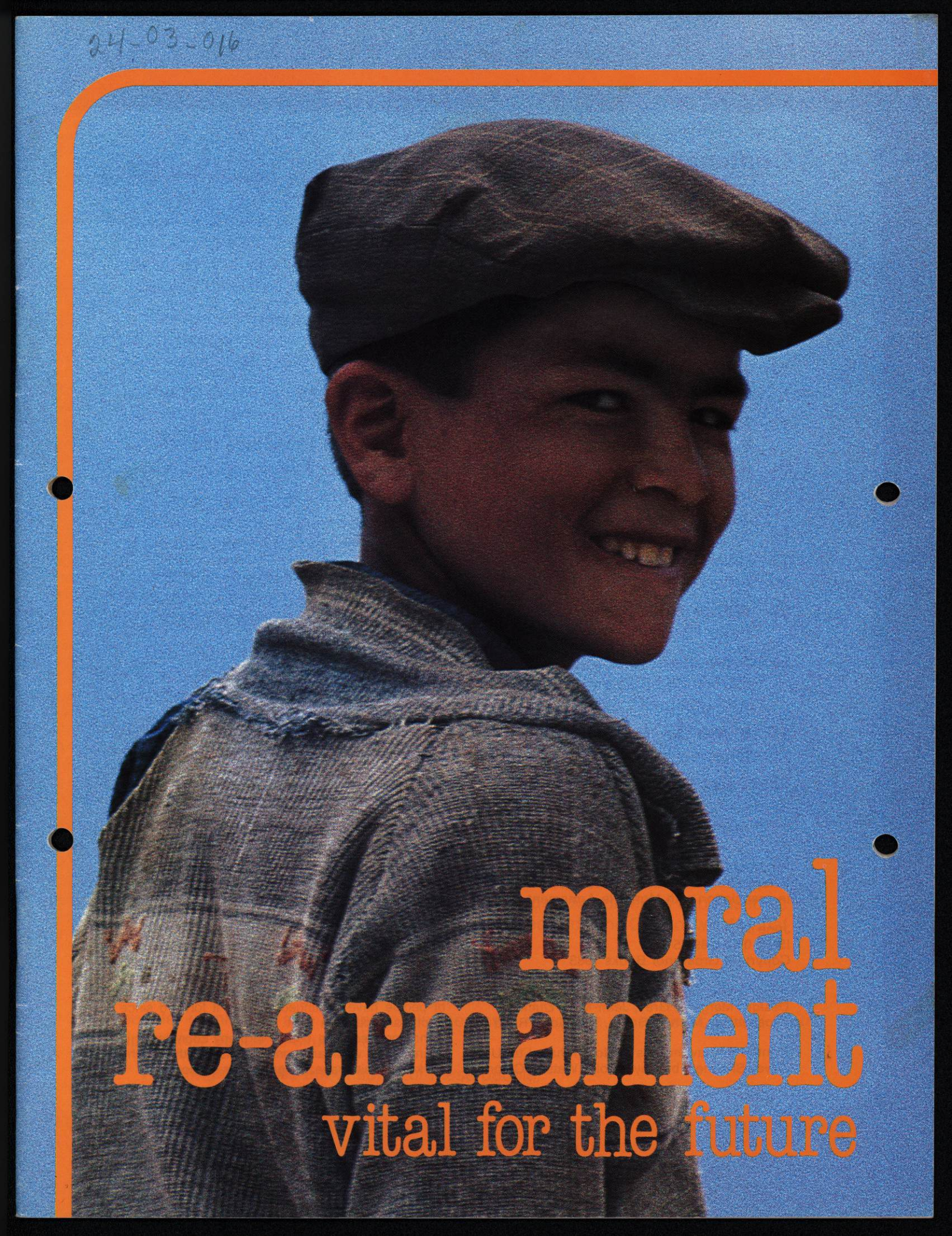

moral re-armament

vital for the future

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Moral Re-Armament is at work in many parts of the world. In 1921 Frank Buchman expressed his aim as 'a programme of life issuing in personal, social, racial, national and supernational change'. The work he started became known as The Oxford Group.

'The next great movement in the world,' Buchman said in 1938, 'will be a movement of moral and spiritual re-armament for all nations', and this idea took the name of Moral Re-Armament. An international network of people have continued to carry it forward since Buchman's death in 1961.

Incorporated as a charity in many countries, it is financed by voluntary contributions. All those who worked on this magazine gave their services.

Editorial

The ancient call to 'heal the broken-hearted, proclaim liberty to the captives and new sight to the blind' inspired generations of men and women to shatter systems of prejudice and injustice. Yet despite many achievements, it is a goal that remains tragically unfulfilled into the 1980s.

Past failures must not blind us to today's opportunities. For the first time in history, through technology's potential, we could feed, clothe and house the whole human family, and take a giant stride towards the fulfilment of that sublime vision.

The block is not the arms race, dangerous as it may be. More vital even than dismantling or improving missiles is updating the thinking and living of the species that conceived them.

Our only way forward is through a spiritual and moral re-armament.

Radical change, at the roots of human behaviour, is a prerequisite for survival. To secure a just future, the need is not for another organization, but for change on a scale that cannot be organized.

Moral Re-Armament involves the decision which anyone can take to be part of a force for change in the world, beginning with themselves. It is for all who crave the freedom of a selfless goal in life.

The basis of Moral Re-Armament is the commitment to search for and follow the will of God, living in the light of His absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love.

It issues in a vigorous strategy, sustained on all continents, developing this change in human motivation, individually, and in the political and social context.

Moral Re-Armament brings together people who recognize the need for a moral infrastructure, but its challenge to individuals goes beyond common denominators. It means living the demands that our conscience, or faith, places on us, and in this way exploring the factor of God's power in human affairs.

For the future to be different in quality from what has gone before, many of us will need to cast off old excuses of powerlessness and allow ourselves to be used as micro-creators of a new world. If we do all we are led to do, the Creator will do what we cannot.

All the time evidence is being produced that human beings are finding new motives and do change; that divine guidance is available; and that a minority of people, committed and disciplined in their own living, are a creative element in apparently hopeless situations.

This magazine tells about some of these people.

Zimbabwe **Nation-builders**

When after years of bitter guerrilla war Zimbabwe achieved independence in 1980, commentators were amazed by the degree of peace and reconciliation that quickly prevailed.

In recent months this peace has been threatened by widespread violence in Zimbabwe's southern province, Matabeleland. 'Is Zimbabwe's peace shortlived?' the commentators ask. The answer depends in the end on Zimbabwe's people, especially those who have decided to be peace-makers.

During the war, many Zimbabweans responded to Moral Re-Armament's call to make faith a force in the nation's life. They worked to build bridges between people on all sides, and to help bring the change in motives on which a just future depended.

Their influence, said Arnold Smith, former Secretary-General of the Commonwealth, was 'unofficial but by no means unimportant' in the climactic months that led to the peaceful transfer of power.

The task continues still, and they are steadily at work. Here are some of them.

Store supervisor

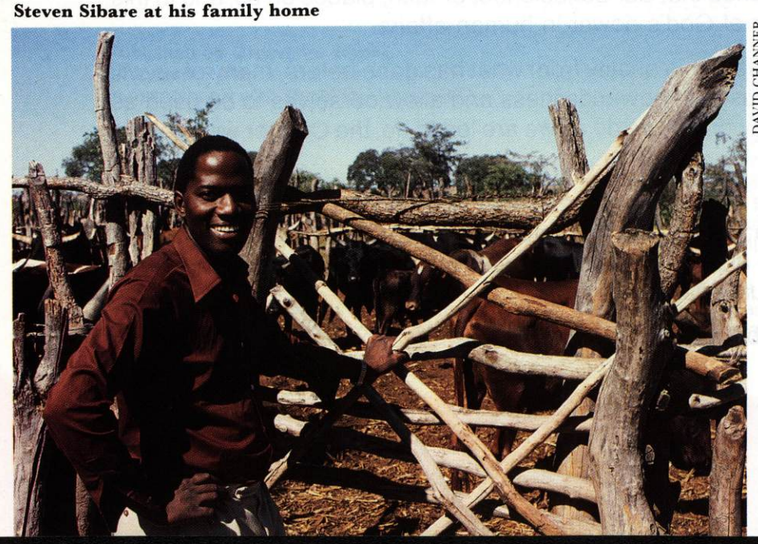
'Our transition from war to peace was rapid,' says Steven Sibare, 'because reconciliation was made the national policy. For me reconciliation meant facing my superiority towards the Ndebeles, and apologizing to them. I started to make Ndebele friends, and since then we have worked together to encourage the spirit of reconciliation in our area, which lies where the tribes border on each other.'

Sibare recalls the first steps that set him on this course. He was then working as a cashier in a Harare supermarket, and the only accommodation was so overcrowded and dirty that he was consumed with bitterness. He found freedom as he tried to understand how God saw him, instead of how others treated him. His apology to a woman he had hated, and his honesty about lies he had told his father, began to create trust.

'These decisions may seem small,' he says, 'but they decide whether we are part of the mess or part of a force that will take Africa towards her true destiny.'

'The trouble in Africa,' he concludes, 'is not colour, tribe or race. We often use our differences as an excuse to safeguard what we want for ourselves. The answer for Africa will be found through an inner freedom from selfishness and greed. Men and women who have decided to live straight will build the Africa we long for.'

Steven Sibare at his family home



DAVID CHANNER

Manager

Zimbabwe's dairy needs are supplied at present by 500 farms, almost entirely white-owned, but they cannot keep up with the growing demand. Eddie Cross, general manager of the Cold Storage Commission, was until recently general manager of the Dairy Marketing Board.

Cross launched a scheme through which thousands of small-scale dairy farms are being established in the peasant-farming areas, and a milk marketing system is being set up.

The aim is more than just to increase milk production. 'There is no future for the large incomes disparity we have in this country,' says Cross, 'any more than there is in the world as a whole. If we can succeed in raising the standard of the impoverished rural majority, and moderate the living standards in my section of society, then we will contribute to answering the global problem.'

Cross is determined to make practical the 'compassionate commitment to the needs of every person' for which his Christian faith calls.

The white community has a vital part to play in Africa, Cross believes. But their struggle to gain acceptance as Africans will only succeed, he says, 'as we commit ourselves to the continent'.

Lawyer

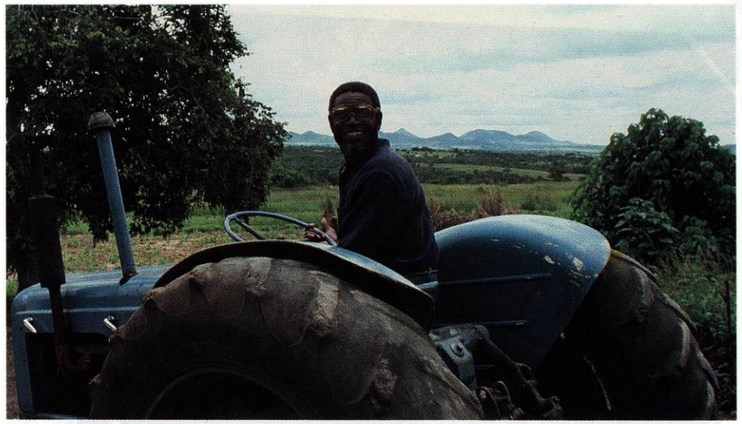
During Zimbabwe's struggle for independence Brassel Sigidi spent 14 years in exile, and was sent for training in the Soviet Union.

He returned to Africa as a political commissar. 'I felt responsible,' he says, 'for the liquidation of religion in the minds of the guerrillas, because I thought it would stop them fighting effectively.'

His training was to hate, and at the end of the war he returned to Zimbabwe full of hatred towards the whites. As one of two senior blacks in an administrative department, he was unwilling to speak to the white secretaries—everything went by messenger. 'They changed my letters: they would not accept me as boss.'

He saw a film produced by MRA. One phrase stuck in his mind: 'You cannot change a man by hating him; if you hate him you make him worse.' He decided, as a first step, to apologize to one of the typists for his hostile attitude. The atmosphere changed, and from then on the typists came in person to discuss their questions and alterations. 'While my old beliefs preached continued violence,' says Sigidi, 'Moral Re-Armament brought reconciliation.'

'If I had not refound my faith,' says Sigidi, 'I would despair at the tragic events taking place in Matabeleland. But I have found the strength to go on working, as God shows us, to heal bitterness, to build trust. A man without faith becomes pessimistic in such a situation. A man of faith keeps on working.'



DAVID CHANNER

John Musekiwa

Farmer

'We won our independence through bloodshed and we will only preserve it through sweat,' says John Musekiwa, a farmer from the north-east. He and other farmers are introducing projects to try to prevent the young men and women from heading for the cities, where there is no work or accommodation for them. Musekiwa says, 'During the war I recruited these young people for the liberation of our country from oppression and exploitation, and now I am recruiting them back to the land to liberate us from hunger and poverty.'

Most people in the area use oxen to plough, so the few with tractors decided to help those without, charging a reasonable amount for fuel and repairs. Then they found that some had no money at all. 'My wife and I thought about this,' Musekiwa says, 'and decided that we should ask to be paid only after the produce had been sold. For those who we thought could not afford to pay us even then, we have ploughed free of charge. Despite going out to help others, I have increased my acreage of maize and groundnuts, and the tractor has been very faithful to me, for which I thank God.'

Nurse

Irene Mparutsa felt that the racial and tribal differences in her country would only be bridged if some people decided to serve away from their homes. A highly qualified nursing sister from Mutare in north-east Zimbabwe, she applied for a job in Bulawayo, in the south-west.

It was an unusual motive for such a move, but it sprang from her belief that the most satisfying way to live is to put the needs of people first.

In Bulawayo she was put in charge of a clinic. Most of the staff were local people, and resented her, yet gradually they caught her vision. A cabinet minister who visited the clinic told them how impressed he was by the spirit he saw there.

The change she had seen in the clinic, she felt, was needed all over the country. With some of her staff, and doctors and nurses from elsewhere, she organized a seminar for health workers, to improve relationships in clinics and hospitals, and discover how better to meet the health needs of the country.

Teacher

The number of Zimbabwean children attending school has more than doubled in the three years since independence. Kedmon Hungwe is a science teacher in Harare, serving a township where many workers' families live.

'We talk a lot in Zimbabwe about serving the people,' he says. 'Christ was the perfect servant of God, and so He served the people. My aim is service not status. That idea keeps coming back to me whenever I am tempted to move elsewhere.'

'My wife and I have decided to obey whatever God wants us to do,' he says, 'not to pursue money or happiness. Materialism is the enemy of freedom in our country. If you only look at people for what they *have*, instead of for what they *are*, you stop caring for them. And freedom means caring for people.'

Irene Mparutsa

JOHN BOND

Living together

PAUL EIDE

Carl and Lela Jackson

FEW PEOPLE anticipate crises when they embark on the road of marriage. In America, where advertizing projects the image of beauty, youth and well-being, we are led to believe that permanent happiness will be ours by right. In truth, few escape crises that touch them deeply.

