

HOPE NEVER DIES
the Grandy story



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Virginia Wigan

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Acknowledgments

Marcel and Theri Grandy are among the most remarkable people I have ever met. I have known them for many years, and theirs is a story that just *had* to be written. The chief debt I owe is to them for their willingness to spend many hours talking to me so openly about their life experiences, their friendships and their travels and to answer every sort of question I posed them, even when they were in the throes of moving house. They gave me free access to their lives, not for the first time.

Likewise I am grateful to many of their friends, and mine, who filled in some of the gaps - people from Cyprus, Turkey, Lebanon, Greece, Switzerland, Britain, the United States, India and Africa.

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I don't pretend to be an authority on the history of Cyprus, though I was lucky enough to visit the Grandys in Nicosia in 1977. I have done my best to present a balanced and accurate picture of the elements involved, in order to show the backdrop against which the Grandys lived their life there. The web site *www.cyprus-conflict.net* – with doctoral and research papers and analyses covering so many angles of the last 50 years in Cyprus – has been a source of much instruction and understanding for me, as have other documents. Any errors of explanation or interpretation are mine alone.

I am just writing about it. The Grandys lived it.

Ginny Wigan

About the author

Ginny Wigan trained as a secretary, and has worked with MRA/IofC for almost 40 years, in many parts of the world.

She has combined the roles of wife and mother with being an editor, a school governor and a keen gardener.

She is the author of *Spin a Good Yarn* and, as editor/ghost-writer, has brought several other books to birth.

Preface

This is a story of how two people in their twenties chose to live their lives. The adventure stretches for over 50 years from the mountains of Switzerland to Africa and on to the blue waters of the Mediterranean where their unexpected three-month visit to Cyprus lasted 30 years.

The Grandys' lives are a romance of constancy, service, and bubbling, good-humoured faith. They experienced some of the worst that mankind is capable of and some of the best. The story includes sunshine and shadow, the genuine seekers after truth and the pragmatic politicians, the funny side of life and things that touch the human heart. As events turned out, the thing the Grandys dedicated their lives to was very much bigger than they could ever have dreamed.

Many people today know Cyprus only as a holiday destination – all sun and sea. But it is also an island of history, of raised and dashed hopes, of hearts and minds, where men and women experienced the whirlwind emotions of national optimism and dark despair; an island whose soil has been stained with the blood of its people, through difficulties that have defied the best efforts of the United Nations and other international organisations for over 50 years.

Marcel and Theri Grandy recently revisited the island. Chatting about some of their shared experiences, a Greek Cypriot friend brought out a 1960s photo. 'Look at who is holding my baby son's hand in this picture – it is Marcel.'

Deeply moved by the remembrance, this ex-freedom fighter added, 'This is not just a simple snapshot – it actually

shows the whole history of our lives at that time. When our family life was in a mess nobody tried to help us, not even close family. But these two people, the Grandys, came into our lives, stretching out their hands to all of us, the whole family. They supported us and kept us on our feet.’

Marcel Grandy – who offered that outstretched, supporting hand – is tall, broad-shouldered, with an easy, loose-limbed stride in his younger years. His bushy eyebrows still show the touch of red they had in his youth. His broad smile lights up his whole face, crinkling his eyes and reaching from ear to ear. A man of great personal courage, as evidenced when his own life was in danger, he is also by nature self-effacing. He sees himself as someone who builds links between people who may be able to affect their own situation for the better.

His sense of humour, his active appreciation of the ridiculous and his telling of stories make him great company. Reliability and constancy have characterised his undertakings on the unusual course he chose to follow. His ‘motor’ is his faith and his life-long commitment to serve God.

Theri, his wife, is an elegant, cultured and gracious hostess. A natural linguist, she is also a sensitive and understanding woman whose disarming honesty makes you feel you can talk to her about anything under the sun. Her knowledge of so many parts of the world, her appreciation of other customs and peoples and her intuitive grasp of what is going on under the surface in another person, give her both compassion and steadfastness. She could have become a prominent businesswoman, running her father’s company. But she made a decision from which she has never wavered – to give her life, her will, her all to God, to be of use in his service. Through times of fear, anger, personal danger or financial insecurity she has often returned to that decision and remade it – but she has never turned away from it.

I should warn those of a nervous disposition that parts of this story are quite turbulent. All of it is true. But the best

part is that anyone could have a story like this, if only they dared.

So, just who are Marcel and Theri Grandy?

This, their story, is told as far as possible in their own words, from conversations and letters.

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1

Early years: choice of direction

Marcel is the younger son of Jean Grandy, a watchmaker in the village of Fleurier, near Neuchâtel in the French-speaking part of Switzerland. He was nine when his mother died suddenly and 11 when his father remarried in 1937.

Financially, times were hard until his father made a career move, becoming the associate of a businessman who sold watches in Latin America. This man needed someone to take charge of the watchmaking side of the business in Switzerland while he himself travelled. Jean Grandy moved his family to rented accommodation in Neuchâtel and became a manager.

Marcel: It was in Neuchâtel that our stepmother, Ida, became a real mother to us. Roger, my older brother, and I were young when our natural mother died, and our grandparents had filled the gap for a while. Devastated by the death of their daughter, however, they were almost too kind to us. Ida was the one who really brought a spiritual content to our lives, a much-needed discipline and purpose. My father was by no means a pagan, but her faith, companionship and sense of purpose must have meant a lot to him in our home life.

For some time she had known people connected with the Oxford Group, the movement begun by Frank Buchman in the city where he had spent some of his most fruitful early years amongst students who had returned from the First World War.

The Oxford Group, and its idea of personal commitment to following God's will and to living by the highest ideals, with its potential impact on family, local or national situations, had helped Ida at a time when she had had difficulties in her life.

Frank Buchman was an American whose ancestors were Swiss immigrants. He studied at a Lutheran theological college in Pennsylvania. Early on in his career he adopted a practice of two-way prayer – listening for direction as well as talking. He believed this direction was not just something for the saints and the prophets but was available to everyone and anyone. He also believed that the process needed safeguards – some of the most dangerous men in history had said they were doing the will of God. Buchman suggested measuring one's thoughts, actions and life against the highest moral standards known in every religion. The difference between what Buchman was proposing and what other Christian teachers of the time offered was the global dimension. Buchman's ideas were simple, effective and universal, and he encouraged those who took them up to think in terms of affecting the world. His work was known informally first as the Oxford Group, and then in 1938, the year before the outbreak of the Second World War, he relaunched it as Moral Re-Armament (MRA).

Marcel: My stepmother's contact brought MRA into the circle of our home during the war years. I remember there was a group of people in Neuchâtel who had known the Oxford Group since the early years when Frank Buchman first came to Switzerland.

The map of my life's course unfolded gradually. When I was 15 or 16 I started seriously thinking about what to do with my life. At around 18, during the last year or two of the war, I was part of a YMCA-Christian youth group who did a lot of walking in the mountains at weekends, spending the night under canvas or under the stars. I used to get up early in the morning and one day I picked up and read

a small book of daily readings. One text was like a shaft of light from heaven for me. It said, 'Here is the direction you will take for life.' I knew from then that I was meant to spend my life serving God. There and then I made a commitment, a complete surrender of my life to God, early in the morning before anyone else woke up. I felt a great joy and at the same time the certainty that everything would be wonderful.

At the time I was a student at the commercial college. My goal had been postal administration, where two uncles of mine also worked. After the camp I went to Moutier in the Jura Bernois, to spend a further year working in the post office.

This experience during the weekend with the YMCA friends made a great impression on me. I kept the idea in the back of my mind that, yes, I would try postal administration but perhaps there was something else as well. I thought perhaps of being a missionary. When I told my father what I was beginning to think, he said he would go for advice to our local minister, the man who had baptised him, married him – a wonderful old clergyman with a big beard, Pastor Vivien. This man said to me, 'If you want to be a missionary, Marcel, you need to study theology.'

My grandfather, my mother's father, said, 'Marcel a priest? Don't bring this shame on us!' He had a fairly big shop, selling among other things bicycles, radios and pianos. He served absinthe to the curé, a rotund man who, I remember, had a contraption to help him climb onto his bicycle – he couldn't lift his leg far enough unaided, because he was so fat. My grandfather used to take this curé to the back of his shop to have a drink.

My father could not really understand at the time why I would want to stop the commercial training for which he had paid and for which I had already spent three years working. But he didn't try to stop me. He said to me, 'It is

your decision, so now you stand on your own feet.' My stepmother came to me separately and said, 'I want you to know that if you feel you should go for further studies I would like to help you.'

There was a French Protestant Church Institute just over the border in France, near Montbéliard, which had been destroyed by the Germans during the war. The Canton de Neuchâtel Church had helped to finance the rebuilding of this Institute, and in gratitude the Institute made available a certain number of places for young men from Neuchâtel. So it was settled that I would go there.

My parents had become involved with MRA through friends in Neuchâtel. At Easter in 1946 there was a big international MRA meeting at Interlaken, attended by many Europeans able to come out of their countries for the first time since the war ended. There was a gathering, for all who wanted to participate, when Philippe Mottu, Robert Hahnloser and others talked over with a number of fellow Swiss, among them my parents, their conviction that since Switzerland had been spared during the war, it was incumbent on us to do something to help bring peace and vitality to the rest of Europe which had been so devastated.

From this had developed the idea of purchasing a Swiss international conference centre for MRA where people could meet, where former enemies could become reconciled, and in this manner we Swiss could make our contribution to re-establishing peace in Europe. Mottu and company said that they had found an old building on the market which might be suitable. It had been a world-class hotel in former years, at Caux just above Montreux on the lake of Geneva, and during the war had been used to house refugees.

My father's business was successful, and he had bought a plot of land with the intention of building a villa on it for

our family. But following the discussion at Interlaken, my father got us together at home and said to us, 'You know that we have this plot of land, and the plans for building the villa have been drawn up. But now I am wondering whether we should actually donate this money to helping with the purchase of the property at Caux – a house for the world. What would you say?'

We boys were delighted with the idea because we knew Caux, having spent holidays from time to time with my father's sister, who lived in Glion just below Caux. From her house you could see the Caux-Palace Hotel (now Mountain House) with its roofs and turrets gleaming in the sunshine. We happily agreed that the money should be used for this project.

My father and stepmother decided that they would support this effort financially and that they would stand alongside the other Swiss who were doing so. Thanks to the financial contributions of some 90 Swiss families and individuals Mountain House was bought a few weeks later.

Our family went up to Caux from Neuchâtel once or twice in 1946 before the first conference began there that summer, to help in the many preparations for its opening. Just before leaving home for the Church Institute in September I went back to Caux again, towards the end of the conference. I met all kinds of people from many different countries, and I made a very specific decision about how I would try to live my life in the future. I measured my life against the four absolute moral standards which MRA spoke of – absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. I had made the decision to put my life at God's service, but this extra dimension was very much needed – I had to get straightened out on many points.

When I went home I had a good talk with my parents. I told them, 'This is me, as I really am.' I told them, for

example, that I had stolen some money from them. And I was honest with my father about the sorts of things in my life which I felt ashamed of, things which perhaps many young men would recognise. In response to my honesty with him, my father told me about something he had carried as a burden alone for many years. It brought a new openness and closeness to our relationship.

And off I went to France, with that experience, to prepare to study theology at university. At the Institute I had a fantastic time. It was a perfect chance to try and put into practice the things I had learned and decided about at Caux. I knew that MRA was not simply a movement or organisation you joined – rather it is about the way you live your life, wherever you are. We were about 100 young men at the Institute, some younger but quite a number around my age.

My practice was to get up in the morning before all the others, and soon one of my friends asked me why I got up so early. I don't remember exactly what I replied, but it must have been that I was getting up early to give time to seeking God's direction each day, before all the noise and busyness began. His response was, 'Oh, I want to come and try that with you.' So there were two of us getting up early, and then there were three, and then four, five, and more and more. We went to the boiler-room because it was the only place that was warm in the winter mornings!

The number grew. I went to the director to ask if we could use a classroom, and the director wanted to know why. So I explained to him, and he said, 'Yes, of course – and I'll come too.' He had been a prisoner-of-war in Germany and had suffered greatly. This was the beginning of very happy times – it had a parallel with what I had experienced at the Caux conference, and I lived in an atmosphere which demanded an equal commitment. It even got to the point where during our class tests the

professor left us unsupervised, because he knew that no-one would cheat.

However after 18 months at the Institute and several visits to Caux I said to myself, 'MRA is where my calling is, not missionary work as such.' I was due home for the Easter holidays. My father came to pick me up. He saw my suitcases with all my possessions gathered up and said, 'What's all this?' I told him that I was not going to be a missionary. His response was, 'Fine, but your course has been paid for you. You sort it out.' He wasn't too pleased with me. I said that I was coming home and I wanted to work out what should happen next.

Unknown to me, there was a letter waiting for me at home from John Caulfeild whom I had met at Caux, an Englishman married to a Swiss, inviting me to work on a full-time basis with MRA. It seemed just the right thing at the right time for me, and so off I went to Caux.

Marcel's decision to accept this invitation was more complex than it looks at first sight. He was stepping onto a different path from anything he had yet envisaged. People who gave all their time to MRA received no salary and held no recognisable position. There would be no guarantee of financial reward or career progression, and no security other than the one of believing it was what God meant him to do.

The work might be helping in the running of conferences, as Marcel was initially asked to do at Mountain House, or it might be abroad, travelling with a larger group in different continents. It might be exhilarating or it might be quite mundane. Whatever the circumstances, the aim was the same – to try and make a difference to the lives of other people and situations, through expressing the change which a radical personal decision had made to one's own. Marcel knew it was what he wanted to do.

Theri was born into a well-to-do Zurich family in the German-speaking part of Switzerland.

Theri: I was still at school during the war and I vividly remember hearing news of the war's progress. We had a Jewish English teacher who was terrified that Germany would invade Switzerland. She could barely stand up and teach, for the fear which had overtaken her. I can still see her, quite undone. I had a Jewish classmate whose father, a well-known Zurich banker, committed suicide two or three years after the outbreak of war, because he could see no future. The rest of the family left for America. My private diary was filled with things like this. We were spared the physical effects of the war, but we were still affected by it quite deeply.

Like Marcel, I had also had something of a spiritual experience. In 1936, when I was around 12, my older sister Vre and I had gone with Mum to Pontresina in the Engadine for a holiday. Dad couldn't come with us as he was busy setting up his company. On a Sunday we went with Mum to a service at a little mountain church. I can see it today. Suddenly I had an unexpected vision of a mountain path, rising steeply ahead of me, with some rocks blocking it here and there. It was not a smooth and easy path. And someone or something said to me, 'This will be your path.' But it wasn't a frightening concept at all. On the contrary. It had an attraction that was quite beyond my own creation. A presence outside my life reaching me.

Just after I had finished my school exams I had found myself staying with an aunt in the Grisons, where I picked up and read a copy of *Ceci n'est pas pour vous* (*This isn't for you*, published in English as *For Sinners Only*). I always read the books that Mum told me were not for me, and the title sounded quite intriguing. I read the book

through the night. It was the story of a journalist who had wanted to attack Frank Buchman's work, and in getting the 'inside story' about MRA he had been captivated by the ideas he encountered, and ended up writing a book which attracted many hundreds of other people. After reading that book I said to myself that this was the kind of thing I longed for, but at the time it didn't really have an impact on my daily life.

I had gone to an all-girls' school which was on one hill, with an all-boys' school on the hill opposite. We would meet every day going to school and eventually agreed that we would all enrol in the same dancing class so that we could meet more easily and often. There were a lot of parties.

After school exams, instead of going on to university I took a tri-lingual secretarial course, German, French and English, to become a management secretary/PA. Towards the end of the war I began to work in the factory which my father had started up in 1938-9. My father had around 120 employees. It was a highly-mechanised business, turning out envelopes for the government in Bern and other administrations and businesses. Already then they sometimes produced a million printed envelopes a day. I loved the work. I envisaged myself succeeding my father at the head of the company, but at the same time I lived the life of a rather spoiled young lady.

I lived at home and could do whatever I wanted with my salary. I had a boyfriend who wanted me to be his girl. I worked alongside my father, but first I had to work in each department of the factory, getting to know the whole business. Then I became my father's secretary. He was very demanding – if I put someone through to him on the telephone without first having clearly understood and relayed the name of the caller, he would say, 'When you know who wants to speak to me, then I will take the call.'

My attractive older sister was at university. And I was 'only' working in the factory. She had always been cleverer than me at school – the teachers had often compared us, and



Theri (right) and her sister, Vre

I came off worse. I said to myself early on that I would get engaged to whomever said he loved me because perhaps there wouldn't be very many of them to choose from! I became engaged to my long-term boyfriend, by then a medical student. We were both only 20. Our parents knew each other. My mother in particular liked him and his parents. His father was a leading medical man. They were rich and had a lovely home. Everything was as it should be. But after three years I said to myself, 'I've got to get out of all this. I've got to escape.'

Truth to tell I was not particularly happy in my work either. I always took the employees' point of view in any discussion with Dad. He was a wonderful employer – strict, yes, but very socially-minded. He knew each employee's background and family. I said I wanted to go to England to improve my English – but this was also a bit of an excuse to get out from under the various things at home. My problem was that I didn't know how to locate a family in England who might take me in.

There had been a good deal of publicity about MRA's ideas in earlier years in Zurich, which had, I think, influenced my father quite a bit at the time. When I was wondering how to make contact with an English family, my parents thought of Jeanne Sigg, an artist in Zurich, who knew MRA. They suggested to me, 'Why not ask

Jeanne if, through her connections with Caux, she knows an English family where you might be able to go?' I didn't myself know Jeanne, but when approached she invited me for coffee in her studio, quite close to our home.

That morning in her regular time of reflection Jeanne was thinking about my imminent visit to her and had the thought, 'Invite this young woman to Caux.'

So she did. I was in a bind because I had sworn to myself not to go to Caux because I had begun to realise what the cost might be in my personal life. However, I agreed to go because I did want to learn English and, frankly, to get away from home and the work environment for a bit, and I thought this would be my best chance.

I arrived at Caux in 1947 in a rather intractable frame of mind and to start with found myself in a room with five other young women. We washed and made our *toilette* at a communal basin behind a screen, and I had a beauty case which was very important to me. I spent a lot of time getting ready for the day.

It wasn't long before I was feeling a bit desperate. I went to the conference meetings and meals, where I met people to whom I explained that, as I was already part of my parish youth work and had a faith, I didn't really need anything of what was going on at Caux. In truth it was my parents who had enrolled me in the 'young church' and I hadn't really been given a choice! I did a lot of arguing at Caux.

But as the days went on I began to get some perspective on my life. In fact it turned my life around. We had passed through the war unharmed but we Swiss had been afraid of Germany. The situation and some of the people I met at Caux were completely new to me and I was swept off my feet – Europe after the war, the young French especially, some of them having been at war, in the army, having lost people. The British also. Some of the songs that the international chorus sang moved me profoundly. And I was

there when the first German delegation came after the war. I recall so vividly when they entered the hall – drab and grey and looking anxious, defensive, and there was this welcoming international chorus of young people singing to them in German ‘*Es muss alles anders werden*’ (*Everything’s got to be different*). And tears flowed. We were all in tears. One young French Jew had lost 30 relatives in Germany and then was able to forgive.

It was things like that – the glimpse that another world was possible – which made me and so many young Europeans decide that this work of MRA was what we wanted to put our energies and lives into.

I stayed ten days at Caux on that visit. During that time I had an extraordinary experience, where I saw myself as I really was. I had gone for a walk in the woods near Caux to think over the four absolute moral standards which were being spoken of in the conference as the way to establish whether your life matched up to the eternal truths, or even to the way you talked. The standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love were the cornerstone of new life, and it was suggested that a way to begin was with four pieces of paper, on which you could write down where your life didn’t correspond to those standards.

There in the woods I began to write down all my dishonesties: I used to tell lies especially to my mother when I came home very late from parties. I wrote everything down – my lies, my jealousy of my sister, everything. And I filled pages and pages and pages. It wasn’t too pretty. And I said to myself, ‘There it is, I’ve done that, that’s fine.’

One of my roommates, Betty, prayed every evening on her knees, and she struck me as a very joyful person. She took an interest in me and one day she told me, ‘Listen, I am going back to England, and I just wondered whether you ought to think about what these four absolute moral

standards actually represent for you.' I said righteously, 'But I have done it!'

Her response, more or less, was, 'If you don't tell anyone about it to the extent that your pride takes a hit, then it won't amount to much.' She suggested that we could go for a walk together to talk. I didn't dare say no. But neither did I utter a word as we walked for two solid hours on the hills and in the woods around Caux. And yet, in spite of my silence, when we came back to Mountain House Betty seemed completely relaxed.

We were sitting together on the terrace overlooking the lake below and another person I knew came towards us and said, 'I didn't see you till just now, but I have just been asking the Lord if someone needed me.'

Betty replied promptly, 'Yes, it's Theri who needs you!'

So we set off again to the woods, the three of us, and this time I told them all about myself. I felt dreadful. When I had finished telling them all the things I had written on my pages of paper Betty said, 'I am going to tell you some things about myself, so that you know that you aren't the only person in the world with these sorts of problems.'

Then these young women said to me, 'Look at what you've done with your life so far. Wouldn't you like to know what God has planned for you if you give Him everything?' I knew they were right. So at that point we all three knelt down together, in the woods, and I said to God, 'I am sorry for the way that I have lived, and I give you all of myself. You take it all, all my will.'

My companions warned me, 'You know, this decision you have just made is an act of your will. You shouldn't necessarily expect wonderful feelings to follow it.' In point of fact I felt terrible. I went back to the small room that I had moved into at Caux, and I lay down on my bed and fell asleep. When I woke the next morning there seemed to be something in the air, a light in the room, and it seemed

as if someone was saying to me, 'You are expected. Come with me now.' I knew that this didn't come from me. It was as if there was a divine presence. It was a very vivid experience. I didn't say much to the senior people at Caux before I went home. But after that decision and experience there was an enormous personal price to pay.

