

Career, home, life-style, beliefs—for many of us these are a matter of choice. For others there is no choice. But whoever we are and whatever our circumstances, some experiences are universal—the pain of bereavement, the joy of love, the fear of illness and death. They bring to the surface the deepest things in us. Our response to them directs our lives. They can be a prison or a private paradise which no one can penetrate. Or, accepted and shared, they can be the door through which we can reach people whose lives have nothing else in common with ours, and thus our most precious possession.

In this issue of NWN people of all ages give their answers to the question:

## WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF LIFE?

# NEW WORLD NEWS

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Photo: M Gray

## Councillor's counsel



**JOHN PATE served his home city, Sheffield, as a City and County Labour Councillor and as a local magistrate for over 20 years. What conclusions does he draw from this experience? Recently he wrote:**

I HAVE BEEN PRIVILEGED to have had a part in helping to develop our city, improve living conditions and society generally. Much has been achieved but we have not reached our goal and there are still glaring deficiencies in our country today. Almost one-and-a-half million people have no jobs, many are still below the poverty line and one million either have no home of their own or live in inadequate houses. Where have we gone wrong?

It is not the system, but something in us. We have concentrated on material advance,

yet have not dealt with fundamental things in our national character. Until we answer greed, bitterness and hatred and have developed personal responsibility, social needs will remain to be met, industry will not adequately function and divisions and inequalities will exist. If we deal with human nature, as well as making material changes, then we can build the caring, responsible, law-abiding country that will challenge young and old.

This course will be far more revolutionary and effective than those propagated by the materialistic philosophies of today. People will lose their divisions and antagonisms as they unite to remove poverty, hunger and starvation, not only in this country but across the world.

**On his retirement after 40 years in the electrical maintenance department of a local engineering firm, Pate and his wife, Mary, accepted an invitation to work with Moral Re-Armament in India. In an article earlier this year the 'Sheffield Star' asked him to explain his somewhat unexpected view of retirement:**

As pensioners, says Mr Pate, the easy way out is to sit back and watch from the sidelines—to be content with maintaining the status quo. 'But my view is that we should become involved,' he says. 'We are still a part of society and we still have a responsibility and an obligation to ourselves and to others.'

'For instance, a new magistrates' court opened in the city recently. But already the increase in crime—the figures have risen by more than 14% over last year—indicate that even this new building will not be able to cope if the situation continues.'

'So, obviously, one of the things all of us, including pensioners, should be thinking about is whether we should merely plan to expand the capacity of the courts or whether we should concentrate instead on isolating and dealing with the root causes of violence, vandalism, hooliganism and theft which have become all too prevalent in our society.'

'We need not feel unemployed or useless and we should be prepared to do far more than merely demand our rights. We can help create a better world even though we may not live to see it.'

## Family practice

**Paul Campbell and his family, who live in London, speaking at Caux, Switzerland**

BEING A FATHER has clarified for me some things about my Heavenly Father. One is that the greatest joy is when my children come to me about anything, whether it is good or bad, and have the freedom to talk it over. Particularly if they feel the thing they have to talk over is very bad, I feel even better that they come and talk about it. I have an idea my Heavenly Father is just like that. I can go to Him with everything at any time.

I never think of rejecting my children if they have done something I don't agree with or disapprove of. In fact, at that moment my instinct is to give them more care and not less, and I believe that may be God's attitude towards me, and it is my decision to try and make that my attitude towards everybody else.

I am concerned, as an ordinary human father, with everything that touches the lives of my family; the air they breathe, the water they drink, the food they eat, the clothes they wear, the school they go to, the kind of government they live under, the society they are in, what they read, what they see.

I cannot believe that my Heavenly Father is any less concerned with every single detail that touches every one of His children on the face of the earth. My decision is to try, with God's grace, to grow in concern and responsibility for the world.



Paul and Annejet Campbell with their daughters, Edith-Anne (top left) and Digna (top right).

There is a tendency in me, if I feel something has to be done, to think that there is no need to discuss it. I may have to go to another country or to a meeting. It's fixed. I've got the ticket. But I have learned that if I look at it with my family, sometimes it doesn't have to be done. It's extraordinary. And if it still has to be done, the sense of co-operation and teamwork and participation we all have is amazing.

We have learned a very simple lesson, that mother and father by themselves cannot decide what is right. You need an input from the children as well. **PAUL CAMPBELL**

TWO YEARS AGO I gave my life to God. You never know how far the decisions you make will take you. Last year the headmistress of the school of 400 girls which I attend, asked me to take four morning assemblies on the theme, 'What is wrong with the world and how can we put it right?' I did this with the help of five girls in my class. **EDITH-ANNE**

THROUGH TALKING with many women, I have discovered that most of us fear three things. One is war. The other is terrorist attacks. The third thing is, 'How will our teenagers survive present-day society? Will they be drop-outs or will they be terrorists or will they be remakers of the world?'

