

DECEMBER 1986

FREELWAY

Number 2

"Why not let God run the world?" (Frank Buchman)



WHO ON EARTH ARE WE?

So here it is, the second edition of *FREEWAY*, even bigger, better and brighter than before!

Well, that may be an exaggeration but your humble editors have tried hard to iron out some of the teething problems that can be expected with new babies or other publications.

Talking of humble editors, people have asked who we are.

In Britain, starting from left to right, we have the infamous Mark Boobbyer at Durham University of sporting fame, and Warren Buckley, a politics student from Leicester University known to his enemies as Warren Beatty or Rabbit Warren. Then there is Christina Hammond, a classical scholar at Bristol University. Mike Lowe is by nature as his name suggests. A recent graduate of Microbiology, now working full-time for MRA, he has just left for India to avoid working on the next issue.

Grey but vigorous father of two, Edward Peters does much of the hard work for *FREEWAY*. Peter Riddell, known affectionately as Riddell of the Sphinx, is currently in Egypt with his wife. A music graduate, he tends to strike a cordial note at editorial meetings. Andrew Smith from the land of swirling kilts and bagpipes will take on *FREEWAY* in Scotland and hopes to bring us an exclusive interview with the Loch Ness Monster.

Matthias Freitag is our newly shaven editor in Berlin, and the intrepid Jeroen Gunning, when not scaling the peaks of the Dutch Mountains is our editor in the Netherlands. In France, Antoine and Johanna Jaulmes will keep us informed of news there, and Anja Snellman is our Nordic editor. Andrew Stallybrass will give us the benefit of his wit and wisdom from Geneva.

Last but not least, Philip Boobbyer, who is doing Russian studies in the USA [see article, page 5], will keep us up to date on US baseball and football scores.

Having said all that, we should also point out that the editorship is flexible. People other than those mentioned above have helped with various aspects, including the massive job of sending the magazine out. The first two issues have been produced in Britain, so they have borne an Anglo-Saxon mark! We hope that *FREEWAY* can become truly international, and this of course will depend on enough participation by people from outside the fair shores of Britain.

Why do so many people go through the time consuming ordeal of producing and reading this magazine?

One important task of *FREEWAY* is to create and sustain a sense of momentum amongst us. A sense that changes are happening and that God is at work.

When you are alone it is easy to get discouraged and to feel that you are fighting a losing battle. Without encouragement, our expectancy of what God can do in us and through us can quickly become small, and then living the disciplines of the spiritual life becomes pointless.

But on the other hand when things are moving we can help each other to build and keep a vision of what God means us to do. The news we send to each other can stop that vision from becoming small and challenge us all to expect more from our partnership with God. A strong sense of momentum can take us across every obstacle.

And when you really get going the problems that preoccupy so many people just don't bother you. You're moving too fast to even notice them.

Best wishes for Christmas and the New Year!

THE EDITORS

What is MRA?

EXPLAINING MRA TO MY FRIENDS

Warren Buckley is studying politics at Leicester University in England.

Recently, as I started my first term at university, I have found it increasingly necessary to describe Moral Re-Armament to my new friends when they ask questions about my faith and the way of life I try to lead. As many of you will know, this can be very difficult to do, but it is such a God-given opportunity to pass on what I have learnt that it would be a crime not to do so.

But then what is MRA? An organisation, a political group, a religion? All of these have been suggested at some time just in these last few weeks. In reality the only way I can explain it is through personal experiences of how MRA helped me.

As I got to know one of my friends, I came to realise that the best way to describe MRA to him would be through the same angle that attracted me. I first met MRA at a Study Week at Tirley Garth, and I arrived in a very disillusioned and suspicious but curious mood. I was interested by the talk of absolute moral standards and 'quiet times' but what really captured my imagination was the world vision for change that seemed present in all of MRA's thinking. Nothing was seen as impossible, even the crux of world problems - changing human nature. I was able to describe to my friend the scope of conversation and action and the range of people all around the world living this life.

This kind of description was clearly understood by him, and since then I have been able to expand this to the moral standards and commitment. However another friend, whom I met through the university's Christian Union, was much more interested in how I - once a leaner towards Marxism - came to have a faith. To him I was able to explain how through an MRA conference I learnt how Christianity was not a stale and stagnant religion but a vibrant and dynamic way of life; how I discovered that deep inside me was a 'kind of voice' which could tell me what was right and wrong - but how I found that I could not succeed in keeping to the 'right' without some help. Someone had suggested that I should try and search for God rather than just waiting for him to come to me - and so, to settle whether he was real or not, I tried. I found that I began to have greater strength to follow my conscience and I was able to be much more honest. I apologised to a good friend whom I had hurt some months before by lying. I found God's love because I looked for it, so re-opening the door I had once so firmly shut.

Earlier this year I described MRA to an 'old' friend through the people I had met who, even though they hardly knew me, gave of their very best to help me find a purpose in life.

With every person we need to search for the best approach and look back at our own experience for help. It is not a matter of leaving out some things but of developing a foundation from which to expand.

Moral Re-Armament is like a many-faceted diamond. Each face is unique in its attraction, whether it is the moral standards, the unity, the friendships, or (as it was for me) the world vision. They all make up the precious stone; each needing the other to make it whole and beautiful. Beyond them lies the centre of the diamond - reflected in all, and unifying them. In MRA that is the commitment to follow God.

By telling your own experiences, you show you are open to all questions and slowly you can build a picture of MRA.

"That shall be my life, to scatter flowers - I miss no single opportunity of making some small sacrifice, here by a smiling look, there by a kindly word, always doing the tiniest things right and doing it for love."

St Theresa of Lisieux



"You guys are both witnesses . . . He laughed when my marshmallow caught fire."

Matthew Wilson, Exeter University, GB:

On Tuesday 21 October Les Dennison came down to Exeter University, on my invitation, to speak to the Anglican Fellowship here. Mike Lowe and Edward Peters also came down, and I was grateful for their support.

Before the talk, there was a chance for the University chaplain to meet Les and the others over a meal.

For those of you who don't know Les, he was for 26 years a militant member of the Communist Party. He had chosen to talk on the subject of "The global struggle for hearts and minds". Although the attendance was smaller than hoped, I know that some, if not all, were stimulated by what Les said. I certainly was! After his talk, Les was interviewed by Peter Holman from the University Radio - being broadcast over the Exeter airwaves the following Sunday.

Some thoughts on follow-up have come my way. I have some copies of "The Secret" which I want to place in the right hands. I've also thought about a follow-up meeting, combining university students and several other people in the Exeter area who have previously come into contact with MRA.

Any other ideas would be greatly appreciated. My Exeter address:
3 Station Road, Pinhoe, Exeter EX1 3SA.

Moir Mackay:

I am now at the London Hospital, in the east end of London. I started my training as a nurse on October 15th, moving into the nursing home at the same time. Our basic training takes three years, after which I hope to go on to do a further 18 months training to be a qualified midwife. We study in the 'School of Nursing' and work on the wards. I've been on the wards twice so far, and have bed-bathed a semi-comatose and jaundiced patient, and have helped dress the wound of a man who had had his big toe amputated. One cannot say this career lacks variety!

