in. The dough looked dark and unappetising as it disappeared into the interior of the oven, but Baboushka knew that it would eventually re-emerge as a fine loaf of black bread. Such bread was the daily fare of most Russian country folk.

Emerging once more from her rough-hewn front-door, Baboushka was surprised to see three men on horses trotting along the trail from the East. They were foreign, strangely attired and obviously weary. 'Good morrow, mother,' said one of them. 'We have travelled far. Could we rest awhile in your home?'

'My home is humble, sirs,' she answered. 'But you are welcome to make use of it.' For she seldom met new people and she loved to talk. She helped them tether and water their fine horses and then held the door open while they stamped in, unfurling their cloaks and shaking half-melted snow off their thick fur hats. She could see that they must have a remarkable story to tell. But she was too kind-hearted to start plying them with questions before they had sat down round the kitchen table and eaten a simple meal of bread, cheese and thick broth.

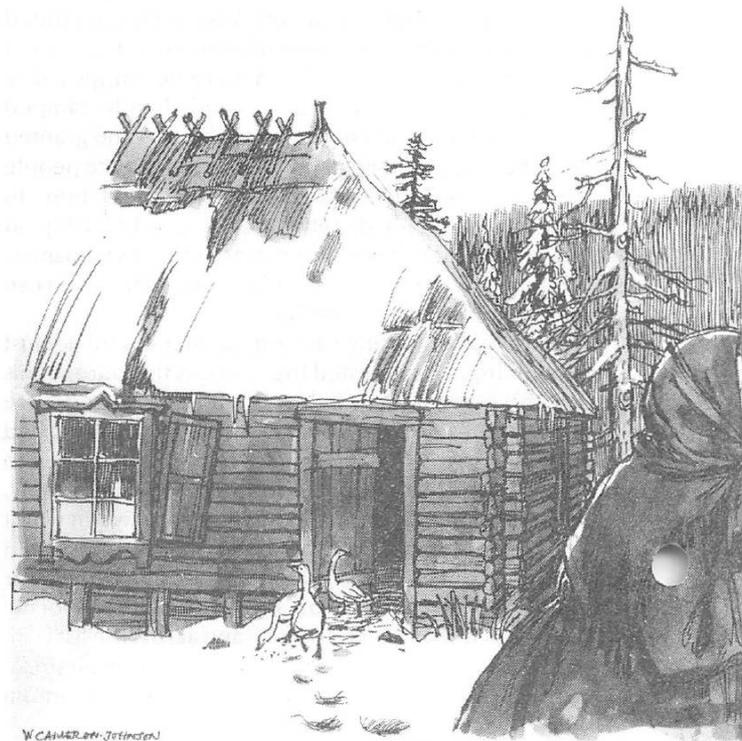
Surprised

Tired as they undoubtedly looked, Baboushka was a little surprised when they announced that they would sleep till evening. She was a shade nervous of having three strange men spread out on her floor, but they looked respectable, and she would not have had the heart to turn them out even if she had wanted to. So she went outside as quietly as she could and busied herself with the numerous chores that are necessary as winter draws closer.

Already the hours of daylight were few, and the time seemed quite brief before Baboushka caught the gleam of an unusually bright light in the heavens in the evening gloaming. She made her way indoors and found her guests stirring. 'It is time we were moving, mother,' said one, he who wore white robes, 'Thank you for your hospitality.'

Baboushka could contain her curiosity no longer. 'You are travelling now?' she exclaimed. 'But it's almost dark. Why not stay until morning. It would be no trouble.'

'You are most kind,' replied another, tall and regal-looking. 'But we are travelling by the light of a star which first appeared in our home country, far to the East. We can only follow it at night and we dare not tarry for it has been prophesied that a redeemer, the Christ Child, will be born under the light of that star.'



The third, a wizened old man who was slightly hunch-backed, piped in, 'But why don't you come with us! We are carrying gifts for the Christ Child. You could come and offer him some treasure of your own.'

Baboushka liked the idea, although she had no treasures. But then she thought of all the work which she had planned to do in her cottage. 'You are most kind, my lords,' she said. 'I would like to come with you. But I cannot leave my home in such a state. I will tidy up and do the cleaning and then I will follow you.'