Gustave Morf, writing about terrorism in Quebec, says: 'As far as our Quebec terrorists are concerned, they are not the children of misery and poverty. They are the offspring of an affluent, self-indulgent and permissive society. They know what they want and they want it quick, or else. They are blackmailing a society where blackmail in marriage, industrial relations and politics has become commonplace and where almost everyone demands more than he is ready to give.'

An American teenager went to a Moral Re-Armament conference last year, and when she got home she said, 'I have learnt that every decision I make affects other people. There are no private decisions.'

We try to practise democracy in our home and try to decide on the basis of what is right, not who is right. We don't need to use blackmail. Children are born with a conscience and we either develop or deaden it by the way we live. That is why absolute moral standards, practised rather than preached, are an indispensable guide to us as parents. **ANNEJET CAMPBELL**

I AM 11 YEARS OLD. God said to me a few days ago, 'You are My child. You are your father's child, and I am your Father. Your father is My son and brother. All fathers must take My place in life to lead the world to unity and fellowship, and make our fellow men brothers.' **DIGNA**

## Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm 64?



**by Margot Lean**

WHY DO SO MANY MARRIAGES of 20—30 years' standing break up?

Well, I may be 68, but I am no easier to live with than I was 40 years ago—quite the reverse—which, come to think of it, may be why so many marriages do fall apart late in life.

I know that as I grow older not only do I become more irritable, I am myself more irritating.

Take a car journey. When it comes to

navigation I always know best. Then having got my husband off the motorway at the wrong exit through my superior knowledge, I feel aggrieved because he was right. So I sulk.

### Fog

Or, when a meal is ready I call, 'Garth,'—gently and politely—'dinner's ready.' His typewriter goes on beating out its wild tattoo—he is a writer—and I raise my voice firmly, 'Garth!' Still no response, so I let out a siren screech, thinking self-righteously, 'I've spent hours preparing this meal and the least he can do is come when I call.' No thought of what my demand does to his creative stream.

Likewise, when working with someone else in the kitchen, there's only one right way of doing things and that's naturally my way. But if I insist on that—because after all it's my kitchen—the fun goes out and a heavy fog comes down. So I've decided that what matters is not how things are done but joy and peace of heart and freedom in the person I'm working with. After all, democracy is a state where all can be free to give their best, be their best and make their biggest contribution, and they can't do it under my control.

To my surprise, I've found—provided I keep my priorities right—that the older I become the wider my horizons stretch. I'd always thought that life would begin to close in on me. Quite the contrary, far more requests for us to go and work in different countries have come in than ever before. In the last two years we have managed to go to South Africa, twice to America, four times to Switzerland, and to Holland, France, Germany and Malta. This has greatly increased the number of people and issues with which we have become concerned. And it has been amazing to see how God can use us, even now.

### Never boring

The greatest discovery of these last few years has been to realise more and more how much and in what infinite detail God loves not only me, but every individual, and that with everyone I meet there is something I can learn from them, and something I can give them.

I can truly say that in the 32 years of our marriage, life has never been boring and I've never had to wonder what to do. The advantages of old age greatly outweigh the disadvantages, and our marriage and family life have become richer and richer.



# At sixties and seventies

by Charis Waddy

THE SEVENTIES have been my sixties. Advancing age is a challenge to a reappraisal of priorities, more urgent with every year that passes.

Life in these years can give a confident answer to the agonising tangle of doubts in which we all get immersed in youth and middle age, on the question, 'Is life worth living?' There have been times when I have been convinced that without marriage or more money, or certain experiences, it was not. I was wrong every time.

Retirement can be a rewarding and liberating experience. The area of choice is extended as the routine is left behind. It calls for new strengths of inner security.

I found myself on my sixtieth birthday with the smallest of pensions and no capital.

Does the great truth that where God guides, He provides, operate for the elderly as well as the young? Or must we be increasingly careful and limited? In a money-controlled age I have always looked on the sheer effrontery of 'In God we trust' as a healthy shock to many who fear to follow what they feel to be right.

Some of the greatest responsibilities are carried by people in their sixties. A pope is young in that decade. Churchill gave leadership that saved Britain. Turner painted some of his best pictures. Frank Buchman launched Moral Re-Armament on his sixtieth birthday.

I have found these years a springboard into fresh areas of thought and action. They are not over yet. There is another year to go in which, God willing, I shall complete another book. But there is more than that to explore—new regions of faith, the places in the human spirit where God gives His initiatives, the reservoirs of strength needed to take them to the people around us.

