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"Why not let God run the world?"



FIFTY YEARS AGO WHEN FRANK BUCHMAN LAUNCHED MORAL RE-ARMAMENT,

it was in response to the dire world situation at that time. 'The world's condition cannot but cause disquiet and anxiety,' he wrote. 'Hostility piles up between nation and nation, labour and capital, class and class. The cost of bitterness and fear mounts daily.'

Recently I started to think of some parallels between 1938 and 1988. There are several - unemployment, stock-market crashes, a growing economic imbalance between countries, growing inequalities within countries, and political polarisation with a renewed interest in marxism and extreme-right ideologies.

In the Soviet Union, Mikhail Gorbachev is faced with the core-problem of marxism - that slogans and exhortations do not change people and produce a selfless motivation. In the USA Ivan Boesky, who remains a wealthy man in his prison cell, demonstrates the core problem of capitalism - that greed, a powerful motivator, inevitably leads to exploitation no matter how strictly it is controlled.

Buchman saw Moral Re-Armament as a further ideological dimension - the element of people changing, becoming more honest, pure, unselfish and loving. In this sense, it didn't start in 1938 but had been around as long as mankind, and it wasn't Buchman's property, it was God's.

In this century, the reins of government have increasingly been taken out of the hands of despotic individuals and given to the masses, so why has it turned out to be the most bloody yet? Is it linked with a general deadening of conscience? Why is our century so lacking in faith? People say that religion is unscientific. That may be part of the answer, but in fact many of the top physicists in the world now say that it is impossible to understand the existence of the universe without believing in God.

Buchman felt that the real reason lay elsewhere. Faith and moral values go together, and the link between them had been broken. God's holy laws had been replaced by a moral relativity dependent on what society deemed acceptable at that time. Christ taught purity in matters of sex. One man - one woman - for life. But now people were saying that sex is a natural urge and shouldn't be resisted. And before long we have Ivan Boesky and others saying that greed is a natural urge and shouldn't be resisted.

Arrogant superiority and hatred are also natural urges. To give into every temptation is to deny God the power to change you and forgive you. The reason people don't see this, according to Buchman, is that "sin blinds, deafens and deadens".

When I started to find a faith, it was linked with a measuring of my life against absolute moral standards. It meant stopping a wrong relationship. It meant paying back money. It meant being honest with my parents. The dirt was cleared and I could see and hear. But of course it soon started coming back again and without a regular scouring my range of vision is quickly down to a few metres.

In the 1930s MRA was often a revitalisation of faith by applying moral standards. In the even more secular 1980s where a need for morality is more generally accepted, we must not forget the link between morality and faith. You don't get one without the other.

Mike Lowe

TALKING TOO MUCH

by Jeroen Gunning

OF LATE I'VE BEEN A BIT disappointed about myself, about the way my ideas for Delft worked out, or rather didn't work out. I didn't have the fire within me to 'change the world', my inspiration seemed to dry up rapidly. When sharing these thoughts with a friend, he made me realise that, because of my over-busy life, I didn't have time to care for people or even to talk deeply with them. It is so easy to make yourself busy - you just say 'yes' to everything, and you end up playing the violin in four orchestras and acting as treasurer to two committees. And to your friends you say 'no', because you still 'have to' do so many things.

I want to do things perfectly, mainly out of self-satisfaction and therefore spend much time on them. Whereas I could do things quicker - even less perfectly - and give more time to caring for people. It is a choice of priority: things first, or friends first. It became quite clear to me that part of the reason for dried-up inspiration was lack of care and time for friends.

During another quiet time I read about Buchman saying, 'Don't think avoiding sins is the goal of life'. This went right to the heart, for I saw that I had become a MRA-robot: I had made myself rules based on MRA principles, tried to live them out and disapproved of all who didn't.

I remembered St Francis accepting a mountain as his property - totally against his principle of poverty - because God wanted him to. He had already put aside riches and security and even self, and finally he had to put aside his principles, all for the sake of letting in God's will.

Here was another reason for dried-up inspiration: letting principles and rules speak to me, instead of the Source itself. This is very hard for me, for I like things well defined, easy to understand. And God isn't easily understood, even not meant to be understood. It is giving the steering wheel into the hands of a computer you more or less understand, or giving it to a Person whom you can trust, but whose entire plan you don't know. I have yet to learn to be driven around peacefully, instead of interfering all the time. But I believe that here too applies, 'dare to go far enough for fun'.

Life went on, and looking from the outside perhaps nothing had changed, but somehow I felt different. Having a quiet-time seemed to make sense again, inspiration came back and, well, the sun seemed to be shining - even in rainy Holland! But then, my mind was so in-



RAHUL KAPADIA

spired it didn't stop pouring out my own ideas when I tried to hear that inner voice. However, finally a thought came through, inspired by Paul Campbell writing, 'The secret of changing people is to get them to listen to their inner voice.' That meant, not to my voice, explaining and arguing. Talking too much is a sin, for it centres everything so much on you that you don't hear and see the needs of your friends.

