

FEBRUARY 1989

Vol 3 No 3

FREELWAY

"Why not let God run the world?"



HAVE A CARE

"IF EVERYONE CARED ENOUGH and everyone shared enough ...". So runs one of Buchman's most quoted phrases. But what does it mean to care? For many of us it is something vague and wishy-washy. But for those trying to live by absolute standards, shouldn't it be something more?

As students many of us live in 'communities', where we are with the same people all the time. It is difficult to put on a front, so people see us as we are. What a great opportunity to care! Sometimes this means sitting up with somebody for hours, talking about problems or sharing difficulties. Sometimes it means challenging them, and being open to their challenges.

One of our editors had the following experience recently, whilst reading Mother Teresa, who wrote: 'it is not difficult to love people far away. But it isn't always easy to give love to those near to you'. "Back at University I started feeling quite negative about the attitude of some of my fellow students who seemed to be so superficial and didn't grasp the world vision that I so obviously had... Where was my love for them? Respecting others as they are and not wanting them to think the same as I do, loving them in such a way that I help them develop their best resources and use them rightly, is all essential in caring for them. It is an old truth, but living it is a continuous fight. Yet having set out to do it, I still found myself watering down the truth, by trying to make friends sympathetic towards me. That doesn't help anybody.

"Of late I felt I should make a friend uncomfortable by asking him to take an honest look at himself. It wasn't that easy, especially when he started exposing his version of me - quite different from my own version. But it was useful to both and every day, amidst the ordinary hustle and bustle of life, things happen that teach me about this poverty of action, this costly love in the process of caring."

Another editor experienced a different form of caring in Caux last summer, which is just as important, yet often forgotten. "Setting tables for instance. I wonder how many of us just throw the new things down and arrange them vaguely. I did this myself without thinking - after all it is such a trivial thing! But then I saw one of the older generation, taking that extra minute to straighten the knife, or put the spoon and fork the right way around - wiping up that bit of jam that seemed stuck, and I felt ashamed. My view of myself and the high standards which I am living by, suddenly fell apart if I couldn't start with the smaller things."

A lot of this comes back to wanting it enough. If you can't be bothered to stick a stamp on straight (check your *FREEWAY* envelopes!), then it devalues your deeper message.

We can of course care in many other, often quieter, ways, for example reading for older people and, to do it in a way that we are serving, not merely undertaking some onerous task to keep our conscience quiet. Somebody once said that the secret of serving is to enjoy it, which we are all still learning.

THE EDITORS

MISSION POSSIBLE

Lord Blanch was Archbishop of York from 1975 to 1983. In January he came to the home of Gordon and Marjory Wise in London to meet informally with a group of 15 people engaged in the work of Moral Re-Armament. This supplement contains an edited version of his informal talk, and extracts from the discussion that followed.

I OFTEN USED TO BE ASKED, 'What do you think was the most valuable preparation for being a Bishop?' My answer was: 'Some elementary knowledge of theology. That's the most important thing.' People were surprised at that; they couldn't think that theology had much to do with running a diocese, or handling accounts, or the way the parish works. But unless there is some elementary knowledge of theology I do not see that you can do any more than administer the thing you have got and continue it running along familiar lines.

Theology requires that you think about what you are doing, why you are doing it and whether there are better ways of doing it. It involves having a theological attitude of mind which asks not just: 'Is this the way which seems best to me?', but also: 'Is this in accordance with some understanding, some consistent view of the world, of God's mission and of God's Kingdom?'

I want to trace something of the development of mission in the Bible. The first thing to note is that the date of the events recorded in the Bible is not as important as the date at which the events were recorded. Take the book of Genesis, for instance. You naturally assume it is all very early and primitive, whereas it is a very mature, sophisticated, theological work dating from a few thousand million years after Creation, and written by a man selecting, as it were, from a wide intellectual range in an attempt to understand the history and purpose of his own people.

And for him the church begins with Abraham. It is reiterated over and over again in Genesis that Abraham was to be a blessing to the nations. He was not called for his own sake, or even called for the sake of his own family. He was called for a blessing of the nations. So he was taken out of that rich Mesopotamian civilization and sent off to a backwoods place, Canaan, which must have seemed very strange to him and even stranger to his wife.

When the author looks at that primary event, which is the origin of Israel itself, he begins to compare it with the Israel he knows. That is why I say it is much more important to know the date of recording the event than the date of the events themselves.

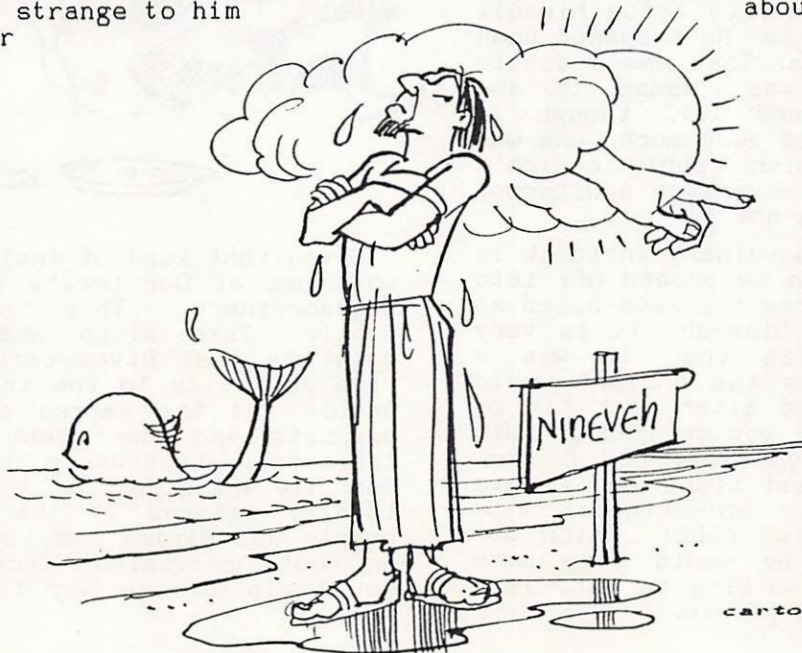


The book of Genesis was a revival of the original purpose for which Israel was called: not to create for itself a nice enclave, as it were, in the promised land, a kind of ghetto, but to be a means of blessing to the nations. The vision was of Jerusalem being a centre of law and humanity and grace which would influence all the nations.

The same message is found pre-eminently in Second Isaiah chapters 40 to 55, where even the language is the language of Genesis. He appeals back to the great Creation story, for example, and sees Israel as having a particular role in the creative activity of God. After all, God created not only the heavens and the earth, he created history and he created the nations, and Israel was to have a function. So the list of demands for the revival of the missionary aspect of Israel's life was repeated over and over again at fairly regular intervals.

The classic place for it is found in the little book of Jonah, just four chapters long. The whole book depends upon the name Jonah which is the word for dove. The dove is a symbol of Israel so it is quite clear what the book is about. It is not about

a chap who disappeared down the mouth of a great fish and was providentially turned out in the land of Babylon. It is about the role of Israel in the world. Jonah himself was not fulfilling but discarding what is the function of Israel - mission. He had been sent to Babylon but went as far as he could in the opposite direction.



The book is full of jokes and irony. He is disobedient but God would not tolerate his disobedience and he is thrown into the sea as a result of a providential storm. He is picked up by a providential whale and is then providentially landed back where he was originally sent to. So he goes to Nineveh. But he doesn't want to undertake very much in the way of mission. Like all Jews he had a hatred for Nineveh, which was a symbol of power and cruelty. His attitude would have been: they are beyond redemption, no way God's voice can be heard there.

He challenged their exclusive right to the grace of God.

That is why Jonah was so embittered by his success. The shortest sermon ever preached - 'Repent' - was by and large successful. But he wasn't cock a hoop. He didn't write an article in the paper to show what a marvellous response he had had to his sermon. He was very bitter about it. 'I knew this would happen,' he said, 'when I was sent there in the first place. I knew they would come to believe and God would save them.' And Nineveh was beyond redemption, didn't deserve to be saved and therefore was resented by any Jew. You can see therefore what a cataclysmic book this would have been for people who were captured by the ghetto complex, the exclusiveness of Israel.

When you move on then 300 years later to Our Lord Himself it is important to realize that he was opposed by the Jewish establishment not because he was a heretic but because he challenged their exclusive right to the grace of God.

For example, the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. They hadn't had for several centuries. So that is why the Jews avoided going through Samaria. But on one celebrated journey Jesus himself did go through Samaria. He happened upon the woman of Samaria. That was a double sin because (a) she was a woman, (b) she was a Samaritan, and (c), though it wouldn't have counted very much, she was an adulterer. Jewish rabbis couldn't have consorted with Samaritan adulterous women. The thing was not on.