Florence Nightingale, when over 70, wrote to a young relative, 'Do you know the taste of your heart in your mouth?' To live with that venturing courage is God's best gift till our dying day.

### From a father, on the birth of his second daughter

*God, forgive me my undervaluation of motherhood.*

*God, help me never again to exploit another woman, however young, even in my imagination.*

*God, strengthen me, and teach me to bring up my two daughters to want to be pure.*

*Look at the feminine virtues—and forget the superficial temptations.*

*Envy a woman's power to care, her instinct to create homeliness.*

*Live to enable your wife to give of her best to all she meets.*

*Thank you for the miracle of new life.*

*Thank you for the gift of fresh hope.*

*Above all, thank you for entrusting us with the responsibility of another person created in your image.*

*We commit everything back to you, Lord. Jesus, make us worthy of our children, and help us to fight for the sort of world they deserve.*

JHC

# The unborn child

by John Morrison, teacher from the USA

A RESPECTED LEADER in New Jersey education was asked recently for her views on abortion. 'I do not personally believe in it,' she said. 'But I believe women should have freedom of choice.'

I was reminded then of a recent personal experience that went very deep. When my wife and I were married some years ago, both of us in our mid thirties, we had a great hope for children. But it was not to be. We did lose a child in the tenth week. It was difficult.

A year ago something happened that brought that event all back to me. It started

from a controversy with a young lady who was visiting in our home, which was reconciled. Driving home alone after taking her to the bus station en route to her next stop, I had an unexpected thought: the child we lost would have been nearly the same age.

I began to weep bitter tears and suddenly, as I drove along, I had a great sense of the presence of Christ in the car with me, such that I was prompted to look to the seat beside me. I felt His compassion and healing for my disappointment. Then it dawned on me that the unborn child had been a living being with a soul, like any child, and that we would be with her one day in the 'here-after'. This was a deep comfort to me, and I thought, 'We must give a memorial in her memory.' Then I thought, 'This is what Heaven must be like, unhurried time with

Christ to help us understand all that has mystified us on earth.'

My wife agreed that we should give a memorial, and so did our priest. In due time, and with due thought, we gave a bowl for use in baptisms with the inscription, 'Children blessed of the Lord'. It was given as a memorial to our unborn child, and to the children of the whole world who have suffered, and as a hope for God's firm hand in the life of children and others in our parish who receive baptism.

This experience brought a depth of conviction to what I had already believed, and which the scientist knows—that life begins at conception. And unless taking human life is included under 'freedom of choice', freedom of choice is ended once conception occurs.

*If my life was neatly packaged, with a label for each day,  
I'd know each parcel's contents and I couldn't lose my way.  
No more waking in the morning, with a pressure to decide,  
If my life was neatly packaged and each item strongly tied.*

*And the fears that often flood me of a life that's lived alone,  
With no certain path before me and no one to call my own;  
They'd not be in the parcels that I'd prepared with care,  
And I'd know where I was going and the future would be fair.*

*If my life was neatly packaged with no room for doubt or fear,  
Would I know what I was missing, as I went from year to year?  
The unexpected wonder, God's moment taking wing,  
Would I see the golden thread, in the midst of all that string?*

*I threw away the wrappings and I let the future free.  
I thought I'd lose the treasures that were hoarded there for me;  
But His sun shone through my darkness and it showed me  
through my tears,  
That my treasure was but ashes, but His gold will last my years.*

JML

# French-German friendship

by Frida Nef

SOMETIMES we older people lose our aim in life. So a group of us from the Swiss canton of Vaud decided to help each other in living out our vocation.

How could we care for each other so as to achieve such an aim? We had the idea of a sale as a celebration and an expression of our gratitude on the centenary of Frank Buchman's birth. Each of us would create, with care and love, the things to be sold. One person made about a hundred kilos of jam.

The profits from the sale were to be used to replace the large bay windows in the meeting hall of the MRA centre at Caux. But the aim was not so much to make money, as to give our hearts to something together, and thus create links.

Then we thought we should spread these ideas among other Swiss people. Three of us set out to visit our friends in six towns. Friendships grew between French and German-speaking Swiss, and for many of these ladies this was a new experience. The sale went marvellously and the proceeds, with subsequent gifts, enabled us to send Sw Fr 7,300 to Caux. But for us that was not the end, but the beginning of a new care for each other.

# I always wanted to be rich

by Trudi Truessel,  
Switzerland

MY FAMILY'S LIFE was broken because of the misuse of money when I was a child. When I was 12 there was nothing left of our family—we did not even have a home. And then I was ill for five years and the people of my community and of the tuberculosis foundation had to pay for me.

