

FEBRUARY 1987

FREEMAN

VOL 1 NO 3

"Why not let God run the world?"



A BAD WORKMAN BLAMES HIS TOOLS

RESPONSIBILITY is a word one tends to associate with grim faces and tired spirits. Foot-loose and fancy-free: that's surely a better way to be!

We've been reflecting on one meaning of the word responsibility.

Freedom (so the line goes) means doing what you want when you want. And if things go wrong, it isn't your fault; you can blame your parents, society, the government, anyone or anything but yourself.

This philosophy subtly denies people the most fundamental human right of all: the right to take responsibility for one's own actions. A mark of maturity, we believe, is the refusal to blame one's faults onto someone or something else.

The truth of this was brought home recently to one of our number, Edward, who was responsible for the final details of our first issue. Let him take up the story:

I had recommended that we print FREEWAY on the MRA photocopier in London, as I thought it would be convenient and would save us a lot of money. On arrival in London, all set to do the work, I discovered that the machine was temporarily giving problems, as it was due for an overhaul. Nevertheless I persisted with using it, getting more and more frustrated with the poor quality it was giving. (Our readers will know what I'm referring to!) Finally the bulb of the photocopier blew, and a lot of other users were hugely inconvenienced.

I felt a bit aggrieved about the machine, and put an 'apologia' at the bottom of our editorial page, explaining why the production quality was poor. A little time later someone challenged me: "Why do you blame the machine for your shoddy work? Don't you know that a bad workman blames his tools?" This got my goat a bit. "My work was fine," I protested, "the machine was out of sorts." I seethed away for a while. But eventually the truth broke through my pride: I had been unwilling to take full responsibility for the quality of the production - this was really self-evident. If I had been intent on getting a perfect job done I would have taken the magazine to be photocopied elsewhere. Instead I shifted the blame for my willingness to accept compromise in my search for perfection.

This may all sound a bit heavy! Frankly, having one's pride hurt is never pleasant! But it taught me a fundamental lesson: be mature enough to take full responsibility for the things I undertake. And I'm bound to say it gives a feeling of pride (of a different sort) which far outweighs in joy the feeling deep-down of dissatisfaction which blaming others gives.

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We appreciate the encouragement that we have received about FREEWAY as well as the ideas of how we can do better. It seems to be filling a need which many have felt. This issue contains first-hand news from every continent, and the sense that we are a force of people - no, friends - on the move is evident.

Some point out that FREEWAY is too British. Fair enough! None of us in Britain, which tends for the moment to be the home of FREEWAY's main activists, has any wish to impose our culture on the rest of you! We would merely throw the challenge back to YOU: our paper will only be truly international in tone when you from other countries contribute your full whack. We're longing for more news from France, Switzerland, Africa, Japan, Brazil.... Our letter box is vibrating with expectation of the flood of mail that is coming....

In response to the comment that FREEWAY is very full, our reply is: we want to give you value for money! And you don't have to read it all at once....

THE EDITORS

PAKISTAN INTERLUDE

by Alan Channer, doing research at Reading University, England

He felt called to teach, applied for a post in Pakistan, got selected and left. The plane ran out of fuel and crash-landed at night in Saudi Arabia. He'll tell you that "the full moon was very impressive over the desert". He's that sort of chap.

Last month Jim Buckman returned to Pakistan with his wife. Engulfed in the overflowing hospitality given to them by his former pupils were some Channers. Howcome? Well, David was born in Pakistan, Kirstin had to see the soil on which her husband was raised, and Alan had to examine some soil at the Punjab Agricultural University (for nematodes, actually; very small, 'highly interesting' worms that damage crops). But we were really in Pakistan to share our experiences of 'rooting out nematodes in human nature'. (Or that's how we put it to some Professors of plant pathology.) More specifically, we hoped to encourage those men, and their families, in whose minds Jim had sown the seeds of MRA decades earlier.

If an old school teacher, his wife and three friends were to phone saying they wanted to stay, I'd probably arrange to be out. Not so Jim's pupils. One, a Colonel, met us at 3 in the morning at Karachi Airport and subsequently spent much of his time on the phone arranging our programme. Others put us up in their homes, in government rest-houses and in an Air Force Base, lent us cars and gave us huge dinners.

Why so much hospitality for an old teacher? I think it was a spontaneous response of gratitude and respect made in recognition of a man who had committed himself to his pupils and their country because, in the first instance, he had committed himself to God.

"He was a father to us", said one.

"He used to give us chocolate cake for tea and play Colwell records."

"He didn't just teach us the subject, he taught us how to be good human beings."

"I own some emerald mines in the tribal areas (North West Frontier Province). Poppies can grow well there. I could have made a lot of money from them, but because Mr Buckman helped me to distinguish right from wrong, I have stayed clean. Instead I have tried to discourage the drug trade."

Travelling from the hospitality of one former pupil's family to another's meant criss-crossing much of Pakistan, often on 'Flying Coaches'. These aptly-named buses are driven, fast, by an assortment of men with a fanatical sense of brava-do, an obsession for overtaking and an unswerving belief in their driving skill. In consequence much of the journey is spent on the wrong side of the road. At one point there were 3 donkey carts on the inside, a truck in front bearing down fast, flashing its lights, and, Oh God!, it was being overtaken by another 'Flying Coach': thought "this has got to be the end", gripped seat rail, covered eyes; swerved violently off the road, grating, jolting; opened

eyes, cloud of dust, what about the donkeys? - hey, we're back on the road, - never mind - and the coach flew on.

From coaches, cars, jeeps, walks, rickshaw, bungalow and highrise flat, train and aeroplane, we saw Pakistan - the great peak of Nanga Parbat (8125 m), the paradisaical valley of Hunza, the Moghul gardens of Lahore, the cracks in the bathroom floor where the cockroaches live, and the camels of Kalakhar. But if I were to speak of a moment more moving than any other, it would be this: we found Bakhtiar.

Near the bazaar, in the old city of Lahore, is an impressive building, the headquarters of the 'All Pakistan Federation of Trade Unions', called 'Bakhtiar Hall'. We went in; a bespectacled gentleman emerged from a crowded corner,

led us to an ante-room and offered us cokes. Conversation proceeded and the gentleman asked, "Are you with Moral Re-Armament?" To the answer, he warmed visibly and said, "Bakhtiar is a volatile Pathan. The four principles polished him and enabled him to negotiate where before he would have flared up."

Then the old man himself happened to phone; and he called us to his home immediately. From the smoky, cry-filled bazaar

led a rough alley to where Bakhtiar embraced us like long-lost family. We sat down and then he said, "Where have you been for the last thirty years?" He looked at my father and for moments it was as if they spoke without words. "We've been elsewhere. I've been in India."

"What have we achieved in this part of the world?" asked Bakhtiar. "Muslim fighting Hindu. Hindu fighting Muslim. Sikh fighting Hindu. I have been fighting for the four principles, but is Pakistan in less trouble now than it ever was? We are the workers of the country - we live with it, we die with it. We have sweated here; we don't want the country to go down. Some politicians have got money in Switzerland and houses in London - they can leave. The workers have to stay. But the country could fuse any time.... I want you to stay here forever."

However, it was our last evening in Lahore. At the door he asked when we were coming back.

"Every year!"

"Come and stay for a year," he said emphatically.

The door was not just the threshold of our parting, but the threshold where sadness and happiness merged. For we had found a man with whom we were at one, despite differences of culture, of religion, of race, of class. A man whose years as President of the labour unions had not left him arrogant or corrupt; and whose commitment to those four principles, part of mankind's spiritual heritage, bound us together in a common struggle, a common vision. God was in those moments.



NO LIE-IN IN LYON!

PARIS ISN'T FRANCE! As Christine Karrer (Switzerland), Sharon Grimley (Britain), Petra Henninger (Germany) and Ian Collett (Canada) - all staying at the MRA centre near Paris - discovered. In November they spent three days in Lyon broadening their French outlook. Frédéric and Nathalie Chavanne came too.

Lyon is famous for its Gallo-Roman theatres, its old town centre swarming with pedestrians, and its Renaissance architecture - all worth seeing; not too mention the food!

But my friends came not mainly as tourists - their stay included several visits.

