

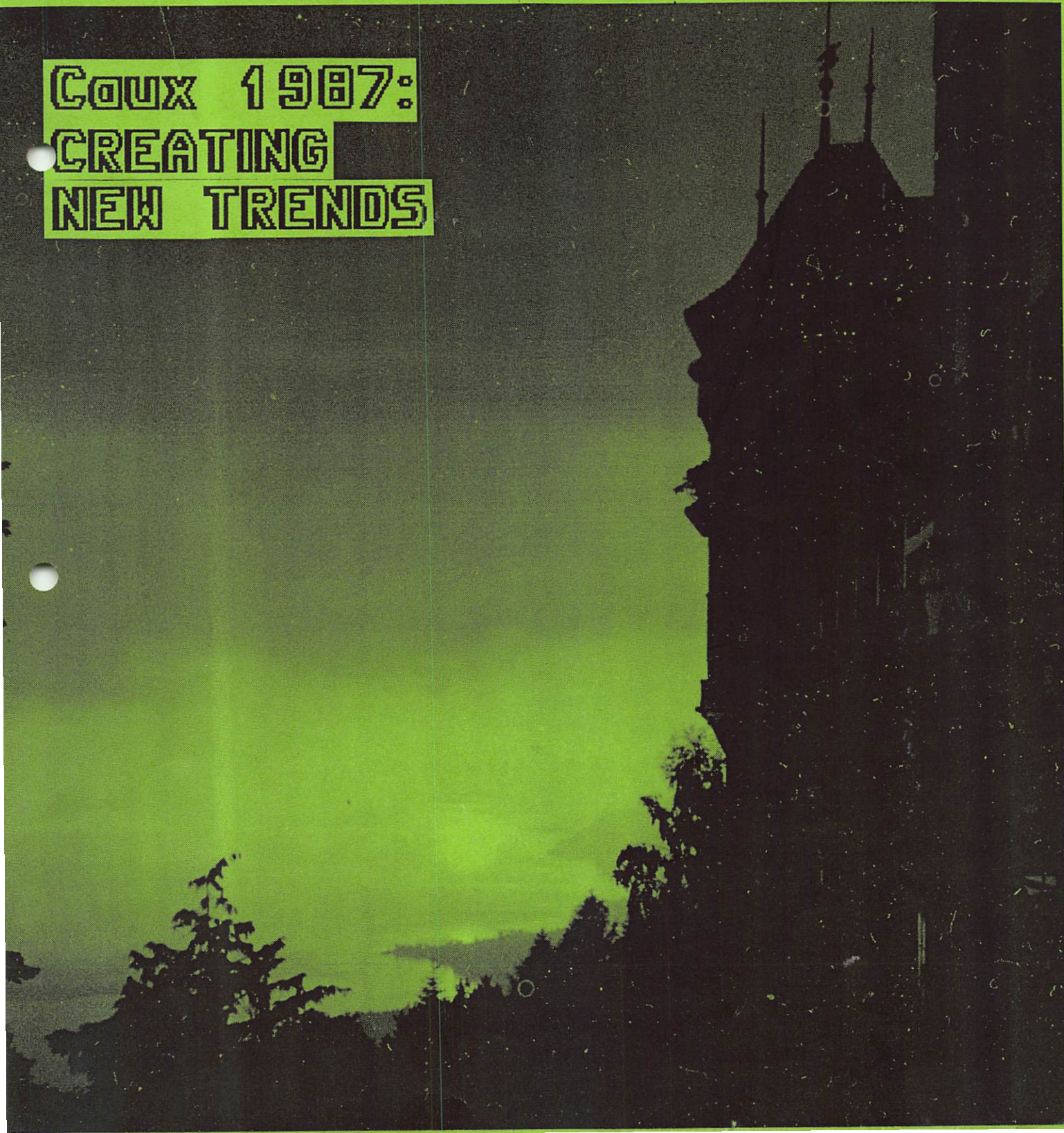
OCTOBER 1987

FREEMAN

Vol 2 No 1

"Why not let God run the world?"

**COUX 1987:
CREATING
NEW TRENDS**



TO ALL ASPIRING TRENDSETTERS: READ ON!

YOUR DEDICATED EDITORIAL STAFF were well represented in Caux in July at the Youth Training Session. 160 or so people from nearly 30 countries took part, the theme being 'Creating New Trends'.

What (you may ask) does that mean? Trends (you might rightly suggest) can be superficial things - fads or fashions which change every few months, and which people follow often without thinking.

At Caux we spoke of trends in a different way. How can we live out a quality of life which challenges the commonly-accepted values of society? How can we offer an alternative to the self-centredness which most people consider right and normal? Could we discover a quality of care which makes the whole world our business, and every person in it our concern? Could we live our faith so compellingly that people see it as the natural and normal way human beings are meant to live?

At Caux we had a go at four particular aspects of the main theme:

The first was the philosophy of materialism, and how we can offer a more satisfying goal for life.

Second was the need to break out of the narrowness and small thinking which often engulfs us, and take on a global perspective.

Then we talked about the freedom that comes not from the 'anything goes' philosophy, but from self-discipline.

The fourth point was openness and honesty - and the peace and joy they bring.

The session at Caux threw out much new thinking and - most important of all - new experience of God in all our lives. "I want to find out how not to be so superficial," one girl said. "I knew exactly what I had to decide," said another; "I have to make the decision to be free, and I can't do it in my own strength. I need His help."

One of the most enjoyable parts of the conference was the final group presentations, when the eight different groups which had worked and discussed together throughout the week presented to the whole conference the fruits of their afternoon creative workshops. There was a magic carpet, draped over a kitchen trolley, which whizzed us around the world; a fairy tale about a rich man and a poor man; a TV variety show; a world-spanning weather forecast; and a bus queue before and after change!

Friends from the Lebanon, Argentina, South Africa, and Malaysia (to name just four countries) brought a perspective to the conference which provided the right backdrop to personal decision.

This issue of *FREEWAY* is largely devoted to passing on some of what was given at the conference. But it was just a beginning! The real job of setting new trends of living and thinking starts when we get home, among our family and friends. We need to keep working at the theme, giving content to the idea, articulating our experiences of living with God. Perhaps in various countries groups of people could meet during the coming months, to share and exchange ideas, support each other's convictions, and create songs and sketches which portray the new trends we want to create. Then at Caux next summer we may be able to take the next concerted step in the forging of a world team of trendsetters for God! Good luck!

THE EDITORS

"MUM, I LOVE THAT SKIRT!"

by Sue Pearce
New Zealand

"Mum, I love that skirt, I have to have it. If I don't, my life will be destroyed!"

I have had many conversations with my mother along these lines. I never thought too much about materialism and certainly never considered I might be guilty of it. But I realised recently that it is very strong in me.