The first thing I knew I must do as a result of that decision was to break off my engagement. I was wronging the young man concerned – he loved me truly and I didn't really love him. At the first meeting with him I told him that I wanted to end the relationship. He got up, went out, telephoned his parents and said, 'Theri's left me!' However later he said to me, 'I knew all the time, somewhere deep inside, that one day you would leave me.'

It was a catastrophe when I told my parents about this decision. My mother became ill and took to her bed. I told my father about some things that had gone on in the office. He was furious and told me that I had undermined his authority in the factory. I apologised to my sister for my jealousy and for not having truly been a sister to her. Then it was me who fell ill, with bronchitis. I took to my bed. Nobody understood me, not my family, not even my friends.

One morning, when I was feeling a little better but was still in bed, my mother came into my room, followed by my father and my sister. Mother had in her hand a book of daily spiritual readings, *My Utmost for His Highest* by Oswald Chambers. She must have felt that we needed some spiritual input in our home at the time. And it wasn't such a bad idea. But the reading for that day said: 'He who will not leave his parents, his house and his life to follow me cannot call himself my disciple.' I saw my parents sitting there, my mother reading this text, and the silence which followed was deafening. No one knew what to say, and so no one said anything!

A few days later when I was fully recovered, I decided to join up with my MRA friends. Not back to Caux but to join a group who were, I knew, currently in Bern. I was 23.

The morning I made my decision to leave home my father arrived at the breakfast table and said to my mother, 'I've got to go to the factory at Biberist (between Bern and Zurich) – do you want to come with me?' She said, 'Yes, all right.' And I stunned them by saying, 'I'll come too. I want to go to my MRA friends in Bern.' We drove there in total silence, from Zurich all the way to Biberist, about a two-hour journey in those days.

On arrival there my father said to me, 'Right, since you're leaving us you can walk to the station on your own.' I got out of my father's car, a great big Mercury, with my little suitcase. I said '*au revoir*'. The thing that my father hadn't realised was that the station was on the other side of Biberist to where he had dropped me off. So I set off walking with my suitcase and I said to God, 'Now I have burned all my bridges. I have nothing left but you, and I don't know what path you will have me take. But I know it is you who has told me to come.'

In Bern I was welcomed at the MRA meeting-place by Mme Peyer, whom I knew, and who was surprised to see me. When I said to her that I had left everything behind she nodded and said, 'Yes, I understand. I did that once.' At that point it all hit me and I just burst into tears. Yet there was an extraordinary sense of peace and certainty also. I still have that little suitcase with which I left home.

I spent that winter in Bern, among other things working as a secretary with Reggie Holme, who was in charge of getting the MRA news into the European press. We worked out of the Bellevue Palace Hotel, where we had the use of an office.

I was working and typing in English, because we were sending out press releases and messages to many of the

European press agencies and all the media. I enjoyed the work very much. We tried to get in touch with friends and with media all over Europe. Much of our work was in English. And there were many other British working with MRA in Switzerland at that time. So my English did improve in Bern, quite rapidly.

I stayed in a rather small and inexpensive flat. I lived the whole winter in a tiny little garret room under the roof, with a bed, a little table and a skylight window in the roof, no heating. I climbed up a wooden staircase to my 'bedroom' and the owner would come out and shout at me if it was 11 o'clock at night because my feet were noisy on the creaky wooden stairs. I was often late because I had been working. I became accustomed to praying on my knees to cope with the difficulties that winter, and I thought quite often of the lovely room I had left in my parents' villa.

I didn't lose contact with my family, though for a period I felt quite distanced from them. Later, and from time to time, my parents sent me money, because they were concerned for my wellbeing. In 1948 my sister phoned me with news of her engagement. Dad would phone me now and then and say, 'I am coming to Bern on business,' and we would meet up in town. Dad would come in his big car, with uncle Heini whom we were very fond of, who was a big industrialist as well. Uncle Heini would try to tempt me, saying, 'Come with us to Geneva. We'll go there and stay at a very nice hotel,' and I had to resist! It was a testing time. Three, four years later, before I went to Africa, Dad told me that when I left home he had started to pray with Mum again at night.

And much later I became engaged to Marcel. This was nothing like what Mum and Dad had hoped for, for me. Marcel had no money, no position, no job, and he didn't even speak Swiss-German! But when we went to meet

them together for the first time, my father came to the station to collect us, and as we were walking back to the car he looked up at Marcel out of the corner of his eye and whispered to me approvingly, 'He's a good sort' (*Er ist bon type*).

2

Apprenticeships: Africa and California

In the years immediately after the Second World War, MRA and the Caux summer conferences gave the chance to hundreds to meet and exchange experiences from Europe, North America and other parts of the world. It was a bonus also for the Swiss who had been locked inside their country for six years because of the war. Till that point a young man such as Marcel had had very little personal contact with people from outside Switzerland.

A medium much used by MRA at the time was theatre – plays were written and performed in America, in London and at the Caux conferences in a theatre converted from a ballroom. These plays were often taken on tour, sometimes at the invitation of participants to the conference in Caux, to countries and situations where their message might be of relevance.

The subject matter and setting of the plays varied – some had themes of industrial or family relationships, some were musicals, some later ones were filmed, for wider availability. But at their heart they all had the same message – that fundamental decisions in the life of even one person can have an effect on a family, a community or even a nation. The plays were illustrations of the simple but far-reaching concepts MRA offered, and those who presented them had made similar life decisions to the ones Marcel, Theri and so many others had taken.

Marcel: I was in Caux for the summer and early autumn of 1948 and then travelled as part of the supporting group with the play *The Forgotten Factor* in French, *L'élément oublié*. This play showed how motives on both sides of industry, labour and management, can change. We took the play to Paris and Nantes, and we spent the whole winter in the industrial area of northern France, showing it wherever we could. It was a fantastic experience. I was working with the backstage crew – I particularly remember Max, a Jew who had lost 21 of his family in Germany during the war.

Then the play was translated into German, a new German-speaking cast was rehearsed and they and all the backstage equipment – sets, lights, costumes, everything – went to Germany. The play was put on in Germany's industrial heartland of the Ruhr. I went there with them for some months and then went back to Switzerland because there was a Caux summer conference to run in between.

One day as I happened to be in the front hall of Mountain House at Caux I greeted an Englishman, Pat Foss, who was passing by on his way to a meeting. I asked what he was doing, and he said, 'I am going to a meeting about Africa. Are you interested in going to Africa?' I replied, 'Yes, sure.' And thought no more of it. But when the meeting finished Pat Foss came to find me and said, 'You are invited to come with me and my wife and a small group to Africa!'

I knew that much serious planning lay behind Pat's suggestion, and I knew that Pat and his colleagues were trying to find and follow God's will – and so was I. That made it possible for me to trust their invitation, even though it was so unexpected. When Pat gave me the opportunity to be part of an MRA team going to Africa 'for a few years', I packed up my things without much

hesitation. There is sometimes an inner feeling you get, a sense that you can trust someone. Often we don't know why. I didn't know Pat very well at that time, but I knew I could trust him.

We set off by boat in 1952 from Holland to Cape Town. There were five of us Swiss together as part of the much larger group. After about a month of acclimatisation and training in Cape Town we were divided up. A smaller team of about five people, of which I was one, travelled together to East Africa. Others went to West Africa. Some went to what was called Southern Rhodesia at that time or stayed in South Africa.

I went off by boat again with, among others, Pat and Margaret Foss, and a young Dane. The plan was that we would spend the next three years in Kenya, where we had been invited. When we arrived in Kenya, in Mombasa, we found a state of emergency had just been declared by the British colonial power because of the escalation of violence in the Mau Mau insurgency.

Mau Mau, banned by the British in 1950, was a movement with many violent actions to its name. Members had sworn blood oaths to Mau Mau. The principal stated aim was to reclaim the land which the British had taken, the historic birthright of the Kikuyu and other peoples. Detention camps had been set up by the British to house the thousands of alleged Mau Mau insurgents who, under emergency powers, were brought in to detention. The situation was volatile, often bloody, as some Kenyans struggled for independence from the British colonial power. For their part, the British authorities had been forceful in trying to contain the situation. Hundreds of Mau Mau activists had been hanged, for example, and stories about human rights violations are still emerging today.

The Fosses, along with the younger Europeans who were with them, found and rented a house in Nairobi. Others of the

group were housed with families in Nairobi. Their work, as Marcel recalls it, was simply visiting people – in their homes, in their places of work, in their clubs. David Waruhiu, the son of a senior Kikuyu Chief, worked closely with them, introducing them to many of his people.

There was also a group of farmers and their wives, settlers of British origin, who were familiar with and committed to the ideas of MRA. Many of them had been called up and commissioned in the army when the Mau Mau emergency broke out.

Marcel: Some of these men were seconded from their army commands to help run the detention camp at Athi River, newly established to house the hard core of Mau Mau. The camp commandant, Alan Knight, was a white Kenyan farmer who knew the ideas of MRA. Behind high barbed wire fences and watchtowers 1,200 Mau Mau prisoners were confined, many hundreds of whom were the brains and leaders of the organisation. The Commissioner of Prisons who set up the camp, an Englishman who knew Pat Foss and MRA, felt that Alan Knight and his colleagues might have a chance of persuading the hard-core Mau Mau men that there was something beyond bloodshed and violence for them to give their lives to.

Alan Knight, and others in the camp, tried to lead by example. Through honesty about his own failings he presented an alternative to the men in his charge who had believed that their only solution was to drive the white man out of their country. So successful was this work that, by 1955, 600 detainees had publicly broken with Mau Mau – they made an oath to God, which overruled their blood-oath to Mau Mau. This meant that after a while they could be freed.

Breaking with Mau Mau was an act requiring courage, because it exposed those men to the risk of reprisals. Men who

had thought that they had to fight until the last white man left their country, that the only way to answer their problems was by bloody uprising and revolution, began to understand that it was impossible to solve the problems of their country while they themselves remained full of hate. MRA offered an alternative to hatred and bitterness.

A large group of international MRA personalities with the cast of a musical play visited the Athi River camp in 1955. The entire camp of 1,500 – detainees, instructors, wardens – gathered round the MRA visitors. A senior black South African, first President of the African National Congress Youth League, said to the Mau Mau detainees: ‘MRA required that I make right all my resentments against other people. It meant writing to men that I hated. I had thought they were 99% wrong, and that I was perhaps only 1% wrong – or less. MRA said, “Don’t worry about how wrong the other person is. Put right your part and God will take care of the rest.” It is surprisingly effective.’

The causes of Mau Mau were many – one obvious one was land-hunger, under the British rule of Kenya. But, as one of the hard-core men put it, ‘the biggest reason was that the Europeans acted so superior’. After hearing people from MRA speak, and in particular the apology made to them for superiority and arrogance by Peter Howard, a British journalist, writer and senior MRA figure, one Kenyan said, ‘I never believed a European could apologise to a black man. It gave me a new thinking. I will give the rest of my life to restore to the people I have misled and to build a new country, not only for my people but for all people of other races who live in Kenya.’ Another said, ‘This was the cleanest, most refreshing day of our lives.’ After the visit, a senior Mau Mau detainee said to Alan Knight, the camp commandant, ‘Thank you for letting them come here.’ These were the first words he had ever spoken of his own volition to any white man in the camp.

Marcel: We had found ourselves in a situation in Nairobi in 1952 which was completely different to what we had known or expected. But this opportunity to be in Kenya at that time, to work with the group of white and black people from Kenya who had already been in contact with MRA, was the chance for us to learn things about Africa which we were not expecting to. The experiences at Athi River were among the most powerful and memorable that I had in Africa.

We all got together for an MRA training session in an upcountry place called Molo at the end of the various activities that had been going on in Kenya. Based on the effectiveness of MRA's ideas in parts of Kenya, we decided we should seek an invitation to Uganda, the neighbouring country, because we believed that MRA had something to offer there.

We had been giving performances in Kenya of a play by Peter Howard, *The Man with the Key*, about politicians and diplomats. We thought we might take it to Uganda. I acted the part of the Frenchman in that English-language play – I must 'ave got ze part because I 'ave no accent! Actually, people even said I exaggerated the accent, but it wasn't true – I just spoke normally.

We didn't really have much clue how to begin in Uganda except that a British colleague, Terry Guilbride, had contacts because his parents had lived there for many years. I was sent off by car with Terry to sound out the possibilities. In Kampala Terry got in touch with some of his father's friends but it really did not amount to much more than a series of social contacts. We didn't get to the point where we felt we could bring in a large MRA team with a play. So, as our time was up, we decided to return to Kenya and talk over with others how to proceed.

We drove back towards the border and reached Jinja, the second town of Uganda, on the banks of the Nile river.

In Jinja Terry said, 'Oh, do you see those houses up there?', pointing out a palatial residence on a hill overlooking the river. We found out that this was the residence of the Mehta family, the wealthy Indian owners of most of the sugar plantations in the area.

It was Diwali, the Hindu festival of light, a holiday. We were meant to be going back to Nairobi but we decided to go up the hill to this big house, to wish the Indians 'happy Diwali'. The owner, Mr Mehta, met us and asked what we were doing. We said we were part of the MRA team, and that there was this play which we were wondering how to bring to Uganda. 'But I have a theatre here in Jinja,' said Mr Mehta. 'The Uganda Sugar Plantation Theatre. Why don't you bring your play here?' We agreed, of course, and that was the way we first went to Uganda.

We drove back to Kenya and simply said, '*Voilà!* We are invited.'

So in January 1956 the play was performed in the theatre in Jinja. After the final curtain the former captain of the Kenyan national football team, John Musundi, who had just returned from travelling with MRA in Europe, apologised as an African to the Asians present for his former hatred of them. The performance was followed by a farewell banquet for Mr and Mrs Menon, the Indian Commissioner for East and Central Africa, newly-appointed Consul-General in New York. Others in the audience were political and industrial leaders. The Menons stayed talking with the cast of the play till past midnight.

About three weeks later the play was shown in Kampala, in the main hall at Makerere College, the only University in East Africa at the time, to hundreds of students from Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika (now Tanzania) and the Central African Federation. At the special request of the Students Guild there had to be a repeat performance of the play for those who couldn't get in

to see it the first time. In the multi-racial audience were the acting Mayor of Kampala, Cabinet Ministers of the Buganda Government, and the Secretary of the Kampala Muslim Association. The East African Chamber of Commerce gave a dinner for 60 of the business leadership to meet the MRA visitors. None of this ‘just happened’ – Terry Guilbride, Marcel and many others worked hard to get such a high-level and representative audience into the theatre, and to find accommodation, transport and hospitality for the rest of the MRA group.

Marcel: From here we and the play went out to the four kingdoms of Uganda, reaching society on many levels and in many areas, from students to newspaper editors, businessmen and politicians to the royal families.

I was in Africa for six years with only a brief interruption when I returned to Switzerland after my brother Roger died. He had always had delicate health and I had left Switzerland more than a year before he became seriously ill and then died. His death came as a big shock – I regretted not having seen him again and not being able to say goodbye to him. And I regretted not having been there to support my parents during his last weeks. It was a double loss for my father – Roger was not just his eldest son, but his intended successor in the watch business. I remember little about the actual funeral, apart from carrying all these emotions and reflections in my heart. But I do remember that my parents and many other friends met me when I arrived by plane from Africa for the funeral, and on the train to Neuchâtel my father showed me a picture he had taken of Roger, just after he had passed away, to show me how very peaceful he looked.

* * * * *

Theri, from her arrival to work with MRA in Bern in 1948, had ‘apprenticeship’ experiences which were similarly

formative for her life and her future – but were also very different from Marcel's.

After the first winter living in Bern, working on contacts with the European press, she joined the first large international MRA team to visit Germany after the war in the role of secretary to Robert Hahnloser, one of the senior Swiss businessmen who had helped purchase Caux for the work of MRA. They were given the task of going ahead of the main group, who were presenting the musical play *The Good Road*, to prepare all the details of accommodation, where the play would be staged, publicising the events, getting an audience.

Then in 1950 a group of 30 young Europeans were asked to go to the United States by Frank Buchman, to contribute to MRA's expanding work there and to be trained as they went along.

Theri: Frank Buchman talked to our whole group in London before we took the ship, and he said to us, 'Now, don't be over-impressed or affected by the States. You live what you yourself believe in.' Something like that.

There were six of us from Switzerland. We went on the *Queen Mary* and had a terrible crossing, one of the worst ever. Harry Addison, an Oxford scholar who had achieved a coveted Double First, was with us and planned to give us talks on American democracy and history during the voyage. The first night on board the *Queen Mary* he did give us a lecture in the cinema on the liner. The next day we had such a storm in the Atlantic that we never saw Harry Addison again until New York six days later! And everyone was seasick apart from a young Swiss man and myself. We were the only ones – two landlocked Swiss – who were able to cope with the conditions.

From New York we went to Washington. Then we went across that huge country by train to Los Angeles and were based at the MRA centre there. We went out to schools,

speaking and singing. We had many activities that took us into the life of the city, and also we ran the centre, where people lived, had meals, gathered for meetings and training sessions and gave hospitality to guests. Frank Buchman came over from Florida, and we also had the musical play *Jotham Valley* which was being presented in the city. This was the story of two farming brothers, presented *Oklahoma*-style, who had a bitter dispute over water rights, and how they eventually were reconciled through honest apology.

I was asked to go and look after the home which had been put at Frank's disposal while he was in California. It was a beautiful old villa owned by the Clark sisters, elderly American ladies. Frank had suffered a major stroke eight years before, and was physically somewhat incapacitated as a result. To start with I felt it was a great honour to be working in his home and that, in these more intimate surroundings, I might finally get to know this man, Frank Buchman, who had so influenced my life through the ideas of MRA.

My job was the daily housekeeping. I had to roll down the blinds one by one as the sun was going around the house, to protect the antique furniture, and then go around and pull them up again. If Frank was going out, I had to rush up and take the opportunity to clean his bedroom and bathroom and I did his laundry with Theresa, the Clarks' maid.

Also staying in the home were Frank's normal 'household': his PA, secretary, doctor and some younger ones who helped with the practical details. In the busy kitchen was another young Swiss, an American, and an English-woman. They were working under instruction from Kate Cross, a senior Canadian lady.

In the morning if I saw Frank was coming down the stairs, I would go into the hallway with my duster and say,

'Good morning, Frank.' And Frank would just look straight ahead. He would say a non-committal 'hello' without turning his head, and he would go out of the door. I thought, 'One day he will see me,' but he didn't. Looking back, I believe Buchman must have felt my insistent demand for his attention and treated me accordingly. The weeks went by and every day I would go back to the MRA centre at night to sleep and return in the morning, seemingly unnoticed by him. One day we had a big celebration and I was wearing my colourful Bernese costume. I was standing in the hall with another Swiss in her costume. Suddenly Frank came towards us. I thought, 'Now he will talk to me!', but he started to talk to the other girl, not to me.

It seemed like the last straw. I felt I had had enough. The next morning I said to Kate Cross and the three cooks, 'I have had enough. I have been dusting this old house for weeks and weeks. I haven't had the education I have had simply to dust an old house! And Frank Buchman doesn't even know that I exist. He doesn't see me and he doesn't greet me....' and I burst out crying. There was dead silence around the table, and then Kate Cross said, 'Theri, I think the moment has come when you decide who you are serving – Jesus Christ or Frank Buchman.' And she got up and left.

I knew she was right. I went back to my room that night and I got on my knees and I said to Christ, 'I know I decided to serve you for ever. Here I am, I will serve you to the end even if I have to dust that old house and not be acknowledged.' Nothing much changed externally, but in my heart and my attitude I felt different.

Four or five of us set off by car for Mackinac Island, in Michigan, to attend the summer world assembly for MRA. We stopped at one or two places – Yellowstone National Park, for example – and then on to the Great Lakes, to Mackinac. It was a memorable summer.

Then I went back again to Frank's house in Los Angeles, but I was totally different. I couldn't have cared less what was happening to me. And the first morning I went out and I cut some red and white oleander from the bushes in the garden to make a big flower arrangement. As I came in with my armful of oleander, Frank was sitting there in the hall with Kate Cross and all the others of the household

He turned his head a little bit and he said, 'What's that?' I didn't know whether he was referring to me or the oleander! I said, 'It's oleander, Frank.'

He said, 'Would you like to come to see a tennis game with me?' I was quite taken aback, and Kate replied for me and said, 'No, Frank, Theri is the one answering the phone today.'

Frank said, 'No, no, no – we'll leave the phone. She's coming with me to the tennis game.'

So I did. It was a men's doubles game which included the well-known British player, Bunny Austin. The whole young group from the MRA centre was in the crowd too, but I was seated with Frank and his party. And from that moment on Frank talked to me every time he set eyes on me. Every time – in the house, at the centre, wherever. He wanted to know about my family and asked to see my photographs of them. He talked about my mother and father and my life with them and since I left home.

Then in September 1951 I got news that my sister was due to give birth to her first child, but that my brother-in-law had tuberculosis and could I come home and help her? Frank had earlier indicated that he hoped that no Europeans would return to Europe just yet. He wanted us to have as much training as possible with MRA outside our own countries and situations. I wondered what to do, because my heart was pulling me home to my sister. So I talked to Frank about it, and we were silent together, and Frank said, 'You go. But then afterwards, go to Caux for

the summer conference.’ So I made my travel plans.

I was back at the centre for about two or three weeks before leaving the States, serving and looking after the meals, and so I didn’t see Frank in his home. On the last Sunday I was there Frank arrived and I was invited to Frank’s big lunch table, and I was sitting at the end and from time to time he was looking sideways along the table at me. The evening before my departure (I flew to New York to take the boat back to Europe) the whole place was full. We had been very busy for several days as there had been a conference going on. Frank himself had been occupied with many international visitors. Around 11 o’clock that evening I phoned down to Frank’s house and said to Enid, his secretary, ‘I just wanted to say goodbye, I am leaving tomorrow morning.’ Enid said, ‘Wait. Wait. Frank wants to talk to you.’ And Frank came to the phone and said, ‘I have been thinking of you all day. I wanted to talk to you at lunch but I was in pain. Thank you for all that you have given. All will be well. Goodbye.’ He knew the soul of people and their intentions and motives.