Or take that extraordinary incident in Our Lord's life when he pushed off into Tyre and Sidon, places the Jews hated as much as they hated Nineveh. It is very important to realize that it was a belief shared across the ancient world that your God looked after your bit of land for you. And if you strayed off His bit of land, then you left God behind. So to visit Tyre and Sidon would have been unthinkable to an orthodox Jew. Certainly to a Jewish rabbi, which our Lord was, because he would have made himself unclean by walking on that land and talking to those people.

In fact this moment is shown up in the gospel to have been of supreme importance to the life of our Lord himself. Having found him, the Syro-Phoenician woman asks him to come and heal her daughter. He replies, 'It is not right to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs.' This is what a Jew would have said about any Gentile or heathen person. They were not entitled to God's bread, not even entitled to the crumbs, even what was left over by the Jews they were not entitled to. But the woman is not going to be so easily put off, so she says, 'But even the dogs can eat the crumbs that fall from the children's table.'

I think there should be a long gap in the narrative there because there must have been a long silence while our Lord tried to weigh up the meaning of that remark for him. It is the first time he has been outside Jewish territory apart from walking in Samaria. Here he meets someone who has no claim on him at all. He was, after all, sent only to the lost sheep of Israel and here is a woman who professes her faith in him and asks for her daughter to be healed. And so he gives her that healing. 'Go in peace. Your daughter is healed.'

It is clearly regarded by St Mark, if not by the other evangelists, as absolutely crucial to our Lord's self understanding. This was the moment in which he heard the word of God and knew that his mission was to the whole world.



Given that kind of insight you can see why some of Our Lord's parables are so extraordinary. They sound harmless really. Take Dives and Lazarus. The point is that Dives corresponds to the rich Jew, rich in the traditions of his people and the sacred oracles and the prophets and the great traditions of their time. Lazarus is the poor outsider who has no right to these things, is totally ignored by the man living in purple and dining sumptuously every day on God's provision. Once you see that you begin to see why the Jews opposed Jesus.

Or take the parable of the prodigal son, which is not about the prodigal son but the older brother. I remember the story of how a Sunday School teacher unwisely asked the question, 'Who was sorry when the prodigal son came home?' And a little boy piped up and said, 'The fatted calf.' The attitude of the older brother exactly corresponds to the attitude of the ordinary Jews. He didn't want the prodigals coming home. All these heathen people wasted their lives in riotous living and therefore they are beyond God's grace, they are beyond God's redemptive power. There is no point in coming back, they can't come back. That story is intended to show that they can come back. He had ample examples of it in his own life, prodigals had returned to him and asked for healing or new life. So it is not difficult to see that this grated incessantly on the orthodox Jewish mind. Why? Because they had long since forgotten what their race was for, what they had been called to do. They were the children of Abraham called to be a means of blessing to all nations.

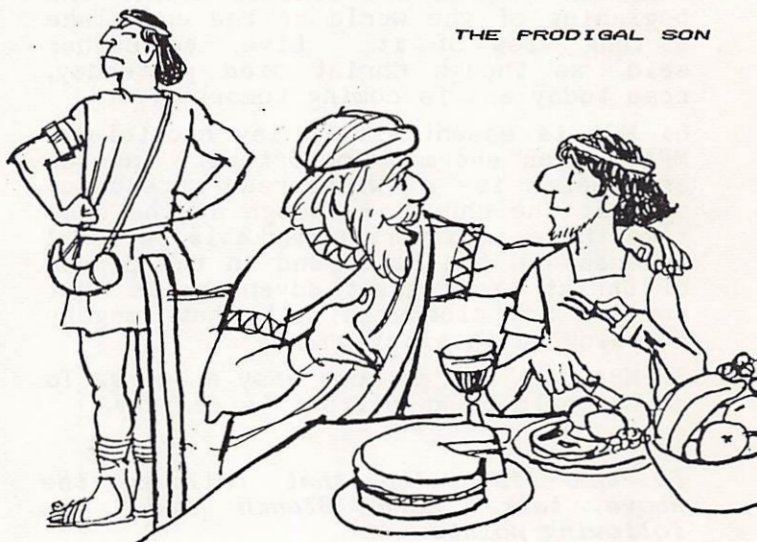
The last example is of St Paul. Exactly the same pressures are at work as in Jesus's case. If Jesus had been content to be an orthodox rabbi and go about teaching the people and administering to the faithful he would never have been arrested, he certainly would never have been crucified. Paul too was a rabbi and what annoyed the people of his day was that this orthodox, formal, ordained rabbi, should actually insist on preaching to the Gentiles. If he had been content to commend the gospel to the Jews, that would have been all right. But he is commending the gospel to those outside and that is quite alien to their view of their role. He is a threat to the privileges of the Jews because of his mission to the Gentiles. And he is arrested for that reason and tried for that reason and sent to Rome for that reason.

Here am I. Send me

All that this rapid and somewhat selective use of scripture is intended to show is that the essence of the Bible is concerned with mission - and with God's mission to the human race. Theology is not concerned with trying to extract exact formulas from the sea of historical events. It is there to safeguard and commend the practice of mission. God's nature is to send. 'Whom shall I send?' he said to Isaiah. 'And who will go for us?' 'Here am I. Send me.' That exactly expresses the prophetic view of God's work in the world. He is always sending.

We should test every discussion, every decision, every big issue by its missionary dimension. All the great movements of mission recorded in the Bible are the result of guidance

personally given by God Himself to one faithful servant. This was true not only for the great people like Paul, but also the little men like Ananias, without whom there wouldn't have been any St Paul. Ananias is an essential element in the mission of the Church. Or take Philip. It must have seemed a bit daft to Philip, who was in the midst of a very successful mission in Samaria, to be told to go out to the desert. There



weren't too many people in the desert to be evangelized, he might have said to himself. But he goes down there, not knowing why he goes, and happens to meet the Ethiopian - which is the foundation of the Christian Church in Africa. So the experience of that day was pretty essential to the whole idea of mission. Admittedly he wasn't very good at taking that guidance but he had to take it in the end. Jonah, once in the mouth of the great fish, went whether he wanted to or not. This element of guidance is absolutely inseparable from the great missionary movements of the Church.

During the course of the day, Lord Blanch offered the following reflections on Moral Re-Armament:

1) MRA is essentially a missionary body, not an institution rival to the Church. It is there not just to transform or evangelize individuals but to change societies. I honour MRA especially for that second thing.

2) If we are true to our mission to the nations, any missionary organization must be essentially universal. There is no other way. You are often criticized for the fact that you have Muslims and Hindus and Buddhist adherents and so on. But I think that is inescapable. If you have a ministry to the world, the world does include Hindus, Muslims and Buddhists, as it includes agnostics and atheists and all the other constituents of society.

3) You are dependent on, rather than a rival to, the Churches. You depend on the Church in large and unexpected ways: for theology, for example; for the Church's cultural inheritance; and for its sociological witness through men like Wilberforce.

4) Be careful to concentrate on Christ. My heart sinks when I hear a sermon on the church, because that is not what it is all about. It's very important always to concentrate on Christ, not on doctrines, or on ideas or practices or what the MRA is for, or what MRA has done. That is beside the point. Concentrate on Christ. This may be the only opportunity.

5) Take a long view. The great issues of this life aren't really under our control. We do not control either the beginning of the world or the end. Take a long view of it. Live, as Luther said, as though Christ died yesterday, rose today and is coming tomorrow.

6) MRA is essentially a lay apostolate. MRA has an enormous opportunity insofar as there is a widespread prejudice against the church - though at the same time there is a very remarkable personal interest in the Bible and in the person of Christ. Your great advantage is that you are not clobbered with that imagery of being an institution.

7) MRA does not propose easy answers. To do so would be an affront to reality.

In the discussion that followed the above talk, Lord Blanch made the following points:

(1) Do not preach or speak beyond your experience.

(2) Do not demolish or doubt publicly what people believe unless you are ready to put something in its place.

(3) When asked the ability to touch people's hearts and change them, Blanch said, "I don't think we should carry a

"MRA does not propose easy answers. To do so would be an affront to reality."

sense of guilt at missed opportunities, because that just compounds the guilt. [Touching people] is, in a sense, a gift. It can be developed. It can be prayed for. It is not something which you can manage yourself. It sometimes happens without any effort or awareness on your part... Share your experience of inadequacy."

(4) "People are haunted by a sense of meaninglessness. They don't start with an acute sense of sin, but they search for meaning. This is a need across the age and generation gap."

(5) "One of the greatest gifts for anyone is a powerful sense of mystery. You get an undying sense of purpose when your life is in submission to that mystery. Unless you can implant a sense of mystery I doubt if there is very much you can do for people."

(6) "The dogmatists will never influence other people. It is the person who liberates the imagination who does."

"One of the greatest gifts for anyone is a powerful sense of mystery."