Materialism does not only mean that my possessions come first. It is an attitude towards life which becomes uppermost when I want something very badly. The fear that I won't get it stops me from thinking about anyone else and separates me from God.

This does not just apply to the acquisition of things, but also to what I want from my life. I have many dreams about what I would like to do - study, travel - and most of them need quite a lot of money. I wonder, "If I commit my future to God, will he take this all away from me?" This fear has prevented me from really going wholeheartedly for God. For me the answer to this materialistic outlook on life has been to trust God and to know that whatever he wants for me has to be the best for my life.

AN ISLAND IN A RIVER

by Arend van Randen
Netherlands

I DISCOVERED IN CAUX that it was not me that was running my life, not me that was choosing the direction. I was being dragged along in a river. A river of temptations, fear and laziness. I didn't have the strength or the guts to swim against this stream. I just let myself drift wherever the current took me. A relaxed, but not satisfying, way of living!

Caux is like an island in this wild river. It gives you the opportunity to take stock and set out in a new direction.

Back in the river I discovered that, if you're open for it, God will show you rocks to step on and branches to hang onto, so that you can go in the right direction and, by that, help other people who are being drowned.

Sometimes I slip, but by the help of God and friends I can come out again.

And together we can change the direction of this river.



Rahul Kapadia

THE EMPTY SPACE

by Francois Orphelin, France

WHEN I THINK ABOUT the question of the materialism in me, I don't like to spend too long on it - partly because I find it an embarrassing subject, and partly because I have an inkling of the answer I would get. In fact, when it comes down to it, I think I am extremely materialistic, and that bothers me.

Materialism distances us from God, from our faith, and from our friends. These links - with God and with my friends - are links of love. In the play *The Turnaround* [performed in Caux - Ed] there was a phrase that particularly caught my attention: "Love is creative; its nature is to create". If that is the case, I realise that materialism distances me from love, prevents me from loving and from being creative. So it's a serious matter.

One thing of which I am sure, is that there is in me a natural empty space. That space is the home of love, the home of creativity. In our society today, we have become quite terrified of that empty space. We reject it, we forget it, and even, as some philosophers do, we go as far as denying its existence. And we try to fill this empty space with things that we buy or use, or even with people who we use or whose affection we buy. And that is also serious.

Jesus said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven". Materialism is the opposite of that emptiness, the empty space. It is the opposite of love and of creativity. In the same way, how could you drink from a block of clay? What is it that allows you to put a flower in a vase?

TO HECK WITH WHAT MY FRIENDS THINK!

by Mark Boobbyer

MY COLLEGE at Durham University has a deserved reputation for mindless drunkenness and rough behaviour, such that many students from other colleges are afraid to go near it in the evening. The bar has a damaging influence on college life and at times the atmosphere is very unpleasant.

There is an evening at the college called "Poems and Pints". The idea is that anyone can tell a joke or sing a song and get a free pint of beer, and the result is a very crude and disgusting evening. Some friends and I decided that it was time to give a different flavour to this evening and so we rehearsed a Christian song. Naturally we were apprehensive as to how this would go down, so we prayed about it for half an hour in the chapel beforehand. And God seemed to have it in hand because immediately we began to sing, the whole bar was on its feet and clapping along. Afterwards people said they hoped that we would come back again.

On another occasion some friends of mine went to sing some songs and do some sketches in another college bar with the intention of inviting people along to an occasion we were having. Immediately they began singing, however, some others who objected to what they were doing got together and drowned them out by singing the crudest rugby songs as loudly as possible. My friends got together and prayed and listened to see whether God would give them an idea. Someone suggested that they should ask the others to join in the next song. To



Rahul Kapadia

their surprise everyone agreed and the whole bar began to sing along. The atmosphere changed and students began to open up and talk.

God doesn't usually get a look in in college bars but they are often full of people who are crying out for something different, and to whom a genuine Christian challenge has never been given.

If my faith were strong enough it should not surprise me, but nevertheless it always amazes me how God speaks to people in such different ways and in unexpected places.

LOADED WITH APPREHENSION

ULRIKE OTT from Germany passed her advanced level exam in July. At Easter six of her friends took part in the Work Week at Caux. In May she and her friend Helene invited two MRA friends to their school, and amongst other things showed the video about the life of Madame Irène Laure.

Almost three years ago, when I set off for boarding school for the first time, loaded with luggage and apprehension, the time seemed to stretch endlessly ahead of me. But now I've finished!

The biggest problem you face at boarding school is lack of time and sleep. The reason is simple: school life and private life merge and you end up firstly having very little free time, and secondly, when you do get any, there is always someone nearby who wants to talk. So I often didn't manage a long enough time of quiet. I was too tired

in the morning, too busy during the day and too exhausted in the evening to gain much from it. It was always a great help for me, however, whenever I was fearful or insecure, to write down my thoughts. This was particularly true at the time of a friend's death last year - a shattering experience.

I found that there were people at my school who had a similar approach to life to mine, and I could talk to them without fear of being ridiculed. At the same time it was also challenging consciously to try to live out my faith in everyday things. It meant doing jobs for others and not joining in negative gossip about others behind their backs.

In a close society like that, faith does not appear genuine if you are afraid of being different from the crowd. The challenge did not cease when I left school. There are many possibilities, whether by encouraging outsiders to join in a group, or by cheering someone up.

I am now going to spend six months in England in a Missionary Training Centre, where I hope to learn more.

PRINCESS AND GIPSY BAND

by Jeroen Gunning, Netherlands

IT ALL STARTED with a simple question, "Are you open?", asked by a friend I had invited to Caux. "Of course", I answered, but he asked it again, which annoyed me terribly. But it made me see the way I start making jokes as soon as anyone tries to probe deeply into me. Since seeing this, I have experimented by deciding to be open, not only to my friends but to everyone. And I'm amazed by the response and the results.

them a Belgian princess. Over supper with the guests I had just started explaining about Caux to my neighbour when the princess overheard us and asked what MRA was about. Suddenly all 25 guests fell silent and I was the only one speaking... I don't know what the impact was but it was a great chance and challenge.

That night I discovered that you can talk as enthusiastically about the MRA life as about playing the violin once you're free of what others might think of you. Every now and then I'm bound by the fear that my friends think I'm mad. But when I have that freedom, just for a moment, life becomes a very thrilling story.

Christoph Spreng



In Caux during the week after the Youth Training Session, the 'under-thirties' met daily to discuss various subjects, one being friendship. Some things came out: Can we be faithful friends to those God points out, even if they aren't the people we choose? Are we afraid of losing our friends when we are open and honest with them?

Having decided to be open, I had on my return home to be straightforward with my friends about Caux, what happens there, etc. Instead of considering me a lunatic, most people I told about Caux were really interested.

