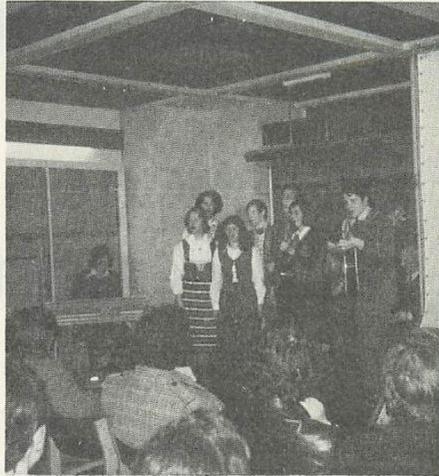


# NEW WORLD NEWS

FOR MORAL RE-ARMAMENT



Audience and cast at Balliol showing of 'Cross Road'.

## CROSS ROAD REPORTS:

### Oxford

BALLIOL COLLEGE, Oxford has been known for many years for its internationalism and its radical ideas. *Cross Road*, in its new film version, portraying the revolution which Frank Buchman dedicated his life to, was shown twice in the new Lecture Room.

Denis Nowlan, a Balliol student, said, 'There is more to a university than re-learning old ways of thinking, we must explore new ways of living and export them to the world.'

Permission was granted for tea to be given in the Master's Drawing Room for students to meet one of the personalities in the film, Les Dennison from Coventry. He had been a Communist for twenty-two years and discussed with them for two hours the ideological struggle.

Dennison said, 'I've always hated injustice, but I found a superior idea to Marxism in dealing with it. *Cross Road* is the demonstration of what the ordinary man can do for the world. Christ is the centre.'

Students from Venezuela, Poland, South Africa, Norway, Sweden, Ethiopia, Japan and Singapore attended these occasions.

### South Coast

CROSS ROAD was shown six times in seven days in Chichester, Selsey, Worthing, Guildford and Brighton at the beginning of this month. Sixteen people from six nations travelled with it.

Everywhere three groups of people were touched and challenged; those travelling with the film, those in the crowded audiences, and those who opened their hearts and homes to us and made the practical arrangements.

At each performance people of all ages spoke. One evening, a German girl who had been singing with the cast and

CROSS ROAD continued on page 4

PETER HOWARD wrote his own introduction to the collection of his poems *Above the Smoke and Stir* (Grosvenor Books £1.50) which has been recently published. We reproduce it here. 'Easter' is one of fifty one poems in the book.

THESE are battle poems. They were born among the joys and pains, the wounds and victories of the fight for a new world.

Most of them were written for someone in my family or among my friends, to encourage them when the fight was hard or to give them a token of the love I have for them.

Few of the poems were written with the idea of publication. They are printed now as they were written—gay and serious, black and silver, rough and smooth.

I have been and am many things—a son, a husband, a brother and a father, a journalist and author, a footballer and farmer. I have been drunk with success and drugged by failure. I have tasted many things in life and still enjoy a sharp thirst and hunger for what is to come. But this is the first time I have spread my table as a poet.

What is a poet meant to be? Is he a mirror or a lens? Should he picture life or change it? Should he help others to escape from reality into fairyland or take them and rub their noses in the grim, gritty mud of the human landscape? Is a poet a radiator, a thermometer or a refrigerator? Or is he none of these things? Is he one who can crystallise a vision?

I cannot pretend to know. There are many kinds of poet. The poetry that seems greatest has done two things to me. It has brought to life parts of me which had been buried and it has created new things in my heart. I have said, 'Why, of course, that is how I have always felt—but I never realised it before.' And I have said, 'This is the way mankind is meant to feel and to live.'

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## Easter

Christ walks the earth at Easter tide,  
And, marching bravely at His side,  
The hosts of those whose blood was shed,  
Like His, to raise us from the dead:

The men who in the mud of France  
Won with their breath another chance  
For England, ransomed, strong and free,  
To recreate her destiny;

The pilots who sang in the sky  
Death to another tyranny,  
When faint and fearful years had lost  
The hope bought at such savage cost.