The area of London that I have moved into is very different from the one I used to live in. It is made up of many different cultures and races. In the new year I hope to start learning to speak Bengali in order to be able to communicate with some of the patients.

I would love to hear from anyone. My address:

Cavell Home, c/o The London Hospital,
East Mount Street, London E1 1BQ.

THE PATH I HAVE TAKEN

by Richard Zesooli, from Uganda, who graduated this summer. Since then, he has been in Britain, working with MRA. In late November he travelled to India to help with the next 'Dialogue on Development' at Panchgani.

It is now 24 years since my beloved country Uganda attained independence. Since then Ugandans have gone a long way to showing how unprepared we were for it. Today it is not uncommon to hear the older generation wishing the colonial days were back.

Selfish leaders have led the country into untold ruin. Lives and property have been destroyed, as well as the 'moral fibre' of people. So today, the challenge facing Uganda - more than any other - is that of moral rehabilitation. Uganda may receive material assistance from her friends abroad, but alongside this must be spiritual change if the new infrastructures are not to be wrecked by the human selfishness which hard times have created.

The situation in Uganda leads many to despair and resignation. It calls for a colossal sense of faith and hope. These were not commodities I had when I met some European visitors engaged in the work of Moral Re-Armament, in Kampala in April this year. At first the idea of MRA did not appeal to me. Rather the concern that these people from Europe showed for the suffering masses of Africa struck me most. For I felt they realised that, apart from the material aid the West gave us, the spirit of people too yearned for food.

In June a larger team of ten MRA

people visited Kampala. Among other things they met some students at Makerere University where I was studying.

The greatest challenge of my life was yet to come: facing the absolute moral standards (honesty, purity, unselfishness and love). It was no easy task! I had been selfish towards my brothers and sisters, not being ready to share anything with them - be it clothes or toothpaste! I had to apologize, but this was not easy, due to my pride and inner fear of what they would think of me. It took me months to gain the courage to do so. When I finally did it, I felt an overwhelming sense of inner joy.

I was also good with the beer bottles and tumblers. This had to be erased from my social programme, giving me a deep feeling of satisfaction - apart from the fact that I had extra money in my pocket and a healthier body!

Now I am visiting Europe and India, to build bridges of friendship with people from different continents. I visualise myself as a trainee in preparation for the commitment ahead: pursuing change in people for a better world. Next year I hope to return to Uganda to continue building a committed team in the University, and to provide a link between the different MRA families in Uganda.

My work is alongside that of a Ugandan team that is finding its feet again. This work is for the greater good of the whole African continent. I humbly ask for your prayers, that I work under the guidance of God the Almighty.

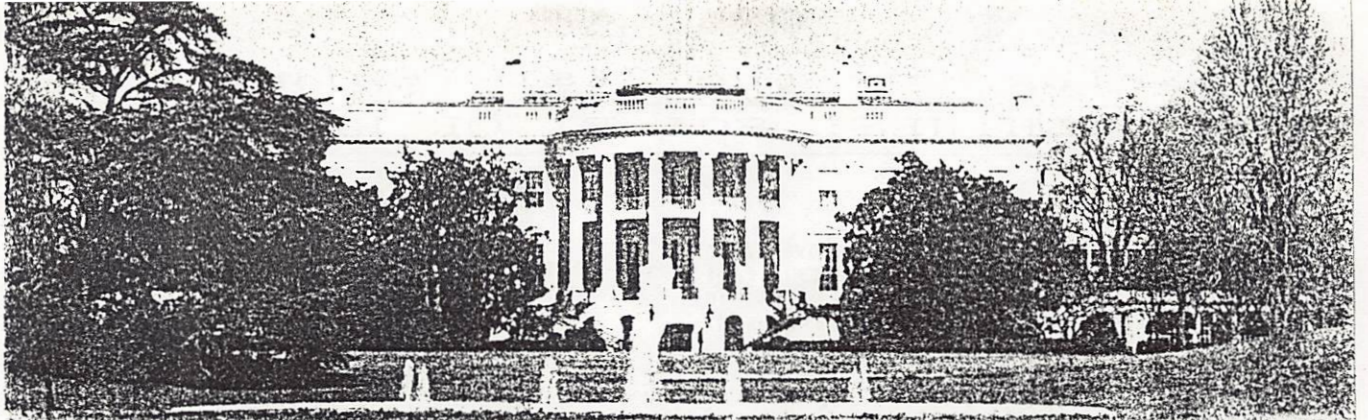


photo by Arthur Strong

LETTER FROM AMERICA

The New York Mets have just beaten the Boston Red Sox in the final of baseball's World Series. The climax was extraordinarily tense; the New York crowd grew ecstatic as the Mets came from behind in the 6th and 7th games to take the series. The Sox threw it away. They haven't won for 68 years. With the baseball over, the focus switches to the coming elections to the Senate.

I'm reading Russian Area Studies at Georgetown University in Washington DC. Georgetown is well known for basketball and international studies. It's fascinating: there seems much more in the way of Soviet Studies here than there ever was in Britain.

One of my classes is on Soviet foreign policy. Recently the class discussed Soviet policy towards Western Europe. What do the Soviets really want? How should America react? Should America get involved in Europe? One girl talked of the British students she had met in Moscow, how they had been so unfriendly that they even refused to talk to the Americans. It's good to see Europe from here; you realise it's not the centre of the world you thought. My first piece of work was on arms control. The newspapers here have been dominated by Reykjavik. Was Reagan right or wrong? If he loses the Republican majority in the Senate, he will come under a great deal of pressure.

Washington is attractive and there are few skyscrapers in the centre. It is a city dominated by politics; U.S. politics is increasingly dominated by TV advertising. Congressmen are busy and under pressure; they receive up to 20,000 letters a week and have huge offices to deal with mail. I'm doing some voluntary work for a Congressman in one of the offices - a common thing for students. Unlike in Britain, Congressmen are more responsible to their constituents than to their Party.

There is another side to Washington. It is 90% black and suffered unrest during the civil rights movement. Perhaps the football team, the Washington Redskins, unites the city - tickets are sold ten years ahead. The Redskins are having a good season!

I realise how little I know about America. It's huge, new and unlike Europe. There is a lot to discover. I've discovered butter pecan ice cream, the variety of an American cafeteria (discipline is needed), that Americans are diet conscious, that my accent is 'cool' and 'cute', and that baseball statistics are as extensive as cricket statistics. Computers are everywhere and my university work must be typed, so I'm learning how to use a word processor. There is constant demand for information and facts. And doing Soviet Studies here makes me realise how little I know.

Philip Boobbyer

More news

Peter Baynard-Smith:

I have just returned from the best two weeks I've yet spent in my time working with Rolls Royce - and not one minute was in a factory! I've been taking part in a 'management experience', in the form of running a children's camp.

The aim was to provide an unforgettable holiday for 40 underprivileged Bristol kids, as well as to give us (18 graduates and undergraduates) the experience of looking after children 24 hours a day. It showed us how 18 strong-willed, stubborn and (later on) irritable young people can and must work together, and bring all our differences out into the open.