I play the violin in a gipsy band and I was afraid of telling the band about my doings this summer, for fear of losing authority. But somehow I found myself in the middle of deep talks on God's guidance and the four moral standards. One day we were performing in Belgium for EEC kids, all students and one of

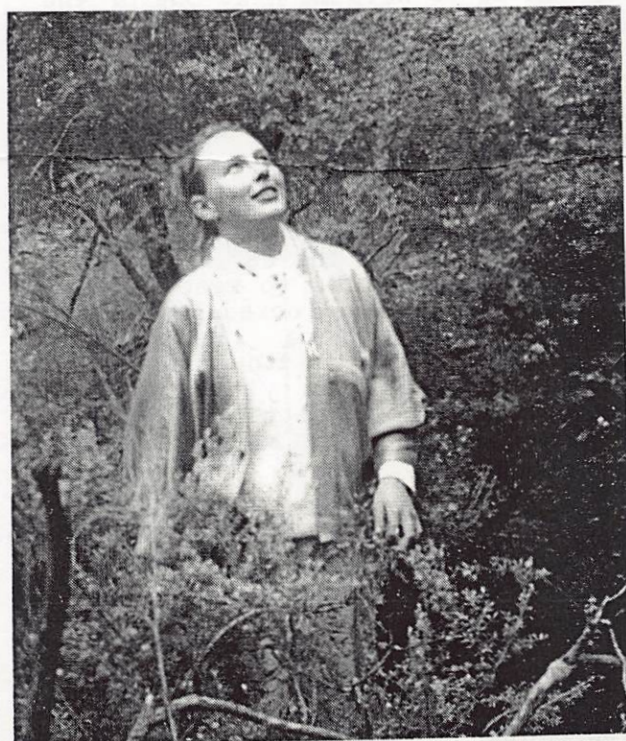
REALLY DRUNK

by Elina Gundersen, Finland

THERE IS OFTEN a very strong pressure to be like others and to follow the crowd and its habits. One of these habits in Finland is drinking. Alcohol has always been a big problem in our country, for instance in business and politics, and today in our schools parties are usually 'wet'.

On one of my class excursions, many of my class mates and one of my teachers got really drunk. When I saw what alcohol did to these friends of mine I decided I didn't want to go with the crowd but to be free to follow my conviction, despite the pressure.

At a party recently I realised that through this decision I had made, I was able to help some friends of mine.



Sue Pearce

Argentina and Britain

"NOW WE'RE FIGHTING ON THE SAME SIDE"

An unexpected and moving contribution at the Caux session came from Horacio Benitez, President of a co-operative founded by Argentine veterans of the Falklands/Malvinas war. Without compromising Argentina's claim to the islands, he asked forgiveness from the British present for the suffering caused by the war. A short while later Horacio was able to visit Britain, and on his return to Caux he spoke about this experience.

It was very difficult for me to come to Britain. It is the country I fought against: the country of those I killed.

Exactly five years ago I was lying in a hospital bed with a British bullet in my head, looking at the ceiling wondering why I had been allowed to live. Life was very sad and didn't make sense.

Time passed and destiny's wish, against my own, was that I become responsible for the many problems of the other ex-combatants. But I had very bad memories of the war which had profoundly marked me. There had been some very ugly fighting and I had lost many friends. I and the few friends who were left often dreamed of one day being able to speak to a man who had fought on the other side.

I made friends with a British couple who visited Argentina earlier this year and they invited me to Britain. In their home I felt I was in my own family, as if we'd known each other for years - though they spoke a different language.

They wanted to help me meet one of the British soldiers I had fought against. The greatest test came when the man they had approached phoned, accepting to meet me. More than once on the journey to that rendezvous I wanted to tell my friend to turn back. It was a hard battle inside but in the end I decided to go through with it. When we arrived a very tall man was waiting for us at the door. We parked the car. I didn't know what to say or how to react. When I got out of the car I looked him in the eyes and saw tears there. He embraced me. We were both proud to have fought for our nations but sorry for what we had done, I to the British and he to Argentina. I must have killed many of his friends and he many of mine. It was very difficult for us both. We shook hands and he said, "Now we are fighting on the same side." Because we can ask each other's forgiveness, we can talk frankly and see beyond politics or our own interests.

I don't think we will ever forget the war, but what we can do is to learn to become instruments so that it never happens again. There is a new way which is not the way of violence or war but of dialogue and sincere peace.



Rahul Kapadia

BRITISH RESPONSE

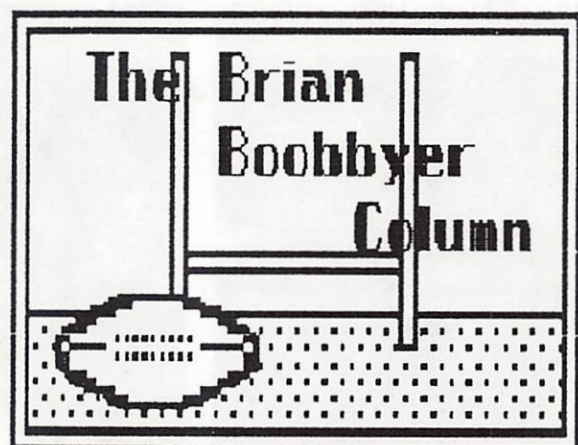
Two of the young British at Caux responded to Horacio's apology.

Mike Lowe: "When Horacio asked us British for forgiveness for what Argentina had done, I felt very ashamed. I felt it was we who needed to apologise but I was not quite sure what we needed to ask forgiveness for. I was just aware that we, as a nation, had almost killed this man, who still had a very open heart towards the British. And then I realised that what we needed to change on was the indifference that we have and have always had towards Argentina. The next morning, when I was thinking about all this, I realised that forgiveness opens a door towards real dialogue."

Catherine Hannon: "During the Falklands/Malvinas war I was in South Africa, so I was not so directly affected. Talking with Horacio I have realised how quickly I put people into boxes, judging them (and situations) without taking into account what they really feel. For this I want to say I am wrong, and that I am sorry. It is easy to listen - but at the same time it is so difficult. But I believe that the understanding I have found here between British and Argentines on a one-to-one basis is something solid that I can take home to my country, Northern Ireland, which is still so full of bitterness and hatred, so full of apathy and hopelessness."

DO PEOPLE GROW AROUND YOU?

Nadia Mandelstam, widow of the Russian poet who disappeared in the camps in 1938, wrote in her book, *Hope Abandoned*, this comment on the 20th century: "I do not believe any preceding age has been marked by such a passion for self-advancement as ours. It is the disease of our time." Also: "Total absorption in oneself is a sure sign of mental illness, something to which whole nations may succumb as well as individuals."