'As you choose,' said the priestly one, 'but we must be going now.' As they stepped out into the cold night, he held up his hand and pointed to the light which Baboushka had noticed earlier. It was much brighter now that the last of day had gone. They made a striking scene, the three men and their horses lit by the light from the star stepping out onto the trail. The dark shapes of the trees behind stood in sharp contrast to the glistening snow.

Baboushka did not waste time staring after them. She hurried around her home, dusting this and polishing that. She loved housework and went at it with a will. Even so, many hours went by before she stood, breathing deeply, hands on hips, and looked around with satisfaction. Everything was in its place and spotlessly clean.

Then she hastened to the front door. It was still dark—but to her dismay she noticed the first streaks of daylight in the eastern sky. She moved as briskly as her tired limbs would allow round her cottage, gathering a few necessities for her journey. Then she carefully wrapped her freshly baked black loaf and put it in her small bundle. This will make a present for the Christ Child, she thought. And off she set on her long journey.



She could not follow the star, of course, for that had already set. But she knew which direction the three men had taken. So every time she met someone she would ask anxiously, 'Did you see three strangers on horseback travel this way?' But to her growing anxiety, the same reply always came back: 'No, we have seen no strangers such as you describe.' Few are abroad at night in the Russian forest to see travellers pass by.

On and on the old woman journeyed. As the weeks went by she nearly gave up. But then she would remember the three strangers. They had spoken with such hope and such assurance about the Christ Child. Everything in Baboushka told her that the search was more important than any thoughts of tiredness, comfort or her beloved cottage in the forest.

Finally, many weeks later, Baboushka reached a strange, hilly land. Here no fir trees grew. The climate, though cold, was milder than her homeland's and the occasional streams were tinkling freely along the valleys of the rocky terrain. And at last a shepherd gave a different reply to her oft-repeated question: 'Yes, many days ago three men such as you describe did pass this way. They were travelling along the road that leads to Bethlehem.'

Baboushka's heart leapt with joy. With renewed energy she set out along the road the shepherd had pointed out. And, sure enough, after only two days' more weary walking, Baboushka was outside the small town of Bethlehem. But then followed several hours of frustration. Person after person she asked, but none seemed to know anything about the Christ Child or the three men. There had been a great deal of movement of late, people said. The governor of the province had held a census and all the people had had

to return to the towns of their birth.

Yet eventually an old innkeeper was able to tell her what she wanted to know. 'Yes, a few weeks ago a child was born in the stable behind my inn. Some strange men on horses did come to worship him. They've long since departed. But do go and look if you wish.'

Tired and depressed Baboushka peered round the empty stable. It was a dirty, smelly place, wrapped in darkness. Hardly the most fitting place for the Christ Child to be born, she thought. She drew the black loaf out of her bundle and looked at it. It was surprisingly fresh after its long travels. Then a thought struck her. I know, I'll leave it in this manger here. Then at least the Christ Child will know I've been, and that I wanted to give him something. With that Baboushka lay down on the straw and fell into a deep, exhausted sleep.

Innkeeper

That was the last time that Baboushka was alive on this earth for the old innkeeper found her motionless and cold the next morning in her final sleep. But, thin and wrinkled as she was, he detected a peaceful, happy expression on her face.

That is not quite the end of the story. For Baboushka is remembered in many Russian homes each Christmas. When the boys and girls have opened nearly all the presents in their Christmas stockings they always come to a small parcel wrapped in bright paper. As they eagerly delve into the tangle of paper and ribbon, they find a tiny piece of black bread. 'Oh look!' their parents exclaim, 'Mother Christmas has been! Baboushka has given you a piece of her bread, just like she gave the Christ Child all those hundreds of years ago.' ■

Adapted by Kenneth Noble from a Russian fable found in 'Christmas Around the World—a Celebration' published by Blandford Press.