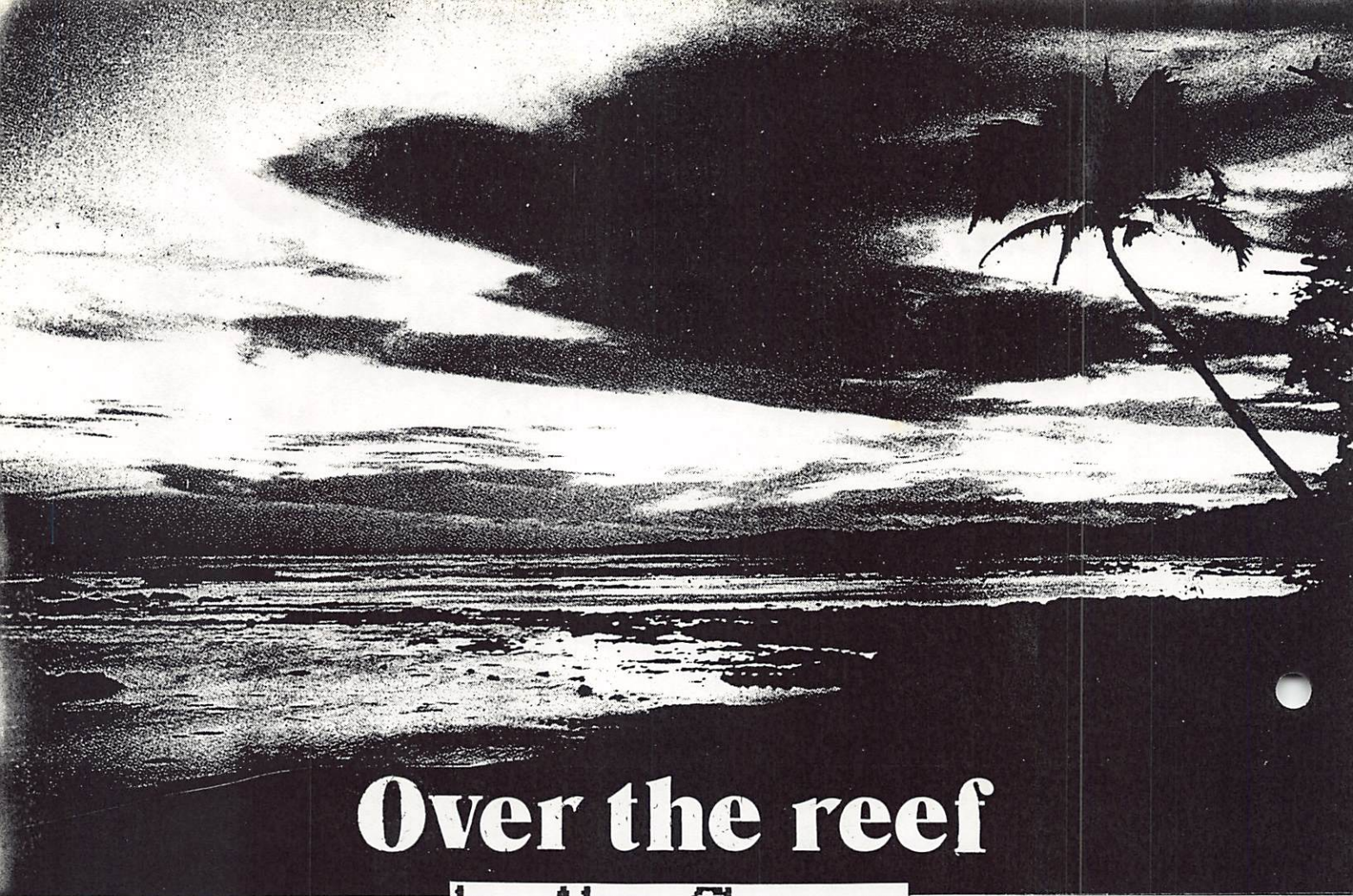
The day after, a good friend came by, in big trouble, seeing no solution. The first thing I wanted to do was to tell him what I would do. But then I remembered the 'listen' thought and kept quiet. He poured out his heart, I suggested we be quiet and, wonderfully, clear thoughts came to him on what to do, and he went away with at least some light in his heart.

Afterwards it turned out to be not enough light, but this experience showed me the importance of listening, jumping in where needed, with an open heart. As this is the only experience so far. I'm afraid I'm still talking too much and will have to go a long way to learn to keep these jaws shut....

*In the City
they sell and buy,
and nobody ever
asks them why.*

*But since it contents them
to buy and sell,
God forgive them!
They might as well.*

Humbert Wolfe



Over the reef

by Alan Channer

I WAKE EVERY NIGHT with a mouth like a dry sponge and grope for the water bottle. Emerging into consciousness often interrupts dreams of familiar friends and places, and sometimes produces a vaguely uncomfortable realisation; something like, "Oh God, I'm still here". But the bright moonlight shimmers in the gently waving palm fronds and the ocean roars over the reef (I can see the surfline from my bed). So I just gulp the water and collapse again onto the sweaty sheet.

Still here in Tuvalu, that is, on a coral atoll in the Pacific, 2000 miles from Australia as no crow flies. Doing what, is the question I often ask myself. To be frank, not much. It's the best way of coping with a climate where, even in the shade, sweat can run down your stomach like raindrops on a window pane. But during occasional moments in the day, I tend to mess about with samples of soil and sieves, pipettes and microscopes; and for a few hours in the early morning may be out in the field with two eager assistants, preparing experimental plots for tomatoes and, possibly, the control of nematodes.

By mid-morning one of the Tuvaluans has climbed a coconut tree and we can be found reclining in the undergrowth, drinking two nuts each. Then, unless it's cloudy, all fieldwork bows to the equatorial sun - and ceases.

But I'm only just making it. These atolls are extraordinarily remote and I feel like a fragile puppet, dangling

here from a very fine wire. In a sense, the wire I thought I'd be relying on has already broken.

