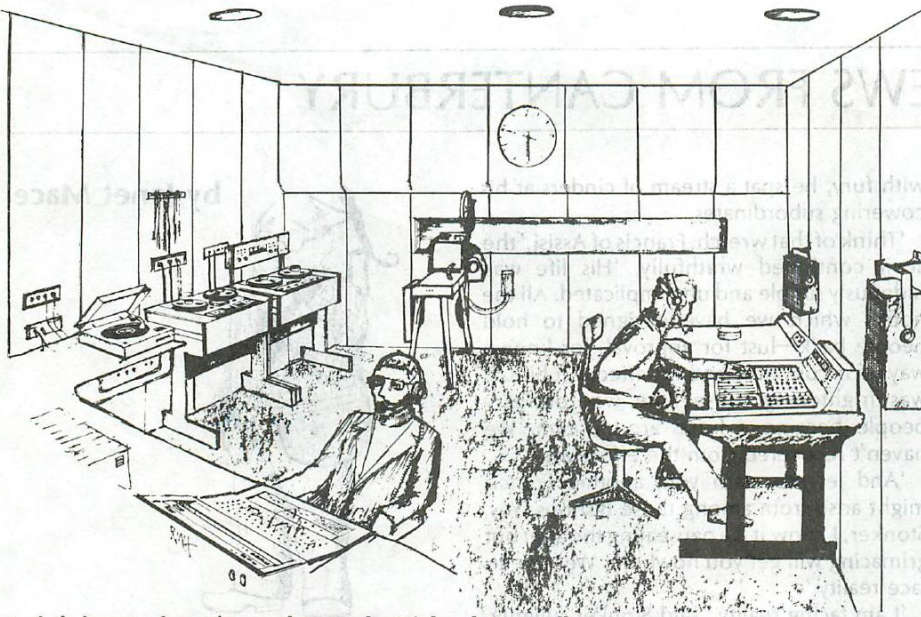


NEW WORLD NEWS

Vol 26 No 38 5 August 1978 7p



Artist's impression of sound room by Richard Hartnell

Getting it taped

IN THE LAST EIGHTEEN MONTHS 40 local radio stations in Britain have broadcast 125 items about Moral Re-Armament's work. In the last 12 months 1,560 copies of six new cassettes have been produced by Moral Re-Armament in London, of which more than 1,400 have been sold.

Both the radio broadcasts and the cassettes have been made by volunteers based on the Westminster Theatre. But much of their operation has only been possible by borrowing tape recorders, using any available space they could find and hiring outside studios.

Now it has been decided to establish and

equip a permanent sound room—what the BBC calls 'a dubbing suite'—at the Westminster Theatre.

Thanks to an initial gift of \$5,000 from the United States a professional Ampex tape machine has just been bought and work can begin on the conversion and sound proofing of the new room.

In this sound room which will also double as a film projection room (its original purpose) engineers will be able to prepare, edit and mix tapes for radio stations and cassettes as well as for audio visual productions. Included in this phase will be the laying of lines for recording purposes to the theatre auditorium, the dining room and the Sanderson Room.

YOUTH CONFERENCE

Explosive substance

'YOU DON'T BUILD A NEW SOCIETY, you discover it—by making experiments, listening to God and taking action,' said a former British diplomat, opening the Moral Re-Armament youth conference at Tirley Garth, in the north of England, last week.

A R K Mackenzie was speaking to 149 people from 25 countries attending the conference on 'Discovering the New Society'.

Finding that their average age was 18, Mr Mackenzie, who now works with the Brandt Commission—a body exploring solutions to the world's rich-poor gap—looked ahead 18 years. They would, he said, be living in a 'crowded, resource conscious, technological and interdependent world'. 'Patriotism will not be enough,' he said. 'We must think and care for others if we are to live in this new society.'

Two qualities were needed to discover a

new society, he felt. They were 'a big enough purpose in life, and a sound moral foundation'. These were like the rudder and keel which were needed to keep a sailing boat on course. Mr Mackenzie, who served as British Minister for Social and Economic Affairs at the United Nations affirmed Moral Re-Armament's importance today in the search for a new society. 'It deals with the most explosive substance in the world—human nature—and it taps the greatest source of power in the world—God.'

With him was his wife, Ruth, who challenged the delegates to tackle pollution of the spirit. People were inclined to think only in one dimension. 'We don't explore the height and depth of the love of God,' she said. 'We have settled for cheaper kicks.'