Back home I helped my sister when her baby arrived, and then I went to Caux. I spent several months in London and then went back to Germany, to the Ruhr, after the next Caux conference.

Around 1954 I began to think about going home to Zurich and helping Dad in his company – in fact I was longing to do it. And suddenly out of the blue the idea came into my mind that I would go to Africa. Nobody had mentioned it to me, still less invited me. I pushed it away, and told myself instead that this might be the moment to go to Zurich.

But in any situation, I knew that it was God who had called me and that I had given my life to Him. I knew I couldn’t just go off and do what I wanted. And then I read some spiritual book or other and it talked about the

author saying to God, 'Turn me round and round and show me where to go next' – which for me was not a decision *not* to go to Zurich, it was a positive searching for what God wanted.

And shortly after that there was a knock at my bedroom door and two senior ladies came in and told me I had an invitation to go to Africa. Certainly my intuition seemed to have worked again, and I simply thought, 'Oh, that's it then.' I was quite at peace with the idea.

I was invited to go to South Africa with the MRA group travelling with the play *The Man with the Key*. We went by specially-chartered plane from London and flew to South Africa in 'hops'. From then I was four years in Africa without coming home and used my secretarial training a lot, as there was much to do in terms of correspondence, writing stories for press and media, keeping contact with people we were meeting – apart from the administrative work of moving a large group of people around Africa.

Like Marcel, I was also at the Athi River camp in Kenya, and I remember when the large international MRA group travelling with the musical *The Vanishing Island* came and the historic turning point when Peter Howard spoke in the camp and said to the leaders of the Mau Mau movement, in their readily-identifiable prison uniforms, 'I was born British. I couldn't help it.' And then he apologised for what the British had done in Kenya and other places. These men had sworn their allegiance to Mau Mau – some highly trained, intelligent, ex-university people – and hearing this Britisher say that, it was amazing the effect it had.

From there I went with a British MRA couple to Southern Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe, and later I was in Zambia (Northern Rhodesia as it was then) and Uganda, which was where Marcel and I got to know each other. Our paths hadn't really crossed before that time.

3

Paths crossing and joining

Bunyoro Kitara is one of the four kingdoms of Uganda. The King of Bunyoro was crowned annually in a tribal ceremony. All the ancient traditions prevailed and the Royal Drummer with the sacred drum, the Royal Trumpeter with his ancient horn, the Royal Snake Charmer, the Royal Spearman with his ancient spear and the Royal Executioner with his sacrificial axe would appear before the King and entertain the crowds. Blades are powerful symbols in the region, and the kingdom is itself, in part, named after the Ekitara – a kind of traditional sword and local symbol of authority.

In the 1500 years before the Europeans arrived, the lake region of Africa, with its temperate climate and good soil, was a crossroads. A fusion of peoples occurred, and by the 15th century Bunyoro, the first of the great kingdoms, was founded. During the next two centuries its armies brought much of central Uganda under its control. These areas were ruled by governors subordinate to the great king of Bunyoro. In the late 18th century, during a period of conflict, the governor of Buganda declared his independence, and the new kingdom quickly became the major lake state. Two smaller kingdoms, Ankole and Toro, also became independent of Bunyoro. Each of these, with variations, modelled its society and political system on the earlier state. When the Europeans arrived, they divided the African lands up among themselves, and Uganda became a British Protectorate.

After the performances of the play which Marcel and Terry Guilbride had facilitated in Kampala, the larger MRA group spent a further time in the city, building on the contacts that had been made with the many people who had seen the play and consolidating what had gone before. They found people were very keen to know more about the ideas of MRA and how to apply them in their own communities in Uganda. The Norman Cinema in the centre of Kampala was used a lot. In those months Marcel and his friends were developing ways of living and working which would be repeated by the Grandys in many other situations in the future: making and maintaining links between people, befriending, listening to and talking with them.

They were colourful times. When a group went to Ankole, one of the other kingdoms, they were welcomed on arrival with the news that a lion had got into the compound the day before and eaten one of the king's guards.

Some of the group lived in the home of Princess Lucy of Bunyoro, whose uncle the King was visiting the Caux conference after attending the coronation in London of Queen Elizabeth II. Theri at one point stayed with a fellow-secretary in the Kampala home of a sister of the king of Buganda, the Nalinya. Their hostess had posted an askari (guard) with his rifle in front of the younger women's bedroom door all night, because it was unusual at that time for two white women to be in a totally African surrounding. The Nalinya used to take them to the market with her and would then take personal charge of the preparation of their meals – outside on the ground, giving instructions to her women all around her.

The Omukama (King) of Bunyoro took a great interest in all that the group were doing in his country, and Marcel in particular was on the receiving end of this thoughtfulness.

Marcel: One day the king's driver came, in the big royal car, to our house in Kampala and gave me a long thin

parcel, saying, 'This is for you. From the king.' I wondered what on earth it was. When I opened it, I found it was a walking stick decorated all over with small yellow and blue beads.

I knew that men in Uganda have that sort of stick as a sign of authority and position, and they use them as they walk ahead of their one or two wives, who follow meekly. I said in some puzzlement to the king's driver, 'I am extremely grateful. But why does the king send me this? I have no wife. I don't even know if I will be married.' The driver nodded wisely.

When I thanked the king later he said, 'You may not have a wife yet but you need encouragement!' I still have that walking stick here in my home.

He was right. Theri was often in my thoughts. But we had not been in the same part of Africa for over a year and we did not keep in touch.

Theri: I had not consciously thought of Marcel in a romantic light at all. Later, after we got engaged, a friend said to me, 'When you came from Uganda you used to talk about Marcel often.' I hadn't realised that I was doing it!

Whatever the circumstances, Marcel and Theri both agree that 'things matured' in Africa. And when Marcel returned to Caux in September 1958 with a couple from Kampala he found Theri was also there. While walking beside the lake at Neuchâtel he decided that the time had come to propose.

Marcel: One day towards the end of the conference I got together a few friends who had been with me in Africa and I told them – well, I emptied my heart to them. My friends said, 'When will you ask her?' So I said, 'Well, I can do it tonight.'

Marcel's friends were keen to help him achieve his goal. Bishop George West, Anglican Bishop in Rangoon, who was at

Caux at the time, gave him the use of his sittingroom on the top floor of the very large house, room 515, as the venue for his assignation with Theri, and arranged for some nice roses to be placed in it.

Marcel: Princess Lucy from Bunyoro, the niece of the King, was in Caux, and Theri was helping to look after her. I went to ask Princess Lucy if she could bring Theri at a certain time after dinner to sittingroom 515, please. And I explained why. She said yes, she would do that gladly. Later she told me that she had pictured us as a couple together while we were still in Uganda! She said, 'You were white. I was black. I didn't know your customs, so I didn't say anything.'

After leaving Uganda and spending some time in Northern Rhodesia, Theri had been in South Africa in early 1958. She fell ill, had a small operation and was convalescing at someone's farm, relaxing, learning to ride, having a wonderful holiday time, and was also doing some thinking.

Theri: I told God very clearly that if by the time I was 35 I was not married I would get out of this outfit and I would find myself a husband. I was 33 at the time.

But one morning I had a response, 'Theri, you have entrusted me with your whole life. What is it with this condition about marriage now?' So I said, 'Lord, I know very well you are right. Even if I am not married, all my life I will serve you.' After making such decisions at various points in my life I had such a feeling of joy and liberation. Life was absolutely beautiful. This irk was gone. I was free.

Yet when I was going back to Caux in '58 after the family holiday, on the train from Montreux I suddenly thought, 'Wouldn't it be funny if Marcel asked me to marry him!'

The first day back in Caux I was working at the telephone switchboard and Marcel came along. We exchanged greetings. I had heard his mother had not been well, and so I asked after her. Next morning I was sitting in a large meeting and Marcel was on the platform with the other speakers. Suddenly as I looked at him something happened in my heart. I was not 'in love' but something happened to me. Later the same day as I was hurrying through Mountain House with an urgent phone message for someone I suddenly had the oddest thought, 'Are you ready to get engaged?' And I was in a hurry and a bit distracted, and I thought, 'Heavens alive! To whom? Gosh if it is X I hope I will have the courage to say no!'

Honestly, after that I forgot about it again for the rest of the day. Life was full and busy. I was responsible for looking after Princess Lucy of Bunyoro. In the evening I was to take her to the Caux theatre to see the première of a new play. Because it was a special occasion I put on a nice dress – it was white with little roses and a green hem.

After dinner I went to collect Princess Lucy. I said to her 'We are going to the theatre!' I was really looking forward to it. Having been roped in by Marcel, she replied to me, 'No, no, we are going to look at a special picture in sitting room 415.' I was confused by this, because I had had my instructions to make sure she got to the theatre! I said 'How about my showing you this picture tomorrow?' She was curiously adamant, 'No, no, now!' So I said, 'OK, Princess Lucy, but it means we will miss the theatre.' I was quite disappointed.

We went up to the sittingroom on the fourth floor, as she had said, and found it was dark and was locked. She said, 'Go and get the key.' I said, 'No, Princess Lucy, please let's go to the theatre as planned.'

She sat down on the seat outside the locked door, utterly determined in a way I could not quite understand, and

said, 'No, you go and get the key.' And so I went along the corridor towards the hall. Dot Clark, who was my great friend from our days in Africa, and who also knew Marcel's plan, was at the end of the corridor, and she said, 'Theri, what on earth are you doing here?' I said, 'I am going to get the key to show Princess Lucy a picture.' And Dot blurted out, 'No, no. It's in 515.' And suddenly I remembered my earlier unbidden thought about getting engaged, and my knees started to wobble.

Without the key, I went back down the corridor to the Princess and said, perhaps a bit breathlessly, 'It's in 515, your picture.' So we climbed up the staircase and saw there was a light on in 515, and we went in and Marcel was standing there, waiting, and there were beautiful roses in the room. The Princess sat down and I sat down, and then she said, 'I'm going now.' I panicked and said, 'No Princess, please, please stay. Please.' She said, 'No, no – I'm going now.'

And then Marcel said that he loved me very much and would I be his wife. I had told the Lord long ago, 'Don't send me the wrong one, I will say "yes" to anybody in this situation.' I felt God had given me several little signs to prepare me. I liked Marcel, and so I thought, 'This is it.' So I did say 'yes', and indeed Marcel wasn't the wrong one – I think I fell in love first with his wonderful sense of humour!

We went to phone our parents. Marcel's father said that I had a Swiss-German accent, and my mother demanded, 'What is his position? What has he been doing? What was his job? How will he look after you?' I suppose neither of us was quite what each other's parents had been expecting.

After we became engaged, Marcel and I were intending to go back to Africa where we had been invited to return when we were married. We both had many friends and

contacts in Kenya and Uganda, and we had felt there was much to be done in consolidating earlier work there. I was quite excited at the prospect. But some days later in Switzerland we were down at the lakeside, and Marcel said to me, 'It is so strange. I don't feel we will be going back to Africa.'

The security of a plan has always been something I have felt the need of. I was furious.

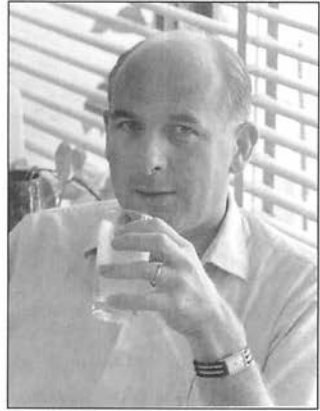
My first reaction was, 'Why are we getting married then?'

The engagement period was not easy, for either of us. We disagreed one day when we were at Marcel's home in Neuchâtel, to the extent that I wanted to leave without telling anyone, early one morning. I didn't though. We both had to adapt ourselves to another person.

Finally one day at Caux Marcel said to me, 'Look, Theri, if you don't want to go on with our engagement, OK. But I will do this work for the rest of my life. You can choose what you want, but I know what I will do.' This brought me up short, as you can imagine, and I thought, 'Oh my goodness, he isn't very dependent on me at all, is he?'

Through ups and downs our love for each other grew. We never doubted we were meant for each other. Today it is our greatest gift still. And except for times when there are exceptionally sombre circumstances around us, Marcel will still make me laugh at least once every day.

Marcel was right: our plans didn't work out the way we first thought. We were married in May 1959. I was almost 35, and I remembered the condition I had once made. And then, out of the blue, we were asked by Peter Howard to



Marcel, 1960

go to Cyprus in February 1960 for three months to replace two Swiss friends, the Fankhausers, who had fallen sick.

Marcel: What we didn't know then was that three months in Cyprus would become three extraordinary decades.

4

Cyprus: the background

Cyprus, at the eastern end of the Mediterranean, is a place that has experienced Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Crusader, Venetian, Ottoman and British rule. Its copper mines and its geographical location have made it a prize for every power with interests in that part of the world.

It is known as the island of Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love, set like a jewel in the blue Mediterranean Sea. Its olive and citrus groves, spring flowers and summer sunshine attract people from all over the world. It has known brutality and bloodshed on a scale which present-day tourists would find hard to believe.

For the past 50 years 'the Cyprus problem' has confounded the best efforts of the most skilled negotiators to bring a lasting settlement, through the UN and many other international organisations. The two main communities on the island, the Greek and Turkish Cypriots, remain separated, divided by 'the green line' overseen by UN peacekeepers.

In 1955, when Cyprus was still a British crown colony, the National Organisation of Cypriot Fighters for Freedom (EOKA) led by George Grivas began guerrilla action from bases in the Troodos mountains. This was the start of a violent anticolonial campaign in pursuit of union with Greece (*enosis*). For four years, through many attempts by Britain, the UN and others to broker a deal, the bloodshed continued. Attitudes between communities on the island hardened –

between Greek Cypriots who were for or against union with Greece, between pro-*enosis* Greek Cypriots and the British, and finally between Greek and Turkish Cypriots. Always in the background were the powerful interests and influences of the two 'motherlands' of Greece and Turkey, as well as Russia's historic ambition for an exit from the Black Sea and control of the Bosphorus, and Britain's desire to retain its strategic military bases in that part of the Mediterranean.

Frank Buchman's first indirect contact with Cyprus came in 1924: he was asked to lead a weekend of spiritual reflection and discussion at Roberts College, Istanbul. George Moissides was one of 700 students who attended this weekend and as a result decided to dedicate his life to living and spreading the message which he learned from Buchman. Shortly after this, during the forcible expulsion of people of Greek origin from Turkey, Moissides' family mostly went to Athens, but he himself went to Cyprus where he took a post at the American Academy in Larnaca. Here for many years he passed on what he had learned to the students and others with whom he came in contact.

In the 1940s the then Bishop of Kitium (Larnaca), with whom Moissides had become acquainted, encouraged Greek Orthodox students to attend MRA meetings arranged in Larnaca by Moissides. In 1951 this Bishop of Larnaca became known to the world as Archbishop Makarios of Nicosia.

One of those whom Moissides much influenced was Nicos Dimitriou who became a partner in the Dimitriou Bank of Larnaca. When Makarios was made Archbishop of Cyprus, and by custom automatically Ethnarch (national political leader), Dimitriou became one of the 36 members of the Ethnarchic Council.

In 1954 Archbishop Makarios was a guest at Buchman's London home, 45 Berkeley Square. In March 1956 when the British authorities deported Archbishop Makarios to exile in

the Seychelles for encouraging EOKA, George Moissides posted to Makarios a set of MRA books for him to read in exile including *Remaking the World*, Buchman's collected speeches.

In the summer of 1957, in the face of escalating violence and increasing bloodshed on Cyprus, Moissides arranged for a joint delegation of youth from Larnaca, three Greeks and two Turks, to fly together to the MRA conference at Mackinac Island in America. Nicos Dimitriou, the Larnaca banker, also joined this delegation. Zenon Rossides, the Cyprus representative at the UN, had attended an MRA conference at Mackinac Island a few months earlier.

In March 1957 Makarios was released from the Seychelles, though still exiled by the British from Cyprus. A UN resolution brought about a fragile truce with EOKA. The following year British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan proposed a plan giving autonomy to Greek and Turkish Cypriot communities under British sovereignty. The plan was accepted by the Turkish Cypriot community, who felt their security, as only 18% of the population, might be guaranteed by Britain, but it was rejected by the majority Greeks. Communal violence flared up again, with renewed bloodshed which was only temporarily eased by a further build-up of British troops.

By December 1958 tension was ever higher. Murder and intercommunal bloodshed had become daily occurrences, rising in scale. The morning that a British bank manager in Nicosia was shot in the back as he arrived for work, Kenneth Mackenzie, editor of *The Cyprus Mail* in Nicosia, phoned Peter and Doë Howard in England, urging them that MRA should do anything it could to try to resolve matters in Cyprus.

In January 1959, at the request of Peter Howard, John McGovern, a Scottish Labour MP who was convinced of the role MRA could play in changing attitudes, called on Archbishop Makarios and Zenon Rossides at the UN in New York.

After half an hour's talk Makarios agreed to send Rossides as his representative to the current MRA international conference taking place in Los Angeles.

Zenon Rossides and his wife spent two weeks in Los Angeles, during which time they had lengthy conversations with the McGoverns and Howards. At one point Theresa Rossides said to her husband that the bitterness in Cyprus reminded her of the bitterness she felt towards him when he always wanted his own way. Thunderstruck, Rossides left the table and went into the garden to think. When he came back he said, 'Not what the Turks want, not what the British want and not even what the Greeks want. We must find what is right for the whole of Cyprus.'

On his return to Europe Rossides had a private meeting with Harold Macmillan, and two days later, in what today might be called 'shuttle diplomacy', he met Makarios and Greek Prime Minister Karamanlis in Athens.

Meanwhile, from Turkey came attempts to prepare Turkish public thinking for a Cyprus agreement. Ahmet Emin Yalman, editor of the influential newspaper *Vatan*, wrote an important article on the subject in January 1958. He had attended the first Caux conference in 1946, after which he returned to Istanbul and had become reconciled with his old enemy, the then Prime Minister of Turkey, and started to work for better understanding with Greece also. Yalman's article was carried by many Greek newspapers, and in the Turkish and Greek papers in Cyprus. 'Cyprus is not meant to be the point of division. It is meant to be the bridge of understanding,' he wrote.

In February 1959 the Foreign Ministers of Greece and Turkey met in Zurich. No Cypriot leader was present as they reached agreement on a solution to the deteriorating Cyprus situation (the 'Zurich Accord'), by which Britain, Greece and Turkey agreed to Cypriot independence with *enosis* and partition both ruled out, and a text was drawn up for signature by Archbishop Makarios and Selwyn Lloyd, the British Foreign

Secretary, in London, along with the representatives of Greece and Turkey.

In mid-February Makarios and 20 advisers arrived in London, but three days later negotiations became deadlocked. The Archbishop discovered that he was being asked to sign the Zurich Accord without any commentary or alteration, or else turn it down – not normal procedure. Moreover Makarios was being asked to sign an agreement without having had any contact with, let alone agreement from, Colonel Grivas and his hard-line militant EOKA fighters in Cyprus. Makarios and Grivas had different approaches to a solution for Cyprus – Grivas favouring union with Greece alone, Makarios more inclined to find a pragmatic compromise solution.

In London Makarios asked for a week's delay to give time to discuss with his advisers in Cyprus. Grivas and company were in hiding in the mountains and not readily accessible. This request for a delay was denied – Macmillan protested that he had to be in Moscow on the following Saturday to meet Khrushchev and wanted the Cyprus agreement in his pocket. PM Karamanlis of Greece said that he could not guarantee that his government would survive if a settlement did not go through.

Overnight the Archbishop reached the decision that he would sign in faith that the agreement would be accepted by EOKA, as in fact it was. Every part of the agreement ran great risks, to prove goodwill. In the words of the Archbishop at the time, there were neither victors nor vanquished.

Twelve days later at an MRA-hosted dinner in London Zenon Rossides said, 'Without MRA we cannot make the new constitution work.' Makarios indicated that he was of the same mind – that while an agreement had been signed on paper, there was much work to be done in making it a reality on the ground, in an island where chasms had opened up between the two communities.

At the end of November 1958, Nicos Dimitriou attended an

MRA conference in Holland. On returning he went to see Archbishop Makarios in Athens and the Governor of Cyprus, Sir Hugh Foot, in Nicosia. He told them both that he felt there was a possibility of bridging the divides in Cyprus through the type of change of heart which he had witnessed in so many instances at the MRA conference in Holland.

On March 1, 1959, Archbishop Makarios accepted the independence of Cyprus from Britain and returned from exile. On December 13 the same year he was elected President of Cyprus, in spite of extreme right-wing opposition elements who had accused him of treason. The same day Dr Fazil Küçük, leader of the Turkish Cypriots, was elected Vice-President, unopposed.

There is today little doubt that the Zurich Accord, though probably the best that could be achieved at the time and in the circumstances, was a flawed compromise. Many Greek Cypriots came to feel that too much control and power had been given to the Turkish Cypriots, in respect of their 18% of the population of the island. Later evidence has shown that Makarios himself was not happy with it, but felt at the time that there was nothing else to be done. Perhaps he even felt that, since his hands had been tied by others, he could retain the right to alter the Accord at some point in the future when circumstances were more favourable to him.

Left and right-wing extremist groups, communist and nationalist, were also less than satisfied with the Accord, and were very active in the island as a whole.

The Turkish Cypriots were probably the more satisfied party at the time, but their aspirations for partition and the security of greater ties with Turkey were not met. Britain (and NATO) were content to retain two military bases on the island under the agreement – strategic listening posts in the Eastern Mediterranean at the height of the Cold War.