In the preparation it soon became obvious that we weren't able to decide anything between us without some form of order and authority structure. So began the thorny issue of leadership that was to occupy every minute of the next two days. We had known each others' names for about 12 hours, and we now had to choose camp leaders!

We finally elected a leader and deputy, having travelled up other roads of 'equal responsibility for all', and an 'executive committee' structure, both of which soon proved ineffective. Having two people who could ensure that every aspect of the camp fitted together, and who could keep a watchful eye on staff morale, made sure that (in spite of mistakes) the camp ran smoothly.

The camp itself began with a yell - 40 screaming kids piled off their bus, and it was all go from there.

When the kids left after a week, some said they 'wished Barton camp could go on for ever'. Others said, 'We weren't all that bad, were we?!' These remarks put the icing on the cake for us. They had all enjoyed every minute. That made us happy.

I leave you with the quote of the week. It came from a boy of eight, while walking past a field of bullocks: 'Them cows ain't got no milk machines!'

Preparing for the 21st Century

GENE MACHINES: SCI-FI OR REALITY?

by Dr John Lester

The story of genetics began in Czechoslovakia in 1865, when Abbot Mendel published the results of his painstaking work carried out on pea plants in the monastery garden, and formulated his laws of inheritance.

Since then our understanding of how species reproduce and develop, has grown apace, and has faced us all with hitherto undreamed of ethical issues. But these can only be considered meaningfully if some understanding is gained of what is being discovered.

In the last thirty years or so scientists have been able to turn their attention to what goes on within the cells which make up the body of a person, plant or animal - the chemistry of life itself.

One of the first things that was recognised within the cell was the chromosomes - in the human cell forty-six little rods of various shapes - and it was soon discovered that they were the agents of transmission of inheritance.

Each individual unique

Probably the biggest breakthrough came with the unravelling of the molecular structure of the complex chemical DNA, which forms the chromosomes. Sometimes something goes wrong with one of the chromosomes, and disease results. For example a fault in chromosome 21 produces Down's Syndrome (mongolism). As knowledge has increased so it has become possible to recognise the specific genetic error in a large number of inherited diseases.

In the reproductive cells - the ovum and the sperm - there are only twenty three chromosomes. When they meet and fertilisation takes place there are once again forty-six chromosomes but in a mix that makes that particular new individual unique.

For a fully grown baby to result all that is necessary is time (thirty eight weeks from fertilisation) and the right environment (normally provided by the mother's womb). The mother provides support such as nutrients but the controlled development of the embryo is governed by the chromosomes. They act like the software of a computer. The cell is able to 'read them' and do what it is meant to do. As the cells divide so each new cell is given its own copy of that organism's specific unique software.

Different scientific disciplines have been developing simultaneously. So gynaecologists have learned how to remove ova from the ovary in the mother's abdomen using a fine tube - even though a single ovum is only just visible to the naked eye. They have learned how to keep the separated ovum alive, to store sperm, freezing it if they so wish for years. They have mastered the trick of fertilising the ovum with the sperm in a dish and either replanting it in the mother's womb or freezing it and using it later.

While that has been going on the genetisists have been advancing too. They have found that in certain circumstances they can fertilise the ovum of one animal with the sperm of a similar but different animal - for example, a horse and a zebra. They have discovered that they can introduce genetic material from three different strains of mouse and produce a chimera which has all this material in its genetic make up. They have found that they can split an early embryo, for example a cow embryo, and so produce two identical twins.

It is only a few years ago that most people thought that it was ridiculous to think in terms of spare-part surgery - the transplantation of



kidneys, livers, hearts and lungs from donor to recipient.

Will it soon be possible to remove a defective gene and replace it with a normal one? Will it be possible to breed for intelligence or strength or beauty? Such techniques are not yet with us, may never be with us, but could be possible in the not too distant future.

And so the ethical issues become apparent. Experiments performed on animals suddenly become possible in humans because of the techniques for, and acceptance of, the production of human embryos in a laboratory. Gene replacement in the future only becomes a possibility if research is allowed into human embryos now.

It should be realised that until recently the idea of embryo research was abhorrent and the only reason why it is now considered is because of the arrival of abortion.

A permissive age has blurred people's understanding of right and wrong. This is normally thought of in terms of sex, but it spills over into our feelings about life itself. Thus until well into the 1960's abortion was regarded as wrong because human life was considered sacred. Then came the Abortion Law reform which made abortion in certain circumstances legal. Those circumstances were gradually watered down until we have, to all intents and purposes, abortion on demand, and have all but lost the concept of the sacredness of human life.

Is 'progress' always good?

Up until the First World War moral standards were regarded generally as absolute. Since that time they have been commonly regarded as relative. But the difficulty is that once one departs from the absolute it becomes a matter of opinion where to draw the line. It is not long since this country accepted honesty as normal. Now many argue that tax fiddling, or expense fiddling are acceptable. This same process takes place with regard to life. If you no longer hold human life as being absolutely sacred, where do you draw the line? If it is permissible to destroy human foetal life up to twenty eight weeks in the uterus, why should you not destroy a baby born prematurely and earlier at twenty six weeks, which could be saved but at considerable expense?

If one can destroy a very premature baby, what about a full term baby which has, for example, mongolism, and which could have been terminated in the womb if it had been discovered? And if that, what about a baby which is normal but unwanted? After all it would now have been legal in the womb up to 28 weeks. What about the old who want to die? Or the mentally ill who can't decide for themselves but who use valuable resources?

This may seem to many far fetched, but it should not. It is a timely reminder that the path this country is steadily going down is one travelled earlier and quickly by Hitler's Germany.

(continued on page 10)

The Brian Boobbyer Column

FLY HIGH - STAND ALONE



photo by
Blair Cummock

I'm a bird person.
Since I was twelve.
That is, a bird with feathers.
When I think of South Africa, India,
America and Australia, I think of bee-
eaters, orioles, hoopoes, cardinals and
kookaburras - as well as people!
John Buchan described the call of the
curlew as "The true voice of the
wilderness - eerie, fantastic,
untamable". A good description of
nature itself. To me birds are magical
and mysterious.

There is a verse from Isaiah chapter
40: "They that wait on the Lord shall
renew their strength. They shall mount
up with wings as eagles. They shall run
and not be weary, and they shall walk
and not faint". If we wait on God, we
can soar, run and walk, and need never
lose heart.

"Do you want to be an eagle?"

Do you want to be an eagle? Or
rather, are you ready to be an eagle?
It looks rather lonely up there, though
your eyesight is good and you can see
things from a distance.

Of course all other birds love their
own uniqueness - the ordinary sparrow,
the gracious swallow, the blackbird with
its lovely song, the dazzling
kingfisher. The favourite bird of St
Francis was the crested lark. His
vision for his team of friends was that
they should all be larks, meaning, I
imagine, that larks rise and soar and
sing and never stop.

But there is something special about
an eagle. Apart from anything, it is
rare.

Recently my wife and I were in Durham
Cathedral. At one end lies Bede and at
the other lies Cuthbert - two great
saints some 12 centuries ago. They
remind me of St Paul's challenge long
ago that our calling was to be saints.

But you may not want to be a saint.
The word for 'saint' in Greek is
'hagios', meaning "utterly different".
You may not want to be so different from
the world that you lose all your
friends, or think you will. The demand
for personal success and popularity is
very strong.