Astronomy

*'The love that moves the sun and all the stars'
When Dante wrote there was no telescope.
Beneath his feet, the damned and their despairs
Above, the spheres, a Paradise, and hope.*

*A supernova seen from Siding Spring
Ten thousand million light-years from our Earth
Where will it meet with angels on the wing
Shepherds and Bethlehem, the stable birth?*

*Or was a fable fathered by desire?
What pledge of peace, goodwill, or mercy mild
In myriad galaxies of ice and fire?
Yet star-led sages, searching, found a child*

*Born to unlock a universe's power
Streaming from scaffolds, bursting prison bars,
And children, kneeling, find amid the straw
The love that moves the sun and all the stars.*

© Michael Thwaites

CHRISTMAS IN POLAND

Christopher Rowinski

ONE IS AWARE THAT THE CHRISTMAS festive season is beginning when on 6 December, St Nicolas's Day, St Nicolas, dressed in a Bishop's vestments, mitre and the crozier, visits children's parties. He is accompanied by a winged angel, dressed in white and wearing a halo, and a devil—all in black, with horns and a long tail. The 'good children' get presents from the angel on the instruction of St Nicolas, whilst the 'bad' ones receive an imaginary thrashing from the devil, who carries a bundle of birches. Needless to say—most children are good on that occasion! Except for a long white beard, the Polish St Nicolas does not resemble the red cheeked, red tunicked Santa Claus in the West, who looks more like 'Father Frost' in Russia (who visits children there but without any religious connotations).

When the first star appears in the sky those gathered for the Christmas Eve dinner break the Christmas wafers showing the nativity scenes and wish each other 'Happy Christmas and happy New Year', embrace and kiss (the wafer is called *oplatek* in Polish).

After that the family and few guests (no one is expected to spend this day alone) sit at the table and toast each other with a glass or two of vodka and have some pickled herring.

Then the proper meatless meal begins, which may consist of as many as 12 courses! These include *borszcz*, red beetroot soup, with large ravioli filled with different varieties of mushroom, fresh-water fish and *makagiga*, poppy noodles.

The table is laid with a white cloth under which is put some hay to signify the crib. There is always one empty place laid out for those absent friends....

After this sumptuous meal people gather round the beautifully decorated Christmas tree when St Nicolas often appears (but without an escort) and distributes presents to all and sundry.

Then many melodious carols are sung while the candles are lit on the Christmas tree.

Sledge

Later on in the evening everyone goes to a midnight Mass in the country often travelling by a horse-drawn sledge.

In the countryside it is believed that during the Christmas Eve night the horses and cows can speak with human voices! After all they were with baby Jesus at Bethlehem!

Christmas Day is a much quieter day during which a large Christmas dinner is consumed—this time with turkey or goose dishes, and again carols are sung round a Christmas tree lit up with candles.

I remember how disappointed I was when once, while visiting English friends for the Christmas season, I was invited to go to the cinema on Christmas Eve. For a Pole this was close to blasphemy. ■

The old market place, Cracow



A Channer

Memories of Christmas...

Janet Paine

HALF A CENTURY of Christmas memories now mingle for me. The settings are as varied as life itself: deep snow and sun in Canada, mists and frost in Scotland, the warm scented air of Burma, the myriad lights in Copenhagen's charming town square, the clustered candles in Calcutta's vast cathedral on the *maidan*, bustling cities like Tokyo and Bombay, fir-clad mountains in Switzerland, eucalyptus and bougainvillea on an Indian hillside, gingerbread houses in Germany, swarms of cheerful shoppers in London's bright streets and stores.

What is it about Christmas that makes it always for me the supreme season of the year? It is the sense of family and being part of one living, laughing, loving creation. Carols and candles, delicious smells of fir branches and festive foods, presents stuffed in stockings and heaped under the tree, quiet moments around the crib and in church, well-kept secrets and the well-loved story, fun with friends and family—these all have a part.

But most of all it is the certainty of our Heavenly Father's love for his earthly family which makes this such a special occasion. He gave us—and gives us again each year—his most precious possession. In the midst of our modern mess and mayhem, and the mediocrity of so much of our living, we can at this season decide to match our giving to his.

I look forward eagerly to the next half century. Simple decisions in the direction of our lives could make the Christmas spirit a reality, world-wide and all year round. ■

...in Brazil

Suzanne and David Howell

THE STATUE OF CHRIST DOMINATES the city of Rio de Janeiro from the Corcovado, a jagged peak some 700 metres high. The Christ stands 30 metres from head to feet. We were to have Christmas in Petrópolis, in the mountains above Rio de Janeiro.

