

JULY 1988

# FREEMAN

Vol 2 No 5

*"Why not let God run the world?"*

**SPECIAL BUMPER ISSUE!**





## A DISCIPLE AT HOME. . .

THE EMPHASIS OF THIS ISSUE OF 'FREEWAY' is on action. We carry accounts of several groups of people who have been engaged in programmes of action either in their own countries or in others'.

Six young Europeans were in the United States for 3½ weeks over Easter (see pages 12-15). Another group visited Morocco (pages 4-7). A young American visited her Central American neighbour, Costa Rica (page 11). In Australia an initiative entitled Aussie Action '88 is underway (page 19).

All these events are hugely encouraging. Those committed to following God's Will are called to be world citizens. It is good to remind ourselves, however, that the core of our calling is to be disciples in our everyday life, wherever we may be. That is usually unglamorous. It is often apparently unrewarding. But our life of faith and service at home is the rock or sand on which the house stands or falls. What does not work in practice in our home situation will not work elsewhere.

It is our everyday quality of life more than our words which will attract other people to the God we serve (or repel them!). So what are the qualities of a convincing disciple?

A disciple is not afraid of being different from those around him/her, but he will not seek difference for its own sake. If he lives out faith and standards which cut across the norms of modern society, he is bound to stand out as different. But he will not think himself better than anyone else, as he will - through constant honesty about his own living - be aware that he stands in need of God's help more than anyone else.

A disciple will have an infectious quality of inner freedom, born from a surrender of self to the doing of God's will. He will have no axes to grind, nothing to prove or defend, nothing to hide or justify. He is not out to spread a movement but to live out and share a depth of faith and commitment which will naturally move others. He will not be marked by a spirit of self-effort, but will be relaxed because he is depending on God for moment by moment help. He will have an edge and straightness which come from a determination to allow nothing in his life which offends God or offends others.

A disciple will be interested in everybody and every country, because he longs to see the whole world a place where God comes first in the ordinary lives and national policies of every individual and nation.

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This issue of *FREEWAY* marks the end of our second year. For those of us who put the magazine together it has often been hard work but almost always a lot of fun. Above all it is a privilege to have a small part in the process of deepening and strengthening the bonds which knit a growing team of friends around the world into the kind of force which God will use to work bigger miracles than any of us probably expect.

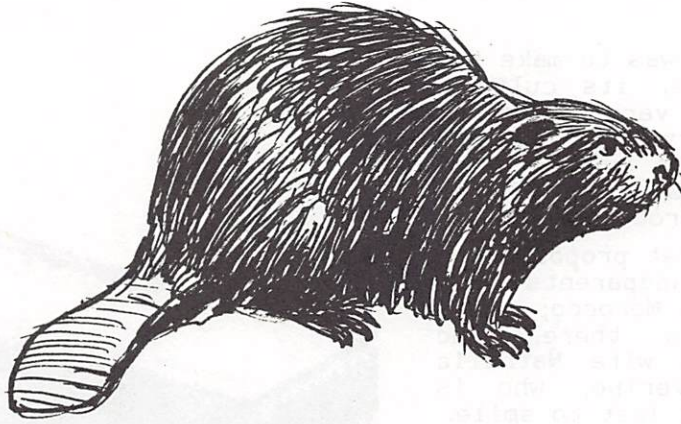
On into our third year, with new joy and commitment!

THE EDITORS



# NATURE NOTES - 1

by MARVIN PACE



THE UNITED STATES IS A CULTURE in turmoil. Drug use and crime darken our streets; corruption and hypocrisy riddle our highest offices. Insincerity and venality contaminate human relations at every level. Eroding family and religious values, reflected in disintegrating marriages and the scandals of our best known evangelists, only feed our cynicism. Perhaps worst of all, we continue to despoil our environment, inflicting upon it everything from acid rain to nuclear waste. And all this in a time of unparalleled sophistication in marketing and attitude manipulation. In this age of image consultants, even a glimpse of the genuine often seems elusive.

## *Monogamous marriages*

All this is quite well-known. What is less known is that through the US are scattered thousands of communities in which none of this prevails. Members find fulfilment without drugs, and violence is virtually unknown. Marriages, always monogamous, are established only after extensive searches and are motivated by neither sex nor money; fidelity to the mate lasts beyond the lifetime of each. Children are reared patiently and lovingly, then unflinchingly ousted from the home to make it on their own once they have reached the age to marry (though they are graciously welcomed back for winter visits once they have found a mate). Out of their ranks come perhaps the world's most sophisticated soil and water conservationists. And most refreshingly, these neighbours share their gifts with us voluntarily, and continue their good work in spite of almost unfathomable past persecution.

Sounds too good to be true? It might be, were these communities human. But these are the communities of the beaver, the gentle vegetarian rodent which has played such a central role in both the political and ecological history of our nation, but which have

suffered greatly. The beaver continues to receive more hostility than appreciation, still being slaughtered by the hundreds of thousands each year (once 60 million in the US it has at times only narrowly avoided extinction and now stands at about 6 million).

## *Learning from the beaver*

While man contaminates and defiles the beaver's habitat, whether by clearing forestland, or through acid rain, the beaver in his unorthodox and ingenious way does his best to improve our shared habitat. His dams filter out topsoil and slow the streams, thus allowing more silt to settle. His own method of felling trees and of creating ponds enriches the soil and vastly increases its capacity to hold water and thus to support life. One surprise result is that while the beaver continually fells trees, and never plants them, his community soon harbours more trees than when he arrived. This provides shelter for wildlife and aids man's attempts to offset the effects of air pollution. Thus, the beaver, alone among animals, is able to define and foster the development of a distinct ecosystem, typically containing moose, trout, turtles, sandhill cranes, aspens etc..

Beavers play a critical role in America's attempt to maintain its natural wonders. But they also have, I believe, a contribution to make to our spiritual life. I feel that if one were to go to the beaver, to separate oneself from current fashions of thought and simply observe the beaver at work, and at love, one would find oneself participating in a mystery of the most eternal kind. In doing so, we might see in our humble yet loyal helpmate the reflection of our highest self, a glimpse of the divinity we all share.

Marvin Pace, from the "beaver state" Oregon, works at the Library of Congress in Washington DC, USA. This article is the first in a new series.



Five young people from France and Switzerland spent two weeks in Morocco (26 March-9 April). In the following four pages we print extracts from their impressions of the visit.

The aim of the journey was to make the acquaintance of a people, its culture, its religion; a people very different from us, but whose history has been, and will be, closely linked to our own. We also hoped to build links of friendship and respect with young Moroccans.

The Chavanne family first proposed the idea. The Chavanne grandparents have lived all their lives in Morocco; their son Frédéric was born there, and accompanied us with his wife Nathalie and their daughter, Séverine, who is five months old and happy just to smile.

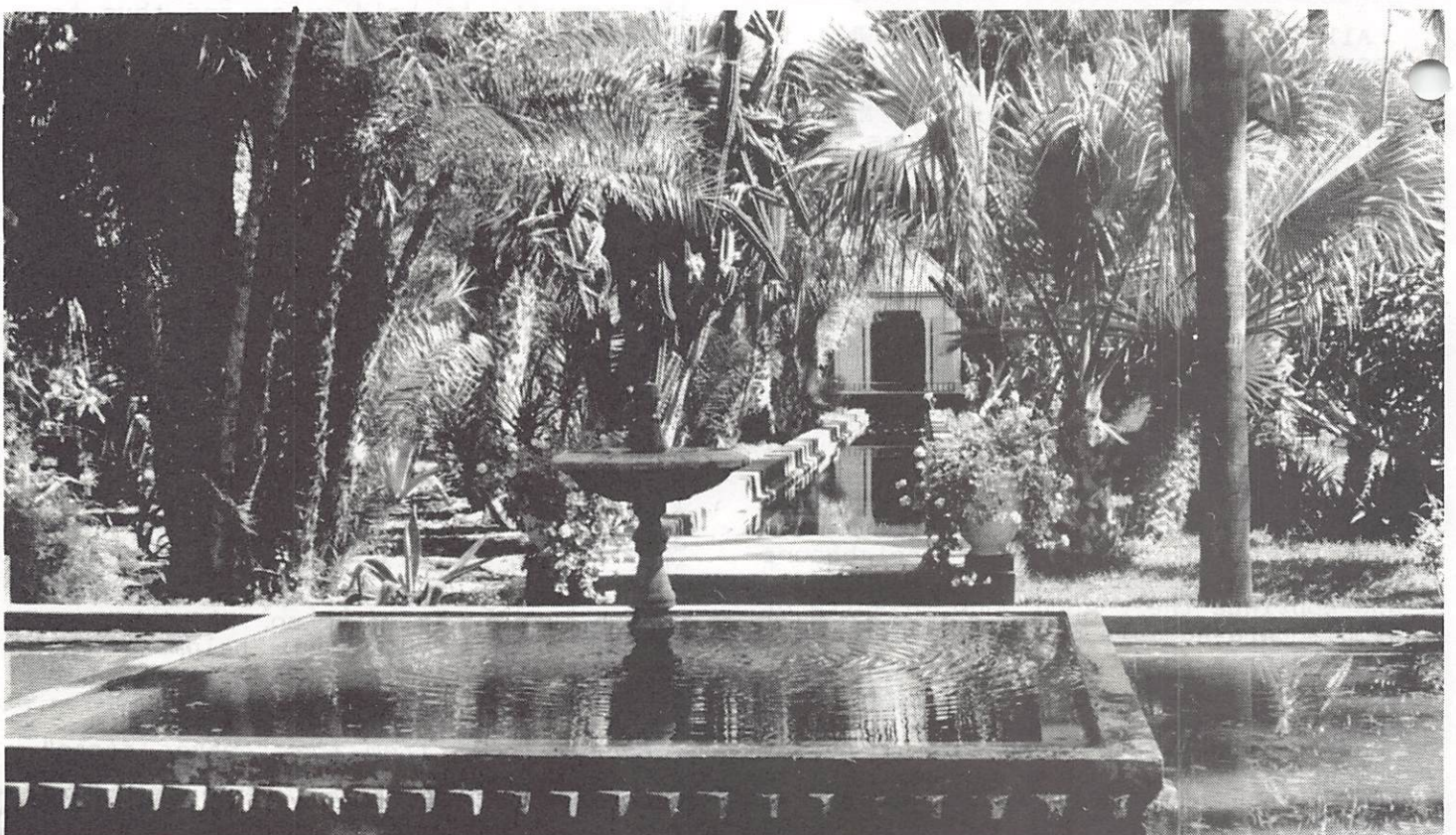
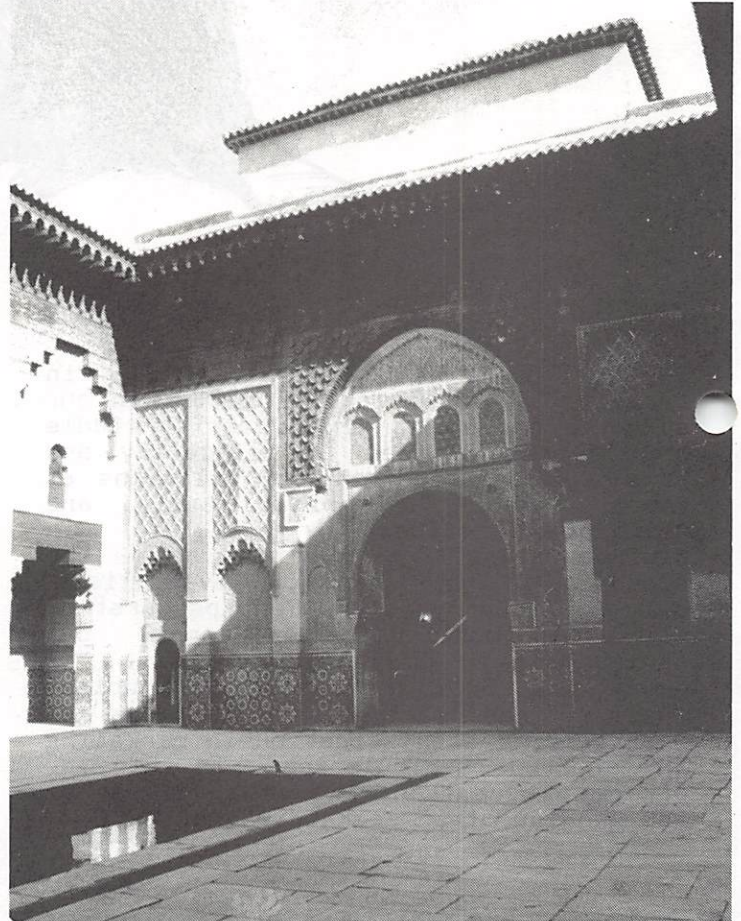
The many contacts of the Chavannes gave us the chance of precious exchanges with a wide variety of Moroccans, always accompanied by tea flavoured with mint and some local delicacy.