1959 saw numerous contacts between Greek and Turkish Cypriots under the auspices of MRA as well as other organi-

sations, and a joint delegation went to the Caux conference. In August 1959 Zenon Rossides was present at Caux with Rauf Denktaş, President of the Turkish Federation of Cyprus, who apologised publicly to him. They had appeared together on an acrimonious TV programme in New York, during which Denktaş had wanted physically to attack Rossides. 'I insulted him. I manhandled him and tried to hit him. In my heart I was a beast, not a hero, not a man. Today I offer my apologies.' On returning to Cyprus Denktaş and Rossides expressed the wish to send more of their compatriots to Caux, convinced that MRA offered a hope for the future stability of their island.

A small international MRA group was sent by Buchman to Cyprus. Visitors included two former Mau Mau members from Kenya who had been detainees at Athi River and who had found an answer to their hatred of the British through MRA. They had a powerful and transferable experience for Cyprus at that time. The former Mau Mau men's arrival at the airport in Nicosia, accompanied by the son of a former German army General, caused much excitement and popping of flashbulbs. They were given newspaper, TV and radio coverage in Nicosia. What had happened at Caux between Denktaş and Rossides was also well known on the island by this time. The question on the minds of people who heard about it was whether they and their colleagues would really live out in Cyprus what they had talked about abroad.

Later Denktaş sent a group of Turkish Cypriots to the ongoing Caux conference. During the visit of this second Cypriot delegation to Caux some high-ranking British military men spoke from the stage, expressing the need they saw for a change of attitude by their country in regard to other nations. 'No one country has the right to dominate another,' said General George Channer, a former commander of the 3rd Gurkha regiment. 'Humbly, and without reserve, I would like to ask forgiveness from the Cypriots here present for the wrongs to which we subjected them. Britain needs to change.'



A group of elderly Cypriots in national dress, British soldier in background
(Caux Archives)

As a result of the visits of so many Greek and Turkish Cypriots to Caux, in the latter part of 1959 a sizeable MRA team went to Cyprus, many of them young people. The Fankhausers, Swiss friends of the Grandys, acted as 'elders' for the young team and hosted the Nicosia house rented for use as a base of operations by MRA and to establish a longer-term MRA presence on the island, as suggested by the leaders of both communities.

In December 1959 at the invitation of Greek and Turkish community representatives who had visited Caux and experienced the power of theatre for expressing the ideas of MRA, Peter Howard's play *We Are Tomorrow* toured the island. An American singing trio, the Colwell Brothers, were part of the group, and their song 'When I point my finger at my neighbour, there are three more pointing back at me' caught on and influenced many in their audiences.



The Colwell Brothers singing in a Turkish Cypriot village, 1959, with Rauf Denktaş (L) and Dr Fazil Küçük seated at table. (*Caux Archives*)

That Christmas, 1959, 40 people from Cyprus were jointly sent to a conference at Caux by Dr Küçük and Archbishop Makarios to learn more about MRA and its programme, and to meet each other and people from other parts of the world in ongoing dialogue. Plans were made to continue the contacts between Cypriots of all communities and representatives from Caux and elsewhere. Due to ill-health the Fankhausers could not return to Cyprus as planned, and so the Grandys were asked by Peter Howard to replace them for three months.

Theri: It was a request we were happy to fulfil. We piled a VW minibus high with two young British passengers, our belongings and theirs, and various items needed for a large household, and set off from Caux in February 1960 to catch a boat at Venice and on to Cyprus.

5

Nicosia: 1960

The position 'on the ground' in Cyprus in early 1960 was that the EOKA struggle was over, a truce had been agreed, and the Zurich and London Accords which were designed to lead to the establishment of the constitution of the Republic of Cyprus had been signed. But the date for formal independence was pushed back for the second time in February 1960 as negotiations became deadlocked.

Feelings were still running high in many quarters on the island as memories and scars were fresh. Civil unrest, murder and bloodshed had been daily events from 1954-58. There were many Greek Cypriots, among them both communists and nationalists, who were not happy with the independence agreement that Makarios had pragmatically signed. They continued to hope for enosis with Greece. The Turkish Cypriots, who had founded their own militant organisation, the TMT, were largely on the British side against the EOKA Greeks who wanted enosis. There was a large British military presence. The police force was mainly Turkish.

The Greek and Turkish communities lived in different sectors of Nicosia, the capital city, but anyone could move freely between the two. There was barbed wire in many places and street signs crossed out in blue paint by EOKA. All over the roads in white letters were EOKA slogans and those of its 'peaceful' successor EDMA, and AKEL the communist party. The sun shone, the children played, the donkeys struggled

along beneath their loads, the jeeps honked. British soldiers were everywhere in uniform and off duty – a sort of forced relaxation after the years of unrest. Tension was close to the surface, and everybody listened and watched. And yet there was also optimism in the air, the hope that independence would somehow be the start of a new chapter to the history of Cyprus and its people.

* * * * *

Theri: Marcel and I arrived just as Cyprus was beginning its glorious springtime – warm sunshine, blue skies, blossom and wild flowers.

We arrived full of all the personal adjustments that had to be made – life as a couple, a whole new culture in the Mediterranean, an extremely busy, though unplanned, schedule, and living in a small MRA community essentially made up of some quite high-spirited younger people whom we were supposed to try and keep an eye on, and keep up with!

When we and our two passengers arrived by minibus in Nicosia from Venice we were met by two young men, one British and the other German, who had arrived in Cyprus some weeks earlier from Caux. A young woman from South Africa also joined us.

The colleagues who had preceded us in Cyprus the previous year had rented 3 Rimini Street, in a cul-de-sac in the Greek part of Nicosia but very close to the Turkish sector, near the old Venetian city walls. It was a three-bedroom bungalow with a big sitting-room with a fireplace, a nice terrace and quite a big garden containing some orange trees. There were huge pine trees in the garden next door, and the police station just behind. The property belonged to a Cypriot lady who lived across the road, who had mulberry trees and silkworms in her own

garden. A couple of the young men with us actually lived in her spare room, and one night the silkworms escaped from their boxes and came wriggling under the door into their bedroom. The lads were quite confounded to know how to round them up and put them back!

Before the Grandys arrived the two young men had been to visit Archbishop Makarios and Dr Küçük, soon to be President and Vice-President, to present messages from Caux. The meeting with the Archbishop was a formal affair, beginning with kissing his ring. With Dr Küçük things were more relaxed. He was still a practising doctor and they met at his surgery. They also met the number two in the Turkish community, Rauf Denктаş, then quite a young man, who later became Küçük's successor.

Shortly after their arrival, the Grandys and most of the Rimini Street household visited the monastery at Makaeras – Abbot Irineos had been at Caux a few weeks earlier at Christmas. He had allowed the monastery to be used as a base and refuge for EOKA anti-British activities during the previous four years. At Caux he had enjoyed meeting British delegates who had a humbler attitude. He had celebrated Christmas Mass at Caux, breaking bread which he had specially baked himself. He surprised some of the international participants at the service by handing a piece of bread to them with a hearty 'Merry Christmas' instead of the more conventional Greek words.

The MRA representatives from Rimini Street were invited to Makaeras to take part in the celebration of the reconciliation that had begun to take effect. The Abbot kept his international guests busy, introducing them to the other guests – including the policemen who had been guarding the monastery during recent troubles – and asking them to speak to the assembled crowd. At the end the Abbot handed round pencils and paper so that they could all be quiet together and write

down their thoughts. The police sergeant said he would measure his life against the four absolute moral standards, type it out and read it to the Abbot. Not long after one of the Greek Cypriot families present invited some of the group from Rimini Street to their home to talk further.

Every day friends came in to the MRA home with gifts for the Grandys' household – masses of oranges, sacks of potatoes, celery, invitations to their homes and villages, offers of car-rides and even a live chicken. There were many Cypriots, from both communities, who hoped to restore peace to their island through MRA and to heal the wounds that resulted from the years of violence and unrest. It wasn't long before the Rimini Street daily routine had to have an early start, getting the housework, gardening and cleaning done before a 7.30 breakfast so that they could be ready when the first callers arrived.

Marcel: Theri and I were plunged deep into the life of the island. We arrived in a country that was at boiling point. All we could do was proceed in the way which we had worked in other situations and in other countries – for example by giving a voice to those who, elsewhere in the world, had lived through and found solutions to situations of hatred and division, through forgiveness. We hoped that through their example the Cypriots might be able to advance towards independence and unity for the island.

At that time, February 1960, a large international MRA task-force was in Rome with the play *Hoffnung (Hope)*, written and acted by a group of German miners. They were due to fly on to South India shortly, and we wondered if Archbishop Makarios and Dr Küçük might invite them to visit Cyprus on their way.

It must be remembered that in the days before long-haul air travel, such a journey would of course consist of various 'hops'. Cyprus could be one such stop on the route. A message

was duly sent to MRA colleagues in Rome, to enquire if such a visit might be possible, even briefly.

The task-force in Rome was 60-strong, including 13 German miners from the Ruhr and their play. This was the era of the Cold War ideological struggle, Khrushchev's era. The theme of the miners' play was the struggle between the ideologies of left and right, and the answer was the change in individuals which had to take place in people's hearts. The Grandys and their colleagues believed Cypriots of both communities could well relate to the message the miners would bring – 'Not who is right but what is right'.

After receiving a positive reply from Rome, they broached the idea with Zenon Rossides, who approached Archbishop Makarios to request his official invitation for *Hoffnung* to come to Cyprus. There were various considerations for the Greek Cypriot leader – concern that the German miners would not get a positive reception owing to the bad times during the war (not least in Greece), concern about the language difficulty (the play was in German, but was simultaneously translated into microphones offstage, so the audience heard it in English) and where to find a theatre where both Greeks and Turks would come. Makarios was also probably concerned that if the event was not a success it would reflect badly on him. But in the end he did ask Rossides to issue the message of welcome. When Küçük heard this, he immediately asked the Grandys' team to write a similar message for him, which he signed. With a cable of confirmation to Rome, the plan was under way.

Marcel: It felt as if Theri and I had to jump onto a moving train. The miners and the group of 60 from Rome would be coming at very short notice indeed. We needed to find accommodation for all these people, organise their stay – to think about every detail of what they would need, what their visit could be used to do and who might be interested

to meet them. And we ourselves were very new indeed to the island!

In fact they only had a week between hearing that the miners' group would actually be coming from Italy and the day of their arrival. And the visit was to be just 36 hours long. There was masses to do, but there was an immediate and excited response to the news on the radio of the coming of the play. Crowds of friends from all over the island poured in to Rimini Street to help. One man whom they had never seen before came in and offered to help with translation, and also gave the use of his car whenever needed. When Archbishop Makarios agreed to receive the miners in person, at extremely short notice, Dr Küçük followed with a similar invitation.

Extracts from the Grandys' letters to Frank Buchman give vivid accounts of the events they were living through.

26.2.60 to Buchman from the Grandys and others in the household:

"The German miners took Cyprus by storm. On their arrival the MRA task force was welcomed at the airport by a considerable group of Cypriot friends and a press conference. The Greek, Turkish and English journalists bombarded the visitors with questions. The arrival hall at the airport was soon full of people who had come from all the offices and neighbouring hangars to hear the miners. Later the same evening in the big ballroom of the Ledra Palace Hotel, 300 leading personalities of the island – Greek, Turkish and British – came to a reception.

"Nothing stopped the crowds pouring into the theatre the next night – not even the bomb explosion in the heart of Nicosia the same evening. *Hoffnung* was due to begin at 7pm and by that time the 1000-seat theatre was already crammed full, with hundreds outside clamouring to get in. The Chief of Police ordered 10 policemen to handle the crowds and the traffic. It was probably the first time since

the end of the emergency that Greeks, Turks and British in such numbers were to assemble together.

“The latecomers, including the Under-Secretary for Defence, Zaim, were asked to drive to another theatre for a special preview performance of *The Crowning Experience*. [This was MRA’s latest feature colour film, with music, one of whose stars was the Broadway and Covent Garden mezzo-soprano, Muriel Smith, who was travelling with the group.] The Under-Secretary later said, ‘I hope I will have another chance to see *Hoffnung*, but I certainly would not have missed that film for anything.’

“Following the performance of *Hoffnung*, a reception was arranged for invited guests. This time 500 people gathered in the ballroom of the Ledra Palace Hotel. The manager, who had suffered under the German occupation in Greece, and to whom the German miners had personally apologised for his treatment, had the room beautifully arranged and there was an ample supply of drinks and sandwiches which melted away like snow. Among the first people to arrive was a large group from Famagusta, an hour’s drive away, invited by a former EOKA doctor, friend of the Archbishop, who had been at Caux some months earlier. He helped host the evening and made a speech in German for the miners. Raghıp Malyalı, a lawyer appointed to represent the Turkish Cypriots at the UN, spoke for the Turkish Cypriots saying that the MRA force could not have come at a more appropriate time. People stayed talking eagerly around the tables till almost midnight.

“Events moved very rapidly yet peacefully during the miners’ 36 hours on the island. None of us could have pre-arranged appointments with the three top men of the island in the same afternoon, on the eve of key political talks now going on. And yet that is what happened. The Archbishop was the first to receive the miners.



Representatives of the Ruhr miners and the international MRA group presented Archbishop Makarios with a replica miner's lamp. (*Caux Archives*)

“We had heard rumours in the last days that he had become rather cautious about MRA as a result of attacks on him in the press for his association with it. But after the miners had spoken to him about their reasons for undertaking this journey he said: ‘I extend my thanks to you all for coming to see me. It is a great pleasure to welcome you to Cyprus. I hope it will not be the last time. Many Cypriots have already been convinced by MRA and it has taken root in Cyprus. The world needs the hope you bring. I am happy you came to Cyprus.’

“Half an hour later we were in the beautiful garden of Government House. The Governor, Sir Hugh Foot, congratulated the miners on what they were doing. As they had with the Cypriot leaders, the Germans presented him with a special miner's lamp and he was delighted to be filmed receiving it.

“Less than an hour later the same group was in the huge building of the Council of Ministers, where Dr Küçük received them in his office. Photographs taken of this inter-

view were on the front pages of the Turkish newspapers this morning. The Greek papers published a photo of the Makarios interview and 24 other articles appeared in the last three days. Cyprus National Radio also carried news of the miners' visit and the British Forces Broadcasting Service, which covers the whole Middle East, is doing several features. Athens Radio has done three news items about it also.

"A high point for the miners was the journey to Makaeras monastery. Abbot Irineos led the way in a cavalcade of cars and buses through the beautiful countryside into the mountains, up steep unpaved mountain roads, along valleys lined with almond blossoms and past typical Cypriot villages perched on steep slopes. We climbed to over 800m to the imposing site of the monastery in its unique mountain setting. The bells pealed out as the miners, in their traditional dress uniforms, marched up to the entrance where the Abbot and the monks stood waiting to greet them in the brilliant sunshine. After words of welcome the Abbot led the group of 70 through the monastery to the historic church in the inner courtyard. Attired in a long green ceremonial robe the Abbot then took his seat on the throne while the monks chanted. He addressed his guests with typical charm and assured the miners that they were not alone on their historic mission and he and his monks would follow them with their prayers. This, he said, had been one of the greatest days in the monastery since he became Abbot.

"Earlier the Abbot, along with many others, had come more than once to the home here in Nicosia to help us with the preparations for this visit. One time when he was there a Turkish couple arrived too and then two young EOKA fighters. The Abbot rolled up his sleeves and they all helped with addressing invitation envelopes, and then stayed to supper. A Turkish Cypriot friend introduced us



Abbot Irineos welcoming the German miners and their group to Makaeras Monastery (*Caux Archives*)

to the manager of the auditorium which was used for *Hoffnung* – the biggest in town, and through the Abbot and his friends we were introduced to the printer who did all the work necessary in record time.

“Today we have been paying the bills. The printer gave us a 25% reduction. On the hotel bills we got the equivalent of 21 people put up free. The bus company, who had a busy time, dropped their price by almost half. Many people have wanted to help. The EOKA men told us that ‘if trouble starts again, 3 Rimini Street will not be touched by anyone’.

“The decision of Andreas Vassiliou, a young trade union leader from Famagusta, to join the miners on their onward journey to Kerala in South India was front-page news yesterday and has created deep interest. His family

have agreed, though he is their only son and breadwinner at the age of 21. They saw very little of him during the years of the emergency because he was in prison for so much of the time. Though still young, he seems an influential man in the island. Cyprus' destiny may lie not in saving herself but in playing her rightful part in the world."

Hoffnung left a remarkable impression on the island. It was by far the biggest and most public MRA undertaking in Cyprus to that point. The Ambassador-designate to Greece, Mr Kranidhiotis, who had visited Caux the previous Christmas, was a lunch guest at the Rimini Street home a few days after the departure of the group for India and told the Grandys that he was astounded by what the miners had achieved in such a brief time. Everywhere he went among those engaged in the negotiations, he said, he heard people talking of it, and felt that the visit had played a decisive role in the last weeks of drawn-out independence negotiations.

In many ways the brief visit laid the groundwork for the next many months in Cyprus for the Grandys and their colleagues.

But for Theri it wasn't all high-profile stuff.

Theri: During the time the miners and the task-force were on Cyprus I spent a lot of my time in the kitchen, along with the young women who lived with us. We welcomed the visitors to our home on numerous occasions for meals, and also for informal meetings with our Cypriot friends.

In the course of all the activities, of course, we got to know many people. They were intrigued. They wanted to question us. We were swept up in a whirlwind of meetings, exchanges, encounters, many of which took place in our home. The best were when they came for a meal and relaxed around a table. The EOKA people generally arrived armed. I cannot say I personally was always at ease with the guns being left on the table in the hall!

I am Swiss-German, trained in punctuality and the correct behaviour of our part of the world. I found I had a lot to learn about Cypriot society. The Cypriots weren't very punctual when invited for a meal, for instance. When someone invited people for a dinner party at 8.00, for us that was quite a late start. Not so in the Mediterranean! But that was what we did because that was the custom of our Cypriot friends. In discovering a new culture, a great part of social life takes place around a table.

We would have the meal ready for 8.00 and often nobody had come by the appointed hour. So we would phone up to see if they were still coming and there would be no reply. Then at 9.00 they arrived with flowers and all radiant. For them there was no problem. It was normal.

During the Greek Lent we had to make many experiments with fish-only recipes. When a dinner party was coming up we had a 'dress-rehearsal' for any new recipe and – as one of the young men said – 'There are definitely fishes and fishes!'

Cyprus was a blessing for Marcel and me, because we were so busy that we had no time to dwell on any marital 'teething troubles' – we just got on with it! But to start with,



especially for me, I think it was a gift at a critical time in my life to be plunged into a new country with Marcel.

I know I was not always easy to live with during those months. The newness of everything at times made me quite inse-

cure. I am naturally a fearful person – Marcel is not! Sometimes I retreated into silence – not very nice for the rest of the household. One day I received a letter from a friend which said something like, ‘It is about time that you let Jesus cut the control of fear forever.’ I was angry but finally did turn to God because it was for Him that I had left everything. We cannot change ourselves, but we are able to turn to the One who can.

Again I made a decision. The decisions of my will, made at so many crucial times in my life. And then the freedom flooding in, experiencing that God actually loved me. I had great trouble in accepting that God really loves me, even if I am impossible. I can’t express it differently. His will was actually life and joy and all, but my will had to be broken.

We had lots of fun, we learned to adapt and to laugh at ourselves, and it was a very happy start to our married life.

Marcel and I had no salary, no personal finances. Life, even in the basics, was uncertain on that score. I used to go to the market to buy Egyptian cotton, silk from Damascus, fabrics from Turkey, and the dressmaker made my clothes for just a few pounds. The house had originally been furnished through the generosity of some British people who saw it as a way of offering restitution for the harmful way their country had often pursued its political ends in Cyprus. We lived simply but we lacked for nothing. Food was very cheap to buy. We had to rely above all on our faith in God who, we were convinced, prompted other people to help us – in all sorts of ways.

There was the extraordinary generosity of the Cypriots, Greeks and Turkish. Most of our friends were not rich, but they gave us eggs, fruit, vegetables. They often invited us for a meal. One great acquisition was a specially-made dining room table in varnished walnut which could seat from eight to 30 people. When fully extended it stretched the whole length of the big room. The carpenter was

extremely pleased because he had never made such a long table. He came up with the method of expanding it himself because he had never seen one like that before. It became the pride of the 20 men who worked on it, and they cut the price by 20% when they heard how it was going to be used in the MRA home. On the walls of the rooms were some water-colour paintings, given by the well-known English Lake District artist, W Heaton Cooper. The rent for the house was partly paid for by Swiss friends who regularly sent us some money.

We were in the habit of praying together as a household, and the financial needs were included in these prayers. It must be admitted that our prayers were never so ardent as when we were short of money! One morning I went to the market to buy something for dinner for a guest we had invited. I had just one Cyprus pound in my pocket. At that time that was sufficient to buy a chicken, but it would leave absolutely nothing for anything else. However, I bought the chicken and on the way home I went to our post box, to pick up our mail. There I discovered a letter with a large cheque, which was a totally unexpected gift.

Sometimes I received some money from my parents, as did Marcel from his. The only specific contribution we received a bit later on from MRA at Caux was a credit card which allowed us to draw money for travel to nearby countries such as Lebanon, Egypt and so on.

Marcel: In March 1960, about a month after the *Hoffnung* visit, we had three new overseas guests who couldn't have been more different – James Dickson, Swedish MP and former Chamberlain to the King of Sweden, Patrick Wolrige Gordon, British Conservative MP, and Angelo Pasetto, trade union leader from Milan, the former leader of a communist cell. It was through MRA that these three people knew each other and they came to share their

beliefs and experiences. We hadn't intended that their visits would all overlap, but as it happened the timing was perfect – at a crucial moment for Cyprus when the question of the military bases to be retained by Britain looked likely to reignite antagonisms.

Zenon Rossides, when he heard about this quite high-level trio of guests, came round to Rimini Street for supper and to help plan for their visit. He said he loved visiting the house because he felt so at home there. 'It's so refreshing after the independence negotiations to get into the atmosphere of MRA.'

