

DECEMBER 1988

# FREELWAY

Vol 3 No 2

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





## JUST HANG ON A MOMENT

IF A CLOSE FRIEND, a relative or a school teacher keeps you waiting for something, there is a chance that they may say to you "patience is a virtue".

It is unlikely that you would hear this from anyone else. Can you imagine going to a hamburger bar which keeps you waiting for a half an hour and being told that patience is a virtue?

We live in an age which does not believe in the value of patience. Fast food, fast cars, instant communications, "living in the fast set", all indicate a different set of values. Even if we believe in a slower pace of life, this expectancy to get things *just when I want them* is deeply embedded in our thinking.

One of our editors is about to welcome a new baby into the world. Babies demand a lot of patience from their parents while showing very little patience themselves. Woe-betide the mother who does not deliver the food at the expected hour or change the nappies as soon as they become uncomfortable.

Like all things in nature a baby has its own rhythms, its own timing. Mothers and those who live close to nature quickly learn the value of patience. Many others do not and remain, in spirit, like babies - demanding that the whole world should revolve according to their timing.

Waiting *expectantly* on God is one of the keys to the spiritual life. Jean-Nicholas Grou, a French Jesuit writer of the 18th Century, wrote: "For various reasons owing to his wisdom and kindness God wants us to wait a long time for the favours we ask of him. He wishes us to put a higher value on his graces that we may be more careful to preserve them... He wishes, moreover, to save us from the presumption into which we might fall if our prayers were heard as soon as they were made; we are so vain that there would be a danger of our imagining that we owed to our merits what came only from his liberality... God has promised to open the door to him who knocks, but he has not said that he would not keep him waiting."

Part of growing in God is to move away from MY way of doing things and into GOD's ways, and God's time. Tatiana Goricheva is a Russian Christian, one of many young Russian intellectuals who found faith in the 1970s. In her book "Talking Of God Is Dangerous", she writes about her priest - Fr Leonid: "He was never in a hurry to improve someone... Of course the young people who had just come to believe in God wanted immediately to change their whole lives radically and finally. Having fallen low, tormented by old sins and wrong-doings, they were athirst to purify themselves through suffering, through hard, genuine penance. Of course there was in this desire that glowing zeal for faith without which Christianity threatens to turn into an indifferent, secularized ideology. But there was also a danger in it, namely an impatient heart, inability for steady and enduring work, excessive tenseness and a tendency to become too easily excited..."

"Father Leonid knew all that and acted very carefully, so that at first we often did not even notice. Step by step he became increasingly demanding and directed his attention to every detail, to every false overtone, to every gesture, every look... The Holy Spirit certainly works in a person until he or she has reached perfection."

THE EDITORS



# COOKING FOR GOD

by Alison Hutchison

DURING MY EARLY YEARS of cooking at Caux I used to have a recurring nightmare. I was alone in that enormous kitchen preparing a meal for 500. I still remember the sense of panic and impending doom as I dashed about between the ovens and the dessert kitchen, with soup boiling over and potatoes waiting to be mashed. The huge work tables were covered with 100 roast chickens all getting cold and all waiting to be carved by me. As with most dreams of this sort, it always faded mercifully before the moment of truth, the dish-out to the dining-room. Recently that dream has left me, and certainly the chance of it ever becoming a reality is remote.

Many of you will have been there and some of you will have cooked. So you will know that the kitchen is nearly always bursting with people. One typical shift of mine included an African chief, several Japanese businessmen, French students, an Algerian housewife and a Lebanese couple. The shifts are made up of volunteers from the conference, so you can end up with anyone; anything can happen and usually does. But that's all part of the Caux kitchen's uniqueness, and the sheer joy and endless adventure of it.

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## *I love cooking*

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The first reason I cook at Caux year after year is because I love doing it and there would be no point in continuing if I didn't. This is coupled with a deep sense that God has asked me to do it as a part of His plan for me. So I also have a calling and commitment to it, without which there is no way I would survive the more difficult and challenging moments: moments when you are dead tired, or there is a crisis and you want to run away and hide, or you have a fight with someone. Thirdly, I value so much the teamwork, friendship and love for each other that those of us who are responsible have built up over the past years. We come from seven European countries and we are so different. I treasure each as a friend, and have learned a lot from all of them as we've wept and worked our way through several summers.

The kitchen is at the heart of Caux. If the atmosphere is free, peaceful and happy it helps the whole place. There is no doubt that it was the care for people, and the demonstration that food, prepared well, lovingly and to the highest standard could do a lot for someone, that drew me into the kitchen in the first place.

Some of you may know "The Imitation of Christ" by Thomas à Kempis. At one point he gives these thoughts: "So offer thyself with thy whole heart to the will



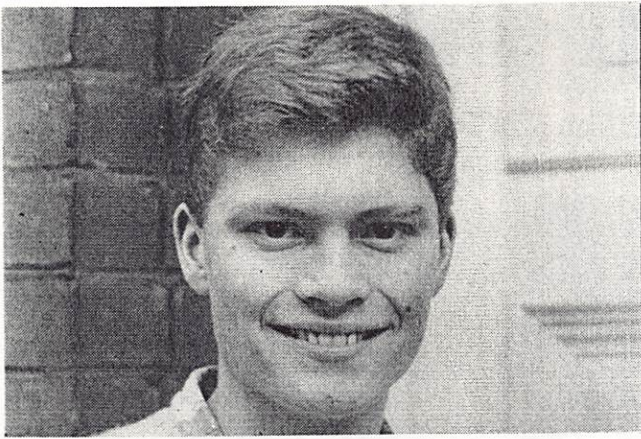
of God. Give all for all, seek nothing, ask for nothing back. Endeavour to do the will of another rather than thy own. Ever choose to have less rather than more. Always seek the lowest place and to be inferior to everyone."

These words challenge, move and shake me and go utterly against the world's ways. Yet I believe that it is the spirit of humility, the love of God and His service, that we need. To serve without that sense of calling and joy can be bitter and meaningless. It is in that context that I am ready and happy to serve each summer at Caux as long as God asks. I can honestly say that I would not have missed a minute of the last 12 summers there (except possibly when I misread a recipe and made custard for 2000 instead of 500 by mistake, and I can't stand the stuff).

We need to find the next generation who will grow to love it and take it on. Maybe God will whisper to a few of you about it. For sheer adventure, for a deep satisfaction, I cannot recommend anything more highly.