Social worker, banker, student, senior civil servant, Berber peasant, businessman, nurse, hotel manager, teacher.....they all received us warmly, and contributed their view of the country, its problems, its merits, and also their opinion about Europe, racism, western society.... We return with a new angle on the Arab world, but also on our own society, our own behaviour which is so closely observed by the North Africans.

We will be pleased if this experience is the beginning of a dialogue, and hope that young Moroccans may come in the opposite direction....

*Etienne Piguet (Switzerland)*

## BEYOND THE





# ATLAS

THE MOST STRIKING IMPRESSION was the openness of people, their generosity, their desire for contact.

At first I was embarrassed because I felt people looking at me in the street. I don't like looking like a tourist, but I had to accept that I was one, and that I couldn't speak their language, though they could speak mine. I began to understand that they weren't looking at me only because I was different, but because they wanted to make contact.

To test this discovery I said to a shopkeeper who was trying to attract me into his shop, 'I don't want to buy anything, but if you would like to chat, I'm happy to come and talk'. From that moment he didn't try and sell me anything more, and we had a very good discussion. At the end he even thanked me, though I still hadn't bought anything!

Another thing we noticed was the importance given to religion. For us, western Christians, who often have to conceal our religious convictions to have a serious discussion with friends, it was almost a relief to be able to speak openly with anyone about faith, about God and about our commitment.

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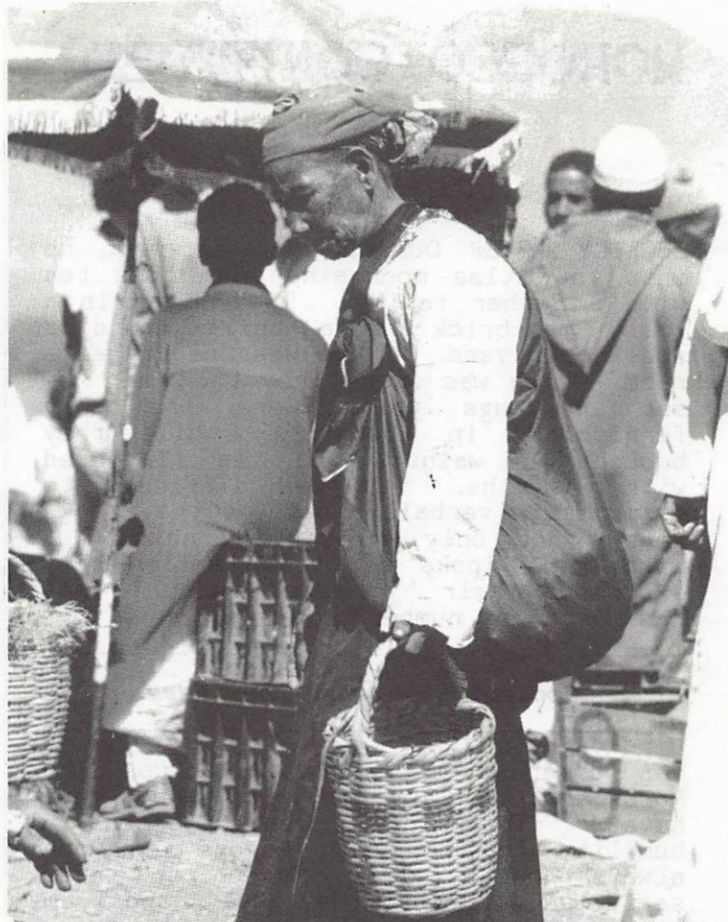
## *Insha'allah*

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In France I have often heard people criticizing Islam for being fatalistic, summed up in the expression, *Insha'allah* ('if God wills'). But I observed that when this is said by someone who has a deep faith, it signifies a wish (which is also my wish) to put every element of one's life into God's hands. This goes well beyond passive fatalism, because it puts you back on the path of obedience in what we undertake ourselves, certainly, but for God's sake.

While there, we began to take stock of the effect that racist movements and actions have in Morocco. I had always viewed these with distaste, but as having nothing to do with me, and expected to die out eventually. I began to realize that, as French, we couldn't just disclaim responsibility for what goes on in France, on the excuse that we are not among the offenders.

Looking at my own attitude towards immigrants, I realized that, without being racist, I was often ill at ease in their company. Either I couldn't meet their gaze, or felt embarrassed, or made some inappropriate joke. If each Frenchman who proclaimed himself anti-racist looked at the roots of the



problem in his own heart, we would achieve understanding much quicker.

Back in France, when I was telling a friend all the things that I thought Europeans could learn from the Arab world, such as religious values, respect of people, warmth of contact, he said, 'You seem very pessimistic about the West'. This made me see that it is important to identify the things that we value in our country, and which we would wish to contribute to a country like Morocco.

I can too easily see the worst in my surroundings. We need to learn to love our region, our country, our culture, not in a nationalistic way, but in order to sort out what would enrich others. I wonder if I would be able to help Moroccans love France in the same way that they made me love their country?

*Philippe Odier (France)*





## MOROCCO CONTINUED . . .

SHORTLY AFTER OUR ARRIVAL we went up into the Atlas mountains, and took tea with a Berber family. They lived in a small mud-brick house built round a small courtyard. There was one upstairs room, which was where they took us. We sat on rugs which were the only furnishings in the room, while they brought us walnuts and tea flavoured with absinthe. It was difficult to communicate verbally, because they spoke Berber and only a little Arabic, but with their looks and their smiles they expressed their 'joie de vivre'. That was worth any number of words.

### *Content with what they have*

A worker we met later said to us, 'The Moroccans are content with what they have'. That was a great lesson in humility for me. In Europe everyone always wants more, and is never satisfied with what they have - and I am no exception. In the Atlas there are people who are happy to live with the little they have. They are full of enthusiasm. That is the right word, because 'enthusiasm' literally means 'to have God in you', and you sense that joy in those Berbers.

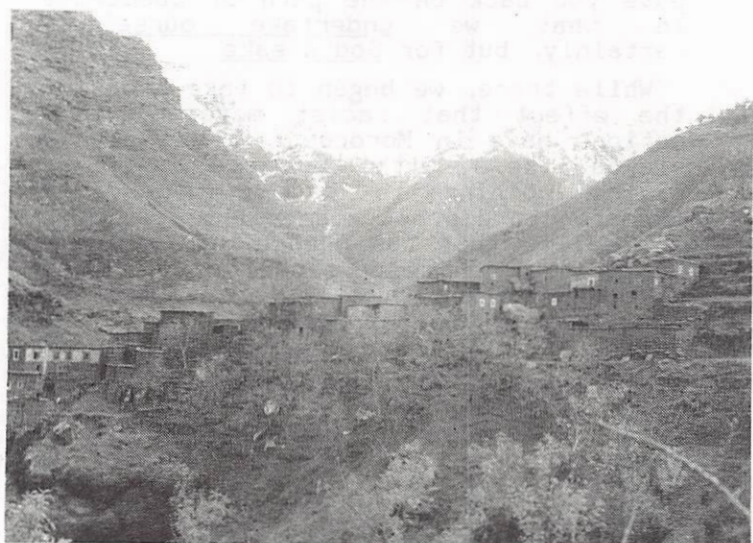
After tea, a young mother offered us some special bread and butter. Just as we were leaving, she came in with a plate full of hard-boiled eggs, and pressed us to stay the night with them. I had the impression that they were sharing all that they had.

We in the West are in danger of losing this sense of hospitality. In Morocco, the stranger is welcomed as a great friend, and you offer him all you have. The Bible tells us to welcome the stranger, and to have a place always available at the table for him. However it is rare in France to find people you don't know inviting you to share a meal with them.

