

MUST AMERICA BE A FORTRESS IN THE '80s?

by Evelyn Ruffin
Virginia, USA

will not be inextricably linked with our relations with other countries, particularly those of the third world.

We have talked about freedom and human rights a great deal in the '70s. Perhaps in the '80s, Americans can rediscover the qualities that lie behind these concepts, and begin to live them.

Our freedom as a nation originated in a fundamental belief in the worth and dignity of every person—because we are all children of the same Creator. Universally recognised human rights derive from this belief. Pope John Paul eloquently expressed this on his recent visit here.

Freedom

Personal inner freedom can exist without political freedom, but is essential to its preservation. Inner freedom is based on dying to self-concern and on surrendering personal demands to the active pursuit of what is true and right for all.

Perhaps if we can give up the pursuit of self-fulfilment, so typical of the '70s, we will come alive in a new way to the needs around us in America and the world. And we will, as a by-product, find true inner freedom.

As we renew our concern for the human

lives. Most people in the world do not have that luxury. A young Vietnamese friend of mine has just reached Thailand after a year in the jungle and a week on a small boat with 69 other people.

The world desperately needs people who will open their hearts and minds to the hopes and fears, the joys and the pains of people around them and on every continent. As we enter the 1980s, the challenge facing our generation, I believe, is this: will we turn our backs on the world and concentrate solely on finding our own personal path in life where we can feel safe and secure? Or will we take the step of faith that is involved in undertaking great tasks for God?

In a few days my wife and I will be going with our baby son to live and work in North America. I believe that America and Europe have a great part together in demonstrating that a free society can be an unselfish and a caring one. America needs the right kind of friendship from Europe—a relationship based not on jealousy, fear, superiority or judgement but an honest partnership of purpose.

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rights of millions on earth—to dignity, to food, to a share in responsibility, to *fair trade* and access to resources—we will not only find a sense of purpose and fulfilment ourselves, but also help to ensure the future of freedom in the world.

Iran

We also need to understand what in our way of living has helped to cause events in Iran—and reactions toward America in so many nations. We need to face the cost of the materialism, dishonesty, permissiveness, alcohol and drugs we have too often taken with us to other countries. We need to admit where we have been wrong and apologise.

In the 1980s the nations of the world will increasingly find themselves with common problems. America's task is to build the basis for friendship, trust and co-operation in solving them—not to strive for some fanciful energy and resource independence. If the former is our goal, perhaps we will in time create a world in which events like those in Iran do not happen. It is an exciting challenge—fitting for this nation of pioneers.



AS I WRITE, American hostages are still being held in the US Embassy in Tehran, Iran. This confrontation, full of anti-American feeling—both justified and unfounded—seems to typify this country's position vis-à-vis much of the world.

As we look into the '80s we could anticipate an increasingly isolated America—a fortress trying to develop independence in energy and vital resources and to maintain her standard of living in a poor and chaotic world.

Or we could look at the next decade as a chance to respond to the twin challenges of preserving freedom and creating a new world order that provides for the needs of all. This country, with its vitality and creativity still alive, could give leadership towards the New Economic Order which must come.

In fact, it is imperative that we choose this latter course. It is foolish to think that our own economy, political stability and peace

Stop hiding, start seeking

Rob Corcoran
Britain

AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR resigned his seat at a New York university a few months ago because, he told *The Washington Post*, 'I don't have anything to say any more. When the problems become too big you lose interest.'

Later I read an article by a 16-year-old girl in the *Los Angeles Times*. She wrote, 'The world has overwhelmed us for the present. In my heart I hope that we do not run away for ever. I want us to live and to do great things to improve the world that we are having so much trouble living in. Perhaps all teenagers go through this period of hide and seek. I just hope that we stop the hiding soon and start the seeking.'

In the West we have, in large measure, the freedom to choose what we do with our

Jazzman

FESTIVAL TIME at Ephesus—but something has gone wrong. Artemis, the local goddess and main tourist attraction, is losing her appeal. The comen, priestess, entertainers and tradesmen who live off the tourists and worshippers are getting angry. They decide to demonstrate against the stranger who is causing the trouble, Paul, the ragman.

Ragman—a new musical about St Paul in Ephesus—opens at the Westminster Theatre, London, on February 25. The words are by United Reformed minister Edmund Banyard, the music by Francis Campbell, a jazz pianist who is now a Franciscan friar. The musical was written for a new series of the 'Day of London Theatre', the educational programme which has brought 28,000 school children to the Westminster Theatre since September. This series is designed for the 12-15-year-olds.