"So offer thyself with thy whole heart to the will of God" - this is surely the most important decision that any of us can take and what life is all about.





## BEING MYSELF

by Gordon Scott Wise

I WAS BROUGHT UP WITH a strong sense of what my parents felt I ought to believe. Everywhere in life we are faced with the influence of others, which, consciously or subconsciously, we can accept or reject. But part of my upbringing - which required trust and letting go on my parents part - was the idea of listening to God myself which for me has come to be the key to true individualism.

Finding this personally has not been a quick or automatic process. It was quite a time before I really felt the need to listen, or had the courage to. But when I stopped worrying about the uncomfortable things God would say and really listened, it was quite different from what I expected - more to do with others and their similar problems than being preoccupied with myself!

Trying to sense a force greater than my own has now become the most natural thing to me - and the concept of moral standards has come to make sense. It's not a question of looking over your shoulder all the time to make sure no-one sees you do anything wrong, but something which helps you make decisions, before others make them for you.

For me, stringent moral codes on their own don't offer much of a lasting solution to the problem of being yourself. But through objective listening to God we can find an inspired individualism, and ways of doing things that can be different and new, even to people who believe in the same things.

All this means a sacrifice of self, but it's a sacrifice which makes the greatest contribution to independence and individuality.

## COMPLETELY NEW THOUGHT

by Jackie Daukes

*Father, hear the prayer we offer,  
Not for ease that prayer should be,  
But for strength that we should ever  
Live our lives courageously.*

*Not for ever in green pastures  
Do we ask our way to be,  
But the steep and rugged pathway  
May we tread rejoicingly.*

I was disturbed to read this one morning. How could anyone (especially me), ask God to make things difficult for us. It struck me as a completely new thought - I hadn't seen anyone asking God to make things really hard for them.

So many people want to live easy, simple, uncluttered and restful lives.

So, I've two words to say to my generation, 'LET'S GO'!

Let us set the example; we can ask God to make things difficult, so we really discover our faith. It will be a struggle to succeed, but won't it be worth it?

Europe is struggling to succeed as a community. But policies will never unite us - look at England and Ireland. We are all too reserved to make a move and we hold grudges that go back hundreds of years. So, once again, it is up to us the younger generation, to start doing something, as we shall have to live in this European Community and this world that we are creating.

So HOW ABOUT a European Revue in 1992 to prove we are united: that all the common problems we share - Aids, drugs, sex, violence, materialism and greed - have answers. Materialism and greed have caused other parts of the world to suffer; they may find answers before we do.

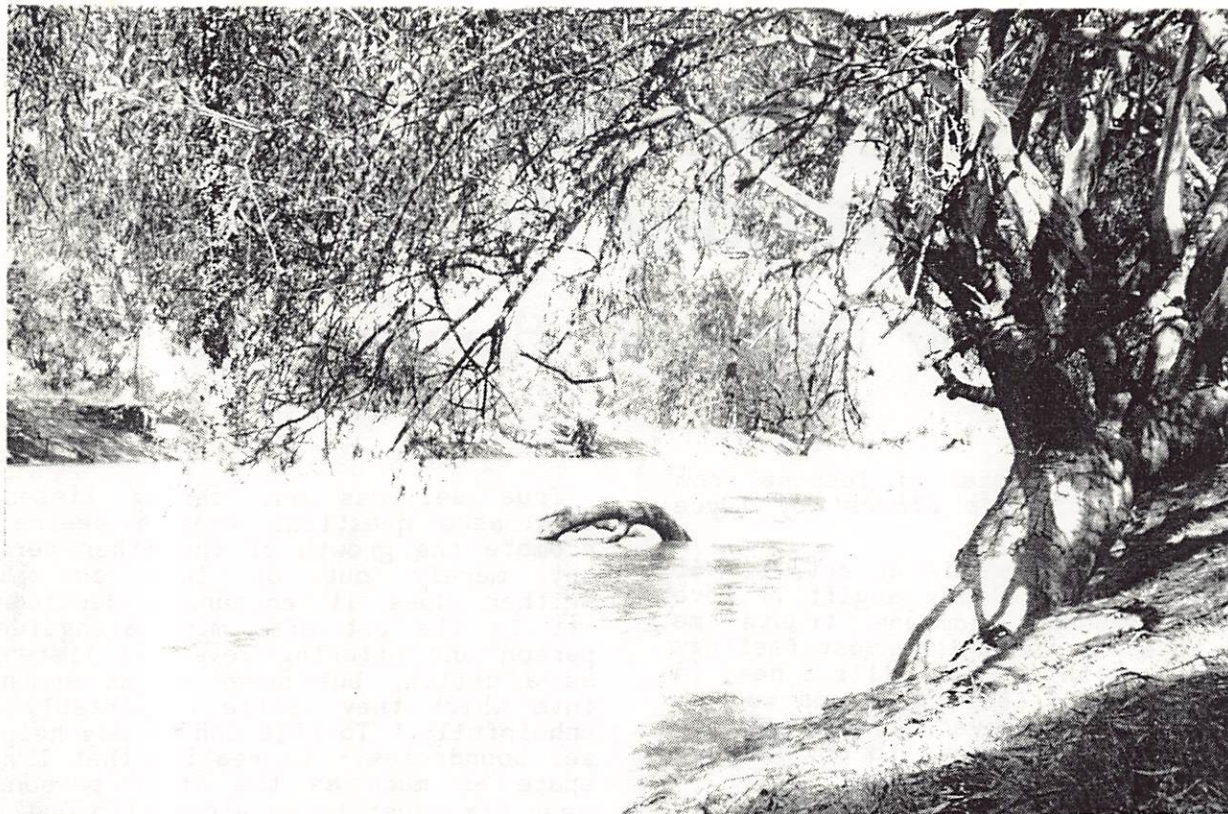
If we are all working together, from all nations there will be no time to hold grudges. Which one of you will accept this challenge?



20 people, mainly young Germans, met at Nonnenwerth (near Bonn) in November, in the latest of a series of gatherings.

(photo: Schots)





# KANGAROOS FOR DINNER

by Ulrike Brand

IN THE LAST ISSUE you read about Wilcannia, a small town with a large Aboriginal population. On this, the fourth visit of Action '88 to the town, we went to take part in a camp with about fifteen of the young Aboriginals. It was my first visit.