There are no simple remedies. Yet some come through intact, with faith and a sense of purpose, and sometimes with broken relationships healed.

In the spring of 1930 it was love at first sight for Carl Jackson, a handsome young Swede, who had come to St. Paul, Minnesota, to look for work. Descending the stairs in a blue chiffon dress was the woman he wanted to marry. Lela Tanya King was 18, and behind the sad blue eyes was a rebel's fire.

Lela had come from a large family of Irish descent and her life had been harsh. Her mother had died when she was two and the family had broken up. She lived in many different homes, where the work was hard and she was often beaten. When she was 12 years old she travelled with migrant workers and lived in their rough camps. At 16, her court record described her as an incorrigible juvenile delinquent.

Those depression years were hard in America, and their marriage mirrored the times. From the very beginning there were frequent fights and arguments, yet they could not afford to live apart.

After their second daughter, Carla, was born, Lela felt desperate, trapped, and decided there was no way out other than divorce.

One day in 1938 she walked into a meeting in a downtown hotel. For the first time in her life she found people with a quality of life she desperately wanted. That night, deeply challenged by what she had heard, she took a gamble on giving her life to God: nothing could be worse than life as it was.

A radical change began when she decided to stop hating people for the way they had treated her. She found God's love and the meaning of forgiveness and became free from the stranglehold of bitterness.

Fell in love

In the process of building a new relationship with Carl, a friend suggested she list five good points about him. Lela retorted, 'He doesn't have any.' The friend then suggested she ask God for a vision of the man he could be. She did this, and fell in love with him again. She asked him to forgive her for her selfishness, and they were painfully and completely honest with each other. Together they sought God's direction and, in that silence, laid new foundations for their family life.

This commitment was tested over and over again. Their youngest daughter, Heidi, died at 19 of brain cancer, after a long and painful illness. Lela says of that time, 'I thanked God for the gift of a daily time of quiet, where I could take the pain and the agony I was feeling. I came to know the tender love of Jesus, and His peace of heart, which was the most important thing I could give to Heidi.' Kathleen, their third daughter, went on drugs for three years following her sister's death; eventually she found healing.

Carl had two severe strokes in 1976. He fought back, and learned to live with his handicap and to speak again. Sitting in his wheel chair, he gives musical programmes with their eldest daughter, Karen. He declares to his audiences, 'There is no handicap of the spirit.'

Viewing the world as a mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, Lela says, 'When pain and suffering come, if our lives are centred on God we can remain open and vulnerable, and out of that comes new life—a rebirth.'

Crippling crisis

David Jaquith, from Newberg, Oregon, found his life and his first marriage shattered when he developed crippling rheumatoid arthritis, and was no longer able to continue his work as a commercial artist. He married Mary, a nurse who came to help in his home, and between them they have 11 children.

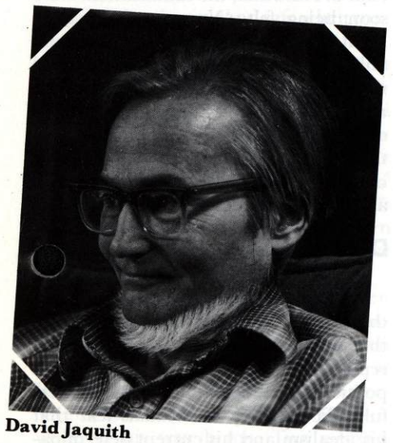
His 17-year-old step-daughter Nancy, who had been living with her own father in a nearby city, came to see them. 'I was writing in my journal,' Jaquith recalls, 'no doubt penning lofty philosophical thoughts on matters of cosmic import, when Nancy came into my room and asked if she could talk to me.'

Sitting down, she said, 'God has blessed me with the privilege of bringing another life into this world.' He remembers her words, and the quiet manner in which she spoke, and that he felt strangely calm. 'I didn't shout, "What? Pregnant? How could you do this to us?"' Instead, he heard himself asking quietly, 'Does your mother know?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'I just told her.' She continued, 'I want to keep the baby, and I was wondering if I could come and live with you and Mom at least until the baby arrives.' Then looking around, she added, 'It's so peaceful in this house.'

'In the realm of impersonal statistics,' says Jaquith, 'unwed teenagers in droves are obliged to go to their parents and break the news. Now, suddenly, those statistics had gotten very personal.'

Jaquith and his wife had learned 'the value of listening to the inner voice of truth, seeking God's will and way in our daily walk', and they try to pass on this experience to their children.

He concludes, 'Through the healing experience of listening for divine guidance, our daughter found a peaceful, loving atmosphere for herself and her growing, soon-to-arrive infant. Mary and I were able to offer our home not grudgingly but graciously, not as victims of an unwanted circumstance but as willing participators in a human adventure. We feel we are cooperators with our heavenly Father in that most awesome experience: the birth of another child of God.'



David Jaquith

Henry and Margie Palmer, with Chip and Corey in back-pack!

Against the grain

Margie and Henry Palmer live in Chicago, Illinois, where she is a lawyer and he is a medical doctor. They were married in 1979, and the occasion was a happy one, but Margie carried with her many hurts from her previous marriage, and many fears for the future.

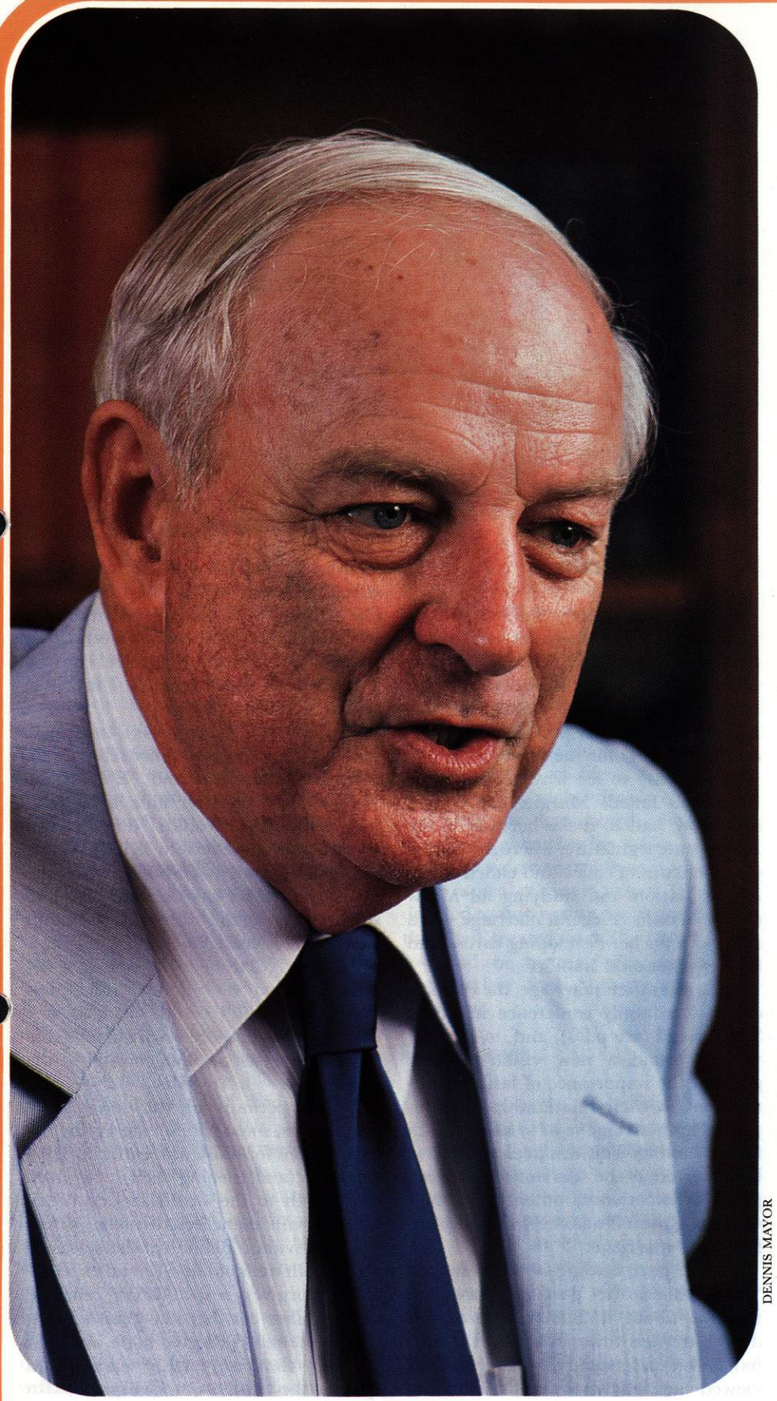
It was easy to see why her first marriage had failed. Margie, left with a small son, had to make her way in the Illinois state legislature, where she started carrying cups of coffee and ended drafting legislation and studying for a law degree herself. A second marriage was a risk, both for her developing career and for her emotional stability.

Soon after their marriage, the Palmers came to a family conference in Caux, Switzerland (see p.28), and, in Henry's words, 'found a new vision'. Henry grasped the importance of lasting commitment in their relationship, and repeated his marriage vows to Margie with fresh meaning. This was a reassurance to her, scarred as she was not only by her previous experience, but also by their own on-again-off-again relationship before their marriage.

For her part, Margie saw that she had 'whitewashed the past' and avoided thinking about it. She recognized her deep bitterness towards her former husband, and understood that while she had viewed hate elsewhere in the world as foolish, she had felt justified in her own case. She says, 'My life had been very like a spider's: I was the centre of my world, I had lured people to me and used them. I had to begin to unravel the web I had woven around myself. I saw how destructive it had been.'

It was helpful, Margie says, to ask herself when thinking about her relationship with her former husband, 'If I did like him, if I did care for him, if he were important, what would I do?' She returned some jewellery to help him start afresh financially, and one year she baked a birthday cake for him. 'It felt so strange to go against the grain of feelings I had had for years,' she says, 'but I knew it was the right thing to do. Realizing my part in what had gone wrong, and correcting what I could, cut loose one more strand of deceit which held me down. The past no longer poisons the present.'

Veiled perhaps in the statistics of breakdown, some people are laying the foundations for stable and enduring relationships, and turning their focus from the hearth to the world around them. Change can come to attitudes, values and behaviour. Blame can be released, along with demand and unreal expectations. Forgiveness can bring renewal, and families can become crisis-solvers. Such renewed cells give hope, and not just for that supposedly endangered species, the family. **Evelyn Ruffin**



DENNIS MAYOR

by Michael Brown

Political dynamite

AT THE START of each day of sitting the Speaker of the Australian Parliament prays, 'humbly seeking God's guidance' on the decisions that they, as politicians, are about to take. 'But,' says Kim Beazley, who sat in that House for 32 years, 'we have made up our minds in the party room beforehand.'

When Beazley entered Parliament at the age of 28, God's place in his life was, he says, that of a 'constitutional monarch acting on my advice'. At that stage Beazley was a politician to watch. 'He's going a long way,' said Labor's post-war Prime Minister Ben Chifley. He was tipped to become a Minister for Foreign Affairs in a future Labor government; some viewed him as a possible Prime Minister.

In 1953, Beazley reached a profound turning point in his personal life and public career. 'I have made a decision,' he said, 'to concern myself daily with the challenge of how to live out God's will: to turn the searchlight of absolute honesty on to my motives; to try to see the world with the clarity of absolute purity; to take as radar through the fog of international affairs absolute love.'

Hardly usual language for a politician. And in Australia, the ramifications were soon being felt. 'No one with even a slight working knowledge of politics could fail to delight in the confusion that could result from even one of our politicians resolving to be absolutely honest,' wrote one political columnist, commenting on the 'political dynamite that might be set off by Mr. Beazley's practical sincerity and absolute honesty'.

Destroy him

Others were not so delighted. 'Facing the prospect of political destruction at this moment is young Kim Beazley,' reported Alan Reid, doyen of Australia's political journalists at that time. 'Powerful, office-hungry individuals fear that his idealism and his current determination to pursue the truth, whatever the price, could cost the Labor Party the next election. The story they are assiduously and effectively peddling is, "Beazley has lost his balance." So the word has gone out, "Destroy him."'

But they did not destroy him. Beazley was ultimately elected by his party to its second highest office, was Minister for Education in two of the three terms which Labor has had in government since then, and on retirement was described by the Melbourne *Herald* as a man 'who has been, beyond any dispute, one of the best Members of Parliament Australia has ever had'. More important, the 'system'—that nebulous blend of structures, laws and attitudes—shifted under the sustained impact of Beazley's effort and conviction, particularly with regard to education and to Australia's humiliated and often persecuted minority, the Aborigines.

Power is dangerous

'He has always had intellectual force and clarity,' wrote the political correspondent of *The Australian*. 'He is undoubtedly Labor's—and probably Parliament's—best orator.' But Beazley himself feels intellect in politics can be suspect. His experience is that 'power is dangerous when intellect kills the conscience in the exercise of authority, and safe when conscience governs the intellect'.

Through a process of struggle in his own spirit and mind, one basic conviction has emerged: 'The most practical point in politics is that there is an intellect, God's intellect, beyond the perception and self-interest of man.' This was not theory, but experience. It had started with that decision to 'concern myself with the challenge of how to live out God's will'.

Beazley had been chosen as one of ten MPs to represent the Australian Parliament at Queen Elizabeth's coronation in 1953. Intrigued by the ideas of Moral Re-Armament, he stopped at the conference centre in Caux, Switzerland for a week on his way home. Two weeks... three weeks went by, and he was still there. 'What I saw at Caux was far more significant for the peace and sanity of the world than anything being done at that time in Australian politics,' he says.

It was a process rooted in personal change. As Beazley says, 'Moral Re-Armament is the ultimate in realism, for it suggests a simple experiment that anybody can try—the experiment of searching for God's leading, of testing any thoughts that come against absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love, and carrying those which meet these standards into practical action.'

Beazley himself was brought face-to-face with the 'ultimate realism' of that experiment during those days in Switzerland. A friend had suggested that he should seek God's guidance, having 'nothing to prove, nothing to justify and nothing to gain for yourself. Then your mind will be free.'

'What a shockingly subversive thing to say to someone in politics,' Beazley says. 'I had been proving how right I was at every election, justifying everything we had ever done, and gaining political power for myself was the minimum I must do.'

But Beazley could not escape the challenge. He began to recognize over the following days that 'the life of a morally re-armed man is no cheap subscribing to principles, but costly restitution, the apology which is costly to our pride, and definite decisions'. The process was started by sitting down and writing a letter to his wife.

Betty Beazley was a successful sprinter, holding an Australian women's record for ten years in her event. 'Some things in that letter I knew already,' she says. 'Some I had guessed, but some I did not know. I felt a wonderful sense of relief and trust after reading it.'

While disentangling the web of deceit in his family life, Beazley found he was tackling the same web in his political life. 'I thought of my father. He had the problem of drink, and I had not given him my heart. I realized I had treated some people in my party with that same problem in the same way. I had not helped them with my superiority and contempt.'