We found that the Moroccans who have been in France were quite shocked by the coldness of people, and the absence of community spirit, due to the loss of family life. Twice young Moroccans raised this subject with me. One said that he would be afraid to lose this sense of community if he went to study in Europe.

Thanks to these meetings and frank discussions, I see my country in a new light. I now want to meet the North African students who live close to me and open both my door and my heart to them.

*Jeanne Bastien (France)*







ARE WE ON THE SAME PLANET?, I asked myself as we landed in a country of scents, colours and flowers. Just imagine pink houses festooned with red Bougainvillea.

We met some teachers over a cup of tea. They all began to talk without listening to one another. It sounded like a hen house - or like political men arguing. I began to feel superior, and to despise them for this disorderly outflow. Fortunately I realized it at once and felt ashamed of myself.

For Moroccans it is quite normal to believe in God. You don't question it. God remains God. And if you criticize religion a bit, you keep it to yourself. 'Islam is a religion of tolerance', someone said. 'And, in that,' he added, 'Iran isn't a Muslim country'.

We've had several occasions to be not so proud of France, for instance when a young Moroccan said he was disappointed at our lack of gratitude towards them for having adopted our culture and values, and feeling so close to France.

There was also the man whose hands shook with anger at the thought of our lack of initiative in Europe when it comes to solving world conflicts. 'What do you do with your responsibility to the people of Palestine?' he asked us.

This journey helped me to feel a bit more a world citizen. I moved from indifference towards Moroccans to a real respect.

Marie Orphelin (France)

IN THE COURSE of our discussions we became aware of the pride of the Moroccan people. In the 12th century as in the 16th century, they told us, Morocco was a power feared by its neighbours.

The Médersa Karaouine at Fez, the oldest university in the world, was founded well before the Sorbonne. Abdel Krim, the great figure of the resistance to the colonial conquest in the mountains of the North, invented methods of guerilla warfare that were later adopted in Vietnam and many other situations.

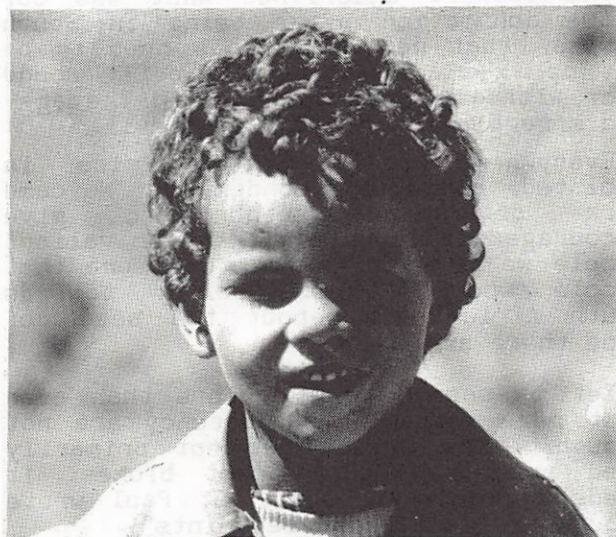
### *Orphaned at five*

One meeting stands out: the account by a man who was one of Morocco's first engineers, of his experiences with the French. He was orphaned at the age of five, and was taken in by a French officer after the massacre of the inhabitants of his village, of which he was the only survivor. He related how the discrimination that he had suffered, like all the young intellectuals of his generation, had little by little pushed him to fight for the independence of his country.

At the same time, we also sensed the bonds between our two countries, and that the Moroccans expect much of Europe, and France in particular. The request recently expressed by King Hassan II to join the European Economic Community is evidence of it, and everyone we met desired, if not complete integration into Europe, at least a closer association with it.

But there is a malaise among the young Moroccans which goes deeper. As Othman, a student of chemistry and physics, told us, 'There is a division in the heart of my generation between those who choose the western way of life, and those who go back to traditional values. If this trend continues, I fear for the future of the country.' Both types, even if they don't yet realize it, henceforth are confronted by the question of the meaning of life.

Frédéric Chavanne (France)





# HOPE FROM SOUTH AFRICA

MY WIFE AND I recently spent six weeks in South Africa.

I had been there on a rugby tour 37 years ago, but not since, and she had never been.

Such a lovely country - open spaces, gorgeous birds, everywhere a feast of nature. The Cape is called the plant capital of the world and we understood why.

We both felt that nowhere in the world did we meet more first-rate people: people of all races, searching how to bring the country out of her dilemma. A senior lady from Soweto, whose husband had been a world figure, said to us: "South Africa is going to surprise the world".

Seeing what we did, we wondered ourselves how soon it would be before her brave vision came true. We saw many signs of hope, but I'm not going to mention them. Wild flowers that become well known easily get picked. Also, if we read St Paul's letters, we see that wherever he went people followed after him determined to undo his work.

But I will mention one.

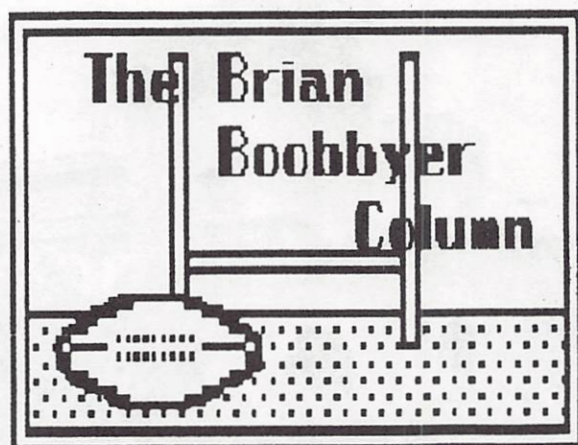
Four academics at the famous university of Stellenbosch have written a remarkable document. It was featured in the Cape Sunday Times. It outlines a possible political future for the country "once race and ethnicity are abandoned as the fundamental criteria for structuring society". It ends with these words: "From the Christian point of view the only acceptable approach is through free and equal negotiation. The use of violence to attain political goals - and this applies to the structural and military violence which props up the apartheid system and the counter-violence of the liberation movements - must unconditionally come to an end."

We found there was a wide measure of support in the university for these ideas. And Stellenbosch is the heart of Afrikanerdom.

The booklet underlines what was our prime conviction after being in South Africa, that new goal posts need to be put up, replacing the ones built round race with the ones built round the age-old struggle between good and evil.

Everywhere today South Africa is isolated, boycotted, condemned. We came back determined rather to give encouragement and support to the valiant people we met and to try to ensure that people who formulate policy towards South Africa know about the seeds of hope there are.

Yet it seemed more obvious than ever that mere goodwill and decency are not enough. The world does not primarily need more and more decent blokes: it needs servants of God. St Paul wrote about our "calling to be saints".



I was wondering how to express this unpopular calling when I remembered this remarkable passage from C.S. Lewis and dug it out of his book, *Mere Christianity*:

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

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

"We say, 'I never expected to be a saint, I only want to be a decent ordinary chap'. And we imagine when we say this that we are being humble.

"But this is the fatal mistake. To shrink back from God's plan is not humility; it is laziness and cowardice. To submit to it is not conceit or megalomania; it is obedience.

"I must borrow a parable from George MacDonald. Imagine yourself as a living house. God comes in to rebuild that house. You thought you were going to be made into a decent little cottage: but He is building a palace. He intends to come and live in it himself.

"The command 'Be ye perfect' is not idealistic gas. Nor is it a command to do the impossible. He is going to make us into creatures that can obey that command. If we let Him He can make the feeblest and filthiest of us into a god or goddess, a dazzling radiant immortal creature, pulsating all through with such energy and joy and wisdom and love as we cannot now imagine, a bright stainless mirror. The process will be long and in parts very painful.

"It costs God nothing, as far as we know, to create nice things: but to convert rebellious wills cost him crucifixion."

To return to South Africa. It is a country I love. My first cricket captain at university was a South African who later captained his country

(continued on page 16)



# WHEN THE LIGHT GOES DIM

by Nigel Cooper

(NEW ZEALAND)

THOSE WHO DECIDE to give their lives to God should be the happiest, most effective, out-going, free people around - in short we should have 100-watt light bulb glowing inside all the time, day and night. But what do you do when the light goes dim? For a long time my light bulb has been shining at no more than 25 or 50 watts.

Many years ago during my final year at university, I gave my life to God for Him to use unreservedly. It led to an exciting, adventurous, hard-working life. I've lived in many countries on three continents, dined with royalty and head-hunters, worked alongside management and unemployed, made friends with research graduates and school drop-outs.

When I re-met some of my university rugby colleagues, it was obvious that their lives had been much duller than mine. For a start, only one out of 15 had travelled beyond Australia! And while some were successful and happy, several were dissatisfied and bored.

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## *Dined with royalty and head hunters*

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So I have much to be grateful for. BUT - my light had gone dim. I began to lose the passion to meet and care for people. I was getting confused as to what to aim for and feared meeting people. As a full-time worker with MRA, the question I feared most was, 'What do you do?'

Not long ago, at 1.30 in the morning, God spoke to me. He said, "You gave Me your life, but there's one area you are holding back to control yourself. That 5% is in fact controlling your whole life. It's because of that that you've lost your passion and purpose." Then I thought of a whole range of people, young and old, to whom God had led my wife and me to care for in the past. And suddenly I saw that what I would not let God control would mean that all those people would be let down. The exciting future that could be theirs might be lost for ever because I wouldn't change. "Well," God went on, "you have a choice in life - your own will, or Mine." And then a gentle whisper, as if He were healing an open wound, he added, "This is the way. Walk ye in it." And I chose.

Immediately my heart was flooded with fresh light, and many things came clear. I was honest with two or three friends about the whole of my life, including the dark corners, and a freedom and clarity of mind came in that I've not experienced for a long time.



Now, every day has a purpose. Meeting people has become enjoyable, life has become an adventure once more. Every hour of every day is for the Holy Spirit to lead.

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## *Maoris and Pakehas*

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One thing God has told me - a scientist - to do is to study the Maori language, history and culture to be better equipped to help build bridges between the races in my country. I met a Maori student at the university this week. He thought my aim meant that I was for assimilating the Maori into the Pakeha (European) way of life. No, I assured him, my aim is to find what Maori and Pakeha can do together, as equal partners, for the world. "My, that's a big idea," he commented. He wants to talk more.