Petrópolis was founded in 1843 by the Emperor, Dom Pedro II. Its mountain scenery, its gardens, cathedral, museum, castle, and its famous Quitandinha Club, and the house of Santos Dumont, air pioneer, draw thousands of visitors.

It was our privilege to be among the first residents of the Moral Re-Armament centre in Petrópolis, the Sítio São Luiz. Brazilians of many walks of life had been hard at work raising the money to buy the Sítio. After many adventures, contributions had come in and the last instalment had been paid. But there was nothing left for Christmas, nothing to buy food or presents for a household of a dozen or so of us.

December is a rainy season, and that year the rain had caused some landslides from the hills. Dockers from the port of Rio would come up and help move the earth from the road which wound its way up to the Sítio, 1000 metres above sea-level. Then, on Christmas Eve, there was an answer to our prayers. A gift of money from a family in Holland arrived in the post!

We got out the well-used Volks bus which had weathered many a storm, drove through the floods and rushed down to the shops. As the rain battered down, we arrived back at the Sítio triumphant. That Christmas, 19 years ago, was celebrated with specially thankful hearts, with thanks to God and to Christ the Redeemer. ■

...in Cornwall

Susan Riddell

CORNWALL AT CHRISTMAS is home. The sea is grey, the air damp and misty. People offer you saffron buns as well as mince pies, and the singing in the granite chapels threatens to lift the roofs off. It's the only place I've ever wanted to be.

In the months before, I dream of being there, the quiet Christmas day with the family, the merry round of visiting friends and relatives before and after. But this year there was going to be Janet.

I dreaded the complication even before I got home. Janet had a three-year-old, a baby due in Christmas week, and was starting divorce proceedings. Mum had met her at the Church's Mother and Toddler group. Now, along with a group of friends, they had taken her on. In their letters I was hearing of nothing else. I just wanted a quiet time at home, Mum and Dad's undivided attention, telling everyone all about the things I'd been doing. When I got there, it was all much as expected, people rushing over to the hospital, looking after Claire, the three-year-old, looking after Janet's house. Even my brother was part of the whirl!

The baby arrived safely on Christmas Eve, to the joy of all, even me, who was trying hard to be charitable. We had the quiet Christmas I wanted. It was a few days later someone offered to take me over to see Janet and Sarah Jane. Seeing Janet's peaceful acceptance of her life, and the tiny trusting baby, the love that all these people had shared with them both rushed into my heart as well.

Centuries ago another baby was born at the same time of year. Only a small group of people cared for and loved that baby. But that child taught men a new way of loving. And I had to learn my lesson all over again through Sarah Jane. Love came down at Christmas,

Love all lovely, Love divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and angels gave the sign. ■

**A child in a stable.
Majestic simplicity!
Milestone of history!
That day in Bethlehem
Hope came to earth.**

**Amazing the freshness
of God's creativity.
Old ways are crumbling,
Replaced by the new.
Christmas reminds us
That if we obey Him
That same simplicity
Still will surprise us
And kindle rebirth.**

Joan Ewins

Thailand— a testing ground for peace

MORE THAN 120 PEOPLE including a distinguished group from Thailand attended a weekend conference for Moral Re-Armament in the Japanese port city of Kobe in October. The five Thais were led by Preeda Pathanathabutr, the Minister of University Affairs.

A lively exchange took place in a discussion group on 'the developing world' about how to make Japanese aid to Thailand more effective. The Japanese participants included Uichi Noda, a former Minister for Construction. The Thais said that much of Japan's aid was tied to large projects which were carried out by Japanese construction companies. This did little to help Thai companies. Also Japanese companies in Thailand could borrow money from Japanese banks at 6.5 per cent, while Thais had to pay about 16 per cent. The Thais appealed for more of the aid to go into smaller projects which Thai companies could carry out.

Mr Noda said that he was ashamed to hear of these difficulties and that he wanted to look into ways of improving the situation.

Mr Pathanathabutr said that if more students were able to go to university Thailand would be able to make full use of her rich resources. Last year, in Japan, he had proposed the setting up of an Open University, so that Thais could study at home through TV and radio. They had now built one such centre, using Japanese aid money. He pointed out that Japan was Thailand's main aid donor.