Ragman will be performed at 2pm on Mondays to Fridays and at 3pm on Saturdays from 25 February-22 March.

'She makes you measure your life against hers, your selfishness with her sacrifice'

WHY DOES MOTHER TERESA

by R. M. ...



THE BLUE AND WHITE STRIPES of her saree framed her lined and smiling face. She stood in the corridor outside her chapel at Lower Circular Road, Calcutta. A coachload of tourists were crowding around her. They were pushing currency notes into her hands and clicking cameras. She was not phased by either. Every time she had even a brief word with one of the tourists her eyes seemed to dwell entirely on him or her. As the tourist guide gave the call that they leave for the airport she gently asked, 'Would you not like to spend some time with Jesus in our chapel?' Meekly they trooped in. She looks upon herself mainly as a channel that takes people to God.

Agnes Gonxha Bejaxhiu was born on August 27, 1910 of Albanian parents. Of peasant stock they had settled in Skopje, Yugoslavia. At the age of 12 she wanted to become a nun, and at 18 she joined the Order of Loretto nuns. At the age of 19, in 1929, she arrived in India. She became an Indian citizen in 1948.

'If you judge people you have no time to love them.'

'I love teaching most of all,' she says, and she gave 17 years of her life to teaching. At one time she was Principal of St Mary's High School, Calcutta. Many of the girls who first joined her in her work in the slums were her pupils there.

The girls in the school came from well-to-do families and were neatly dressed. She saw them a good part of the day, but when she came to her room she saw on the other side of the wall the horror of the Moti Jheel slum. The squalor made her spirit restless, and in her many retreats she sought an answer to this restlessness.

One day in a train speeding to Darjeeling she heard 'the call to give up all and follow Him into the slums, to serve Him amongst the poorest of the poor.'

'You never doubted that it was God's

calling,' I said to her. 'But how does a person know for sure what his or her calling is?'

She replied, 'Deep down in our hearts we know exactly what our calling is—if we are humble and sincere. God cannot deceive us. He created us to love and to be loved. He created us for deeper things. There is some hand, some purpose, behind our being.'

The first woman that Mother Teresa took up from the streets was half eaten by rats and ants. The hospital admitted her only because Mother Teresa refused to move. On the same day she found other people dying on the streets. She went to the municipal authorities for a place. They offered her a rest-house for pilgrims who came to the Kali temple. It was an empty building, and Mother Teresa was delighted to receive it. Within 24 hours she had patients there, and since then she and her nuns have picked up about 30,000 to date, of whom about half died.

'It is not my business to think about myself. It is my business to think about God. It is for God to think about me.'

'We help the poor die with God,' she says. 'We help them to say sorry to God. It is between them and God alone. Nobody else. Nobody has the right to come in at that time. We just help them to make their peace with God. We live that they may die, so that they may go home according to what is written in the Book, be it written according to Hindu or Muslim or Buddhist or Catholic or Protestant or any other people.'

She called her first home for the dying Nirmal Hriday, meaning 'place of the pure heart'. Nobody there has died feeling unwanted or unloved. She calls that home 'the treasure house of Calcutta'. Some who are dying ask for Ganges water, others for a prayer, some ask for a cigarette. Others simply want somebody to sit with them as they go.

As she launched upon this work a group of young people were going round threatening to chase them out. The nuns were naturally frightened. Some of the young people had earlier convinced the Police Commissioner to chase Mother Teresa out of the locality. On arrival the Police Commissioner found the Mother cleaning the sores from a wound infested with maggots. The stench was unbearable. He went back to the young people and said, 'I have given my word that I will push this lady out, and I will keep it. But before I do you must get your mothers and your sisters to do the work she is doing. Only then will I exercise my authority.' The crowd melted away, but the attacks continued.

One day she confronted these wild

people: 'If this is the way you want it, kill me. I will go straight to Heaven. But you must stop this nonsense.' After that the attacks stopped.

Today from that one Home have sprung up 62 Homes for the dying destitute around the world, run by the Missionaries of Charity.

Mother Teresa's second mission of mercy was towards abandoned children. She has an open door for children whether they are hopeless cases from hospitals or jails, or whether they are infants whose bleat is heard from a dustbin. Today the Order runs 48 Homes for abandoned children.

