

## VERDICT OF TWO ADVOCATES

*The Advocate*, a Tasmanian daily, says that Garth Lean's book *Good God, It Works!* 'makes appealing reading - even for the cynic who finds that anything that is not totally material to his needs is anathema to his life'.

The paper writes, 'Leans's story is one of faith - the kind of dedication to Christian ideals that is so lacking in the world today. Lean subtitles his book "an experiment in faith". Experiment it might be, but those who succeed show a strength of character that provides a vital challenge to materialism. Above all, Lean shows that for those who are prepared to give it a go, the rewards are great. But he doesn't attempt to preach, rather, he writes of examples leaving it to the reader to make up his own mind.

That is where the strength of the book lies.'

*The Advocate*, a Catholic weekly published in Melbourne, also reviews *Good God, It Works!* It describes the book as 'a first person report of author Garth Lean's experiment in living faith'. 'He tells, without dramatics, of his own search for a deeper faith in God as he lives an apparently ordinary life through four decades of hot and cold wars and boom-and-bust economics. The racy opening sets the pace for the book as Lean recounts his announcement to a friend: "I've been making an experiment. I've given God control of my life." And his friend's reply, "You damned fool!"'

# What greater destiny can there be for a nation?

asks Sydney Cook

in the introduction to 'Beth fydd llais Cymru?'

IT IS A PRIVILEGE to write a word of introduction to this fascinating book.

Reading the different chapters, one finds a series of challenging and faith-giving answers to the question set out in the title, *What will be the voice of Wales?*

Here we have the voices of a girl who has just left the Welsh Medium School at Rhydyfelin and a former High Sheriff of Radnorshire, of a North Wales quarry director and a South Wales steelworker, of a Cardiff student, a Rhondda teacher, housewives. They are just as varied in their political aspirations, representing the full spectrum of Labour, Plaid Cymru, Conservative, Liberal.

The conclusions they reach are fascinating, in that they have so many common elements, and faith-giving in the hope they express for the future.

## Far-seeing

Almost every writer makes the point that the destiny of Wales is to be responsible for the whole of humanity. There is in these pages a far-seeing and statesmanlike concept of nationalism, which brushes aside the barriers - imaginary yet often present in our minds - between loving one's own country and thinking for other countries. It is a positive, creative, hate-free concept of nationhood, which, lived out and exported, could be the key to solve conflicts of race, language and colour now raging on different continents.

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## WELSH VOICE

Beth fydd llais Cymru? ('What will be voice of Wales?'), a new booklet in Welsh, will be launched next week at the Royal National Eisteddfod. The Eisteddfod, Wales' major Welsh-language cultural and social event, is being held this year in Criecheth, North Wales, the home town of Lloyd George.

Besides a special launching reception, a tent on the Eisteddfod field will publicise and sell the new booklet along with *Y Llyfr Du a Gwyn* (*The Black and White Book*).

The back cover of the booklet reads:

'Today the voice of Wales is increasingly making itself heard.

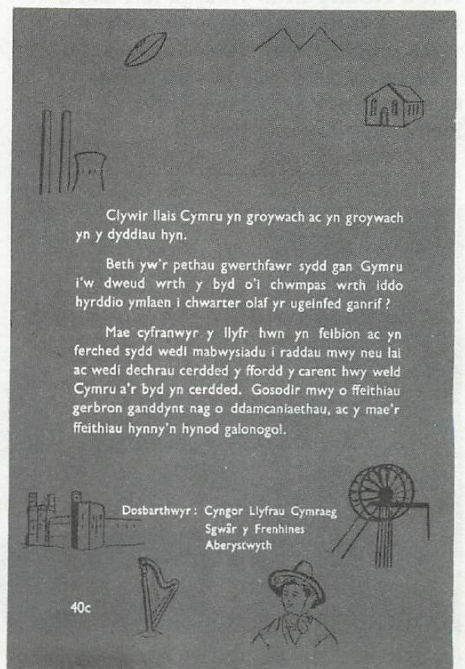
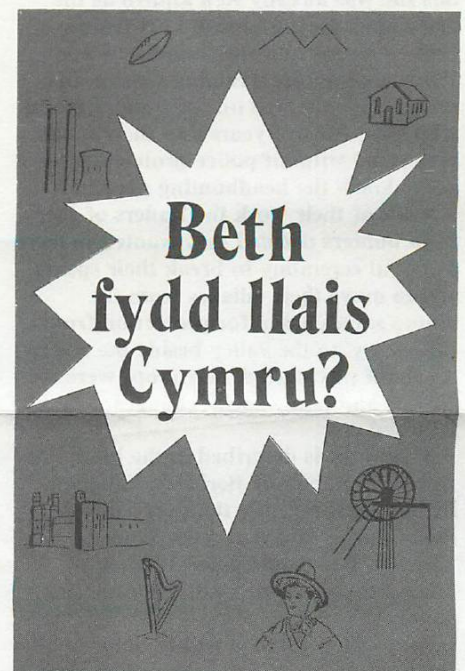
'What are the things of value that Wales has to say to the world around her as it hurtles into the last quarter of the twentieth century?