I came via Sydney and attended a weekly time of sharing there in the MRA office. Someone spoke of "being broken". I found the concept fresh and wrote down, "allow yourself to be broken". I said I was travelling to Tuvalu vulnerable, being prone to migraine which could be recurrent and crippling, but that perhaps this had its advantages, since it meant relying more closely on God, trusting that He had assigned me to the venture and that He would give the well-being to undertake it.

However, when the old eight-seater plane touched down on Funafuti, the capital island of Tuvalu, well-being seemed to have been left behind. The axe of migraine struck and lodged above my eye for days. "Just a reaction" to the incessant, humid heat and the fierce glare of the overhead sun, perhaps; but I languished away torrid, dragging afternoons on my bed, mind reeling:

"Travelled to the opposite side of the world, expenses paid... So many preparations, so much help from so many people, all that expectation...for this?"

It seemed as if all the links in the chain of the task had held, except... "He got there but was sick...so accomplished nothing...couldn't take the climate...waste of money...don't send him again,"one. Me. I felt broken.

And yet, unexpectedly, from the brokenness emerged a sense of peace:

"If something is the way God intends it, how can you worry? God isn't wrong. This venture is not for your benefit. Admit your weakness; be broken; enjoy the privilege of doing things in God's strength, not your own, and go on."

So I write this from Vaitupu, the only foreigner on the island, which is six miles long by one mile at the widest, and seven hours by sea from Funafuti. The one ship, which must serve nine islands hundreds of miles apart, calls irregularly (it was last here four weeks ago), as exigencies dictate and weather permits.

Weather is not permitting at the moment. Night after night the bulletin from Fiji is the same: "A strong wind warning is in force...a damaging swell warning is in force...for Tuvalu." So the ship can't make the crossing; or, at least, it can't off-load over the reef.

We've run out of kerosene. I was allowed a royal ration, typical of islander generosity to the foreign guest, but that has now dwindled. My fridge is off. My hurricane-lamp burning on low would have lasted another week... but fortunately my generator has just been mended.

In fact, fortune has smiled in many ways. Above all the locals have provided wonderfully, appearing

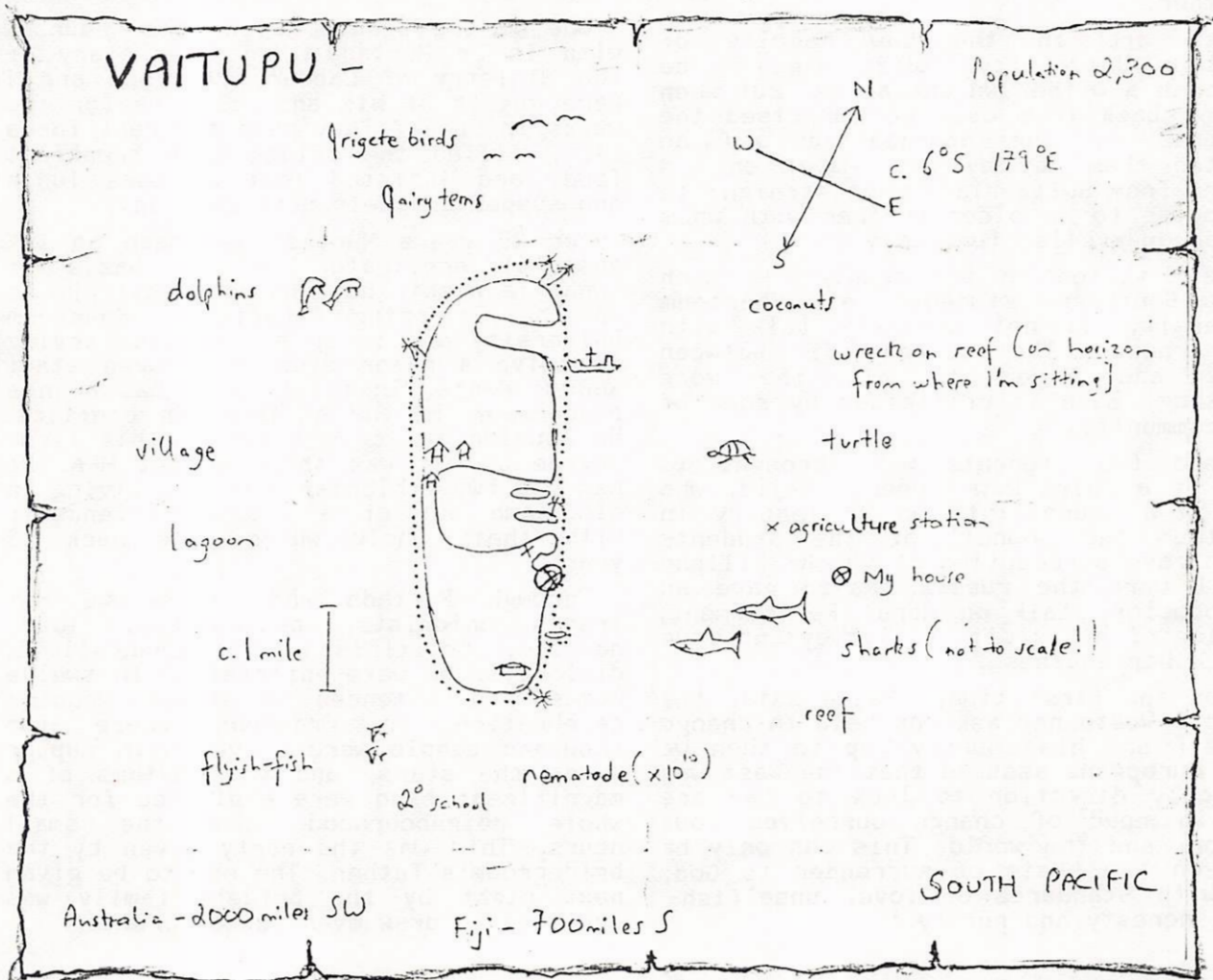
nonchalantly with a chicken or flying-fish, coconuts, sweet potatoes, breadfruit or vegetable, pots and pans, bowls and plates.