James Dickson was the first to arrive – as it happened, on the same plane as Rauf Denктаş for whom a vast crowd of Turkish Cypriots had turned out in a show of strength and nationalism. In the airport lounge before the plane arrived, Marcel and others spent some time in conversation with the whole Turkish Cypriot cabinet, who were there awaiting Denктаş. James Dickson was guest of honour later that afternoon at a football match attended by many of the Greek Cypriot leadership – a fierce game, which the communist side won. Football at that time was an entirely political matter.

Marcel: On March 25 we celebrated Greek Cypriot national day. This was also the day when our three guests were welcomed with great pomp by the Greek authorities. They took part in the religious service for the national day, at the end of which the Greek version of an MRA booklet was distributed by former EOKA combatants. This publication was also delivered door-to-door to 15,000 families, and the Vice-Minister of Justice sent it to all his colleagues at the other Ministries.

We took the three dignitaries to Paphos, seat of Bishop Gennadios, a beautiful drive right across Cyprus. Spring had well and truly come to the island and with it the most glorious flowers and blue skies. Pasetto, the Italian ex-

communist, told the Bishop how he had refound his Catholic faith.

Theri: The day for the restart of negotiations about independence came, and leaders from the Greek, Turkish and British sides were present at a big dinner party in our home with our distinguished guests. The menu was duck followed by a cream and meringue dessert, while in the background some young EOKA friends who had offered to help did the washing-up in the bath. They had never washed up before and asked to be given a demonstration of how to wash a plate, dirtied for the purpose.

Marcel: Wolrige Gordon said to the guests, 'I take full responsibility for the wrongs which we British have committed, and I ask your forgiveness.' A Turkish Cypriot lawyer, Raghip Malyali, followed him saying, 'The people of MRA are going to be an essential support if we are to make our republic a place where people from different races and religions can work together.'

Dozens of articles appeared in the press during those weeks and made known the ideas of MRA through the whole country. We lived in an extraordinary period. Everything seemed to happen at breakneck speed. People were reconciled, finding solutions to problems. Life was quite euphoric at times.

6

‘Never let Cyprus go’

Marcel: Theri and I had hardly had time to catch our breath, and already it was April with the Easter conference about to take place at Caux. We planned to try and take some Cypriots there with us, so that they could meet and exchange views and ideas with people from other countries.

The costs for the charter of a plane and the accommodation expenses of Cypriots at the Caux conference were met by contributions from overseas wellwishers.

Vice-President Küçük himself chose the Turkish delegation, beginning with his own wife and Mme Denктаş, wife of the president of the Turkish Federation of the island. Another delegate was the Under-Secretary of State for Defence, A Zaim. He said publicly, ‘There are still great problems to sort out between Greeks and Turks, but so many of our compatriots have come to Caux and have gone away transformed and clearly united that I don’t doubt for an instant that our problems can find a solution.’ There was a big group of Greek Cypriots in the delegation also.

Theri: One day the Greeks got upset about something and suddenly decided that they had had enough of Caux and most of them walked out and went to Geneva where they remained until it was time to take the charter flight home.

We felt quite responsible and were upset. But Peter Howard just said to us, 'Let them go. Let them go.'

The initial three months for which the Grandys had been asked to go to Cyprus came to an end with that Easter conference. The original hosts of the MRA home, the Fankhausers, were now fit enough to return to Nicosia. The two couples met with Peter Howard at Caux to decide what to do.

Theri: There was no question but that we ourselves would go back to Nicosia after the Easter conference – and we wanted to. So much had just started to happen, so many links had been made, so many contacts with people. We didn't just 'drift' into it – we were caught by the possibilities for the future and the friends we had already made.

We agreed together that both we and the Fankhausers would return to Cyprus. Before we could go, however, there was a need for openness between us two women. She is one of my best friends today, but at the time she was honest with me about some things she felt about me. It was important to clear the air between us before we went back together to Nicosia. And I remember Peter turned to me and said, 'It is one thing to be jealous of somebody, and it is another to cause jealousy.' It made me thoughtful. We could not have superficial relationships in that situation.

Marcel: We wanted to continue what had begun in Cyprus. Theri and I saw Frank Buchman shortly before leaving – he was not well and was in his bedroom. He said to us, 'We must never let Cyprus go.'

Theri: His words felt like a commission for me, rather than a burden. We were going anyway. His words were a confirmation.

Marcel: However, it was a strange trip back: at Geneva airport we met up with the Greeks who had left Caux, and

they travelled as a separate group in the charter plane – hardly answering our greetings and some turning their backs.

Returning to Nicosia, it was a question of picking up where we had left off, responding to invitations, to introductions, seeing where they all led, making the links between people and above all continuing to develop the natural friendships with everyone we met.

It was a joy to be back. MRA was the talk at each of the Turkish Cypriot parties we were invited to. Mr Zaim, the Under-Secretary of Defence, told us that at least 600 to 800 people had approached them about Caux, wanting to know what happened there and how MRA could be applied in Cyprus.

Dr Küçük expressed in a letter how grateful he was for the opportunities the delegation had at Caux and for what they were able to contribute. We met Mrs Küçük's English teacher who said she knew all about MRA and Caux because Mrs Küçük was telling her about it at every lesson. Mrs Denктаş also valued the visit to Caux. She said, 'I used to be jealous because my husband left me alone so much, but now I understand his work much better.'

When we saw Archbishop Makarios on our return he had heard about the actions of some of the Greek delegation from his auditor, who was one who had left Caux for Geneva. This man had cabled Makarios saying, 'Have walked out from Caux because of inappropriate attitude.' Makarios said he had treated the man rather coolly when he next met him, but all he said to us was, 'I am only sorry that this time Cyprus was not so well represented at Caux.'

But after that occasion we didn't try to take any more huge delegations from Cyprus to Caux. We concentrated much more on individuals, Greeks and Turks, whether to Caux or other conferences, and this was much more productive than the mass groups.

Marcel and Theri were far from naive about the difficulties that faced the newly-independent republic, the various influences that were being exerted from abroad, whether by Britain or the United States, or by Greece and Turkey. This awareness of the underlying issues added a sense of urgency to all they did. Nor were they naive about the positive-sounding statements coming from the island's leadership, of whichever community. They built a remarkable relationship with Makarios, and with members of his staff. They were regularly given access to him, to introduce their guests to him or to inform him of the latest work they were doing.

Marcel: Makarios was famous for being able to hold two opposing views at the same time, without any difficulty. There was a story told that two quarrelling parties came from a village to ask the President to mediate between them. The first party was received, and the President heard their side of the story and said to them, 'I understand your point of view completely. I am with you.' Then the other party came and he said to them also, 'I understand you perfectly. I am with you.'

His perplexed secretary said to him after that, 'Beatitude, I don't understand. One lot come with one point of view – you agree. The others come with another point of view and you agree with them too!' The Archbishop responded, 'Yes, you are right – I agree with you!' He was famous for that.

May 1960, Marcel to Buchman:

"The Archbishop's position is difficult. The British government's incredibly hard bargaining in the negotiations here has put the country into a situation that could disintegrate into chaos at any time. Violence and crime are growing daily. There are large demonstrations of unemployed. Two days ago 400 government employees got their dismissal notices. The communist trade union is growing rapidly

and is by far the biggest of the three (the other two being the Free Trade Union and the Turkish trade union) and the strongest political organisation on Cyprus. We saw some of our friends from the Famagusta District committee of the Free Trade Union. A few days ago they were all dismissed from their positions by the head of the union, on grounds of 'disobedience'. The head of the union has just become engaged to be married to his fourth wife. Efforts from many sides to have him removed from his position have been in vain as he has support from higher up. The upshot is that the Free Trade Union's strongest group, the Famagusta one, is now almost dissolved with its members joining the communist union.

"It is important to take every opportunity available for Cypriots to join in MRA actions outside the country, because so few people here have had the chance to see beyond Cyprus. Andreas Vassiliou, the exception, the trade union man from Famagusta, sent articles for the press from India and Japan, on his journey with the miners, and these have appeared regularly and in full in the leading Greek newspaper here.

"One of the Greek Cypriot delegation to the Caux Easter conference, who did not leave with the others, was an EOKA man who told us he would like to help us with the planned distribution in Cyprus of large numbers of the latest MRA pictorial magazine."

This international publication had a big article on the visits of MRA personalities and groups to Cyprus, and Cypriots to MRA's conference centres at Caux and Mackinac in America – including Rossides and Denктаş at Caux.

Marcel: In early May, we had a telephone call from the secretary of the Minister of the Interior saying the Minister would like to see us for a few minutes and could we come. The Minister, a 25-year-old former EOKA leader, had never

been very forthcoming with us. We were received by the Administrative Officer, not the Minister himself. He said that he had had reports that we were going to distribute leaflets which could 'hurt the feelings of certain Cypriots'. He wanted to know the facts and advised us not to do such a thing because it would be unfortunate if incidents should happen and some of our friends would be beaten up while doing the distribution work.

We told him that the only thing we had in mind distributing were the Greek and Turkish versions of the MRA pictorial, of which we gave him a copy. After looking through it he said, 'Well, that means I was completely misinformed.' He had heard that we would issue a pamphlet denouncing the Cypriots who had been at Caux. We left as friends.

Later that same morning we followed a suggestion that Zenon Rossides had made to us, and went to make an appointment to see Archbishop Makarios. Our purpose was to inform him about the planned events at Caux this summer. To our surprise, after only five minutes we were ushered straight into the Archbishop's office at the Council of Ministers.

Theri: From 1960 onwards there was a very active social life in Nicosia and elsewhere, with a swiftly-established tradition of morning coffee. But the Greek and Turkish communities did not mix socially, and this was also the case with coffee mornings. We met people from all the communities, but not at the same time.

Once the Turkish women invited an expert in who could read the coffee-grounds. Her predictions were absolutely astonishing, and one of hers for me came true. I had ill-advisedly ordered a very expensive, bright red, dress for my parents' wedding anniversary celebrations in Switzerland. It was all wrong on me and I was feeling awful about

it. The Turkish lady read my coffee grounds, looked at me and said, 'A fat person will help you in your trouble.' Actually the owner of the shop where I had ordered the dress – which was already in process of being made – was a rather fat lady who, when she heard my doubts and regrets, said, 'Don't worry, I will put the dress in the shop window and sell it. We will make something else for you!'

I found, when I gave a coffee morning, it was necessary to bake at least two cakes myself. No question of anything bought. Once I remember making a cake which took hours, but it was worth it.

Events such as coffee mornings gave the opportunity to pass on a certain amount of news from other parts of the world, which I felt might be relevant to the Cypriot hostesses – for example from Kenya, emerging from the years of the Mau Mau struggle against the British colonial rule, and also news from Caux conferences.

One day at one of these gatherings, this time with the Armenians, a lady took me on one side and asked me, 'What is MRA?' I told her what I could about what I did and why I did it. She said, 'All these ladies must hear this.' So she invited all the women present to her own home for another gathering, and once we had eaten some Armenian delicacies she clapped her hands and said, 'I want Theri to speak to you.'

In the middle of what I was saying she interrupted and said, 'You haven't mentioned the four standards.' So I began again, with explanation about the absolute moral standards. And this was the way we began an important link with the Armenian community. Later we went to show various MRA films in this community, in their primary and secondary schools, and we were invited to many Armenian homes and occasions.

Although life in Cyprus was so eventful, full of interest and the unexpected, and so extraordinarily rich in so many

ways, Marcel and I were not unaware of the many sides of our own personal lives which we might have developed had we stayed in Switzerland. Marcel loved – and missed – walking in the mountains, and meeting up with his old friends in Neuchâtel. I had played the piano quite seriously when I was young, and I missed the classical music concerts, theatre, and opera which were a part of my life in Zurich. It was hard to see our parents so seldom, and for me to miss out on my sister's three daughters growing up. The fact that we did not have any children – something we both found very difficult – did, of course, enable us to be free to pursue our activities outside Switzerland. While there has been a price to our life's commitment, unimaginable riches have always accompanied it, as we have always felt we were part of a bigger design, the outcome of which we cannot see but whose impetus we always feel.

Marcel has a way of being interested in anybody we meet – sometimes we would be walking along the street and I would find that he had started a conversation with someone, a stranger, and more than once the thought has crossed my mind, 'Heavens alive! With this man I can never walk a stretch of the way without him talking to somebody else!'

I learned that friendships are often unexpected, and

'Marcel has a way of being interested in anybody we meet.' Marcel with the Abbot of Stavrovouni Monastery



often start because of an interest in other people – not curiosity but genuine interest, without any ulterior motives and no hidden agendas. When you know your own human nature and have no illusions left, it allows you to begin to 'read' other people: not out of judgement, but by intuition and out of care for them.

This doesn't mean that there are never conflicts or causing of hurt in others. Certainly not. Asking and granting forgiveness of another person is all part of it, and indeed is almost another whole chapter of it. But in a genuine unselfish friendship there is no need to compare or to try and bluff. Just be more interested in the other person than you are in yourself.

One occasion, one encounter, one new friendship, so often seemed to lead to another. In essence, this was Marcel's and Theri's work – making the links from person to person.

Marcel: In Cyprus almost everyone you meet eventually turns out to have some connection with someone in some part of the island's life. 'Oh, you must meet my brother-in-law, he'd be very interested in this film – he's the Minister of ...' or, 'My wife's cousin could help you, he's such-and-such in Limassol.'

Cyprus has the advantage of being a small country, so something happening – positive or negative – can have an immediate impact. That may be why there have been so many dramatic ups and downs over the years.

Marcel's and Theri's regular letters to Frank Buchman, sometimes written with others of their household, vividly portray the urgency of the situation in 1960, the variety of Cypriot life with which they became involved and the sheer pace of their daily life.

They had the use of a film projector, brought from Caux. In the days before videos and DVDs it was the only way to see an

MRA film other than in a cinema. It was a cumbersome business by today's norm of just slipping a disc in a slot and pressing a button. It involved a large projector, speakers, a screen, cables, and often a generator as well, especially if showing a film in places where there was no electricity. It was equipment of which full use was made.

The MRA full-length colour feature film *Freedom* started life as a play at Caux, written by Africans, for Africans, and describing the struggles of an imaginary African country to win freedom from its colonial masters. Political freedom for their country followed from costly personal decisions. The film is a river of colour and sound, African life and music, a remarkably timeless and universal drama.

17.6.60 to Buchman from Theri

"Mrs Shukuroglou, a Greek lady who was at the Caux Easter conference, invited the whole committee of a Women's Organisation, of which the Archbishop is President, to see *Freedom* here in the Rimini St home. About 40 ladies filled the living-room and there was great expectancy in the air.

"Just when the film was about to start an old friend of the Rossides from Limassol dropped by. When she heard what was on she said, 'Oh, I want to see this ...' and stayed to the end. Now she wants to arrange a showing of *Freedom* in Limassol in one of her family's home.

"Next week Mrs Shukuroglou will take some of us to visit the homes of the ladies who saw the film, in order – we hope – to reach through them the 3,000 members of the organisation with copies of the Greek MRA pictorial.

"The morning after the showing we went to see Mrs Denктаş. We told her about the Greek ladies seeing *Freedom*, which brought forth an immediate response on her part. She said, 'Our Turkish Association of Women meets this afternoon. Could we have *Freedom* for them?' She

phoned Mrs Küçük, who is the President of the Association, and they agreed to have a showing the next week in a much larger hall where more women could see it.

"Mrs Dimitriou, whose husband is President of the Chamber of Commerce of the island, has had a showing of *Freedom* in her home for her friends. She spoke of her anxiety about the situation here if the settlement doesn't come quickly. A scuffle broke out next door to her home at a football game a few days ago. They burnt one of the buildings down and only tear gas and the threat of machine guns brought order. Her children were playing nearby and she had to rush over to bring them home, terrified."

22.6.60 to Buchman from the Grandys

"The papers here are optimistic about a settlement of the outstanding issues of the negotiations this week. Friday is the deadline if there is to be independence this summer.

"The only heart-specialist in Cyprus, a Greek, told us the other day that Turkish patients can only come to see him late at night and only then with a special permission from Dr Küçük. The other day when he visited a Turkish patient he found his car windows smashed and was told by a crowd that he would be killed if he dared to come again.

"The Turkish translation of one of your recent speeches, printed in Dr Küçük's paper *Halkin Sesi*, will be sent to the mukhtars (mayors) of each village from his office with instructions to post it in a public place so that everyone will read it. Yesterday we took 2,000 copies of the Greek pictorial to Larnaca where there is an important British military base. A young Greek who was at an MRA conference in the United States in '57 is seeing to its distribution in the city.

"We visited Makaeras monastery to give the Abbot a copy of the pictorial. When we came out to go to our car

there was a busload of children aged about eight or nine there seeing the monastery. They came from the Limassol district where we have hand-delivered the pictorial to 30 villages under the direction of a former EOKA fighter. The kids swarmed around the Abbot and shouted, ‘We have that magazine at home in our village!’”

7.7.60 to *Buchman from the Grandys*

“Last night at Government House the agreements between Britain and Cyprus were initialled by Archbishop Makarios, Dr Küçük, Sir Hugh Foot and the Greek and Turkish Ambassadors. Preparations for parliamentary elections have already started. The elections for the Communal Houses, in which Greeks and Turks will each control their own religious, educational, cultural and social affairs, take place on August 7th. Independence celebrations may be postponed until September or October as Nicosia is said to be a furnace in August.

“The biggest industry on the island is the Cyprus Mining Company. This copper and iron mining company is controlled by American capital, with 2,000 men employed – two-thirds Greek and one-third Turkish. The Egyptians, Romans and Franks also worked the mines over centuries, and left huge slag heaps as reminders. Last night the American head of the company in Cyprus gathered 50 of his overseas management men and wives to see *Freedom* in the open air under a starlit sky. The evening made a deep impression. The head of the company now wants the film to be shown to his workers as soon as it is subtitled in Greek and Turkish, and for his hospital, which is the best on the island. All this makes its impact because of the economic power and potential of Cyprus Mining Co. for capital investment, taxes and employment. The mines are a major source for jobs on the island.

“Tomorrow, as 30,000 young left-wing Cypriots are

being organised to demonstrate in Famagusta against the British bases and nuclear weapons (in the style of the anti-American student riots which recently prevented US President Eisenhower from visiting Japan), about 1,000 copies of an MRA booklet in Greek will be distributed to leaders of the town's various departments and organisations. The Commissioner of Famagusta supplied us with the necessary lists and Nicosia students undertook the addressing and sending out of these books. As it happens they are the same students who distributed our Turkish literature in the Turkish villages. The younger people especially realise that without a breakthrough in the self-righteousness and pride that separates Greeks and Turks, the agreement will not work.

"Andreas Vlachos, one of the five district organisers of the Free Trade Union, the other day invited us to a Labour dance, where the Minister of Labour and all the trade union leadership of the island were present. He placed us at the centre of the main table. As a result of contacts made then we expect some of the top trade unionists to come and see *Freedom* here in our home tomorrow night."

On July 31, 1960, the first general election for the House of Representatives took place. Of the 35 seats reserved for the Greek Cypriots, 30 went to the supporters of Makarios. All 15 Turkish seats went to the Küçük supporters.

31.7.60 to Buchman from the Grandys

"The major independence celebrations will be in October and that will probably be a good time for the official premiere of *The Crowning Experience* film and a strong visiting MRA supporting group. We met the head of the largest film distributing chain on the island, serving Turkish and Greek cinemas, covering all the principal towns and villages. His people had screened *Freedom* and

pronounced it 'excellent'. Their plan is to show it on general release throughout the island, which means that for the next year the film will be in continuous use. We shall be able to introduce the film personally, as we feel appropriate. They will also show it free in the schools.

"At the same time the head of the Cyprus Broadcasting Corporation phoned to say that they had agreed to screen *Freedom* on television and have scheduled it for September. We showed it to the teachers' conference here and found a strong response from many teachers who want it in their schools.

"It is a godsend to have this house at Rimini Street at this time. People continue to come in at all times of the day. Yesterday two young teachers from a distant village arrived at eight o'clock in the morning and the last guests yesterday, the whole family of the Under-Secretary for Justice, left close to midnight after dinner and seeing a film."

On August 16 Cypriot independence was celebrated. The island's radio announced that Archbishop Makarios and Dr Küçük had sent their personal representatives to Caux on the occasion of independence day. The first flag of the new republic officially to go overseas had been brought to Caux by Andreas Vlachos of Famagusta at Makarios' request, and it was raised in front of 700 international delegates to Caux by Zenon Rossides.

Archbishop Makarios sent a message to Frank Buchman for the conference: 'I hope and trust that with the help of God we shall not falter in our determination to make Cyprus an example of unity and a factor in world peace.'

In September 1960 Cyprus was admitted to the United Nations. The delegation charged with representing the new republic was led by Zenon Rossides. He brought a message of the leadership's intent for unity which the American public

Nicosia, 29th August, 1960.

Dear Dr. Buchman,

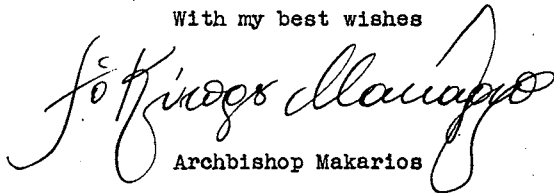
I am most grateful for your inspired message and your good wishes for the welfare of the Republic and for myself.

Cooperation and unity on the basis of moral standards as a step towards international understanding will be our steadfast policy and our long term objective.

I hope and trust that with the help of God we shall not falter in our determination to make Cyprus an example of unity and a factor in world peace.

I thank you for all your help to Cyprus. We follow with keen interest your great task for a changed mankind and a better world, in which we mean to play our part.

With my best wishes

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Makarios', written in dark ink.

Archbishop Makarios

Frank Buchman,
Mountainhouse,
Caux Sur Montreux,
Switzerland.

had the opportunity to hear on television.