The alternative to this self-absorption is well expressed in two sentences written about Henry Drummond: "He made you believe that you were stronger and your work better than you dared to believe." And "if you were alone with him he was sure to find out what interested you and listen by the hour."

How attractive that is, yet probably unseen.

There is a musical running in London called *Les Misérables*. It won the award in America for being the world's number one musical. I see in the paper recently that there is a production now running in Hungary.

The scene is set in early 19th century France. A man, Jean Valjean, steals a loaf of bread to feed his starving family. He is caught and sentenced to the galleys for 19 years. After his release he goes from town to town looking for work but no one will employ him because he bears the permanent brand of a galley-slave. In his final despair he knocks on the door of a person who receives him royally, asks no questions and gives him a meal and a bed for the night. Valjean takes advantage of such treatment and escapes from the house with the silver he finds in his bedroom.

The police catch him and recognise the mark of the silver as belonging to the Bishop's palace. The Bishop says to the police: "But I gave the silver to him. But he forgot to take something. He forgot to take these candlesticks." Valjean is confronted by a dimension of life which he did not believe existed.

Victor Hugo says in the original novel, "When the convict came he did not even ask from what country he came nor what was his history. The convict had his misfortune only too present in his mind and the Bishop's aim was to divert him from it and make him believe he was a person like any other." Later in the book he writes, "There is no such thing as bad plants or bad men, only bad cultivators."

Valjean then sets out to do for someone else what was so miraculously and naturally done for him.

Helping others, encouraging people, is not a technique. It is a love that comes from a deep inner life. It cannot be obtrusively done. Barnabas does not get much publicity in the New Testament. But without his unselfish care and friendship the apostle Paul would surely not have become the man he did.

One of the founders of the Cistercians, Stephen Harding, said eight centuries ago: "The real leader of men is the man who can make others believe they are accompanying him not following. He is the man who is wise enough to recognise, respect and show due reverence to the manhood in other men. He is the man who wins their confidence by showing his confidence in them."

H.G. Wells wrote, "The test of greatness is what a man leaves to grow. By this criterion Jesus stands first."

Selfish ambition makes a person touchy. Faith cannot grow on such a soil nor can anyone grow round such a person. There is very little room on a ladder.

On the rugby field it was always a question of whether to pass the ball or run myself. If I had my life over again I would pass the ball more often. At least I think I would!

St Peter in his first Epistle wrote, "Now that you have, by obeying the truth, made your souls clean enough for a genuine love of your fellows, see that you do love each other fervently and from the heart."

Honesty, purity, love. Here is the root that enables us to draw out the best in people.

St Paul wrote, "Always aim at the highest in each other and in the whole world."

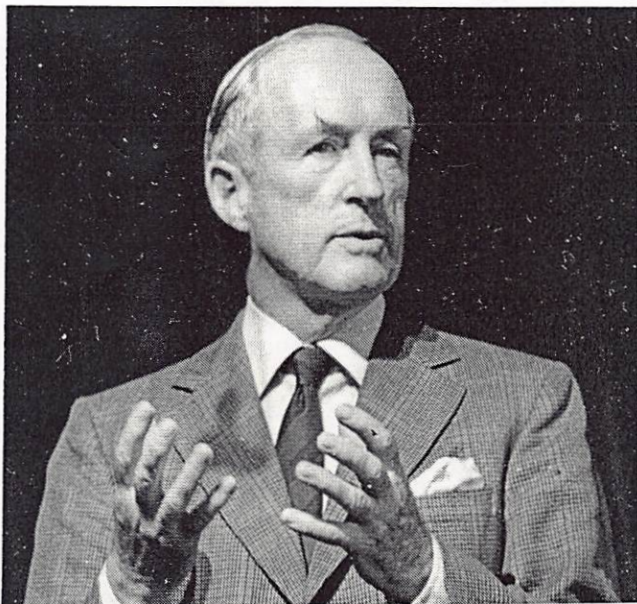
It is good to keep asking ourselves: Do we enable the people around us and the people we meet to be at their best and rise to their full stature? Are we making openings for others or are we only interested in running with the ball ourselves?

OBEDIENCE: STEP BY STEP TO GOD'S PERFECT PLAN

by Archie Mackenzie

British diplomat
and assistant to Edward Heath
on the BRANDT COMMISSION

*(extracts from a talk
at the Youth Training Session)*



I HAVE BEEN A PROFESSIONAL DIPLOMAT for the last 35 years. But I was not one of those who felt clear from the very beginning what he wanted to do with his life. Just as I was going up to university to study English Literature, I met the idea of Moral Re-Armament. At that time my whole life was centred on sport and I accepted an invitation to an MRA meeting because I heard that a famous Scottish motor cyclist would be speaking.

Two things were said at that very first meeting which made a permanent

difference in my life. Someone said, "I have found the freedom of glass-house living." This rang bells in my mind because I could see that if one was living in a glass-house and not hiding things from people, one would be free. I knew I was not living that way, but the phrase intrigued me.

The other thing that was said was that God has a plan for your life. I had a religious background but my faith was rather like what they call in physics, *inert gas*. It did nothing to me or to anyone else. This came home to me when one of my friends in our football team, whose life was in a moral mess,



committed suicide. I knew I had done nothing to help that fellow. It was a new thought for me that God had a plan and that if I was willing to accept the discipline of listening each morning, step by step I would have the chance to find out what that plan was. That interested me.

I tried the idea of listening to God, and at first there was no plan. Instead two things stood up in my mind like great telegraph poles - two places where I had been downright dishonest, one with my parents and the other with the school I had been attending. Whenever I tried to have a quiet time there was no plan for the world, just these two telegraph poles - until I realised that in order to begin to find God's plan I had to start by being honest with the people concerned. After that, new ideas about my friends and my life began to grow.

By this time I was at university, and about 15 of us used to meet every morning at 08.40 for 20 minutes to share our guidance - what plans we had for the day and for our friends in the university. It meant a tremendously rich friendship between us - a friendship which has remained for 50 years.

At the end of my second year at university my professor suggested I switch my course to philosophy. It was a difficult decision, as I wasn't sure it would be so easy to get a job with a degree in philosophy. But in my quiet time it became clear that I should switch. So I obeyed the thought. After two more years I got a First Class Honours degree.

I went on to Oxford, but at the end of two years there I still didn't know what to do next. Another professor suggested I try for a Commonwealth Scholarship to study in America. And that is what happened.



But before I could finish my PhD degree at Harvard, the War came. Another crisis. What to do? At that moment the British embassy in Washington got in touch with me and asked, "Would you please come here and work for us because we need extra people and you know about America now." So, wholly unexpectedly, having never planned to become a diplomat, I found myself working in the British embassy in Washington, just through seeking guidance at each step as new situations arose.