I enjoy the company of my colleagues. One, for instance, takes me fishing on the reef, where he leaps over gaping octopus-lair chasms to hurl a throwing-net into just the sort of wave that brings up fish from the wild ocean. He despatches and guts the catch with his teeth, and we eat the ovaries raw in the sunset-reddening shallows.

Another colleague did a year's course in England, where we lived on the same street. He chose nematology as his special topic and his great grandfather was a Dane, the skipper of a whaling ship who settled for the atoll existence.

So, with the help of these friends, I'm surviving and God's plan seems to be unfolding. The headaches come less often.

Sometimes, on still nights, I take up my straw-mat and water bottle, to sleep on the long empty beach. The light breeze whispers the sweat off your skin, the shooting-stars dart like flying-fish through the constellations, then the east glows, the bright moon rises and you just sit up to watch the roaring surf burst over the reef in the moonlight. And when, for some reason, you stir from sleep, you think something like, "Oh God, here I am in a wonderful world."



GIVE MY SALAAMS TO THE PEOPLE

by Peter Everington

PHILIPPE LASSERRE AND PETER EVERINGTON were recently in Sudan for two weeks. Philippe has played a big part in the reception and translation service at Caux over many years, besides his work in France. Peter taught for eight years in Sudan. He helps arrange visits by Arab students to Caux and Tirley, and by European students to Sudan, Egypt and Jordan.

WHEN AN IMPERIAL POWER WITHDRAWS, the peoples that were under it have to work out a new relationship with each other.

This has been so for the Balkan peoples who were once part of the Austrian Empire, the Middle East communities who were under the Ottomans, and the African countries that were part of the French, British, Belgian and other empires.

The newer states experience the same rivalries within and between them as other sovereign countries like Spain, the Netherlands, France and Britain have known for centuries.

Many of us in Caux in Summer 1987 saw this diversity illustrated by Muizz, Omer, Tayeb, Muslim Arabs from North Sudan, and Joseph and Mayen, Christian Africans from South Sudan. Their two areas are locked in civil war for the second time in Sudan's 32 years of independence from Anglo-Egyptian rule. At Caux Muizz and Mayen presented a memorable sketch symbolising their determination to bring their peoples together.

Both are in the Law Faculty of Khartoum University. Muizz used to be known as a withdrawn character. But when he got back from Caux he surprised the students by the openhearted way he greeted them day by day. Mayen on his return from Switzerland went straight to apologise to an older brother with whom he had quarrelled furiously.

The division in the country is such that Southern students at Khartoum University do not normally talk with Northerners. The comradeship between Muizz and Mayen is all the more striking. Each is criticised by some of his community.

These two students were brought to Caux by a third Law student, Majid, who is now a journalist. On 27 January in Khartoum the Council of the Students Union gave a reception at which Philippe and I were the guests. Majid gave an introductory talk on Moral Re-Armament, telling of his visits to Tirley and Caux with other Sudanese.

'For the first time,' Majid said, 'we heard a Westerner ask for help to change himself and his country. Up to then we felt Europeans assumed that the West was the only direction to look to. We are all in need of change ourselves, our nation, and the world. This can only be done on the basis of surrender to God, and with standards of love, unselfishness, honesty and purity.'



Mike Lowe

One of the people Majid takes counsel with is Dr Murtada, Under-Secretary of the Ministry of Labour. Philippe and I were guests of him and his wife for two weeks in Sudan. They paid the rent for a flat, filled the fridge with breakfast food, and insisted that we take lunch and supper in their home each day.

For 25 years Murtada has been an industrial arbitrator on the basis of 'what is right, not who is right'. He is on the Governing Council of Khartoum University and is on a committee trying to solve a major dispute between staff and students. In the past he has been a peacemaker in the North-South conflict. He studied in Addis Ababa for his first degree and it was there he met MRA. He has had two Ethiopian refugees living in his home out of a student friendship with their uncle which goes back 28 years.

Through Murtada and others we met trades unionists, businessmen, journalists, politicians, vice-chancellors, diplomats. We were entertained in twelve homes. We attended a street wedding celebration in Omdurman where two thousand people were served with supper under the stars, and the rhythms of a magnificent band were amplified for the whole neighbourhood into the small hours. This was the party given by the bridegroom's father. The one to be given next night by the bride's family was expected to draw even larger crowds.

Many Sudanese spoke to us about the conflict between North and South in their country, and the massacres, famine, and shattered economy that go with it. We reminded them of the devastation rival Europeans have inflicted on each other, not least the English and French. There have been great miracles of reconciliation, as between France and Germany. But the English have still not won the trust of the Irish, and our continent is in need of a uniting idea.