The first was at our parish with the group of young people I have joined. Since it started a year ago, we have had many good talks but I've always longed for more personal exchanges. As several people were already interested in what I had told them about MRA, this was an opportunity to go deeper. We got to know each other over a meal and soon the difficult question, 'What is MRA?', was raised. We tried to answer it, giving our ideas and convictions - even our own questions. A girl asked us to illustrate, with concrete examples from our own lives, Buchman's words, "When man listens, God speaks; when man obeys, God acts". Sharon and Petra shared, for the first time, their own experiences - and it was joyful and freeing. We ended up praying together. A shy girl who hadn't seemed interested asked for one of the MRA books.

I'm hoping that this meeting will help us to move forward as a parish group...

Next morning we paid a visit to Deputy Mayor Madame Sublet. In the afternoon we welcomed in our home Mr Hendrickx, a police inspector dealing with crime prevention. Through him we got a new view of the police: people who listen and serve others. Mr Hendrickx, a Christian, explained to us the importance of his faith which helps him in his work. He seemed to give a little of God to those who came to see him. And isn't that our daily task too? "My work isn't my profession," he told us, "it's my life."

We ended the day with Yves and Dorothee Dupoyet. Yves does research in genetics, and for him biology and faith are closely linked. (Last summer in Caux he showed a diaporama which he uses in his fight against abortion.) He told us how he has come to understand better, through his research into the woman's natural cycle, the richness of the feminine personality; it has a complexity which men sometimes find difficult to understand. This showed me the importance of marriage which, because of its promise of fidelity and durability, leads each partner to a deeper understanding of the other. Those who don't want marriage may be afraid of all they might have to go through in order to achieve this. They forget the strength which God gives in this mutual discovery.

As someone whose life is at the moment taken up with studies, I was grateful to have been able to share in the kind of

training which some of my Paris-based friends have chosen for this year - and to realise its value.

Looking back on these days together, I felt the reality of Jesus's words, "When two or three are gathered together in my name, I'll be with them". He was among us and I hope that other foreign friends will be able to have similar experiences in other towns of France this year.

Philippe Odier

BRITAIN THROUGH AUSSIE EYES

After spending a whole year in Britain, working in central London, I wish I could stay longer so as to discover more about Britain and why she is the way she is.

To begin with, the recipe for 1986 was very interesting. Picture this: an Australian *au pair* (quite rare in the first place) living with an American family in London! I've learnt so much about myself and about Britain by living on the opposite side of the world. I discovered, for example, that I need to set higher standards for myself, to feel confident in what I do because God is with me; that Britain is more than the Royal Family, a cricket team or the maintainer of tradition!

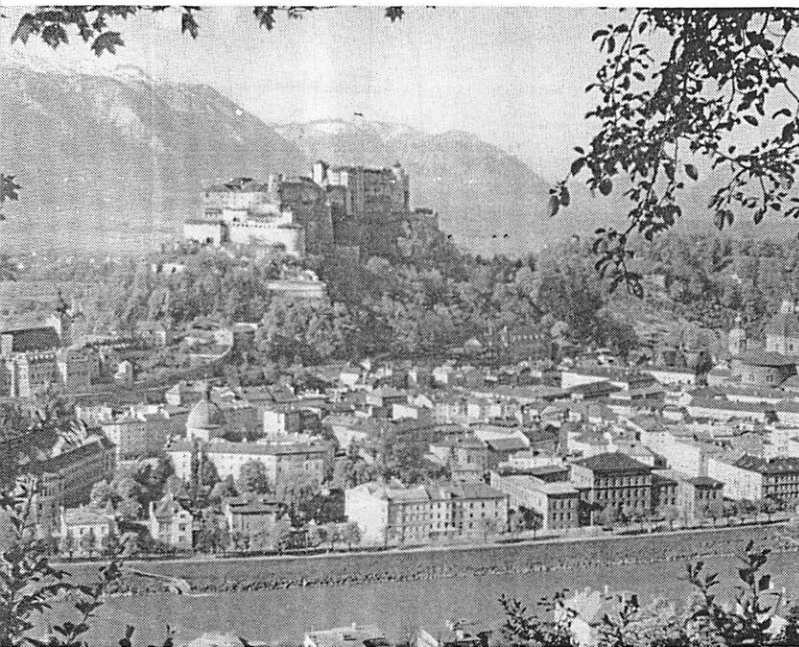
Britain's such a contrast to Australia that I found it terribly easy to put her down. But I've learned to appreciate her uniqueness. The best way to learn about a nation is through her people. I've gotten to know many of those involved with the work of MRA and I'm grateful for their friendships. There is a fabulous group of young people who sincerely want to do something for their country. I think that such a group is not something to take for granted, but should be put to maximum use straight away. A lot of thought is going into what can be done in our various places of study and work. So many of the friends we study with are looking for something, following mixed-up relationships and difficult family situations. What can we offer?

It's refreshing to read of successful family camps held in my country at a time when so many families are breaking up. At present my parents are attending one in Victoria (see report). The fact that my family discovered the idea of Moral Re-Armament together at such a camp is very special. I think that British families should have the same sort of opportunities to grow in faith together. It might be good to have more family conferences.

At the end of my year in Britain this country means much more to me. But, not surprisingly, she is still a stayer of tradition! So am I, to a certain extent. Doing things the way I've always done them, without fresh change, is a form of security. But being willing to take a step in faith and go out on a limb can produce the most unexpected and wonderful results, I've found.

As we Aussies say, "Have a go, mate!"

Cathy Smith



SALZBURG, AUSTRIA

LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA

G'day from Down Under! We thought it was about time you heard something from the champions of all major sporting events (except cricket).

As we write, the final evening of our Jungai has just come to an end. Well what is a 'Jungai', you may ask? It's an Aboriginal word expressing the idea "let's get together and enjoy ourselves developing new relationships".

145 of us, including 55 kids of primary school age, have spent a fabulous week getting to know each other; going on mad bush walks; swimming in dredges; feeling the consequences of our vanity in trying to get a tan...and all the while swatting the multitude of flies. Added to this we actually did get down to discussing various things throughout the week such as 'Listen, for a change', 'What is God calling us to be?', 'Family life - caring and sharing', 'An Australia everyone can love', and 'Working for a world that works'.

The highlights of the week for us were: the Australian premier playreading of Hugh Williams' 'Skeletons', and the contribution of Reg and Walda Blow (Aboriginal leaders). They brought a video, 'The Secret Country', which tells Australia's 200-year history through the eyes of the Aborigines. It paints quite a different picture from the official history of Australia. Needless to say it made us review our often apathetic or prejudiced ideas about the treatment of Aborigines since white occupation.

In between all this we ushered in the New Year with Scottish, Bush and Lao dancing; plus contributions from China, Taiwan, Papua New Guinea, New Zealand and Vietnam.

It was a casual but absorbing week - one we wish YOU could all experience: in fact we would like to extend a warm invitation to all of you for next year's Jungai.

See ya later, hav' a Bonza year on us!

Catherine Carter, James F. Farquharson
and Sarah Mayor

AUSTRIA....

In December near the city of Salzburg, 25 (mostly-)young Austrians met in a monastery for a weekend gathering. The birthplace of Mozart, Salzburg is a picturesque city with narrow streets, old houses and lovely shops. High above, like a guardian, stands an impressive castle.

'Dynamic out of silence - working for a new world' was the theme. We tackled it with Bible studies, sharing of experiences, and by having time enough to listen.

Forgiveness became the key point for quite a few people. Faced with questions like "Is there anyone whom I don't want to know anything about?", a young lawyer felt he should put right his relationship with someone towards whom he was jealous. A nurse decided no longer to be a slave of her bad feelings against her mother. A number of people committed their lives to God - for some it was a recommitment.

As well as being a beautiful country, Austria has its needs. We were made aware of the growing frustrations among the Slovene minority and among certain groups of foreigners - and how some are trying to build bridges. Stress was laid on the importance of taking time to listen to the grievances and hopes of our fellow citizens - especially those who are different from us. That is the beginning of melting the ice. While taking their anger seriously, one also needs to help them to be free from the things which pull them down.

....and GERMANY

Sharon Hoffmann (Australia), Ulrike Bickeboller and I showed the film about Irène Laure, 'For the Love of Tomorrow', in about 25 school classes in South-West Germany. This was on the invitation of Jürgen Guthmann, a teacher at one of the schools. (See photo below)

We took double lessons of 90 minutes. It wasn't easy to break the silence after each showing. The students were either deeply taken by it or just indifferent. For many the German/French reconciliation is something they take for granted. So we asked them where such work is needed today. Quickly this turned us to our relationships to the foreign workers and to the East-West conflict.