After the War ended I found myself working in the United Nations - a lucky position for a young diplomat. Then suddenly I was asked to go and work in Thailand. I thought, would it not be better to stay in the UN with all its interesting work? But again very clearly the thought came, "No, this is the next step; take it".

So I went to Bangkok. I didn't know anyone. I wasn't married. I felt very alone. Three weeks later four men came to see me, a journalist, a trade union leader, a businessman and a government official. They had just been in Caux. They said, "Would you please tell us

more about Moral Re-Armament? We would like to do something about it here in Thailand." And so, suddenly, without me doing anything about it, I found I had a team. Within 18 months these four men had affected the whole policy of Thailand. The Prime Minister had set up in the Ministry of Culture a special department for Moral Re-Armament. And the relationship between Thailand and its closest neighbour Burma, which had been very bad, had been turned right round into friendship.

So in Bangkok I learned how God can open doors in ways that we never expect. And this happened again later when we (I was married by then) were sent to Yugoslavia. That was the first time we had to live under a communist dictatorship. And I thought, how do you operate in a situation like that?

We made friends with some African students. They came to our home and my wife cooked African dishes for them. We showed them the MRA film, *Freedom*, made by Africans. The students said to us, "Could we have this film? The Yugoslavs are showing us their films all the time and we would like to have something African to show them." In the following two years these Africans took that film all over Yugoslavia. The film soundtrack was in English, so they translated it into Serbo-Croat themselves simultaneously into a microphone. And once again I thought, God's plan is amazing. How could you humanly have anticipated that kind of thing?



Madame Pibul Songgram, wife of the Prime Minister of Thailand; Mr N. Kashevayangar, Indian MP, and his wife; with Archie Mackenzie, during the latter's years as a diplomat in Thailand

So here I am at the end of my career and I can therefore look back in a way that younger people cannot. And looking back does convince me a hundred times over that it is true that God has a plan and that what we need to do is to stretch out our hands and get in touch with him. MRA means saying 'yes' to God. It's not a new theory; it's not a new organization that anyone wants you to join; it's not a new government plan. It just means saying 'yes' to God, obeying the thoughts that come and watching for the results.

POLAND: CRYSTAL SPIRIT OF

by Mike Lowe

MANY BOOKS ABOUT POLAND have been written in recent years. Yet a Polish friend remarked after reading "The Crystal Spirit - Lech Walesa and his Poland", by Mary Craig, that this was the best of the lot "because she understands the Polish Church".

In 1980, Solidarity and Lech Walesa became household words. The unthinkable had happened, a real free trade union had been formed in a 'communist' country. Poland it seemed was moving towards true democracy.

Little over a year later, dreams were shattered both inside and out of Poland. Solidarity was banned, Walesa imprisoned and martial law declared. For many outside Poland it seemed that the whole thing was over, the experiment had failed.

Yet as Craig states, "Solidarity was much more than just another trade union movement, and Lech Walesa did not just spring into active life in that August of 1980."

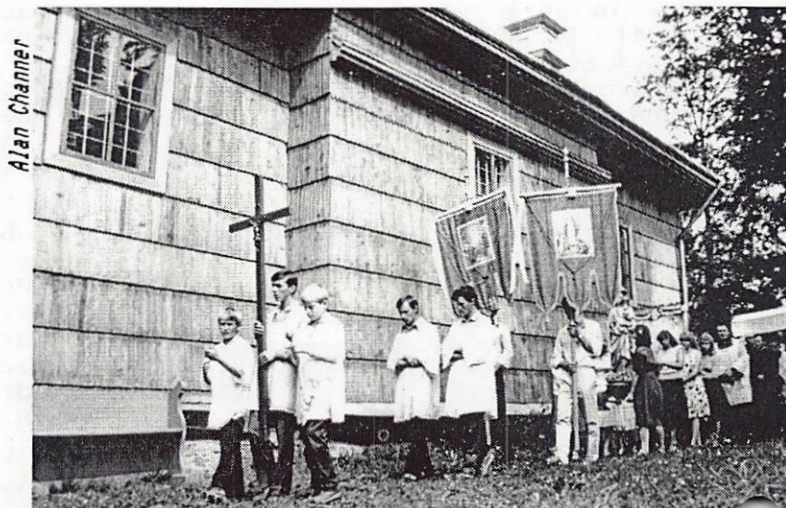
"The Crystal Spirit" falls halfway between a biography of Walesa and a history of Poland. In her introduction Craig explains that "the story of the man and of the movement is a complex interwoven one. And the story does not make sense to the outsider unless the story of Poland is told." She places Solidarity in the context of Poland's continuous struggle for existence.

The recent visit of the Pope to his homeland served as a reminder that Solidarity is not dead and illustrated the strong link between it and the Church. As might be expected from the author of "Blessings" and "Man from a Far Country", Craig pays due attention to the importance of faith in both Walesa's and Poland's life. She describes an early experience of Walesa who, after a row with a girl, entered a church. "I went in and sat on a pew. It was warm in there and suddenly I felt

Truth came top

such a sense of inner peace that it was as if my whole life had taken on a new direction. From then on I became a true believer and acquired a purpose in life."

She also charts the rise of the Christian "Light Life" movement, which drew thousands of young members in the '70s. "The idea of living according to one's conscience was immensely appealing... This new and powerful movement within the Church was to have incalculable consequences for the future. For it signified that the young people of Poland were sorting out their priorities and were finding that Truth came top of their list."



The history of 'communist' Poland is described, dominated by battles between party, Church, intellectuals and workers. "As long as the three sources of potential opposition...remained separate the government could breathe freely."

The emergence of Solidarity in 1980 was a landmark in a painful learning process as Poland's disparate opposition groups finally came together. An important predecessor was KOR, the Workers' Defense Committee, formed by 14 intellectuals after strikes in Ursus and Radon. Craig describes this as a "milestone in the history of communist Poland."

Another contributing factor was the election of Cardinal Karol Wojtyła as Pope in 1987. According to Craig it was "an electric shock which galvanised Poland to life." She quotes Poles as saying that his visit in 1979 was "like the first Pentecost when the Holy Spirit came down on the followers of Jesus." In this flowering of self-confidence and conscience, revolution was born.

The events of August 1980 are well known. Craig chronicles the rapid rise of Solidarity, the euphoria, the revolutionary changes; and the struggles of Walesa - cast into the mantle of Poland's messiah - as he tried to give his compatriots a true sense of democracy, when Poland had hardly known what it was. For Walesa, struggling against wildcat strikes and workers

Moral Revolution

seeking vengeance against corrupt officials, it was important to stress that "ours is a moral revolution". Craig places him firmly in the tradition of Gandhi and Martin Luther King. "I am a believer," he said, "which is why I forgive blindly." Unfortunately, not everyone shared his vision.