Then came a tough thought for a

Kim Beazley announces his resignation after 32 years in parliament. Today his son, Kim Beazley Jnr, continues his political tradition. In March 1983, he became Minister for Aviation after only two and a half years as an MP.

THE CANBERRA TIMES

politician: 'You have formed the habit of not being absolutely accurate in political statements.' As he put it to the conference in Switzerland, 'I have always congratulated myself that my campaign speeches were objective. I objectively analyzed the government's mistakes, but never their virtues. I have come to realize that this is one of the most mischievous forms of lying in politics.'

During those days God had seemed to be challenging basic motives: political ambition, self-will and pride. He had seen that his university education had made him aloof from the working class, though his father had been a trade union member and Beazley himself had been raised in poverty. He remembers attending school with no shoes to wear. As a Labor MP representing the port of Fremantle, he would often visit the waterside workers for political purposes. Yet he never wanted to know them socially or to have them in his home.

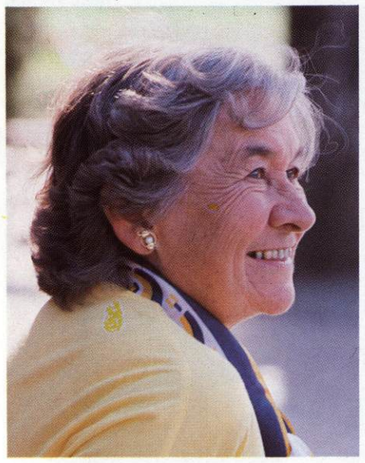
But it was not merely an exercise in self-examination. Gradually Beazley had begun to see what God might require of him in the future. One thought had stuck in his mind: 'If you live absolute purity you will be used towards the rehabilitation of the Australian Aboriginal race. Purity is the alternative to living for self-gratification, which kills intelligent care for others.'

In terms of definite action, he had the thought, 'If Aborigines are not acknowledged as owning land, they will negotiate from a position of weakness. If the dignity of land ownership is acknowledged, they will negotiate from a position of strength.'

At that point, in 1953, Aborigines had no civil rights and no voting rights in Australia; they lived in appalling conditions in complete subjection. They did not own one acre of land—and few white Australians cared.

Within months of returning from Caux, Beazley got Aboriginal land ownership on to the Labor Party platform. In government, 20 years later, Labor initiated legislation for land rights. Although their battle is far from over, Aborigines now have freehold title to approximately 188,000 square miles in two states in Australia, and are negotiating for more.

Betty Beazley



DENNIS MAYOR

Restoring dignity

The Beazleys began to invite Aborigines to their home in Perth. 'Over numerous meals, they enlightened us a great deal about Aboriginal thinking.' For almost two decades on the opposition benches of Parliament, Beazley continually sought the guidance of the Holy Spirit on how to restore the dignity and rights of the Aboriginal people. In 1961 he toured the far north of Australia as part of a Select Committee on Aboriginal Voting Rights, whose work laid the foundation for full voting rights for Aborigines in 1968.

Labor was elected to government in December 1972, and Kim Beazley became Minister for Education. On the first morning in office, he wrote down in his time of meditation: 'To deny a people an education in their own language is to treat them as a conquered people, and we have always treated the Aborigines as a conquered people.' Then came ideas for action: 'Arrange for Aborigines to choose the language of Aboriginal schools, with English a second language.'

He discussed the thought with his wife. Then at 3pm that day he told the new Prime Minister, Gough Whitlam, of his thought. On the 5pm national news, Whitlam announced as government policy a bilingual programme of education for Aborigines. Until that day, in some states teachers could be penalized under law for teaching in an Aboriginal language, or any language other than English. When Beazley left the Ministry, education was being given in 22 Aboriginal languages.

For Beazley it was but one further step in a conviction formed 20 years before, by no means the only step. Appalled by reports of widespread malnutrition and disease among the Aborigines, with other Federal and State ministers he had set in motion a government programme to tackle the disasters of leprosy, yaws, hookworm, trachoma, alcoholism and malnutrition. Aboriginal adult education had become another focus.

Soon after the end of his time in office, the Australian National University awarded him an honorary Doctorate of Laws, citing particularly his contribution in the areas of Aboriginal affairs and education. 'It has become popular over the last years,' reads the citation, 'to recognize the contribution of the Aboriginal people to this nation... and the injustices that have been done to them. But over the last half-century this was from popular. In that time few people have done as much, and none have done more than Kim Beazley has, to bring about that change in attitude.'

Healing an ulcer

In education, the citation highlights the impact of his Ministry, during which tertiary education was made free, Federal grants to schools increased sixfold, a wide-ranging scholarship scheme according to need was established for handicapped and isolated children, and existing study grants for Aboriginal children were extended. 'However,' the citation continues, 'Mr. Beazley's greatest contribution was not the expenditure of money, but the healing of an ulcer that has festered in our society for close to 200 years. Sectarian bitterness, which focused on schools and their funding... was dealt a death blow by needs-based funding which Mr. Beazley introduced.'

These reforms, including the giving of State aid to church-run schools, were indeed a sensitive political and social issue, and their introduction came only after a long and sometimes bitter public and political debate.

Though that legislation has become the mainstay of education funding policy since, Beazley feels that the credit was not his. His policy had been shaped by the inspiration gained during his 'quiet times', a spiritual discipline he practised every morning, whether in the heat of

THOMAS BRAECKLE

An Aboriginal boy

government or during long years in opposition.

This practice also gave him a sense of inner direction about the concerns of his wife and three children, whom he saw only briefly at weekends. Stress is an occupational hazard for any politican, and often families suffer. Beazley's family was on the other side of the continent from Canberra, and the arduous 2,000-mile journey back to his electorate and home added to the strain.

'Those early years were so turbulent,' remembers Betty Beazley. 'I had care of the three children most of the time and when things went wrong, Kim would be met with a spiel of anger from me immediately on his return home.' She was given the thought to tell him the good things on his return, then, when he had rested, tell him the things that had gone wrong and work out with him what to do about them.

When her husband became Minister for Education, she felt that having given 25 years to bringing up the children, the next 25 years she should be by his side. It meant renting a second home in Canberra, where they could entertain and care for his colleagues and his Aboriginal friends.

Each morning, she and her husband would exchange the ideas given them in 'that first quiet hour of the day' when they sought God's guidance. Betty remembers Kim telling her of one thought which became the basic motivation of his education policy: '*Every* child's needs must be met.'

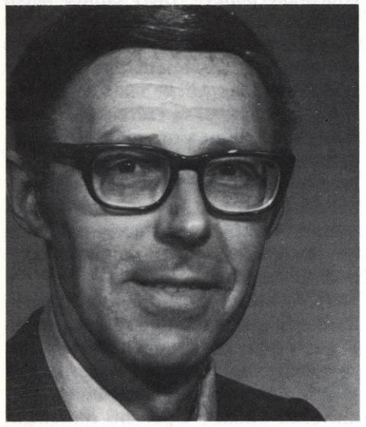
In the hurly-burly of politicking, it is the conventional wisdom that those who stick to scruples will be taken for a ride. Beazley disagrees, and survived 32 years in Parliament to prove it. 'If you are devoted to God's guidance,' he says, 'you are not out to destroy people; your political environment is not strewn with corpses. The fact that you are not lethal but gracious in your relationships makes a big difference.'

That difference had been noted in Beazley's case. Before his experience in Caux, one correspondent wrote of his 'lecturing Parliament in a hectoring, sneering tone which earned him almost universal dislike'. Upon his retirement he could hardly have been more respected on both sides of the House. The Speaker of the Parliament, Sir Billy Snedden, a member of the opposing party, paid tribute to him as 'a fine parliamentarian and a great Australian'.

But it was not a matter of being popular. Beazley saw there was a choice involved. 'If you do not accept the importance of conscience, you accept only the importance of power,' he says. 'This question of motive is the key to social advance. I have spent 28 years in opposition, and I have come to believe that the true function of an opposition is to outthink the government at the point of its successes. Only then can alternative competitive policies be framed and social advance take place.'

A senior public servant in the Prime Minister's department says of him, 'What a poor reward it would have been for the nation if Kim had pursued the cause of personal power during those years in opposition, because it was as much in opposition as in government that he brought progress and healing. Great issues, such as the welfare of the Aboriginal people and the preparation of Papua New Guinea for independence, were brought into focus from the opposition side of Parliament.'

Beazley comments, 'There is sanity from the Holy Spirit beyond human ideas of justice. The thoughts of God, given primacy in the life of man, bring to the innermost motives the virtue of mercy, and with it a cure for hatred that can turn the tide of history. This is the essence of intelligent statesmanship.'



A new leadership

Robert Crane, foreign affairs specialist and international business consultant, USA.

'POLITICS IS THE ART of the possible.' Perhaps this conventional wisdom explains why conventional politicians do little more than preserve the injustices of the status quo.

Leadership is the art of making the impossible possible. A true leader faces injustices and inspires people to change themselves and the world around them. By this definition, those with no political influence, economic power or educational advantage can still be leaders. Leadership springs from commitment to bring change. Moral Re-Armament is a strategy for generating this kind of leadership.

In 20 years of working with responsible people in my country and in other countries, I have been struck by the seeming impossibility of their tasks without the power of a moral and spiritual re-armament.

The question is not whether there is a need for new institutions which can lead to a more just world. The question is *how* to design and build them. This question of commitment is the same whether at the deep-seated level of conflict between value systems, or at the intermediate level of institutional and structural change in society, or at the surface level of events, such as one faces in trying to reconcile members of a family, resolve a dock strike, prevent a race riot, or protect a tribe from exploitation.

There is seldom one single answer to a problem. But there is one very good approach to every problem. This is the startlingly simple approach of Moral Re-Armament.

There have been many definitions of Moral Re-Armament. Probably the first was a compelling thought that came to Frank Buchman, the man who started MRA, as he walked through the Black Forest of Germany in 1938, contemplating the tide of hate that was about to erupt into World War II. 'The next great movement,' he said, 'will be the moral and spiritual re-armament of all nations.' Surely a humanly impossible task, but this idea in the Black Forest launched Moral Re-Armament on a global scale and still sustains it.

Like all the great spiritual leaders, Frank Buchman, a Christian, was convinced that spiritual values must control our actions, or we will enslave ourselves and each other in fear, hate and greed.

Just as the nuclear age has focused people's thoughts on the smallest unit in nature, so the ideological age has begun to focus on the smallest unit in society, the person. Buchman believed that conflict results not so much from defective organization of the world, as from defective persons in the world. In the oft-quoted words of the Qur'an: 'God will not change the condition of a people, until they change what is in their hearts.'

The bottom line

Even for those sincerely committed to justice and renewal in the halls of government, around the negotiating tables of labour and management, on the battlefields, and in the family, God too often is the forgotten factor. Yet God surely is the 'bottom line' in the search for power to change the world.

Without genuine guidance from God, the pursuit of morality alone can degenerate into the imposition of one's own selfish and narrow view of right and wrong on others. The aim in trying to bring change has to be that people should do not what we want, but what God wants. And only God can tell each person what this is. In the words of the Christian mystic, Thomas Merton, 'Since God alone possesses the secret of my identity, He alone can make me who I am.'

Frank Buchman recommended that every person approach every day and every problem with a period of 'quiet', to allow preconceived ideas to drop out of view and let God replace them with His own. Much has been written on this by spiritual leaders of all religions. What perhaps is different in the approach of MRA is the use of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love, not merely as steps on the path to spiritual understanding, but to check the validity of the guidance one thinks God has given.

Another decisive test of God's guidance is to evaluate the practical results that have followed action. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' This is the acid test for Moral Re-Armament. Its 'fruits' are what gives it both legitimacy and promise as a constructive force in my own life, and throughout the world.

Above all, the challenge that Moral Re-Armament is offering today's world is absolute commitment. Change in the person and in society will not come merely if people become more honest either with themselves or with others. You cannot change just by deciding to be moral. People with such limited objectives must always succumb to their own will and abandon the effort. A person changes only if he decides to conform his life to the absoluteness of God's demands. This opens the way to God's power.

The basic conflict in the world is not between rival institutions or even rival ideas, but between rival wills, the will of man and the will of God. The ultimate power is the will of God working through the individual person who loves Him. It expresses itself in leadership, because leadership is the inescapable lot of the fully committed.

North-South reconciliation

Dr. Mohammed El Murtada Mustafa, Commissioner of Labour, Sudan.

WE LIVE in a world dominated by consumer attitudes. Every nation, whether developed or developing, is striving for a higher standard of living. As material well-being becomes the main factor in people's thinking, in many cases the moral factor is forgotten.

We have had to learn this in a painful way in our country. Sudan, like many places in the world, is a potential conflict area of races, cultures and rival interests. At the time of independence in 1956 a civil war broke out between North and South which lasted 17 dreadful years. In the North our people were full of suspicion; they were intolerant of the Southern minority. The Southerners were also suspicious of the North, and remembered our past wrongdoings and the legacy of the slave trade. The war cost thousands of lives, and destroyed villages, agriculture, roads and schools over a vast area.

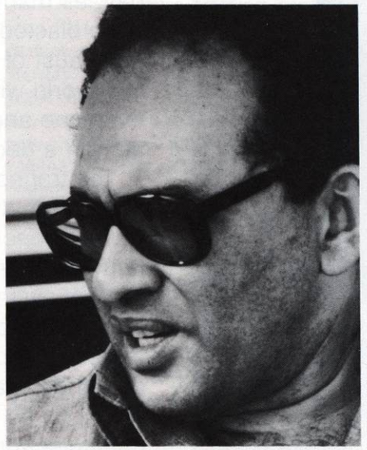
Rooftop talk

When a solution was finally reached, it came through people who realized they had to look beyond immediate personal and political gains. It was not a question of who was right and who was wrong. It was a matter of what was right and being able to forgive.

A Southern leader, Buth Diu, who had been a minister in previous governments, found a liberation from his hatred of the North. I came to enjoy his friendship and confidence.

One evening I visited him and he invited me up on to the flat roof. We talked for some time, as we often did, about the war and possible solutions. Then we fell silent. Buth said he had some ideas which he asked me to write down. We drafted a memo by the light of a candle. Next morning he submitted it to the Minister of Interior who accepted it with great suspicion. But a year later the main points of the memo appeared as the basic principles of the North-South agreement.

In the following years it was my task to draft a national strategy for social and economic development. I allocated a special chapter to the South as I believed we Northerners did not only have to ask them to forget the past, but had to sacrifice to make practical restitution.



PETER VICKERS

Of course, many other people contributed to North-South reconciliation at that time. Many more are needed now to sustain it. But I learned from Buth Diu's example that the settling of problems does not depend primarily on technicalities or formal approaches. Basic solutions come from a cure to the weaknesses of human nature—pride, fear, hatred and suspicion. These can be replaced by forgiveness, love, and common targets for the well-being of a nation, as individuals find courage to obey God's guidance.