'The contributors to this book are men and women who, to a greater or lesser degree, have become "involved", and have begun to live the way they want Wales and the world to live. They put forward more facts than theories and the facts are highly encouraging.'

*Beth fydd llais Cymru?* costs 40p (plus p & p 10p) and is obtainable from The Welsh Books Council, Queen's Square, Aberystwyth or 12 St Anthony Road, Cardiff.

# NEW WORLD NEWS

FOR MORAL RE-ARMAMENT



Front and back cover of the booklet

# What our women could do

by Alice Wedega

Miss Alice Wedega, MBE, was the first Papua New Guinean woman to serve on the country's Legislative Council. Before this she was already well known as the first Papua New Guinean Girl Guide Commissioner and the founder of a Women's Welfare Training Centre. In earlier days she was one of a small group who went for five years into the Papuan hinterland without police protection, to get to know the headhunting people. As a result of their work the leaders of the head hunters decided they wanted to have a special ceremony to break their spears and to move their villages from the hilltop sites, chosen for protection from the enemy, to the valley beside the river. A school was started, new crops were planted and many social changes followed.

This work is described in the book *Doctor in Papua* by Berkeley Vaughan. Reviewing it recently the *Port Moresby Post-Courier* said that Alice Wedega 'seems to have anticipated Women's Liberation by about a quarter of a century'.

Papua New Guinea will become independent on 16 September. For almost half a century Miss Wedega has had a major part in establishing the role of women in its rapidly evolving society.

In recent years she has travelled to many countries of the world, including Northern Ireland.



Photo: Weeks

I HAVE WATCHED, lived and worked with women all over Papua New Guinea – village women, civilised women, women in high positions.

We used to go from village to village asking the women what they wanted to learn. Usually it was to grow new things – peanuts, rice, peppers. We taught them to put the seed right down so that the surface of the soil reaches the base of your finger. Then we began teaching them to help each other; – how to clean their houses, to build houses for the old people, and the men began to help the women in the garden.

We were not bringing in new things from outside, but studying the life of the village and helping them to improve their life. Each village made its committee and every five or six months the committees would send a representative to the district meeting to give their report. When one village heard of big progress in another village the people of the first village would say, 'We must work harder to be like them.'

Soon I saw we needed to have a place where we could bring the women for four or five months training and God gave me the thought to build a training centre. One lady gave her land. All the villages helped; one building the roof, another the rafters. The Government gave us one hundred dollars and we used the money to give people a meal when they brought things they had made.

My years with the headhunters were the ones I enjoyed the most. There were

no arguments; we just listened to God and went ahead and obeyed.

One time when walking through the bush we became very tired and sat down to rest. Someone suggested we made camp at that spot for the night. We listened to God and the feeling we had was to keep going on. We did not know there was a whole group of men coming to surround us. One of them came into the nearby village, wearing a hornbill on his head. That is the sign of a man preparing to kill somebody. He asked, 'Where are those missionaries?' The villagers told him we had gone away.

Some years later I came back to this area, bringing a group of girls, to visit village after village on patrol. It was raining heavily and we came to a river which was so high we could not cross it. We had to camp there and wait. We had no food so found some sago and greens and lived on that. Each day we would chop down a tree on the riverbank and if it floated downstream we knew the water was still too high.