The third great thrust of her work is for the lepers. In 1957 five lepers came to her Home. Fortunately a Bengali doctor called Sen joined her in the work. At one time there were 10,000 lepers under the care of the Missionaries of Charity. Her Sisters are specially trained in leprosy work, and many lepers are able to find a cure if they come early enough.

When she started her first Home in Calcutta for lepers, a municipal councillor objected, because it was situated near his home, and he turned the Municipal Corporation against her having it there. Mother Teresa had a bright idea: instead of having a fixed centre she could have a mobile dispensary! She turned the obstacle into a stepping-stone. She told the objector, 'Bless you, Councillor, you have increased our efficiency a hundred times.' Today there are 425 mobile dispensaries run by the Missionaries of Charity. In addition there is a spacious colony for lepers at Shantinagar ('Abode of peace') on land given to her by the West Bengal Government.

'We must become holy not because we want to feel holy, but because Christ must be able to live His life fully in us.'

What makes it possible for her and her Sisters to do the kind of work nobody normally volunteers to do? Frequently she quotes the words, 'I was hungry and you fed Me, I was naked and you clothed Me, I was sick and you visited Me, I was homeless and you took Me in. Whatever you did for the least of my brethren, you did it for Me.' On this motivation her work is based. 'O beloved sick,' she once prayed, 'how doubly dear you are to me, when you personify Christ, and what a privilege is mine to tend you.'

When I observed to Mother Teresa that it could be said that she deals with the manifestations of poverty, but not the root, which is the selfishness and cruelty that creates the poverty, she replied without a moment's hesitation, 'Poverty is manmade and not made

ce, your over-busyness with her calm in the midst of her merciless schedule.'

TERESA DO IT?

M Lala

by God. That is why Jesus became man to experience it. But for those who are consecrated (to the work), poverty is a joy and a freedom. If you talk of cruelty you are judging others and meanwhile someone who needs help may die in the next two hours. If you judge people you have no time to love them.' For a journalist trained to judge and write these are strong words that have rung in my ears each day since.

It dawned on me that behind this woman of action lies a whole value system that could be the structure of a new civilisation. Her scale of values is so utterly different from the world's, and yet the mighty and the affluent fall for her because she symbolises the inner life we all hunger for. While philosophers at best write books, she has raised a force of people spanning the globe, applying cheerfully in action her beliefs—and at a price to themselves.

'Deep down in our hearts we know exactly what our calling is—if we are humble and sincere.'

She has thought profoundly on matters of life and death. Unlike many of us, in her value system there is no gap between words and action. They are all one piece. Her power comes from an integrated personality.

If she attacks abortion, she does not stop at just attacking abortion as 'a terrible sin'. She will go to the dustbin, collect the little one, and struggle for its survival. If her mission is to serve 'the poorest of the poor' she has equal love for rich Westerners. One could see it in her eyes as she was talking to the tourists. If the poor feel unwanted, so do the affluent. The loneliness of the Westerners touches her as much as the loneliness of the dying destitute on the streets of Calcutta. Here is a conscience finely tuned to the world's suffering. For example, she now years to do something for the 'boat people' of Vietnam.

According to her the biggest disease in the world today is feeling unwanted, and the greatest evil is the lack of love and charity; and the terrible indifference towards one's neighbour. 'Love begins at home,' she says. 'Families that pray together stay together. Unless you stay together you cannot love one another, and unless you love one another you cannot love anyone else.'

'Sin is nothing but slavery,' she says. 'When I seek something for myself at the cost of everything else, I deliberately choose sin... Very often in a desire to get something, there's greed, there's jealousy, there's destruction. We cannot see God then. It is an obstacle... to be clean of heart means obedience, that complete freedom.'

There is something so relaxed about

Mother Teresa, who is one of the busiest women of the world. And it comes from a complete trust. She believes in 'accepting whatever He sends you and giving Him whatever He takes from you.' The latter could include a loved one.

She does not worry. 'It is not my business to think about myself,' she says. 'It is my business to think about God. It is for God to think about me.' This freedom from self makes it possible for her and the nuns she trains to make Herculean demands on their frail bodies. They all wake up between 4 and 4.30am, have meditation and prayer for half an hour, attend Mass each day, wash, clean, cook and then are out on the streets or on the job at 7am. It is a gruelling schedule. They take time off for evening prayer, and each night they have an hour of adoration.

'I could not do for a day what I am doing,' says Mother, 'without attending Mass and having this time of contemplation and prayer. Our work is the fruit of our prayer. For 24 hours as we work we are teaching about Christ. The more we receive in silent prayer, the more we give in our active life.'