(7) "Look for God's guidance in the matter of reading. Always read a book which is too difficult for you." He later sent the following select book list:

BIBLE

Childs: *Introduction to the Old Testament as Scripture* (SCM, 688 pp)

Rowland: *Christian Origins* (SPCK, 425pp)

Harvey: *Something Overheard* (BRF, 88 pp)

Sidebottom: *Good News of God, the Teaching of the Gospel Tradition* (Darton Longman 1982, 136 pp)

Harper's Bible Dictionary

THEOLOGY

Buber: *I and Thou* (Clark 1966, 137 pp)

Donovan: *Christianity Rediscovered* (Longmans 1978, 200 pp)

Ward: *Holding Fast to God - a Reply to Don Cupitt* (SPCK 1982, 166 pp)

Richardson: *Dictionary of Christian Theology* (SCM, 364 pp)

Kung: *On Being a Christian* (Collins 1976, 720 pp)

HISTORY

Johnson: *History of Christianity* (Weidenfeldt 1976, 554 pp)

Edwards: *Christian England* (Collins 1981, 352 pp)

MEDITATION

Longman's Series - Enfolded in Love (extracts from the great spiritual teachers of the past - ave length 60 pp)

Bonhoeffer: *Meditating on the Word* (Bible Reading Fellowship 1988, 154 pp)

Hammarskjöld: *Markings* (Fabers, 186 pp)

DISCIPLESHIP

Bonhoeffer: *Cost of Discipleship* (SCM 1962, 186 pp)

Suenens: *A New Pentecost* (Longmans 1975, 239 pp)

Editor's note: Lord Blanch has himself written several books including:

For All Mankind: a new approach to the Old Testament (BRF 1977, 120 pp)

Encounters with Jesus, an account of Mark's Gospel (Hodders 1988, 233 pp)

Way of Blessedness, a Study of the Beatitudes (Hodders 1985, 231 pp)

OLD McDONALDS

by Veronika Schuster

I AM A VERY PROUD person and I have never found it easy to serve others without profit or without feeling superior. I often used to pray to be ready to serve because I felt that that was the way God wanted me to be.

Last summer I worked at a McDonald's restaurant in Vienna for a month to earn something towards my fare to England. The first five days were terrible. I had to carry heavy boxes and my arms got very sore. Besides, the relationship between the staff and the manager was very bad. I often felt I was ordered about in too harsh a way and everything was so humiliating to me that I wanted to cry.

So I resigned after five days. Everyone told me that I had done the right thing. I started looking for a new job and I nearly found one. But after a few days I discovered that I had been wrong to leave McDonald's. Somehow, God had wanted me to be there as an answer to my prayers, and I had run away from it.

As soon as I discovered this it became clear to me to go back and start again.

I didn't think that I would ever do such a thing, but I went to the manager and asked him whether he would employ me again - and he did. The remaining three weeks were as lousy as the first days, but somehow I found peace. It was not humiliating any more. It was no more than I deserved. I knew that this was the place God wanted me to be, and I tried to make the best of it. In the end I had a good relationship with many of my colleagues and also a better one with the manager.

After this, I went to England to stay for six months. In Autumn 1987, after my first visit to Caux, I thought that I would like to stay with an MRA family for some time to see how all the ideas and thoughts, which fascinated me, worked out in daily life. I was invited then to come and stay with Mr and Mrs John Williams, from Australia, who live with others in an MRA home in London. I didn't know them, and I did not know what I was going to do there, but after some weeks I discovered that God wanted me to help to serve the house. Although I have often helped at home with the housework, I never felt that this was real work and I hated the idea completely. Despite the fact that I hadn't known previously what I would do, of course I had some ideas in mind and housework was definitely not one of them! I had some difficult weeks in which I struggled very much. I saw that my help was needed, but I could not say "yes" to God. At the same time I didn't want to go home and start anything else. I felt very lost and lonely and finally said, "Dear God, you are the only one I can talk to about this difficulty, please show me what to do". And he showed me very clearly what I should do. It still took some time to accept His plan fully, but then, suddenly I saw the



Rahul Kapadia

needs afresh. I felt that this was really the place for me and from that moment on I felt much happier. I started to enjoy doing the housework and helping other people. And although I find it difficult sometimes I am happy to do it, and I am grateful to God for sending me here and teaching me to be humble and to serve.

In one month I am going home again and I am sad. For this time here has meant so much to me. I enjoyed staying in such a big and wonderful family, I found many new friends and a much deeper relationship to God. I can just thank Him for each day here.

"'OUR GRASP OF THE TRUTH can never be worth much,' says R.H. Hutton; 'it is the grasp of the truth upon us that men are willing to die for.'"

"And the truth is ever coming out from God to us... It is God's will which seeks us, not we it. We simply allow ourselves to be found when we find. Earnest hearts often torture themselves over their duty. 'What is God's will for me?' they ask, and seek in everything for an answering word. The will of God, they think, is so hard to discover. But no one can seek and miss it. The will of God is seeking us with a patience, a pleading, greater than any anguish we can ever know. It is we who darken our own skies. We look so far that we fail to see that it is the nearest thing in the world to us."

Robert E. Speer

FASTER THAN WE THINK

by Ian Healey

AS THE SOUND OF ANIMALS filled Caux's Great Hall before midnight on New Year's Eve, I was left to reflect on the state of things. Old and new were mooing and barking together in a rousing chorus of "Old MacDonald Had A Farm". I even allowed myself to feel happy!

I was there with about 30 other young people during the main winter conference, for a mini-conference on the theme, *Equipping Ourselves For The Future*. As young people with a common commitment to find and follow God's Plan we felt a need to learn: how to start taking responsibility; how to create and lead meetings; how to use the resources around us effectively.

Not afraid of something completely new, Philippe Odier kicked off with a '6x12' meeting, in which those in the whole conference formed small groups of six and talked on a subject for two minutes each. The younger crowd acted as 'reporters' for each group. For many people it was a Caux platform 'debut'. But in the week that followed we all appeared prominently.

All the morning meetings were successful, many of which were planned and arranged in 24 hours or less, on a wide variety of themes: suffering, hope, how to live more effectively, for example.

In a constructive 'post-mortem' meeting we learned more about style, technique - speaking clearly, forms of etiquette, with each person putting in his/her comments.

Following numerous skiing adventures in the afternoons, we met again for a session designed to be more cerebral (to help get us thinking!).

"What would we do if there was no structure, no Caux, no Tirley Garth; no full-time workers, no team; no 'way it has always been done'?"

The answers were wide, and bitingly honest. For many people it is straightforward: we would do things the same as we try to do them anyway, putting God first. Others were set thinking. Yet happily this situation does not exist, and therefore the thought must be how we can best use what we have. Buchman once said: "A movement should be the outcome of changed lives, not the means of changing them." The physical structures have been built up through the sacrifices of many, and are still run today in a similar way. If we keep this in mind, and put and keep God first, then we will grow and reach the spiritual maturity that is needed for the future.

Supper tables provided a forum for discussion on different, more personal subjects. Marriage was naturally a very popular theme.

The aim of the week was not to be exclusive, but to stand aside and take stock, to widen our own experience and deepen our common commitment. As a team



we grew closer and were able to take on meetings in a way that showed we could do it, not only to ourselves, but also to the "older generation". I can see future meetings beckoning which will be led by the under 25's with the token 60 year old speaker, instead of the other way around!

The future is coming faster than we think.

WHAT'S COOKING? by Ulrike Bickeböllner

SOME TIME AGO I felt that I wanted to pass on my knowledge of cooking and the fun, fascination and experimentation I have found through cooking. At the recent New Year conference in Caux I asked and invited one or two others to join me for a cooking course, to learn how to run a big kitchen like this.

Each day we produced one meal. The menus were planned in such a way that all the basic knowledge of cooking came step by step. Cooking involves not only Chemistry and Physics, but also Art (the use of colour etc.), imagination, experimentation, organisation It is an all round use of one's talents.

Also, for me, cooking is an extraordinary and interesting way to care for people. There is a saying: "Love goes through the stomach." Cooking in this big kitchen at Caux, where we are joined by so many different people from all over the world, is an experience which cannot be found anywhere else. This kind of course has brought such fun and learning that I will continue in the future.

ON AN ISLAND

by Arne Rogge

THE SETTING: A SMALL, solitary island called Nonnenwerth, in the river Rhine. In the distance one can make out the tree-lined heights.

For the 5th Nonnenwerth meeting, 20 young people came together to talk about relationships. First we shared our thoughts on the question: "In whom are our lives anchored?"

A Bible study on Matthew 22 pointed out that in our relationship to God it is most important to *listen*, to *believe* and to *trust* in Him. This includes being willing to give our lives (and time) every morning to God. Then through us, He can have an effect in and around each of us.

We also need a good relationship towards ourselves. We need to find our own melody of life and not try to imitate others.

In smaller groups we shared our thoughts to the following questions:

1. When did I last have a quarrel with anyone?
2. With whom can I not speak any more, because there is something between us?
3. Whom am I afraid of?