One morning I woke up very early and noticed a basket belonging to one of the girls hanging above my head. I had the thought to ask the girls what was in this basket. At first no one said anything. Then a girl came to me and confessed that in this basket she had been keeping all the love letters and money sent to her by different men she had known. Later when we were gathered together, she told the others she had decided to cut away the sin in her life and in front of everyone, burned the letters.

While this was happening one of the men who was helping us carry our things came forward and said, 'This girl has made me feel very convicted. I want to apologise to you, Alice. Many years ago when you and a few others were on patrol in this region I and my friends made a plan to kill you. I dressed with a hornbill on my head and went to look for you. I am very, very sorry. I want to work with you when we go into the villages from now, and not just carry the provisions.'

I knew then that God had wanted us to get clear about these things before we reached the next village. That day when we cut down the tree, its two ends rested on the bank. We waited one more day to be sure, then went on our way.

The headhunters taught me many things. One day one of them came to

\*Papua New Guinea's new flag – a yellow Bird of Paradise on a red background soaring above the Southern Cross on a black background.



Dining hall and kitchen built specially for a recent MRA conference in Milne Bay

challenge me. I was living in a three-storey house and he walked straight up to the second floor where my room was, and came in without knocking. I was a bit surprised and even more so when he handed me a ball of their string-made from a particular vine. I said, 'What is that?' He said nothing and went out. So I threw the ball into a corner and forgot about it for a couple of days.

Finally I picked it up and started to unwind it. As I came to the end my fingers began to get black and and I realised there was a lump of charcoal at the centre.

For a few days I couldn't see why he had given it to me. Then God spoke to me: 'You have been too proud to tell these people what is the deepest truth about yourself. You are honest with high up people. You look down on people below you and you need to come down and be honest about the things really in you.' I was shocked. When God speaks to you it is not easy. I had been too proud to tell these people the bad things I had done in the past. So the next time we were gathered together I told them these things.

They did not understand God's guidance until we came to the root of sin, then they knew what we were aiming at. Then they began to name the sins they had done. That really amazed me. That is why they are free.

My home is now in the capital of Papua New Guinea, Port Moresby. In my garden we have built an oven just like the ovens I taught the village people to build. It is made with a 44-gallon oil drum lying on its side on concrete blocks so that a fire can be lit underneath, and has concrete blocks all around to keep the heat inside.

Every Tuesday the housewives come - the wife of a cabinet minister, wives of public servants, teachers. Together we learn to use our hands, our minds and our hearts. We bake, and learn that a good one, to be a good one, needs four basic ingredients - flour, egg, butter and milk. We talk about the four moral standards of absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love as the 'basic ingredients' needed for a good home and for life. Also, when they see the results of what they do with their hands, they understand what is needed for their homes.



Mrs Lapa Daure is one who comes to these Tuesday gatherings. She has found in her home something I believe many more families in Papua New Guinea could experience: 'My husband and I have been married thirteen years and have five children between 5 and 14.

For eleven of our thirteen years there were never-ending fights in our home. The children were unhappy and life was dull. Sometimes, at the table, not a word was said from the start of the meal to the finish.

'On 14 February, 1974, our son's birthday, my husband and I were separated. So all he received on his 11th birthday was a separation from his parents. My mother arrived unexpectedly in April - she had heard of our separation and had come to take all the children home with her. By this time my husband had called us back to him, but things were not settled between us; I was hurt and the children were rebellious.

'Mum and I had long talks together and I asked God for direction. My thought was, 'Don't let yourself be run by your feelings. You are to stay with your husband.' Just at this time, my husband had to go to Australia for three months. During his absence, I began to realise that I was part of the problem and that I needed very much to change too. I was a proud, selfish and self-righteous mother. I talked too much and didn't want to listen to anyone, or to God. All along in our married life I had blamed my husband for every little thing that had gone wrong in the home.

'My 11-year-old son had a thought one morning; that I talked too much and why not let God tell me what to do? I felt bad inside, but I knew my son was right. I listened, and felt God telling me to be honest with my children. I did so, and this brought a new relationship between us. I wrote to my husband and

apologised for my part in making our home life so unhappy and to my surprise he, too, said he was sorry for his part in it. The children, too, wrote in the same way and this built a new relationship between them and their father.