Whenever we shared our own experiences we got the attention of the whole class. And Sharon, talking in English (with an Aussie slang to it), made even the noisiest person attentive.

Mathias Freitag



THE MISSING INGREDIENT

Paul Gundersen, a Finnish businessman who has visited Eastern Europe more than 30 times, spoke at a Tirley Garth Study Week in January 1986. We print extracts.

What is the missing ingredient in both the communist and non-communist societies? If I had to concentrate it into one conclusion, I think it is all focussed onto the lack of a big enough aim. If you look at the communist world, especially the Soviet Union, its aim is to strengthen its position, expand its global influence, and improve its economy. In the West our aim is to secure and increase our own living standard. All these aims exclude others. An aim that excludes other people and other nations is always divisive.

I once had a discussion with Mother Teresa in her home in Calcutta. We sat on the roof on a stone bench. She spoke about her visit to Sweden and said, "What struck me was the poverty of aims, the spiritual poverty. It's a poverty so much bigger than the poverty I have before me here, and so much more difficult to cure. Your task in the industrial societies is to reinterpret the meaning of God's love as the driving force for modern society."

When we have a big enough aim, we are invulnerable. Nothing and nobody can rob us of that aim. Take St Paul and Gandhi, and people of faith today who have dared to take a stand, even going to prison. This doesn't stop them, it doesn't destroy their aim for a second. It went for Lenin too; but then the methods you employ must be part of your aim. That is why Communism is failing as an idea. You've got to be able to measure your methods against a reference point which does not change according to circumstances. Therefore you

The Communist programme and the New Testament

naturally need absolute moral standards - because otherwise it's the opinion of a strong leader, fear of the Party, or personal gain, or playing safe, which dictate your choice of method. Any method that doesn't stand up to the light is always a step down to lesser freedom - first for the individual and then for society as a whole.

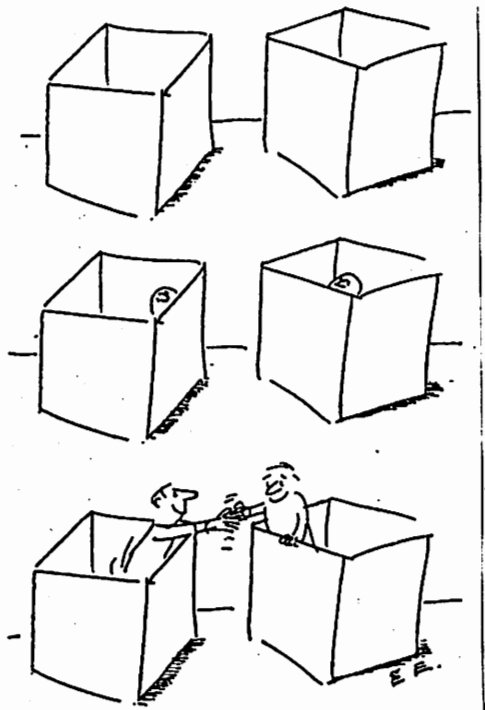
It's interesting that both in the Communist programme and in the New Testament, they speak much about a new type of man. Gorbachev realises the desperate need for people willing to serve, people not out to use everything for themselves. I think the Letter of St Paul to the Ephesians gives a very good picture of what sort of people Gorbachev would like to see in his country.

It all boils down not to new theories but to enough new people. Both in East and West such people are needed who choose to make it their aim of life to bring God's wisdom and righteousness into the places where the future is decided, as well as into the daily life of individuals. Men and women are needed who take God's promises seriously and set out trusting that He will lead. Of course it also takes an intelligent strategy to fight for that aim.

When I look at the communist and non-communist world I think we need three things: vision, passion and compassion. In the film *Flashdance*, the old grandmother says to a young girl struggling against the odds, "If you have a dream and you abandon it, you die." There are many 'dead' people walking around aimlessly.

I think of a courageous Christian lady in an East European country. I asked her once, "What do you and your friends want most from us?" She answered, "We want vision above all, the perspective of God's battle in the world; and we want the assurance that even if I am alone and nobody supports me, it's worth sticking to this life with all I have."

For these people (I've experienced it so many times) Moral Re-Armament is an open door, a chance to be a part of God's global plan, now, immediately. Simply through having an adequate vision and



through their obedience to Him, they are part of God's working out His supreme plan for the world. I think it's always worth going for the highest vision because although we may not reach it we always come closer than if we accept something less. It also helps us to keep the 'spark' in life. To be passionate is not to be a fanatic. Neither does passion depend on temperament. It is the single-minded, whole-hearted use of your life for the biggest aim you have seen.

Compassion for your fellow man, I have found, comes when you realise your own inner needs and your own utter need for God's help. I have seen that you can never even begin to change a man or a nation if your heart is not open. I often pray when I go to a new situation that God will lead me to the right people with an open heart and mind.

Pope John Paul II said in America that the exclusion of Christ from the history of man is an act against man. I thought about it and turned it round. Then it becomes a programme of action: to bring Christ and His ways as the guiding force into the life of our nations, both East and West, is the biggest thing we can do for people.

When you think of the future of the Communist countries, they need enough people now who make sure that when the curtains open - and that will come in some way or other - it is not the hard and heartless materialism of the West that floods in.

Being passionate doesn't mean being a fanatic

When we choose to be God's partners to build a different kind of world, we have a universal message. It's as valid in a communist country as in a non-communist one, because this message is based on a simple personal decision and on experience. You keep experiencing that when God has the chance to guide, trust is always born, fear goes out, and the fruits are right solutions - big scale, small scale. We need to be clear that we do not make our own boxes of what cannot happen, what God cannot do - those boxes are simple atheism. A Roman emperor changed - why not some of these emperors of today?

One of the people who cared in an amazing way for our family during the years of illness before my wife died was a Party member from East Europe - it was a genuine care I will not forget.

A man asked me some weeks ago, "Can you really trust God in all?" So I said that in my own life there have been many cases where I did not turn to Him when I should have, sometimes with rather miserable consequences. But I cannot point out a single instance where God failed when I put my full trust in Him.

The Brian Boobbyer Column

ALWAYS SOMETHING TO DISCOVER

Recently I discovered Psalm 57. I must have read it hundreds of times before, because I tend to read and re-read the Psalms all the year through.

"I will call on God who performs all things for me."

"My soul is among lions but my heart is steadfast."

"Awake, my soul, awake at dawn. I will confess Thee and sing to Thee among the nations."

What a challenge. What a promise.

The Bible is always waiting to be discovered. A modern translation may make an old verse come alive; although personally I love the old Authorised version best; it is a literary masterpiece.

This sense of discovery reminds me of the tours of Oxford I often do for visiting friends. Constantly I notice new things. I look up and there is a new statue or a new view. But it's been there a long time!

"He performs all things for me." How often have I thought that I performed all things for Him.

Psalm 18 is a beauty. "Thou wilt light my candle, enlarge my steps under me, make my way perfect." Enlighten, enlarge, perfect. What a fantastic God who can do these things for us.

One point of having a leisured quiet time is to allow God time and space to do them.

Take Romans chapter 12. It is a charter for life. To me the first verse is the best of the verses in the Bible to summarise the spiritual battle. "Commit your life to God. Don't let the world around you squeeze you into its own mould. Do not conform, but rather let God transform you. Then you can know the will of God and move towards the goal of true maturity."

In the next verse Paul deals with self-importance, the pride and self-sufficiency that stops the progress towards maturity. I think it was the great Scotsman, Henry Drummond, who described the average Britisher as "an arrested possibility"!

Recently I was on the early bus from Oxford to London. I had bicycled furiously and had only just caught it. I sat down breathlessly and looked forward to reading the novel, 'Waverley', by Walter Scott.

Opposite me was a girl from Africa. There were several reasons why I should not talk to her. It was early in the morning. She was in her 20's and I'm approaching 60. I wanted to read my book. Finally, she was asleep.

I started reading but prayed to see if I should talk to her. When she woke I greeted her and she said she was on her way to a weekly lecture at the London School of Economics, which was part of her Doctorate on the Administrative Service in West Africa.