Victor Hugo in 'Les Misérables' wrote:
"Contemporary admiration is nothing but
shortsightedness".

C.S. Lewis in 'Mere Christianity' gave
a superb picture of how to be a saint
and why:

"The real problem of the Christian
life comes the very moment you wake up
each morning. All your wishes and hopes
for a day rush at you like wild animals.
And the first job each morning consists
in shoving them all back, in listening
to that other voice, taking that other
point of view, letting the other,
larger, stronger, quieter life come
flowing in. And so on all day standing
back from your natural fussings and
frettings, coming in out of the wind."

He goes on: "When Christ said 'Be
perfect' he meant that we must go in for
the full treatment."

"It would be hard for an egg to turn
into a bird. It would be a jolly sight
harder for it to learn to fly while
remaining an egg. We are like eggs at
present. And you cannot go on being an
ordinary decent egg. We must be hatched
or go bad."

"We say: 'I never expected to be a
saint. I only wanted to be a decent
ordinary chap.' And we imagine we are
being humble. But this is the fatal
mistake. To shrink back from God's plan
is not humility, it is laziness and
cowardice. To submit to it is not
conceit but obedience."

He is going to make us into creatures
that can obey that command. If we let
Him he can make the feeblest filthiest
of us into a God, a dazzling radiant
immortal creature pulsating with such
energy and joy, wisdom and love as we
cannot now imagine, a bright stainless
mirror."

Flying high and alone, and standing
alone, does not mean working alone. The
Scriptures are full of the heritage of
people past and present whom we join
when we walk the road of the saints. We
become part of God's network through the
world, not isolated stars.

"Go in for the full treatment"

Henry Drummond, in the second chapter
of 'The Greatest Thing in the World'
wrote: "There is no more dramatic scene
in history than when Jesus entered the
church in Nazareth and read to the
people the programme: it deals with the
real world - cold, cruelty, fever,
famine, ugliness, loneliness, pain.
There is not one burning issue of the
human race which is not represented
here. Liberty, comfort, beauty, joy.
No life that is occupied with such an
enterprise could be other than radiant."

This programme is also spelt out in
the book of Isaiah. In fact Jesus
quotes it. A part of it, in exact
words, is "to give a garment of praise
for a spirit of heaviness". What a
programme that attempts to remove the
world's heaviness of heart.

If we choose to fly high like an
eagle, to stand and walk alone as the
saints have done, we can be part of this
fantastic programme.

In the first issue of FREEWAY we reported on the Nordic Revue, 'Hvem Narres' (Who's Kidding Whom'). The first performance of their tour was given in Oslo on Sept 25th, and since then the show has been presented several times in the Oslo area and in Kristiansand (in the south of Norway). Members of the cast have visited innumerable schools, speaking in classes. They have been interviewed on radio about twenty times. They have met many personalities in Norwegian political and industrial life. One of the biggest local newspapers in Norway, 'Fædrelandsvennen', wrote in a review of the show: "They challenged a full theatre to shout and spell out their dreams and stand for their own convictions, and at the same time remember that helping others is what really matters".

Four of the cast have written specially for FREEWAY about their experiences on tour.

Anja Snellman, from Finland, acts, sings and works on costumes:

The actual performance itself is just a very small part of what we're doing. It's been such fun learning so many new things; I've been spending hours plugging in cables for the sound system; and you can bet I was nervous for my first radio interview! But one gets used to almost everything, like loading all our equipment onto the bus at midnight, when it's raining - and having started work at seven.

It's been really interesting talking to schools about the revue, and then discussing it afterwards. I've realised I have to think through what I believe in and hope for myself, and how to be true to what is 'me' and not follow the crowd. But it has been such a joy to work together with people who are so different. We are such a varied group, life is certainly never dull!

Sue Faber, from Britain, is one of the dancers:

Being part of the Nordic Revue is just great! I love it - and wouldn't be doing anything else for the world.

It's such fun, it's such hard work. The backstage crew work especially hard, lugging 4 tons of equipment from place to place, putting up the set, endless lighting and sound circuits - and then taking it all down again after a show, loading all the stuff onto the bus, finishing in the early hours of the morning, and often starting again before breakfast.

And there's so much to do to arrange performances, to get your audience to come; visiting schools, colleges; giving interviews on the radio, in newspapers; printing brochures, invitations, programmes, posters, tickets; finding beds - or floor space! - for us all wherever we go; cooking all the meals and washing up after them (everyone's favourite occupation!); how to finance the whole thing...we're in debt at the moment! We have endless meetings - inspirational and practical; we're all in I don't know how many different sub-committees, responsible for various

things. We try to arrange discussions after a show, to see if its content made any sense to our audiences! And on top of all that the actual performance - we've little time to rehearse any more (surprisingly enough!) - and we're always full of ideas of how to improve the show, change different bits of it - though we rarely agree on which bits should be changed!

We're all learning to take responsibility for things we've never done before; how to share the work-load evenly; to share whatever money we have; how to work together. We're so different. It's all too easy to get angry with each other, to criticize, to judge - without really listening to what others have to say, really trying to understand people.

The theme of the Revue is to serve others, not live for yourself. For me, that means wanting the best for another person, really believing in each other. It's easy to criticize - harder to be constructive, to really love a person.

Scandinavia's a fantastic place - it's so beautiful. You must come, all of you! We're having a New Year's Camp, 28 December-3 January, up in the mountains, and you're all warmly invited. Warmly...? It'll be freezing! But great fun. Skiing...! And there's this wonderful stuff called 'geitost' (goat cheese).

I'm even learning Norwegian....

Gunnar Henden, from Norway, sings and plays keyboard:

Here I am in Oslo. Outside it's pouring, it's cold and dark, and I'm having a very good time! Travelling with a group of 30 is not always the easiest way of life; it's very challenging in many ways. One valuable thing we're learning is that no one can insist he's got the one and only answer for everyone else. We are willingly and honestly searching for our ideals, and trying to live them out, without saying we're perfect.

Another thing I've learned about myself, and that I have to fight against, is my arrogance towards people who have not found the same ways to



From left to right: Franz Nielsen (Norway), Anja Snellman (Finland), Eivind Brøvig (Norway), Alistair Moir (Scotland) and Gudrun Brøvig (Norway)

follow their ideals as I have. But we believe that our own life-style is important for today and the future, and therefore we're all struggling with these questions. That doesn't mean we all come to the same conclusions - and thank God for that! But we've lots to learn about tolerance and acceptance of each other, and we hope that others can discover a bit of what we have learned during this year.

We've had a great response in all the places we've performed, and many people are interested in coming to the New Year Conference. So maybe something positive will come out of all this?

Alistair Moir, from Scotland, works backstage:

Here is Norway, where in times gone by Vikings planned package holidays to Britain's fair shores, I'm enjoying working with a great bunch of people; people who don't preach but nonetheless want to serve others and not just themselves. We come from different walks of life and have very different opinions on politics and religion. Some of us are Christians and some of us are not, but our strength lies in our diversity.