Others met this week include a bishop who said he uses the book 'Now I Call Him Brother' [by Alec Smith of Zimbabwe] with several people, describing this as 'sowing the seed'; and our vicar, who said he was right behind us and invited us to share in the spiritual leadership of the youth of the church. Both gave me introductions to Maori leaders.

So now I know what to do when the light goes dim. Oh, that reminds me, there's a light gone out in the sitting room. I'd better go and change the bulb!



# READY AND WAITING

by Ian Healey



I HAVE REACHED a memorable stage in life; the end of university and the end of an era. My mother has sold her house and remarried, and I am leaving my beloved Yorkshire behind. Yet it isn't the end of anything - it is just the beginning.

Though my course is directing me into industry, I feel God is saying, 'Hang on a minute'. So I've taken time to ask Him what I should do. In which part of industry or commerce should I seek to make my fortune? He seems to have other ideas. 'To work with MRA for a year?' But what would I do? I may have been to university, but I can't actually do anything. It seems clear that the answer is just to be open to what God suggests.

I feel I have reached a certain level in my faith, and now the need is to go deeper. There are still areas of my life

that I let God look at - as long as He doesn't touch; ambition is probably the most obvious, with pride being close behind. My ambition is to be one of the most honest, pure, unselfish and loving people in the world - but my pride stops me because I try and meet these aims in my own strength instead of recognizing them as Gifts from Him. I need to discover the art of serving and the need for teamwork.

I still don't know what He wants me to do, other than getting to know Him better, but I have a few ideas. We British tend to think of 'Europe' as almost another planet. Yet on a recent trip to Germany it took me longer to get from Bradford to London than it did from London to Bonn.

I have a vision of a world team of young people working together, thinking together, under the Guidance of God. In Britain there is such a potential, but one which needs sewing together. Similarly with Europe - and the world.

Being recently in the north of Norway, I saw a different view of the 'planet' - how vast it is and yet how near. Europe is so small it can be crossed in just a few hours - but how our minds stop us. I want to use this year to help develop a team - in Britain - in Europe - even the world.

Of course, though I love travelling, God's ideas may be more in the cutting-the-grass and making-the-beds line than in single-handedly improving international relations. However I (and indeed all of us) must be prepared to do anything that He asks, and do it gladly.

I shall be washing the windows at Tirley Garth from July onwards!

Watch this space.

## GETTING AN EEC PASSPORT!

Jackie took part in a weekend gathering in Strasbourg, France, which marked the 50th anniversary of the launching of Moral Re-Armament.

"THE YOUNGER GENERATION is in the minority here today. MRA now needs to look forward to the next 50 years. I often feel pressurised by society and wonder how to put my faith into practice, and I think this is something many of my generation feel.

"I see my parents' generation has changed the course of the world in the previous 50 years, and I wonder how I can continue this. I think I now need to accept responsibility and face the world.

"I decided to come to Strasbourg to bridge the generation gap and to say that I want to continue the work of MRA in the coming 50 years and that I refuse to give up on my generation for we are NOT a lost cause!"

Heads nodded and I felt that what I

by Jackie Daukes

had said had been appreciated. WHAT A MARVELLOUS WEEKEND! Between meals there were meetings, a service in the crypt of the cathedral, the 'son et lumière' on one evening; a time to see the city and a performance of *Poor Man, Rich Man*, the play about St Francis.

There were at least 200 people, from 34 nations and five continents. Our party of five brought the average age down by a good few years and I enjoyed being introduced as the youngest there! For on Saturday we, the young, took the meeting which, I feel, gave real hope.

But those two days were also some of the most challenging ever. I know that I can no longer sit back and let others do all the work, but that I must say "YES" to doing God's will. The only plan of action I now have to take is to get an EEC passport (which is the last thing I wanted to do) and I hope that this will be the start of creating a United Europe!



# JEWELS IN THE CROWN

by Karen Elliott

Elliott

IF SOMEONE HAD TOLD ME A YEAR AGO that I would soon visit Costa Rica, I would have said, 'Thanks, but I don't see that happening. To begin with, I don't even speak Spanish'. But when I was in Costa Rica, March 26-31, my lack of Spanish didn't stand in the way of getting to know the people, or the Central American countries that they represented.

A newly opened convent located on the outskirts of San Jose, Costa Rica was the site of the youth conference, 'The Role of Youth in the Reconstruction of Peace', attended by young people from the area and 12 other countries.

When it was first suggested that I attend the conference, I was rather indifferent to the idea. I knew little about Central America, even though my country is heavily involved in that region. My world view was focussed more on Europe and Great Britain, and I was always ready to travel there. But God obviously had a greater plan for me than I could imagine and so over a period of days, He prepared to use me as an instrument with my young neighbours.



## *Taking the Backseat*

With the evident language barrier, I first felt left out when I couldn't share in the other's jokes and fun. I selfishly wondered, 'What am I doing here? How can I possibly get in touch with these folks?' Well, I soon realized that I could either mope around or enter into the conference. In taking the backseat and letting God take over the steering, I made many new friends from Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras and El Salvador. As Mary McCleod Bethune said, 'The world walked into my heart'.

Before I could truly understand the experiences that the young people shared, I had to redefine geographical boundaries in my heart.

After returning from Caux and a two month stay in London, I had missed the friends that I made there. I felt as though I must be the only young person in the US, let alone my state of Florida, that knew anything about MRA. But soon there was a good turn out of youth at a conference at Georgetown University in Washington DC, and from that stemmed youth conferences in Cincinnati, Ohio and Quebec, Canada.

My mind turned to establishing youth exchanges between young people from Europe, the UK and America. What I realized during my time in Costa Rica was that such an exchange would not be complete without young people from Central and South America.

What struck me most about these young people is that they have great hope and vision for their countries despite the fact that many are torn by war and

strife. Many of them come from single-parent families and have little formal education. But through learning of others that had made a difference in the world such as Irene Laure and Alec Smith as well as men and women in their own countries, these young people discovered that they could make a difference in their families, towns and countries by first taking an honest look at themselves.

## *Ancestral roots*

I feel these young people are the jewels in the crown of Central America. Although my ancestral roots are in Europe, I feel now, after learning of the struggles and joys they've faced through adolescence, and of their relationships with family and friends, that I can identify more with the young people in Central America than Europe.

With this new bond and commitment to the Americas, I have decided to study Spanish and as part of my course requirement for international relations I will take Contemporary Latin America in the Fall.

It is hard to find one word to describe my time in Costa Rica and the friends that I made there. 'Pura Vida', pure life, is so often said by the Costa Ricans that it might be the country's motto. I guess that is what I found in Costa Rica: a sense of new hope in my Central American friends and within them, a new role for myself.

Karen Elliott is a student of Journalism and International Relations at The American University, Washington DC, USA.

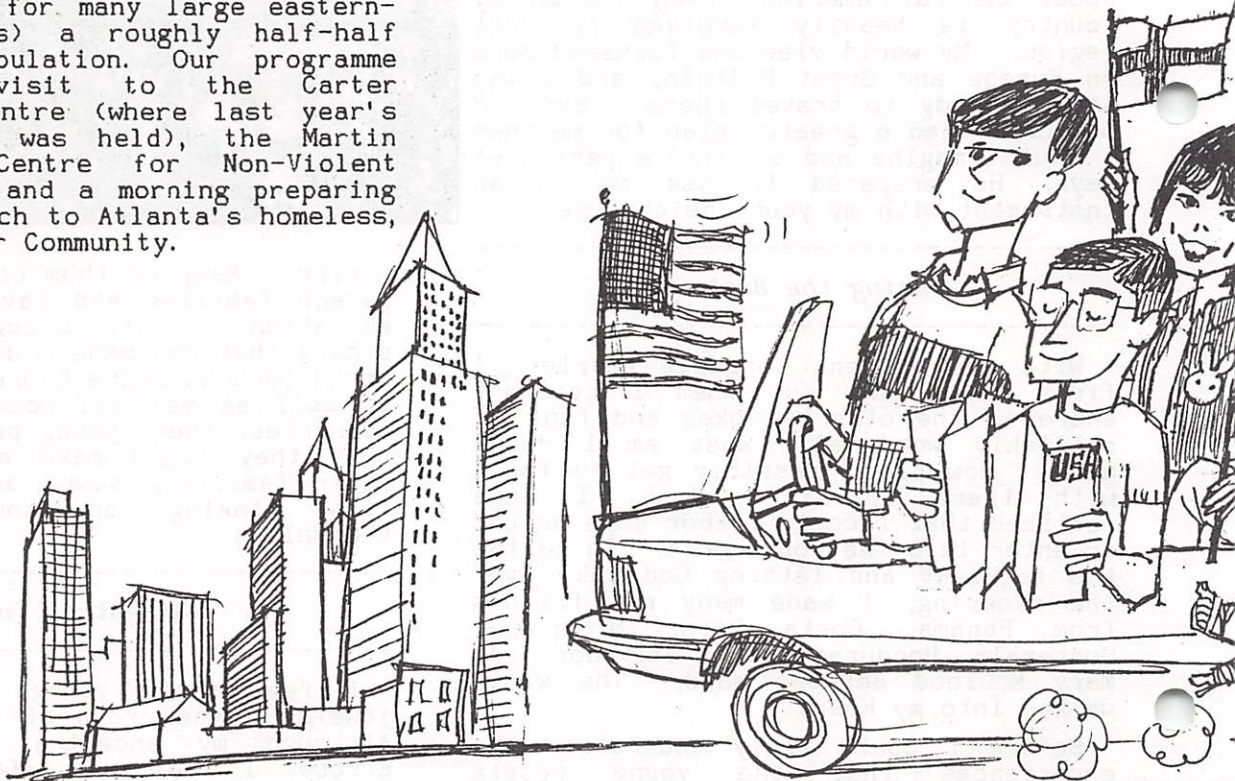


Anja Snellman, Warren Buckley, Beate Meyer, Jackie and Nick Goodwin and Edward Peters spent 3½ absorbing weeks in the United States over Easter. The visit had a number of aims. To get to know the real America which we in Europe so often misunderstand. To build links of friendship across the Atlantic, particularly with those who are dedicated (as are we) to bringing God-centred change to our societies. To help our friends on that continent who are fighting that battle and building a team to carry it.