When the bus arrived in London about two hours later we had had the most interesting conversation. She said how our TV news and programmes filled her with hopelessness, when what she needed was hope for the serious situation in her country.

I think I gave her a bit of hope. She certainly gave me an idea of what she expected Britain to do for Africa.

I finished 'Waverley' another time! Probably it was another bus journey. I don't automatically talk to strangers on buses.

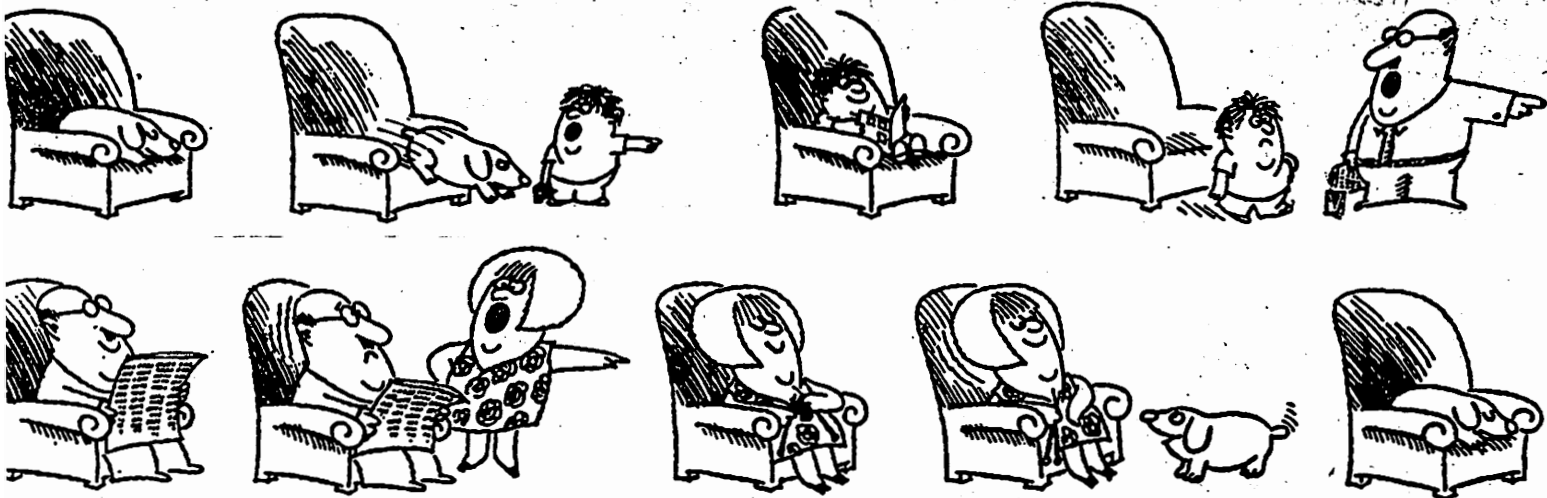
NEWSLINES

Ricardo Maiztegui, lecturer in law from Buenos Aires, who apologised to British and Americans in Caix for hatred caused by the Malvinas/Falklands war, is organizing a conference on reconciliation in Argentina in March. In response to his hope that Britain would be well represented, a party is being formed.

David and Suzanne Howell were recently interviewed on MRA's action in Latin America, on the BBC World Service, for transmission by its Portuguese service to Latin America.

A major international conference is being prepared in Atlanta, Georgia, USA, 4-7 June 1987.

Zeichnung: Leon Roy



The Nordic Revue

A NORWEGIAN AUTUMN

Ragnhild Østmo, who as well as acting in the show takes care of the Revue's finances, writes about the action of the autumn:

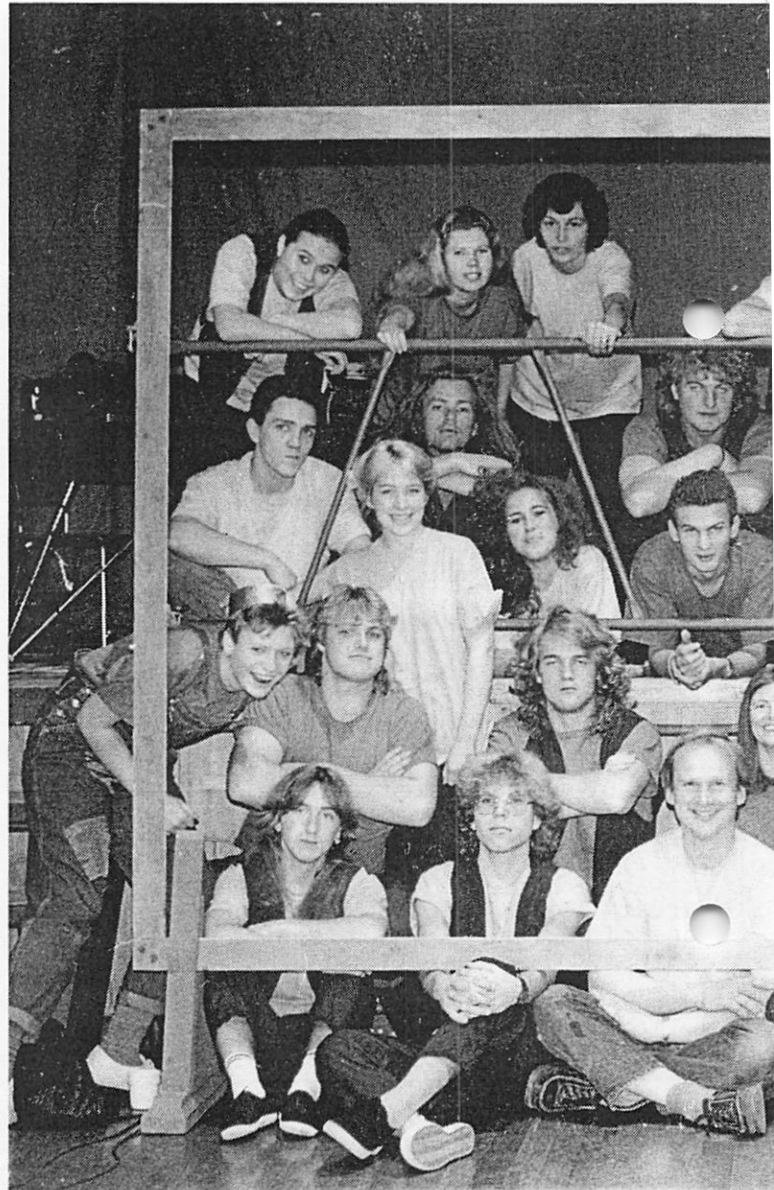
After working at various jobs, and earning over 40,000 N.Kr. (£4000) towards our budget, we rehearsed the show in a big, old, falling-down house. The band had to stop at 10 pm so as not to disturb the old people's home next door.

We gave our Norwegian premiere on September 26 in a school in the suburbs of Oslo. We were all so nervous: how would people respond to what we say? Would our message get across? What if there was no reaction at all? Attendance was voluntary but the hall was packed. We invited the students to stay behind and talk with us afterwards - hardly anyone did! But one boy said it was the best thing the school had given him in the 12 years he'd been there.

Next we played at the school of Camilla and Tone (two of the cast) - with a great response and interesting discussions in the classrooms afterwards. We thought it would be hard to know what to say, but they were so enthusiastic they did most of the talking! Our first public performance was to be in a school in the evening. We invited all the press, representatives from all the Oslo radio stations; we sold tickets, invited friends and family... And the day before the performance one boy got melangitis and the whole thing had to be cancelled. We couldn't believe it - all that work. We drowned our sorrows... by going to the movies!

After a while in Oslo we went down south in our big old noisy bus. (Bought for £1000, the back half is like a truck and takes the equipment, scaffolding goes on the roof, and the front half seats 19. We also have a minibus and 2 or 3 cars.) We arrived in the evening, the stage crew worked all through the night and all through the next day, while the rest of us handed out leaflets in the streets. We worked really hard to fill that theatre but it was only about half full. *Hvem Narres* is not a name on everyone's lips - yet!

But at our next port of call, Kristiansand, we did fill the theatre - yeah! Afterwards people stayed and stayed; and we had one of the best newspaper reviews we've had. We also gave two school performances - one at 9.30 am (yuck!). It is so difficult to perform and give your best early in the morning, and your audience is not in the mood to see a show either - so you have to work really hard to get your message across.