Coming from Canberra, a beautiful clean city, Wilcannia seemed like a different world. Two of us went by bus with the Aboriginal group to Weinteriga, a large sheep station owned by the local Aboriginal land council. When I tried to talk to them there was no real response. But every time they saw kangaroos or emus, knowing that I hadn't seen these animals in the wild before, they stopped the bus and enjoyed my enthusiasm.

Before we went to the camp, I felt insecure because I wasn't sure what it would be like. I was particularly afraid of finding spiders in my sleeping-bag. When we arrived I wondered how we would wash our dishes and ourselves, because there was only the big muddy River Darling. I was also shocked when I discovered several dead sheep near our camp site. When I realised that they were not bothered by these things and that it was natural for them, I started to accept the conditions and to live with them. After a short time I really began to enjoy living with Nature.

For all of us, this experience was a great privilege; very few people have the chance to go camping in the bush with the Aborigines.

All the young men went hunting and came back with kangaroos and goannas which the Aborigines taught us how to cook.

Those of us from Action '88 felt that we couldn't do much and get into deep conversations, but after three days of living and working together with sing-songs around the fire, an atmosphere of trust had begun to grow. One young woman invited us to her home after the camp for a cup of tea. A few of us women stayed on for nearly two hours, listening to her talking about the things that were on her heart.

The next day we had a full day in Wilcannia and in the morning met to think about the next steps. Everybody had an idea who to visit except me. I felt I should stay at home and digest the experiences of the last few days. I was very scared to express this thought since I felt everybody would think I was lazy. However I obeyed my inner voice and left the day in God's hands.

Two unexpected things happened which made me glad I had decided to stay at home. One was that the woman we were talking with the night before came round and wanted to know what MRA was all about, so we were able to share some of our experiences of faith and change. The other happened when I went to post a letter. I met two young Aboriginal women and we had a long talk while walking around.

I feel that I always have to be active in order that I am being useful to God. But this was a lesson to me that God doesn't always ask us to be busy. The whole day I had a sense of peace inside, and of closeness to God, and there was space for the unexpected thing to happen without my being worried.



# TRANSLATING THE VIBES (or Learning to Listen)

by Catherine Hannon

I HAVE LEARNT a number of lessons from reading 'Listening to Others' by Joyce Huggett.

Listening to others is an art, but it also involves receiving a gift. I love the feeling that someone trusts me enough to share their innermost feelings and burdens with me - it fills a need in me, that need to feel loved and wanted. Joyce Huggett, however, has begun to open my eyes to the need to cultivate a new attitude of mind and heart.

Listening to the deepest needs of, and pouring out love to, others costs no less than everything. I also cannot and must not expect anything in return, though the rewards are often rich and great. My own temptation is to become jealous and possessive of others. That clichéd expression, 'love is proved in letting go' is still one of the things I find hardest to live out. Over and over again I have had to learn and continue to learn that I am meant to be a channel of God's selfless love - that it is His love, not mine, which is able to heal people, for it demands nothing and is never jealous or possessive. It asks the question, do I want to draw people closer to God or to myself?

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## Three-dimensional listening

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In the past few weeks, I have found that the ground-rules Joyce Huggett provides for listening have come back to me again and again - especially as I've listened to the pain of two friends who have been suffering because of strained or broken relationships. Listening requires my full concentration - I need to watch as well as listen; it is three-dimensional. I must live into the words a person selects; I must be aware of the language of the eyes, face, body and tears and I must learn to translate the 'vibes' correctly. But there are also don'ts. Many a time I would love to butt in with advice or how I have coped with a situation - implying the person should follow my lead. Joyce Huggett warns against being a problem solver for others. Speedy answers are not always the best answers and other people often need to find their own way forward, and make their own decisions for themselves. Also don't interrupt and don't be afraid of silence - it is all too easy to intrude or smother the thoughts of others.

True selfless and caring listening only asks questions from a desire to promote the growth of the other person, not merely out of idle curiosity. Neither does it encourage dependency: 'it is the art of coming alongside a person and offering love and listening as a crutch, but never as an armchair into which they settle comfortably but unhelpfully.' To this end it may help to set boundaries - to realise that I need space as much as the other person. I need time just to be alone with God, for - to listen to others accurately - I must know how to listen to myself. How can I expect others to be open and honest, to make themselves vulnerable, if I am not willing to do the same myself?

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## Empathy

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Listening may seem synonymous with offering sympathy. But no, Joyce Huggett stresses that such an attitude often sounds superior, patronising, or intrusive. Rather she puts forward the idea of empathy - 'walking a mile in another man's moccasins': to see the world through the other person's eyes without becoming swamped by the other person's troubles or pain. It also means loving until it hurts - the ultimate expression of selflessness.

After all this, what really counts is that in moments of pain and suffering I stay beside the other person - more important than any words or actions is the knowledge that someone cares and accepts me for what I am without making judgemental criticism.

These are a few ideas I've picked out from the book "Listening to Others". For those who want to learn more and to walk further along the adventurous path of helping others, I highly recommend it. The book shares Joyce Huggett's own experience from childhood, through student life and now as a counsellor and is written with warmth, genuineness and sincerity. Not only does she describe how to listen effectively and how to respond, but also how to help those in situations such as bereavement, depression, or with hurts from the past. Finally she expresses the importance of listening and sharing in the joy and happiness of others.



# DESERT ISLAND BOOKS

RAJMOHAN GANDHI WROTE A BOOK about his mother's father, Rajagopalachari, the first Indian Governor-General of India, called the The Rajaji Story. On his first visit to jail during the freedom struggle, he wrote, his grandfather took with him the following books: The Mahabharata which is the Indian epic, which includes The Gita, the Hindu Scriptures; The Bible; The Kural, an old collection of Tamil devotional sayings; a work on Socrates; The Collected Works of Shakespeare; and Robinson Crusoe.

Through his life he read and reread the classics. One of his favourites was David Copperfield by Dickens. It is a great romance and its theme is the discipline of the heart. I recommend it specially to anyone thinking of getting married too soon.

This is by way of an introduction to explore what books to take to a desert island. Conveniently, I don't know how long I'm going to stay there or how much luggage I'm allowed to take.

## NOVELS

Les Miserables by Victor Hugo is a must. It is a great story, full of profound insights:

"Condemn nothing in haste. Examine the road over which the fault has passed."