Twenty years ago, when I was a Pan-African scholar at the University of Addis Ababa, I saw poverty and corruption around me. It was then that I met Moral Re-Armament. 'People first' became the essence of my ideology. I learned that man matters for himself. He is a spiritual, not just an economic being.

Some of us graduates decided early on to accept the discipline involved in giving this sort of leadership. It has meant certain simple decisions such as punctuality in the office and finishing the work in hand, and taking leave only when I feel the office can spare me. I chase up bills due to my department rather than accept the corruption implicit in delay or non-presentation.

Moral ideology

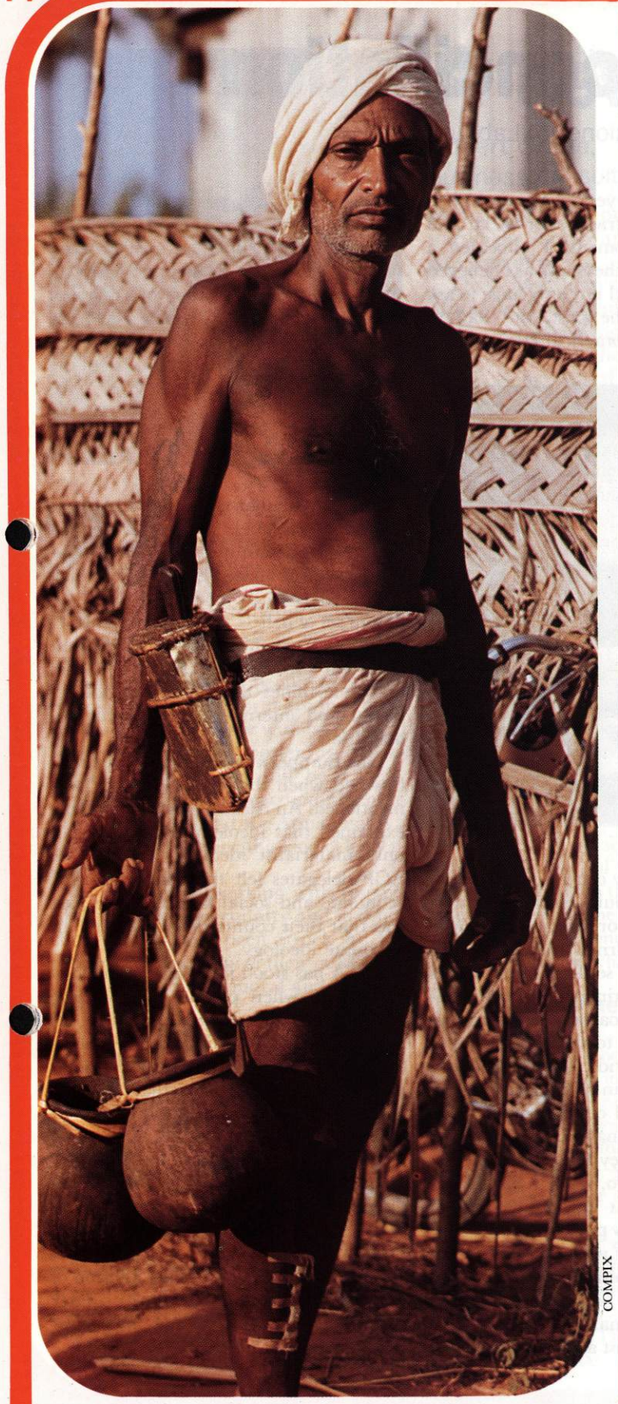
Ideology is much more than a political or economic label. A joint European Economic Community/Africa-Caribbean-Pacific seminar (EEC/ACP) which I chaired recently defined it as 'a coherent set of beliefs, values and a sense of community which governs social relationships and responsibilities within countries and determines the framework for regional and international economic co-operation'.

One European professor at our seminar frowned when the word 'ideology' was mentioned. An African colleague of mine explained that ideology does not mean only materialist ideology. In fact the ACP delegates felt that the reason for economic and social failure in the past was that their countries had not had an adequate ideology.

MRA has stood for a moral ideology at a time when people were writing books about the death of ideology. It helped us in our North-South reconciliation. We in our region can learn from it now in two ways in particular.

Firstly, teamwork cannot be based on ambitions or on competition, but only on sacrifice and modesty, listening to other people, trying to discover grounds for co-operation. This is the kind of trust you can develop if you care for others and do not think of yourself.

Secondly, it entails having a vision of the whole world as one entity under God. Genuine faith is the force that brings people together.



COMPIX

DEVELOPMENT
the human factor

The crisis in the world economy, which has been plunging the West into recession and the Third World into desperation, is fundamentally a human one.

Its pay-off is human enough—the needless death of 40,000 children every day; as many lives lost every three days as were blasted away at Hiroshima. The silent holocaust of victims of hunger and poverty, in a world with enough food to satisfy everyone and enough resources to provide all with a decent life, is a moral evil.

The tragedy is also human in that it is man-made. It has been shaped, it is true, by an economic system that has made the rich richer and the poor more destitute. But the system is as much the product of human choices as of impersonal economic forces. The protective walls erected by rich countries against Third World manufactures, which do so much to stop the developing countries from industrializing, have been built by human hands. And so have the policies adopted by most Third World countries which have created similar injustices within their own societies.

In the end, development comes back to people. Solutions are discernible. The challenge is to find the will to apply them widely enough.

In the following pages, a slum family in Brazil helps show a way to tackle the world's mounting housing crisis. A Japanese woman raises over 110 million yen to help the boat people. A business executive tries to answer corruption, and an Indian worker tackles intimidation in his plant.

In fact, each found rather more than a human solution to a man-made crisis. But let their stories speak for themselves.

India **Eastern promise**

THE HOWRAH BRIDGE looms in the dark distance, a symbol of Calcutta. Once the second largest city of the British Empire and the seat of the Viceroys of India, today Calcutta is a city of millionaires, Marxists, impoverished masses—and Mother Teresa.

On the other side of Howrah Bridge, the red buildings of the station greet the early-morning traveller with the bustle of news vendors collecting their quota of papers. The foyer of the station is a sea of human bodies, asleep, with their heads under their cotton sheets, braving the winter cold. These are not travellers. They belong to the fraternity of Calcutta's homeless.

On the last platform of the station, the Ishpat Express has drawn up. Soon the whistle goes, and the train chugs along at a determined, shaking pace, heading for the Pittsburgh of India. As the first rays of the sun break through, the rich greenery of Bengal strikes the eye. An early riser can be seen with his fishing rod at a pool beside the rice fields. A country so rich, a people so poor—and so many of them.

A couple of hours into the journey, and the earth loses that fresh greenery; drier surroundings take over. Here, the wealth is not apparent on the surface. We are in the State of Bihar. Under its rugged soil are belts of coal rich enough to fuel India for two centuries, deposits of iron ore, copper, uranium and other minerals.

Elephant protests

Two hours more across Bihar, and one sees in the distance hills and massive factory chimneys. The train halts and half-empties at Tatanagar, station for the steel city of Jamshedpur. Here, in what was once jungle, the House of Tata hacked away the forest to erect India's first steel plant, between 1908 and 1911. The wild life protested. An elephant went berserk with the sounds of drills and hammering, and trampled the workers' huts. The traffic superintendent of the then sleepy station arrived one morning to find that a bear had delivered a cub under his table during the night.

As the steel plant grew up, India took her first steps into the industrial age. Today Jamshedpur with its wide, tree-lined boulevards is ranked as India's cleanest city.

Jamshedpur is also the home of the Xavier Labour Relations Institute. Two years ago, the Institute awarded its Sir Jehangir Ghandy Medal for Industrial Peace to Rajmohan Gandhi, in recognition of the work of Moral Re-Armament and its conference/training centre at Asia Plateau, Panchgani (see photo and caption on page 18). In the past eight years six-day 'training programmes in creative leadership for industry and national development' have drawn over 2,500 from all sides of industry and over 80 companies. The citation spoke of 'moral regeneration as the necessary prerequisite for any real human and economic progress'.

Gandhi, a grandson of the Mahatma, in accepting the medal said, 'Industry, workers no less than management, can go beyond self-interest to an involvement with the evolution of a new national culture of concern, excellence and duty. This new culture cannot be summoned by orders of the bosses of unions, management or the state. It can grow as each person installs the conscience as the boss.'

If you look here in Eastern India you can see the green shoots of such a new culture. Surendra Jha works in the railway section of a steel plant in nearby Bengal. Government property is seldom treated with respect or care, and he tells how a railway wagon worth $30,000 in his workshop had been condemned. Jha requested that before it was sent for scrapping he might 'do a post-mortem on it'. In seven days he set the wagon to rights, and it has not stopped moving since.

Gang of toughs

Dealing with wagons is one thing; dealing with men is another. Jha is chargeman of a gang of nine men. Every few months a fresh group comes into his charge, and recently he got a very difficult gang of toughs who had a reputation for intimidating their superiors and not reporting on time. On the first day they turned up at 7.30 instead of

AJIT PATEL

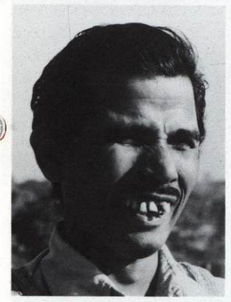
Jamshedpur

6 am, and he cut their wages accordingly. The nine collected other workers and stormed out, shouting, 'We will finish you off by this evening and throw your body in the gutter!'—a threat not to be taken lightly here.

Union leaders came to him and explained that such strictness would never work. Jha replied, 'Man dies only once. Why should I not die doing something good?'

They did not attack him that night, and over the coming weeks Jha cared for some of them when they fell sick. Slowly the atmosphere changed and two months later, one of them came to him and said, 'We were wrong.'

Jha emphasizes, 'The gang and I are of one mind that we must do something for



SURESH KHATRI

Surendra Jha

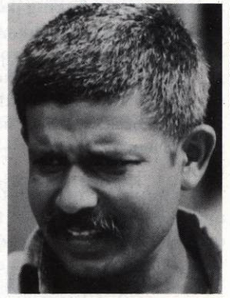
our country. If there is any derailment or damage in any other railway wagons, they are the first to work with me now.'

Rabindranath Roy wears a crew-cut and a handsome moustache. He is in his thirties, and is general secretary of a union in the Alloy Steel Plant in West Bengal. In 1980 he attended a Moral Re-Armament industrial seminar with Jha, where he first heard talk of absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. He went back and reported to his union chief that these ideas were absolute madness which, if practised, would drive them all out of the union business.

Roy was, however, daring enough to experiment with another idea he had heard of, listening to the inner voice. He thought first of the electric meter in his home. The management had once charged him more than his due, and ever since then he had felt justified in fiddling the meter to reduce the reading. It took him some months to find the courage to be honest. 'I was always blaming the union and the management for this or that corrupt practice, but here I was practising it myself,' he says.

He had been up against one of the management. 'I was working up every one of our members hot against him,' he says. 'The manager was so surprised when I apologized to him.' He concludes, 'Trade unions, which were started to fight exploitation, have sometimes become exploiters of exploitation. Trade union leaders often seem to believe that only crises in industry can ensure their survival.'

In this part of India, there have been considerable tensions between the large indigenous tribal population, the Adivasis, and the burgeoning industries. Many of the industries are trying to mend relations by furthering rural development. But, in one of the big companies, the rural development department was less effective than it might have been: the two top men were not talking to each other. The deputy director, an Adivasi, felt that only Adivasis could understand the problems of the area. Then his senior, an older man, wrote him, 'Can't we leave the past behind and w[illegible] together?'



SURESH KHATRI

Rabindranath Roy

The Adivasi, for his part, admitted that he had tried to cut everyone else down for fear that they would threaten him and his position. 'True leadership is to criticize no man, but to draw the b[illegible] out of all,' he says. 'I intended to use my job as a ladder to power. Now I want to use it to help others.' Not surprisingly, the effectiveness of their department has improved.

Mother Teresa of Calcutta has said, 'If you judge people, you have no time to love them.' It will need more than love to change India, but we will never change her without love. India's greatest natural resource is her people, and it could be that through the initiative of men like Jha and Roy the huddled figures back on Howrah station will see the break of a new day.

Russi Lala

Japan

A yen to serve

DAVID CHANNER

YUKIKA SOHMA is President of the Federation of Asian Women's Associations and an office-holder bodies reaching out across her continent and beyond. Recently she touched the hearts and the purses of Japan by appealing to the nation for one yen for each Japanese, to help the refugees of Indo-China. In four months the initial target of 110 million yen was passed, and gifts in kind also flooded in. Her Aid Association is now working on various projects in collaboration with other international welfare organizations, and aid is being extended to Afghan and African refugees.

She says, 'I wanted to help the refugees, but at the same time I wanted to help the Japanese. We need to open the hearts of the Japanese, and the best way to do this is to open their purses, and not just those of the rich people, but of the ordinary people.'

She came into her husband's life on a motorcycle. In the early Thirties when, as she puts it, Japanese ladies were meant to 'look like dolls', she dressed in riding breeches and caused heads to turn as she roared through the streets astride her machine. Her husband-to-be, Yasu Sohma, asked for a ride, and she had the pleasure of giving him his first—on the pillion seat behind her. It was just two days later that Yasu asked to see her again, and he met her on a brand new motorcycle of his own—the largest model in production at the time.

Today, their son is the 43rd head of the Sohma clan, and leads the traditional horse festival in full Samurai armour, mounted on a thoroughbred.

Yukika's marriage to the heir of the prestigious Sohma family caused waves in the calm life of the elite in pre-war Japan. Yukika's family, the Ozakis, were as radical as Yasu's were traditional. Her father, Yukio Ozaki, is referred to now as the 'father of parliamentary democracy in Japan'. He was 63 years a member of parliament—a world record. As Mayor of Tokyo he had given to Washington the cherry trees that still line the Tidal Basin, as a mark of gratitude to the USA for their good offices following the Russo-Japanese War.

After World War II, when the atom bombs had fallen, and Japan, along with so much of the world, lay in ruins, Yukika Sohma decided to do what she could to help bring healing.

Rushing wind

Perhaps the most livid scar left by the war in the Pacific was in the relationship between the Filipinos and the Japanese. The Japanese had been surprised by the stubborn and ferocious resistance of the Filipinos, which had delayed the southward thrust of the Japanese army by months. The Japanese occupation was severe, even cruel, and the more deeply resented by the Filipinos because their masters were fellow Asians.

In 1955, when reparations negotiations had been dragging on for years, Yukika Sohma went as part of an international MRA group to the Philippines. One of those from Japan, Niro Hoshijima, who subsequently became Speaker of the Diet, went as the personal representative of the Prime Minister.

Addressing a large audience of Filipinos at the auditorium of the Far Eastern University in Manila, Hoshijima started speaking in Japanese. Immediately there was hissing and stamping. When Mrs. Sohma beside him started translating the words,'We must come to a just settlement on reparations,' there was sarcastic jeering. Then he continued, 'But first, I must apologize for what we did here as a nation during the war.'