'We have not travelled far on this road. There are times when the devil tries to have his way. But we are so grateful for what has happened and we praise God for His help.'



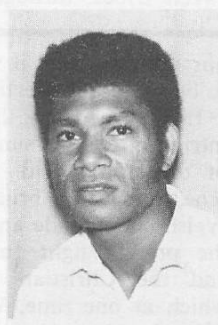
I think a great deal about the women who I have lived and worked with. There are the women who live in the villages and the rural areas. They have no parties or films or dances to enjoy - their special occasions are to make feasts. There are two kinds of feasts, wedding and burial. Growing gardens and making feasts is their whole aim and future. They are satisfied doing that day by day and year by year.

Another group are the women who go into town to live with friends or family. They don't belong to the civilised people or to the rural areas. They try to imitate the women who live in the towns but they drift between the two ways of life. They don't know what to do. They have no future and no aim.

**ALICE WEDEGA** continued on page 4

## Let's show the world

by Raka Doni



I COME FROM a small village called Sumagahi which is six hours by boat from Alotau in the Milne district. Last December I went to the Stanwell Tops conference near Sydney and since coming back I have been working with Moral Re-Armament in Port Moresby.

Now I am back in Milne Bay with a friend from Sri Lanka and some of the MRA films.

The first public showing of the film *The Smile of the Apsara* in Papua New Guinea took place in the Cameron High School in Alotau. Over a thousand people crowded into the hall. The people are very proud that two from Milne Bay are with *Song of Asia* in Europe. When they appeared on the screen the crowd started cheering and clapping very loudly. We also showed the

film *Voice of the Hurricane*, which is very relevant for our country as we are getting Independence.

We visited my village and also Bwali-kelolo, the village of one of the cast of *Song of Asia*. We were welcomed very warmly by her parents and spent one night there. That evening 300 people came to see *The Smile of the Apsara* from the villages in the mountains and along the coast. Some walked through the bush for two hours and some came by boat and canoe. They contributed money for our expenses. Later we visited Kwato Island also.

Recently the Chief Minister Michael Somare visited us. He told us that Papua New Guinea could be an example to the world. 'Unlike other developing countries we could show the world that we can get Independence without bloodshed. We see our neighbours involved in war and hundreds of children from Indo-China are being sent to other countries to find new parents. We need not let this happen in our country. Already we have shown that self-government came without having to fight with Australia,' he said.

I am working with MRA because I want to know more about God and also help my country.

## BRITISH UNDERSTATEMENT

Part of a review by A P Hassumani of 'Bunny' Austin's book 'Frank Buchman as I knew him'\* which appeared in the Indian newsweekly 'Himmat'.

ON ANY SHOWING, Frank Buchman was one of the significant men of this century. With Marx and Mahatma Gandhi he must rank as an idea-man who made a profound impact on the minds of men.

Austin's concluding para of *Frank Buchman as I knew him* is a modest summation of the book: 'Thus, quite simply, is summed up the motive and mainspring of living of an unpretentious small town American boy who, because he loved God and had always liked people, lived greatly for his country and for the world.'

It is a fascinating story I would recommend to the godless as much as to the god-fearing. It is a simple tale told in an unpretentious and straightforward manner which is moving by its very understatement characteristic of a Britisher.

What kind of a man was Frank Buchman and what did he live for? During a long life (1878-1961) he did some of his best work when he was well past 60. He was an ordinary mortal with an amazing capacity for caring for the other fellow. But one cannot escape the impression that here was a man who walked in the ways of God.

His character is delineated with deft and sure touches. The impact he made on eminent men of our time in all parts

of the world is brought out in a quiet fashion by factual narration without flourish or fanfare. Similarly, the personal traits of this self-effacing man of God and his positive philosophy and its proved powers of capturing public imagination are brought out with telling effect. This is done by describing faithfully and without a trace of exaggeration how individuals, high and low, and in all parts of the world, were affected by them and changed miraculously.