'Geographically Cyprus finds itself at the meeting place of three continents,' said Mr Rossides. 'Maintaining the age-old relations with the populations of these continents, this island has often served as an arena of war, or a cause of war, between the nations of the East and the West which confronted each

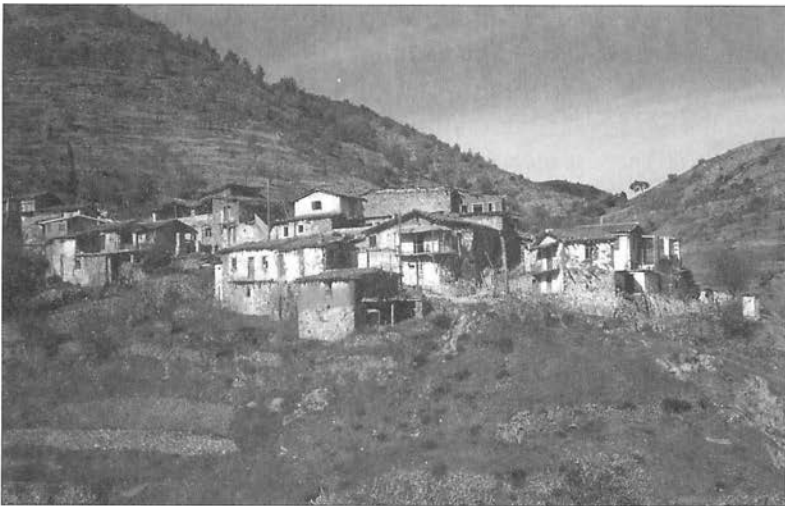
other. Now Cyprus could be the land where people could meet on a basis of freedom, harmony and peace. We want to make Cyprus a link in understanding and co-operation for the Mediterranean basin and for the world.'

9.10.60 to Buchman from the Grandys

"These days have been busy ones. The printing of one of our pamphlets in Turkish has given many contacts in the Turkish Cypriot community. Dr Küçük's brand-new printing firm is doing a good job with it. Yesterday we saw Dr Küçük's secretary who said he wants the pamphlet to go not only to all the leadership but also to all the mukhtars (mayors) of the Turkish villages, the heads of the schools and of course to the MPs.

"The 16 mm film of *Freedom* with Greek subtitles will be a great asset for the villages. Up till now *Freedom* has been shown in cinemas in Nicosia, Famagusta, Kyrenia and Karavass. The 16mm copy and a generator (many of the villages have no electricity yet) will allow us to go with the film to the villages in the mountains and valleys where so much of the real Cyprus is and where many of the policies are initiated. Most Cypriots still go to *their* village on weekends, where many of the old traditions have been kept.

"We saw an instance this afternoon, when we were invited by the mukhtar of Meniko to attend his son's wedding. It is a village of 1,000 people, about an hour's drive from Nicosia. The mukhtar is a wonderful man with a good moustache and had personally distributed a copy of the Greek version of the pictorial with explanations to all the 250 families of his village. We were guests of honour at that wedding. The whole village took part. All the farmers were in their Cypriot costumes. There was a traditional preparing of the household items by the women with blessings by the priest and dances by the groomsman.



A typical Troodos mountain village in Cyprus

There was the offering of a new house by the bride's father to the new couple. There was the church service by candlelight and a delightful lunch prepared and served by all the relatives. The mukhtar took endless trouble to see that we were comfortable and happy, and we were!"

3.11.60 to Buchman from Marcel

"Here in Cyprus much has happened since we last wrote to you. Last Saturday in Paphos the District Secretary of the Free Trade Union arranged a day of visiting and in the evening a showing of *Freedom* in the local cinema. We met the Bishop of Paphos, Bishop Gennadios, who was in charge of the Church of Cyprus while the Archbishop was exiled in the 1950s. He said it would not be possible for him to go to a public cinema to see *Freedom* but would like to see it in his Residence. As soon as we get the 16mm subtitled copy from London we shall go back to him with it.

"Just before the film started one of the teachers of the Paphos high school said he would like to organise a show-

ing of the film in his college, with its 1200 students.

“The other day I visited the new Director General of the Cyprus Broadcasting Corporation with a Greek colleague. This DG is former political editor of one of the Greek newspapers which had not been particularly well-disposed to what we were doing. Although unannounced, we were shown into his office immediately. After having talked a bit he admitted he had expected two gentlemen from an aircooling company and had taken us for them. The atmosphere was rather cool anyway, though he did end up by asking us to come again!”

Guests from abroad continued to arrive at the Grandys' home in Nicosia and were able to help them take forward their contacts with local people. For example, Frits Philips, head of the international electrical company of the same name, was visiting the island for the first time on the last leg of a business trip. He called on President Makarios and Dr Küçük and then several guests came to the MRA home to meet him. These were people of the first rank in Cyprus – the head of the army, the Ambassador-designate to Bonn and his wife, the Under-Secretary of Justice and his wife, the Treasurer of the Free Trade Union, a business couple from Kyrenia, the Archbishop's Private Secretary, the General Secretary of the Turkish Teachers' Association, the Administrative Officer of the Cyprus Broadcasting Corporation and other friends.

Marcel: Frits Philips spoke to all these people about his belief in the part industry could play in building up the country on a sound basis, and also that the Cypriots themselves should have a big enough vision for the future of their country. His message, from personal experience as a successful industrialist, was that people matter more than things, and in business people should come before profit.

As the Philips company agent in Cyprus was an Armen-

tailoring. He picked up the rudiments and taught himself the rest.

Their mother, at home in the village with her young sons, had to work hard to be able to feed her family. She worked in the fields and the vineyards for a shilling a day from sunrise to sunset. From the age of six or seven the boys had to help their mother, and during the collection of the grapes there was a lot of work to be accomplished in a short time. Still today Spyros remembers the urgent sound of his mother's voice waking him at two in the morning, to help her pack up the grapes and load them on the donkey.

When their father returned from the war, the boys were sent to a good English-speaking school, which dramatically enhanced their job opportunities later.

City life attracted Spyros as a young man and he set off for Famagusta, the port at the other end of the island, where he started working in the Customs department. He met his auburn-haired future wife, Maroulla, in 1955 when she started work in the same office. After many ups and



Spyros decided to turn his life around 180 degrees. (D. Maillefer)

downs, not helped by the interference of neighbours and some family members, Spyros and Maroulla became formally engaged. At this point he told her the extent of his involvement with EOKA. He was a member of a four-man EOKA cell in the port of Famagusta, who had been ordered by General Grivas to set off a bomb somewhere in the port every day. Maroulla, herself a patriotic Greek Cypriot, was typical of her generation which longed for freedom for their country. When Spyros asked her to help him in his EOKA work, she didn't hesitate in spite of the danger. She knew, as he did, that many of the things they were doing were

punishable by summary execution, if they were caught. But the longing for freedom was stronger than fear of the consequences, and anyway she felt safe with Spyros and wanted to help him.

Spyros became the leader of the EOKA team in the port of Famagusta. The British stepped up security at the port with searches as workers came in and out of the gate. A mile-long wall was built around the port. But the explosions didn't stop. The first time Maroulla smuggled in a bomb in her handbag on her way to work, she felt considerable fear lest she were caught. But she wasn't, and she continued to carry bombs in the basket of her bicycle or in her bag, or among her clothes, crossing the guard-post at the entrance to the port as if she hadn't a care in the world.

They had their moments though. One day just as Spyros had planted a bomb in the hold of a ship and had lit the five-minute fuse, he heard footsteps and the voices of two British officers who stopped and held what seemed an interminable conversation just a few yards from where he was concealed. Spyros knew that not being able to run away would mean certain death in the explosion. On the other hand, being caught for having planted the bomb would mean death by hanging. For the first time he prayed the bomb would not go off. After what must have felt like forever the patrol moved on. There were only a few seconds left in which to escape and Spyros moved fast. The bomb did go off, no lives were lost, but the ship didn't escape damage. Three times Spyros and Maroulla and their EOKA cell were congratulated for their actions by General Grivas, the EOKA leader.

What Maroulla had not known when she and Spyros married was that he was the biggest gambler in town and was heavily in debt. As soon as he received his pay packet on a Friday, his creditors were waiting at the door of his office to try and recoup as much as possible of what was owed to them. Whatever was left of his money disappeared the same evening

in a desperate attempt to recover his dilapidated fortunes. He drank quite heavily. Their life was no longer a romance, but a rather hard reality.

General Grivas had issued a formal order that all the men of EOKA should, for security reasons, refrain from gambling, drinking and smoking. But Spyros was addicted to gambling, and he continued with it. Grivas was a severe disciplinarian and wrote three times to the lieutenant responsible for EOKA in Famagusta to ask, 'Has Stephou stopped gambling?' The two partisans who brought the third message found him at the gaming table. Their orders were to execute him if he was still gambling. 'If you don't stop we will take you down,' they told him. 'But look,' he replied, 'I am just about to win. Let me have just five more minutes to finish this game. After that you can do what you want.' Somehow he got away with it.

When the fight for independence came to its end the Stephous, like thousands of Cypriots, just continued their daily work. But once the excitement and the focus of the freedom fight had gone, frustration and dissatisfaction mounted. Jealousies grew between people who had been close friends in the EOKA movement. Each of Spyros' four former EOKA-cell comrades started to try and grab the best jobs and positions vacated by the British for himself, bragging about his exploits with EOKA. Spyros was often out late at night gambling and drinking, never telling Maroulla where he was going, what he was doing, or who he was doing it with. When he did come home, they often quarrelled. Maroulla several times approached a lawyer about getting a divorce, but was advised that, as an ex-EOKA supporter, this was a time for quiet patience and not for self-publicity. And anyway, she had no other security, nowhere else to go.

In 1960, when the Vassiliou parents asked for Spyros to be invited to the winter conference in Caux, he went along – 'just for the trip'. He felt he needed to relax after the years of tension and danger. Maroulla, left behind at home, was furi-

ous with him. She thought he had gone on another of his pleasure trips, leaving her to spend Christmas alone. She resolved to confront him, once and for all, when he returned.

Meanwhile, at Caux Spyros was exhausting even Marcel's legendary patience. Unconvinced about the man's motive in going to Caux, Marcel found him quite difficult at times.

Marcel: Every evening Spyros went to the nearby café to sample the Swiss wines, and he spent all his money there. I had to go and fetch him out before the front doors of Mountain House were locked each night. We were not too pleased with him – in fact we were quite self-righteous and felt justified in thinking to ourselves, 'We told you so!'

But later Spyros told us that the visit to Caux over the New Year of 1960 marked the start of the most compelling, interesting and necessary experiences of his life.

'One day while sipping my drink in a nearby cafe,' Spyros said, 'I took out a notebook and started the experiment which I had heard talked about at the conference: measuring my life by four absolute moral standards – making a balance sheet. I surprised myself by writing down a list of all the places where I knew I ought to be different. Things could not have been worse with me and it took a lot of time – and paper – to face up to the standards of honesty and purity. The book was full before I had even started to think of the other standards of unselfishness and love! Looking through these pages made me decide that I would never be honest about their contents.'

This process of honesty with himself was, of course, exactly the same one that Marcel and Theri had themselves experienced, many years earlier.

Marcel: One day during the conference at Caux I decided

to challenge Spyros. He had been taking part in the conference meetings and understood the ideas which were presented there. I didn't relish the prospect, but the next time I saw him I said, 'Spyros, why are you here? Why have you come? What is all this going to mean for you?'

He replied immediately, 'Absolutely nothing! I know what you are saying here is right, but I am too far gone. I am not the man you need.' He tapped the pocket where he had his small notebook and said, 'I have thought about these four moral standards; but if I did what was needed about them, I would lose my job because of my corruption and I would lose my wife because of my night-life.' And this, as far as we knew, was the frame of mind with which he left Caux to return home.

But it wasn't the end of the story, as we found out when we visited Spyros in Famagusta six weeks later. We had never been to his home before. Maroulla, whom we had never met, opened the door. She burst into tears when she saw us and she said, 'You have given me a new husband.'

Spyros told us what happened. 'It was in the plane on the way home, and it was as if a hand had taken me by the back of the neck and shaken me. I said to myself, "If I continue with my chaotic life, I will destroy not only my life but also the life of my island." As I sat there, the travesty of my past life hit me with force. I thought of the four friends with whom I had risked my life in the port in the name of freedom, and how we had become each other's worst enemy because we all wanted to grab the same jobs. Self-interest had become our guide. We were going to lose the freedom we had fought so hard to gain because of the way we were living.

'I thought of Maroulla at home. I had spent all my money on drink in Switzerland over Christmas and had not the smallest present for her.

'What I had seen and heard in Caux began to make

sense to me. I had met people who had found the solution to great family difficulties and others who had been instrumental in solving industrial problems or even national conflicts. I had seen men and women from all over the world, of all classes, beliefs and political opinions, who had found a new purpose in their lives. It seemed all of a sudden so normal and so obvious. As I set foot on the soil of Cyprus my mind was made up. I decided to take my place alongside them. I decided to turn my life around 180 degrees.'

Spyros had a frosty reception when he got home. Maroulla, infuriated by his absence, was determined not to speak to him. But he had decided to let his wife know what he had written in his little notebook. The first morning, as he was leaving for work, he left the notebook where she would be sure to find it on her pillow.

At work that day he went to see his boss and told him, 'I have pinched quite a lot of things in the Customs. When the crates were being unloaded it was simple enough to break a corner and help oneself, and anyway I knew the insurance would pay.' Spyros' boss had responded without surprise, 'Well, I was a young Customs officer once. I won't prosecute you this time but you must stop it completely. I need you.' At the end of his working day Spyros returned home, undoubtedly with some apprehension!

Maroulla had read the little notebook. She had known or guessed quite a few of the things, she said. 'But his behaviour was now completely different and he was kind and considerate towards me. Even polite. I thought: "At last he feels guilty!" Although I had actually known about many of the things he had written in his notebook I wondered what made him make a list like that, and why had he shown it to me? Spyros' brothers, Neophytos and Kyros, who were staying with us thought – like me – that it was another of his tricks.

'Spyros and I sat down and talked. He told me of his decision to change his life. He apologised and begged me to trust him and help him in his decision.'

Spyros' change became the talk of the town. His parents, up in the village, could hardly believe it. His mother exclaimed, 'If this is true, I will not stop praising God for what He has done for my son.' It did not take long for Maroulla to begin to see



'We found the way to each other again.'
Spyros and Maroulla Stephou. (D. Maillefer)

herself in a new light. 'My nagging and shouting had often kept my husband away from our home. I had been so sure I was always right and he always wrong. I never missed a chance to tell him so. There were several things I had to be honest about, too. We found the way to each other again.'

They drew up a budget and began to start paying off their debts. Spyros returned things which he had stolen from the port, while he was in charge of the stores, to the appreciation of his boss. His honesty brought a new relationship built on trust, and soon afterwards he was promoted to a more responsible position. He tackled corruption wherever he found it. Some of his former friends opposed him fiercely, while others joined him in his new 'freedom struggle'. Soon the whole town had heard that Spyros had changed his ways.

For some time Spyros had been a member of the port committee formed of ex-EOKA fighters which organised a co-operative savings bank for loans to dockers and other port staff when they were ill or had exceptional family circumstances. Formerly, Spyros and his cronies used this money for their gambling.

At the meeting of this committee after Spyros' return from Caux one of the other trustees said, 'I need some money. My sister is getting married.' Everyone said 'Fine', except Spyros who said, 'Look, this is the third time that your sister has "got married", and anyway you haven't got a sister! I am against it.' The rest of them expelled Spyros from the committee on the spot and planned to 'fix' the election to replace him by holding it on a Sunday when they thought no one would bother turning out.

But the workers got wind of the matter and said to Spyros, 'This is the first time that you have done something decent. You must stand for re-election.' On the day of the election people poured in from everywhere and re-elected Spyros.

With the support of the Grandys, he hired a cinema in the town to speak to his fellow-countrymen and show them the MRA film *Men of Brazil* which he had seen at Caux. It was a true story, made in the port of Rio de Janeiro, written and acted by the dockers and their families. Inter-union rivalry had led to death threats and intimidation. Management and worker relations were hostile and intransigent. But when they began to apply the principles of MRA they became reconciled and able to work together for the future of their city and country. Some returned to their Catholic faith. Some married the mothers of their children. The port was transformed, beginning with a revolution in individual lives. The left-wing agitators in the Rio docks were unable to shake or to overturn this new alliance between management and labour. It was a story which resonated with Spyros and which he wanted his town to know about.

Marcel: With his brothers and friends Spyros distributed leaflets about the film show through the whole town to Greeks and Turks. On the evening planned, Theri and I were with him, waiting for people to arrive. To begin with only one or two ventured in to the vast auditorium. Spyros

began to sweat and said, 'Oh this isn't going to work.' Twenty minutes before the scheduled start of the evening crowds suddenly arrived from all sides. There were 1,000 people, some of whom had to stand for the whole evening.

Spyros spoke to them. 'You all know me, because of the gambling. I want to tell you why I have invited you here this evening. I have decided to change my way of life because the future of our country demands it. We must create a new country based on sound principles. The film that I am going to show you will illustrate this.' You could have heard a pin drop.

He told the audience that what he found at the conference in Switzerland had captured his imagination and reignited the spirit which had been dead since independence. He saw that this same spirit could recreate unity and greatness in his country, and bring the hope of a solution to nations divided by war. That evening was the start of a wave of interest in the town and the whole district of Famagusta. Everyone was talking about it. Soon another film show was arranged.

22.5.61 to Buchman from Grandys

"The people of Famagusta said that they had never seen such a cross-section of people together at any occasion as when 1200 filled the theatre last Wednesday. It was Spyros' own decision to speak at the end of the film about the way MRA's work is financed and gave everyone present a chance to contribute. His younger brother, Kyros, who is a postman in town and knows everybody, was one of the men at the door with a collecting basket at the end. Kyros also carried the main brunt of getting out the invitations and said to us at the car when we were leaving, 'You have presented this thing to me so squarely that there is nothing for me to do but to change.' He plans to accompany his brother Spyros and us back to Caux in June.

“In the afternoon 1,000 students from the leading schools came to a special showing of the film. The principal of the biggest high school, with whom Spyros had arranged the showing, gave an excellent introduction.

“On the day of the Famagusta showing one of [Buchman’s] speeches appeared in the Greek language national paper, and today it appears in Dr Küçük’s Turkish newspaper. They are very effective here. One feels their impact. One man wrote that the message had given him hope – that as an ordinary worker he could not give money but wanted to help in any way that he could.”

Neophytos Christodoulides, one of Spyros’ brothers, worked for the British Ministry of Defence on the island.

Neophytos: I come from a poor family. In 1955, at the beginning of the independence struggle against the British, I started work with the Defence Department and had about 50 workers under me for whom I was responsible. As a young Greek Cypriot employee I was not trusted by the British army and they were seeking an excuse to get rid of me. It was really a very difficult period for me.

At that time, in addition to the local problem on the island, the British left the Suez Canal and brought their army and all its stores to Cyprus, the nearest place for them. We received all the equipment in Cyprus, having to work late until midnight. We travelled home on army trucks, risking bombs being exploded by our own nationalist fighters if we were mistaken for military personnel.

Very soon I collided with the workers because they formed cliques and wanted to do only what pleased them. Their justification for all their reaction was that ‘we work for the British Army’ and that meant ‘working for the enemy’.

Cyprus was declared a Republic with the Zurich Agreement in 1960 after four years of struggle against the

British. Hatred and bitterness was in the hearts of people. The sharing of positions in the government (between Greek and Turkish Cypriot) started.

I was living with my elder brother, Spyros, who was married. In the house although we lived together we didn't know each other. I was always late home, completely out of control. I bought a car and I was in debt and nearly sunk. Although our country needed us to build a new nation I was very irresponsible.

So when my brother spoke to me about MRA and the moral standards and when Marcel Grandy shared with me his convictions and experiences, I decided to change and put absolute honesty and the other moral standards into practice in my daily life. I apologised to my brother, my colleagues and friends whom I had cheated and was honest with my boss about certain things which I had hidden from him.

Spyros: My friends found my change of behaviour hard to believe, but my stand against bribery and corruption in loans given by the co-operative savings bank convinced them. They joined me in showing MRA films in the villages.

In one village we were invited by the priest and other friends to show *Men of Brazil*. We went on the Wednesday to find the cinema owner, and we agreed with him to show our film in his cinema on Friday. On Friday, to our surprise, we found the cinema locked and dark, and no one in sight. We tried to find the cinema owner at his home, but his wife told us that he was away from the village. Next day we went back again to find out what had happened.

The cinema owner told me that left-wing extremists had come to him and said that if he was giving his cinema for the use of MRA films they would boycott his cinema. So I

went to the nationalist club where I told the priest and others what the cinema owner had just told me. They started discussing loudly, and I went away not knowing what the result would be but not feeling very optimistic.

Two days later, at 10 o'clock at night, the cinema owner came to my house and got me out of bed. He said, 'You must come as soon as possible to show that film of yours.' I asked him what had happened. He replied that the nationalist people had been to him and said that if he didn't give his cinema for the MRA film they would boycott the cinema – 'and as they are three-quarters of the village, I would prefer to lose the custom of the communist quarter than the nationalist three-quarters!'

Marcel: Spyros and Maroulla wrote 700 letters to the mayors and the elders of every village and town in Cyprus. Spyros simply said to them, 'I've got an idea. We've got MRA films and books. And I would like to come and see you.'

For a year, two days a week, we went with the Stephou family and their friends to over 100 villages, as a result of Spyros' initiative. We had a generator to power the film projector. The villages were Greek, Turkish or mixed. And the films were usually in English and had subtitles in either Greek or Turkish. In some villages when we arrived the Turkish people said, 'Show the film with Greek subtitles. We have invited the rest of the village, the Greeks. We understand Greek but they don't understand Turkish.' This was quite extraordinary. And people did understand the films, even those who couldn't read the subtitles.