Mrs. Sohma says, 'So strong was the feeling coming from the audience that it was like a strong wind rushing at you, and I felt that I had to lean into it as I translated with all my passion. When they heard the apology there was a sudden hush, followed by applause, in what was a tremendous change of emotion.'

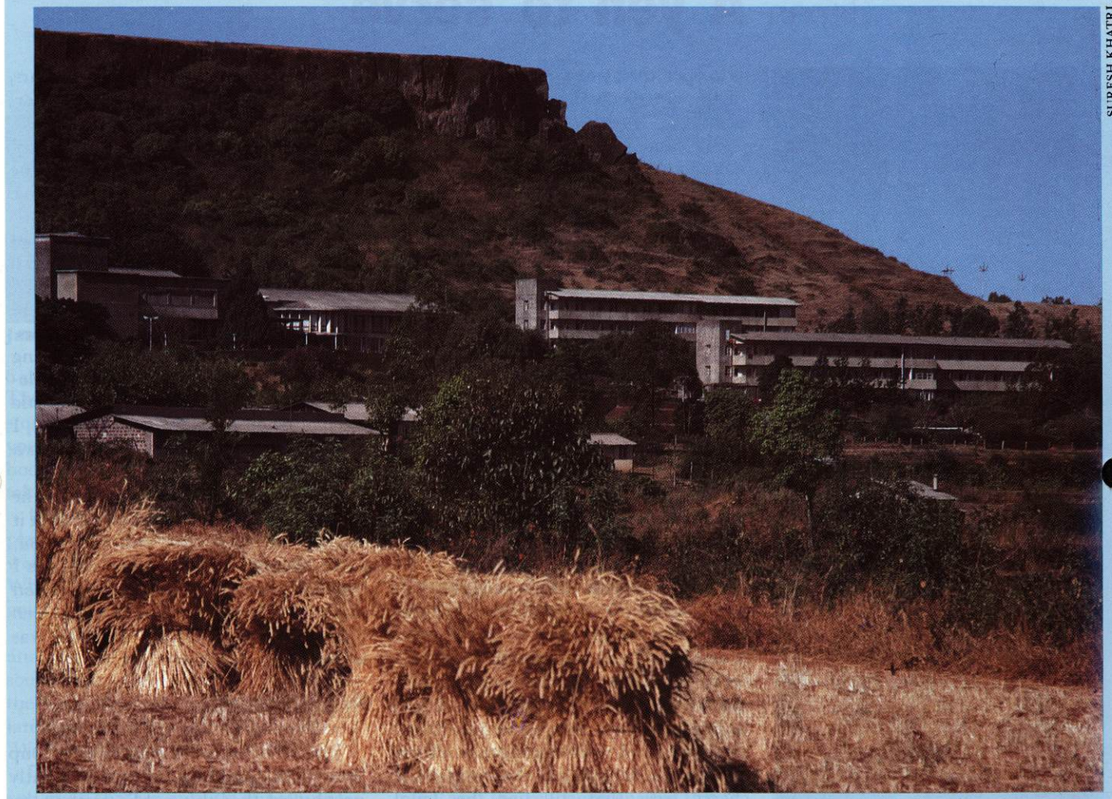
Real interests

Mrs. Sohma and the Japanese group met President Magsaysay, who rightly prophesied that this public apology by the Japanese would make the settlement of the reparations issue possible. Magsaysay's successor, President Garcia, said later, 'The bitterness of former years is being washed away by compassion and forgiveness.'

Mrs. Sohma's passion for Japan to look out to the world has been constant. She has visited India seven times in the last ten years, and inaugurated the recent 'Dialogue on Development' at Asia Plateau, Panchgani (see page 18).

'Together, our countries need to live relevantly to the age we are in,' she says. 'What was once a proper aim for a nation is now inadequate. We cannot keep on going the way we are. Just as we need to think for other families and not just our own, so we have to care for other nations. In fact we may find that the real interests of our country are best served by being unselfish.'

James R. Coulter



SURESH KHATRI

Asian dialogue centre

Asia Plateau is on the outskirts of the town of Panchgani, 162 miles from Bombay, India. The well-equipped Moral Re-Armament conference centre is hosted by people from all over Asia.

Built through the sacrificial giving of thousands, for the past three years it has been the venue for a series of Dialogues on Development, bringing together people from North and South, from East and West. With frank discussions and a willingness to listen, they have been able to look at their own situations from a global standpoint.

Here, amidst the flowers and trees, with an unforgettable view across the wide Krishna Valley to the mountains beyond, people have seen how solutions to their own local and national problems might be part of a pattern for global reconstruction.

Indian industry also uses the centre for 'Training Programmes in Creative Leadership for Industry and National Development'. These have involved over 2,500 from management and labour in 80 companies of India's public and private sectors.

The six-day courses, which often produce radical change at all levels, have led to on-site training sessions in industries all over India.

'A transformed man' was the way a manager in Bombay's Bhor Industries described the effect of one course on a Marxist leader in his factory; workers in a Pune electronics factory were amazed when their managing director made apologies on his return from Panchgani. By applying what he had just learned, the managing director solved a long-running dispute with another company, which had led to severance of business relations between them.

Conferences are also held for educators, students and youth, medical services and families. Asia Plateau celebrates its fifteenth anniversary in 1983.

Brazil

A shaft of light

EVERY YEAR, 900,000 Brazilians leave their homes in rural areas to seek a better life in the cities. Luiz Pereira was one. His wife, Edir, and five small children followed him to Rio de Janeiro, and they settled in a steep, hillside favela, or shanty town. They suffered, says, Pereira, 'in ways I never thought a human being could stand'.

Houses with their families inside would slide down and be buried in earth and mud. Water had to be fetched from a public tap at the bottom of the hill. Pereira still cannot erase from his mind an image of the old people stumbling up to their shacks with cans of water on their heads.

Pereira worked as a tiler, but he spent little time at home and his real interest was samba dancing.

Twelve years in these conditions soured Edir Pereira. 'But suddenly,' she says, 'I saw my husband changing. He didn't drink any more, and he even asked me to come with him to the parties. Everyone noticed that he was different.'

It turned out that a man in another favela was helping him make his Catholic faith a reality in his life. Soon after, the people of his favela were faced with eviction by the owner of the land where they had settled without authorization. Pereira took a series of initiatives which led to a government decision to rehouse the entire favela.

Now when you visit the Pereiras, you sit at a round table in a small but comfortable living room. The white lace curtains move in the breeze which stirs the thick-leaved tree outside. Laughter and shouts of children float up from the street.

The fact that the Pereiras have found a new life has not dulled their determination that one day every family shall have a decent home.

Organized and active

There will never be enough money to replace all the slums with neat little flats. The only hope for many is to upgrade the existing housing. Answers come much faster, says Pereira, when the authorities and the favela leadership work together. 'And when the leadership of a favela is organized and active,' he adds, 'the help of the authorities is easier to get. We have gone to countless favelas, talked with people, held meetings, shown films of Moral Re-Armament, in order to inspire sound leadership in the favelas.

'Where you really commit yourself,' Pereira continues, 'sooner or later you succeed in overcoming the obstacles. The essential thing is that the people can trust the leadership.'

'If there is corruption going on,' he explains, 'any initiative runs dry after a time. Moral Re-Armament has helped us because it has brought to those of us who are serious about the fight for a betterment of conditions a totally different incentive. No more doing things for your own advantage, fame or political ambition, no more corruption. The more power put into your hands, the more honesty you need. It is like a shaft of light which has shown us the way to unity.'

Pereira sees a link between honesty and a person's ability to see what needs to be done. He mentions a good friend who was President of the favela Parada de Lucas. 'He used to collect the electricity dues in the favela. One day he confessed that he had cheated everyone by overcharging. He apologized and said he wanted to make a new beginning.

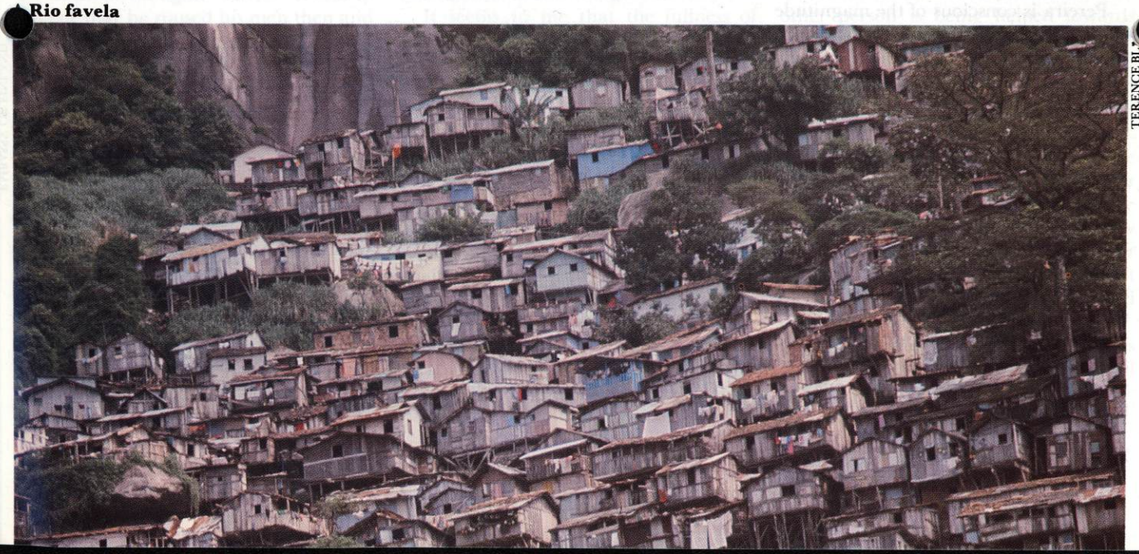
'He resigned, and was re-elected. Later he had the thought to ask the city to deepen the canal that runs by the favela. It was a strange thought because we had had a long stretch of dry weather. But he fought for it. A few days after the work was finished, the worst rains in years came down. Many favelas were flooded which meant indescribable misery. In Parada de Lucas the canal held.'

Over the hills

The Rio State Electricity Company has drawn up a plan to bring electricity to every favela in Rio. The man responsible for the execution of this plan decided to make sure that no special favours were granted to those with power or money. 'Some favela leaders were amazed to find that they were not expected to pay a bribe in order to get service, and equally

BRAZIL contd page 20

Rio favela



TERENCE BL

Finland

Working partnership

Paul Gundersen is an executive in a Finnish electrical and mining company which does business in 50 countries.

I KNOW of a group of African businessmen who came to Scandinavia for a month of special studies. The course was excellent, but no thought had been given to how these men could share experiences with people outside the working environment.

This shows a one-sided view of who has something worthwhile to contribute and who is learning. We in the West need a new humility. Our excessive emphasis on the technical element in life has made us blind to our own needs. The creativity and spiritual qualities which can be found in Africa could help us in finding a new quality of life to match our technological age.

It has been stated publicly in Scandinavia that bribery (or a more dignified word for the same thing) can be defended if it is necessary to secure a contract in the Third World. But has the Westerner who is ready to be part of a corrupt practice any right to blame corruption in a developing country for causing inefficiency? Why should a Third World leader trust such people in other matters?

Yet we industrialists and business people have a unique opportunity for establishing trust between different parts of the world. The place for us Westerners to start is to break down preconceived ideas and cynicism on our side.

I feel personally a daily need to examine and deal with the inner forces that can easily lead me astray or distort my judgment. Without absolute standards as guidelines, my perspective easily gets twisted and I lose my compassion for people. Honesty is not a private matter; it affects my ability to help others.

Some say a policy of honesty in business is naive. Yet dishonesty causes endless problems. An industrialist in a Communist country told me in a melancholy voice, 'The only statistics I can trust are the ones I falsify myself.'

Marriage contract

On a visit to an East European country, I met an official responsible for a big commercial enterprise. We were about to conclude a deal when he demanded some further documents and more rubber stamps (which are very popular there). I said, 'You can have as many documents as you like, but if there is no trust between us, all these documents aren't worth the price of the paper. It's exactly like a marriage contract.' The official looked a bit surprised.

I added, 'When my wife and I married, we decided that we would have no secrets at all between us.' He leaned forward and asked, 'How does that work?' I replied, 'It's not always easy, and sometimes pride almost prevents me from being honest, but it is the most important decision we ever made.' At that point he forgot the contracts and we found ourselves talking about the deepest things of life.

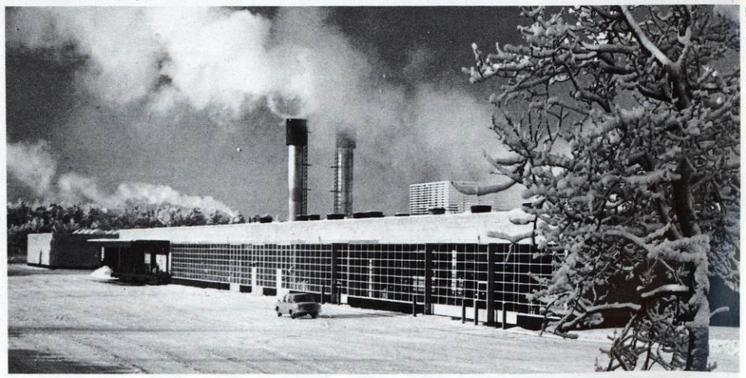
Admittedly there are situations which pose great difficulties and where there is no immediate or obvious right course. But if one has chosen aims and motives which can stand exposure, one is already on the way to clarity.

Honesty is not stupidity. It does not mean breaking confidences or telling everything you know to someone who is out to exploit you. It does mean deciding not to be part of mechanisms which in the long run undermine all that I, and our company, want to build.

True partnership is only possible when we accept the absolute value of man, when we stop categorizing others, when care for people is as much a consideration in our negotiations as finding the most economic and best technical solution.

This partnership will never be born out of reluctant necessity. It comes from the realization that it is an inspired way of working together for the future.

Finnish factory



EMBASSY OF FINLAND

BRAZIL contd from page 19

amazed that the good work didn't stop once the elections were over.' Now rows of posts have gone up all over the hills.

Pereira is conscious of the magnitude of the problems ahead—not just in Brazil. The world's population will quadruple during this century, but the urban population will have increased 13 times. By the year 2000, 1,400 million new homes will be needed for these people.

Yet Pereira has also seen what individuals can do when they decide to be responsible: 'A human being in contact with God, no matter how poor, will never become worthless. For many years society abandoned us. Feelings of bitterness and revolt filled our hearts. We always blamed others, but we realized we could become responsible for our own future.' **Evelyn Puig**

Whose side is God on?

Peter Hannon is an Irishman, living in South Africa. We print here an extract from his forthcoming book 'Whose side is God on?' which draws on his experiences with people from all parts of the political and social spectrum in that troubled land.

AT A DINNER in Cape Town, a Rhodesian banker told a story. I say 'Rhodesian' deliberately, as he was one of the architects of the Unilateral Declaration of Independence in 1965.