Back in Oslo we gave more school performances, and the public showing that had been cancelled due to melangitis was finally held in the Oslo Concert House, no less. It was sold out, and so many others wanted to come that the dress rehearsal was turned into a performance too. Many of our friends and family came. I was more nervous for that performance than I've ever been - but after it I was so happy I was dancing on clouds! My friends were so proud that I was in the show!

Down to earth with a bang, our next performance was for a hundred 13 and 14 year olds - chewing gum, walking in and out, wolf-whistling, making loud comments throughout the show. We got so angry, and really fought back! They



certainly helped us to give a strong performance. And discussions in a youth club afterwards went very well - some of the best we've had.

In the middle of November we split into eight small groups and went to different parts of Scandinavia where the show will be going. I went to Copenhagen with Julie and François. It was good to do something so different: no performances for two weeks. But a big responsibility to arrange all the



details, phoning schools, theatres, finding accommodation, food, transport, publicity, finance.

Back in Oslo we played in a theatre for a week and were then invited to a school which had a reputation for the difficult atmosphere in its classrooms. The Head Boy had seen the show and believed that we could help the situation. We gave the show and then had hour-long discussions with every class for the rest of the day. Several of the students came to our New Year Camp.

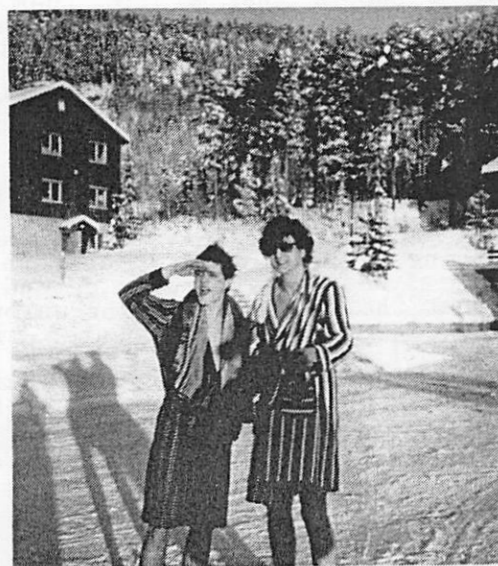
Then we went to Bergen, and it rained - every day! (They have had only four days without rain since August - and I thought London was bad!) It even rained inside; the roof leaked and nearly ruined our sound mixer. (Kerstin nearly had kittens!)



It was a difficult time in Bergen and we realised just how hard it can be to work together at times. Our different backgrounds and opinions are a strength when we're pulling in the same direction, but when we're not...wow! watch out for fireworks! We had a lot of arguments in those two weeks. We had no proper place to meet, we were spread out all over the town, it was raining... A hundred people came to see the show in a theatre seating 500. But our last performance there - our last of 1986 - was one of the best we've ever had. It was in the most amazing place: imagine walking down a metallic staircase, in shades of purple and pink, into a vast, grey concrete mass; in the middle of the floor space was a huge chimney. There was a restaurant, a café, the 'stage' where rock bands play was little more than a huge box. We sat the audience on it, and played on the floor. It had been a sardine factory but was now the trendy place to go in town. And we filled it!

So in 1987 we'll be going to Sweden, Denmark and Finland. Come and visit us, any and all of you! Happy New Year!

NEW YEAR CAMP: 75 people attended a camp in the Norwegian mountains, hosted by the cast of the Revue. Our photos show: (top right) all the participants; (bottom left) Rahul Kapadia from India with a crowd of 'skiing instructors'; (bottom right) Ben Bowerman and Alistair Moir from Britain enjoying the sun in a temperature of minus 25 degrees Centigrade!



DISCOVERING IDENTITY

by Ronnie Carless, 25

IDENTITY is a word often on our lips these days. Put simply, identity means being in meaningful relationship to someone, some group of something. It is an absolute need for human beings - otherwise we wither and die as persons.

I often think I am obsessed with the theme of identity: what nation do I belong to? Does the nation I identify with accept me as one of its own? Where is my home?

I regard myself as having a somewhat insecure and rootless background. My mother is Brazilian, of Italian extraction, and my father is English. He was a diplomat, so I grew up in an international world. We would spend 2 or 3 years in a country (Hungary, Angola, West Germany, Argentina and latterly Venezuela) and then get posted to another. The upheavals were at times quite traumatic. I began to feel the pain of not knowing where I belonged and of constantly seeming to lose my friends. But the concept of England as home has always remained with me. It gave me a bit of self-respect to hold onto.

As I grew older I became a self-conscious and shy sort of person. I avoided social engagements like the plague. Parties filled me with panic.

When I was 8 I went to a boarding school in Oxford. I quite enjoyed it but felt the isolation of being far from my parents. It was later, when I went to 'public school' that I experienced loneliness of terrifying intensity and what seemed like a massive dose of rejection. Being shy, I retreated into myself even more. I was extremely sensitive about the remarks people made about me, and people capitalised on their power over me.

Parties filled me with panic

What hurt me more than anything else was not so much the fact of being called 'wierdo', 'zombie', 'freak', etc., as being called 'foreigner', 'Itie', 'spaghetti-gobbler', etc. I felt deeply rejected and filled with self-doubt. Did I belong after all to the country I loved as my own?

I felt angry and bitter. These people who made me feel inferior represented for me all English people. I began to have a phobia that all of them - with few exceptions - had a cruel streak of racial arrogance in their natures. They were to be mistrusted - in fact hated. My Latin blood gives me strong emotions; I feel quite out of control when gripped by hate.

I also started to hate my parents intensely. I blamed them for getting married and producing me.

I became very lonely and depressed - seething with hate but desperate for love. I was using hate to defend myself against the feeling of being unloved and rejected. To try and counter my loneliness, I surrounded myself with material possessions in an obsessive manner.

It was only near the end of my time in

Argentina that I experienced a marvelous change within me. I started to thirst to know the truth, whatever it might be. I read a book, 'Basic Christianity', by Rev John Stott. The words bounced out of the page at me. Truth after truth made good sense: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin." (Matthew 6 v 8) "Look at the birds of the air; they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, and yet your Heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than they?" (Matt. 6 v 26)

Although I knew a little bit of the truth of Jesus, I didn't at that time know that He Himself was at work in my life. It was only later that year when I was back in England, and staying at Moral Re-Armament's centre at Tirley Garth, that I finally made a personal act of surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ. I owned Him as my God and Sav-

Miracle of miracles!

From that time on I have experienced daily that God is holding me by the hand, despite my many times of backsliding and apathy. MRA has undoubtedly been of key importance in my growth as a Christian. God has often spoken to me powerfully through this channel of His. What are absolute love, honesty, purity and unselfishness, if not the very qualities of God? We can only live them by God's grace.

I am beginning to realise that my - indeed our - true identity is REALLY in God. When we meet Him on the other side of death's door, he will not ask us if we succeeded in being good Englishmen (or whatever) but whether we truly loved or not.

In the Person of Jesus I have forgiven all those who have hurt me. But the residue of hurtful memories which remains still makes me react negatively to many situations. I believe that God uses time gradually to heal us of these hurts. He uses the potential in the hurt, making out of it a weapon for good, so that situations which once engendered fear can now be embraced with confidence and a sense of humour.

I have been able to have an honest time of sharing with my parents. Miracle of miracles - as far as I see it! I have asked them to forgive me for hating them. This they did with great spontaneity. I have also forgiven all English people from my heart, and I have decided to see that decision as a starting point for reconciliation with them. So that I will more and more get round to saying 'we' instead of 'they'.

God by His grace has led me from a point when I was on the point of suicide to one where I am willing to fight under His banner. Time and again I am led to the joyful truth that "what you are is pure gift from God". To grow in the knowledge that every good thing in life comes from God is to enter more and more "into the glorious liberty of the children of God".

Letter from India

LO AND BEHOLD: CALCUTTA!

by Mike Lowe

We arrived in Bombay at 4.10 am. The flight was luxurious (expensive French after-shave in the toilets, etc) which contrasted sharply with India - a ride in a battered taxi to the MRA house on the Bombay seafront. From there, after three hours' rest, we went straight to Panchgani - another 8 hours journey. Panchgani is a real miracle of greenery - lush jungle standing out like an emerald in the parched hills around. It's incredibly beautiful there. Great to see Robert Kharshiing and Les Nazareth again (they were in Caux last summer). Robert's in fine form, heading a service team of the younger crowd (somehow I got dragged into this) which meets at 6.45 am after guidance to set up breakfast each morning!