"Contemporary admiration is nothing but short-sightedness."

"There is no such thing as bad plants or bad men: only bad cultivators."

"The dungheap aids the spring to create the rose."

"The poetry of a people is the element of its progress. The amount of civilization is measured by the quantity of imagination."

"I wrote Les Miserables," said the author, "for all nations." You cannot help loving France if you read it.

The Betrothed, by Manzoni, gave me a similar love for Italy. The unscrupulous and mysterious character called 'The Unnamed' is suddenly confronted with "that other life which they told me about when I was a boy" - with amazing results.

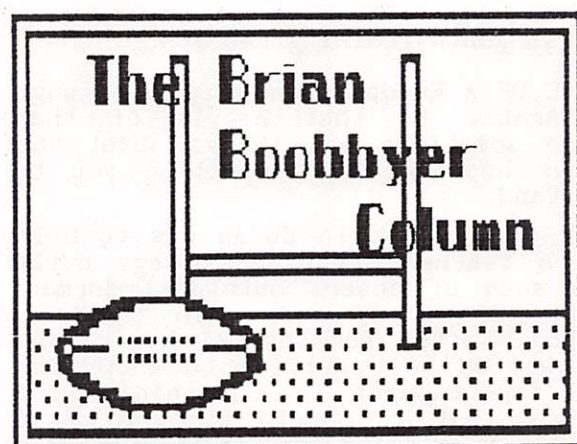
The Brothers Karamazov by Dostoevsky is also a must. So is his The Possessed: a classic story of how evil works. The first 250 pages are a bit slow-going but do not be discouraged!

If there is room, I will take all the novels of Scott, Dickens, John Buchan and George Eliot.

If you are feeling depressed, The Pickwick Papers by Dickens is delightfully absurd.

## LIGHT READING

The latest Wisden's Cricketer's Almanack.



A book to identify birds with, depending where my desert island is.

Some nature books including: W.H. Hudson's A Shepherd's Life, Laurens Van Der Post's The Heart of the Hunter, David Lack's The Life of the Robin.

A book on astronomy, including charts of the stars. There will be plenty of time to watch and wonder.

A History of The Great Western Railway.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

Mahatma Gandhi: The Story of My Experiments with Truth.

Winston Churchill: My Early Life - a must for anyone in their early 20s.

John Buchan: Memory Hold the Door - said to be President Kennedy's favourite book.

Neville Cardus: Autobiography - Cardus was the cricket writer and music critic.

And a biography: John Buchan's Sir Walter Scott.

## SPIRITUAL BOOKS

Augustine: Confessions, City of God - it's long, but the full story of why Rome fell.

Henry Drummond: The Greatest Thing in the World.

William Temple: Readings in St John's Gospel.

George Adam Smith: The Book of Isaiah - published about 1900. If it seems too long, do be sure of reading the chapter 'The Three Jerusalems'.

Pope John: Journal of a Soul.

Vincent Cronin: Wise Man from the West - the story of Matteo Ricci, the first Jesuit into China in the 16th century.

Mother Theresa: In the Silence of the Heart.

David Brown: For All their Splendour - it draws out the salient truths of the great faiths.

Father Eloi Leclerc: La Sagesse d'un Pauvre, a Life of St Francis.



# WHAT DOES GOD WANT TO HAPPEN

## WHAT IS MY PART?

by I

*Taken from a talk given at Caux during the last youth training session.*

ONE USE OF A European knowing a language like Arabic is that people of that culture sometimes say things about you in your hearing, not expecting you to understand.

Part of my work in Sudan was to help start a teacher training college built on an area of desert outside Omdurman. Members of staff came in from a distance, worked for several hours, and went away without getting to know each other. One thought in a morning quiet time was that we should start a staff football team. And so it happened - drivers, typists, cleaners, laboratory assistants, and lecturers, on a basis of equality and a lot of fun. I was the only European. They made me President of the Club, and goalkeeper.

Sometimes we would play away matches in villages alongside the Nile where the children hadn't seen white people. The boys would stand behind our goal making often uncomplimentary remarks about my appearance and ability. You know how a tall goalkeeper can make fine saves above and to the side, but if a ball comes through fast and low he may not get down quick enough. I had let two or three goals through in this way when a boy said, "Al khawaja da zei wahid bali ukaz" - "That foreigner's like a man who's swallowed a stick." He got a shock at the party afterwards when, as President, I was called to make a brief speech of thanks in Arabic.



"-like a man who's swallowed a stick. --"

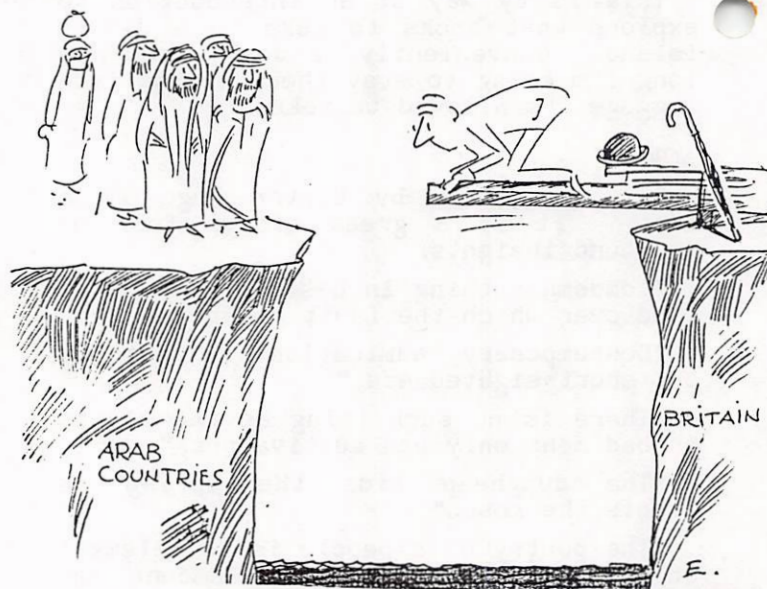
I appreciate all that has been said about the struggle for change in ourselves. This is basic, and it goes on lifelong.

But the other thing is our calling. What is the thing we give our lives for, which gives context to this struggle?

When I first came to Caux as a student I had a good plan for my life in which I wanted God to have a fuller part. It was a new idea that God had a plan for the world, and I could find my part.