We started in Atlanta, a huge, throbbing, growing city with (as is fairly typical for many large eastern-seaboard cities) a roughly half-half black-white population. Our programme included a visit to the Carter Presidential Centre (where last year's MRA conference was held), the Martin Luther King Centre for Non-Violent Social Change, and a morning preparing and serving lunch to Atlanta's homeless, at the Open Door Community.

foreign policy advisors; a lively chat over drinks in the basement of one of the Senate buildings with two young men in the Republican Policy Committee, friends of Philip; helping Clara Severiens serve breakfast to some of Washington's homeless people (Clara does this once a week, and has so far involved 160 of her friends).

About 20 young professionals and students came to the Ruffins' home for an afternoon seminar entitled 'Diplomacy of the Humble Heart', to which we were able to contribute. Several of those present plan to go to Caux this summer.



A two-night stopover in Durham, North Carolina, included a visit to the campus of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Over 20 people in the Durham area who had contact with MRA but did not all know each other, came for dinner with us.

In Richmond Rob and Sue Corcoran introduced us to many of the extraordinary range of friends they have in that historic city. Former City Manager, Howe Todd, showed us round. A supper reception brought in 30 from around the city.

After two days in the Shenandoah Valley with Jim and Linda Oleson at Staunton, we moved on to Washington DC where Philip Boobbyer (then just finishing at Georgetown University) and Clara Severiens and others had arranged a number of interesting events. Half an hour with one of Michael Dukakis's

We went to a professional basketball match between the Washington Bullets and Indiana Pacers (107-98). This was a vital part of our American experience - a slick two-hour show, without a moment of silence or inaction.

In Baltimore, 82-year-old Jim Houck and top black lawyer Charlie Howard were our tireless hosts. Jim's energy, big heart and sense of humour ("I met my wife in a revolving door and we've been going round ever since") have won the affection of many of Baltimore's leadership including the dockers. Horace Alston, black International Vice-President of the ILA (dockers), who had two of us to stay in his home, gave a lunch for us with some of the dockers' officials.

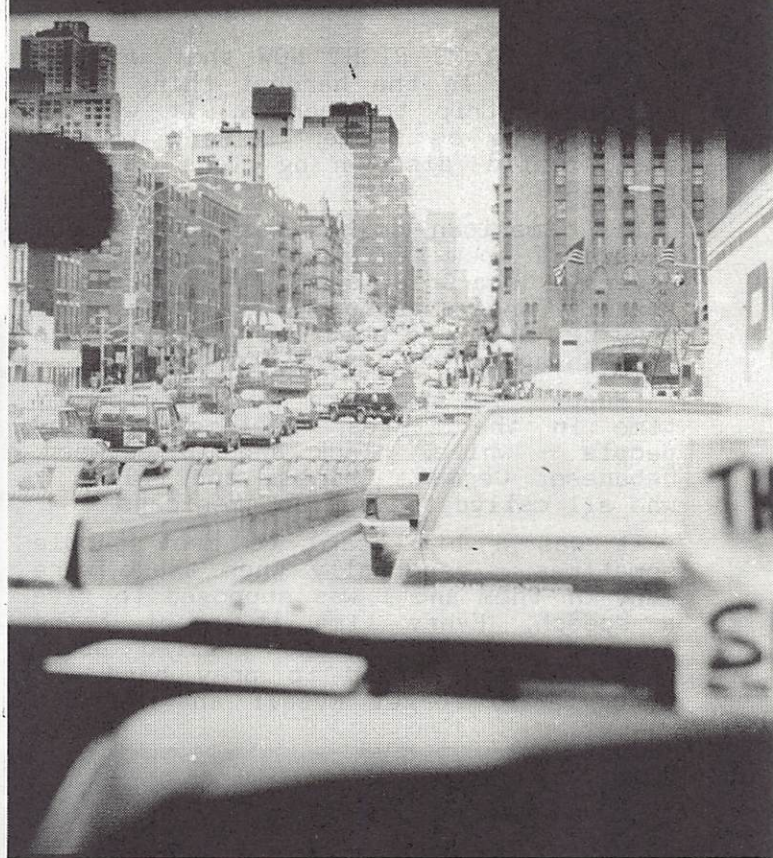
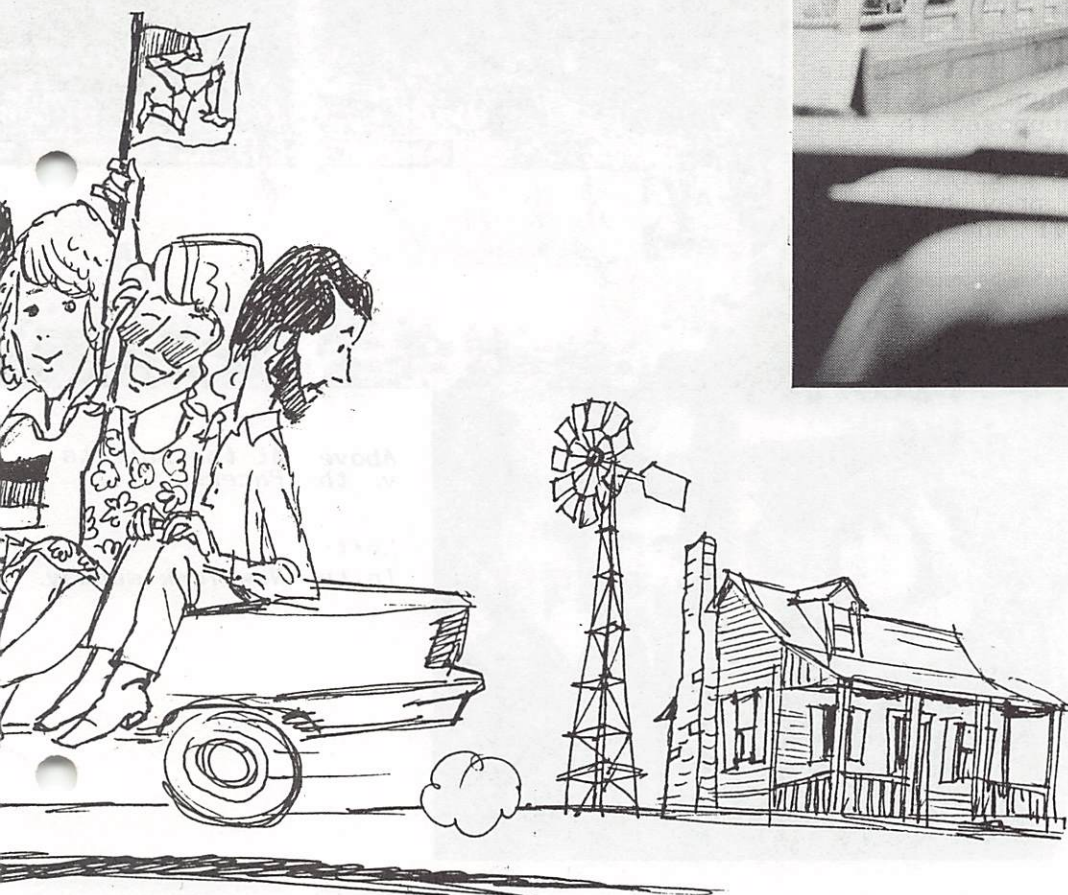
We spoke to two Rotary Clubs, as a result of one of which a hotel owner



# THEM

offered us a slap-up lunch the next day ("an answer to faith and prayer," said Jim; "our budget is tight!") We also had a memorable half hour with Kurt Schmoke, 38-year-old former Rhodes scholar in Oxford, and Baltimore's first elected black Mayor.

Baltimore was an invigorating finale to the formal part of our trip. A final couple of days in New York gave us the chance to see some of the sights - including a 25-cent round-trip on the



Staten Island ferry (we paid), and a \$17.50-per-head tea with a Wall Street stockbroker (she paid!!)

America is indeed a land of contrasts and paradoxes. Enormous space. Great vitality and creativity. Unbelievable warm-heartedness and generosity. Packed churches. Yet also consuming problems: drugs rampant; divorce and illegitimacy destroying family life; horrific crime and gang problems (in Los Angeles alone there are 600 street gangs with 70,000 members); the consolidation of a black 'underclass'; homelessness on a grand scale (an estimated 60,000 in New York alone).

Everywhere we went we found genuine openness to, and interest in, the ideas of Moral Re-Armament. The need for profound inner change in people if the inequalities and injustices of American

society are to be righted is self-evident to most of those we met. There are in America the resources in people which could lead to significant changes surprisingly fast. Great freshness and optimism. A sense that nothing is impossible if you are committed to make it happen. It was a privilege to work alongside friends there for a few precious weeks.

*Edward Peters*

*All photos by Jackie Goodwin, except bottom of page 15 by Warren Buckley.*

*Cartoon by Bill Cameron-Johnson.*



# DIFFERENT FROM THE COCA-COLA ADS

by Anja Snellman

IT SEEMS TO ME RIGHT NOW that writing for *Freeway* is the hardest thing about the whole trip to America. It was so exciting to be there; I felt like a small child discovering lots of new things.

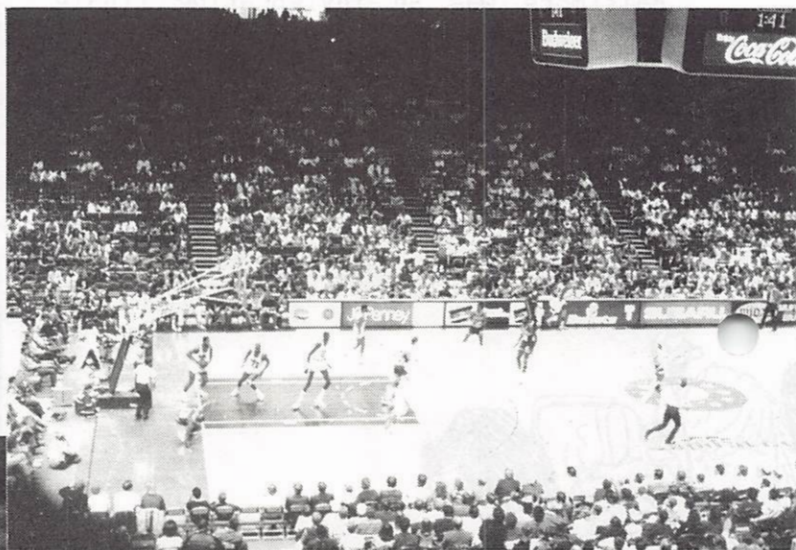
The 'American smile' was something I thought I knew really well (having seen several Coca-Cola ads), but I had a totally wrong picture. It is a most genuine and wholehearted smile - so refreshing for us cynical Europeans.