\*Available from Grosvenor Books £1 (p&p17p)

### ALICE WEDEGA continued from page 3

There is a third group who come into the towns and manage to find jobs. They have houses to live in and they become house-maids or gardeners for expatriates or other Papua New Guineans. What they are giving to their job satisfies them and they can't see their future or what the country is facing.

A fourth group are the educated and qualified women who have better jobs. Some of these aim only to be equal with men in reputation, position and income. In repeating slogans like, 'Women should have equal pay', they can get lost in a fight for more and more, and forget what they can do to help people.

Some try to help people by forming committees and having parties. They know how to raise money. But it is also important to think of the real and deepest needs of people, for something that satisfies them in life.

Right now the great need of our country is unity - unity in families, between tribes, throughout different areas

●One hundred and forty Chairmen of County Councils, Mayors, Chairmen of District Councils, other civic officials and their wives saw the films *Belfast Report* and *The Smile of the Apsara* at the Westminster Theatre in the past fortnight. They had been invited by a committee of men and women in civic life headed by Sir Nicholas Garrow, former Chairman of Northumberland County Council. Eleven civic leaders and their wives will be going together to Caux to attend conference sessions for those in public life.

*During the Queen's visit to Papua New Guinea in 1974 I was invited to come to the Queen's reception. I was put to sit next to the Queen's bodyguard and he asked me all sorts of questions; where I had been, where I come from, where I have travelled to. I told him that I had been to Northern Ireland. He said, 'What were you doing there?' I said, 'Well, I went there because the missionaries came from Europe to spread my people killing men, so I took the same message back to them, that they should stop killing too!'*

ALICE WEDEGA interviewed on the National Broadcasting Commission of Papua New Guinea

of Papua New Guinea. All our women could have a part in building unity between groups of people they are working with, and showing other groups what can be done. If women see the real needs they can help bring answers.

## WALES continued from page 1

There are a number of references to the big task awaiting a small nation. Rhondda Councillor, Glyn James, is one who makes this point and the Reverend E H Griffiths illustrates it with stirring quotations from the great Welsh writers and figures of past and present.

His mention of the poem 'Broader Horizons' by William Williams of Rhosaeron, written 'for workers and union members in 1926', interested me. I have always felt that the workers of Wales, and particularly the miners, have hearts and minds which take in, and are concerned about, other lands and other peoples.

The fight for social justice is another element in Welsh history and make-up which many underline. Here again the plea, as with nationalism, is for a fight based on moral principles and a change of character and motive, to go alongside any needed change of structure. In the words of the Rhondda miner Tom Jones, 'It will involve a revolution in

our attitudes, and it will need to be seen to be swift and effective.'

If the reader is like me, he will be intrigued by the simplicity and honesty of the stories told - stories which combine, sometimes brilliantly, a picture of Welsh countryside and pastoral tradition, the present fight for national identity, and the Christian heritage and faith which at one time, Wales preserved not only for herself but for the rest of Britain and other parts of Europe.

Few stories can be more moving or challenging than that of the young English-speaking landowner from Radnorshire whose meeting with miners in the Rhondda Valley in 1948 helped him 'to understand the true causes of the class war' and whose readiness, years later, to apologise to Welsh-speaking delegates at an MRA conference in Switzerland for his attitude of superiority, enabled him to feel identified with the best of Welsh aspirations.

While these pages go to press the situation is grave. The word 'refugee' can today conjure up a picture in any

one of half-a-dozen countries. Bombs seem to spread faster than brotherhood, and it will take all the faith and fight to which Siwsann George refers in her chapter to give meaning and reality to the famous annual Goodwill Message.

Yet this is above all a book of hope and realistic optimism. The contributors are men and women who, to a greater or lesser degree, have become 'involved', and have begun to live the way they want Wales and the world to live. They put forward more facts than theories and facts that are highly encouraging.

Most significant of all, perhaps, is the common thread running through their stories of the belief that men and nations must turn to the wisdom of the still small voice if we are to emerge from our troubles. Hywel, the Romany gypsy, whom Meinir Burden makes live for us in her delightful chapter, would call it 'turning our hearts towards the Big King'.

Can there be any greater destiny for a nation than to lead mankind on to that path?