Theri: Very often left-wing agitators had a presence at these showings. Making themselves quite menacingly obvious, with their guns in full view, sometimes they tried to interrupt the projection of the film. Once, while Marcel and Spyros were actually away attending an MRA

conference in Strasbourg, I went with Maroulla and Spyros' brothers to Spyros' home village, Pretori, where we had been invited to put on a big outdoor screening of an MRA film.

We were working to set things up in readiness for the showing with Kyros, when all of a sudden a large lorry arrived, coming down the narrow village street and almost touching the walls of the houses on each side. The leftists had said that they were going break up the showing. Kyros didn't want to wait and stand up to them and started to put everything away. But we persuaded him to stand firm. We engaged these agitators in conversation and told them what the film was all about – which made them curious. They stayed to look at it with the other villagers and by the end they were helping us with the clearing up and everything went off smoothly.

One way and another, the idea that change could begin with oneself and that you could have an effect on your wider situation began to take hold on the island.

Some time later when there were new intercommunal clashes in Cyprus, General Thimayya, the commander of the UN troops, noted that the only calm place was Famagusta and the surrounding villages where Spyros and Maroulla had been at work.

8

Islandwide 1961-63

After their first year on the island, the Grandys had a growing number of friends all over Cyprus with whom they kept regular contact. With their colleagues from Switzerland and America they continued to receive many overseas MRA guests in the Rimini Street home.

On April 21st 1961 the MRA film *The Crowning Experience* had a grand showing in Nicosia before a representative group from political parties, the military and police, education, the judiciary and the government. Archbishop Makarios received the American stars of the film, Muriel Smith and Ann Buckles, along with an international group who were travelling with them.

The film told the true story of a leading black American educator, born of slave parents, who became an adviser to the President of the United States. The principal distributor of films on the island exclaimed, 'Miracle! Miracle! Never a première like it!' Yet it is fair to suggest this 'miracle' would not have happened without a lot of dedicated and painstaking preparatory work by the Grandys, their Cypriot colleagues and the others then staying in Rimini Street.

Marcel: After the launching of the film we had many requests for showings of *The Crowning Experience* all over Cyprus, and ever more people contacted us and came into our home. And again our thoughts turned to Cypriot

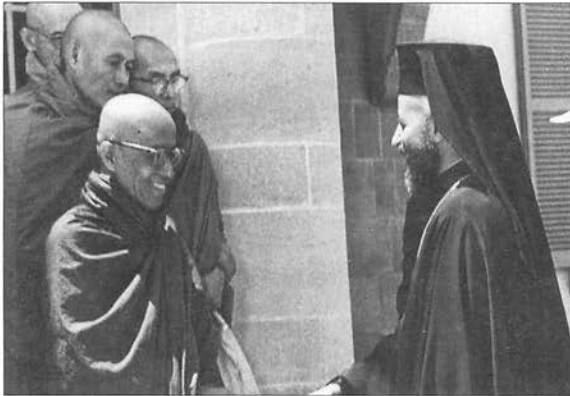
representation at Caux on the occasion of Buchman's 83rd birthday in early June, always a focus for international personalities.

Spyros and his younger brother Kyros were part of a delegation to Caux, which also included Rauf Denктаş, the Turkish Cypriot leader. The brothers spoke from the platform at Caux about what MRA had begun to mean for their lives and for their country. It was a memorable event for those of us who were present.

On returning to Cyprus after the short visit to Caux, we were quickly involved with preparing to receive distinguished Burmese Buddhist monks, returning from Caux to Burma. U Narada, the Secretary of the Presiding Abbots Association of all Burma, had gone to Caux at the time of Frank Buchman's 83rd birthday to give him the highest blessing that the Buddhist world can bestow – the first time such a blessing had been given to a man of the west. The Buddhist monks stopped off in Cyprus on their way home for a memorable few days.

Theri: Rauf Denктаş and General Pantelides were at the airport together to meet the distinguished visitors – a miracle in itself. The press photographers caught it all on camera. We put the Rimini Street house at the disposal of the Abbots and they really enjoyed staying there. Their first meal was served in the cool of the morning, at five o'clock, and their second one at 11am, out of respect for Buddhist customs.

Marcel: They were granted an audience with Archbishop Makarios. The Presiding Abbot opened the conversation immediately by saying how much he and his people had been following all the news of Cyprus and how independence was front page news in Burma. The Archbishop replied, 'I fully share your views about the MRA movement. There is one world that believes in the divine spirit



U Narada, Secretary of the Presiding Abbots Association of Burma, being received by Archbishop Makarios
(Caux Archives)

and there is another which does not. I am absolutely sure the world believing in the divine spirit will succeed in the end. We have different religions but common ideas. MRA is not a movement

against any religion. Its ideas are in common with the religions of all believers.'

The next date was with the Speaker of the Parliament, Glafkos Clerides, in the House of Representatives. Clerides said to the Abbot he felt the island had two main needs: one a common ideal with moral values such as that provided by MRA, and the other a plan for the improvement of the conditions in which people live. 'With the material part alone we have not yet solved the problem, because material gains without moral standards are not much use. They can easily collapse. It is in this field that MRA is doing extremely valuable work.'

There followed an equally warm visit to Dr Küçük and his wife and other important Turkish Cypriots.

One day the Grandys took the Abbots and their party to Kykko monastery, the place where Archbishop Makarios had spent seven years as a monk. The President's Private Secretary, Patroclos Stavrou, had made the arrangements.

Marcel: After lunch U Narada sat outside in the nearby

coffee shop and talked about how the monks in Burma live and the sacrifices they make in following their vocation. A Turkish policeman questioned him closely about the absolute moral standards. It was a unique sight to see Buddhist Abbots, Greek Orthodox priests, a Muslim Turkish policeman and villagers talking about absolute moral standards and the implications of each other's faith in the courtyard of the coffee shop.

Not long after the Burmese Abbots had departed, a leading businessman on the island came in to dinner at the Grandys' home. His company was in the grip of a strike, and his home had been attacked by an organised group of workers. His wife and their three children had to escape through the back door. He returned to Rimini Street a few days later with his wife to see the *Men of Brazil* film.

Marcel: And then he returned a couple of weeks later with 13 of the men who ran his company, to see *The Crowning Experience*. His company was still undergoing a strike – the communist union, being stronger than the others, was keeping it going. He told his men after the film that he was trying to change his own life but that hatred often took him over. He said he had brought them to our home because when the strike ended they could go back to work and create more hatred, or they could bring an answer to hatred. The strike was settled thanks to the new attitude among the management.

Theri: This business couple became very good friends of ours, and indeed when trouble came to the surface between the communities some months later, they offered us a flat they owned in which to take refuge, a bit further away from the 'green line' frontier than the Rimini Street house.



With General and Mrs Pantelides, Commander of the New Cyprus Army

Marcel: In July came another memorable occasion. We went with Spyros Stephou and Neophytos Christodoulides to Pretori, their home village in the mountains, taking General Pantelides with us.

Pretori is three hours from Nicosia. About 500 people lived there at that time. The brothers

went ahead to forewarn the village about their guests. General Pantelides was famous not only as the Commander of the new Cyprus Army but as the Commander of the Greek contingent in Korea and the man who fought the communist insurgents in Greece for three years. A local hero.

There was a banner across the street as the General arrived and branches were thrown on the ground in front of us, to welcome us. The village people gathered in the street in front of the porch of a coffee shop, where we sat. The local fathers of the village read speeches of welcome and then we all spoke, starting with the General. Meanwhile left-wing agitators tried to organise a rival show only 50 feet or so away from us. Questions from the crowd made it a lively time. No one could deny that Spyros and his brothers had changed their own lives. Their mother and father and the fourth, youngest, brother beamed as the three brothers spoke. We were given a kebab dinner under the grape vines at the home of the mayor.

Frank Buchman's health was failing that summer, but from his bedroom in Caux he still received news from around the world. The Grandys continued to write to him regularly, conscious that a letter to Buchman was also a letter to the wider group of people close to him.

29.7.61 to Buchman, from the Grandys

"Today Mr Denктаş is meeting the Archbishop for the first time in years. *The Crowning Experience* is going to be shown on TV at the beginning of September – this is a good time of the year, people having returned from the mountains where they spend the hot months of July and August.

"Yesterday the third of the Stephou brothers from Famagusta came up to Nicosia to meet his boss, the Postmaster-General. You will remember that when Kyros spoke at Caux he said that he had stolen a watch in the post office and he knew he should return it. There was a real battle in him, whether he would have the courage to do so. A Turkish officer had just been put in prison for stealing a watch. Also Kyros is just on the verge of being promoted. So he had all the reasons to prevaricate. But then he decided, and the Postmaster-General not only accepted his apology but thanked him for his honesty. He asked Kyros to work to bring his colleagues to the same standard of honesty that he had found through MRA.

"Kyros of course was radiant as he came out and said, 'You kept after me until I had obeyed my thought.' In a letter written early this morning he said, 'I could never think that happiness comes by apology. I feel like a new man now. I'll never forget this day. I did something which in other conditions I did not want to do or even did not think of doing. My brothers and Maroulla are very glad about that. They prayed for me.'

"Spyros' promotion, because of his change, is a great

event in the family. He had 54 people who should have been promoted before him but got the job because he had proved his trustworthiness.

“We saw the head of the Gendarmerie, the police covering all the villages. He is Turkish, a man with clear ideas about the destiny of the island and the way the communities should live together. He is having the MRA news pictorial distributed to every police station on the island, in Turkish, Greek and English.

“We are praying for money. Our bank account is almost at rock bottom. Cypriots should begin to finance this work here. The money we need for printing and distributing our literature and taking people to Caux has not yet come.”

Apart from the financial constraints, there were also other unforeseen difficulties. For example, the MRA international pictorial magazine of January 1961 contained an article which told from an MRA perspective the sequence of events which had led to the signing of the treaty of independence for the island. This magazine was translated into Greek and Turkish, and believing it would be of considerable interest to Cypriots of all communities, the Grandys had ordered several thousand copies for wide distribution. But then they struck a snag. The Minister of the Interior banned the pictorial magazine. With certain elements in the government at that time some of the ideas of MRA – reconciliation, conversation between communities, intercommunal approaches of any kind – were not acceptable. The pictorial’s main article was precisely on that theme, and was intended for wide use among the many villages of both communities in the island. Marcel went to see the Minister, who simply said, ‘I don’t want this to be distributed.’ The issue was non-negotiable.

Marcel: We worked quickly with friends to withdraw as many magazines as we could from circulation, as required

by the Minister. They took up quite a lot of space in our house, and so we decided to put them up on the flat roof, and there they remained, forgotten, until we moved out of the house some years later. When that time came, and not knowing what else to do with them, we buried the magazines in the garden, where in all possibility they still are!

August 1961 to Buchman from Marcel

“Sunday night was an extraordinary event..... *Men of Brazil* was scheduled to be shown in Lefka, the Turkish first town of the island, 90% Turkish and the centre of its culture and political heat. Rauf Denктаş had decided to come and introduce the film and, as President of the Turkish Communal Chamber, mobilised his friends and members of the Chamber to support the showing.

“To appreciate what happened next, it is helpful to recall that he has been known for years as the number one extremist of the Turks. Last year we saw him rouse 5,000 of them in a frenzy against the Greeks in the nearby stadium.

“Against that background, over 1,000 people packed into the cinema at Lefka expecting to hear another fiery oration. The event had been billed as a meeting in the ‘fight for freedom’ and that it was a national duty for everyone to come.

“The people were shell-shocked by his talk. General Tanyar, the top Turkish General, translated it for us as best he could, but he was so amazed at what he was hearing that he sometimes forgot we were there.

“Denктаş started out by saying this would not be a political speech. He said that the two communities, Greek and Turkish, were together at government level. This film showed them the way to be together at local community level. He told them about the film and then talked for 20 minutes about what the four absolute moral standards

mean. He touched on honesty, gambling, apology – ‘If you have done something wrong, get honest with yourself first, then get honest with God and then get honest with the person you have wronged, especially if it is your wife. What use is it if your children are in need of bread and you spend money on cigarettes? Put your family first, your community second and yourself last. All life will change if we follow these four standards. MRA agrees with our Muslim order that we pray five times a day. But MRA tells us to really get into touch with God. Many fathers come into the house in such a frame of mind that the children walk out the back door. Get into touch with God and your children will be in touch with you.’ (Raif, his son, was sitting with us and was delighted with all this.)

“Spyros and Kyros Stephou who had been with Denктаş at Caux in June, and whose words had had a great effect on him, were with us also. They were the only Greeks present and Denктаş had been concerned for their safety. But he finished by saying, ‘The Greek friends whom I met at Caux are here. On the basis of these four standards we made up our differences and came to understand that we can truly and sincerely co-operate. The same principles will, I am sure, bring all of us together and Cyprus will be what it is meant to be – an island destined to give an example of unity in God’s way.’ The main Turkish newspaper carried an article about his speech.

“We live by faith here moment by moment and with much prayer. After being on our knees praying for money, a man came in and gave us £10. £35 came from Marcel’s friends in Neuchatel and a little from the States, so we have enough to keep going in our household expenses.”

This was Marcel’s last letter to Buchman, written just before news of his death in Germany reached Cyprus. The American friends who were with them in Nicosia received the news and

immediately packed up and left to go to the funeral. The Grandys stayed on alone.

Theri: When Frank died, Archbishop Makarios sent us a personal message, via Patroclos Stavrou, his Minister of State, that he would like to see *The Crowning Experience* at the Archbishopric, in honour of Dr Buchman. He realised the significance to us of losing Buchman, whom he had known through his messages and speeches, but had never met. Makarios had not seen the film before and it was entirely his initiative.

So we took the film to his magnificent salon in the Presidential Palace on 19th August. We were alone with him, except for Stavrou. It was a most moving thing; it showed the personal side of Makarios. His concern was to honour the memory of someone who had meant much to us and whose work he recognised as being of great significance.

Hundreds of tributes were sent from all over the world by people who knew Buchman's work. Among them was one from Archbishop Makarios: 'He was a man who loved all mankind with his whole heart and poured out his life for the good of humanity. His going is a great loss. I have faith that his vision for remaking the world will be realised and that Cyprus will play her part. I pray that his soul may rest in peace.'

* * * * *

In spite of so much hard work on the ground, goodwill in many people, and continual efforts by numerous international organisations, the political situation in Cyprus was visibly deteriorating by early 1962. Tension rose and relationships began breaking down. So much hung on certain personalities, whose opinions, judgements, deep wounds, pride, became the

barometer for the whole population. The optimism which had come with newly-won independence in 1960 was giving way to strains and stresses between the communities once more.

Little by little the clandestine groups began reappearing in 1961 and 1962. The old fighters had not gone away, they had just gone back to the 'day job' for a couple of years. Illegal arms were being passed around. With the renewed escalation of violence life became precarious, not least for the minority Turkish Cypriots who were scattered all over the island. British troops were deployed from their bases, and there was already a guarded frontier between the two communities in Nicosia.

Each side accused the other of acting in defiance of the constitution. Some Greek Cypriots concluded that only strong action could bring an end to the constitutional impasse. They tried to persuade the international community that concessions given to the Turkish Cypriots had been disproportionately great and impeded the proper functioning of democracy.

Into this situation for 10 days in February 1962 came 30 young Japanese students with their play *The Tiger* and a large international MRA delegation, on their way from Europe to Asia.

In June 1960 there had been anti-American demonstrations in Tokyo, when tens of thousands of militant students took to the streets, and as a result President Eisenhower's scheduled visit to Japan was cancelled. After the intervention of students from the Seinendan youth organisation of Japan, over 100 of whom had been to MRA's conference centre at Mackinac Island in the USA in 1957, some of the student leaders from that riot went to the conference at Caux.

There some of them experienced a change of attitude through the ideas of MRA, which they then expressed in a new play, *The Tiger*. Chancellor Adenauer officially sponsored showings in Germany of the play, where it was shown on

national TV, and Robert Schuman and leaders of French society invited the group to Paris.

They had also visited the United States, where the student spokesman for the group said on TV, 'We have come to restore for the riots which kept your President away from Japan. We realise the divisions this caused between the US and Japan and the split it caused in the free world.' They were received in the House of Representatives in Washington.

Marcel: The Japanese came at the invitation of Cypriot leaders, one of whom said to us shortly before their arrival, 'I am counting on *The Tiger* to dispel the confusion which is so apparent in our country.' They were received successively on their first morning by the President and the Vice President of the island, and by many other leading Cypriots.

Together with many Cypriot friends Theri and I undertook the detailed preparations for this large-scale visit. There were performances of their play and MRA meetings held from one end of the island to the other. Kyrenia, Larnaca, Xeros, Lefka, Famagusta, Paphos and naturally Nicosia. The delegation was received in schools and villages, by unionists and businessmen's associations and by the Turkish community.

The Japanese and other international guests were received by Vice President Küçük
(Caux Archives)



Theri: Many of the Japanese were invited to meals or to stay in Greek and Turkish homes. At Larnaca before the performance of *The Tiger* the 60 members of the task force were invited out to eat with different families in the town.

The visit of the Japanese created a lot of precedents. Greeks for the first time went into Turkish venues, and Turks for the first time went into a Greek auditorium. These facts seem simple and natural enough, but in the situation as it was then it was little short of a miracle. Just before one performance, when the auditorium had already been jam-packed full of expectant Turkish people for an hour, we saw a Greek family arrive. We couldn't think where to fit them in that hall, but the whole front row of the balcony suddenly emptied for them. Shortly after, the Governor of the province, a Greek, came in with various Greek notables and seats were also found for them.

Marcel: One man had heard the Japanese with *The Tiger* speak about the cruelties for which their nation had been responsible during the Second World War, the hatred which the Japanese had brought to birth and the change which had come about among them. This man there and then had also decided to renounce hatred and wanted to reunite his friends, Greeks and Turks.

After the group with *The Tiger* left for India and Pakistan on the next leg of their journey, requests flooded in to us from the whole island for showings of MRA films or visits from MRA speakers. In Famagusta, for example, two showings of a film were organised by the mayor, one for the students of the famous Turkish school. Many times we loaded the 150kg generator, several kg of publications, our films and ourselves in our little VW minibus and set off. We went to mountain villages and bigger towns, and Greeks and Turks accompanied us on each occasion to help organise these events, in that single gesture starting to

break through the wall which was then separating the communities.

The bigger picture on Cyprus that spring was one of mounting tension, erupting into catastrophic violence. On Greek National Day towards the end of March bombs were set off at Turkish mosques.

Immediately the Grandys convened a meeting with Cypriot friends to try and see what could be done to lessen tension and restore trust, wherever possible. There were plenty of ideas. So, a few hours after the bombings, three police vans with 10 people inside drove around the Nicosia streets until four in the morning, distributing 5,000 MRA publications from door to door. As there was no newspaper on a Monday in Cyprus, the publication was read avidly on that day when rumours and accusations were flying between the Greeks and Turks, and agitators were trying to escalate the protests. 2,500 copies of the latest MRA publication in Greek, Turkish and English were sent to members of the government, to the parliament, to the mayors of 500 villages. Four former EOKA militants made plans to visit the big Turkish school in Nicosia, to try to create bridges between communities before the situation deteriorated any further.

Marcel: Thirty people came to our home in Nicosia to try to find ways to stop the descent of the country into anarchy and civil war. Among them, General Pantelides, Mr Zakariades, governor of Larnaca District, and Mr Lukas, the proprietor of a chain of Cyprus cinemas. Meetings of this sort were multiplied all week across Cyprus. There was high-level support for the efforts to make the ideas of MRA known as widely as possible.

We also wanted to give Cypriot people who were antagonistic to each other the possibility of doing something constructive together outside their own borders. An MRA

conference was being organised in Strasbourg in April 1962. Spyros Stephou went with Michael Mitas, one of the best-known journalists, editor of the daily *Phileleftheros* and editor-in-chief of *Ergatiki Phoni*, the official organ of the free trade unions. Spyros also hoped the Deputy Speaker of the Parliament, a Turk, Dr Muderisoglu, would go with them. This was the time when there was one single Parliament in Cyprus.

Because of parliamentary business Muderisoglu could not leave at the same time as the others so I waited to travel with him. We left very early by plane for Zurich and Strasbourg. We arrived on Easter Day. Muderisoglu was a big man in every sense of the word. All was going well on our journey, and then suddenly he began to laugh and laugh and laugh – he had looked at his feet and realised that in the dark in the middle of the night he had put on two different shoes, one brown and one black. Shops were shut and it was impossible to go and buy any others!

The Cypriots made a real contribution to the Strasbourg conference. ‘Three years ago who would have thought that I could travel with a Greek, sit next to him through the whole day, and that we wouldn’t fight? Three years ago you would have thought that one would have killed the other.’ These words from a Turkish headmaster accurately described the Cypriot delegation.

‘We are here together to bring a message of hope,’ said the Greek journalist, Mitas, in the same meeting. ‘Revolutions are not won by arms. They are won by hearts. The majority of people know that division will not profit them.’

Neophytos Christodoulides continued to try and build trust and reconciliation in Cyprus through his daily work. Concerned that the real spirit of democracy should be implemented on the British base, and in his union which represented

all British authorities' employees on the island, he made clear to his superiors and his subordinates what he stood for.

Describing it to a friend at the time, Neophytos said:

'It is not always easy. If I refuse someone something because it is dishonest I may lose a friend. I have worked for the improved conditions of service, revision of salaries, improvement of the Provident and Medical Funds, to create posts for staff promotions, to avoid redundancies and for the welfare of the employees. I have worked with management to improve working methods, and during a redundancy period, working with the management, I managed to find alternative jobs for everyone affected.

'When I was called before a selection board for promotion, it was hard to be honest and straight, rather than say what would please them. But I was given the promotion, from storekeeper to senior storekeeper. Some people resented it and said I had only been given it to "hush me up", to lessen my fight for the union.