When we got to Panchgani, they were half way through an industrial session - about 40 people, workers and management from many firms. They were very quick to grasp MRA and many had made decisions to stop drinking, smoking, spitting, blaming their wives, etc.

We immediately went off in a taxi to visit all kinds of people, winding through dingy Calcutta back-streets to see the MRA team here. We eventually landed up at a wedding reception given by a wealthy Catholic family. This was a real test to be on the ball. My host was determined to introduce me to everyone. West Bengal is a communist state and the first person I met was the Minister for Justice. We had a few words and he invited me to come and see him on Tuesday morning.

Now Geoffrey is in Bangladesh and I am on my own here without a clear brief or programme - just guidance to work by. It's quite exciting how things move much faster than I expect. This morning in the taxi I chatted with a doctor about the ideas of MRA - after ten minutes he asked for my address and gave me his. Then in church I met a chap who had been part of the original Oxford Group team here in the 30's and 40's - he had been to Caux but lost touch more recently!

Calcutta is a city of great contrasts. There are very rich people, and people dying on the streets. So many beggars -



A few days later Geoffrey Daukes and I set off for Calcutta - a journey which took the best part of three days.

Indian trains are amazing - incredibly slow and uncomfortable, yet jam-packed with people. We travel second class and people are very quick to make friends. One couple we talked to had just got married and, on leaving, they gave us a present of carved stone; another old man shared his meal with us. One chap was so fascinated by the ideas of MRA that he promised to come to the first MRA conference I invited him to - wherever it is in the world!

The scenery gradually got lusher and greener as we entered Bengal. This is real Rudyard Kipling country - little villages of straw huts in thick jungle where you expect to see elephants and tigers come crashing through any minute.

The first thing that strikes you about Calcutta is the crowds; this is true of all India, but especially here. Wide streets full of pot holes, teeming with crowds of pedestrians - people selling everything under the sun, rickshaws, auto-rickshaws, buses, taxis, lorries - all totally oblivious to any concept of traffic regulations. (The only rule seems to be that whoever gets there first has right of way.)

how do you stop your spirit becoming hardened to them? Frank Buchman apparently used to carry around a big bunch of bananas and hand them out cheerfully to everyone who asked. A Polish Catholic priest gave me his solution - to pray for the gift of discernment (it also takes experience) to tell the difference between the professional beggars and those in real need. There is a certain dignity to the real poor - they often do not ask for money, you have to seek them out.

Mother Teresa is revered everywhere in the city, by all sections.

There is a lot of despair here about the situation. Many fear imminent nuclear war with Pakistan and many other problems. Then I saw a sign hanging on a tree outside the cathedral: "All that is required for evil to triumph is that good men do nothing (Edmund Burke)". Now where have I heard that before?

Note: Over New Year, Mike and Richard Zesooli from Uganda were among those attending the "Dialogue on Development" conference in Panchgani which brought together 300 people from all over Asia and the world.

Kenyan students write

WE HOPE IT IS NOT AN ILLUSION!

FREEWAY has received a letter from six Kenyan students at Nairobi University. Jim Baynard-Smith, who was recently with them, writes: "These extracts from the message they sent express their convictions and quest. They are keen for correspondence with any students from anywhere, who, like them, want to bring a fresh spirit and purpose to campus, home and country as part of a world answer. The same certainly applies to the Ugandan, Oyemv Antes (centre of photo), whose address is: Northcote Hall, Box 16007, Kampala. An excellent rugby player, he comes from the far northwest near Zaire, has a stirring story of survival amidst the cycle of revolutions, and wants to work with Richard Zesooli (see FREEWAY, No 2) for the rehabilitation of their country."



THE LETTER:

It is 2 months since Moral Re-Armament came into focus for us students of Nairobi University. What really inspired us? There are several answers but the four basic standards summarise all that could be said. We found these a condensation of the commandments in the Bible. This great and simple movement has proved, to many individuals, superior to many philosophies of East and West, North and South. Yet the 'mass' is largely unaware. We need to address ourselves to why, 40 years on, MRA has not really fulfilled its fundamental aims. This intriguing challenge has been a central point in our discussions. The only solution is individual change, then societies, then nations and wider.

In one of our meetings, a new member asked, "Where and what next?" He visualised the task as very big and puzzling but the simple answer is, as one of us replied, that if we can honestly face where we are at present, then the next step follows from it. Through morning guidance we can always tell, through the Inner Voice, what is that step.

...if we can change the general spirit of the campus, then we can have some hope for our country Kenya, where corruption and malpractice increases daily. This land draws its professional leadership from this University, who then get many varied responsibilities where they can bring standards to bear.

We trust this great hope is not an illusion!

Simon Onywhere, Harrison Odhiambo, Philip Onyango, Peter Ombari, Elias Obudho, Daniel Maiyo:

P.O. Box 30344, Nairobi, Kenya
26 Nov 1986

"WHAT'S YOUR SECRET?"

by Clara Severiens, Washington DC:

I have had a faith for over three years now. It began while I was in Boston, Massachusetts looking for my first job out of college. My boyfriend of two and a half years broke off with me. I was devastated, and felt as though I had hit a brick wall. After a night of heavy crying and foolish drinking (I had not been drunk before in my life, but was acquainted with alcohol enough to know that it made me drowsy... and being desperate to end my crying and get some sleep, I drank half a bottle of Jack Daniels whiskey--within five minutes. Awful stuff.), I awoke at 5 a.m. with a clear mind and no sick feeling whatsoever (truly a miracle). My thoughts that morning were that I had made my boyfriend the center of my universe, the main source of my happiness. Now that he was gone, with whom or what would I fill that void? I considered another boyfriend, then a large circle of friends, and finally a career. But when put through my tests for durability and longevity, each one failed. Then it occurred to me, "Why not make God the center of my universe?" I was raised in the Presbyterian tradition and always had a general sense of God. I acknowledge that He would always be there for me, but it was purely an intellectual realization.

Several days later and still an emotional mess, I moved into the home of a woman who is 65 years my senior. I barely knew her: I was introduced to her through friends from college. But after several lengthy breakfast and dinner conversations, I learned that she had been a widow for 17 years and that her only child, a daughter, had died of cancer ten years previously. And yet, she had (and still has) an amazing love for life. I couldn't understand it. So I asked her, "What's your secret? What keeps you going?" And she replied, "My faith in God." Up until that time, she had not spoken to me about God or religion, although she always said grace before mealtimes. What won my heart was the way she loved and cared for me, a virtual stranger. She lived her faith, she didn't preach about it. So, it was through her that my heart joined my mind, and I decided to give God a try.

And as a result, the past three years have been a real adventure in faith. One of my initial acts of faith was to spend ten months based in London learning about MRA. I then returned to the States because I felt God had "nudged" me to find a job doing research in foreign affairs in Washington, D.C. One of my most recent acts of faith has been to obey the sometimes annoying and very persistent thought to get myself and other young adults serving breakfast to the homeless at a "soup kitchen" in downtown Washington, D.C. Since mid-September, when I finally acted on this idea, 60 young adults have volunteered to serve breakfast from 6:20 a.m. to 8:30 a.m., some more regularly than others. Not all of my acts of faith have given me the immediate satisfaction that this recent one has. In fact, my adventure in faith has been a terrific struggle. But when I've chosen God, I've often been amazed by what He does, and I've grown to love Him more and more.

Feature

WHO ON EARTH ARE YOU?

John Burrell is a curate of the Anglican Church in Didcot, near Oxford. His wife Suzan is from South Africa and they have two children, George (aged 5) and Andrew (3).

My own involvement in South Africa began in 1973. I had lived and worked in Ethiopia, one of the world's poorest countries, for 18 months. At that time there were only 1000 miles of tarred roads in the country and there were virtually no modern manufactured goods outside the main cities.

My arrival in Johannesburg was a culture shock. The 'City of Gold' lived up to its name with its Manhattan-like skyline, motorways and flyovers. It was hard to believe I was on the same continent. I felt detached, suspicious and critical.