When we showed the revue at Caux, we had a positive reaction from the younger generation but a rather cold and guarded reaction from some others (say no more!). I also had my doubts before I came here, but having witnessed the effect the revue has had on our audiences my doubts have "exited stage left, pursued by bear" (to quote a famous Shakespeare play).

One important feature of 'Hvem Narres' (the revue) is that we don't piously claim to know all the answers; but we are searching for what it is we believe in, and what we want to say to other people.

What is refreshing for me is that the group is spontaneous and alive, and does not conform to any one established way of thinking.

One interesting topic that always comes up, particularly in interviews, is our association with Moral Re-Armament. We ourselves believe that whether we are an MRA revue or not is not the issue, but it is how we live that is the important factor.

We will be travelling to Sweden and Finland, and, as is so astutely pointed out in 'Hamlet' (and I quote), "There is something rotten in the state of Denmark", so we thought we'd go there as well!

DO YOU DARE ?

a song from the Nordic Revue
by Marit Sandnes

*Do you dare to listen to the weak?
You who live in comfort.
Are their cries of pain like salt
in your wounds?*

*Do you dare to feel the pain of those
who lost everything in the hail of bombs
feel the hunger in the swollen stomach
of a starving child?
Carry the fear of those who fell in
battle?*

*Do you dare to call a spade a spade?
To accept betrayal for what it is?
Without first glancing at the party
manifesto
and saying what is wrong is right.*

*Do you dare to step out into the open?
Say goodbye to the fortress of safety.
Lose your power.
Meet the bottomless pit of poverty -
inside you?*

*Only then, my friend, will you be ready
to follow love's calling
and step out into a poor and desolate
world
next to Him who was born in a stable.*

A LISTENING EAR

In October, Dr Paul Tournier, the famous 'doctor of the whole person', died. He had always refused to write an autobiography. Here Edward Peters reviews his last publication, which to some extent filled this gap.

"Dr Tournier needs no introduction from me," said a well-known American writer on introducing the famous Doctor before a recent speech in Munich; "you all know who he is and the insight he has brought us with his concept of the person." Dr Tournier burst out laughing. "Is that not right?" his host enquired, somewhat taken aback. Replied Tournier, "It is not the concept of the person that I am interested in - it is the person itself!"

Herein lies the heart of the battle which Dr Tournier has waged for a lifetime, and which he re-engages in "A Listening Ear". We all tend to find it easier, says Tournier, to deal in abstractions and generalities than to confront the particular; and this goes in the field of human relationships too.

This is a collection of talks, writings and interviews, mostly given between 1980 and 1983 - ending with a chapter specially written for this volume.

Dr Tournier lost both his parents at an early age. "I became withdrawn and turned in upon myself, a shy little boy. Seeing me today people imagine that giving lectures and making contact with everybody comes naturally to me. It is the opposite of the truth.... My childhood was one of typical spiritual loneliness, in which I felt that I did not count." But he soon found that he could make his mark in the world of intellectual ideas.

At this point Tournier met the Oxford Group, "a movement...based on the simple idea that the problems of the world are in fact personal problems. I was fond of discussing great problems but (a friend) led me to an examination of myself.

(John Lester; continued from page 6)

The absolutist position which I support argues that from the moment of conception everything that is needed for the production of a normal full term infant, or for an old man, has been brought together, and that the individual embryo should be regarded as fully human and therefore sacred.

If one strays from this position that human life is sacred and begins from conception one is faced with a large number of unanswerable questions. If life does not begin then when does it begin - at 14 days or 28 weeks or later?

Is it permissible to implant an embryo into a woman who is not the mother? Is it permissible to use sperm from someone other than the husband, even frozen sperm from someone who is dead? Is it permissible to 'breed' embryos from unknown men and women for no purpose other than research and eventual destruction.

Of course such research receives impetus, both from the fascination of discovering more about the wonderful world we live in, and from the desire to overcome genetic disease, which causes such heartache through diseases like haemophilia.

But we must question whether the end ever justifies the means, and whether good can ever come from wrong means. It should also be pointed out that while the majority of researchers have

"It was then that I had my first experience of meditation. For fifty years now I have carried my meditation notebook in my pocket. Since my wife's death eight years ago I have never missed a day. That is the basis of my life and of everything that has come out of it."

It was in 1937 that Tournier started out on the work which has won him his worldwide reputation. "At a rally in Oxford I heard Frank Buchman declare that we must apply in our public lives the personal commitments of our private lives. That determined me to devote myself to the effect on health of a person's spiritual and moral life." Many doctors, he says, have a sneaking suspicion that a large number of illnesses are "the expression of some inner crisis, emotional distress, marital conflict, or failure - but how to put their finger on it? And if these problems were to be laid bare, what could they say or do about them? No one has taught them how."

Clearly Dr Tournier has been that kind of person, that kind of friend to hundreds of people who have turned to him for help. "I write in order to share with my readers the privilege I have had of becoming, without seeking it or expecting it, the intimate confidant of so many men and women of all ages and conditions, people who have come to me determined for once in their lives to speak the truth about themselves, instead of constantly having to weigh up what they should or should not be saying." Much of this book documents his encounters with these people, and offers us the lessons gained. "Everything that I have put into my books has been learnt from my patients."

Through reading this infinitely worthwhile book, the reader learns not only about Dr Tournier, but also much about him- or her-self. As the doctor says, "the only way to heal society is to heal men and women one by one."

[A LISTENING EAR, by Paul Tournier, Hodder & Stoughton, 1986 - Price £4.95]

the best motives, it is also possible to use such research as a means of control.

In 'The Daily Express' there was a report that the AIDS virus had been created in a laboratory by merging some of the genetic material of one virus with that of another. This is probably unlikely but it is possible, and clearly the production of new pathogens manufactured by genetic research could produce a new form of warfare and terrorism.

Some may even be keen to see how to breed selectively to produce special characteristics - the intelligent to rule, the strong to work.

Everyone has to make up his own mind. But I believe that life is sacred and given to us by God. And that research into human embryos is therefore wrong.

This for me is a matter of belief rather than argument and springs from my Christian faith.

In taking this position I accept that it may slow down research in potentially very valuable fields, and could even hold up knowledge indefinitely.

But I can also recognise that the cost of the alternative is far higher. For such research becomes one more step on a journey in which the life of an individual becomes less and less sacred, more and more trivial. If that happens our civilisation will finally break down.

Taking on an area of life

RUHR LESSONS FOR MERSEYSIDE

by Gerald Henderson, who lives with his wife Judith in Liverpool

When I was eighteen, I was invited to work with the MRA team in the coal mining area of the Ruhr in Germany. During the previous four years an ideological battle had been fought to fill the vacuum created by the collapse of the totalitarian regime of the extreme right and the disillusionment that had followed. In a dramatic and decisive way many of the trade union leaders, including dedicated communists, and mine managers were captured by the ideas of Moral Re-Armament, as a positive alternative to extremes of right and left. (The story is told in the book "Out of the Evil Night" by Leif Hovelsen) This was the training ground I landed in having just left school.