'Happy' is the word to describe my time in the States, meeting so many people - white, black and in between, Lebanese, German, Chinese and Polish - who all called themselves Americans.

It was a bit scary to meet people sometimes - especially when there were many of them and I was supposed to give a speech. Every time it meant being nervous and afraid and puzzled about what to say. I had to pray hard and struggle to forget myself and let God

(or even more confused than you were before). I enjoyed meeting several people active in American politics. How encouraging it was to realise that there are so many who care and fight passionately for their convictions.

As a true student of architecture I walked through the cities staring at buildings most of the time.



Above: At the Bullets v. the Pacers.



Left:  
In the New York subway.

inspire people through me. I needn't have been so afraid.

What a privilege it is to have the opportunity to give something and not just receive. Often I felt that we were appreciated because of the fact that we had come with an open mind to learn from people and give the best we have.

In Atlanta, Beate, Warren and I talked to a class of black students. It was a delightful experience (so different from Scandinavia where I had often talked to classes about the Nordic Revue, looking at rows of blank, uninterested faces). Here we ended up in a lively exchange of ideas about our countries and our lives. The students didn't even notice when the lesson ended, and this, according to the teacher, was very unusual.

If you are like me and know little about politics I advise you to spend time with Warren, Edward, Jackie and Nick - then you will be well informed

Americans are modern in many ways. Most people have a telephone answering machine with music in the background, electric windows in their cars and a microwave oven for heating up popcorn. At the same time they love old style and traditions and make great efforts to copy old things.





# TAKING OFF THE BRAKES



by Beate Meyer

WHEN I THINK OF THE UNITED STATES I now feel a deep understanding and caring love for this land, its inhabitants and its problems - a love which I once could not have imagined feeling. Where before I had a superficial view of America, I now try to convey to my friends a most colourful picture.

Our visit brought about a number of changes in our group as well as in my mind and feelings. One of the most obvious things that happened to me was that a concerned love for my own country grew in me. This was a result partly of the positive reactions towards Germany among the Americans I met; and partly of getting to know what pride in ones nation means to my friends from other countries. I've started to think how I could use this new-born love for my own country, and benefit from living so close to Bonn (the capital of West Germany, if you don't know!).

Living in Europe one is used to being at the centre of attention of the two world superpowers. You automatically

keep informed about what is going on around the world. In America I was struck by how far away you can feel from the rest of the world, how little you are aware of international affairs. Slowly you can become more and more ignorant.

The kindness and openness of Americans struck me, and particularly the constant greeting, 'Have a nice day!' Now I often say a German equivalent to my colleagues at work. It sometimes earns a condescending smile, but often people seem really happy about it.

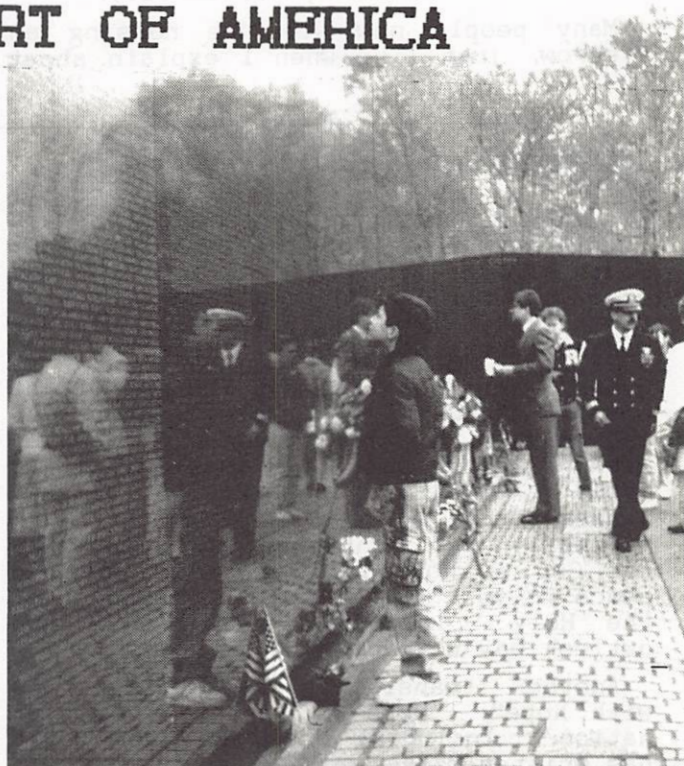
During the weeks in America I found a deeper faith and trust in God - day by day and step by step. I felt I was in the place He wanted me, in order to help spread His word. It is because of this that I found it not only easy but also a relief to give a very important decision in my life out of my hands and into His. So I took my brakes off, said 'Yes' to God - and happily got engaged soon after my return home!

## PEOPLE : THE HEART OF AMERICA

by Warren Buckley

ON OUR LAST NIGHT in the USA before returning to Europe, we were walking down 42nd Street in New York. It was a dark and miserable night with rain pouring down and the temperature slowly falling. We were savouring the end of a fantastic three weeks, when suddenly I was struck by the thought of having to spend the whole night out in the streets sheltering in doorways and under cardboard boxes; for that was exactly the position many homeless New Yorkers were in. For a few moments this great city lost some of its glamour and excitement.

Although this is certainly a depressing image it is not one of cynicism but rather comes as a result of seeing America as it really is. Unlike many of the European tourists who invade America every year, we did not spend all our time on beaches or in posh hotels (none of it, in fact!). Rather we were given the opportunity to experience many levels of American life.



(continued on page 20)



# LETTER FROM AN ATHEIST

DEAR EDITORS,

Most of the people in the West who try to live up to the ideas of MRA are Christians, and for them these ideas are integrated in their faith. Therefore they often talk about God and his guidance.

Being an atheist I don't feel God's presence, or maybe I describe it differently. At meetings I subconsciously replace 'God' by 'conscience' and usually I find it acceptable.

Last summer at the Youth Forum in Caux though, the word 'God' was used so often, that I got a bit fed-up. I wondered how people of other religions react to this. I can well imagine them having another view of God, or experiencing their God differently from Christians. This is not a plea totally to ban the word 'God' from meetings, but maybe people get carried away by the atmosphere and enthusiasm.

Perhaps it's the feeling of being with people who have the same ideas that causes some to speak like this, because usually I feel totally accepted.

For the atheists in MRA, it's no problem, as we know the general attitude of accepting everybody. Newcomers, though, might be scared off. As atheism (both the form coming from laziness, as well as the genuine form) appears to be the conviction of quite a number of people, it's worth thinking about. Such people, as I have found with friends of mine, are put off when the picture of MRA we present is very Christian.

Again I want to stress the fact that it doesn't mean we can't talk about belief as a foundation, but maybe it should be made more clear to newcomers that it's not the only possibility.

Many people now will be raising an eyebrow, just like when I explain about

my atheism, as they don't understand the basis of my thinking.

My guideline is the human conscience. It replaces what God means to religious people. In fact it's not very important what it's called, as long as there's some external factor constantly showing what one should or should not do in certain situations, and one is prepared to listen. I can't control the thoughts coming from my conscience (just as a Christian can't influence the guidance that comes from God) and it really gives extra information. I also have quiet times, and then I also get thoughts about matters that need attention.

Similarly, it often means I have to swallow my pride, and fortunately I also feel the joy of having an open life. In practice my way of MRA leads to the same things as the Christian way. This attitude of not only talking, but applying ideas to ones life, is what attracts me to this movement.

Where exactly to find this conscience of mine, I don't know. How it works, I can't explain. What I do know though, is that the human brain is still little understood, and that it stores huge sources of energy.

In the Bible, Matthew 7:21, it says, "Not everyone who says to me, 'Lord, Lord' shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he who does the will of my Father who is in heaven". Of course, Jesus would prefer a Christian behaving like one, but I think he'd rather see an atheist behaving like a Christian than someone claiming to be a Christian and not acting like one.

All I hope is that I have clarified what I feel, and that perhaps interested atheists won't be scared off unnecessarily in future.

Luc Alderliesten, Netherlands

## BOOBYER (continued from page 8)

- a more encouraging person and captain I could not imagine. Another brilliant South African sportsman at Oxford helped me to find a deeper faith and direction for my life. And my first rugby captain was an outstanding South African.

Ever since, I've always thought of the country in terms of people that I know and cherish, to whom I owe a great deal. Such friendships have enabled me to avoid passing unhelpful blanket judgements.

Finally, to return to St Paul. "May the God of hope fill you with joy and peace in your faith that by the power of the Holy Spirit your whole life and outlook may be radiant with hope."

Another translation says, "overflow with hope". Hope for people, hope for nation. Including ones that the world has written off.

## The Whisper

I was in Bethlehem that night.  
Parties up and down the street.

And later in the shadows,  
A soft whisper,  
Which said:

"Do not sleep.  
Make haste."

## Storm Bird

Storm bird.

Unlike his fellows  
Who'd fly straight  
From one place to another,  
He'd search out the winds  
And go  
By way of the storm.

Other birds considered him unusual.

*These poems - and  
one on back page -  
by Philip Boobyer*



# BACK IN THE USSR



Mike Lowe

*A German student writes to FREEWAY from Leningrad where he has been studying on his second visit to the Soviet Union.*

IT HAS BEEN a comparatively mild winter. Once we had minus 20 degrees centigrade, but most of the time the temperature did not fall much below freezing. Still it was winter enough to walk on the frozen Baltic Sea, watching people fishing through little ice-holes. They sit there for hours without catching very much.

The different subjects of our university language course vary greatly in quality. Still I must have learnt something, because in writing this letter I find it difficult to switch into English as most of the time I am thinking in Russian.

Apart from other students in my hostel I have got to know a number of people - a young Orthodox Christian, mother of two children, a young man restoring old manuscripts, a lecturer in history from Georgia, who has a deep spiritual outlook on the world.

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## *Signs of Perestroika*

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Of all the *Perestroika* that is going on, there is very little hard coin evidence that it actually makes life better and easier. There are still long queues for the scarce supply of fruit, vegetables and meat. From June onwards ration cards for sugar will be introduced in Leningrad. Only the rising number of small co-operative shops shows some changes in the economic life. But the changes in the intellectual and cultural atmosphere are noticeable.