I sensed that I was hated

These feelings were reinforced when I observed the racially segregated suburbs and job discrimination. I found the reticence of most black people a sharp contrast to the pride and self-confidence of the Ethiopians, and it was not entirely due to cultural differences.

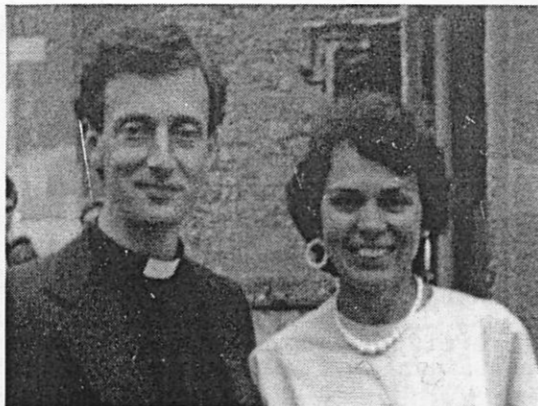
My criticism turned to anger. But then I became puzzled by a further experience. I sensed that some black people and some Afrikaners mistrusted me and even hated me. This was particularly puzzling as regards the black people, because I felt very sympathetic towards them.

Soon I began to realise that these people perceived me not as myself, an individual, but as who I represented. For the black man I was white; for the Afrikaner I was English.

This realisation led me to read more about the history of South Africa: the Anglo-Boer War at the turn of the century in which 26,000 Afrikaans women and children died at the hands of the British in concentration camps (20,000 were under the age of 16); the British failing to recognise the Afrikaans language, calling it a 'kitchen language' and making the Afrikaners feel second-class citizens; the gaining of political power by the Afrikaner Nationalists, strongly motivated by their anti-British feelings; the motive of hate perpetuating the vicious cycle of British discriminating against Afrikaners, Afrikaners discriminating against black people.

I began to feel deeply ashamed. My sense of responsibility grew - a sense of involvement, identification and belonging. This was a turning point for me and proved to be one of my most important experiences: be aware of who you are, not just individually but corporately. Be aware of how others perceive you. Be receptive to it. I felt an inner compulsion to accept these truths. And then I went to Christ for His forgiveness and transforming power.

Accepting responsibility and involvement helped me to be freed of guilt and despair. I am an Englishman



and I am white, but by the grace of God I can live differently. "When anyone is united to Christ, there is a new world; the old order has gone, and a new order has already begun," wrote St Paul. Therein lies our hope.

For the past two years I have been a theological student in Oxford. A year ago I was invited to join a member of staff and two other students on a subcommittee to review the College's relationship with South Africa.

Disinvestment and boycotts were high on the agenda but in practice these would have meant changing our bank and not buying South African produce. This seemed a wholly inadequate response by a Christian community to such a serious issue. We thus sought a more costly and corporate action.

We proposed that every student should pay a levy each term to set up a fund to sponsor a South African student to our college. This, we felt, would be mutually beneficial and would be costly in terms of money, time and involvement.

There was a lot of support for the idea but strong reaction from a few to the compulsory levy. Were we a group of individuals who should be free to donate or not to donate money to the fund, or were we a community who could and should make a corporate response and give more security to the student who might take up the offer?

A group of individuals or a community?

As proposer of the motion, I and my main opposer were invited by the student committee to meet each morning before breakfast and pray with them. A week later the motion was carried by a huge majority and although the opposers still voted against the levy, they voted in favour of the overall motion.

Last September Thokoza Mugomezulu from St Paul's Theological College, Grahamstown, arrived at our college to take up this offer.

'Love your neighbour as yourself' is a great Jewish commandment elevated by Jesus to one of the greatest. It is important that we accept who we are. The black man, the Afrikaner - or whoever we may be in conflict with - would tell us an awful lot about ourselves if we gave them half a chance. Do we love people enough to listen to them even if it makes us vulnerable and hurts?

In this way we will begin to see ourselves as others see us, which may be closer to the truth than the biased picture we often have of ourselves. Guilt is not the end of the road but should lead us to God where there is forgiveness, new life and a new order.

The Story of MRA - 3

FRANK BUCHMAN IN CHINA

by Rex Dilly

Frank Buchman arrived in China in 1917 at a decisive time in the country's history. Centuries-old traditions were breaking down. Western capitalism swept in. A new China was coming to birth.

A key figure was Sun Yat Sen. Through the revolution which he led, the ancient Manchu dynasty was forced to abdicate and Sun Yat Sen proclaimed the Republic of China. However there were still powerful disruptive factions in the country and the weak republic lay wide open to some idea which would fill the vacuum and bring cohesion.

Buchman, with two of his friends, was convinced that only a powerful change in people in leadership could provide the direction that was needed at that time. They drew up a list of fifteen of the most influential Chinese Christians in Peking. One of them was the Vice Minister of Justice, later acting Prime Minister Hsu Ch'ien, who believed passionately that Christianity alone could bring the unification of the country and "national salvation".

The strategy of reaching men who could quickly affect the nation began to unfold. Buchman met Chang Ling-Nan, a diplomat. The change in this man resulted in his inviting 80 of his friends to meet Buchman. What he said about his own change and about God's guidance deeply impressed all the guests among whom were several leading personalities.

Through Hsu, Buchman started a friendship with Sun who later said "Buchman is the only man who tells me the truth about myself".

Hsu gathered a group at Sun's headquarters - all revolutionary, mostly non-Christians, but all attracted to his conviction that "the Christian faith will save China and the world". Fearlessly he attacked the things that were undermining the nation morally - despotism, militarism, autocracy, opium, alcohol, concubinage and slavery.

Sherwood Eddy, a leading missionary, wrote, "Buchman's work in China has developed by a growth of evolution into a movement of immense proportions, far more powerful and fruitful than any similar preparatory movement we have ever had in the past in any country."

Buchman, who had gone to China to participate in a missionary conference was criticised by them for spending too much time with the Chinese. They began to spread malicious stories about him.

He however continued to develop the theme that Christianity has a moral backbone. "If sin is the disease", he told an audience of missionaries, "we

must deal with sin. Sin first of all in ourselves, the 'little sins' that rob us of power and keep us from being able to go out in deep sympathy to men in sin." Personal work was the great need.

This bluntness did not make Buchman popular and he was forced to leave China. Six years later the truth came out. A prominent Christian leader who had been at the heart of the opposition to Buchman and who had cut off funds for his work had, although a married man, a weakness for Eurasian secretaries. One of them spoke publicly about their relationship. He was disgraced and left the Church to go into business. He admitted, "Buchman faithfully warned me of my weakness". In his trouble he turned to Buchman for help.

Meanwhile the situation had deteriorated in China. Hsu and his friends felt isolated from the man who had helped them so much. China's attitude to the Christian West began to change for the worse. Hsu however was one of those who stood fast. As a representative of the Canton Government he attended the Paris Peace Conference in 1919. He stated, "I stand for the principle, 'Christianity - the saving of the nation' and Sun Yat Sen is fully in agreement with me.

I hope that the foreign powers will not support the militarists of the North too far. I pray that God may save China and change the wrong policy of the allied powers."

Not long after the allies recognised the Northern government, a wave of hatred of the West rolled across the country. China fell again into the tragedy of a civil war.

By 1923 Sun Yat Sen felt abandoned and grasped the only hand held out to him, that of the Soviet Union.

Lenin sent two of his best men, Michael Borodin, and the German General Blucher who was better known as Galin. Sun Yat Sen sent Chiang Kai Shek to Moscow. Hsu, seeing himself passed by, withdrew from public life.

Sun Yat Sen was stricken with cancer. As the illness developed he worked against time on a series of lectures which were to be his spiritual legacy. When he died his widow asked that he be given a Christian burial. Hsu gave the address and the press published a picture which carried the caption, "The speaker showed Dr Sun was a follower, a revolutionary follower of Jesus Christ."

Borodin was now free to pursue his plan, the revolution which Sun had launched took its course, but the impulse behind it was Communism not Christianity.

* To be continued



FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

by Su Riddell

Cairo at the beginning of November was warm. Enough to keep the car windows open and hope we'll keep moving. People fill the streets and weave through the solid traffic. A family sail by on a motorbike: Father driving, a few small children sandwiched in front of Mother, the eldest clinging on behind. Donkey carts amble by, loaded with rushes; goats scavenge on rubbish heaps; cats scuttle about. My favourite sight is an open lorry full of camels, humps and necks rising above its sides, heads peering around like periscopes!