Someone mentioned a friend towards whom he was very angry. After a while they had an open talk. They could not get rid of their different opinions, but the shadows disappeared. We might not like everybody, but we can learn to love everyone.

One student spoke of his Christian 'Wohngemeinschaft' (people sharing a flat). There are problems in learning to live together, like not being willing to share the difficulties one is faced with. But it is a great opportunity to understand and to accept others and oneself better.

What happens when a boy/girl relationship comes to an end? One student said that he always emphasized the positive

side and pushed the doubts away in his friendship with a girl. He could not continue to live with this conflict. In view of his responsibility for the girl, he decided to break up the close relationship. A few people said how important it was for them to learn to bear the loneliness with God and to be filled by Him.

Apart from all this talking, we had a lot of fun, games of volleyball and walks. One girl, who was 'ready for the island', said "The deep and honest sharing has encouraged me to continue on the path I am going".

And I felt exactly the same.

MEETINGS AND LADDERS

AT THE END OF JANUARY nearly 40 people from the south-western part of Germany met together for a day in Karlsruhe. We were reflecting on: 1) For whom are we meant to care? 2) Which issues are on our minds?

Many felt encouraged by the presence of a good number of young people. One of them, Anja Snellman from Finland, who is studying in Stuttgart, shared her impressions of the Germans - the fear many have of facing their country's past and the lack of national pride. Speaking about the politicians, who are losing respect because of various scandals, Anja resolved to think further about how she could give friendship to them.

A young refugee from Ethiopia explained how he was learning to take responsibility not just for his own people but also for Arab refugees. Many of these cannot obtain work permits because they have not yet been recognised as political refugees, and some overcome their boredom by turning to crime.

Ulrike Ott described the preparations for a young people's get-together near Heidelberg from May 26-28, with the theme 'I do live - but how?'.

Three days later nine of us students from the Academy of Labour in Mannheim presented our first reading of Peter Howard's play, *The Ladder*. This play poses the question: 'which voice do I listen to: the voice of money, power, comfort, fear - or the voice of conscience, of God?' We are all convinced of its message, and hope to put on a full performance in June.

Matthias Freitag

RAIN

Slowly I walk
Past the rainsoaked bushes and trees.
The wind softly ruffles my hair.
Through the damp evening air
Rings the distant yearning low of cattle

It is lonely in the wood
But every breath of air
Every drop of rain
Reminds me of you.

I wanted this weather.
Calm but strong.
Destroying?
Or perhaps rather renewing,
Fulfilling?

But you are not there.
I want us to walk
Together.
Now. I want to talk.
Don't you want to protect me?
Or do you want to be protected?
Perhaps I should listen?

* * * *

The rain is over.
Drops flash in the sunlight.
A rainbow rises peacefully
Over the land.
The world is as new again.

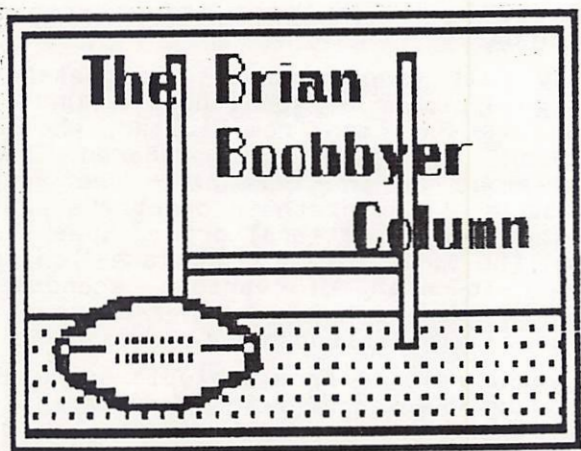
Kristin Reisener, Germany

In 1944 Konrad Adenauer, the future Chancellor of Germany, was in prison under Hitler. The prisoner commissar asked him not to take his own life. 'Why should I?' he said. 'He replied that I was nearly 70 and had nothing more to expect from life.'

So Adenauer wrote in his memoirs. For 14 years after the war he gave outstanding leadership to Germany and Europe.

Reagan has just retired from the Presidency at 78. Mahatma Gandhi, assassinated at 78, maintained his leadership to the end.

Sophocles and Goethe wrote or completed some of their greatest plays in their 80's. Churchill was 66 when he became Prime Minister, and so came to his prime.



This gives rise to the question, 'What is your vision for older people?'

In George MacDonald's masterpiece for children, *The Princess and the Goblin*, there is another heroine, apart from the Princess. Her name is Irene and she is the great great grandmother. She says, 'It is so silly of people to think that old age means crookedness and witheredness and feebleness and sticks and spectacles and rheumatism and forgetfulness. It is so silly. Old age has nothing to do with all that. The right old age means strength and beauty and mirth and courage and clear eyes and strong painless limbs.'

Recently an old friend in her early 90's invited me to speak at her retirement home on 'Birdsong'. There were about 20 ladies present. I began with some of my imitations and then played a tape. Some of the ladies were deaf, but I could increase the volume and the birds were in tremendous form!

The first bird on the tape is the blackbird. With his flute-like song he tells us to dream. A great Christian missionary, Temple-Geinder, once said, 'The blackbird's song is the most beautiful thing you ever heard in your life.' You can shut your eyes and dream, as he sings, and allow yourself to be warmed up inside.

NEVER TOO OLD

The second bird on the tape is the song thrush. He tells us to leave our laziness behind and get into action. His message is 'do'. One of his phrases sounds like 'Do it, do it, do it, do it'.

I thought as I prepared this talk that these two birds between them have a good message for us. Dream and do. They will start singing again fully in February. They are a reminder that winter always gives way to spring.

Of course old age can get set in its ways. I'm 60 and I don't expect to be immune from this. But I remember how impetuous I was in my younger days. I found this passage from John Buchan very helpful:

'There is the mind that loves law and order and which exults in the continuity of things, and there is the mind that craves adventure and change and likes to think of the world as each morning a new birth. It is the distinction not so much between age and youth as between the conformist temper and the non-conformist: between static and dynamic: between ordered people and disordered ecstasy: or in the words of Isaiah, between those who say "in quietness and confidence shall be your strength" and those whose cry is "we shall flee upon horses, we will ride upon the swift".'

'Define these two moods by their virtues, and it is the opposition between learning, discipline, tradition, service, the slow labours of art - and freedom and originality: define them by their vices, and it is reaction, ossification, convention, set against revolution, slovenliness, wilfulness, impatience... It is cool blood against hot blood, sobriety against enthusiasm.'

'As a matter of fact, of course, the opposition is never complete: for the most fiery voluntary is not independent of tradition: and the most stubborn conservatism has its romantic moments.'

Pope John in his feeding book *Journal of a soul*, writes the diary of his life. In 1948 he wrote, 'This year I become 68. I now consider my life has come to its end.' Nine years later he became Pope and initiated the famous Council, known as Vatican II, which opened the doors of the Catholic Church which had been almost closed for four centuries.

And think what Abraham did after he was 75. When God told him to leave home he did not say 'I'm too old'. He gave the next decades to found a great nation.

There is no human age limit to the work of the Holy Spirit.

COULD UGANDA BE A MODEL?

INSTABILITY HAS BEEN AT the centre of Uganda's political circus since Independence, in 1962. There have been two major wars and a series of military coups. Human life was cheapened by institutionalized genocide. State and private industry and agriculture were badly destroyed. And worst of all, the decay in the moral fabric of society put the very foundations of the nation at stake.

Since the National Resistance Movement (NRM) came to power, various people and organizations have set about rebuilding the moral and physical infrastructures. Among them is the Church of Uganda which declared 1988 as 'family year' in Namirembe Diocese. The clergy were very concerned by the divorces. Families were separated as people took to their heels in different directions. Those who stayed looted the property of those who ran away. A sad story is told of a man who sent his two school-age daughters to a friend for safe keeping and upbringing while he went away with the rest of the family to escape erratic bullets and bombs. At the end of the war, the 'trusted' friend had put the young girls in the family way, treating them as his wives.

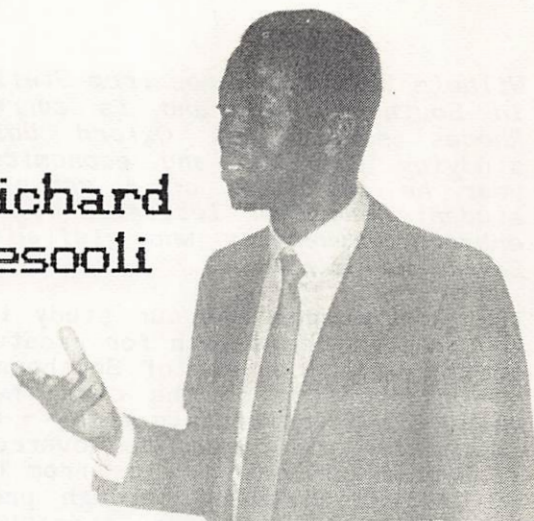
Such cases brought bitterness and mistrust. Many in Namirembe Diocese felt that now the problem is not the gun, but the divides of hatred and mistrust. And that the greatest need was to help build bridges across these divides. So during the 'family year' the clergy and volunteers visited homes, sharing fellowship with families, caring for them and emphasising the need for united families, for a healthy nation and world.