He vividly described the tensions of those early months, when under pressure of economic sanctions, they wondered morning by morning whether the economy could survive. A man of real personal faith, he told how, time after time, he would go back to his office, get down on his knees and pray. Time after time—and he told us many graphic details—he felt God answer his prayers.

Guerrilla moved

That very same week I received a letter from Salisbury, now renamed Harare. It told of a conversation with one of the guerrilla commanders in the bush. A friend had been discussing with this man whether the guidance of God could be a reality. 'Oh, I believe in the inner voice,' said the guerrilla. He described how, not long before, he had been woken up in the middle of the night by an insistent thought, 'Move!' It was so urgent that he roused his men then and there and, in the darkness, they shifted camp to a new site.

Next morning, he discovered that in the early dawn, just after they had left, the original site had been surrounded by the security forces.

So, whose side is God on? At one moment He seemed to favour the 'white imperialist', the next, the 'black terrorist'. Is He therefore inconsistent and contradictory?

I was born in Northern Ireland, and now live in South Africa. These countries count themselves Christian, yet they are used to denigrate faith and to feed the world's cynicism about those who profess to follow God's way.

Where does the living out of our faith fall short? How does it need to grow if it is to become a factor, *the* factor, in our nations' life?

Faith is not a static affair. I can see that my own life, once handed over to God, consists of a series of moments when I either accept to grow and take a risk in faith, or else retreat in search of security and comfort.

There is that fundamental step when I need help with my personal life, and I say to God, 'I cannot handle this—You take over.' This begins to happen and faith becomes a reality. Then there is the extension of this beyond my personal life to seeking God's help in my work.

In these contexts everything is centred on what *I* am doing. It is a hurdle of a different kind to say to God, 'How can I help *You* with *Your* work?'

The temptation here is to retain control of the context within which He can direct me. It can be *His* will but in *my* way. In fact God is asking for control of *where* and *how* I will serve Him. My comfort, my convenience, my right of control have to be handed over. Without taking this step, we Christians have no answer for those in our nations who are determined to run things their way.

It seems to me that the fullness of Christian commitment relates to the decision to be responsible that 'Thy will be done on earth'. This takes us to the citadels of power where control is entrenched, be it in our homes, jobs, industry, or politics.

Touch on the issue of control and we touch on the most sensitive nerve of all. Jesus was crucified not because He was good, not because He set people free from their personal sins, but because, in the absoluteness of the demands which he made, He was seen as a threat by those attached to their own power.

This has a direct bearing on my relationship with a black friend who is passionately committed to the rights and freedom of his people. If he feels that I retain the right to impose my will or to have the final say, then he wants nothing to do with me. And vice versa. I am not going to let him push me around.

He and I are both committed Christians, and I think that we now do trust each other. I do not say this lightly. It has only come about because we both agreed to be ready at *every* stage of decision-making, to say, *with no limitations*, 'God's will, not mine'; to give each other equal access to the right of decision-making and to the implementation of those decisions; and to accept the discipline not just of prayer but of listening with an open mind for God's prompting.

As a white person, I can see within my heart the temptation to choose those parts of the Christian message which might soften the passion of a militant. But the challenge for me is to accept totally what God demands of me with all its uncomfortable implications.

Outside power

When clash comes with another, one test of my motives is to ask whether the other person is being helped towards confronting God and his own conscience, or is it just a personal clash with me? Adequate change will never spring from external pressure. A person's inner sense of what is right and wrong must be touched.

In the agonizing dilemmas of the world, human calculation seems to offer little hope of viable solutions acceptable to all. But the choice need not narrow down to black or white, Catholic or Protestant, boss or worker. In the heart of each person, control can be handed over to an outside Power.

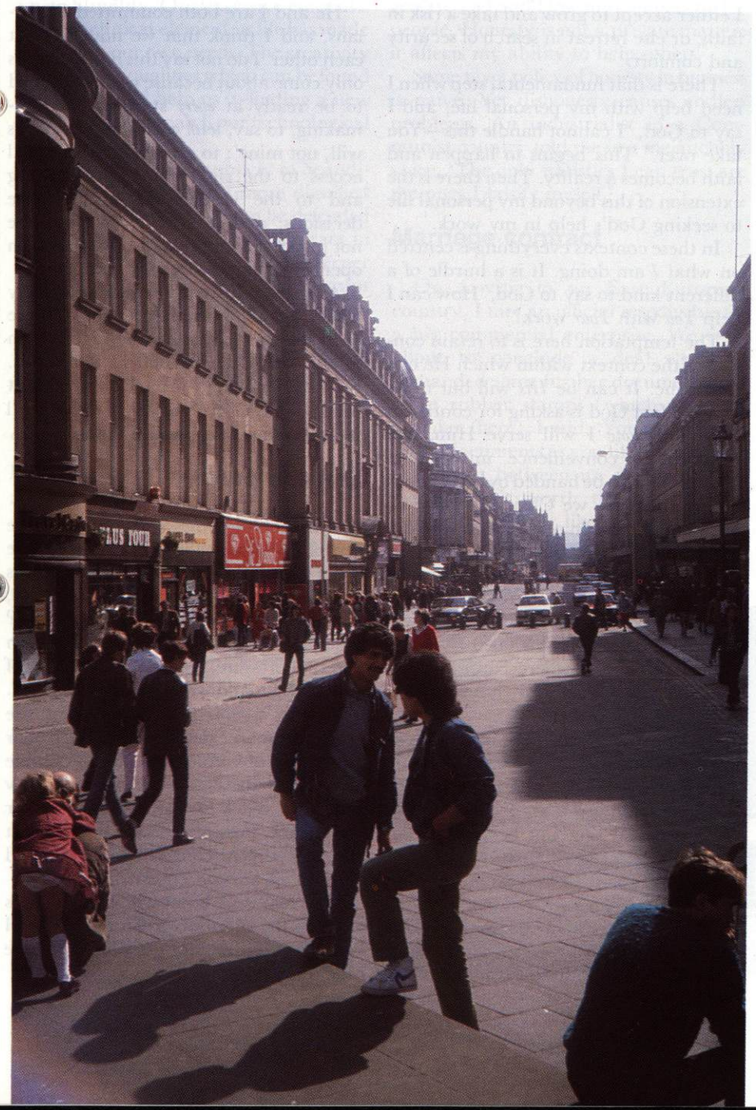
The real issue is not whose side God is on. It is the alternatives of human control or God's control. The question is, Whose side am I on?

FROM CLASH TO COMMUNITY

Newcastle street corner

IN THIS ERA of the 'global village' people are moving on an unprecedented scale from one global street corner to another. Britain now has well over two million citizens whose roots lie in Africa, Asia or the Caribbean. White British are waking up to the implications of no longer living in a homogeneous society. To Rex and Betty Gray and Hari and Ranju Shukla, in Newcastle upon Tyne, it means that the challenges of international relations are brought right to their doorstep.

Relaxing at home in the evening, Hari Shukla plies the visitor with his wife's vegetarian curry and speaks enthusiastically about his work as Senior Community Relations Officer for the county of Tyne and Wear. He well knows that an incident can flare up at any time, 'yet there is tremendous respect between people of all races here,' he says.



EDWARD HOWARD

'We of non-English origin have got to make our contribution as British, not just as members of a minority.' His wife, Ranju, like many Asian women, spoke little English when she came to Britain from East Africa. She missed her servants, and at first was deeply depressed. Now she has taken a job caring for the elderly, and her husband has just been selected to be a Justice of the Peace.

Shukla emphasizes that, in Newcastle, community relations are a joint responsibility—a partnership between the political parties, local authorities, churches, trade unions, the police, voluntary groups and ethnic associations. All these groups have constant touches with one another.

In fact, approaches being developed in Newcastle are proving to be valid for other areas. The local police had been running a successful liaison group with ethnic minorities for some ten years before Lord Scarman, in his report on Britain's 1981 riots, proposed that such bodies should be set up throughout the country.

Chief Inspector Fred Dunmore explains, 'Our job is not just the official one over the desk. We join in social functions. I am a firm believer in breaking the ice.' He describes preparations for the celebration of Chinese New Year, when the police band will take part.

The effectiveness of this approach was cited by the *Newcastle Journal* in an article in 1982: 'Last year there was a petrol bombing at a mosque. A few days later some people belonging to an extreme left-wing party arrived to suggest that as it was obvious that the police could not protect the congregation, their party was prepared to mount vigilante patrols armed with pickaxe handles!

'But officers from Chief Inspector Dunmore's office had already gone there to explain to the people involved, and local Asian leaders, how the inquiry was being handled, and the agitators were told in no uncertain fashion by the congregation what they could do with themselves and their axe handles.'

NEWCASTLE contd page 24

Richmond neighbourhood

OVER questions of race relations and power sharing, the name of the game in Richmond, Virginia, used to be 'avoid confrontation'. In a population which is approximately half black and half white, racial polarization was a fact of life, but no one talked about it.

In 1977 this city, which a century ago was the capital of the 11 states which seceded from the United States over the issue of slavery, elected its first black majority to the City Council. Since then clashes in the political arena have been frequent and undercurrents of racial feeling have come to the surface. The multiracial school board and others have tried to give a lead in cooperation. Comments *The Richmond Times Dispatch*, 'Working out of the political stalemate will require not only politicians willing to compromise, but also people generally more open to those of another race than many Richmonders have been.'

One couple who have challenged the stalemate of relationships in Richmond are Winston and Janene Jones. They were instrumental in starting a community association which brought stability and trust to their racially mixed neighbourhood. Recently Winston has participated in the development of the Richmond Urban Institute — a non-partisan body which has initiated programmes addressing such issues as employment, housing and race relations.

No time to spare

The Joneses are not people with a bent for political activism. Winston was a letter-carrier before getting his present job with the Virginia Employment Commission. Life has been tough, which may account for his white hair at the age of 41. With nine sons and a daughter to raise, he and Janene could easily argue that they have neither the time nor the money to spare for wider responsibilities.

One of the first homes of their marriage was in a ghetto district of South Richmond, where unemployment, alcoholism and violence were rife. There was a 9th Street gang, a 10th Street gang and an 11th Street gang. They lived on 11th Street for nine years before their dream of moving to an 'acceptable neighbourhood' came true.

Janene's eyes sparkle as she describes the parks and the good schools in the Woodlawn Heights area. The Joneses had not been there long before they realized, however, that most of their white neighbours feared speaking to them.

One day Janene had a visit from a neighbour who wanted to form a community association. 'I got home from work,' says Winston, 'and Janene told me this lady was coming back at seven o'clock. Up until then no one from the other race had ever visited our house, so I was expecting one of us. When she turned out to be a white lady from Tennessee—real redneck territory—I said

RICHMOND contd page 24

Woodlawn Heights, the neighbourhood where Winston and Janene Jones live

ROB CORCORAN

NEWCASTLE contd from page 22

The Grays and Shuklas first met soon after Shukla started his community relations job. Rex Gray's interest in people of other backgrounds had begun when, as a 'rather narrow-minded Christian', he served in the British army in Egypt during World War II. 'To come to a multiracial city like this and take responsibility seemed a natural outcome,' says Gray.

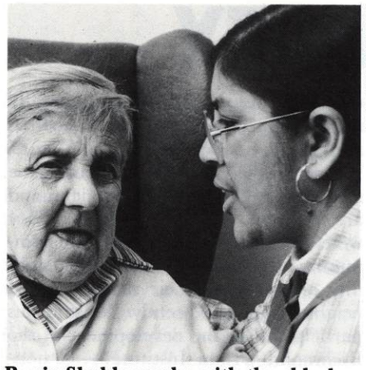
Although he describes himself as 'shy' and 'a reluctant leader', Gray was elected Chairman of the Tyneside Committee for Racial Harmony, an official 'watchdog' body set up by community leaders. Betty Gray comments, 'We cannot say we need peaceful relations with other countries if we are not interested in their people who now live in the next street. A multiracial society gives us a chance to see where our attitudes have been wrong in the past and to learn the attitudes we need in the present and future.'

Clashpoint

Betty Gray's concern led her to attempt something she had never tried before—to write a play. The result was *Clashpoint*, written in collaboration with Nancy Ruthven. 'I had come to feel,' Betty Gray explains, 'that as a nation we were going to face the inevitable confrontation of a divided people, unless we could find a healing power.' The play focuses on mounting community tension caused by an anti-immigrant march and an anti-racist countermarch. Through two families, one white and the other West Indian, insight is given into the underlying emotions, the political forces out to exploit these emotions, and a way to justice and reconciliation.

Rex and Betty Gray

DAVID CHANNER



EDWARD HOWARD

Ranju Shukla works with the elderly

'The white mother in the play is based very much on myself,' says Betty Gray. 'For many years I struggled in vain against my bitterness about the poverty and hardships of my childhood. It was not until a West Indian friend helped me that I was able to lay my bitterness at the Cross. Six months later, to my amazement, it had all gone. I began to get to know Christ as a friend.'

Touches people's longings

Performances of *Clashpoint* have created great interest in Toxteth, Leeds, Sheffield, London and other cities which have seen rioting and strife. The play has also been put on in the indifferent, or apathetic, all-white areas. A message of support, signed by civic and church leaders, community relations officers and others, says, 'Because it is written out of experience, it touches people's motives and unspoken hurts and longings. White and black, privileged and underprivileged, establishment and revolutionary are all challenged to go beyond the clash of interests to constructive solutions.'

Shukla, who takes part in *Clashpoint*, says, 'The play certainly applies to our situation. With good will alone, I found I was getting nowhere. Then I learned that God could show me the way. If we want to change the world, we have to be ready to change ourselves first. When I tried this, I found an immediate response in other people.'

Kenneth Noble

RICHMOND contd from page 23

to myself, "There is no way this is going to get off the ground."

'Her husband, Doug, came with her that evening. He and I got to know each other; Janene and Patsy got to know each other; and pretty soon we said, "Hey, we really do like each other!"'

So the community association got started. Its central purpose was to end the fear and mistrust that were causing white flight from the city into all-white areas in the surrounding counties. Crime, zoning and lighting became particular concerns. Janene recalls, 'One need was to have light on the street. So we asked if each family would keep their outside lights on all night. During 1973 we were called the "candlelight community" because everyone did this.'

The Joneses' greatest concern was how to persuade more blacks to take part. Some called Winston and Janene 'tokens' in a white organization. A turning point came when the Joneses offered their home as a venue for one of the meetings. Initially there was a gasp of surprise from the whites in the group. When the meeting took place, several confessed it was their first time in a black home.

Thanks to sometimes awkward, often courageous, first steps, racial barriers did come down in Woodlawn Heights. 'I'm not saying all attitudes have changed,' says Winston, 'but white flight did stop. Blacks moved out, whites moved in; whites moved out, blacks moved in.'

Winston and Janene Jones were instigators long before their friends, family or church leaders understood them. Earlier Winston had been one of the first six blacks to be employed by the Du Pont chemical factory in a post other than janitor or gardener. The white workers had never called him by name, and had refused to eat at the same table with him.

'When we began challenging the order of things, claiming our rights, some of the older blacks were fearful, and thought it would be better if we let things be.'