'Love to pray,' she says; 'feel often during the day the need for prayer, take the trouble to pray. Prayer enlarges the heart. Work doesn't stop prayer and prayer doesn't stop work. It requires only that small raising of mind to Him. "I love You, God, I trust You, I believe in You, I need You now." Small things like that, they're wonderful prayers.'

What classes Mother Teresa above some contemplatives is her motivation. We must become holy not because we want to feel holy, but because Christ must be able to live His life fully in us. The two commandments of Christ were, 'Love the Lord thy God and love thy neighbour as thyself'.

How many of us stop at the first because we seek holiness for ourselves? Even our good actions are often motivated by self-interest. Mother Teresa has broken out of that box of spiritual solace. She makes you measure your life against hers, your selfishness with her sacrifice; your over-busyness with her sense of peace and calm in the midst of her merciless schedule.

'The biggest disease in the world today is feeling unwanted, and the greatest evil is the lack of love and charity.'

In different ways she has the unconscious gift of making us relate our lives to hers. And in that process people change. A non-practising Christian journalist Desmond Doig wrote a fine biography of her. Neither he nor his camera crew were the same afterwards. Doig concluded: 'She taught me to see, not merely to look; to appreciate, not merely to understand.'



When I asked her, 'Do you think your work will continue after you?' she replied, 'Oh yes,' with an emphatic turn of the head, 'if God finds someone even more helpless than me. God has been just wonderful.'

Abridged from 'Himmat', Bombay.

Health power

THE POWER that motivates Mother Teresa could inspire all who work in the National Health Service, said a doctor at a meeting in the Westminster Theatre last week. Ernest Claxton, former Principal Assistant Secretary of the British Medical Association, was speaking at an informal discussion attended by doctors, trade unionists and other health service workers on 'Where are we going?'

Among the speakers were Peter Rankin, an industrial relations advisory officer for a region of the NHS and Mr Jenner, a branch secretary of COHSE (Confederation of Health Service Employees). The evening was initiated by Elizabeth Coxon, a senior regional training officer of the NHS.

A theatre porter who spoke at the meeting had been a senior shop steward at a British Leyland factory. Recently, he said, he found himself lifting an old enemy—a British Leyland foreman—onto the operating table. When he came round after the anaesthetic they had a cup of tea together and began to find friendship. 'Why couldn't we have been like this 20 years ago?' said the theatre porter. 'Human relations and attitudes to one another are reflected in the whole of British industry.'

A general practitioner from a rural area apologised to other members of the NHS for doctors' attitudes. 'It is time we doctors came down from our pedestals and thought about what is going on in the hearts and minds of others.' The eight doctors in the health centre where he practises have decided to review all repeat prescriptions every time they come in, instead of instantly renewing them. They are doing this, he said, as their contribution to decreasing the national drug bill. 'There are many ways to create the spirit which makes more of our resources.'

Home from home



ELISABETH MASEN, Sweden, spent two years working in New Zealand with Moral Re-Armament. She writes:

FOUR GIRLS invited me to spend some time in their town in New Zealand. They wanted to make a new start in their lives, and felt they should begin by putting right their relationships with their parents. They hoped I would give them some moral support. When I got there, however, I realised that they were very busy and had little time left for me. What should I do—on my own in a

small unknown town in a foreign country?

I was staying with a Maori family. As a European I knew next to nothing about their traditions, history and customs. I had landed in a lively household, with people coming and going all day long. But the mother of the family never said a word to me and I couldn't seem to approach her.

After a few days I felt terribly lonely and homesick. I wondered why on earth God had sent me there. There was only one place to go in the house when you wanted peace and quiet, and that was the bathroom. So I went there, knelt by the bath and asked God what He wanted me to do. I had two very clear thoughts. The first one was not to take the mother's attitude personally. And the second was to treat the house as my own home and care wholeheartedly for the family and their numerous visitors.

I tried putting this into practice in the following weeks—I cooked, cleaned, did the washing, served the guests tea, mowed the lawn. After a while people began to want to know who I was and what I believed in.

I kept wishing I could get to know the families of the girls who had invited me to the town. It happened quite unexpectedly. Preparations were in hand for a conference in the building where the leaders of the local Maori tribe held their meetings. I offered to help in the kitchen. And who should I find myself working with, but the parents, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles and other relatives of those girls. I got to know them all at once!