SOLIDARITY

Poles were aware of the situation they were in. A sign in a travel agent's window at this time read: "Visit the Soviet Union before the Soviet Union visits you". A vicious propaganda war was waged against Walesa. Yet his character emerges above all this. A true man of the people, coarse maybe, but courageous and strong when he needed to be and above all a man of faith and integrity.

Alan Channer



Solidarity the trade union may have been stopped in '81, but Craig makes quite clear that Solidarity the moral revolution continues. The brutality of martial law is described followed by the healing of the Pope's second visit. She speculates about the power struggles within the party hierarchy and painfully portrays the events leading to the martyrdom of Father Popieluszko in '84. Reading "The Crystal Spirit" one gets a sense of the evolution of Polish thinking that has taken place and the consequent permanence of the revolution.

Craig is clearly a woman in love with Poland. In this lie the book's obvious strengths and also perhaps its weaknesses. There is maybe a temptation to romanticise about the Polish people and to forget their faults. But the key to her remarkable book may be found in the introduction. "Many years ago," she says, "a friend of mine told me she was convinced that Poland had the spiritual capacity to save the world from itself... for the last few years, ever since August 1980, in fact, I have been sure that my friend was right."

CAN'T DRUM AND DANCE ALONE

Peter Everington



This scene is a product of the creative workshops at Caux. It was written and presented by two law students from Khartoum University, in Sudan, where there is currently a civil war between the north and south.

A tall, dark Sudanese is alone with his drum and spear. As he plays the drum, he sings in the Dinka language. After a while he wants to dance as well. He picks up his spear and dances, then puts down the spear and drums. He sighs with frustration at not being able to play the drum and dance at the same time.

A smaller, slight Sudanese joins him. "I can play the drum for you," he offers.

"But who are you?" demands the first.

"I come from the Northern part of Sudan."

"Yes, you come from the North, I come from the South. You are a Muslim, I am a Christian. You are an Arab, I am an African. Your people have looked down on us as second class citizens. I don't trust you... you have betrayed us."

"Don't say so. Our forefathers talked together, they were brothers. Please let me play for you. Let's turn a page and forgive."

"Forgive? Forgive.... All right, you try. But if you don't do it right I swear I'll kill you...."

So the northerner plays the drum. It doesn't sound quite right. The southerner tries to dance to it but finally loses patience.

"No, no, no. It's no good!"

"Please show me how to do it, then let me try again."

"Forgive.... All right, hold my spear and I'll show you."

The northerner puts out a hand to take the spear, but the southerner hesitates, torn between hanging on to his spear and playing the drum. Suddenly he releases the spear, turns to the drum and plays with his back half turned to the northerner to show that he trusts him.

The northerner stands quietly watching with the spear in his hand. He hands it back and tries the drum again. This time it sounds good. The southerner joyfully dances, swinging his spear and singing to the beat of the drum.

Interview: AGNES HOFMEYR

AGNES HOFMEYR comes from Kenya and South Africa.
She was interviewed for Freeway by CLARE PHILLIMORE.

GROWING UP IN AFRICA MUST HAVE BEEN EXCITING AT TIMES. IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR INCIDENT WHICH STAYS IN YOUR MIND?

My father was one of the early settlers in Kenya and he built every house we lived in. One of my first memories is of living in a tent surrounded by our house servants who were in turn surrounded by cattle, fires and a thorn hedge to keep the wild animals away. One night we were woken up by a lot of shouting, to discover that lions had broken through the fence and stolen a cow.

YOUR MOTHER DIED WHEN YOU WERE EIGHT, AND YOU WERE SENT TO SCHOOL IN BRITAIN. HOW DID THIS AFFECT YOUR FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS?

I did not like Britain, with its small fields, and the restrictions of school life. So I became bitter. My father married again and I resented this as I did not want anyone to take my mother's place.

It was with my relatives in England that I went to my first Moral Re-Armament conference. I thought I would like to take these ideas to my country. Of the four standards, it was absolute love that struck me most. I hated my father for having remarried. It took me a long time to come to the point of writing and apologising, but when I did it was the start of a new life in our family. I became friends with my father and step mother. My father started to apply moral standards in his own life and became a man much loved and respected in Kenya.

WHAT WENT THROUGH YOUR HEART WHEN YOU HEARD THAT YOUR FATHER HAD BEEN KILLED?

If the Mao Mao (the Kenyan freedom fighters) were to succeed in their struggle, they believed they had to sacrifice a good white man to please the gods of Mao Mao. Since my father was so respected they chose him. He was carried up Mount Kenya, which was a sacred place, and buried alive.

I was in America when I received the news. I was devastated and became full of hatred and bitterness against the blacks. I never wanted to return to Africa. I thought there could not possibly be a God to allow this to happen.

HOW DID YOU OVERCOME THOSE FEELINGS OF HATE, WHICH OTHERS IN A SIMILAR POSITION MIGHT HAVE HARBOURED FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES?

When I had calmed down my husband Bremer suggested that we have a time of quiet. The thought came: "Have no bitterness and hate but fight harder than ever to bring the answer of a change of heart to black and white alike, no matter what it costs." I let go of my anger and longing for revenge, and felt a sense of peace flow into my mind. Someone said to me very understandingly, "The cure is



liquid love". Love could flow through, under and over all the rocks that divide us, wash us clean and make us equal.

HOW HAS THIS EXPERIENCE AFFECTED THE WAY YOU HAVE LIVED SINCE THEN?

I began to think about what white people had done in Africa and where we had failed. Our superiority and selfishness had played such a part in breeding hate in the Africans.

Soon after my father's death we went with an MRA team to Kenya. A young black man, whose father had also been killed by the Mao Mao, arranged a large meeting at which I was to be one of the speakers. I apologised for the selfishness and superiority in me and white people like me and said that I would like to work with them to see if we could find a basis for unity and bring the spirit of MRA to the country. Many blacks came to me and expressed how sorry they were and that in order to make restitution they wanted to take these ideas to the country - which they did.

Kenyatta (later President of Kenya) met the ideas of MRA while he was in prison. On his release he gathered the white farmers and apologised for where he had wronged them and forgave them for the wrongs they had committed against him. He expressed the need for both black and white to make the country what it was meant to be.

A few years ago we had dinner at Caux with a Kenyan who had been in the Mao Mao and had since undergone a change of heart. He told me that he was one of the committee which planned my father's death, and that before coming to Caux he had been on a committee to get a cousin of mine elected to Parliament as the only white MP in the Kenyan government. Having both learnt the secret of forgiveness, we could work together instead of becoming enemies.