There are still limits to what can be said, but they are drawn much wider than even two years ago. There are recital evenings, stage and film productions, book and magazine publications of literature, whose authors have been 'taboo' for many years. The press more freely examines cases of corruption, inefficiency and ecological problems. Discussions with our lecturers at the university are much more open. But not only critical, progressive voices can be heard under this new freedom - also a lot of rather nationalist opinions.

On May 1st I went with my Soviet room neighbour to march in the May-Day demonstration. The decorations - with flags, banners and balloons - gave a cheerful look to the city, for the first time after the long, grey winter period. We marched in the university block, and apart from the slogans that were shouted officially the students came up with some good ones of their own, such as 'Work to the Workers!' On the whole it was a joyful, festive occasion yet the uncanny feeling remains that one is not demonstrating one's own will and strength but obedience to a certain policy.

It was touching to visit the cemetery where many of the victims of the Leningrad siege are buried. About a million people died in this Second World War tragedy which lasted three years. At the Victory Day memorial which I attended, people laid down flowers everywhere in the cemetery as well as little sweets, cookies and coins, as is the old Orthodox custom. As a German and young member of the nation that inflicted this suffering on the city and its people, I too laid down some flowers.



# ON COURSE IN AUSTRALIA

by Pippa Faunce

THIS YEAR there were 18 participants in the *Studies in Effective Living* course, based at Armagh (the MRA centre in Melbourne, Australia). We came from ten countries: India, England, Cambodia, Laos, Germany, China, New Zealand, Malaysia, Papua New Guinea and Australia. It was a rich experience to live together for three months as people from such diverse backgrounds and cultures. We found that through the friendship built between us we began to have a real understanding and love for each others' countries.

All of us were particularly moved by the stories of the two Cambodian girls who took the course. Both suffered greatly under the Pol Pot regime, losing many family members and finally escaping to the refugee camps on the Thailand border which have now been their home for four years. They were sent to Australia to learn about the ideas of MRA and take these back to their people in the camps where food and water are scarce, there is constant fear of Vietnamese bomb attacks, and life seems pointless and without hope.



Philippines ambassador at his embassy. One of our group who is part Filipino apologised for having in the past felt ashamed of his Filipino blood. The ambassador was moved to tears.

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## *Songs and washing up*

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The first six weeks of the course took place at Armagh; there were lectures and seminars on topics such as development in industry, the gap between rich and poor nations, current affairs, public speaking and communication, and on how each person can find an effective purpose for life based on absolute moral standards and finding God's direction. We did assignments on some of these subjects; we also learned songs in each others' languages, cooked each others' foods, did the washing up and gardening together, and even went abseiling together!

The next four weeks consisted of fieldwork, when the group split into two and visited different cities and country areas. We met people in business and industry, union leaders and church groups, teachers and community leaders, as well as staying in private homes. I found the most fascinating place a small mining town called Broken Hill, in the outback of Australia, miles from anywhere. Its population of tough and fiercely independent miners and their families regards anyone not born and bred in Broken Hill as 'from away'. We spent some moving times with Aboriginal people who shared openly and without bitterness some of their past suffering and present hardships - and at the same time their vision for their people. We in turn shared some of our struggles and hopes.

Fieldwork ended with a week in Canberra (the capital) where the two groups met up. One highlight was a reception given for us by the

The final week of the course was spent back at Armagh, culminating in a reception, attended by nearly 200, at which each of us course participants spoke briefly. One said that he had decided to put everything into God's hands, including his relationship with the girl he loves. Another told how he had put things right with his parents. A girl described how she had given her life to God two weeks before, and one man said that all his life he had blamed everyone else for the problems he faced but was now going to put right what he could of his past and take responsibility for what is wrong in the world.

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## *Absolute joy!*

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For myself, while having learnt on the course about absolute moral standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love, I can now add another: absolute joy! I realised that joy encompasses all the other standards, for when I am brimming with joy I am also brimming with love for others; and any thought of selfishness, impurity or dishonesty is impossible - they just aren't compatible. Without joy the others are in danger of becoming a set of rules which bind me, instead of being the road to freedom.

This experience of joy was the first time that I felt God reached out and touched me - not someone else, not a whole group of which I happened to be a part, but me personally. I felt truly loved. This has given me much greater faith that wherever I go, God will always care and have a plan for me, and show me what it is if I spend time each day seeking it.



# AUSSIE ACTION '88

By the time you read this, AUSSIE ACTION will already have been underway for several weeks. It officially kicked off when Alistair and Hege Miles and Lindy Drew sang in the Melbourne City Square. The Action '88 team will spend two weeks of July based in and around Armagh - a time for fellowship, study and fund-raising. They have been invited to Adelaide in August, including a weekend family camp. Other visits are in the offing for the following months.

Sarah Mayor, Lindy Drew and John Farquharson have sent FREEWAY an idea of the thinking behind the action:

RIGHT AROUND THE WORLD, it seems, many of our generation feel trapped by hostile or hurting home environments, by meaningless competition for jobs and status, by financial difficulties or the personal hang-ups of blind drinking or drug abuse. And the world situation doesn't offer much hope either, with the possibility that as a race we will take ourselves out through nuclear genocide - or choke our survival systems with pollutants.

Here in Australia, while we have a reputation as the 'lucky country', prospects for the future seem equally uninviting - or so it would seem by our youth suicide rate, third highest in the world. But are we just destined to go quietly down the gurgler?

In the past months a group of us have been getting together in Melbourne to talk about this. In many areas we have been left a mess by previous generations - but we don't have to add to it.

Take the Australian Bicentennial for instance. While most of us are celebrat-

ing the arrival of British settlement, for the original Australians it has been 200 years of dispossession, discrimination and despair. Yet whatever has gone wrong or right in the past 200 years (and there's been plenty of both), the question we felt worth asking is what impact can we make now on the next 200?

Can we develop the values and social foundation for the sort of country we want to see - a society without prejudice,, which promotes the best in everyone's background and talents; where we genuinely care to give those who feel left out of our society a new beginning, not just dole out welfare; where the land we all share is used without being abused, an environment cherished and regenerated; where we don't have to be cynical about those in leadership or power because their lives give a message of daylight integrity and concern for real fairness.

With all that could be done to move us closer to this vision, we reckon that the bicentennial year is not a dead end but a beginning.

We hope to encourage and reinforce those working for the same goals and those sick of being part of the 'knocker's syndrome' who want to do something positive.

As students and young working people, we are giving up part of this year to encourage other Australians to have a vision for the future. A number of young people from other countries who want to help us are coming at their own expense from Papua New Guinea, Japan, India, Taiwan, Malaysia, Uganda and the UK.





Driving down a street in Atlanta it seems strange to see only black men and women - indeed whole areas of the city are black. In Atlanta and Washington we worked in shelters for the homeless where not only tramps came but also college drop-outs and others forced onto the streets by rising unemployment.

In spite of these images, however, I came away that the America could still be the hope of the world that Alexis de Tocqueville and John Locke predicted. This was a result of meeting men and women with real dreams and vision for their country.

On our first morning in Atlanta, Dr Lawrence Bottoms, black former Moderator of the Presbyterian Church, USA, outlined for us his thinking for the future. One point in particular caught my attention: "For too long many have made whiteness an idol. Today many are making blackness an idol. Too many whites seek an unearned advantage over others. Blacks must not follow that path."

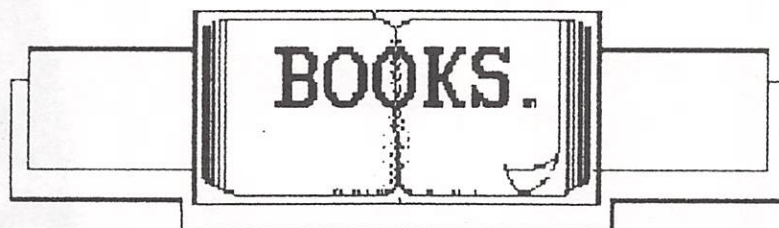
Later on our trip, at a Memorial Service for Rev Martin Luther King Jr, we listened to another black preacher who referred to King's famous 'I have a dream' speech. "Who is killing the dream?" he asked the congregation, in which we were the only white people. Rather than pointing the finger at the white establishment, he lay the blame at the feet of black and white alike.

These kind of challenges impressed me, as did the words of Willie Dell, a black member of the first Richmond City Council to have a black majority. "If you have a vision for change, you have to say it - even if no one listens... We must fight on the issue, not on the person." We saw in practice black and white Americans working together - particularly in Richmond and in Baltimore.



Above all it was uplifting to meet a new generation of young Americans with the same vigour and vision of change as many of their seniors. In Atlanta, for example, we met black college students who showed a keen interest in subjects ranging from American troops in Germany to who would be the next US President. In Washington we met many friends of Philip Boobyer and Clara Severiens, in politics, banking, journalism and academic life. 24-year-old Doug Neil, Assistant Press Secretary to a US Senator, told us honestly of his struggle with selfish ambition and his decision to put God's plan first in his life.

America may be a superpower in political, economic and military terms but at her heart are people. Those mentioned here, and the others we met, showed us that it is on this human level that America also has so much to give.



WE CANNOT OVERESTIMATE the value of books in feeding our spiritual lives. It is all too easy to run on too thin a spiritual diet, and then to be surprised if we feel somewhat starved and dry.

Available in paperback for the first time is a valuable companion, *The Oxford Book of Prayer*. It is a gold mine of treasures from the lips and pens of countless men and women of God through the ages.

One of the striking things about this collection is that its compiler, Bishop George Appleton, has included a large number of prayers from religious traditions different from his own. "World religions," he writes in his introduction, "are in contact with one

another more than ever before, so that it is possible to learn from their faith, experience, central affirmations, ways of worship, and formal prayers... The Transcendent Reality which Christians call God may in his wisdom and mercy have other ways of revealing himself to people of different experience, religion, and culture."

So in this book we are enriched by the prayers of Jews, Hindus, Buddhists and Muslims - to name just the main traditions drawn on - as well as of Christians.

I highly recommend it to anyone seeking to deepen their life of prayer.