The earth, our mother, feels their tread,  
The triumph of the living dead.  
They come to see how well we strive  
To bring dead hearts on earth alive.

At Easter, from the waking world,  
The threads of life force are unfurled,  
Blossom the hedgerow, prick the field,  
And stir the slumbering clay to yield.

And we? Christ knows we need His  
power  
To match our nation to this hour,  
To end the lipstick life, which tries  
To bluff the men from Paradise,

The gilding of the shoddy ways  
That numb our nights and dim our days,  
The knack some formula to find  
Which pinions truth and keeps men  
blind.

Christ walks the earth; God grant that I  
For ever to myself may die  
This Easter, and may walk as new  
To serve and give my whole life through.

And Britain yet may rise to bring  
Renaissance to the world in spring,  
To walk with Christ through Calvary,  
And with Him set the nations free.

## TIRLEY GARTH

TWO CONFERENCES will be taking place at Tirley Garth, Tarporley, Cheshire in April.

Men and women 'who want to find ways to make civic life into a pattern of unity for British society and beyond' will be meeting 19-20 April.

'Can farmers aim to feed the world and participate in creating new motives for international action?' is the theme of a weekend conference 12-13 April.

The invitation to the farming conference states,

'We would like to use this weekend to seek together realistic long-term objectives for agriculture and all concerned with the food industry.

'President Boumediene of Algeria said last year, "I feel with Europe we could start to build a new kind of world society with more human and spiritual values in which human beings can find true fulfilment and where poverty and misery can be eliminated."

'Can Europe find the way to respond whole-heartedly to such a challenge? The Lomé Convention just signed between the EEC and 46 developing countries has been generally welcomed as a step in the right direction. The World Food Conference in Rome however showed that clashes of interest and outlook run deep, yet these could be the point at which change begins.'

## ABERDEEN

COUNCILLORS, farmers, students, ministers and senior citizens were among the crowd who streamed into the Aberdeen Arts Centre last week to see Peter Howard's play *The Ladder* and the film *A Man for All People*.

They were welcomed by Baillie George Whyte who had made the arrangements for the student cast of *The Ladder* to present the play for the public.

Seventy people stayed after the performance to meet and talk with the cast. One councillor commented, 'Nobody could have sat through that tonight without thinking very seriously.' Another councillor, on the education committee, said, 'It made me very proud tonight to see Aberdeen students showing a way like that.'

This was the seventeenth performance of the play by this cast in the last year. Their next appearance will be at the international MRA conference in Edinburgh after Easter.

## STOCKHOLM

CHILDREN aged 4-13 years last week collected 3,000 Swedish crowns in Stockholm as a contribution towards the visit of *Song of Asia* to Europe. Things which they had been preparing since the new year were sold and the film *The Smile of The Apsara* introduced the message and the scope of *Song of Asia* to 200 people.

## IN ADDIS

# Someone has to start

by Beda Kasemiro

I AM from Southern Sudan. Sudan is composed of the Muslim North, and the Christian or pagan South. Power has lain in the hands of the northerners. We felt they were treating us wrongly. We saw no way to gain our just demands except through fighting for freedom from the northern government.

The Anyanya movement was formed to do this. For five years I fought in it. I lived in the bush. Sometimes I had to eat dogs or snakes in order to live. Sometimes it was just mud - to assuage the pain of an empty stomach.

## Desert wanted

Hate drove me on. My aim was not only to separate Southern Sudan from the North, but to burn every creature in the North - and even the land. I wanted to create a desert.

Then my sister, 17 years old, was shot dead early one morning by northern troops. I hated more intensely. But I also started to think. I saw how the blind hate of revenge can only lead to new wars, and destroy even those I love. I saw the devastation of my land. I was hopeless that war could bring anything better for my people. I decided to go to Ethiopia to seek education and training, and how I could help my people best.