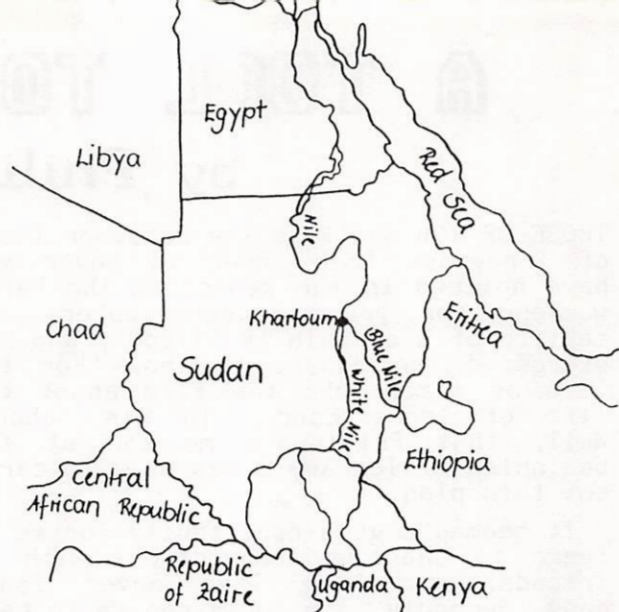
It is important to read about political trends and the statistics of man's inhumanity. But a spacious country like Sudan also invites one to stand back and observe the timeless patterns of the universe, and to relish the gifts of the Creator in the natural world and in the human soul.

On the morning of our last day in Khartoum, we walked to the point where the two Niles meet. The White Nile arrives from Uganda and the Blue Nile from Ethiopia, and together they roll on to Egypt and the Mediterranean. Not far away the traffic thunders over the Omdurman bridge. But in the confluence of the waters, fishermen lay their nets from ancient rowing boats. Market gardeners till the rich soil exposed by the receding of the summer flood. You feel the peace, power and fertility of the world's mightiest river.

We fell into conversation with one cultivator, hearing about his pumpkins and tomatoes, and his earlier life as a mechanic with a British company at Khartoum Airport. He asked about us and hoped to see us often. But we were leaving for Britain tomorrow? 'Oh well', he said, 'Give my salaams to the people there.'

Thousands of ordinary Europeans have likewise sent their salaams to the people of Sudan and Ethiopia in personal gifts for famine relief in recent years. Do we also understand what we can receive?

Philippe and I were introduced to an Ethiopian, one of more than half a million refugees from his country in Sudan. He is a man whose faith has been tested in fire. A few years ago in



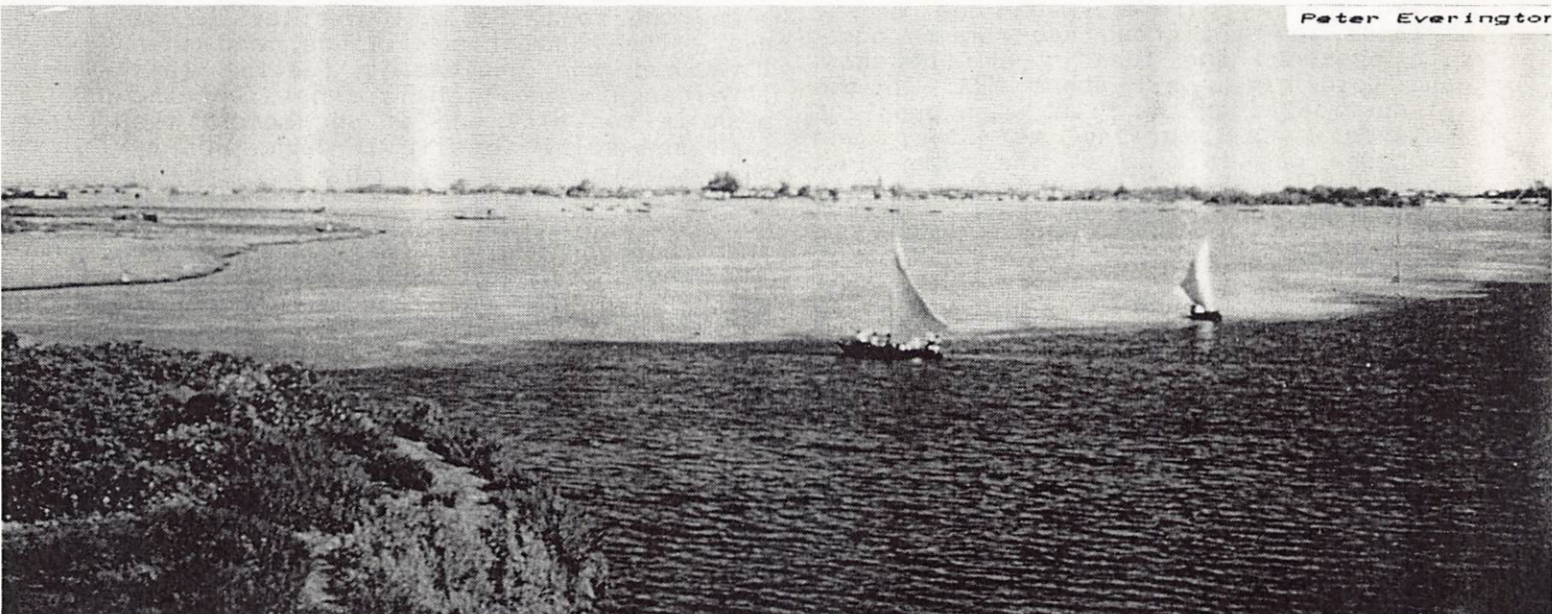
Ethiopia his wife was imprisoned without trial and clubbed to death. He risked the same fate for refusing to join the Communist Party. He fled to Sudan leaving his one son with relatives. The boy must be got out soon, otherwise at 15 he will be forced to join the Ethiopian army. The father, a highly qualified technician, is now a labourer on the lowest possible wage. He gets up at 5.30 for his quiet hour of prayer before travelling another hour to work on a lorry.