Among those attending the conference are unemployed youth, students, young workers and school leavers. Also present at the opening session were a group of students from the Middle East who were officially sent by their universities. They included Abdel Magid Khedr, President of the 150,000 students of Cairo University.

The conference, which started on 28 July and runs until 12 August, will include visits to neighbouring factories and industrial areas.

Genis Ibot

Centenary cassette



IN 1908 FRANK BUCHMAN went into the Tithebarn Methodist Church in Keswick. A woman was preaching about the Cross of Christ. 'A doctrine which I had known all my life became a reality for me,' he said.

Buchman's work stemmed from this experience. On MRA Productions' latest cassette, *One Day in Keswick*, he describes it to an American audience in 1957. Also on the cassette is the sermon given by Roland Wilson at the thanksgiving service held in the same church on June 4 1978, the centenary of Buchman's birth (printed in NWN 3 June 1978).

The cassette is available from Grosvenor Books, 54 Lyford Road, London SW18 3JJ. Price £2.50 p&p 20p.

WHY NOT BRITAIN GOVERNED BY MEN GOVERNED BY GOD? —Frank Buchman

This is the theme of a conference to be held at:

AYLESFORD PRIORY
Kent

8—10 September 1978

Further details from the Conference Secretary, 33 Medway, Crowborough, Sussex TN6 2DN

HOT NEWS FROM CANTERBURY

THE DEVIL PACED UP AND DOWN beside the furnaces of hell. He was awaiting the arrival of his lieutenants, Stinker and Stonker, who were to bring him a report on their work at an assemblage of bishops.

Suddenly the door burst open and in they dashed, both talking at once.

'There's been a great victory,' yelled Stinker.

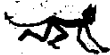
'That man in charge of the conference,' shrielled Stonker, 'has admitted defeat. He told all the bishops, "We have stopped listening and our spiritual life has died on us."'

'And what's so thrilling about that?' demanded the devil.

'It's been our aim for centuries, the destruction of the spiritual life of the Church, and now....'

'Has it not occurred to you,' enquired the devil bitingly, 'that this may be a sign of a very unpleasant development in the Church? Show me the full transcript of this speech.'

'Of course,' said Stonker, fishing it out of his singed and battered briefcase.



As he read, the devil's face twisted with anger. 'You may think it's good news,' he hissed, 'but it makes me writhe. Haven't you learned that when a man admits his difficulties, it's a moment of great peril?'

'Listen to this. "Many in this congregation know that God does speak and that he makes his mind known to his followers". That's a dangerous statement. We have always encouraged every Christian to stick to his own ideas of what should be said and done. Then they fail to see the Adversary's strategy. If they adopt this idea of listening they will become part of that strategy, and then they will be a force. A frightening thought.'

'Centuries of toil on my part have convinced many of them that their work is merely looking after people's spiritual welfare or alleviating some injustices. They don't see the Church as a mighty revolutionary force that can affect whole nations. And they must never see it.'

His voice rose to a shriek. 'Do you understand, they must never see it.' Spluttering



with fury, he spat a stream of cinders at his cowering subordinates.

'Think of that wretch, Francis of Assisi,' the devil continued wrathfully. 'His life was hideously simple and uncomplicated. All the hooks which we have designed to hold people back—lust for approval, for known ways, for comfort—had no effect on him. It was frightening to see the way ordinary people became a force around him. We haven't recovered from the effect yet.'

'And let me warn you, another Francis might arise from among those Bishops. Yes, Stonker, I know it is a nauseating thought but grimacing will get you nowhere. We have to face reality.'

'I am facing reality,' said Stonker sullenly, 'and I think you're exaggerating the dangers. Look at all our advances. There's much less talk these days of good and evil, right and wrong. Their experts are abolishing the concepts of guilt and sin and so destroying that loathsome doctrine of forgiveness, and that in turn is producing despair and insecurity and loneliness.'

'We rarely hear mention nowadays of "the Lord mighty in battle". Of course, it was a considerable victory when I persuaded them to abandon the phrase "the Church militant"....'



With a vicious lash of his tail the devil turned on him. 'Shut up about your successes, you insubordinate little twerp. Stand over there, yes, there near the flames. I couldn't care less if they're burning you. Now, tell me your recommendations for demolishing those bishops.'

'We could get everyone laughing at them,' whimpered Stonker, 'arrange for a few cynical articles in the papers.'

'You fool,' sneered the devil. 'Do you think those who mean business will be put off by a few jibes in the press? Think of something a bit more intelligent.'

'There are lots of divisions we could work on,' said Stonker. 'We could put those who want to concentrate on building links with the Adversary against those who want to concentrate on social work. We could easily get them bickering with each other, couldn't we, Stinker?' Stinker nodded.