GATEWAY TO FREEDOM

by Ulrike Bickeboeller,
Germany

IN MY LIFE self-discipline is a gateway to freedom.

I have two dreams which mean a lot to me. The first is to lead a free life, in order to be able to sing, dance and move around. The second is to be like a ship in full sail on the high seas and not stuck in a harbour with furled sails, without an aim or purpose in life. For me this means living without burdens or weights around my feet. Let me give you a couple of examples.

Three years ago I would never have spoken in public. I would have run away and found some excuse, because I was afraid I would make a mess of it.

Whenever I didn't get what I wanted I would simply remain silent and creep away into a corner. This dominated my life and weighed me down. I couldn't let go of it and it spoilt my relationships with others, above all with my mother.

Self-discipline isn't a weight around ones neck. If I reject it, I (figuratively speaking) pull the rug from under my feet and fall into an empty vacuum. Accepting it means living in unity and harmony with God, with other people and with myself. Above all it means that whenever I fall I pick myself up, decide not to give up and not to think I'll never succeed anyway, as I'm an utter failure. Instead I walk through the door to freedom.

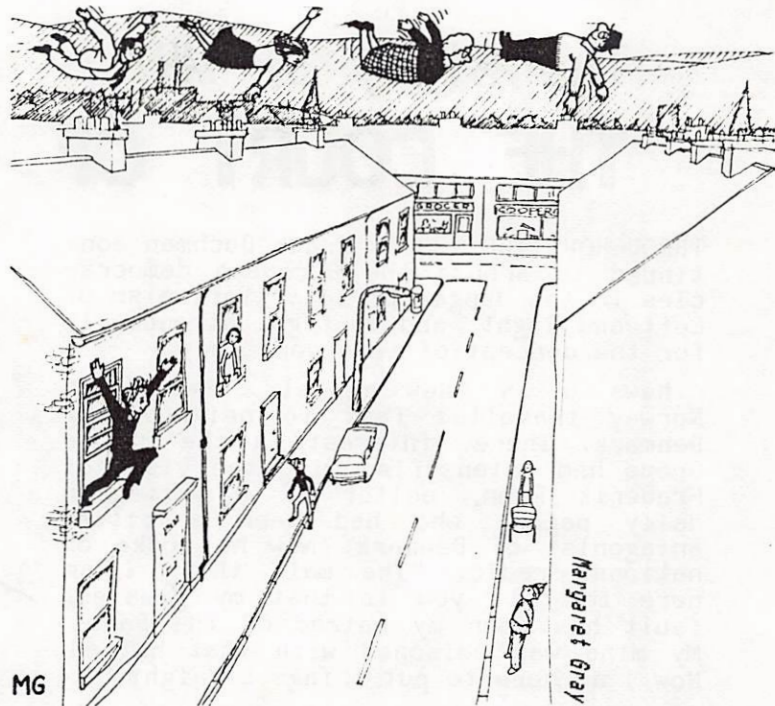
TAKE THE BRAKES OFF!

Gerhard Grob from Switzerland was responsible for the presentation of one of the group workshops at Caux. At the end of the presentation he was one of those who spoke:

When I was asked to have a part in helping a group, on the one hand I was looking forward to it, but on the other I was apprehensive. Unlike my wife I am rather a conservative type, holding back rather than being creative, as she is.

These last days here together have been a real experience for me. I realised that my attitude can be compared with a car which is driving with the brakes on. In my quiet time I wrote down: "Take the brakes off". Of course brakes are useful, but not if you want to drive forward. It all comes down to the question of who is in control: me or God? This is a decision I have to face afresh every morning.

I feel that everybody is needed. And the greater the insight into my own character, the more I can be used to create new trends.



Faith was never born in plenty
Or knowing how;
Always a price to give
My self-will here and now;
Faith is walking on glass,
Never a step on my own,
Faith is to dare to fly
Before any wings have grown.
Faith is simple as day
And watchful as night
There is light enough to see
The next step is right.

Gerd Jonzon, Sweden

A student spoke at the final meeting of the Youth Training Session:

I would like to read you some thoughts I wrote down after talking with a friend yesterday:

"There is something hard in me because I try to be self-sufficient. I try to do without other people, never relying on anyone. Yet it's only others that make life worthwhile. Starting with my family. When I lose the will to live, when the idea of suicide goes through my mind, I think of the pain my parents would feel and the questions that would torment them.

"Show yourself just as you are. It's simple really. There's constant opportunity to put it into practice. Don't believe in yourself so much, or live on your reserves through pride.

"Live by love, taking the risk of being hurt. Forget your ambition to write, and concentrate on serving others. Whatever happens, keep serving. Admit you have doubts, fears, or you don't know where you're heading. Don't be afraid to say you don't know the answers to these things.

"Pray, asking others to pray too. Everything that costs you something increases your faith. You'll become hard if you never doubt at all."

THE COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION

THROUGHOUT THE 1930's Frank Buchman continued to arouse the European democracies to the danger of totalitarianism of Left and Right, and to fight strenuously for the concept of true democracy.

News of a "new mental climate" in Norway travelled fast to neighbouring Denmark. There, interest in the Oxford Group had intensified with the visit of Frederik Ramm, editor of a Norwegian daily paper, who had been a bitter antagonist of Denmark. Now he spoke on national radio. "The main thing I am here to tell you is that my greatest fault has been my hatred of the Danes. My mind was poisoned with that hatred. Now I am here to put things straight."

Buchman was there at the same time. He found the country alive with expectancy. But he was aware that the pattern which was so successful in Norway could not be repeated in Denmark. For one thing there was no-one as yet of the stature of Carl Hambro, President of the Norwegian Parliament, with his conviction for a similar move.

There was plenty of enthusiasm, but little conception of what it took to mount a campaign that would bring the revolutionary change that had taken place in Norway. Buchman wrote to a colleague that things had been already made difficult by "some old fashioned Christians starting a house party on old lines who did not know how to handle the press."

In addition, Buchman found opposition coming from a crowd that had moved north from Berlin, which at that time was a centre of decadence spreading through Europe. Awareness of a possible confrontation with organised evil was never far from Buchman's mind due to the nature of the task he had undertaken and to past experience.

Buchman decided "to go to the court of public opinion" in a series of big public meetings. Everything was ready by March 1935. He had gathered an international force of 300 people in Copenhagen for three days training.

Every ticket taken

Everything depended on the opening meeting which was to be broadcast nationally and at which many workers and intellectuals were expected, including some of the Socialist cabinet. He therefore planned that speakers with labour backgrounds should predominate.

Every ticket was taken. The target was hit. Many workers and atheistic intellectuals stayed on to talk with the speakers, some of them deciding to experiment right away with the ideas they had heard.