Even on non-racial issues, the Joneses have seen a fear in many they know to be involved. It is only very recently that their church, a Pentecostal congregation which worships in a poor section of the city, has begun any concerted outreach programme.

'For Janene and me our belief has always been to step into the unknown so it would no longer be unknown. But there were times when God was the only person who understood what we were doing.'

At one stage Winston took on ten boys with behaviour problems at Franklin School, devoting part of his day off from the Post Office to meet with them in the school library. The librarian, Marjorie Clarke, watched this week after week, admiring Winston's persistence.

Marjorie Clarke and her husband were trying to gather together people in Richmond who had faced their own prejudices and were willing to accept change. In Winston she saw a natural ally. She introduced him to other friends who had found an impetus through Moral Re-Armament to do something about the needs of the city.

One of these friends, Cleiland Donnan, was well-known in the white establishment West End, where she ran a ballroom-dancing school for teenagers.

Not long before Cleiland Donnan met the Joneses, she had taken the daring step of receiving black guests in her home for the first time. 'My main fear was of telling my mother,' she says. The other big fear was what the neighbours would think. Believing some word of warning was imperative, she informed her neighbours that she was having 'some Africans' to dinner.

Nervous start

Janene recalls that the first time she visited Cleiland Donnan's home, Janene wondered what her own mother would think. Black Richmonders usually came to West End homes only as paid domestic help. As Janene and Winston approached Cleiland's front door, they wondered whether this lady really wanted them, 'whereas,' says Cleiland, 'the lady inside was just as nervous as they were!'

'The fact that the Joneses and I needed each other,' says Cleiland, 'has helped me take further steps in realizing how deep the hurts and prejudices go, and how deep the responsibility goes to overcome these hurts.

'As a white person, I feel the guilt of having been part of the hurts,' she goes on. 'There are many instances when I have had to ask forgiveness of blacks for insensitive things I have done or said. I also feel you can't stop there. The friendship with the Joneses has helped me see that we have to become builders together.'

ROB CORCORAN

Cleiland Donnan

Winston and Janene soon found themselves reaching out to a much wider group.

'Before, our view was limited to our community,' says Winston, 'but MRA brought the world into focus for us. It deepened our faith, helped us decide priorities, and enabled us to put what we always believed into practical terms.'

Janene was offered the chance to visit Quebec, to share with French- and English-speaking Canadians some of the things which had been worked out in Richmond. Suddenly, she felt overwhelmed, as if she had reached her limit. 'I had always been taught to take care of home first and whatever problems there are on the "ground you travel". My hands were full and I felt God understood that.'

Despite her protestations, she went to Quebec. 'When I got there I heard people describe things that sounded just like difficulties we had faced. And as I began to talk I found that they were interested in what we were doing, that it could even help them. That's when I got excited, I really did. I found out that it did make a difference to share your experiences with others, and maybe it would make a difference if my prayers went beyond my home and my city.

'When I got back, I knew I was going to have to make a change. I was going to have to be serious about having love in my heart for all. And I found that you can change.'

This was the start of a continuing interchange which the Joneses have kept up with people in other parts of the USA and abroad. Friends and neighbours who had initially criticized them for their outside interests, or called them 'tokens', began to recognize that real friendships were springing up.

Changing times

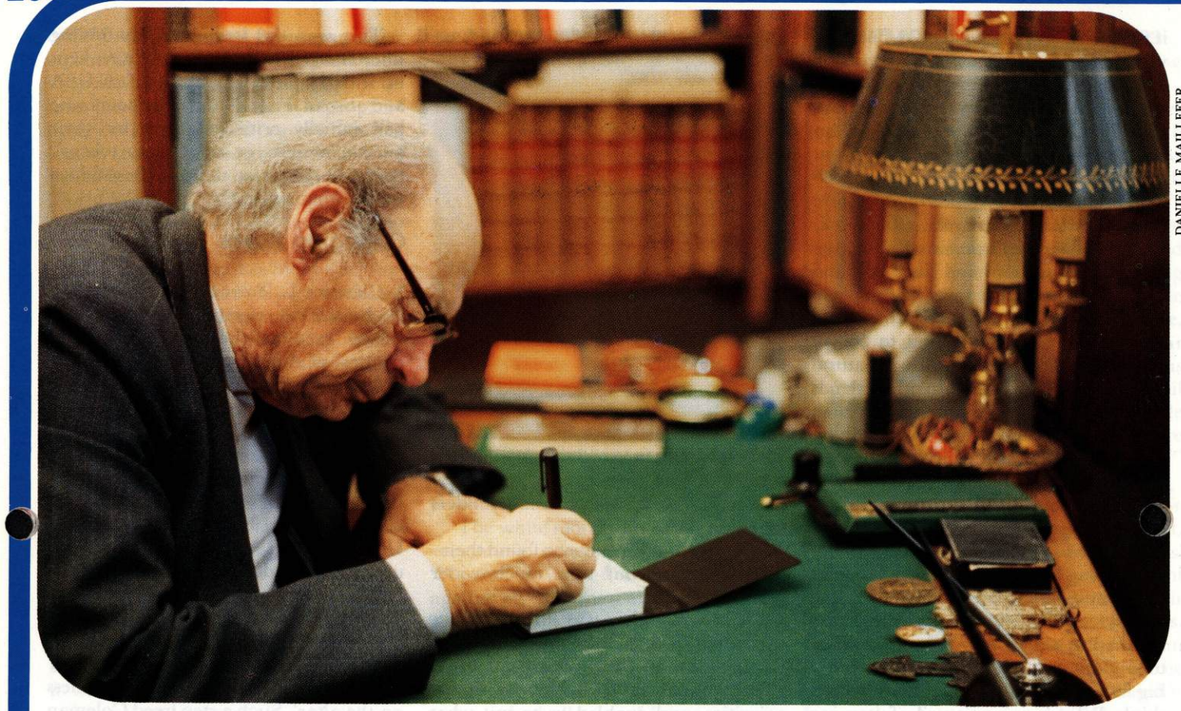
Clarence L. Townes, chairman of the Richmond city electoral board, has described race as the 'great emotional divider' of America. As blacks take the seats of power in an increasing number of American cities, people will be forced to ask themselves if they are willing to be changed within to move with the changing times.

Says John H. Coleman, Jnr, who serves on the national board of the Episcopal Urban Caucus and runs a centre for underprivileged young Richmonders, 'White people are going around with a social disease of guilt and black people are going around with a social disease of bitterness.' Coleman speaks openly about the moment when 'I laid my bitterness on the altar'. Such a step freed Coleman in the same way that risking her neighbours' opinions freed Cleiland Donnan, and acknowledging their call to a task beyond their own neighbourhood freed the Joneses.

While the political and economic issues are played out in the public arena, these people are laying the foundations which will enable new structures to stand.

Margaret Smith

Janene and Winston Jones



DANIELLE MAILLEFER

Paul Tournier **Space for silence**

An interview with the Swiss physician and author. His discovery that many of his patients needed help beyond drugs and surgery led him to develop and practise what he calls 'the medicine of the person', in which medical knowledge and the factor of faith are combined.

He dedicated his first book to Frank Buchman, the initiator of MRA. 'God inspired this man,' he says, 'and it is largely through him that I have been able to bring this new perspective to the medical profession.' Tournier's books have sold over two million copies.

Doctors are some of the busiest people around. So it is interesting to find a doctor emphasizing the importance of silence and listening. You have been practising this faithfully for the last 50 years. Why?

Modern man lacks silence. He doesn't lead his life, he is led by events. It is a race against the clock. I think perhaps the reason why a lot of people come to see me is that they are looking for someone who is quiet, a peaceful person who knows how to listen and isn't always thinking about what is coming next. If life is as full as an egg, there is no room in it for anything else. Even God Himself can't get anything else in. So it is vital to make space somewhere.

Can the silence be defined?

That's very difficult. For me, it means above all waiting. I wait for God to stimulate my mind enough to renew me, to make me creative, instead of being the clanging cymbal St. Paul talks about. It is the central focus of my life. It is an attempt to look at people and their problems from the point of view of God, as far as one is able to do that.

What was your first experience of this silence?

Trying to listen to God for a whole hour and hearing nothing!

Most people would have been discouraged. Were you?

It made me determined to win! Wasn't I competent enough even to do a simple thing like that? The point that had impacted me was the idea of setting oneself to listen to God, which is a step beyond silence. It makes silence a means rather than an end. More valuable even than the silence is this possibility of receiving, through my vocabulary, my heredity, my subconscious, some of the thoughts of God.

After the first failure–or perhaps the first challenge–you then went on.

Often, after that, my times of quiet seemed totally commonplace. You think of something to do, a letter to write. Then you realize that there is always something which resists doing the simple things you know you must do. If you can manage to understand the reason for that resistance, you have gone a little way towards discovering yourself. That is what makes the richness of listening.

There is an element of psychoanalysis in this. When people are being psychoanalyzed, there comes a moment when silence is a terrible burden for them. They long for the doctor to say something. Silence has a power which forces you to go deeper into yourself. It is a phenomenon which Jesus knew well, when He went off to spend a whole night in the silence of the desert. St. Paul knew it. And all the mystics. There is a restructuring of the personality which leads to a discovery of one's deepest motives.

Can silence be of any significance in the life of a non-believer?

Of course. It does have a psychological aspect. For me it means listening to God, but for others it can mean a deepening of oneself.

I have often sat in silence with other people. I have noticed that it is often those with least education who understand it the best. A peasant who listens to God can give you a clear list of all his problems at the end of five minutes—something a professor of philosophy would be incapable of doing. Children understand immediately as well. The naked truth comes out. So it is all to do with very simple things which modern man has ceased to comprehend.

You mean that intellectualism can be an obstacle?

Oh, yes! It's the same in medicine—the intellectuals are the hardest to treat. It wasn't by chance that Jesus said we had to become like children again. On the other hand, an intellectual who does have a deep experience has a great deal to offer.

You said in a recent lecture that listening had allowed you to discover 'the immensity of the problems of living' which face almost every person. How did you come to this perception?

Other people open up about their problems in proportion to our own availability. It is a barometer. This availability depends to a great extent on the discipline of listening, when we place our human relationships before God to try and get the tangles sorted out.

You talked just now about listening with other people. Isn't there a danger of wanting to impose something on another individual?

As much as I am certain of the importance of asking God's direction for oneself, I am equally sceptical about being able to make a formula of the divine will for others to follow. This is where all the intolerances and abuses have come from. People have claimed to know the will of God and then have wanted to impose it on others, with all the conceit of the conviction that they possessed a divine truth. I can never know for certain what God wants for someone else.

If it is not a good thing to tell other people what to do, do you think that nevertheless one can help them to get over their inner limitations?

The extent to which I overcome my own resistance to being real is the extent to which I can help other people to overcome theirs.

I would like to say something about the part which silence plays in the life of a married couple. For my wife and me it was essential. It is in silence that you think of the things which are not very easy to say to the other person because you are afraid of being misunderstood or criticized. In this silence you can't escape such inner imperatives. Without silence, you would more easily be open about the satisfactory things than about the shaming ones. For us, listening was the road which allowed us truly to know one another: so many couples who think they talk about everything are only creating a pretence. You can even pray and sing hymns together without ever being really open to each other, because you keep up the mental barriers. Through listening there is a mutual penetration which cannot be found in any other way.

Can a daily morning time of silence, even if it is difficult at first, become natural?

Often I have kept it just to be faithful to my promises. You inevitably do that kind of thing sometimes in life, especially at a time of spiritual poverty, just so that you don't lose your self-respect. Then you renew your experience and it creates a kind of resurgence, and the motive of vanity drops away.

You are known to dislike offering methods, but can you give any pointers on the shape which a time of listening could take?

I practise written meditation. It might not suit everyone. Some people say, 'The minute I have a pen in my hand I am no longer in a listening spirit—it becomes too formal.' But it happens to suit me very well, because I would tend to daydream when I was listening. The fact of writing stops you from escaping into daydreams, into empty contemplation, which can be comforting but has nothing to do with the realities of life. And then, if you write it down it's like hammering in the nails so that they hold. It commits you more.

Are you conscious of directing your inner reflections?

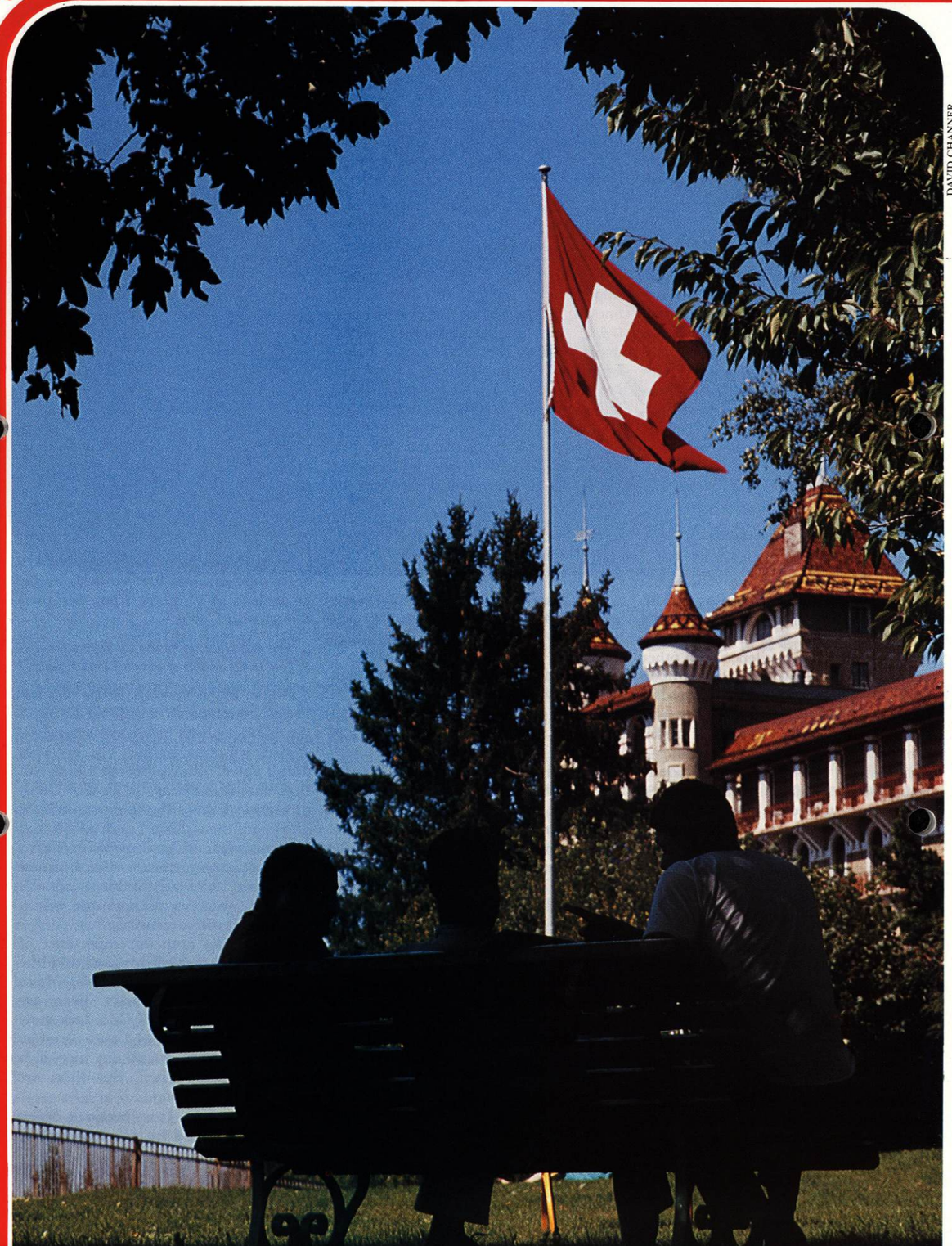
As little as possible. God thinks differently from us. And that's exactly it, the great leap is to move from our own thoughts to God's.