'Not enough, not enough,' shrielled the devil. 'We've got to destroy the roots of their conviction, discredit the Cross as a way of life.'

At the mention of the Cross Stinker and Stonker began to tremble.



by Janet Mace



'What can we do?' quavered Stinker. 'We get people to sneer at it, ignore it, underestimate it. But whatever we do, it's always there.'

'I can't understand,' wailed Stonker. 'The Cross stands for sacrifice and suffering and yet so many choose it before all the satisfactions we put before them. What do they see in it?'

'That's a question our researchers are working on day and night,' snapped the devil. 'When they've solved it we shall be in a position to destroy our enemies. Till then we only know it's something to do with the fact that they feel the Adversary's Son loves them,' he shuddered with disgust. 'We work on them for years—dragging some down into the slimiest filth, soiling some with millions of little compromises—and they've only got to stretch out one hand to Him and they're cleansed and given a new start. It's revolting.'



'We can't understand how it happens, but the results are horribly clear—people we've divided working together, ready to tackle anything, thinking of others before themselves. Prepared to confront us and somehow having the guts to do it....'

'Don't keep on and on about it,' whimpered Stinker.

'The very spirit of the Adversary,' shrieked the devil, 'has got to be crushed, destroyed.' The words echoed through the halls of hell: 'Crushed, destroyed, crushed, destroyed.'

Stinker and Stonker crouched in a corner, shaking with hatred and apprehension.

'Get up,' shouted the devil, gnashing his teeth. 'There's no time to lose. Back to work.'

'Couldn't we have a bit of leave?' whined Stinker.

'Leave! At a time like this?' 'We haven't had a day off in centuries,' said Stonker piteously.

The devil seemed to swell, his tail waved menacingly, hot cinders streamed from his mouth. 'Don't you realise,' he roared, 'we're in an eternal struggle. Get out.'

IT'S SIMPLE ALL RIGHT, SIMPLY OUTRAGEOUS

I WAS STANDING in front of over a thousand dockers in the packed interior of Colston Hall in Bristol. I'd been talking for only a short while, but I could tell from their stirring and murmuring that they were with me. 'Don't go back. The bosses haven't met our demands, and I guarantee we can do better. If you support me, I challenge you now to walk out of this hall!'

The dockers' cheers sent me soaring, and they were ringing in my ears even as the hall was nearly empty and I caught a glimpse of the Press coming towards me. 'You've come a long way, Jack,' I said to myself. And a month later, when the Bristol dock strike of 1965 had cost the city and Avonmouth Docks a million pounds, I was still well satisfied. I had tasted power, and it tasted good.

As a child I had watched my docker father slowly destroyed by back-breaking dawn-to-dusk work under shocking wharf conditions. I saw little of him because he left before I was up, and, when he came home, he would often just fall into bed, exhausted. He never complained. I think I became a docker just so I could do it differently than Dad had.

Bosses stung

I didn't care how I did it or who got hurt, but the docker's life was going to be a better one. Anyone in authority was fair game to me. If a ship operator lost a cargo or a union boss got caught in the squeeze, that suited me fine, but I was the last Carroll who would be pushed around by bosses all his life and then die poor.

When I went back to work after the Bristol dock strike, it was with a feeling of smug satisfaction. The rank and file had got a fairer stake, and we'd stung the union bosses and management a bit. Then, as the weeks went by, I began to feel restless again. At first it puzzled me, but then it came to me that I was just marking time until I could take the men out on another strike. I became watchful for any grievance that could give a strike momentum.

Flabbergasted

Then one day as I was leaving the quayside for home a tall, smartly dressed stranger approached me. He made some small talk, speaking so politely that he made me curious. What would a well-dressed man want with a scruffy docker? Management had probably put him up to the job to buy me off or something. But all he wanted was to hand me a leaflet and invite me to a meeting where he said there would be a play.

A play! I'd never been to a serious play in my life. And what would the people there be like? Would they all be finely dressed like the man who handed me the leaflet, and, if so, what did they want with me?

When I got to the address that had been



Pankaj Shah

by Bristol docker Jack Carroll

marked on the leaflet, the well-dressed man was there to greet me. It was a play unlike anything I had imagined, a drama in which the actors' testimonies were woven into the story. It was intensely personal, and honest. I got the feeling that the actors *truly* believed what they were saying about honesty, brotherhood and their faith in God.