One wrong which clearly needed righting at that time was the poisonous relationship between Britain and Egypt. I had Arab friends at Cambridge and I felt deeply about Britain's invasion of Egypt. I was studying Greek and Latin and was about to switch to theology for my last year, but I just didn't feel right about it. Yet I had to decide fast about my career.

Somehow I became willing to lay aside my own good plan. In one of these 'quiet times' I wrote: "What does God want to happen in the world, and what is my part?"



building a bridge between

The answers came swift and clear: "God wants a bridge of trust between Britain and Arab countries. Your part is to study Arabic and to be ready to go anywhere British people are wanted to serve."

We are talking at Caux about trend-setters. Sometimes the way is to follow others already setting right trends. A few British friends had gone from Caux to Sudan and admitted where Britain had done wrong in the region (there were right things done too!). Several Sudanese leaders had taken a good look at M.R.A. and declared it was the force that could bring Europe and the Arab world together.

After 9 months of Arabic study, I arrived in Sudan with a contract to teach English for five years, which was extended to eight. During that time and since I have visited Egypt and seven other Arab countries, and have close friends in eight more.



# IN THE WORLD?

## eter Everington

The first question was: what are the best hopes of Sudan and how can I fulfil them, over and above my paid teaching work? Sudanese friends told me their greatest need was for a solution to the civil war between the Arab North and African South. Though I was a foreigner and should not interfere in politics, I could ask God to show how to give moral support to the peacemakers.

One Christmas Day I was alone in the Khartoum home of British friends who had gone away. Living next door was a senior college principal. I knew his reputation as a Northern Sudanese well respected in the South, one of the peacemakers. As a junior teacher I did not feel I had much to say to him, but thought I would offer him a spare bottle of pasteurised milk - quite a precious commodity in Sudan. He did not need the milk but we had a good chat.

A few years later this man became Prime Minister. His government made valiant efforts to make peace. These failed but gave fresh confidence that a solution could come.



Back in London I became frustrated - -

A calling sometimes needs renewing and enlarging. Back in London I became frustrated that the Sudan war was dragging on and that my work had been so ineffective. As I walked past Buckingham Palace one morning, the resolve formed in my mind to abandon my calling and take up something easier which would produce results.

At that moment a horse-drawn carriage was coming out of the Palace gate, the kind that brings new ambassadors to present their credentials to the Queen. My Christmas neighbour, the one-time college principal, now Sudanese ambassador to the Court of St James, waved out of the window and gave me a big grin.



It was a moment of great joy. Also great shame at my faithlessness. My calling had degenerated into my personal ambition. It was God who still offered me a part in his work. "He who calls you is faithful, and he will do it."

When I went to see the ambassador his first words were: "You offered me a bottle of milk". He came to lunch at the MRA centre in London and talked eagerly of the Sudan government's concern to bring peace.

One of the people who eventually signed that peace, General Joseph Lagu, is coming to Caux soon. He commanded the South Sudan rebel army in the war. In the final months of the conflict he had a Christian experience of forgiveness which built a new rapport with his Muslim adversaries. After peace he integrated six thousand of his guerillas into the National Army and later became Vice-President of the country.

Sadly the Sudan civil war has broken out again in recent years. Since 1985 Lagu has tried to live a quiet life with his family in London, but he as been courted by both sides in the conflict. He now feels God wants him to be a mediator, and to that end he has visited the rebel leader in Addis Abbaba and the current Prime Minister in Khartoum. He looks to Moral Re-Armament friends to support him in his statesmanship, and I hope that some of you can still be here in two weeks' time to meet him and his wife and eldest son.

(Postscript, 10th December) Joseph Lagu was in Caux with his family 9th - 16th August. On 25th August he left London for Sudan. For 3 months he was advising the Prime Minister and other politicians on how to end the civil war. On 16th November the leader of the Democratic Unionist Party (part of the Government coalition) signed a provisional peace agreement in Addis Ababa with the leader of the Sudan People's Liberation Army. The other main political leaders in Sudan have endorsed it. A ceasefire is expected, which will lead to a constitutional conference, including the rebel leadership. This will be a highly sensitive process, also involving Sudan's neighbours. A massive relief programme is also needed for large areas where the population is starving. But at the end of 1988 the signs are more hopeful than at any time in the last five years.



We continue our series of extracts from the 'Daybreaker' meetings in Caux in July.

TO GET STARTED on a long journey you have to dare to imagine, dare to dream and dare to want what seems so far-off and unattainable.

After imagining, you've got to set off, you've got to get into action. Then you've got to think what to take with you - what luggage. St Francis took Jesus's words literally: 'neither bread nor bag nor money, nor extra clothes nor shoes nor stick....'

Well, that was St Francis. What about us?

Packing your bags means saying 'no' to lots of little things - what we leave behind - in order to say 'yes' to a big thing - the journey.

Caux is a dangerous place to do one's packing, because there you get the feeling that you've got to be drastic about what to leave behind. But how good we are at evading and rejecting such feelings!

Children take things quite differently. I've got a eight-year-old son. He loves being here. The other day he said, 'It's like home here' - he's staying for 3 weeks - then he added, 'It's incredible, all these people, from so many countries, believing in God'. That's his way of describing the one-ness and warmth that he feels here.

The other night, my wife was praying the Lord's Prayer with him. His face became very serious as they got to the phrase, 'Forgive us our sins'. Afterwards he admitted that he had stolen something - two years ago in fact - a ring that he had given to his mother, saying that he had found it.

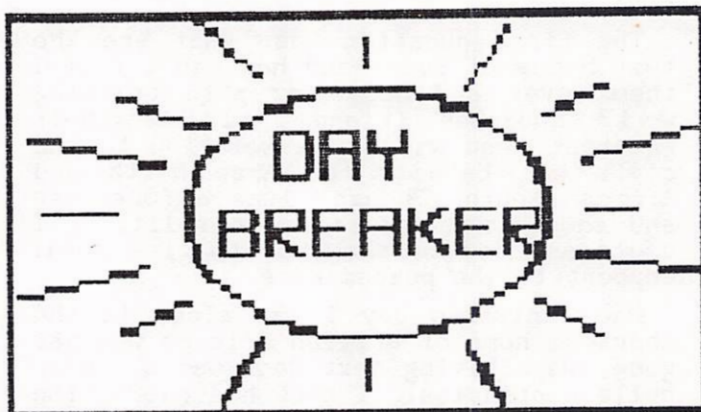
It's astonishing. It's two years since we talked about this ring, and while we've been here we haven't talked about stealing or honesty, but the atmosphere here and his own inner voice have spoken.