## Hit in face

Here I met the idea of Moral Re-Armament. It was what I was looking for. I saw we must end the corruption, exploitation and hate that leads us blindly into wars. And I saw that I was part of the disease. I had quarrelled with my father, and hit him in the face with a chair. I had stolen money from my mother. I had done nothing to help my wife and daughter, left in the Sudan. I realised that I hated my brother even more than I hated the northerners.

Someone has to start if we are to bring the change we need. I decided to start. God worked a miracle in my life, freeing me from hate.

I went back to the Sudan and apologised to my father and mother, my wife and my brother. They accepted my apology. That was another miracle. Then I had to put things right with others whom I hated - both northerners and

southerners. I started to find how to help people. One day my brother beat his son because he had found him drinking. But he drank too. I told him he should either give up drink himself, or let his son drink. Now he is trying to give it up - and his son is changing.

## After the signing

I decided to live by absolute moral standards - honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. These standards are necessary if we are to bring an effective cure to our nation. We in the South demand many things that the northerners have. But, though peace has been signed, we are bitter against the northerners. So they are scared of us, and do not want to help us. Suppose we put right that bitterness? Then we will build trust, and we will be able to sit down and work out what is right for every man, regardless of tribe or religion.

Recently I attended a conference for Moral Re-Armament in Kenya. I told the delegates what I plan to do for my country now. I said I will return to my people and work to answer the problems on the basis of *what* is right, not *who* is right. I will forgive those who hurt me, and ask forgiveness of all I have



Beda Kasemiro

wronged. I will leave the past behind and work to build unity in the country.

We often talk of unity in the African continent, but how can we unite Africa if in my own country I am creating hate and division? Finally, I am going to fight injustice without fear or compromise. Sudan's destiny is to build bridges between Moslems and Christians, and within the African continent. I will fight for this with everyone, cabinet minister or common man. They are all human beings like myself. If I can change, they can.

I have set to work here in Addis, getting to know the northern Sudanese, and building a team among the southerners who will do this also.

# Water on a furnace

by C T Thomas

I WAS BROUGHT UP in a family of ten where we got love and care. I had the greatest affection from my parents. My father was a lawyer, always dedicated, and he spent most of his time with the children. He used to take us for long walks, to nearby waterfalls and through the forest in Kerala, giving us all the fun of scouting. When we came to live in our home town, he had the constant desire to build a school in our neighbourhood. He invested most of what he had in the building of the school.

For fourteen years our family had a civil case with a Hindu family in our village. My father conducted the case and we won it; we thought it to be a big victory. At the same time he was looking for a person to be head of the new school. One fine morning, my father went to see the head of this Hindu family and offered the post of headmistress to his daughter. It was a gracious act, and the two families were reconciled after a long period of bitterness. To this day I do not think there is another school run by a Christian family having a Hindu headmistress. It stands now as a memorial not only for my father, but for goodwill.

I started my career looking for satisfying ideologies. I worked with various Christian youth organisations. From working in a bank, I took up trustee work. It was an office administrating the properties of companies and banks in liquidation. I had a long big battle to make our work above corruption. I advocated complete honesty—and had to face a lot of opposition, particularly from the higher authorities. I thought my country would never rise to the aspirations of a dedicated young man.

My friends said I had chosen the wrong road; instead of fighting corruption, I should have joined the rest, I could have earned a lot of money and could lead a comfortable life. I felt bitter. I left the job without any savings and went home empty-handed after ten years of work. I decided to go abroad.

I left my country full of bitterness and hate. When I was leaving Delhi airport I said I would never return. I felt that there was no one ready to fight the corruption in my country. The same



The Thomas family

bitterness and self-righteousness extended to my own people, when I came to work as a teacher in Ethiopia—even at home. I got involved in family quarrels. I lost my health and began to fall sick often.

One day, feeling bitterly disappointed with life and very lonely, I left my home and drove to the school. By chance I met a man in casual conversation outside the office. He told me he was working for Moral Re-Armament and invited me to come and see him and his friends at their flat in Addis Ababa. This led to several meetings. He asked me to consider the cost of my bitterness and hate, and lent me a book called *The Art of Remaking Men*.