After the play my well-dressed friend introduced me to members of the cast and audience. At first I found it hard to trust the warm feeling of fellowship with which these people were surrounding me.

Most of all, however, I was amazed when a port employer I recognised came up to me and put out his hand. He would have had to know that my leadership had been a torment to him, yet he was willing to make the first step towards friendship. I was flabbergasted.

Big bite

During that first meeting I learned that these people were part of a group called Moral Re-Armament. They believed in putting God right at the very centre of their lives and then listening closely for His direction. When I asked what this had to do with changing the lot of the docker they replied that the only way to change systems and people that I thought were wrong was to begin with myself. 'Put the wrongs in your own life right. If you listen, God will lead you, and you'll know what to do.'

For me, this was a big bite to chew. I knew it wasn't right to be filled with hate, but it was this hate and my anger at the system that had driven me to change it. Yet this anger was making me restless. Even I knew I was a driven man. Maybe God *could* help...

The next morning I got up very early and went down to our kitchen. I knew I needed guidance, but I didn't know what to expect. I had a pencil and paper at the ready in case I needed them, even though I really didn't expect anything to happen. I sat there, trying to empty my mind of everything so that God's presence could enter. And, as the sun's first rays began to speckle our kitchen cabinets with a warm yellow, two thoughts started to revolve in my mind.

I didn't need a pencil to write them down:

see union leaders and see my employer. *Well, that's simple enough*, I thought, as I rose to make some coffee. And then as I began to think it over, I thought, *it's simple all right, simply outrageous. I hate these men!* Then I remembered that my new friends had told me that God's directions are not always easy to take.

But what would I say? I wasn't going to them to talk about the weather, but, besides that, I couldn't think of any common ground. On the day that I walked into the union official's office, I realised that I could do one thing. For the first time in my life I apologised to someone. 'I'm sorry for my hatred,' I said. 'Sometimes it has probably been a hindrance to getting things that we both want done. We may differ again, but I'm finished with acting out of hate.'

And when he smiled and said, 'That's all I can ask,' I knew I had done the right thing because the same feeling of fellowship I had experienced first at the meeting began to fill my heart.

Forthright

But I dreaded my next meeting. At least the union man had been on the same side of the fence. But my employer only knew me as an agitator who had cost him dearly. When he refused to see me, I became more convinced that we would never have a productive meeting. Yet the feeling persisted in me that I *had* to see him. Finally, he consented.

When I was sitting waiting for the appointment, I still had my doubts. The nice furnishings and carpeting made me both a little nervous and angry. I seemed out of place there, but still I resented someone being this comfortable at work when my mates and I were either in a damp ship's hold or out in the elements.

At least he didn't keep me waiting, but he seemed rather stiff, and very wary, when he greeted me. *What if he interprets what I'm going to say as a weakness and then tries to use it against me?* I wondered to myself.

Yet, as I began to speak, the bitterness seemed to melt out of my heart. 'I am sorry for my hatred towards you and many others associated with you in the port. I realise that we will probably always be at odds on port issues, but that is no excuse for the way I have acted in the past. I want you to know that I feel I have something to give the port, and, from now on, I will not be acting out of hate. Instead, I will try to follow God's will.'

'Well,' he said, 'I'm grateful that you told me this, and I'll be looking forward to see how things progress. I feel there is a change of attitude needed on both sides.' I could barely believe my ears. He was every bit as forthright as I had been.

It was the start of a totally new relationship with that man, and with many other management men. In this new atmosphere of trust,

BRISTOL DOCKER cont'd p4

Swiss press on

OVER FIFTY SWISS NEWSPAPERS carried evaluations of Frank Buchman and his work on the centenary of his birth.

A front page story in the *Nouvelle Revue de Lausanne* by Pastor Roger Barilier was headlined 'A Prophet'. The article contrasted Buchman with those who seek to recall the Church to her prophetic mission, but are often sidetracked into repetitive denunciations:

But when a true prophet arises people take notice. Instead of the same old record over again, a new note is sounded.

Something of this kind began to happen in the 1920s. Instead of endlessly repeating 'Things must change' a man started to say 'I must change' and acted upon it. And, knowing that his decision by itself would not produce change, he added, 'God must change me'.

His dynamic idea... was the necessity, and through the Spirit of Christ the possibility, of personal change as the prerequisite of change in structures. Our decadent civilisation could be saved only by men who were themselves transformed and by a contagious change passing from man to man.

The Church had always taught and movements of revival also emphasised that each person must start with himself, discovering at the foot of the Cross the seriousness of his sin and the greatness of God's forgiveness. But to this truth Buchman brought a new dynamic, so that it led directly to effective moral transformations....