The next evening it was my turn with him. I mentioned that his mother had said that he had been very courageous the night before. With difficulty, but with an almost visible sense of liberation, he also told me about the ring.

In the outpouring, he added that, a few weeks ago, he had taken two marbles belonging to a friend. These had been the start of a series of little thefts that we had been aware of. But these first two marbles had remained buried in his heart. He then wrote a card to his friend to apologise.

Why do we find it so difficult to go back to the root in order to pull it out? We pay vast sums to psychologists to help us go to the source of our ills. We tell them everything. But how much less would we need their services if only we learnt to share the revelations of our hearts, like this child of eight knew how to do....

Jean Marc Duckert



BOOBYER: continued from page 7:

#### POETRY

The Collected Poems of Kipling.

An anthology of poetry.

Coleridge wrote: "Not the poem which we have read but that to which we return with the greatest pleasure possesses the genuine power and claims the name of essential poetry."

That is what I feel about the books I have mentioned. I would like to read them all again and here is my chance.

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS

A. A. Milne: The Pooh Stories.

Hodgson-Burnett: The Secret Garden.

C. S. Lewis: The Narnia Stories.

George MacDonald: The Back of the North Wind.

Kenneth Graham: The Wind in the Willows.

I keep thinking of books I've forgotten. There are the works of Solzhenitsyn; The Imitation of Christ by Thomas a Kempis; An Outline of History, by H. G. Wells; the novels of Mark Twain.

C. S. Lewis in his introduction to one of the fantasy novels of George MacDonald wrote: "Reading Phantastes I knew that I had crossed a great frontier. The whole world had about it a sort of cool morning innocence. What it did to me was to convert my imagination. The quality which enchanted me was the divine, magical, terrifying and ecstatic reality in which we all live. I should have been shocked in my teens if anyone told me that what I learned to love in Phantastes was goodness."

These books will give us the chance to feed on these things. There is so much treasure to draw on to keep our lamps lit.



# BOOKS.

*Before Thee, Father,  
In righteousness and humility,  
With Thee, Brother,  
In Faith and courage,  
In Thee, Spirit,  
In Stillness.*

Some time ago my mother gave me a book and said: "You will find this man interesting. I only hope that you will not be as lonely as he was." So I first came to read "Markings" by Dag Hammarskjöld. The author (born 1905) was a Swedish civil servant and politician. In 1953 he was elected Secretary General of the United Nations and served in this capacity during the Suez and Hungarian crises in 1956. In September 1961, while trying to negotiate a ceasefire in the Congo civil war, he died in a mysterious air-crash.

After Hammarskjöld's death a sort of diary was discovered, as he himself put it, "a 'White Book' concerning my negotiations with myself - and God." In 1963 "Vägmarken", as the Swedish title reads, was published. The world who had known the economist, the politician and also the intellectual, the translator of literature, was now surprised to meet a man of a deep, almost mystical faith. Two features stand out in the book: one is, indeed, Hammarskjöld's loneliness, which only slowly gave way to a peace and friendship with God. The second is his feeling that answering God's calling for his life might even lead to the sacrifice of death. His dying unexpectedly in an accident, strangely seemed to fulfil this premonition.

Like very few men Hammarskjöld lived an active, publicly exposed life based on a contemplative, almost monastic spirituality. "Markings" is not a book about his politics, but about his faith and the standards it set for his political life. What makes this book challenging quiet-time reading, is the downright honesty with himself about the temptations of ambition, fear or pride which his function brought along. Two entries from 1956:

"Two traits observed in today's mirror: ambitious - not in itself, perhaps, a fault, but how short the step to pride or self-pity. Joyless - and a killer of joy."

"The 'great' commitment all too easily obscures the 'little' one. But without the humility and warmth which you have to develop in your relations to the few with whom you are personally involved, you will never be able to do anything for the many."

It is revealing and relieving to see that in his unique position Hammarskjöld as a Christian had to face the same battles for purity of heart that I or, maybe, most of us have. However ordinary our lives may seem, I feel one thing we could learn from Hammarskjöld: To lay with the same honesty, faithfulness, expectancy of being used as God's instrument the foundation of faith for our active, public life.

*(Dag Hammarskjöld: Markings: translated by Leif Sjöberg and W.H. Auden. Faber & Faber, 3rd Edition 1988, £3.95)*

**by Friedemann Kohler**



A good politician will know that the problems around the conference table can be greater than those on it.

(cartoon by Einar Engebretsen)



# YATRA FOR TRUTH

by Jeroen Gunning

APRIL 6, 1930 - The British Empire rocked on its foundations. At Dandi, accompanied by several thousand people, Mahatma Gandhi walked to the sea, bent and picked up a handful of salt. India had its cue to protest non-violently against British Rule, by breaking the Salt Law. How much stronger was this act of bending down humbly, than raising a fist in defiance!

October 2, 1988 - Gandhiji's birthday. Ninety-six pilgrims honour the Mahatma and his ideas of upholding truth. In the fresh morning light we throw flowers on the same name and rededicate our lives to those same eternal principles.

A week earlier we pilgrims assembled in Panchgani to get to know each other and ourselves - searching for the wrong things and putting them right before reaching out to others. The Yatra (Pilgrimage) was entitled 'Look In, Reach Out'.

58 yatris were Indians from 15 states, 22 were Americans, black, white and a Native American. The others were from Australia (including an Aborigine), Fiji, Holland, Kenya, Malaysia, New Zealand, Nigeria, South Africa, Sri Lanka, Switzerland and the UK. We were from many different walks of life, several races and castes, and from various religious backgrounds - Hindu, Muslim, Sikh, Christian, Zoroastrian, Jain and agnostic.

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## Message-stick presented

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We had meetings on true liberation, bridge-building, and our role in building a better world. One bridge was built when an Aborigine and a White Australian unitedly presented a message-stick to the Indians as a token of friendship. The Aborigine, Reg Blow, said "I do not forget my wounds, but I do forgive, and the wounds are meant to look into the future in order that we do not fall into the same problems."