We invited him to breakfast in our flat often and he would share the thoughts he had written in his quiet time. One day he told of his correspondence with two Swedish aid workers. When he first met them near the Ethiopian border, they were sick with frustration about certain Sudanese officials. He helped each separately to renounce hate and find a new relationship with God. They write to him now from Sweden in continuing gratitude.

Our friend's effective faith began 16 years ago when, encouraged by Moral Re-Armament friends, he made an all-day journey on bus and on foot to a remote Ethiopian village and asked his mother's forgiveness for the hatred he had held towards her.

One sentence from his quiet time book remains in the memory: 'When I am transformed, the world is transformed.'

Peter Everington



A TOOL TO BE FORGED

by Philippe Odier

THOSE OF YOU WHO READ the December issue of 'Freeway' from cover to cover may have noticed in the report on the Paris weekend for young French-speakers the mention of a certain 'Philippe', who had expressed the desire to show 'For the love of tomorrow', the film about the life of Irène Laure, in his school. Well, that Philippe's me and at the beginning of January I was able to carry out this plan.

It seemed a good opportunity for me to learn to share my convictions with my friends, something I've never found easy. Secondly, I'm lucky enough to have in my college a Christian group with 15 active members. Since there are only 85 students, that's quite a good percentage! So it was in the framework of this chaplaincy group that I suggested showing the film, and to help the discussion afterwards, I invited Thomas Bräckle, from Germany. He didn't just accept my invitation, but brought his Dutch fiancée, Christa (incidentally, don't forget they are getting married on 27th March!).

The day before the showing, I put up a poster in strategic places around the college. It read, 'If you've never asked yourself why France and Germany, mortal enemies 40 years ago, get on together today, then NOW IS THE TIME!!' That brought 20 out of the 85 students. After the film, a discussion got going. All said they were thrilled with the film.

The discussion quickly turned to how our lives can be attuned to what goes on in the world, and how we can make some impact: a way of living such as Mme Laure shows us, where a personal act of forgiveness led towards the Franco-German reconciliation, and miracles happened. Many of my friends felt challenged by this thought, and at least two of them want to come to a Moral Re-Armament weekend being prepared for 12-13 March, in Caux.

Of course, this discussion also gave me the chance to say something about MRA.

Two months before, when one of my friends in this group had run me home, I'd broached the idea of a film show, and told him a bit about MRA. In the discussion after the film, when people's interest was starting to flag, and everyone was talking at the same time, this friend spoke up and asked me to tell them a bit more about MRA. What I had told him two months before had intrigued him.

So I had to launch out and explain the odd name; explain my own decision to let

God have control in my life, and my conviction that He has a plan for each one of us; explain how my parents live (they are full-time workers).

I don't find it at all easy to express my convictions in front of people when I don't know how they are going to react. It isn't like in Caux: I strongly advise you to make the experiment, if you too tend to keep your convictions too much to yourself! You realise what faith a man like Frank Buchman had, when he launched a God-given challenge to thousands of people. In the days after the film show, I had a lot of positive come-back. I found this very encouraging because people don't often show much enthusiasm for anything.

This experience showed me how God is always with us, and how He can use situations to test or help us.

I'd had some good talks with the chaplain of the college, and it was he who found the projector. Two days before, I heard that he couldn't come. I was very disappointed, and thought of changing the date of the showing. Then I had a time of quiet, and I thought, 'The main reason that you're so sorry the priest can't come is that he would have been a security for you. Even though he doesn't know much about MRA, you feel that he's on your side.' So I decided to go ahead with the original date, and trust. God had already given ample proof of his support in providing a projector and in sending Thomas and Christa to help me.

Half an hour before the film, our group met for prayer, as we do every Wednesday, and who should I see come in but the priest, who'd been able to free himself and had come to be with us after all!

After an experience like this, of course you need to think about follow-up, and I think there are two attitudes you can have, a good one and a bad one. The bad one is to say to yourself that you've made a few more recruits for MRA, and that you need to keep pushing them along the road. Sadly, too often in the past, I've had this attitude, and then I've had the unpleasant feeling that I've caught some fish in a net, but the mesh is too big, and at any moment the fish are going to slip through. But my part should on the contrary be to help people turn towards God. To do that I need to have the right attitude: to trust God that He will show each one the way they should go, and to accept that I am just an instrument in His hands. A tool to be forged rather than a fishing net.



THINK LIKE ME!

by Andrew Stallybrass

IS THERE SOMEONE you'd rather not meet? Is there a whole group of people you'd rather not be seen dead with? Can you meet a Conservative with an open heart, without wanting to bash them on the head? Or perhaps it's the red-er variety you can't stand?

We need to learn the difficult lesson of hating the sin, while loving the sinner. It isn't easy. So many have been infected by the same materialism that contaminates the marxist's philosophy. The idea that only pressure will change things. Perhaps we'll throw in a token prayer for good measure, after all, it can't do any harm. But we no longer believe that God's love, forgiveness and grace are adequate for all: the Afrikaner white nationalist racist, and the African National Congress 'terrorist', the Zionist and the Palestinian....

It is interesting to see the film 'The Last Emperor', about the last emperor of China. Made in China - and therefore approved by the authorities - it shows their touching faith in the power of persuasion and re-education. The cave-man was a communist, they believe, and the evil impulses in society come from the wrong influences of society on people, or from wrong education, and in either case, they can be remedied by re-education.