In November 1988, a convention was held as a climax of the family year. Everybody was invited. Among them was Bishop Otim of Lango Diocese, in Northern Uganda, who came with a group of twenty people. When he was invited to address the large gathering, he came in tears. He said that he had visited Luwero, an area which suffered most during the protracted guerilla war that brought the NRM to power, and was deeply touched when he saw the human skulls and the extent of destruction in the area. He asked for forgiveness.

He said: "I repent in tears because the President at the time of war comes from my area, and the President, as the Commander-in-chief of the Armed Forces, was highly responsible for the sufferings of the people. I repent also because many of the soldiers come from my area, and I know some of them cannot repent."

Many people in the congregation burst into tears. Bishop Kauma of Namirembe Diocese stood up and also repented because some of the soldiers came from his area. He said: "Before God we are all equal. We are all sinners." Rev. Samuel Mpalanyi said: "This is God's Victory." From then, many people apologized for their hatred towards the Northerners. Two weeks later Rev. Samuel

by Richard
Zesooli



Mpalanyi met a former Army Captain who apologized for the atrocities committed by the now disbanded army.

President Yomeri Museveni attended the closing ceremony of the convention and talked about the need for repentance and a new chapter of understanding between the different ethnic groups in Uganda. God is starting something new and fundamental in this country. Uganda could be a model of a once divided nation but now United through change in human attitude towards fellow man.

ZIMBABWE ACTION

Friends from South Africa have sent the following report:

SEVEN OF US from South Africa, plus students and other young people from different parts of Zimbabwe, took part in a two-day seminar at Coolmoreen Farm, near Gweru in Zimbabwe, and afterwards in a whole week of action in Harare.

The theme of the seminar was 'Leadership and Responsibility'. The Minister of Youth opened it, stressing that moral standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love were needed in building a new and better society. The Minister, together with other special guests such as Zimbabwe's Chief Inspector of Police, the Deputy Mayor of Gweru, an MP and other officials, attended a reading of the play, *The Next Phase*, which deals with corruption.

Harare, the national capital, was a contrast to the quiet town of Gweru. Every morning during our week there we took time to share our convictions and the things we were learning. We also spent time improving our message.

Among the many people we met was the Mayor of Harare who encouraged us in what we were doing. He asked us South Africans to report back home that Harare can be taken as a proof that different races can live together in harmony and love.

We gave a presentation of our experiences and songs to students and staff at the Domboshawa Training College.

What touched us most was the teamwork with our Zimbabwean contemporaries, and their commitment and sense of responsibility. This has challenged us deeply to search ourselves to see how we too can be responsible for God's work in our country, continent and the world.

Wilhelm Verwoerd comes from Stellenbosch in South Africa, and is currently a Rhodes scholar at Oxford University studying politics and economics. Last year he was part of a group of six students and four lecturers from Stellenbosch University who visited Malawi, Zambia and Zimbabwe.

The main purpose of our study tour was to continue the search for greater unity in the wider context of Southern Africa - concentrating on the often neglected value dimension of this unity - and well aware of the need to overcome the isolation of South Africa from the rest of Africa. Breaking through propaganda walls and unmasking many stereotypes, we became aware of the tremendous potential for co-operation; while recognising that first white South Africans, and especially the Afrikaners, must face up to the challenge to become true Africans.


As an Afrikaner I regard myself as an African, my roots and my mother tongue are firmly embedded in Africa, this is where I see my future. This conviction was strengthened by the moving way in which we were welcomed as Afrikaners by fellow-Africans in the countries we visited.

There is not space here to discuss the many value conflicts in the 'developing' Africa, manifested in grave political, social and economic dilemmas. These are aggravated by development itself. Often 'modernization' or 'development' have become purposes in themselves. The challenge both to Africa and the West (and, for that matter, to the rest of the world) remains: to develop a kind of 'development' that will enable people to function within the context of the changing, modern 'global village', whilst at the same time preserving their humanity and diversity.

A few weeks in Africa away from the seductive beauty of Stellenbosch, served as a powerful reminder of the reality of this challenge.

In Malawi we spent our time in the less economically developed northern part of the country where problems resulting from urbanization, overpopulation and conflicts of values were not so visible. The typical African spontaneity, friendliness and respect in human relationships impressed us and confirmed Malawi's reputation as 'the warm heart of Africa'. It was also an eye-opening experience to see that human dignity is not necessarily destroyed by simplicity and 'poverty' (indeed a value-laden concept!)

In Zambia the problems and prospects seem to be much worse than in Malawi. A few days of listening and learning proved the value of our tour: although my first impressions were correct, I became well aware of the arrogance of my judgements, of my biased and limited understanding of the situation. Given the many difficulties - including the problems posed by artificially enforced borders, and the challenges to unity presented by approximately 73 tribes and nine principal language groups - what



South Africa: C INCLUSIVE, NON-R by Wilhelm Verwoerd

has been achieved in 'One Zambia, One Nation' becomes remarkable indeed.

Zimbabwe was truly a wonderful surprise, coming to it as we did with expectations influenced by many years of disinformation and negative propaganda. Many people we spoke to described what is happening there as a miracle. I agree with them. Within a short period of eight years, and out of a long and bloody civil war, Zimbabweans are well on the way to a relationship between white and black, and black and black, that is worthy of the envy of the rest of the world. Courageously the country's leaders - and particularly President Mugabe and former President Banda - have separated the future and the present from the tragic past, building Zimbabwe on a foundation of reconciliation instead of the expected retaliation. In comparison with Europe, where former Nazi war criminals are still being prosecuted, this ability to forgive is remarkable indeed. Much of this reconciliation is of course pragmatic, in terms of the economic and political realities in Zimbabwe. However there is clearly also a deeper moral and spiritual quality to this powerful movement towards a peaceful, just society.

Of course there are still many problems. But the few days in Zimbabwe were a myth-breaking experience for us. Mental capacity, statesmanship, economic initiative are not directly related to



David Channin

COMMITMENT TO AN RACIAL DEMOCRACY

rd race and ethnicity; unfinished and imperfect as any human endeavour is bound to be, Zimbabwe today is a far better society for all its people than Rhodesia ever was.

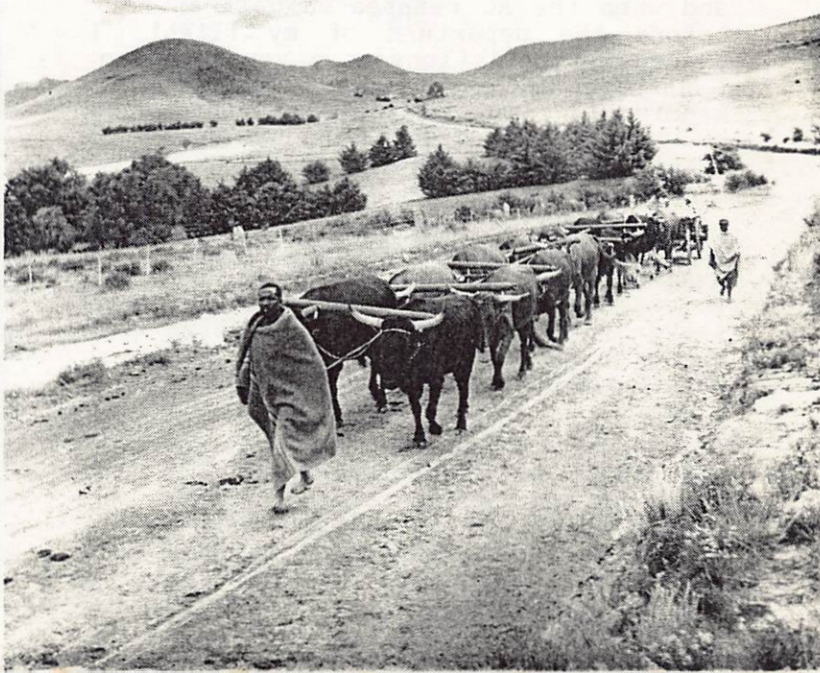
Realizing the dangers of a simplifying, comparative approach, and being aware of the many differences between the countries involved, I have drawn certain conclusions with regard to South Africa and her place in Africa:

Firstly, the effective reconciliation of the tensions between unity and diversity is crucial. South Africa's inability to recognise this can be seen from her almost schizophrenic policy towards southern Africa. On the one hand the economic, political and social interdependence is obvious. (The tremendous potential and need for co-operation left a strong impression on me during the tour.) On the other hand, lack of outward-looking statesmanship, and national security considerations, fuelled by a preoccupation with political and cultural differences, by white South Africans' and especially Afrikaners' attempts to isolate themselves from Black Africa, have generated centrifugal forces which are threatening to pull the subcontinent apart. In the fishbowl of White politics and in the oases of wealth created by apartheid and ethnic socialism, we (i.e. white South Africans) are oblivious of the harm this is causing to fellow-Africans, and unaware that we are impoverishing ourselves.