We spent time studying Gandhi and his Satyagraha movement. Satyagraha means "vindication of truth", as Gandhi put it, "not by infliction of suffering on the opponent, but on oneself".

It excludes the use of violence in any form, whether in thought, speech, or deed. Because man is not capable of knowing the absolute truth, he therefore, is not competent to punish. This does not mean meek submission to the will of the evil-doer, but it means putting one's soul against the will of the tyrant. Thus it is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an unjust Empire."

Then we set out to retrace Gandhi's footsteps in reverse direction from Dandi to Ahmedabad, to his Sabarmati Ashram. We travelled with buses and held meetings in every place we passed through. The Yatris were hosted by local families who taught us about the real India - in their homes they showed us how they lived, in their discussions how they thought. Everywhere we were welcomed with garlands and red dots on our foreheads. Their hospitality won't be forgotten.

We met many Dandi veterans that day; people who had marched and fought with Gandhi. A 92-year-old man told us about his part in burning imported clothes, one of Gandhi's campaigns.



In Baroda, an industrial city, we met 100 university students. One student from Kenya - studying in India - told us he thought an honest society would be boring and morality of no use. Immediately a fellow Kenyan student replied "I know you, for we are from the same community. I know you like to be an arrogant intellectual. But would you like me to tell your parents what you just said? Would you? You know just as well as I do that we need moral standards in this world."

That was the general attitude among students; we need standards, we need to do something, but what, and will we have the moral courage? I hope we offered an answer by telling about our own struggles at home.

At one point one of our buses forced a bullock cart off the road. The cart-driver threw dirt at our banner. We realised we had left our bus-drivers out of our Yatra-spirit, and because of this they were sometimes disobedient and not present when they should be. "Are we ready to pay the price of reconciliation with those left out?" Could we inspire them in such a way that their driving reflected the spirit of the Yatra? We included them more in the programme and gave them name badges as we had. And the atmosphere among the drivers changed.





Half an hour later we sang the same song for the Ahmedabad Management Association. Its President too exclaimed that this song should be broadcast all over India. We remarked that at least the workers and managers agree on one thing!

They were also both very eager for the message of the Yatra - listen to the "still small voice within, the only tyrant I recognise," (Gandhi).

Throughout the Yatra we were armed with three special books. One telling stories of those who dared to change, one explaining how to listen to the inner voice, and the third was a notebook. Like Gandhi's salt, this was our symbol.

This Yatra would not have taken place, but for the conviction of the black Americans who wanted to pay homage to Gandhi who had such an effect on Martin Luther King Jr.. It has brought them together with the Harijans, and shown the power of the inner voice.

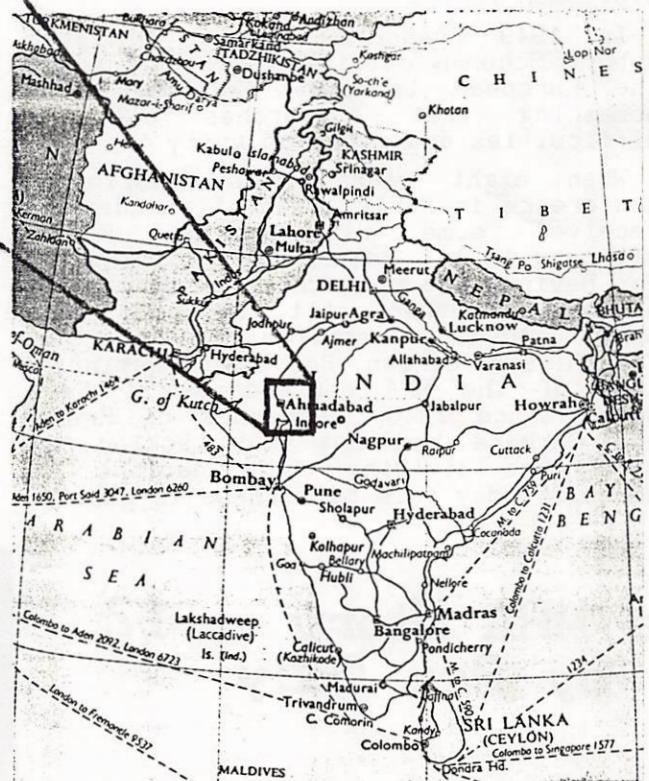
Though the Yatra has come to an end, it has inspired another Yatra within me, a lifelong Yatra for truth. My Harijan friends especially, have challenged me not to count the sacrifice but to dedicate my all to what that whisper inside me says. I pray we can all take up that challenge.

At our final destination, Sabarmati or Satyagraha Ashram, the place where Gandhi had put into practice his principles of truth, we held a second prayer meeting near where the Mahatma himself used to pray. Sabarmati river flowing steadily in the golden sun rays, the peacefulness of the Ashram, the girls from the Harijan ('Children of God') school participating in the prayers, all added to the Gandhian Spirit present.

In the afternoon the Textile Workers Union welcomed us warmly. Although the workers were facing a lot of difficulties, they were still very much interested in the fate of other unions all over the world, and one still felt the spirit, fighting for truth and justice, that Gandhi had put in when he founded the union.

One of us shared later how their warmth had touched him; in his law studies he had worked on a case limiting a union's freedom. "After meeting these workers I just can't work on such a case again."

We sang one of our Hindi songs, "Who is responsible", and the President of the union exclaimed that he wanted all Indians to hear this song, for it embodied the solution to India's problems of corruption, unemployment and hunger.



*He who fears he will suffer,  
already suffers what he fears.*

*If we don't live the way we  
think, we end up thinking the  
way we live.*



# HEREDITARY ENEMIES HAVE BECOME HEREDITARY FRIENDS

TODAY THE ARMIES of Germany and France are experimenting with integration. Their Foreign Office officials sit in one another's offices. In four years the boundary between their countries will largely disappear as twelve nations boldly put aside national rivalries to develop further the European community.

For those who remember the days (just over 40 years ago) when Europe lay stricken and in ruins, this transformation is spectacular. But of greater significance is the end of centuries-old enmity and the birth of a new spirit that made reconstruction possible.

Three wars had been fought within the space of a life-time between France and Germany. Allied soldiers in the First World War were told that it was 'a war to end war'. Yet within twenty years a war of greater cruelty and ferocity erupted.