The emperor, in a Chinese prison, is pressured to confess his sins, but is then corrected by the nice prison governor, who points out that he has confessed to things that he did not do, could not have done. They only want the truth out of him!

Now, with thousands of students abroad studying, and market incentives to farmers who are busily enriching themselves, the dangers of moral pollution, that they not unwisely fear from the West, can be countered by yet more moral and spiritual education.

Without denying the importance of environment, or good civic education, I doubt the power of logic and reason to change that tough old nut of human nature.

I believe that we have to open the door to God's transforming grace and power. He's too polite to smash the lock and burst his way in. He won't come in unasked, and we don't stand much chance of changing on our own, by self-effort.

It took me many months in a polarised, divided situation - South Africa - to realise that my own views and opinions so often cut me off from those I disagreed with. I wanted to use God to change them and make them think like me! It sounds awful to put so bluntly, but that's what it amounted to - that was the height of my vision for my 'enemies' that they might think like me!

Christ gives us quite a challenge (Matthew 5.23,24): not just to be reconciled with those we don't like, those we don't get on with, but also with those who may have some reason to dislike us. It's no good saying they, or he, shouldn't hate me. So we can start with 'is there anyone I'd rather avoid?', but then we can ask 'Is there anyone who changes pavements when I come along?'. My views and opinions, wrongly and strongly expressed, so often bring division rather than healing.

INTO PRACTICE

by Marthamarie de Voogd

FOR MY LAST PRACTICAL, which started this January, I had to go and live at home again.

The thing I had been most afraid of was, in fact, having to stay at home with my mother for three and a half months.

Even after the summer, when my mother and I had taken steps towards a renewed relationship, I was still apprehensive about this idea.

One morning in December, before knowing what was to come, I got the thought, 'If you have to live in The Hague, why not see it as a chance to deepen your relationship with your mother and accept the challenge to put your decisions into practice for a longer time than just a weekend or fortnight?'

I realized that in fact I was scared of the final consequences of my decisions, as yet unknown.

I accepted the challenge. It hasn't made life with my mother easier, nor is this a success story, but it does leave me with a bigger vision than doing well in my practical.

Through my decision I am learning how my attitude towards my mother affects my working life: I am discovering that the more I can care for my mother, the better I can care for my patients.



'WHERE ARE THE GERMANS?'

The Story of MRA - 9

Mike Lowe

by Rex Dilly

IN APRIL 1946 the liner 'Queen Mary' set out from New York to Southampton. Among the passengers were a group of a hundred and ten people. Some were returning to their countries after seven years in America; some were veterans who had served in the campaigns of World War II. Others had worked to keep the wheels of industry turning in America, 'the arsenal of democracy'. They were heading for Europe, a devastated continent after nearly six years of total war. They went as a Moral Re-Armament force, determined with God's help to play their part in ensuring that the post-war world was not overtaken by the spirit of revenge that had followed the First World War. Their aim was to heal the hurts and hates of Europe.

It was a watershed moment in the history of Moral Re-Armament. A new phase and new world-wide developments lay ahead.

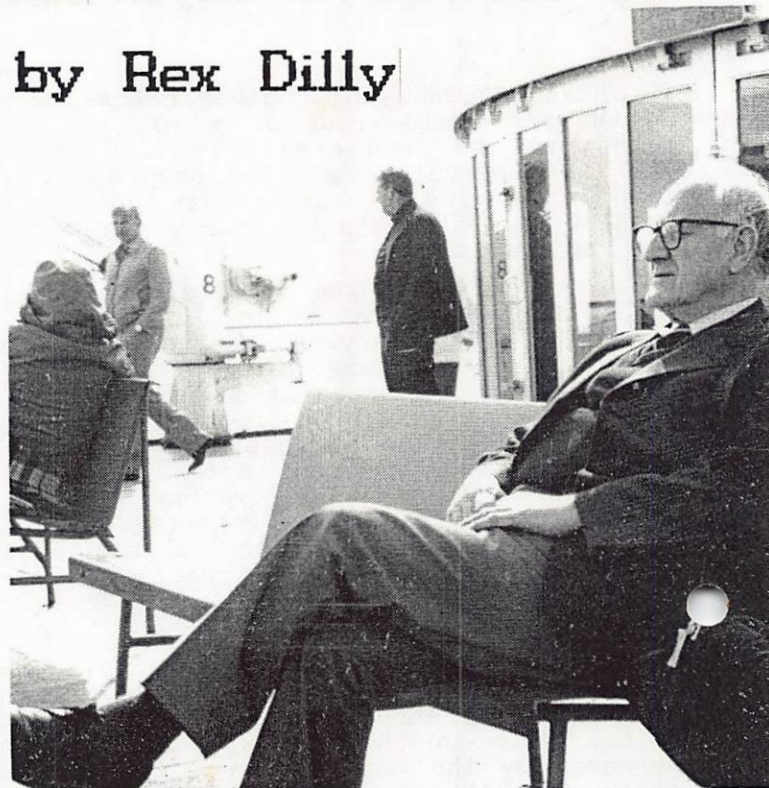
Much was to spring from the establishment of a world centre at Caux in Switzerland.

In the final weeks of the war as the guns fell silent and immediately after, several of those responsible for the work of Moral Re-Armament in their countries had been able to cross the Atlantic. They brought with them first hand information for the task of rebuilding which lay ahead. They found Frank Buchman's mind reaching out to meet them. A group of Swiss told him of their conviction that their country, providentially saved from the destruction of war, might provide a place where people from the shattered countries could meet. Now word had come that they had found the place - the near-derelict Caux Palace Hotel, set 3000 feet up in the mountains overlooking Lake Geneva.