One last point. How can we discern the will of God in the middle of our own loud thoughts?

Above all, it needs patience. I'll tell you something that happened to me. I nearly left medicine to become a preacher. It was tempting to me, but my wife didn't agree. You can see, at a time like that, that it isn't easy to discern God's direction clearly. We spent months in great confusion. Then I understood that I was not meant to leave medicine, but to introduce into medicine the spiritual experience I had had. Suddenly, all was light—it wasn't a compromise but a synthesis. It was so creative.

It illustrates both the importance of trying to be guided by God and the difficulties it presents. So that's where patience becomes necessary. There are times when the will of God does show itself, simply and clearly, and everyone recognizes it. It would be nice if it happened more often. But then, we would become proud....

Jean-Jacques Odier
Translated by Ailsa Hamilton



DAVID CHANNER

Meeting place

Caux, Switzerland

'GREAT THINGS are done when men and mountains meet,' said the poet. And indeed Mountain House, Caux, looking out over the Lake of Geneva and the snow-sprinkled peaks of Switzerland, has seen great things happen.

At Caux, people meet each other. An unemployed printer meets the head of a multinational company; a guerrilla meets a man who fought in the opposing government forces. The North meets the South. The generations talk with each other, not past each other. Informally round a meal table, a black African ambassador and an Afrikaner Dutch Reformed Church minister discuss. 'In 24 hours I have made more friends than in my 15 months in Europe,' the ambassador says.

Yet bringing opposites together does not of itself bring harmony. So what happens here? What is different about this world centre of MRA that moves people on from an encounter of outlooks to a regeneration of hearts?

This is a beautiful, fascinating place, but not always a comfortable one. There is an invisible backdrop of challenge: the challenge to examine oneself, to demand of oneself the change of attitude and the generosity of spirit it is so easy to demand of others. So when Argentines and British met soon after the conflict between their two nations in the South Atlantic, there was clash — but both moved on to see in the lack of understanding, in the lack of care for the other nation, a seed of conflict which could and should have been uprooted in time.

Dialogue of continents

Daniel Mottu, president of the Swiss body which is responsible for the conference centre, says, 'The world is thirsting for authentic values, but it is hardened and sceptical towards great declarations of principle. The only way to promote such values is to apply them in everyday life, in the home and the workplace.'

'Because of the informal and unofficial nature of the sessions,' Mottu continues, 'Caux makes possible meetings and exchanges that are increasingly impossible elsewhere. Here we live out a dialogue of the continents.'

Much of the work of welcoming the guests and preparing and serving the meals is done by those who were guests themselves only yesterday. So trade unionist and industrialist may work side by side and become friends before they know it. 'I came as a cynic,' said the out-of-work printer. 'This conference has opened my eyes to the unemployment in the Third World, far higher than here, and where benefits are non-existent.' He continued, 'Change must occur on both sides of industry in our countries. Then I am certain we will defeat fear, and create the confidence we must have to help ourselves. Here I have rediscovered my faith in God.'

The industrialist added that he learned here to think more about people than just about figures. 'It was in Caux,' he stated, 'that I found how deep is the mistrust of workers towards management.' A New Zealand trade union leader told a radio interviewer on his return home, 'I have told our management committee that I have been guilty of unmitigated criticism and have joined in

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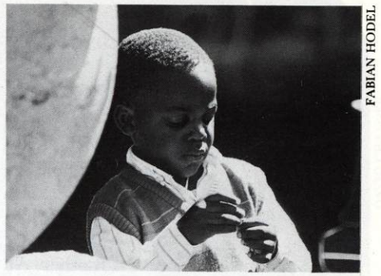
JAN FRANZON



FABIAN HODEL

denigrating conversations with a multitude of people over the years. If I was to try to put it right with everybody, I guess I'd have a ten-year contract. But from now on it's finished.'

At Caux there is a daily programme of meetings and seminars—a chance for those with problems to share them, and for all to open themselves to wider concerns. The evening will bring a stage play, a film or perhaps a concert: a French mime may present St. Francis of Assisi's life and message; a multiracial cast put on a drama they have shown in riot-torn inner-city areas of Britain; Africans bring alive the vitality and cares of their continent in music.

The meetings—formal and structured, or unplanned and impromptu—deal not with good ideas and ideals, but with experience and the evidence of a new world in the making. The programme is shaped by the needs of the world and the concerns of those who come to Caux in the quest for answers.

Through the summer, different sessions draw people concerned with specific themes. 'The real action of human reconciliation and understanding may not be done between Washington and Bonn, or Washington and Moscow, or Bonn and Paris, but by people who are actively involved on a human level, because that is where the understanding has to take place,' said a senior US State Department official, at a European-American symposium.

Breaking away

At a session for politicians, a French Member of Parliament commented, 'In any conflict, even when I think I am right I must admit that some of the wrong is on my side. To admit that and ask forgiveness is one way of breaking away from old conflicts and forming new relationships with people. In the world today there are so many cases of misunderstanding where the spirit of Caux can help a great deal. This is why some of us come back again and again.'

For the last six years, the Toshiba Corporation has sent groups from management and the unions to industrial sessions. Shoji Takase, former senior Managing Director, says, 'After Caux I made efforts to mix with the leaders of the unions. We had meals together, and I had real touches with these people. Rather than blaming each other, we were on the same ground seeking what is right. There has been a drastic change thanks to the spirit of MRA.'

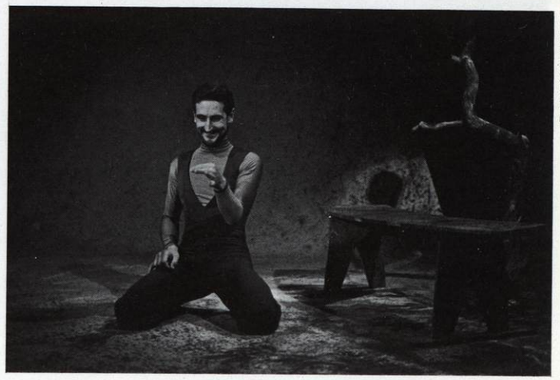
He continues, 'It may not be bad to pursue the prosperity of our country, but we cannot think purely of our own interests. We have to harmonize our living with the prosperity of other countries.'

Nearly forty years ago, as Europe staggered out of a devastating war, 95 Swiss families contributed to the down-payment which started the transformation of Mountain House into an international conference centre. They wanted to provide a meeting place where broken spirits could be healed.

The centre has been in operation since 1946 thanks to sacrificial giving and the voluntary work of many.

In the immediate post-war years thousands came, including some of the leadership of France and Germany, among them French Prime Minister Robert Schuman and German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. Schuman wr

LARS RENGFELT



DAVID CHANNER

'If we were being presented with some new scheme for the public welfare or another theory to be added to the many already put forward, I would remain sceptical. But what Moral Re-Armament brings us is a philosophy of life applied in action. To provide teams of trained men, apostles of reconciliation and builders of new world, that is the begining of a far-reaching transformation of society, in which the first steps have already been made.'

Spirit radiates

Recently the President of the German Federal Republic, Dr. Karl Carstens, noted, 'During the post-war years, when we Germans regained acceptance in the international community and rebuilt relations with France, it was to a large extent due to Moral Re-Armament. Today you include all states in your activities, striving for a community of nations in the true sense of the word.'

Professor Henri Rieben, founder and Director of the Jean Monnet Institute for European Studies at the University of usanne, says of the Pennsylvanian who initiated MRA, 'The spirit of Frank Buchman made things possible. While Monnet was acting for the unification of post-war Europe on the political level, Buchman was operating on the spiritual level. Things are born of the spirit before they are born in the intellect and in action.'

In a similar way, Japanese were welcomed back into the family of nations. 'The foundation of our industrial relations may be found in what we learned at Caux in the 1950s,' says Japanese industrialist Minoru Yamada. 'That has been a basis of our economic miracle.'

Africa was represented by important delegations in the crucial years of decolonization, and more recently, black and white Zimbabweans have searched here for a just way out of a long and bitter war to independence.

Cardinal König, Archbishop of Vienna, wrote recently in the foreword to *The World at the Turning*, 'The movement of the Spirit which radiates from a small place above Lake Geneva, and which is known the world over as Moral Re-Armament, is one of the most significant and promising developments of our time.... 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.'

Agenda for the '80s

The agenda for the Eighties includes the human factors in development; the changes needed in North and South to promote dialogue and progress; forging an alliance of faith in the face of militant materialism; the problems of the Middle East and Southern Africa; a renewal of the European ideal that looks beyond the present East-West divisions; and the fresh thinking and motives needed to create a sane economy in the post-industrial societies.

But perhaps the most important meeting in Caux is the hardest to plan, to report or to explain. It is a personal encounter in the realm of faith. The problems facing the world are immense, but the past has shown that from this unexpected meeting, unexpected hope can spring.

Andrew Stallybrass

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U.S.A.	1030 Fifteenth Street N.W., Suite 908, Washington, D.C. 20005.
Zambia	P.O. Box 71735, Ndola.
Zimbabwe	P.O. Box 2142, Harare.

Books

THE WORLD AT THE TURNING—
Experiments with Moral Re-Armament
Charles Piguet and Michel Sentis, a Protestant and a Catholic, illustrate the moral and spiritual changes in people that underlie any worthwhile and permanent transformation of society.

DYNAMIC OUT OF SILENCE—
Frank Buchman's relevance today
Professor Theophil Spoerri probes the life and philosophy of one of the most controversial men of this century.

THE BLACK AND WHITE BOOK
A pocket guide to the world we live in and how to change it, by Sydney Cook and Garth Lean. Published in 30 languages.

A list of books, plays, cassettes, films, videos and periodicals is available on request.

NY VERDEN - informasjon om Moralsk Opprustning
Postboks 3018 Elisenberg, O s l o 2.
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August, 1983.

Til NY VERDENs lesere.

Å få et engelsk tidsskrift i posten i stedet for juli/august-nummeret av NY VERDEN er selvsagt overraskende. Men vi synes dette bladet er så godt at det bør ut til våre abonnenter. Det er utgitt av Grosvenor Books og Moralsk Opprustning i London. Vi håper at den korte oversikten over innholdet som følger nedenfor, i alle fall kan være et supplement til bildene for dem som har det vanskelig med engelsken.

Lederen (s. 3)

tar utgangspunkt i de gamle ordene om "å lege dem som har et knust hjerte, rope ut frihet for fanger og frigjøring for dem som er i lenker" - og konkluderer med følgende utfordring:

"Om fremtiden skal bli kvalitativt bedre enn fortiden, vil mange av oss måtte kaste til side gamle unnskyldninger om maktesløshet og stille oss til disposisjon som 'mikro-byggere' av en ny verden. Hvis vi gjør hva vi blir ledet til, vil Skaperen gjøre det vi ikke makter."

Zimbabwe (s. 4)

Blir Zimbabwes fred varig, spør avisene. Artikkelen forteller om mennesker som bygger opp den nye nasjonen tvers igjennom alle kriser.

Kunsten å leve sammen

er temaet for historiene fra USA og Kanada på s. 6 og 7. Det berettes om tre familiers seire og nederlag.

Kim Beazley, sosialdemokratisk politiker fra Australia (s. 8)

har satset på overbevisningen om at Guds visdom overgår menneskets, også i politikken. Både som undervisningsminister i den siste australske Labour-regjeringen og gjennom mangfoldige år i Parlamentet har han blant annet kjempet for at den australske urbefolkningen skulle få lovfestet rett til land slik at de kunne forhandle på et reelt grunnlag med storsamfunnet, og at de skulle gis mulighet til å basere sine barns identitet på undervisning i deres eget språk.

Et nytt lederskap (s. 12)

gjengir noen tanker av den amerikanske konsulenten i

utenriksspørsmål, Robert Crane. Han hevder at "den grunnleggende konflikten i verden ikke er mellom rivaliserende institusjoner eller ideer, men mellom rivaliserende viljer, nemlig menneskets vilje og Guds vilje". Lederskap, sier han, "er en uunngåelig konsekvens for det fullt forpliktede menneske".

Forsoning mellom Nord og Sør (s. 13)

er en førstehånds beretning om noen av de faktorer som gjorde det mulig å oppnå fred mellom Nord- og Sør-Sudan etter 17 års borgerkrig. Dr. Mohammed El Murtada Mustafa, sjef for arbeidsdirektoratet i Sudan, forklarer hvordan det å sette menneskers forvandling først ble nøkkelen i en nasjonal forsonings-situasjon.

Fremskritt: Den menneskelige faktor

er overskriften for sidene 14-20. Historier fra India, Japan, Brasil og Finnland gir eksempler på individers innflytelse på utviklingen. Surendra Jha og Rabindranath Roy er to indiske arbeidere som viser hva moralsk mot kan utrette i et stålverk. Japanerinnen Yukika Sohma har gått i spissen for en nasjonal innsamling til støtte for asiatiske flyktninger. "Vi trenger å åpne japanernes hjerter for verden," sier hun. "Den beste måten å gjøre det på, er å begynne med pengepungen deres!" På s. 18 er et bilde av MRAs asiatiske senter i Panchgani, India. Fra Brasil er det en fortelling om sanering av slumstrøk på initiativ fra slumboerne selv. Direktør Paul Gundersen fra Finnland underbygger at ærlighet i forretningslivet ikke er naivt.

Hvis side er Gud på? (s. 21)

er utdrag av en bok som nylig er utkommet i Sør-Afrika.

Fra sammenstøt til samfunn (s. 22-25)

er beretninger om rasekonflikter som ble løst, i Newcastle, England og Richmond, USA.

Rom for stillhet (s. 26)

er et intervju med den sveitsiske legen og forfatteren Paul Tournier. Hans bøker er trykket i 2 mill. eksemplarer. "Det er for en stor del takket være det jeg lærte av Frank Buchman at jeg har kunnet gi dette nye perspektivet på legeyrket," sier han.

Caux - MRAs senter i Sveits

beskrives til sist, fra s. 28.

Vennlig hilsen

NY VERDENs redaksjon.