This is an emotional statement, but the tour was also an intensely emotional experience. On the one hand there is excitement because of the previously unknown (to me) potential for mutual enrichment on many levels. On the other, there is grief because of the countless, unnecessary tears being shed in a beloved country and continent.

Secondly, there is a desperate need for a greater understanding of black Africa. Few white South Africans appreciate black Africa's urge to be master of its own destiny, virtually regardless of the cost in economic efficiency. Too few white South Africans understand the emotional, moral effects of our domestic policies. The struggle from within and without South Africa is fundamentally a conflict of values, directed not against all white South Africans, but against policies and a state perceived as dehumanizing and illegitimate.

Thirdly, greater realism and idealism are needed. South Africa has the responsibility to share (also to her own advantage!) the immense benefits of modern technology, science, communications and information with the rest of the continent. Afrikaners are not 'chosen' to separate themselves, but are in the unique position (given our own history of oppression by colonial powers, our understanding of the effects of urbanization on rural people, our European heritage, our love for the land and for people) to bridge the differences between Western and African values and cultures, between traditional and modern Africa. To break the current dilemmas we need idealistic, imaginative, bold statesmanship. We don't need apocalyptic defeatism. South Africa and the rest of the continent need relevant education and informed, unselfish, personal commitment to non-racial, 'inclusive' democracy.



CHECKING OUT THE CHECK-IN

by Rahul Kapadia

On JULY 2nd, I checked in to Heathrow airport for my flight to Bombay via Paris. Because of a delayed departure I had only half an hour to change planes in Paris. I was terrified not to see my flight number when looking up at a screen showing flight numbers, and it was only after studying the screen closely for about 5 minutes that I realized I was looking at the flight arrivals board. I then had the clear thought to go down an escalator on the left, and saw a screen saying departures, which had my flight number on it.

With just fifteen minutes left before scheduled take off, I discovered that I needed to change terminals. After waiting for a bus, its driver drove in a very relaxed and carefree manner. I dashed off the bus, past a startled French security man dangling his machine gun, ran up the steps and finally boarded the flight five minutes before take off. Whew!!

I had a wonderful two weeks in India before I was checking in again at Bombay airport on my way to Australia. This time, to make sure that my heart would not skip any beats, I checked in 3½ hours early.

I was stopped by Customs because I had brought 40 kg of sound recording equipment into India for use when I came back after my short trip to Australia. I explained to the young customs officer that I was only going to Australia for a youth action and went on to explain my work with Moral Re-Armament. His boss, the Assistant Collector of Customs, arrived and informed me that I could not leave the country without taking the equipment with me, or else paying duty of 320% of the total value of the equipment. He disappeared, leaving me to brood over my fate.

Meanwhile the young customs officer told me that I needed to speak with more confidence to the AC and to tell him about my work with MRA. This inspired me and when the AC reappeared half an hour before the departure of my flight, I shared my convictions as a young Indian. I narrated my experience of cheating in examinations when I was a student - and my change on my dishonesty, which led to a meeting with the Governor of my state.

The AC asked me to wait outside his office, and a few minutes later the young customs officer came out with a beaming smile saying the AC had decided to exempt me temporarily, allowing me to leave for Australia. I finally went through security check five minutes before the departure of my flight.

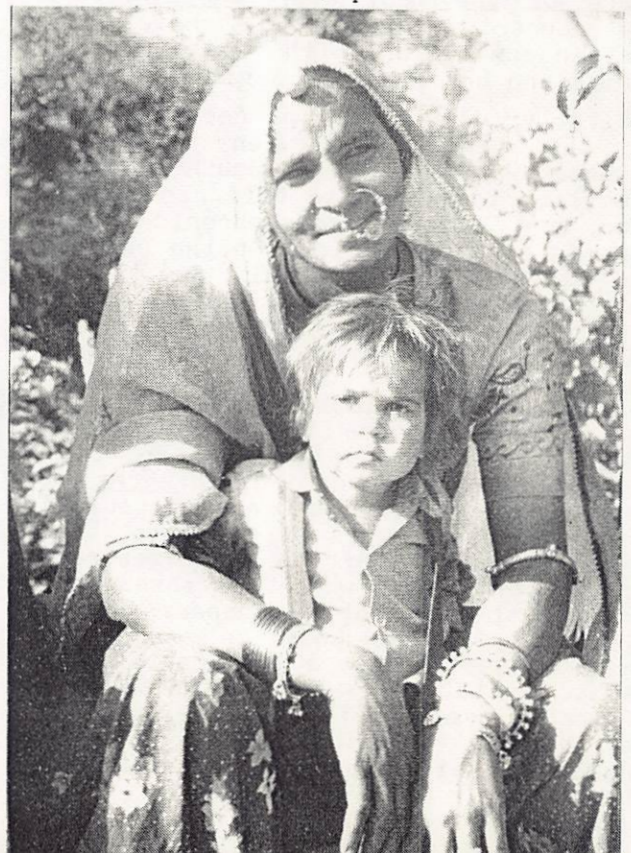
Those who visit India need to come prepared; for the Indian Rail system, efficient and computerised as it is, does not and cannot cater for those who cannot think, plan and book their seats 4-6 weeks ahead. So during my travels I wrote to a friend in Delhi requesting him to book two seats on a train to

Bombay for November 26th, and to my family in Bombay requesting them to book two seats on a train to Hyderabad for November 29th. These bookings were made so you can imagine my surprise when late on November 25th I found that our tickets were booked for December 26th.

Then my colleague, who was English, managed to get the last available seat on a train for that afternoon, through the 'Foreign Tourist Quota' which is a small percentage of seats reserved for non-Indians. I tried to get a seat through the 'Emergency Quota' but since it was a weekend, all the Government departments were closed. Off we dashed to the Indian Airlines office, only to find that there was a strike that had paralysed more than 30% of flights and I would be waitlisted number 180.

At the Air India office we then met a travel agent who said that he would get me a seat. He took us to his office, got us tea and began explaining more about his travel agency - while we were trying to get him to go down to the airline to book my ticket. Brimming with confidence he sauntered away, unworried about our worries and the deadlines that we needed to keep. Within 10 minutes he returned with a ticket for me, for the next early morning flight to Bombay.

These are only a few of the most exciting times I have had in my life. I learnt a lot during these testing moments: 1) the need to have a 100% faith in God and in the miracles that He can perform; 2) the need to have confidence in myself that anything is possible; 3) to be ready to use the experiences that God has given me; 4) to give my best to each individual I meet, whether on the train, plane or street.



Rahul Kapadia

DEPUTY

HEADING

by Hilary Belden

I AM ONE OF TEACHING'S reluctant recruits. Exactly twenty years ago, on the last possible day, I posted my application form for teacher training.

I was finishing my degree. All my friends were saying that teaching was a waste of a degree and that a PhD was the goal. As a Christian, I had prayed to be led. Into my prevailing sense of greyness, teaching was the only option that brought even a gleam; I could have done with a bright blaze!

It was not until a year later, when I stepped into a classroom, that I suddenly discovered something which for me, more than any PhD, was always going to be too much to master - and so I had a go.

If, however, anyone had suggested that my first job, also applied for at the last possible minute, would last for more than a year, much less for ten, I would never have started: I would have felt trapped. But one year soon became four and, at 26, I was appointed Head of English in the same school: I was in charge of 20 staff and the English teaching at all levels, including near-remedial work and Oxbridge entrance, for 2000 girls from 11-18.

Eight years later I was seconded to do an MA in Curriculum Studies. The year coincided with what I now think was professional burn-out and also with a crisis in a personal relationship. The exhaustion was acute. I had enormously enjoyed most of the previous years - fun-filled, exacting, varied and unexpected as they had been: but the hours were long and the space to relax was limited - and I had almost always put my work commitments first as far as my own life - public and private - was concerned. When my personal crisis threatened to overwhelm my professional commitments, I knew something was wrong in my approach to work and to myself: there wasn't enough space. I was trapped by work. I was also feeling an increasingly strong call to deeper contemplative prayer - the writings of Basil Hume and Julian of Norwich were like guides at this time. Together these factors broke apart my well-ordered, entertaining, and exhausting existence. When I dislocated my right elbow, early in my MA year, it perfectly symbolised how I felt: dislocated - and therefore perhaps one day to be 'relocated', but in a lot of pain at the time.