With very limited German, I stayed the first six months in the home of a coalminer who spoke no English. He was a shop steward. His brother was the treasurer of the local Communist Party. It was so cold at night that I used to put on more clothes to go to bed rather than undress, and put the bedroom mat on top of the bed as well! When my host discovered this, he moved me on to the kitchen sofa by the stove. This however meant that I had to get up at 4.45 when he had his breakfast before going to work in the mine. As my German improved, that was the time to share any thoughts that had come in my quiet time, which meant waking even earlier!

Every night we would be out visiting shop stewards in their homes. Our evening meal was usually sausages from the roadside canteen. Many of these men and their wives later spearheaded significant actions with a play they produced in many parts of the world called "Hoffnung" (Hope).

FUNDAMENTAL WORK

It was there in Germany that I learned that taking on a situation, a city, a nation, or a continent was mining for people. Stage productions, film shows, conferences, producing books and magazines and getting them out were all a means, but the fundamental work was mining out the individual men and women whom God had prepared for His purpose in the world.

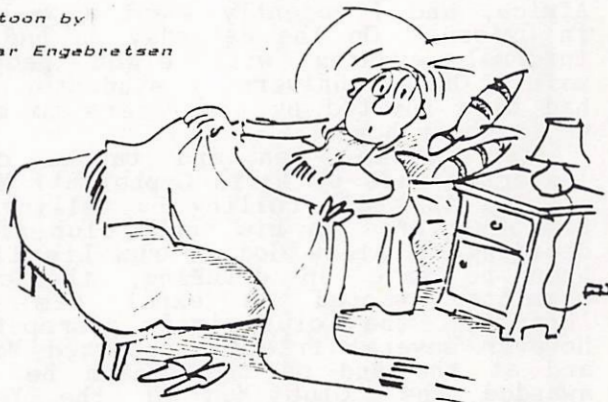
Coming to Liverpool over thirty years later therefore the first question was not "What do I do?" but "Who?" "Who are the men and women God has prepared?" "Who are the strategic people?" "Who will be our team to mine out these people?" The clear thought came in a time of quiet, "Work alongside those people who will make Liverpool a city of hope for the nations".

I was interested that it was not just "nation" but "nations". It underlined that we are part of a world wide battle.

Very early on in my time in Liverpool, just after the 1981 riots, a black community leader and I were talking

"...and put the bedroom mat on top of the bed as well!"

Cartoon by
Einar Engebretsen



about the situation. He said "People are not talking to each other any more." He meant black and white in the community. I told him about the visit to Caux of a Zimbabwean delegation, representing white and black, Shona and Ndebele, who had worked together behind the scenes to build the trust that resulted in the settlement of their civil war. He said, "Perhaps they will listen to the Africans." He flew especially to Caux to invite them to Liverpool. They came and opened doors, opened people's hearts and gave them new vision and perspective. Others from many other countries and continents have come and given a similar challenge since. Equally people have gone from Liverpool to contribute to the battle in other continents and have through that deepened their commitment to do God's will and have found a greater understanding of what they and their city are called to do. An African Head of State once said "If you want to resolve an intractable problem, put it into a larger setting."

Over thirty years ago in Germany I learned that if you are to win men and women totally committed to a materialist revolution, you have to have a greater passion and commitment than them. I think of one such man in Liverpool who has been to our home and we have been to his many times. He has been fascinated to meet people like Madame Irene Laure, Dr Kim Beazley from Australia, Patrick O'Kane from Coventry as well as MRA

GREATER COMMITMENT

friends from Egypt, Zimbabwe and South Africa. Just as these people came to help us, people are going from here to fight on other battlefronts. It is not a question of running a successful work. It is a super-human, but intelligent all-out bid to restore God to leadership in the whole world. It is simpler than it may sound. It is carrying out the thoughts God puts in your heart as you take time daily to listen. As Alfred Stocks, till recently Chief Executive of Liverpool, put it to me, "You get a thought, you act on it, and it works. It takes all the strain out of life."

NEWS

Rahul Kapadia (India), working in London:

Mots Leballo from Lesotho, South Africa, and I recently spent a weekend in Oxford. On the Saturday we had an informal evening with eight people, mainly Oxford University students, who had been invited by the Peters to meet us in their home.

After coffee, tea and banana cake (expertly made by Marie Orphelin!) Mots started the ball rolling by telling of his adventures in his rugby club after deciding to allow God to run his life. When he gave up drinking, the club committee wanted to expel him for 'bringing the club into disrepute'. However several friends supported Mots, and at the end of the season he was awarded the 'Club Man of the Year' prize.

I batted next, recounting how I became honest in my exams and apologised to my principal for having cheated. This had led on later to taking a stand for honesty when there was mass cheating during my 'A' level exams. One result was a meeting with the Governor of the State, who took action to end cheating. Exams were held on time, results were declared on time and the universities opened on time - whereas the previous year everything was up to two months delayed.

Amazingly and very naturally our sharing led to a deep discussion on the relevance of the four standards and faith. Suddenly one of the students burst out: "There's something I must tell you at this point." He went on to describe how he had been one of the organisers of the Christian Union at his school but had later lost his faith. He asked people to share anything which could help him and "which is not a cliché". When he left, he said how grateful he had been to talk about the deeper things of life - something his student friends never did.

Another student wanted to know how the four standards and faith could help change a difficult and volatile political situation.

Everyone in the room understood the urgency of the need to help make our countries different.

The evening showed me the power of using our simple personal experiences with people. If we could multiply these kind of occasions, when we gather together a few friends and have the courage to give our deepest experiences, we may find our team expanding more quickly than we think.

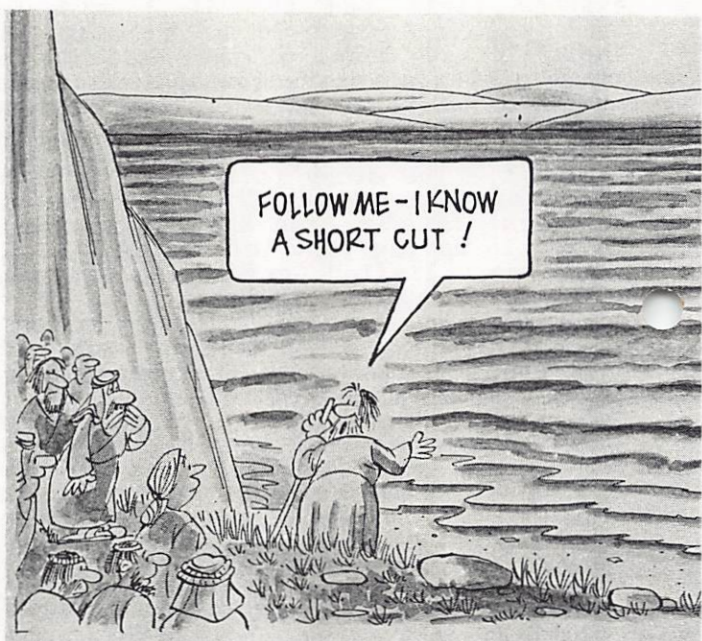
Brigitte Weiss, Zurich:

I still enjoy my job in the hospital. Last month I moved into a room next to it. I stay here during working days. We are four girls living in this flat, each one has a room, and we share the kitchen and bathroom. I like being here very much.