One day my hostess broke the silence and told me about her life. She had suffered a lot as a schoolgirl, when she and three other girls were the only Maoris in a school of 300 white children. They were bullied, they had their pencils stolen and she hated lessons. She often found a hiding place and stayed there until school was over. It was quite understandable that she had felt a deep mistrust of whites all her life.

I began to understand what we whites, with our domineering attitude and lack of understanding, have done to so many people in the world.

On North-West Frontier

THE MEMOIRS of a colonial administrator may at first appear to be of interest only to other ex-colonialists and historians. But when the location of the story is the frontier between Afghanistan and Pakistan, including the Khyber Pass, and the theme is how to help explosive elements to work together, its wider relevance becomes apparent.

The book, *They called me an 'Impeccable Imperialist'*, is by Lionel Jardine, North-West Frontier Province Commissioner in the days of the British Raj in India. He tells how he and Brigadier George Channer of the Peshawar Brigade welded a team in that area out of prominent Muslims, Hindus and British administrators. They included Dr C C Ghosh, anti-British leader of the violent 'Forward Block', a breakaway wing of the Indian Congress, and a Muslim High Court judge from the traditionally-feuding Pathan people. After a talk with Jardine the judge made a list of his numerous enemies and got reconciled with them one by one.

How did Lionel Jardine get such people to work together? His book gives some clues.

To start with, Jardine, after meeting Frank Buchman, the initiator of MRA, while on leave in Britain, had decided to return to India and 'live differently'. Dr Ghosh commented on the 'noticeable change of heart' that made an 'absolute autocrat' into 'an actual servant of the people'.

The young wife of an assistant had heard that Jardine was 'terribly conceited and difficult to serve under'. She found him

different. Members of the Bar received letters of apology from him as City Magistrate for sarcastic remarks about them in court. His cook was surprised at an apology 'for the rough and insensitive way I had spoken to him'. His butler noticed that a heavy smoker had stopped smoking. Petitioners noticed a new compassion. Word got around in a populace that respected religion, that this official sought God's guidance.

Secondly, he asked God to show him where he was wrong in any clash with his colleagues. When a Muslim Cabinet Minister treated him in what Jardine felt was an offensive way, he tried in quiet before God to think himself into the other man's difficult situation. He wrote to the Minister and was soon afterwards working happily as his Chief Executive.

When Hindu and Muslim hatred threatened to erupt in a district south of Peshawar, close to a tribal area, Jardine's friends formed a 'Peace Brigade' and sent a message to the communities involved. Hindus, Muslims, a Parsee and a Christian were among the signatories. They included the Deputy Speaker and three members of the provincial legislative assembly.

'The disease which is troubling the country,' they wrote, 'is hatred, greed, fear, dishonesty and selfishness, in every community. Meetings and speeches, processions and elections can't cure the disease.' The cure, it continued, could begin in individuals and spread to one after the other. **Reg Holme**

'They called me an "Impeccable Imperialist"' by Lionel Jardine, Himmat Publications, from Grosvenor Books, £2.95, with postage £3.90.

Thrill of the fair

BEFORE CHRISTMAS, several families in different parts of Britain held Christmas book fairs in their homes to promote the books of MRA. David Hind, marketing director of Grosvenor Books, and his wife Gail loaded their car with 1200 books and set out to help.

In the five weeks before Christmas they were to travel 1500 miles, helping with book fairs in Sheffield, the Midlands, Glasgow and Edinburgh. Usually these were two day occasions, to which the hosts had invited friends and neighbours. Tea or coffee was served to all, and guests could browse through the books displayed, choosing from the 180 titles available.

In Sheffield the fair at the home of Jack and Hilda Spooner was combined with a fork luncheon at which Kenneth Belden, author of *Meeting Moral Re-Armament* spoke. David Hind was interviewed on BBC Radio Sheffield about Grosvenor Books. Commented the interviewer, 'If these books make you think, what more would Christ ask for at Christmas time.'

At one fair a young woman bought Annejet Campbell's book on families, *Listen to the Children*. She came back for coffee after reading it. 'I was thrilled,' she said, 'when I read that I can listen to God and He can talk to me.'

'Meeting Moral Re-Armament' by K D Belden, price £1.30, with postage £1.65. *'Listen to the Children'* by Annejet Campbell, price £1.50, with postage £1.85. Both from Grosvenor Books, 54 Lyford Road, London SW18 3JJ.

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