Margaret Gray

One of them was a High Court advocate who got talking with a young Oxford graduate. The lawyer was explaining that he did not believe in God, when he spotted a couple who had recently visited him in his office to arrange a divorce, quickly he added, "If something happened to that pair I might even think again." Next day the couple came to his office to call off the divorce. All three, the couple and the lawyer, ended up working with MRA for life.

Over 30,000 attended meetings in the first six days. They were days of spiritual battle. An anti-Oxford Group meeting took place in the university which the press described as a "colossal fiasco".

One of Denmark's ablest journalists, Henrik Clemmensen wrote, "I cannot understand any form of Christianity that has any other good than a revolution of the unchristian world we live in and that of course implies a revolution, a thorough going and drastic change in the life of the individual."

With the evidence of change on a national scale now emerging in Norway and Denmark, Buchman planned to bring it to bear on the continent and especially on Germany.

A large Scandinavian demonstration was conceived to take place on Whit Sunday 1935 in Kronburg Castle at Elsinore.

Ten thousand people filled the castle courtyard, and thousands more listened to loudspeakers on the ramparts outside.

It was Clemmensen who vividly recorded the event - the streams of people of all ages, every stratum of society, political and Church leaders taking to their heart the idea of listening to God and obeying. A new spirit of responsibility was born. One group of men, for instance, tackled unemployment which was running at over 20 per cent. It was reduced eventually to 4.7 per cent.

WHAT DO WE TAKE HOME WITH US?

At the final meeting of the Youth Training Session, Edward Peters spoke:

As we go back to our 'native habitats' we need five things:

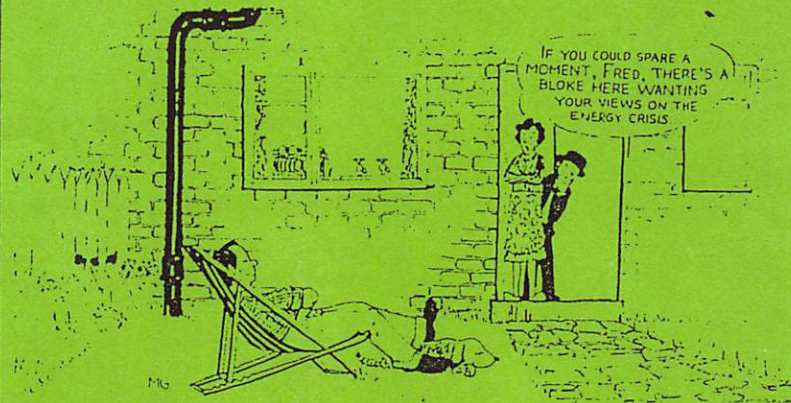
(1) EXPECTATION OF VICTORY. Life may not be easy when we get home. It is as well to realise that and plan how to deal with it. But let us expect to win our battles - otherwise we've already lost them!

(2) FAITHFULNESS TO GOD in small things as well as large. Life is often like the ocean tide - sometimes the water is high, sometimes it is low. Each of us needs to know what are the rocks in our lives that are always there, no matter whether it is high or low water.

(3) GENUINENESS. An honest sinner is better than a phoney saint. Living what we talk about is part of it. But there is something more. I have often fluctuated between being a conformist and being a rebel. I've often said certain things, or lived a certain way, because I felt it was expected of me, in other words out of fear. That kind of conformity isn't going to change anything. Nor is rebellion. We can pray for a love of, and life with, God which is so real that we live the way we truly believe to be right, with an independence from what others think - yet not going beyond our experience of what is real for us.

(4) EACH OTHER. It's hard to live this life alone; we need our friends. We need to keep in touch, support one another, pray for each other. Above all we need to be true friends to each other - friends who help us live out our highest calling.

(5) A LARGE ENOUGH PERSPECTIVE. The temptation is always to turn in on ourselves and live in a tiny world of tiny concerns. We need to live in the reality of what is happening in the news. Only then can we live a quality of life and faith which is truly relevant to the needs of the human family.



DEAR EDITORS!

When last year the idea came up to start *FREEWAY* I must say I was very sceptical, wondering how long it would 'live'. So I didn't subscribe but decided to wait and watch the situation.

Well, a year has passed. Here and there I had the chance to read *FREEWAY* and have just finished the last issue.

CONGRATULATIONS! Keep the good work up. It's a very good way of sharing information between younger people. I like the variety of stories, photos and cartoons, and also that it is written in today's language.

To give you my support, but also because I'm really interested in the issues to come, you find enclosed my payment for the coming year!

With best wishes,

MARGRIT SCHMITT-GEHRKE



FOR A CHANGE!

The first issue of the new international monthly magazine, *For A Change*, was launched with a flourish at this summer's conference in Caux where only a year ago the first tentative ideas for such a publication were batted around.

The editors already report an enthusiastic response to the first issue. The editor of an American black weekly writes, "It's a great issue. Congratulations. The beautiful colour, clean layout, and excellent graphics make it inviting to read and pleasing to the eye." The Vicar General of a Catholic Diocese in Britain says the title *For A Change* conveys a good deal in itself. "The magazine," he says, "is excellently produced, easy to read and visually attractive and informative."

Editor John Williams believes that the magazine should shed insight on the great issues in the world which are insoluble without change in people and show that change in people is possible. He writes in the first issue, "With real transformation in attitudes, aims and relationships, we can confidently plan to deal with the deadlock between East and West, the chasm between North and South, the deadly threat to the environment. Without this element we cannot really expect much at all."

The magazine benefits from modern technology in the crispness of its printing - one of its designers has himself invented a new process for clearer definition of photographs - and in the speed and simplicity of communications, which in turn will save money. For instance, in the next issue a 4000 word interview with Canadian diplomat Arnold Smith in Ottawa was sent by computer and phone link to London, edited there and sent on in a way that could activate the typesetting in Liverpool.

What the magazine needs most now is new subscribers. There is an introductory offer of a 25% saving on new subscriptions, and 50% for students. For further details write to: *For A Change*, Tirley Garth, Tarporley, Cheshire CW6 0LZ, England.

FREEWAY!

Having tried to gauge international reaction to our publication, the editors of *FREEWAY* have decided to continue with the magazine! BUT WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU! We need to know what you are thinking and what you would like to see in *FREEWAY*. We need to have your articles. PLEASE WRITE!

DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT ISSUE: NOVEMBER 1st

Subscription rates are £5/US\$9/SwFr12.50 or equivalent, per annum. Payment may be made by international giro to Girobank account number (Postgiro/CCP) 29 206 0807.

New subscriptions commencing after the first issue of a volume may be reduced in price on a pro-rata basis. All subscriptions are due for renewal in August 1988.

**FREEWAY, 69 VICTORIA RD,
OXFORD OX2 7QG, U.K.**