Some sixty Swiss families met together and decided that they should buy the hotel. With considerable sacrifice - some sold their homes, others put in all their savings - and with much faith and courage they managed to purchase this vast building which has come to be known as Mountain House.

In the war it had been used, first to accommodate Royal Air Force and other allied personnel who had escaped to Switzerland and latterly families of refugees. The condition was now indescribable. The owners had scheduled it for demolition.

For nineteen days at the beginning of July a hundred Swiss with a number of international volunteers set about cleaning everything and refurbishing the building with its 500 bed capacity and spacious reception rooms. By the middle of the month it was ready to receive people.



When Buchman entered the front door on 15th July with a party from Britain and America he was greeted by old friends from France, Scandinavia, Holland, Italy and Switzerland. Many had fought against and lost relatives at the hands of the Germans.

Buchman stood in the doorway deeply moved, recognising many in this ring of welcome. Then he said, 'Where are the Germans? You will never rebuild Europe without the Germans'.

This remark created a stunned silence. Some found it difficult to accept. People had been brought face to face with Christ's command 'Love your enemies' and many found the power to do so. Then the difficulties of arranging for Germans to leave their country had to be tackled and overcome. At that time no Germans were allowed abroad without the permission of the Allied authorities. Steps to obtain the permits were immediately initiated. Finally sixteen Germans including Moni von Cramon and the widows of two men executed for their part in the July 20th plot to kill Hitler and bring the war to an end arrived at Caux.

For the next two months all the rooms of Mountain House were full with people from all parts of Europe and further afield. It fast became a magnet for leaders of post-war Europe as well as for ordinary men and women in search of a new way.

In the next five years alone, thirty thousand people from 103 countries came to Caux. They included ten Prime Ministers and ninety-three Cabinet Ministers, as well as trade union officials from thirty-four countries, men who led forty million workers.

IS MY LIFE ACHIEVEMENT-ORIENTED - or God led?

Do I want high marks for discipline of quiet times - instead of the inspiration of time with God each morning?

Do I covet success in 'life-changing' - or give Cross-centred friendship to the people God puts in my path? Do I try to get by with a 'pass-mark' on the absolute standards - or long for the full dimension of Christ's purifying companionship?

Do I measure my state of spiritual grace by the amount I am consulted, the number of my ideas which are adopted, the sense people give me of being needed - or by my sense of needing God every moment of every day?

As I have looked with fresh eyes at some of these questions, I find increasing freedom to rejoice in everything God is doing through other people. A daily sense of gratitude for our calling. And a conviction that God is gathering His forces in ways we need to become more aware of.

Recently God seemed to say of the years ahead, 'They are to be years of full discipleship. Activity may change, but not your commitment. Listen and obey. Live the life and I will give the fruit.'

And I sense Christ saying, 'Never underestimate your calling, because it is My calling. Remember, I died to enable you to make that choice. Remember too that you did not choose Me. I chose you.'

Sydney Cook

AFRICANS IN FINLAND

Friends in Finland write:

A GOOD START TO THE YEAR was a half-page story with pictures in a national Church paper (circulation 120,000) with the headline, 'The name of the villain in Africa is CORRUPTION'. It was an interview with Richard Zesooli from Uganda, Paul Agbihi and Emmanuel Odiachi from Nigeria, visiting Finland as part of their Nordic tour.

They pulled no punches in giving a challenge to our countries. They expressed how shocked they were to hear that, in Norway and Sweden, bribes used in the Third World are tax deductible.

'That means helping with one hand through development aid and destroying with the other by promoting corruption.' 'Vaccination does not cure corruption.' 'The cure lies in the individual. Therefore the individual must change.'

Quoting Richard, the story continues, 'The West is like a big tree with a beautiful crown of material well-being. But you have forgotten to care for the roots. Soon it will collapse. Become

practising Christians! That is the answer to the world's problems.'

At a luncheon with the Assistant City Director of Helsinki they also raised the question of corruption. To encourage it by offering bribes is to sabotage their countries, they felt.

The Director responded and said he would like to cooperate with them on the basis of concrete evidence. He also put forward the suggestion, that if on a Nordic basis some major industries together decided to take a clear stand on corruption, they might soon find that it turns to their advantage because of the trust created. It would begin to set a new standard of what Scandinavia stands for in the world.

The Bishop of Porvoo met them in his home. They gave down-to-earth personal experience, but always related it to the needs of their continent. In his farewell words, the Bishop blessed the three men, thanking them for being lights in the world.

Letter from the Editors

Dear Reader,

I hope that this issue of *FREEWAY* has been encouraging and informative and that you have enjoyed it. We would like to apologise for the thin-ness and early arrival of this issue; we hope that the quality will more than compensate for the lack of quantity.

This present state of affairs has been forced upon us by forthcoming departures of half the *FREEWAY* staff to America, and the absence of the 'Brian Boobbyer Column' due to the writer being in South Africa.

Therefore we ask that you employ your never ending patience and prepare yourselves for a bumper issue of *FREEWAY* in JUNE. In the meantime we would appreciate letters, poems and quotes from you - so get writing!

Best wishes,

THE EDITORS

DEADLINE for next issue: 1st June

*You cannot hope
to bribe or twist,
thank God! the
British journalist.*

*But, seeing what
the man will do
unbribed, there's
no occasion to.*

Humbert Wolfe