Marie Orphelin, France:

I arrived in Oxford nearly two months ago, accepting an unexpected invitation from Edward and Elisabeth Peters to come and spend the year with them.

I am studying English as a foreign language, and in my class of 18 we are from ten different countries. French people are said to have a bad English accent, but there are some more interesting ones when it comes to Japanese and Italian students!



Judy Priestley, Sheffield, England:

The time since Caux has been very busy for me. I had a friend from Italy to stay, and although she was a close friend I'd never spoken to her about my faith. Because of what I'd seen and heard in Caux, I was able to tell her why God and MRA mean so much to me.

This term at school has been a time of many decisions about the future: where to apply for university; whether I should take a year off; and what I really felt was my calling for the future. In the light of my guidance and a lot of prayer, I've applied to study German and a second language, with a view to teaching at the end. I've felt for a long time that we British are very bad at learning foreign languages and that we think of ourselves as separate from Europe - and I'm sorry for that arrogance in so many of us. I feel God wants me to communicate my love of Europe - particularly Germany - to others, and also to help others learn to speak different languages. For so long we have expected Europe to give to us, and we must learn now to serve Europe and to be a part of it.

In all my decisions I've felt God close to me - and the way He has kept me through this term has been amazing. I have a tendency to take on too much but this term I've been able to decide on certain things and not others, because God has pointed me in the direction He wanted me to go.

ABOUT ENGLISHMEN

Today on my way home for lunch I met one of my neighbours in the lift. "How are you?" he asked. As I had just spent four hours waiting to get into the dentist's surgery, I smiled and said "Terrible, thank you." The man returned the smile and said "That's nice", and stepped out of the lift on the seventh floor.

At first I suspected that the man had either mis-understood me or was being sarcastic. On my way back to the office I passed the postman on his afternoon round. He waved and called across the street, "How are you?"

"I'm going to kill myself" I shouted back.

"That's the right spirit!"

Now then, neither the man in the lift nor the postman has anything against me, as far as I know. So I have reached this conclusion: If you are well enough to be on your feet and talking, everybody takes for granted that there's nothing wrong with you. When they ask you how you are, the last thing in the world they want is an answer. They are just making polite conversation. My secretary didn't even know I had been to the dentist's.

"How was it at the doctor's?" she asked.

"I'll be dead in a week" I explained putting a brave smile on my face.

"Glad to hear that, I don't know what we'd do in the office without you."

There's no way to reply to polite enquiries about your health. Nobody really wants to know. You can save a lot of time by learning the following conversations by heart. They are suitable for every occasion.

If somebody is looking well

How are you today?

Glad to hear that

That's the spirit!

Lucky you!

Nice seeing you again.

If somebody is looking ill

You do look ill.

Really.

Too bad.

Keep smiling.

Take care.

WHY WERE THE SAINTS SAINTS ?

Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful;

Because they were patient when it was difficult to be patient;

Because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still

and kept silent when they wanted to talk

and were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable.

That was all.

It was quite simple and always will be.

(supplied by Marie-Claude Borel)

Actually it doesn't really matter if you mix up these two lists. The main thing to remember is this: Avoid at all costs actually listening to the other person. You may become involved in a long conversation and that is very dangerous.

The other day I managed the following conversation on the underground:

"Mike! Is that really you! I haven't seen you for ages."

"No, I've been in hospital for six months."

"Glad to hear that. I hope the wife's well too".

"She was knocked down by a bus yesterday."

"Oh she's a lucky girl. Children O.K.?"

"I lost the baby in the zoo this morning. The girl's in prison"

"Wonderful kids you have. You'll have to come round with the whole family one evening."

"They've all run away. There's only me left!"

"Yes we just have to get together again some day soon."

"I said I was the only one left and I hate you."

"That's the spirit. Call me at the office. Here's my card."

"I'm going home to kill myself."

"Take care now. Next week maybe."

(supplied by Elin Måsen, Sweden)

THE OBEDIENT THOUGHT

Alive this morn awake for the day
To hear from the Lord direct.
Reach for pen and paper and then to pray
All seems in order and correct.

Look out to nature and there I see
Clean snow covered land in beauty
The freshness it brings and the clarity
to me
All part of God's wonderful duty.

Now I await that important thought
That will change and remake the world
Then the sunlight breaks through "Go
look and see"
But still on my bed I am curled.

I question myself no thought has arrived
I will look out to the snowy sunlit
ground
Yet there to my astonishment
Only grey clouds and grey snow to be
found.

But what did this teach me, what did it
mean?
Can I yet decipher what it meant?
Then it was revealed and I could see
It taught me to be OBEDIENT.

by Clive D. Foster (GB)



E.

...and kept silent when they wanted to talk

The Story of MRA

BUCHMAN AT PENN STATE COLLEGE

In the first issue of *FREEWAY*, Rex Dilly recounted how MRA all began. Here is part two.

The first night when Buchman arrived in State College there were nineteen drinking parties going on. The morale of the college was so low that they could seldom win at football and scholastic attainments were at a low ebb.

Buchman used to ask "Now where do you begin? My job was to turn the college Godwards. This was the problem. The solution would have to be a miracle."

There were three men who were the focal points of the university. The first was the janitor Gilliland popularly known as Bill Pickle. He supplied the liquor to the whole campus and was very popular with the students. He soon resented Buchman's intrusion and influence on the campus and was saying that he would like to stick a knife into him.

The second person was Blair Buck a graduate student, a charming young man from a cultured background.

The third was the agnostic Dean of the college, Alva Agee.

Buchman got to know Blair and they became close friends. They would go riding together and on one occasion went on a long holiday. Buchman knew that Blair was not the kind of person to be rushed. Later he was to say "a type of person with whom you used intelligent restraint and nonchalant reserve". However Blair became more and more fascinated by the way Buchman was operating and eventually asked him about his faith. This led to Blair suggesting how they might help Bill Pickle.

The opportunity arose quicker than Buchman had bargained for, Buchman and Blair were walking together in the town when Blair spotted Bill Pickle. "Let's go and talk to him", he said. Buchman was nervous because he knew Bill's reputation as a fighter; but out of respect for Blair's conviction they approached Bill. He related later, "when I walked up to Bill, I put my hand on his biceps so that if he did haul off, he wouldn't haul so hard. The thought flashed into my mind, 'give him your deepest message'. 'Bill', I said, 'we've been praying for you'. To my surprise all the fight went out of him. He pointed to a church tower. 'See that church over there', he said, 'I was there when the corner stone was laid. There's a penny of mine under it.'"

The conversation ended with Buchman and Buck being invited to visit Bill, his wife and their twelve children in their unpainted house on what was popularly called Pickle Hill.

Their friendship developed and later Buchman persuaded Bill to accompany him to a student conference in Toronto. Bill said that he would go on one condition, that Buchman gave him his fashionable beaver hat - a price that Buchman paid with alacrity.



In Toronto, Bill made a decision which affected his whole life and which was to have repercussions throughout the college. After a meeting he had attended somewhat reluctantly he asked Buchman if he could speak at a small gathering in the sitting room where Buchman and the Penn College students met. "I have decided to change my life", he said, "I've been disobedient to my Heavenly Father. Old Bill will be a different man". Then he beckoned to Buchman to follow him. "I want to write to the old woman" he said, and because he found writing difficult he outlined a letter apologising to his wife for the way he had treated her. In spite of attempts by some students to break his decision, he stopped liquor pushing and drinking.