Dr Watana Keovimol, the Chairman of the Pracha Seri Party in Thailand, said that the four principles of MRA—honesty, purity, unselfishness and love—were similar to Buddhist philosophy. 'With peace in the individual, there is



The Thai group at the Kobe conference: (l to r) Tinakorn Preechabhan, Ministerial Advisor; Charoen Chowprayoon, Parliamentary Vice-Minister of University Affairs; Dr Watana Keovimol, Chairman of the Pracha Seri Party; Preeda Pathanathabutr, Minister of University Affairs.

a chance to make peace in the world,' he added. 'The richest thing on earth is peace. In Thailand and the neighbouring countries there is a conflict of interests and war, particularly in Cambodia. Thailand and Japan should co-operate to build a bridge of hope for peace, and we want to bring the hope of building peace for mankind. Thailand is a testing ground for peace.' He said that peace was not just an absence of fighting. It involved the welfare and quality of life of people.

Adrienne Wada from Tokyo spoke about her husband, a dentist who died last year: 'One day he decided to be absolutely honest about his tax, even at the risk of punishment, because he wanted to see corruption and dishonesty answered. This decision created a storm in the world of dentistry.' The tax office had not known how to handle someone who wanted to be honest about taxes going back years—they did not have the appropriate forms. They had let him off with back-payment for just one year. A high official had said, 'If half of the people did what you did, then the tax rate would come down drastically.' Mrs Wada said that, although there were voices to the contrary, she was going to carry on paying her taxes honestly.

Other participants in the weekend included businessmen, students and media people.

NEWSBRIEFS

A TWO PAGE FEATURE on British photographer Arthur Strong, who has recently settled in Sweden, has appeared in *Journalisten*, the Swedish Union of Journalists weekly newspaper. One of his pictures forms its front page. The article is headed 'On the move for forty years', and it describes how he 'came to experience the wingbeat of history in his own life' after deciding to give his full time to working with Moral Re-Armament.

Arvika Nyheter, a paper in the town where Mr Strong and his artist wife Signe Lund-Strong have now settled, carried an article about them earlier in October. Bodil Bohman wrote about their work with MRA 'in many countries including African ones, with plays, exhibitions and Arthur's films, invited by governments of new states in order to seek to create peace'.

'HARDIE STORY TOLD AT BEEHIVE' was the headline in *The Dominion* after an event at the distinctively shaped Wellington building which contains the offices of New Zealand's governing MPs.

The article described an occasion hosted by Deputy Speaker John Terris at which 14 MPs from both sides of the House saw excerpts from the video, *Keir Hardie—the man they could not buy*. Don Simpson who plays the part of Hardie said that the video was an attempt to reach the hearts of people and stir new attitudes.

Mr Simpson was later interviewed on two national radio programmes and on Radio Rhema.

**NEW
WORLD
NEWS**

Published fortnightly for Moral Re-Armament by The Good Road Ltd, 12 Palace Street, London SW1E 5JF, England. Printed by I W Pegg and Sons Ltd. Articles may be reproduced without reference to the editor, acknowledgement welcomed. Price 25p. 10 copies £2.10 plus postage. Special rates for pre-publication bulk orders. **Annual subscriptions: British Isles** £9.00 (2 copies of each issue £12.50); UK pensioners and students £7.00 (2 copies £10.50); **All other countries** airmail £13.00. Regional offices and rates: **Australia** New World News, PO Box 1078J, GPO Melbourne, Vic 3001 \$27.00; **Canada** Moral Re-Armament, 387 chemin de la Cote Ste Catherine, Montreal, Quebec H2V 2B5 \$20.00; **New Zealand** New World News, CPO Box 1834, Wellington \$36.00; **South Africa** Moral Re-Armament, PO Box 10144, Johannesburg, 2000 R20.00; **USA** Moral Re-Armament Inc, 1030 Fifteenth Street NW, Suite 908, Washington DC 20005 \$20.00. **Business:** Tirley Garth, Tarporley, Cheshire CW6 0LZ. Tel: 082 93 2305; **Editorial:** 12 Palace Street, London SW1E 5JF. Tel: 01-828 6591.