Edward Peters



# @ Quotes

## THE SPIRIT OF CRITICISM

"It can always be said of him that he was never heard to speak disparagingly of anyone, and when anyone was heard so to speak in his presence he would always recall some trait of excellence in the absent one." (*On Robert E. Lee*)

"Love will rebuke evil, but will not rejoice in it. Love will be impatient of sin, but patient with the sinner. To form the habit of finding fault constantly, is very damaging to spiritual life. . . . What we want is to get this spirit of criticism and fault finding out of the church and out of our hearts." (*Moody*)

"At first there is a small cutting remark . . . and in the end people refuse to talk to one another, their hearts frozen into brutal indifference." (*Monsignor Escriva*)

"If the evil doings of men move you to overwhelming distress, even to a desire for vengeance on the evildoers, shun above all things that feeling. Go at once and seek suffering and bear it and in your heart you will find comfort, and you will understand that you too are guilty, for you might have been a light to the evil-doers and you were not." (*From Dostoevsky*)

"It is easy to be annoyed by a few men who are evil and so become a deserter from God's holy design." (*On Augustine*)

"I see no fault that I might not have committed myself." (*Goethe*)

"I was angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe:  
I told it not, my wrath did grow."  
(*Blake*)

"Father, forgive the cold love of the years." (*Carmichael*)

"Our belief in another's capacity increases it." (*Elizabeth Gibson*)

"The three essential rules when speaking of others are:  
Is it true?  
Is it kind?  
Is it necessary?" (*Prescott*)

"They that wait on the Lord soar, run and walk and do not lose heart." (*Smith on Isaiah*)

"Tell me and I'll forget.  
Show me and I'll remember.  
Involve me and I'll understand."

## LOVE

"How many of you will join me in reading this chapter [1 Corinthians 13 on Love] for the next three months? A man did that once and it changed his whole life. Will you do it? It is for the greatest thing in the world. You might begin by reading it every day, especially the verses which describe the perfect character, 'Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself.' Get these ingredients into your life. Then everything that you do is eternal. It is worth doing. It is worth giving time to. No man can become a saint in his sleep; and to fulfil the conditions required demands a certain amount of meditation and time, just as improvement in any direction, bodily or mental, requires preparation and care. Address yourself to that one thing; at any cost have this transcendent character exchanged for yours. You will find as you look back upon your that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love. . . . I have seen almost all the beautiful things God has made: I have enjoyed almost every pleasure he has planned for man; and yet as I look back I see standing above all the life that has gone, four or five short experiences when the love of God reflected itself in some poor imitation, some small act of love of mine, and these seem to be the things which alone of all one's life abide." (*Drummond*)

"To receive the grace of God, you must go to a desert place and stay awhile. There you can be emptied of everything that does not pertain to God. There the house of your soul is swept clean for God alone to dwell." (*Charles de Foucault*)

"No statements about God can satisfy the soul in this its quest after God. Nothing can take the place of this personal finding of him. . . . Nothing can satisfy the quest after God except God himself. We must come to know him as Abraham knew him, as David knew him, as Isaiah knew him, as Paul knew him, or our quest will never be satisfied." (*Abbott*)

"Without love, nothing we do can be worth anything." (*St Therese of Lisieux*)

"To do little acts of kindness without attracting any attention to them." (*Ibid*)



# TALES OF PITS & BATTLESHIPS

WHEN FRANK BUCHMAN and the group who were travelling with him arrived in Britain in 1946, they found themselves in a country with many problems. One third of her buildings was destroyed or damaged by the bombs. Obsolete factories and class war were impeding industrial recovery. The economy had been ravaged by the prosecution of the war.

Before leaving America, Buchman had received a letter from a former miner, Will Locke, who as Lord Mayor of Newcastle upon Tyne had entertained him before the war. In his letter Locke spoke of having visited the coal fields. The MRA spirit is needed. There is great promise in the Doncaster area where a group of six mines, each employing 1500 to 2000 men, have got hold of the subject correctly and men at the coal face and the officials are working finely together.'

the ripples will reach far'. The following week one of the largest pits reported that production had risen from 10,000 to 16,000 tons. The reason apparently was the change in the dictatorial manager known as 'the pocket battleship' who had apologised to the men after seeing *The Forgotten Factor*.

In the autumn the play opened in London's West End in the Westminster Theatre which had recently been bought as a memorial to the men and women of Moral Re-Armament who had died in war service.

For the next nine months bus loads of miners came from several coalfields - as well as managers. Invitations for the play were received from 150 collieries in every part of the country. And 70,000 in the mining areas saw it when it went to Yorkshire and the Midlands, to Scotland and to North and South Wales.



With all the difficulties - social, economic and international - Buchman's thought after getting Locke's letter was, 'coal the key'. Unknown to him, at the same time Ernest Bevin, the Foreign Minister in the new Labour Government, was appealing to the miners, 'Give me thirty million tons of coal for export and I will give you a foreign policy'.

With those who came from America was the cast of *The Forgotten Factor*, a play set in an industrial conflict. It dealt with the relations within and between the families of the industrialist and the labour leader in the dispute, and suggested the importance of a change of attitude on the basis of not 'who is right, but what is right'. It was felt that this play would be immensely helpful in this situation.

After a preliminary performance in London to which miners' leaders were invited from the Doncaster area, an invitation came from their colleagues for the play to be put on in their coalfield. Two thousand from the industry came to see it.

The *Doncaster Free Press* commented, 'Somebody last week threw a pebble in the pond that is industrial England, and

Independent evaluations were many. The editor of *The Spectator* wrote in his column, 'Tribute should be paid where tribute seems to be jointly due. Some 300 miners from a pit went to London to see *The Forgotten Factor*. The result I am assured, is that the pit tops production for its region. The story comes to me from no MRA quarter, but from someone who knows the pits and pitmen particularly well'.

The *Birmingham Post*, writing of the West Midlands, stated, 'The new spirit is so revealing itself in increased output that, according to one computation based on recent figures, if the same results were obtained in all Britain's coalfields, the target would be exceeded by 30,000,000 tons'.

These practical changes were wrought by changes in people and changes in attitudes. They were the products of many personal talks and personal decisions. D J Medlicott, Chairman of Aberdare Trades Council, South Wales, said, 'I started to put Moral Re-Armament into practice in my home. My wife and I found a new love and unity. Because it worked at home, it proved to me it is the answer for world problems'.

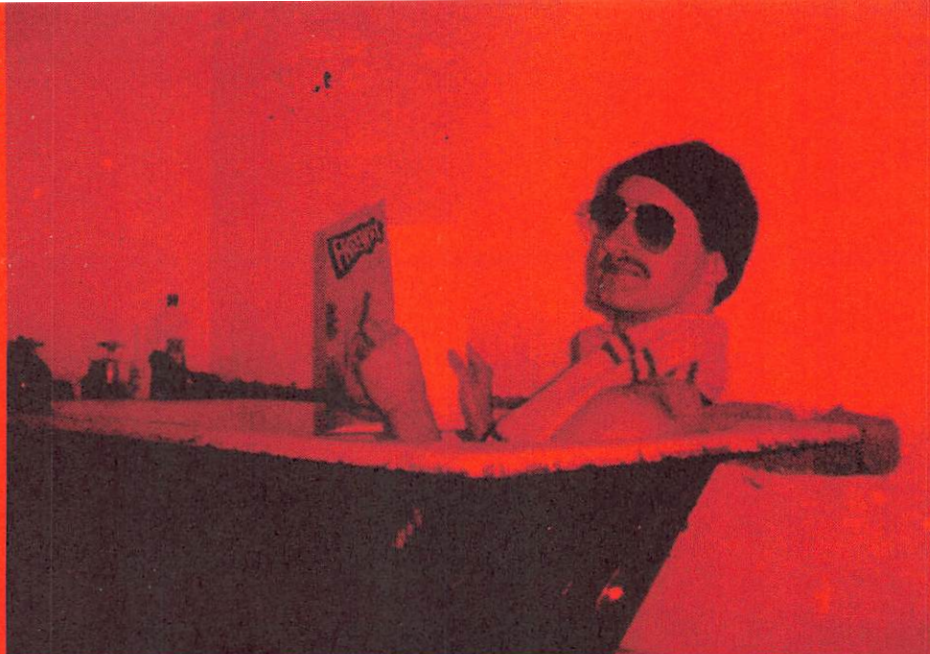


## TO FIND OUT GOD'S WILL

1. Pray.
2. Think.
3. Talk to wise people, but do not regard their decision as final.
4. Beware of the bias of your own will but do not be too much afraid of it (God never necessarily thwarts a man's nature and likings, and it is a mistake to think that his will is in the line of the disagreeable).
5. Meanwhile do the next thing (for doing God's will in small things is the best preparation for knowing it in great things).
6. When decision and action are necessary, go ahead.
7. Never reconsider the decision when it is finally acted upon; and
8. You will probably not find out till afterwards, perhaps long afterwards, that you have been lead at all.

(Henry Drummond)





"I NEVER GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT MY 'FREWAY'!"

# UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS by Arnold Lobel

Owl's house had an upstairs and a downstairs; The staircase had 20 steps. Some of the time Owl was upstairs in his bedroom. At other times Owl was downstairs in his living room.

When Owl was downstairs he said, 'I wonder how my upstairs is?.' When Owl was upstairs he said, 'I wonder how my downstairs is doing? I am always missing one place or the other. There must be a way,' said Owl, 'to be upstairs and to be downstairs at the same time. Perhaps if I run very very fast, I can be in both places at once.'

Owl ran up the stairs. 'I am up,' he said. Owl ran down the stairs. 'I am down,' he said. Owl ran up and down the stairs faster and faster. 'Owl!' he cried, 'are you downstairs?' There was no answer. 'No,' said Owl. 'I am not downstairs because I am upstairs. I am not running fast enough.' 'Owl,' he shouted, 'are you upstairs?' There was no answer. 'No,' said Owl. 'I am not

upstairs because I am downstairs. I must run even faster.'

'Faster, faster, faster,' cried Owl. Owl ran upstairs and downstairs all evening. But he could not be in both places at once. 'When I am up,' said Owl, 'I am not down. When I am down I am not up. All I am is very tired!' Owl sat down to rest. He sat on the tenth step because it was a place that was right in the middle.

## The Orchid

The orchid I found  
Was a prize I'd been searching for  
For many years.

I didn't find it on the roadway  
Or on the hill  
Where the crowds go at weekends.

I found it  
In an obscure part of the forest  
By an old track where,  
It seemed,  
No one had been.

I didn't pick it;  
After all, I knew it was there.

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