The year gave me space to reflect on my professional experience and on current educational thought and developments; it took the edge off the exhaustion and it gave me time to pray. When, once again at the last possible moment, a more senior post came up in a much smaller school, I found myself in a job which, though full of extraordinary frustrations, was also less pressurised and gave me a chance both to recover fully and to develop all sorts of ideas and contacts for the students and staff in the school.



On going into the job, I had two thoughts in prayer: One was that I needed to learn to serve - and serving was indeed what it turned out to be about; I was hardly ever free to make decisions. The other was that Britain's multi-ethnic society - the diversity of people and cultures in our schools - had been laid on me as a personal commitment.

That four years is a story in itself! But I began to wonder what next: I still suffered from frequent feelings of exhaustion and told my District Inspector that I had not got the stamina for a major deputy headship. On the other hand, a deputy headship in a small local church school was advertised three times. I never had any sense of leading to apply, though the job looked like a possible solution.

Eventually, a friend of mine and I, both feeling totally stuck in our careers, prayed together that God would lead us in His service. A few weeks later, I met the Deputy Head of a large local comprehensive, who asked me to help him prepare for his interview for a much smaller school. When he got the headship, and we had dinner to celebrate, I said, 'I might apply for your old job!' Looking for the advertisement, I noticed another that also sounded possible. It was for a school I'd never heard of - a mixed 12-18 Church of England Comprehensive in West London. Casually, I filled in the forms. I had no idea of the ways that Twyford CE High School would turn out to be linked with my life, nor of the ways that the previous years' experiences would have prepared me for it.

At the interview, however, when I discovered that the Chair of Governors had been the Head of the primary school where I had done my pre-PGCE observation in 1969, I began to have my suspicions that this was not just another job! So it has proved. Not the least of its unexpected and precious gifts has been

continued on page 15

COULD IT BE THAT IN EVERY human being there has been installed a "window" for God to breathe and shine through? I believe so. Every one of us has been allotted a "window" through which the Masterbuilder is making His imprint on us. And it is the richness of the Christian fellowship that we share with each other which God has engraved and granted us as gracious gifts to our lives.

I have learned through the years that, regardless of what I feel or might think about the "window" allotted to me, it is wrong to keep it shut or let the curtains down, because what my "window" reflects does not belong to me: it is God's property.

My parents had a deep faith in God and Christianity and they passed it on to me when I was a child. But in Junior College I acquired a voracious appetite for everything I thought was "radical and revolutionary." The ideas of Karl Marx and World-Communism challenged me and at the age of 18 I turned away from God. I wanted to become a radical intellectual!

In those years our country, Norway, was occupied by Nazi-Germany. I was active in the Resistance Movement. A good year after my "conversion" to atheism, at dawn one day in the summer of 1943, five Gestapo officers surrounded our house. They smashed the window of the front door, broke their way into our home and with bright flashlights and Sten guns forced me out of bed.

I got dressed and they forced me out into their car. As they pushed me into it, I heard mother's voice from the sun porch. Her voice shook as she called, "Leif, don't forget Jesus." I felt embarrassed. "Jesus," I mumbled to myself, "that's only for old women and invalids."

The Gestapo brought me along to the Gestapo Headquarters for interrogation. Then I was locked in solitary confinement where I was strictly guarded for several months.

I suddenly found myself in a world of evil that I never had believed possible. I experienced humans who behaved s beasts. I had been robbed of everything: Freedom, home and family, friends and everything I possessed. In other words: I was utterly alone, destitute, betrayed and forsaken, just surrounded by four brick walls. There were no books in the cell, no pencil, not a bit of paper. The only material object available was a spoon.

After about three months had passed one of the Gestapo chiefs came into the cell and told me I would be executed, "but your case has to go through the Police Court first," he added.

Thus I was faced with the reality that I was going to lose the last thing I possessed: my life. At that moment of painful realisation everything in me cried out to live. In those days of rock-bottom reality, I learned that no



AN EASTER

by Leif

darkness of man-made hell can prevent The Divine Hand of God, the God I had denied, from breaking through to man. I experienced a divine force transcending my physical existence and intellectual understanding.

One day as I was pacing around the cell, I was reminded of the times I went to church with my parents. I seldom listened to the sermons, but one thing always touched me and that was the communion service. And in our Church the Pastor always sang the communion text to an old tune from the Middle Ages, and that stuck with me. So as I walked in the cell I started to sing: "In the same night as He was betrayed, He took bread and, when He had given thanks, He brake it" And as I sang, suddenly I realized what Jesus had gone through. I experienced Him in a new reality. He had been betrayed, and I had been betrayed. He had been tortured and I had been tortured. He had been crucified, and I was going to be executed. It was as if Christ were physically walking beside me saying: "Don't be afraid, Leif. I have been through all this for you. I am with you. I am the conqueror."

Follow me." And in a strange way the fear that had gripped me disappeared, the sadness of my heart turned to joy and I knew that neither Gestapo nor the fear of execution had any longer power over me, I was free. And with that inner certainty I knelt down and prayed: "Whatever be Your will God, let that come to pass. But if I may live and even be free once again, I give You the whole of my life to use as you see best."

And to crown all, for some hidden reason the death sentence was never carried out. So God gave me the privilege of living. Was I saved for a purpose - I had to ask myself. Then I was transferred to a concentration camp and allocated to a room with 12 other prisoners. Most of them were tough intellectuals and convinced communists. They were extremely good at arguing and I was extremely bad at it. I had won a personal faith but I did not know how to put the Christian truth convincingly in a world perspective and in a social context, and felt rather helpless when confronted with their dialectical views and world conceptions.

One day I got to know a Christian student in the camp and we became very close friends. His name was Olaf. We strolled around the camp talking of the future, of our studies and what we would do when we got home. We shared all our hopes and longings, our joys and expectations, our troubles and uncertainties. One morning it all came to an end. Olaf and four of his friends had been taken to the Police Court in Oslo and been condemned to death. In the

wept. Then it was like Christ touching me and saying: "Don't be distressed. Stand up and follow Me."

That same night the condemned men were taken away. In the morning we heard that, before they were taken away and executed, Olaf had read aloud from the New Testament: "Who can separate us from the love of Christ? Can trouble, pain or persecution? Can lack of clothes and food, danger to life and limb, the threat of force of arms? NO, in all these things we win an overwhelming victory through him who has proved His love for us. I have become absolutely convinced that neither death nor life, neither messenger of Heaven nor monarch of earth, neither what happens today nor may happen tomorrow, neither a power from on high nor a power from below, nor anything else in God's whole world has any power to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord."

I decided at that time never again to deny the truth of Christ and to follow Him regardless of my human nature and many shortcomings. And I have learned that to follow Him is not a question of success or failure, but a question of grace and commitment; Mother Teresa said once that: "God has not called me to be successful, God has called me to be faithful."

In our modern world there are so many people who live in constant fear. Some are afraid of an atomic war, or of losing their money and possessions or the material securities they have staked their lives on. I count myself a privileged person because Christ has freed me from those human concerns and torments. I know that God keeps His promises and that the love of Christ can and will uphold me at all times, yesterday, today, and tomorrow.

We live in a time of history with great uncertainties, with upheavals and suffering, with want and injustice to man. The world is in the melting pot. But in all that is surging and contesting one supreme task stands out for which we will be made responsible: To follow Him, and through Him and by Him to save a crumbling civilisation; or if it should crumble, to sow the seeds which God can bring to fruition in His way and at His time.

Thus the roll-call that sounded about 2000 years ago is as relevant today:

"Then Jesus called his disciples and the people around him, and he said to them, 'If anyone wants to follow in my footsteps, he must give up all right to himself, take up his cross and follow Me.'"

Overheard, the following dialogue:

First person: "I notice you have no views of your own. Is that true?"

Second person: "I do have my own views. But I don't agree with them."

EXPERIENCE

Hovelsen

Afternoon they were back in the concentration camp and put in the death cell. The news spread among us at once. Before the evening roll-call that day I walked under the window of the cell where Olaf and his friends were. I wanted so much to show solidarity with them. Many of the other prisoners were standing around waiting for roll-call and among them were some of my radical friends, with whom I especially wanted to stand well since I was eager to be just as radical and intellectual as they were. I nodded to them.

Then I saw Olaf at the window. His hands were grasping the iron bars and he had pulled himself up so that he could see out. His eyes shone and his glance took us all in. Then he saw me and called in a strong clear voice: "Thanks for your comradeship, Leif. Never give up the fight for Christ."