WIDER IMPACT

The Dean had been cautiously watching from the side lines, and had been sufficiently intrigued to pay Bill's fare to Toronto. He was much impressed by the difference in him. Buck's faith was greatly extended through the miracle in which he had a part.

From then on the impact grew wider in the college. A contemporary of Buchman's was to say that in five years he had completely changed the tone of the one time tough college. Twelve hundred out of sixteen hundred students were voluntarily attending Bible study. People came from all over the country to see what had happened and similar things began to take place in other colleges. Buchman's own assessment was "I hadn't any part in all this other than that I let God use me."

As Penn State College enabled Buchman to evolve a strategy to meet the needs of a college, three visits to China enabled him to apply to a nation the same basic ideas he had learned.

* Next: Buchman in China

Post bag

DEAR EDITORS!

Congratulations on getting *FREEWAY* started - what a work! People's main comment here was that there should be much more written by younger people - even if we don't express ourselves so clearly, and certainly don't have 'the full message'. We're much more interested to read stuff by those we know, those at the same level, going through the same things. So, having said that, I thought we should write a good chunk ourselves! [Editors' note: see pages 8 and 9 of this issue.]

SUE FABER, with the Nordic Revue, Oslo.

Congratulations on the very excellent work - big work - you have done on *FREEWAY*. It certainly amounts to an excellent start. Quite an ambitious project which I hope you will be able to sustain and which I really hope brings in rich fruits.

A couple of comments received: "I found no name of who is behind the paper"; "Heavy! There is no chance of me getting through a thing like that, an in another language than my own on top of that".

JEAN MARC DUCKERT, Göteborg, Sweden

A TIME TO TALK

When a friend calls me from the road
And slows his horse to a meaning walk,
I don't stand still and look around
On all the hills I haven't hoed,
And shout from where I am, "What is it?"
No, not as there is a time to talk.
I thrust my hoe in the mellow ground,
Blade-end up and five feet tall,
And plod: I go up to the stone wall
For a friendly visit.

by Robert Frost, (USA)

YOU

In my life you are the most important
light.
Please be faithful and hold me tight.
I know this love is important and right
And for that I will always fight.

My first and last thought of the day
Belong to you and I will pray
That you will never go away
But be always with me and stay.

To my heart you are the only key.
You know that and you will help me
To be honest and to see
How important purity has to be.

When I'm going to do something wrong,
There's your voice which says very
strong
That it's the devil coming along.
Then I know what you protect me from.

This great and intense love
Belongs to you, my God above.

by Christine Karrer, Switzerland

It was very interesting to read your new inspiring newspaper. I am glad that we finally have got something like that especially for young people. Thank you very much for all the work you have put into it. I do hope that enough people have got the chance to read it regularly.

CHRISTINE KARRER (CH), living in Paris

Good luck with your venture with *FREEWAY*. I am glad to subscribe.

With a working readership such as you describe, you will not lack material. I think there is a place for a forum for thought as well as action: for dreams as well as agenda: an exchange between people who are pushing forward the frontiers of change on all sides of our fascinating world, and who have the courage to express their growing experience in depth as well as with clarity. The ABC of goodwill, and even of good living, has to undergo the discipline that forges effective instruments of change: not as a hardship but as an exploration, bringing the unexpected enjoyments of expanding horizons, the rewarding exercise of heightened skills.

Those whom *FREEWAY* challenges to write will, I believe, find a wider audience later.

DR CHARIS WADDY, Oxford

From the autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi, "The story of my experiments with truth":

"'I believe in effort, I do not want to bind myself with vows' is the mentality of weakness and betrays a subtle desire for the thing to be avoided. Or where can be the difficulty in making a final decision? I vow to flee from the serpent which I know will bite me, I do not simply make an effort to flee from him."

"Truth is like a vast tree, which yields more and more fruit, the more you nurture it. The deeper the search in the mine of truth, the richer the discovery of the gems buried there, in the shape of openings or an ever greater variety of service."

Notice outside the surgical wing of a hospital in South Devon: "Guard Dogs Operating, Beware."

At a meeting to discuss the route of a proposed ring road, the highways committee chairman said: "We intend to take the road through the cemetery - provided we can get permission from the various bodies concerned."

Last night I held a little hand
So dainty and so neat.
I thought my heart would surely burst,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand in all the world
Could greater solace bring
Than that sweet hand I held last night:
Four Aces and a King!

(supplied by Ian Healey)

More News Quotes

WOMEN SMOKERS HAVE LIGHTER CHILDREN- Doctors' findings

Due to a misunderstanding over the telephone we stated that the couple would live at the home of the bridegroom's father.

We have been asked to point out that they will in fact live at The Old Manse.

In our recipe for Banana Trifle last week we inadvertently omitted the bananas. We apologise.

THE TITLE of a lecture given by William Henry Alton, of New York at the First Church of Christ Scientist, High Wycombe, was incorrectly given in last week's Free Press as "How to bore and be bored." In fact Mr Alton spoke on the subject "How to love and be loved." The Free Press regrets the error which was a misreading of contributed copy.

Correction: The editors apologise for misquoting Heinrich Heine on p15 of the first issue of FREEWAY. His quote should have read: "I fell asleep reading a dull book, and I dreamt that I was reading on, so I awoke from sheer boredom."

FREEWAY

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE: material needed by 7 January 1986,

FREEWAY now has about 100 subscribers. But thanks to a generous gift of money to help us launch the paper, we are able to send the second issue as a promotion to many non-subscribers.

If you have not yet subscribed, and wish to continue receiving FREEWAY, please send us your payment (£4, SFR 10, US\$6 - or equivalent) as soon as possible.

To: FREEWAY, 69 Victoria Road, Oxford OX2 7QG, GB

Please send FREEWAY to:

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APOLOGY AND CORRECTION

Apologies to the Seventh Day Adventist Church, Chiswick. In our "church notes" last week we stated that the church had observed a day of prayer and feasting. This should have read "a day of prayer and fasting".

CORRECTION

Last week, we described the new convenor of the teacher education sector of the London Students' Organisation, Val Furness, as a "Communist Party candidate". She feels this description is ambiguous and needs to be clarified. She is a member of the Communist Part of Britain (Marxist-Leninist). She is not a member of the Communist Party of England (Marxist-Leninist), or the Communist Party of Great Britain, the Communist League, or the Communist Federation of Britain (Marxist-Leninist). She would like to say that she is not in the Broad Left either.

CAUX WORK WEEK 1987

This year, over Easter, about 60 people came to Caux to take part in a work-week, to help get Mountain House into shape for the summer. It was a great adventure. We painted garden chairs, scraped outside pillars, mended the chairs in the theatre and so on, and made friends of all ages as we worked together. There are many more jobs that need doing and we have decided to have such a week again next year, from April 11th to 19th. This is one way for those of us who have little money but care for this house, to help look after it. If you are interested in joining us, please write to: Eliane Stallybrass, Case postale 3, CH-1211 Geneve 20.