I began to spend more time in prayer and God spoke to me. I found an answer to all my problems. I did not understand at first how to listen to the inner voice, but gradually I began to get clear thoughts. I apologised to certain members of my family for my bitterness. I wrote letters of apology to others. It was like pouring water on a furnace. Peace and understanding we achieved at home. With my wife and three children we began to listen. It was fascinating!

I began to talk to students and other teachers. Many copies of *The Black and White Book* were distributed and sold. We got permission to show some of the MRA films in the school. Class teaching became more lively, meaningful and interesting. Now I care for my students more than I used to. As I began to put things right, my health improved.

In February the students presented some strong demands and when they were not met, refused to go to class. At a staff meeting the teachers passed a strong resolution—that unless the strike ended the school should be closed and if necessary the police called to clear

the compound. I did not feel happy about this decision and took some time to listen.

I had a clear thought to speak to some of the student representatives. They seemed keen to talk. I told them the story of the Standard Motors strike at Madras and how the students had helped to solve the problems of thousands of workers by breaking the deadlock. I talked of their great role, their future and the country's future. I suggested that we should be silent and listen to God.

We had a time of quiet and then shared our thoughts. They felt very much that they did not get any help from the teachers. I apologised for all the teachers. The students too apologised. They wrote a letter of apology to the school director and reduced their 'demands' from many to four quite reasonable ones. They all agreed to go back to class.

The teachers, the majority of them Indians, refused to accept the apology of the students. They felt that I was not authorised to meet them on my own and I came under bitter attack. The director called a further staff meeting. I prepared a statement which I read to them, not defending myself but emphasising what is right—not who is right.

In the end, in spite of opposition from some, it was agreed that the students' apology should be accepted and, as they all returned, that normal classes should be resumed. It was the simple lessons learned from MRA that got this strike ended.

Moral Re-Armament is for the whole world. Its message must reach every human heart. It is the only answer to make the globe fit for human survival. The cost of neglecting it is colossal. God still cares for us. We have a duty to care too.

accompanying some of the songs on her violin, told her story: 'As an art student I had all I needed to enjoy life and do what I wanted. But this did not satisfy me. Eventually I took to drugs in search for truth. I understood the battle between good and evil in the world, but this did not stop me choosing the wrong way. I came to a crisis in my life and for three days lay in my room with the curtains drawn, eating nothing, wondering whether life was worth living.'

'Only then did I decide to try the experiment of trusting in God. It was a revolutionary step for me to try and live by absolute moral standards, in a world that had lost its values. The simple secret you see in this film, that God can speak to us when we are ready to listen and wants to use us to change the world, gave me the deeper meaning of life for which I was searching. I have committed my life to fight for this revolutionary way of living wherever I am.'

At the end of the tour in the south she said, 'This has been the happiest week of my life.'

Another girl, who studies singing and drama, joined the cast for the first time in Chichester, where the Mayor and Mayoress welcomed all the guests.

After taking part in four performances, she spoke at a showing of the film in Brighton: 'I have always run away from things and tried to put on an act. Here I have decided to face the truth about myself. I am going to study at drama college next year, but life is not going to be an act any more and I am not going to pretend. I take three things with me - faith, humility and reality.'

At the request of the Mayor of Guildford, a detour from the south coast was made to put on a performance in his town's new Cathedral Hall. The Mayor, introducing the evening, said: 'I saw the original multi-media show in the Westminster Theatre after a Royal Garden party. I look forward with great interest to see how it has been made into a film. This extension of a great work promises an exciting evening.' A former Mayor of Guildford, who also came with his wife, said that the occasion had more than repaid them for cancelling two other engagements in its favour.