What was the element that enabled Schuman of France and Adenauer of Germany and those working with them to succeed where the post World War 1 statesmen failed?

In 1949 France's Foreign Minister, Robert Schuman outlined the task before the European leaders: 'We must find something that overarches all our difficulties and gives us unity.'

When eight years later, during a conference in Paris, Chancellor Adenauer received some distinguished French citizens in his hotel, they thanked him for having done so much to bring the two nations together. 'It is more than that,' Adenauer replied. 'It is the French and German Peoples'. Reminding them of the MRA conferences at Caux, where since 1946, thousands of French and Germans had met and tackled the bitterness dividing their nations, he added, 'Today this bitterness is gone'.

The story behind the headlines, the growth of these ideas and hopes from the first unofficial contacts into the political reality of today, comes to light in the extensive correspondence of Adenauer and Schuman and other national leaders with Dr Frank Buchman.

Adenauer and many of his cabinet were among the great number of German statesmen who came to the world conferences at Caux.

Caux offered the German and French leaders an opportunity for a new beginning. Close to ten thousand Germans and a comparable number of Frenchmen came to Caux from all sectors of national life. Page after page, the records of these gatherings report the transformation of hate, bitterness and suspicion into trust and experience of a common destiny.

In 1951 when the first political and economic agreements were cementing Europe together, Dr Adenauer could write: 'In recent months we have seen the conclusion, after some difficult negotiations, of important international agreements. Here also Moral Re-Armament has played an unseen, but effective part in bridging differences of opinion between negotiating parties'.

Robert Schuman outlined in his foreword to Frank Buchman's speeches how the transformation of national thinking is brought about. 'It is not a question of a change in policy,' he wrote, 'it is a question of changing men. Democracy and her freedoms can be saved only by the quality of the men who speak in her name.'

In 1953 when a serious crisis threatened the development of European unity, Schuman came to Caux. On leaving he said, 'Thank you for giving me fresh hope. We need it. From now on we will never give up.'

## The MRA Story - 12 by Rex Dilly

Chancellor Konrad Adenauer  
and Foreign Minister Robert Schuman





# Homing in on Lyon

by Christine Jaulmes

The person Robert Schuman credited with the greatest individual contribution to the reconciliation of the two nations was Madame Irène Laure. She came to Caux in 1947. Discovering Germans were there too, she decided to leave immediately. But then in her own words, 'A miracle happened. When I found Germans who lived Moral Re-Armament, my hatred died.'

She apologised to the Germans at Caux, and went to Germany. In the first eleven weeks she addressed two hundred meetings of politicians and industrialists - each time apologising for her hatred.

The results were electrifying. Many apologised to her. She reported later, 'A totally new climate has resulted from these changes. The world has classed us as hereditary enemies. With this we can unite and become hereditary friends.'

On 15th September 1958 Chancellor Adenauer and General de Gaulle met at the French President's country home. In their joint statement the leaders declared, 'The long-time French-German hostility is finished once and for all.'

Earlier the French Government had conferred on Dr Buchman the Legion of Honour in recognition of his services in uniting France and Germany. The German Government awarded him the Grand Cross of the Order of Merit for the same reason.

Of course there were many other moves in the political and economic sphere at work. The dream of a united Europe crystallised in the vision and tireless labour of Jean Monnet and others in bringing to birth the European Community. Without the generosity of America in launching the Marshall Plan of economic assistance Europe would have continued to flounder.

When in 1948 a group of distinguished Europeans attended an MRA conference in America, Paul Hoffman the administrator of the Marshall Plan welcomed the delegates with a message in which he said, 'You are giving the world the ideological counterpart of the Marshall Plan.'

## Letter to the Editors

Dear Sirs,

Reading your last editorial about the dangers of modern advertising, two questions arose in my mind. Firstly, how do you reconcile your condemnation of aggressive advertising with the sometimes overwhelming advertising that is employed for Freeway? Secondly - taking the analogy you used of Marlboro cigarettes - am I right to assume that it is not the value you get in Freeway which is important, but the image of being a Freeway reader?

Sincerely yours

FRIEDEMANN KOHLER

26 HOURS IN ALL, but time well used. The thirty-one people who came to spend the weekend of 26 - 27th November in Lyon found the time to talk and to make a number of decisions.

Success number one: Swiss and French have finally got together. Two minibuses homed in on Lyon - one from Geneva and the other from Paris. But the presence of five Lebanese, a Syrian, two Africans and three British expanded Franco-Swiss preoccupations to world dimensions.

What was most striking about the weekend, was the avalanche of plans that descended on the Sunday. Plans to meet: with other French (in chaplaincies, in parishes), with young Arabs, and with young Vietnamese. Plans to visit and support each other. Plans to think together about the questions of marriage and of calling. Lastly, several of us have decided to take an interest in politics at a moment when most French seem to be switching off. Eventually we would like to meet some French politicians.

But apart from these collective actions, we gave some time to thinking about our own lives, about the role we can play where we are. After listening to a young teacher in Lyon, a father of two children, each one shared their own experiences or doubts.

Jeanne recounted how she had started up a chaplaincy in her business school. At the first meeting when she feared that no one would turn up, more than twenty finally came. 'It's as if God said to me, 'You see, if you trust, it works,''' she concluded.

Véronique spoke about the difficulty she found in linking the two very distinct compartments of her life: 'faith' and 'work'. How do you communicate your beliefs to your colleagues? Liliane, a nurse, and Carolina, who works in finance, responded by telling how their attitude had contributed in changing the atmosphere in their work-places.

Then the evening on Saturday was something special. The good humour and the joy which reigned reflected the spirit of the whole weekend.

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 for yourself as though you were yourself guilty of that wrong. Accept that 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 evildoers and were not a light to them.

from "The Brothers Karamazov" by Dostoyevsky



## A CHRISTMAS POEM

by Mark Boobbyer

There's a child in the manger there,  
You may not see him right away,  
Go and have a closer look;  
He's snuggled up in straw and hay,  
Born in this cold stable here,  
You wouldn't know he was a king,  
But the ox and ass bear witness  
To the message that he brings.

There's a child in the manger there,  
Take a closer look and see,  
Lost beneath the tinsel show,  
He's stretching out to you and me,  
It's funny how at Christmas time  
Most people just don't know he's there,  
But underneath the cr pe and noise  
He bears a gift that all can share.

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Giovanni Heelini

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