When I was 17, I was once again completely without one franc. My grandmother said, 'We cannot have you, you must go and see how you can live.' So I did. I was given Fr 100 to return to school, so that when I began work as a maid I would have something behind me.

## No guarantee

My aim was to be absolutely sure to be rich. I counted every penny. I would never take a tram, I would never buy anything for myself, until I was rich. I put every cent in the bank.

After four years I paid myself to go to another school which brought me a little higher up. I still had to work very hard to pay for my studies. I wanted to be a surgical nurse—and to be paid well.

I was working in a family, who gave their fortune to buy Mountain House, Caux, to be a world centre for Moral Re-Armament. I

was their maid and I was tremendously impressed that these people would give their fortune and all they possessed to buy something that to my mind had no future. I was not a Christian—I did not believe in God. But when these people gave everything without counting the cost and without a guarantee, I thought that would be a worthwhile way to live.

I listened to God for the first time and the first thing He attacked was my money. I said, 'No, if you attack that I am not with you. Money is my property. I will do many things but not give money.' And for three days I fought because I knew this thought came not from me, but from God. After the third day I brought the money I had felt I should give towards buying the new centre, and at that moment I became free. I felt I was a free woman—my career, my richness-mindedness, my wanting to be something had absolutely gone.

## Dentist bill

The next thing was to take all the money out of my bank and give the last cent—the very last cent. And then the third thing was not to work for a salary any more.

How in the world could I do that? How

would I pay my dentist bill and buy my shoes? It took my breath away. But then God said to me, 'Give everything', and so for three months I didn't possess one cent. And the marvellous thing was I became freer and freer. And I knew that for the first time in my life I had a Master who told me what to do.

## Unimagined

Many marvellous things have happened in my life. I was very ill—we thought it would be three weeks in hospital, but it was seven months. I only had money for three weeks, and every two weeks I got a bill. Every time I had enough money to pay it. When people came to visit me, they didn't bring flowers or candy, but money.

After seven months, when I could leave hospital I didn't know where to go. I was not well enough to go to Caux, where I normally lived. Somehow in my heart I was not afraid, but I was a little uneasy. Then one day a whole family came to see me—three children aged 12, 16 and 17, mother and father—and they invited me to stay with them.

If you really obey and you trust, you get so much more than you could ever imagine. I could never have believed that life would be so full and rich and satisfying.

## Moving in with the grandchildren

by Beatrice Rolland  
from the USA

FOR THREE YEARS I lived in a retirement home where I was content with quiet and a slower pace for living. The home was like a large family. I was very happy there because I continually asked God what to do and whom to reach each day.

I was suddenly rooted out of this pleasant environment and went to live with my daughter's family. I protested vigorously. It has taken me five months to accept this change.

I have realised that there is a lot I can do for different members of the family. I can make the packed lunches for my two grandchildren, thus relieving my daughter of that duty. I saw how the two of them, instead of each doing dishes on alternate days, could learn teamwork.

Because both parents have to leave earlier, I can give the children a good send-off in the mornings. When they return in the afternoons, I'm here. I listen to practising of piano and other instruments. Often I play games when there are spare moments. My



The grandchildren, James and Patricia

suggestions for Mother's Day, Father's Day and other special days led my grandchildren to make their own cards, which meant so much more than cards bought in a shop.

## Family unit

The things I do take much thought, much patience and prayer, and often seem very small, but a passing look on a child's face, or a Mother's Day gift, makes me feel that God has a place for me in the family and that I am doing something important. A family is a unit of society. If I want society to improve, I must do my part within my unit, the family.

Rather than being a selfish time of life, retirement can be creative and fulfilling as a person continues to seek God's plan rather than her own. If I consider any group with whom I live as my family, I can be creative in every situation.

## Prepare to move

by Dorothy Stewart

AFTER LIVING in many homes over the years, cooking, nursing, hostessing, with people around all the time, it is a strange experience to find myself in a 'bed sitter'.

There are so many things I might do with my own things around—write, paint, watch the television, do the crossword puzzle or put the kettle on for a cup of tea. But I have been finding a new understanding that God means every moment to be used in His service; which means that whatever I am doing—mending, writing up my accounts or letters to friends—it is all part of His plan; and that makes living alone worthwhile. If I start thinking of how alone I am, I find that I need to pray for the guidance of God, which is creative, and not just for myself. This is the alternative to criticising people, mulling over incidents with them or mentally laughing at their oddities.

I have to stay flexible to God's direction. One night I woke with the clear thought, 'Prepare to move on.' After a short struggle, I accepted it, and very soon after came the offer of a home in Sussex. The ladies in my present home are amazed, even startled, that life can begin again in the eighties.