I glanced at the others standing around me, and kept quiet. I didn't answer Olaf. When roll-call was over and I went back to the hut, I thought about Peter when he heard the cock crow. There was no place where I could be alone except the rest rooms. I went there and

BEHIND THE ECONOMIC MIRACLE

In his book *Japan's Decisive Decade*, Basil Entwistle writes: "Perhaps no other great nation has been as open to new ideas as was Japan [after] World War II. [Two of the] ideas competing for acceptance in the economic area were Marxist class war and Western style industrial confrontation. Japan could have followed either path. She did not, largely because a third way was demonstrated by some of her citizens. It was a way which combined the best of her national culture with a realistic response to the problems of the times. And it proved to be a road not only to economic recovery, but to a renaissance in many areas of national life."

Entwistle had visited Japan twice before the war. Two friends of his were Kensuke Horinouchi, later Vice-President of Foreign Affairs and Takasumi Mitsui, from the large industrial family.

In 1948 Horinouchi and Mitsui were among ten Japanese to attend the MRA conference in Riverside, California.



The US Government, seeing the political vacuum which had followed the defeat of Japan, had acted quickly to install a democracy. At Riverside the Japanese said: "We have this new constitution. It is like an empty basket. What shall we put into it?" The German delegation who were there told the Japanese how at Caux they had found the idea to fill the post-war vacuum in Germany and urged them to go there.

The following year a delegation of 37 led by Tetsu Katayama, first elected Prime Minister, went to Caux. The response to their reports when they returned was such that a special plane load of 76 took off for Caux in the summer of 1950.

Those on board included MP's of all parties, Seven Governors of Prefectures, the Mayors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and leaders of industry, finance and labour.

Before they left, Prime Minister Yoshida gave them a graphic concept of their mission: "In 1870 a group of Japanese travelled to the West. On their return they changed the course of Japanese life. I believe that when this delegation returns you will open a new page in our history."

At Caux they began to think about how to bring unity in their country. Two of the delegates were bitter enemies: Eiji Suzuki, Chief of Police for Osaka; and Katsuji Nakajima, a leader of the 200,000 metal workers of Japan. Suzuki was a huge and tough man. Nakajima, half his size, was a fighter. He loathed the Chief of Police and would not speak to him on the journey to Caux.

One day Nakajima went with tears in his eyes to see the Police Chief and begged pardon for his hate. He told him he realised that all his talk of brotherhood of man was unreal when he had so burning a hate of another man.

Next day the Chief of Police rose in a session of the Assembly and before 1400 people begged the pardon of Nakajima for his hatred of the socialists and communists. He said: "I have been overcome by your tremendous spirit. There has been a chain reaction in my heart."

The delegation spent three weeks in Caux before travelling through Switzerland, Germany, France and Britain, studying MRA's contribution to European reconstruction. They visited the United States on their way back to Tokyo.

In Washington, on 28th July 1950 - a little less than five years after Hiroshima and Nagasaki - spokesmen from Japan addressed the two Houses of Congress, for the first time in US history. The Vice-President Alben Barkley, who had also been to Caux, introduced the visitors. Then Choro Kuriyama representing the Japanese Prime Minister replied. His speech was interrupted seven times with loud applause. "We went to Caux in search of the true content of democracy. We found the ideology which will feed democracy in Japan." Then after expressing gratitude for America's forgiveness and aid in helping Japanese recovery, Kuriyama continued, "We are sincerely sorry for Japan's big mistake. We broke almost a century old friendship between the two countries."

The 'New York Times' commented in an editorial: "For a moment one could see out of the present darkness into the years when all men may be brothers."

continued on next page

Nature Notes (2) : BIRD TROUBLE

by Andrew Lester

SAFETY FROM mammalian predators is probably the greatest gift given to birds in lakes and marshes. The few mammals that do swim for food, like otters and mink, swim for the fish, not for the birds.

Perhaps we have found the main reason for the great abundance of birds in this disappearing landscape. Lakes are one of the most valuable habitats. They develop where a river flows into a basin on a level of impermeable rock. On flat ground where rivers come to a great standstill, marshes are formed and the river forms a large flood plain. In both cases, nutrients are concentrated to a high degree. As they accumulate they sink to the bottom and are thus taken up by water-bourne plants.

The shallower the lake or marsh, the greater the bird life. Deep lakes are nearly as sterile as the open sea and of much less use.

The shallows are amongst the richest and most productive habitats on earth. Sunlight can penetrate the depths and plants can grow. But we must be aware that these deltas will not survive today without our constant protection. Birds

cannot simply 'adapt' to the wholesale destruction of their environment. Nor for that matter can the plants or insects, which make an even greater ecosystem.

Many different species of bird have adapted themselves to a life in the water. Whether long-legged stilts of a dozen different species, able to probe into the nutrient-rich ground in which it feeds, or over four hundred types of fresh-water duck able to dabble or dive for their food. The banks of river deltas and flood plains are patrolled by many species of egret and heron. Dagger-like bills and long legs, are characteristic of their specialised way of feeding. These wonderful birds have no way to adapt to the changes man has put upon their heads. If this wholesale destruction continues, a sad price will be paid: the loss of one of the world's most valuable habitats.

Protection is needed on a massive scale - or birds like the Atitlan Grebe, Dalmatian Pelican and Slaty Egrets will have gone. These three are luckless survivors. Within a decade these, with over one hundred others, could be lost to that ruthless conqueror - man.

G. K. Chesterton:

"Merely having an open mind is nothing; the object of opening the mind, as of opening the mouth, is to shut it again on something solid."

"I do not believe in a fate that falls on men however they act; but I do believe in a fate that falls on them unless they act."

"The only way of catching a train I ever discovered is to miss the train before."

"It is better to speak wisdom foolishly like the saints than to speak folly wisely like the deans."

"Art, like morality, consists in drawing the line somewhere."

Deputy Head: continued from page 11

that, at our regular weekly meetings, the Head, the other two Deputies and myself pray together - doing that even if there is no time for anything else.

I never planned a 'career' but God has led me from point to point, usually, as with Twyford, through people, always towards people - students and staff - and their lives and needs, and always through prayer: seldom with flashing revelations, but always with a growing inner sense of space and calm and healing of the wounds. He has met me with friends and companionship and - though I still find the job far beyond me - He has given me satisfaction and joy.

Yesterday, Friday, I asked my English group for their essays. Silence. 'No essays?' I asked. 'Monday?' 'Yes,' they all said with relief. 'Thank goodness,' I said. 'I couldn't think how I was going to mark them over the weekend with all the other work I've got.' One of them grinned: 'We were thinking of you, Miss,' he said. I've been laughing ever since - and found time to write this article.

P.S. The friend I prayed with also got another job - at exactly the same time as I did.

Hilary Belden is Deputy Head at Twyford CE High School, London.

MRA Story: continued from page 14

In the first three months after their return, members of the delegation spoke to over a million people in meetings and through the media. Representative Katamura was received by the Emperor, who drew him out for two hours about the tour and asked him about MRA.

Nakajima worked closely with Police Chief Suzuki and Taizo Ishizaka, President of Toshiba who was also at Caux, to demonstrate for labour and management a strategy of industrial teamwork. Then the Governor of the Telecommunications Corporation and the Governor of the National Railways gathered key personnel as well as trade union leaders to hear about MRA.

Yasuhiro Nakasone, a Diet Member later to become Prime Minister spoke on an average three times a day about his experience. Within three months he had addressed 50,000 people. Chojiro Kuriyama set out a strategy in the Diet to make MRA effective 'personally, in the home and in society.'

OWL AND THE MOON

by Arnold Lobel

One night Owl went down to the seashore. He sat on a large rock and looked out at the waves. Everything was dark. Then a small tip of the moon came up over the edge of the sea.

Owl watched the moon. It climbed higher and higher into the sky. Soon the whole, round moon was shining. Owl sat on the rock and looked up at the moon for a long time. 'If I am looking at you, moon, then you must be looking back at me. We must be very good friends.' The moon did not answer. But Owl said, 'I will come back and see you again, moon. But now I must go home.' Owl walked down the path. He looked up at the sky. The moon was still there. It was following him. 'No, no, moon,' said Owl. 'It is kind of you to light my way. But you must stay up over the sea where you look so splendid.' Owl walked on a little farther. He looked at the sky again. There was the moon still coming after him. 'Dear moon,' said Owl, 'you really must not come home with me. My house is small. You would not fit

through the door. And I have nothing to give you for supper.'

Owl kept on walking. The moon sailed after him over the tops of the trees. 'Moon,' said Owl, 'I think that you do not hear me'. Owl climbed to the top of a hill. He shouted as loudly as he could, 'Goodbye Moon!'

The moon went behind some clouds. Owl looked and looked. The moon was gone. 'It is always a little sad to say goodbye to a friend,' said Owl. Owl came home. He put on his pyjamas and went to bed. The room was very dark. Owl was still feeling sad. All at once Owl's bedroom was filled with silver light. Owl looked out of the window. The moon was coming from behind the clouds. 'Moon, you have followed me all the way home. What a good, round friend you are!' said Owl.

Then Owl put his head on the pillow and closed his eyes. The moon was shining down through the window. Owl did not feel sad at all.

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