A French engineer saw *Cross Road* in Worthing, and offered to help set up the equipment for the Brighton showing. This was timely, because he was able to make a faulty spotlight work by 7.29 pm for the 7.30 performance! He said at the end, 'I am at the cross-road in my own life. This has been a deeply satisfying experience.'

The cast were invited to sing and speak in two girls boarding schools. At one of them the headmistress provided

a room afterwards to which the girls streamed in to talk with members of the cast. They asked questions and wanted to find out how to apply what they had heard in their own lives. One girl said, 'This has been the most interesting and challenging school assembly we have ever had.'

The school chaplain immediately phoned the headmistress of his daughter's school, and arranged for the cast to conduct an assembly for the 600 girls there. The head of religious instruction said afterwards, 'This is power to my elbow. But I never get the attention or applause you received this morning!' Another staff member, who usually reads a book through assembly, did not open it that morning.

The chaplain then phoned his son in London, telling him he must come down immediately to see *Cross Road* that evening. He came, intrigued by his father's urgent enthusiasm, and was one of the last to leave the hall that night. Now he wants *Cross Road* for his own college. Someone remarked that his father is looking fifteen years younger that he was a month ago, when he first heard of MRA!

This film presentation of how God was able to use Frank Buchman in his lifetime is without doubt impacting today's generation. A horticultural engineer, who spoke at one of the performances, was typical of many. He said: '*Cross Road* points the way. I for one have decided to walk that road.' JF

## CROSS ROAD REPORTS:

### *The World*

COPIES of the new film\* of *Cross Road* - 'the story of a man who set out to remake the world' - have been flown in recent weeks to the United States, Canada, Kenya, Switzerland, South Africa and Nigeria. Meanwhile the early copies already in use in Rhodesia and in Britain continue to be seen by gatherings large and small.

A Swedish editor who saw *Cross Road* recently commented, 'This is part of the unwritten history of this century.'

One of the men involved in the last stages of production was film editor Geoffrey Fry. He says, 'You rarely work on a film that compels and holds you as this one does, no matter how many times you have to view it.'

Fry, who edited *Dr Strangelove* and *Gulliver's Travels*, and for TV *The Forsyte Saga* and *David Copperfield*, describes *Cross Road* as 'a unique film, made in a unique style'. 'Very good use has been made of the potentialities of the rostrum camera. The film direction

is remarkable. It is imaginative in its construction, particularly the early biographical sequences and especially the story of Bill Pickle. The river sequence is terrific and contains beautiful photography. It comes very near to being a landmark in film-making.'

\*Copies, at £250 each, can be ordered from MRA Productions 12 Palace Street London SW1

HOWARD *continued from page 1*

A modern theory says that you have to be a bad man in order to be a good writer. The idea is that only those who reject what are called 'bourgeois' conceptions, absolute standards of morality, can pass on with their brush and pen the tides and flavours of humanity.

But it is harder to be good than to be bad. Everyone knows this, even journalists and poets. Those who travel the hard road may have more to tell than those who travel the soft. And those who swim against a tide measure their strength and taste its strong flavours far more accurately than those who drift with it.

It is true that many bad people have been successful in art. But millions of others have not. Some of these would have made more of life if they had known the secret of victory over moral defeat, glorified by the pens and brushes of evil genius.

Immortality is seldom immortal. There is so much dirt around in every age that it is hardly worth preserving it from one generation to the next.

Anyway the question must always be asked and can never be answered in this world - if immoral genius in history had spent less energy in self-satisfaction, would it have left even better gifts behind? If the best that a poet can express is himself, does his work deserve to die with his body? It is the glimmer of something eternal which has the stuff of greatness in it.

All I know is this - in my own case, if I were a better man I would be a better poet.

These poems are rooted in reality. They tell for people who live today the tale of a tomorrow that is already coming to birth. They sing of an answer which is conquering the problems of our age. Their hope is not vain and their faith is not a delusion. It is for everyone everywhere.

I humbly wish that someone with a more spacious mind and larger spirit, someone of genius, could have written them. But here they are, with many imperfections, the fragile shadow of a shining fact.