Few of our contemporaries have made such an impact. His message lives on and calls us to fight, with the weapons of the spirit alone, against the negative forces which threaten to engulf everything.

'A work that endures and so has promise for the future' is the title of an article in *Le Protestant* by Jean-Jaques Mairon. Some extracts follow:

The world-wide outreach of Moral Re-Armament to all men sometimes makes one forget that its founder's spiritual experience was quite simply, but very profoundly, the evangelical experience of conversion and surrender to God, who forgives, changes a life and takes it over completely.

Frank Buchman was animated by two concerns which did not conflict. The first was a seeking for God's direction through reflection and silence. The other was a determination, peaceful but bold, to bring definite changes to people in the way they live.

If you look through the publications of

MRA, you will always find the real world reflected in them. At each sensitive point in the world people of MRA are trying to live out their particular approach to the problems.

What is specific to this approach? People meet as man to man. Protagonists in a conflict get together not as politicians but each with the firm resolve to take the first step in peace-making or reconciliation by admitting where he has been wrong or made mistakes.

The editor of *L'Echo*, the Catholic fortnightly of Lausanne, writes on the front page:

Twenty years ago I remember standing at the door of my sacristy and saying to two French priests who were going to Caux, 'What? Are you going up there to look for what you have in the Gospel already?'

I was afraid of the crack of the whip which Moral Re-Armament might be for Christians.

Later I met people who were the fruit of Frank Buchman's work. Their coming was a gift of God.

Since getting to know these spiritual sons of his, I believe that they could open the doors for many people to the vital riches of our churches.

So I need not fear Frank Buchman's 'crack of the whip'. After all these years it still cracks clearly in the silence of the morning.

The leading German language paper, *Neue Zuercher Zeitung*, carried an article by Max Schoch in which he wrote:

Outwardly the Groups or Teams resembled pietistic fellowships. But at the same time they were different in that they centred on the well-being and salvation of the world rather than private personal salvation.

They aimed at working for peace and reconciliation in the actual relationships of society, in schools, business, political groupings. Conscience, self-examination, and the group as the ignition and engine of inner change were Frank Buchman's alternative. He expected all outward change in the situation to come from inner movement in people. That for him was the road to a new world under God's authority.

Frank Buchman had given the group movement very simple rules of life. The restless person—whether it be the busy businessman, the peripatetic diplomat, the impatient agitator or the bustling housewife—each was to accept a rule of quiet in order to find themselves. Many people from all walks of life and language began, notebook in hand, to consider their past, what their present task in life should be, to whom they should go or what they had to do. The 'four absolutes', incontestable moral demands, provided the mirror for this.

Children's rights

A WHOLE PAGE INTERVIEW with a British visitor, Joyce Kneale, was carried in *The Albertan* in June. It quotes the Manx teacher:

There's a lot of talk about children's rights. I think they have five: the right to know God has a unique plan for each life; the right to know they can find this plan if they live honest, unselfish lives; the right to a good home that cares for them; the right to know that anybody, no matter how difficult, can change his ways; and the right to know there is great joy to be found in serving and caring for others.

The whole Pye

REVIEWS OF Frederik Philip's autobiography, *45 Years with Philips* (Blandford 1978), have recently appeared in the *Cambridge Evening News* and in *Hi-Fi News and Record Review*.

'There is always a wailing and gnashing of teeth when a long-established company finds itself the subject of a takeover bid,' writes the *Cambridge Evening News* focusing on Philips' account of his company's absorption of Pye, whose factory is at Cambridge. But Philips' aim writes the reviewer 'was to collaborate with Pye in such a way that its British identity would be left untouched, and "so give an example for the right way to make cross-mergers in Europe."'

Hi-Fi News sums up Philips' attitude by quoting his own statement—'Figures are important. People are more important.'

BRISTOL DOCKER cont'd from p3

I was able to convince my fellow dockers—and myself!—that pilfering was not in anyone's best interest. I began actually to enjoy my work, and my restlessness vanished. And slowly I began to realise that Jack Carroll wasn't always right. By setting aside a part of each day as a quiet time in which I looked for God's guidance, I've been able to sort out my good motives from my bad ones. I'm not ashamed to admit when I am wrong, and, when I believe my convictions are right, what a difference it has made in my following them through!

I've learned that every good leader must himself have a Leader. When you have only yourself as a reference point, your goals become narrowed to self-interest. But with God at the centre of your life, your opportunities are without limit.

Reprinted from 'Guideposts'.