Egypt is a beautiful country. The rich green ribbon of the Nile Valley with the desert stretching away either side. The marble statues and obelisks looking as freshly polished as the day they were made (we were living in caves at the time!). Over 5,000 years of history, you expect a few ups and downs. But why were we finding such hopelessness in some young people, yet others could talk realistically of the facts of their country and yet sound confident?

Peter took part in a programme of student exchanges which brought 80 young Egyptians to Britain, introducing them to people with faith who were altering for the better the situation around them. This was a new view of the West to these young Muslims—here were people they could work with and respect. We thought it was time for Peter to introduce me to the friends he's stayed in touch with, and see how many of the others we could find!

I felt welcomed from the moment we arrived. People drove us about, bought us train tickets, took us out for massive meals of grilled chicken, had us to stay (everyone wanted to show us the Pyramids!). We travelled south to Assiut, to Luxor (pure tourism, with its temples, as in Agatha Christie, and the tombs, as in Tutankhamun), north to Alexandria, and back to Cairo.

Salah and Randa met us at the airport. Salah has persuaded his company to complete customs formalities honestly and refuse to pay more than reasonable expense claims to visiting European businessmen. Randa has just stopped teaching, but had decided not to take private pupils from her class after hours. Her

colleagues, who wanted her share of this private pupil market, were furious because she was giving them all they needed in school time!

When we went down with the inevitable stomach bug soon after arrival, Mamdouh, a doctor, came right across town to see us. He has been helping to install a sort of health insurance scheme for his hospital, which will give it the capital to get fully equipped, and give contributors a faster, better service.

Ali and Samia took us out with their two-year-old. Ali works for an irrigation company whose support he has to go for service and quality rather than short term profits. When a client wanted their sprinkler system for his orange groves, Ali told him it would stunt the trees for a few years. He advised him to widen the irrigation canals instead. The grateful farmer called Ali back to look at another piece of land, and gave him the contract.

The six hour trip south on the train to Assiut was to visit Emad, a medical student and his elder sister Maha, already a doctor. She is working in a village clinic, where all the other doctors see people privately in the state-paid time, and use state drugs for it. Maha has refused to, so finds working relations very difficult. They live in a small provincial town like a pressure cooker with tension between the Christian minority and Muslim fundamentalists, and want to be able to bridge the growing divide.

On our return to Cairo, we were invited out to a farm where a young couple have set up a small family business. Amr found that all childrens' clothes being sold were expensive or shoddy imports, so they launched themselves into business from Malak's father's empty chicken shed. They employ 40 local women, whose working hours have been arranged to suit their family life. Amr and Malak stand out as people who have grown up with privilege but have put that to use in doing something the country and local women need.

So why are some young people despondent, others optimistic? Those who have done something, taken some step however small, be it moral or practical, to better not only their lot but that of those around them, are the ones who look ahead with hope for their country. You feel that Egypt could be on its feet in no time with enough people who would do a little more than just survive. Then you realise that exactly the same is true of our country! I came back thinking, 'What am I doing to make it happen?'

TIRLEY GARTH STUDY WEEK

When 18 young people meet together, you can bet on a time of vivid discussion and fun, but when they come from countries as diverse as South Africa, Scotland, Australia and the Netherlands as people who "want to understand the forces that run the world and have a part in changing them", then the week becomes a concentrated period of learning, teaching and sharing. It was in this context that the fifth Tirley Garth Study Course took place in England between 28 December and 4 January.

Each day began with a session of 'faith' led by Brian Boobbyer and the Rev Daniel Pearce.

The next session each morning centred on taking your faith out into the world. These discussions were led by guest speakers, beginning with Jim Lester, a senior Conservative Member of Parliament who spoke on 'A Christian in Politics'. Vernon Clements (a West Indian member of the new Independent Police Complaints Board) and Betty Gray (author of 'Clashpoint', spoke on 'Britain's Multi-racial Crisis'.

Michel Sentsis from Paris addressed the subject 'The common missing ingredient in the communist and non-communist worlds'. Harry Addison led a meeting on

the life of St Paul with an enthusiasm which increased our knowledge and more importantly our interest in this great disciple.

Away from the meetings there were many informal discussions around the meal table or late into the night. For me these often centred around South Africa, as we had several people from that country with us. All of us greatly appreciated their honesty.

Lest anyone think we spent the whole time in serious discussion, let me burst that bubble. Many hours of football, table tennis and 'Trivial Pursuit' broke up the talk, and a New Year's Eve party introduced many of us to Scottish dancing. On one day we were fortunate enough to have a trip to Leeds, to the factory and offices of Vickers Oils, where John and Peter Vickers gave us a fantastic day. The most important time, however, was probably the final evening when we were given the chance to share what we had learnt and experienced with guests from the Tirley area.

So if you're in England from 19-26 April, why not attend the next course?

Warren Buckley

(More information available from Chris Evans, Tirley Garth, Tarporley, Cheshire CW6 0LZ.)



CAUX 1987

From 11-19 April there will be (as last Easter) a WORK WEEK in Caux. There will be around 8 hours of work every day, tackling a variety of tasks - from painting to sewing to cooking! Participants are not expected to make any contribution for their stay. For further information, write to: *Eliane Stallybrass, Case Postale 3, CH-1211 Genève 20, Switzerland.*

The conferences at Caux this summer will run from 10 July to 30 August. The overall theme will be LIVING THE WAY WE WANT THE WORLD TO LIVE, and there will be a number of special sessions:

10-14 July	Europe and her neighbours
15-25 July	Session of study and training for young people (see below)
3-10 August	'A different way of doing things' - hosted by people from the Americas
12-22 August	Focus on Africa, Asia and the Pacific, including a 'Workshop in effective living'
25-30 August	Session hosted by people in industry and economic life

If you would like a copy of the general invitation, write to: Moral Re-Armament CH-1824 Caux, Switzerland. A separate invitation is available for the industrial session. There is also a special invitation for the study and training session for young people (minimum age: 16), of which the theme will be CREATING NEW TRENDS. Part of the invitation reads:

Do you feel that new trends need setting in today's world? Are you ready to pay a price in your own living to bring them about? Would you like to explore a task that will last a lifetime? If so, this session is for you! If we are to create a future worth living in, we need to create some wholly new trends. At this session we will seek out together what they could be.

COMPETITION!

In the next two issues of *FREEWAY* we hope to focus on the theme of the Caux training session, CREATING NEW TRENDS. We invite our readers to write 200-400 words on this theme, and send it to us. We will print some of the contributions, and the best will receive a prize of a copy of Alan Thornhill's new book, 'Best of Friends'.

IMPORTANT!

FREEWAY - SUBSCRIPTION NEWS

140 people now subscribe to *FREEWAY*. Most have paid! Some still need to! We are finding *FREEWAY* quite costly to produce, and regret that we must increase the subscription price to £5 (or equivalent). This is a flat rate for anywhere in the world - the rationale being that cheaper postal costs inside Britain will subsidise greater costs to far-off countries. (We think this a revolutionary idea! Why should Australians pay more to receive *FREEWAY* than Europeans?)

In order to keep administration simple, we have decided on the following subscription system. The "Freeway Year" will run from summer to summer (i.e. the first five issues comprise one year's 'volume'; issues 6-10 comprise the second year, etc). Subscriptions will always be due for renewal at the end of a 'volume' (i.e. in the summer). If a subscription is taken out in the middle of a 'volume', its cost will be proportionately reduced. For example, if you subscribe for this issue (Volume 1 Number 3) onwards, you pay three-fifths of the annual rate, i.e. £3.

The first two issues were sent out to many people as a promotion. If you have subsequently taken out a subscription, we would be grateful if you would consider the first two issues as part of that subscription - which will then fall due for renewal next summer. If you feel aggrieved at this idea, then send less money when you renew!

If you are paying with foreign currency, please do not send a foreign currency cheque, as this costs more to clear through the bank than the cheque is worth! Send bank notes if you wish, but best of all send payment via the international Giro system, made payable to Edward Peters, account 50-062-3201. (We do not yet have a *FREEWAY* account with Girobank.)

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE: March 10

ADDRESS: 69 VICTORIA ROAD, OXFORD OX2 7J9