'But at the third Pancyprian conference of the British authorities' employees, I fought hard for the rights of the lower grade staff. I also said that I believed we had to do things on the basis of absolute moral standards. I was scared to say it, as it meant risking my re-election to the union committee, of which I was Chairman.

'In fact I began to feel they were not going to re-elect me anyway and was ready to resign. But then I said to myself that I had worked for the benefit of my colleagues for so



Neophytos Christodoulides
(Caux Archives)

many years and that I wouldn't give up now without a fight. I decided to speak to the Congress and tell them clearly my beliefs and convictions, and that I wanted nothing for myself. They stood and applauded me, and 90% of the voters voted for my re-election. Even some of those who had opposed me, seeing that I was not lessening my fight for their rights, voted for me.'

In recognition of his work Neophytos was awarded a Commendation by the Commander, British Forces, Cyprus.

Through 1962 the Grandys and friends visited as many Greek and Turkish Cypriot homes and villages as possible, with the aim of giving people from both communities an understanding of MRA, and the hope that it offered for Cyprus.

In 1963 the farmers' association of Minarelikoy, where the Turkish Cypriot farmers' association had been founded 20 years before, welcomed a showing of the film which had been made of the German miners' play *Hoffnung*. The event was organised by six young people who said they wanted to improve their village and their wider community. One of the many spectators was the MP Kemal Deniz, who said, 'We need a spirit like this. We must do more and more of this sort of thing.'

Following this positive outcome, the six young Turkish Cypriots decided to visit other villages – so, for example, they took an MRA film to Ballyokythrea, a village with a mixed Greek and Turkish community, and then during the weekend there were similar activities held in six villages in the Larnaca district chosen by the District Commissioner, Zakariades.

On July 20th 1963 the minaret of the Turkish village of Kophinou was lit up in honour of an outdoor showing of the film *Men of Brazil*. The Commissioner of Police, the farmers, the teachers, the young people were all present in great numbers, along with the mayor of the village. The same film



A meeting in the garden at Rimini Street. 'It is amazing with what freedom we ... were able to work ... till the end of 1963.' (Caux Archives)

had been shown some days before at Lefkara, where it had been chosen to open the annual embroidery festival there.

Theri: Looking back, it is amazing with what freedom we and our international and Cypriot colleagues were able to work in the cities and especially in the villages between January 1960 and the end of 1963, when the two communities took up arms again. After that things became very different.

9

Sunshine and deep shadow

In 1959, at the signing of the Independence treaty at Lancaster House, London, Archbishop Makarios said: 'It is my firm belief that with sincere understanding and mutual confidence we can work together in a way that will leave no room for dissension about any written provisions and guarantees.'

Five years later, in a paper published in a Greek journal early in 1964, Makarios wrote rather less optimistically but perhaps more accurately: 'At the conference in Lancaster House in February 1959 ... I was faced with the dilemma either of signing the Agreement as it stood or of rejecting it with all the grave consequences which would have ensued. In the circumstances I had no alternative but to sign the Agreement.'

In 1963 Makarios published his 13-point plan for, as he described it, eliminating the obstacles to the proper functioning of democracy. This plan included abandoning the right of veto of the President and Vice-President, which was totally unacceptable to the Turkish Cypriots, to whom the post of Vice-President of the island had been constitutionally assured. The right of veto represented the lifeline of the Turkish minority. Makarios, the supreme politician, must have known that the Turkish Cypriots could never agree to so provocative a scheme.

As a direct consequence the Turkish Cypriots withdrew from the government and established their own administration. Makarios and the majority Greek Cypriots remained at

the seat of power. The resulting atmosphere of separation and mistrust allowed a spark to ignite the powder keg.

On 21 December 1963, a Turkish Cypriot crowd surrounded an armed Greek Cypriot police patrol in Nicosia. Accounts of the confrontation differ between the communities. But the accounts agree that two Turkish Cypriot civilians and one Greek Cypriot policeman were shot dead. This incident marked a major crisis in the intercommunal conflict, as it developed into overt violence. The initiative fell from the hands of the politicians and was taken up by the communal paramilitary forces.

Theri: We lived virtually on what had become the frontier between the two communities in Nicosia. Opposite us, across the moat in front of the walls of the old town, were the Turkish houses. The British, who had a presence in Cyprus in two military bases, came and placed themselves between the two communities. A lot of personnel, a big show of strength, 50 metres from our house. They were there temporarily until such time as the UN troops, if they were to be deployed, could be gathered and made ready. A few times that winter I made hot chocolate for the British soldiers and took it out to them.

Marcel: We had been in Switzerland not long beforehand because my father was in hospital, facing the end of his life in all probability, and we left Cyprus before Christmas in order to be with him at the hospital in Neuchâtel. We saw him, and then we returned, and it was after that when everything boiled over in Cyprus and we would not have been able to leave.

Theri: And when we came back from that trip to Switzerland we found that our neighbours had left their homes and vanished. We ourselves, after consulting with our

Cypriot friends, decided to stay put. We were the only ones who stayed in the area.

I have to say that I was frightened sometimes. There were hordes of dogs who had been abandoned to run wild by their owners, and who had formed into packs, with German Shepherds as the leaders. They came up past the house and they were quite terrifying.

And one day I was hanging out the washing and there was a sort of soft whistling in the trees, the eucalyptus around the edge of our garden, and this was bullets which had been fired across the end of our garden from the Turkish quarter. The Greek police station was behind us, so that was probably what they were aiming at. I panicked and rushed into the house completely hysterical. I said to Marcel, 'We must leave at once.' Marcel calmed me down, actually he even had to shake me physically, and he said, 'If we allow ourselves to act out of fear we will be lost. Right now we are going to pray, and we are going to wait for a lull in the shooting.' We prayed. Marcel remained calm throughout. We decided that this was indication enough that we should leave. The next time there was a lull we would take the car and go into the Greek quarter to friends who lived on the other side of the city.

We kept our valuables, our papers and passports, the things which were essential and most necessary, in a complete state of readiness. And if we went out to visit friends in the Greek sector, we took all this stuff with us and closed up the house behind us as if we might not be returning. This situation went on for several months. Finally we packed up, closed the shutters and went to an apartment owned by friends in the hills on the other side of the Greek quarter of Nicosia. When we felt the situation had stabilised and it was safe to return home to Rimini Street we did so.

Peter Howard sent us a telegram in 1964, 'Secure

property. Come.' But we had the thought that we should stay, and so we stayed. I think that was an important turning point for us and brought a greater independence and maturity in our relationships with our senior MRA colleagues.

Little by little our neighbours returned, and life began to get back to normal a bit. But from that time the communities in Nicosia were completely and utterly separated from each other. No contact whatsoever, unless it was to exchange bullets.

Marcel: Intercommunal difficulties had been appearing everywhere, except in Famagusta, where the Turks lived within the old Venetian walls of the town. In Famagusta the Turks and Greeks continued to co-exist together, thanks to the work of Spyros, his brothers and friends. Spyros remained in telephone contact with a Turkish friend during the troubles and when there were any incidents they telephoned each other straight away and they sorted things out. For example, there was one occasion when the Turks had fired on a Greek group who became agitated and wanted to take revenge. Spyros and his friend resolved each incident. It was extraordinary at that time.

In January 1964, after an inconclusive conference in London between representatives of Britain, Greece, Turkey, and the two Cypriot communities, the UN Security Council authorised a peacekeeping force under the direction of the Secretary-General. Advance units reached Cyprus in March, and by May the United Nations Peacekeeping Force in Cyprus (UNFICYP) numbered about 6,500 troops. Originally authorised for a three-month period, the force, at decreased strength, was still in position 30 years later and is still there today.

Severe intercommunal fighting occurred in March and April 1964. When the worst of the fighting was over, Turkish Cypri-

ots began moving from isolated rural areas and mixed villages into enclaves. Before long, a substantial portion of the island's Turkish Cypriot population was crowded into the Turkish quarter of Nicosia in tents and hastily constructed shacks. All necessities as well as utilities had to be brought in through the Greek Cypriot lines.

Marcel: The UN troops were everywhere. They took over the British positions. Some of the British stayed, as a British contingent in the UN force – and so from one day to the next these same British troops became UN troops and put on a blue helmet.

The frontier was closed to Cypriots, and the Greeks had completely isolated the Turkish community which lived in Nicosia and on the land towards the mountains and north-east to Kyrenia. The Turkish population was short of vegetables, fresh products, petrol. We as Swiss were able to cross the frontier and go where we wanted. We often did just this and we sometimes filled our car with basic essentials and took things to our Turkish friends.

In June 1964, the Cypriot House of Representatives, functioning with only its Greek Cypriot members, passed a bill establishing the National Guard. The right of Cypriots to bear arms was then limited to this Greek Cypriot National Guard, under the command of General Grivas, and to the police. Turkey and Turkish Cypriots claimed that large numbers of Greek regular troops were being clandestinely infiltrated into the island. Turkey began military preparations for an invasion of the island. A frank warning from the United States caused the Turks to call off the invasion. In August, however, Turkish jets attacked Greek Cypriot forces besieging Turkish Cypriot villages on the northwestern coast.

Throughout 1964 and later, President Makarios and the Greek Cypriot leadership adopted the view that the establish-

ment of the UN peacekeeping force by the UN Security Council had set aside the rights of intervention granted to the guarantor powers – Britain, Greece and Turkey – by the Treaty of Guarantee in 1959. The Turkish leadership, on the other hand, contended that the Security Council action had reinforced the provisions of the treaty. These diametrically opposed views illustrated the basic Greek Cypriot and Turkish Cypriot positions: the former holding that the constitution and the other provisions of the treaties were flexible and subject to change under changing conditions, and the latter that they were fixed agreements, not subject to change.

Different interpretations of events hardened into opposing views. Whereas Turkish nationalist propaganda claimed that Turks cannot live in safety in the midst of the Greek community (and bearing in mind that anywhere in Cyprus – as a minority population – the Turkish Cypriots were in the midst of the Greek community), Greek propaganda countered by saying that Greeks and Turks had long lived together in peace and would be doing so now if it wasn't for the separatist designs of the Turkish leadership.

These tensions made for a highly-charged, even dangerous, situation.

Theri: On July 26 1964, Marcel and I were personally attacked by a Nicosia paper which accused Marcel of being a Turkish spy. In the current volatile state of affairs on the island, this put us in a very dangerous predicament. Not long before this date a British officer who had also been accused of being a Turkish spy had totally disappeared, abducted with his driver. Their bodies were later found. The accusation against Marcel came at a time when we were still living in Rimini Street.

As a result of the newspaper article we were suddenly alone. I was frightened. Our friends must have been too, in case they were tarnished by association with us. No one in

Nicosia came to ask us for an explanation or phoned with support.

Marcel immediately guessed who might be behind the paper's accusation. When the journalists came to the door and asked if I had a photograph of my husband, I said, 'Not on your life!' But inside I was shaking.

Marcel: It is an interesting question – what do you do in a situation where you feel physically afraid for your safety? We got on our knees to put the whole thing in God's hands and ask for His direction and protection for us. And then we got a lawyer.

He was a well-known Greek lawyer, and he was furious about it – very upset on our behalf. He went to the paper and dealt them a knockout blow by demanding £50,000 damages. The paper said, 'Are they serious?' 'Of course they are,' the lawyer said, 'you had better believe it. And you'd better print a retraction in the same size type as the one you used to make the accusation, and in the same place on the front page.' Which the paper did.

It was a bumpy ride. The Grandys would not have been human if they had not been discouraged or frustrated at times. And yet they stayed. Two of the very recognisable 'Grandy qualities' are constancy and dedication: to people as individuals and to the situation where they feel God means them to be. To those qualities one must add the realism with which they viewed the situation.

11.5.65 Marcel to Swiss friends

"The situation here in Cyprus is more confused than ever. In London the discussions between the two Foreign Ministers (Greece and Turkey) give a ray of hope. Nothing could stop it, if Greece and Turkey were united in this sombre matter. We pray for a resolution.

"Things can't go on like this much longer here. People

are tired, wanting simply to return to their everyday lives and to peace. Whether they will ever be able to do so, and when, remains to be seen. The communities grow more and more hardened to each other. Our Ambassador to Beirut, who was here a few days ago, told us that even UN Secretary-General U Thant's representative is pessimistic, not knowing what will break the impasse."

15.5.65 Marcel to senior British and Swiss MRA colleagues:

"This afternoon in the Presidential Palace, just before a Cabinet meeting was due to start, at his own request Archbishop Makarios saw the MRA documentary film about Peter Howard. [Howard had died suddenly after a short illness 3 months earlier.] The President came alone. At the end, after a long moment of silence, he turned and said, 'He was a really great man. He contributed so much towards a change in the world. I have read several of his books. Every single sentence counts.'

"Last night, at the French Republic Day celebration at the French Embassy, the first secretary of the Russian Embassy came up to me and started talking. In the course of the conversation he asked, 'Does your idea mean everything to you?' You can guess my response! And a second question, 'Will you go to the very end with it, or is this just a temporary conviction?' I think you know what I replied to that as well. When I answered he held out his hand and said, 'Congratulations. I know where I am with a man who has an idea!'

"Harry and Bev [the Almonds from the United States – the Grandys' nearest MRA full-time colleagues, based in Beirut since 1964] have left after a four-day visit, during which time we met a number of Greek and Turkish Cypriots with them, people who could and should have taken up the work that is needed for the island. Very few on either

side are prepared to pay the price that is needed to bring an answer here. Some will go so far and no further, others are heavily involved with ‘patriotic activities’, and some are just too frightened.

“In this situation we seriously ask ourselves whether we are not wasting our time here. More than that, some simply rely on our presence to ease their conscience. We wonder whether we should make a more definite break and leave Cyprus for a while? Practically, it would mean that we would store the furniture and give up Rimini Street. When we came back here this time we felt we needed to come to a definite conclusion with our Cypriot friends, one way or the other.”

However, Marcel’s natural optimism and sense of faith that God had led them to where they were, and that their lives remained in His hands and in His service, seemed to have reasserted itself by the time of his next letter.

22.7. 65 *Marcel to a senior Swiss colleague:*

“Don’t worry – we aren’t discouraged! We are trying, perhaps with difficulty it is true, to find the best plan for this island, and where we fit into that plan. Our plans have clarified. Whatever happens, we don’t want to drop our own responsibility.”

* * * * *

The roller-coaster ride continued. Two years later, in March 1967 Rajmohan Gandhi, grandson of the Mahatma, and a group with the MRA-inspired musical *India Arise* were invited to visit Cyprus on their way from India to western Europe. The group of young people from Asia, principally India, performed their songs, sketches, and dances with a message of hope that peoples of different races and beliefs could live together in harmony.

President Makarios received Rajmohan Gandhi and the 64 members of the cast at the Presidential Palace during their eight-day visit to the island. Welcoming them he said, 'Unless man is reborn mankind cannot live in peace. I am sure you can greatly contribute to this and I wish you all success in your efforts.' He expressed his 'deep gratitude' for the work of MRA.



Theri: Makarios put a building at Rajmohan's disposal, to accommodate the group. It was going to be an old people's establishment – the work had been completed and it was furnished but had not yet been occupied. He put his maitre d'hotel at their disposal for their meals and so on, the buses for transport.

Marcel Grandy, Archbishop Makarios, Rajmohan Gandhi. Makarios expressed his 'deep gratitude' for the work of MRA.

(D Channer)

The Turks said that, as they represented a third of the island's population, they wanted to accommodate a third of the group; so some of the cast were with them also.

The occasion was also attended by the Speaker of the Parliament, the Minister in charge of the Presidency, diplomats from East and West and a large number of the UN peacekeeping force. Another performance was hosted by Vice-President Küçük.

Marcel: Later in the week the cast were guests of the Famagusta Orange Day Festival Committee, headed by the town's communist mayor, Mr Pouyouros. They gave a 20-

minute programme from the show in the football stadium before 20,000 people, including the UN Commander, the Deputy Minister of Culture of East Germany and the Polish Chargé d'Affaires. Rajmohan said to us, 'I would like the four absolute moral standards to be written out in Greek on big banners and carried in front of our procession into the stadium.' So we had to make them. He spoke there to the crowd. We went into a village in the north, Karavas, in the citrus plantation areas, where Rajmohan spoke to a crowd from the mayor's office balcony.

We took the whole *India Arise* troupe on foot through the lines in



Troops of UN escort talking to members of the *India Arise* cast before escorting their convoy to the north of the island. (D Channer)

Nicosia, to a reception given by the Turkish community of Nicosia, invited by a prominent businessman, the President of the Turkish Chamber of Commerce. He had on his right Rajmohan Gandhi and on his left Marcel Grandy, and got rather muddled in the course of his speech. Turning to one side he said, 'So Mr Grandy ...' but he was actually talking to Mr *Gandhi*, and vice-versa!

Theri: Rajmohan, who had met General Grivas on an earlier occasion, suggested that the General might come and meet the group of young Indians at our home in Nicosia. Grivas, who said he was an ardent admirer of the Mahatma, agreed to come one evening. It was our only personal encounter with him.

The psychological and historical background for the encounter between Grivas on the one hand and Rajmohan Gandhi and *India Arise* on the other was the difference between Mahatma Gandhi's non-violent struggle for Indian independence and the approach of EOKA. Both, of course, had faced the British.

Theri: On the morning of the planned visit quite a large group of security people and electricians arrived in Rimini Street and put floodlights in the pine trees around the house, pointing towards the garden and the front door of our home. They also wanted to know exactly who would be doing the cooking, and who had purchased the groceries. However, they didn't go quite so far as to taste the food!

Grivas came with his bodyguards, of course, and there were other dignitaries present also. It was a big crowd, with the whole Asian troupe as well – standing in our hall and sittingroom. Rajmohan introduced each one of the troupe to Grivas, and Grivas responded.

The presence of *India Arise* on the island after the difficult times in the preceding months and years was like a wave of encouragement to our Cypriot friends, but each time when there was a big advance there were also setbacks. And when they had agreement within their grasp, each time the chance went begging. But still we kept on trying to reach ordinary Cypriots, of all communities, with the ideas and spirit of MRA, which so many had said were the only hope for the future of the island.

Marcel: We had regular meetings in our home with our friends. Professor Persianis, with whom Theri studied Greek in the early days, was one with whom we often discussed at length how to reach the new generation of Cyprus, both Greeks and Turks, through education. He

was a teacher, and later a professor in the university. It was often at his suggestion or his initiative that we made contact with schools, Turkish and Greek, arranged visits with interesting personalities or took films there.

Three friends from Switzerland were invited to Cyprus, to show the film of the pantomime *Give a Dog a Bone* in Greek and Turkish schools. Written by Peter Howard, the film engaged young and old, teaching the difference between right and wrong, and over a hundred copies of the film were in use in 30 countries at the time. In the film, if someone said 'I couldn't care less' they were turned into an animal. The only way of being made human again was to say the three magic words 'Please, thank you and sorry'.

One of the group, a teacher, later wrote about her impressions: 'A young teacher helped us to carry our film equipment into a classroom of the school where she worked. In the stairwell and the length of the corridors we found sandbags piled up to the height of a man. Soldiers patrolled on the roof. Ten minutes earlier we had been on the other side of the border in another school. There also the walls were protected.

'One has to start early enough in life if one wants to shape character. That is the intent of the education directors of the Greek, Turkish, Armenian and British schools who have organised the showings of the film to a total of 7000 pupils.

"Since my son saw the film he is different," one teacher told us. "He never stops talking about it. He wants all the children in Nicosia to see it."

"A real change of atmosphere has been produced in my school since your film show," a headteacher told us. "The pupils are much more polite and there are many less fights."

‘In many of the showings, discussions with the teaching staff have led to a study of how to put the message of the film into practice. The director of public education for the Turkish community said, “In this film you can see people who are ready to help others. I like that. If we can do that, many of our problems will be resolved.”’

Marcel: We visited schools all over the country with *Give a Dog a Bone*. The whole undertaking had the support of the Minister of Education. We went to Greek schools and Turkish schools, and when we had been to the Turkish schools in Nicosia, afterwards someone told us that the parents had come in asking the teachers what they had shown to their children because they had started saying ‘thank you’ and ‘sorry’ and ‘please’ at home.

There was a version of the film with Turkish translation on a separate machine. For the projectionist who was showing it there was an indication when to press the button for the piece of translation. We were up on a gallery at the back in a very big cinema full of schoolchildren and suddenly the children began giggling, and the tape was rolling loose on the floor and the projectionist was completely lost. It was my good Swiss friend Jean who was in charge of the projection that day in Lefka. He was cursing, quite audibly, when the translation started to get out of synch., and the bad character’s dialogue came up when the good character was talking.... the kids understood exactly what was going on!

Theri: The film did change the atmosphere in the schools where it was shown. They were very rich times, in the midst of some very difficult ones.

Then came a major crisis. I remember so well hearing the Turkish army bombardment of a Greek enclave in the north of the island in 1967. It was a Sunday and we were up in the mountains and heard the strange noise. We asked

someone what was happening, and we were told, 'The Turks are bombarding the northern coast of Cyprus.' The Swiss friends who had been helping with the film shows were still with us. We made a prompt return to Nicosia. When it was clear that the situation was growing more serious – Turkey was preparing an invasion force – we asked the Ambassador of the Lebanon what we should do. He was a near neighbour and a good friend, and he said, 'You should go to Beirut,' so we put our three Swiss friends on a boat to Beirut.

We ourselves stayed on but then our Swiss Consul, who was a Greek Cypriot, said to us, 'I will arrange your evacuation to the British base at Dhekelia.' Many of our foreign friends had gone already. When we telephoned back to him some time later we found that, with the threat of an invasion still very real, this Consul had himself fled to the mountains! Eventually we made our own way in our car to Limassol and then back to Switzerland.

We caught the last boat leaving the island. At the time I said to myself, 'We have completely failed in everything that we tried to do here.' The ship was from Israel, with people dancing, eating, singing, and we got on board from a situation of war, and not knowing what would happen to our friends. It was heart-rending to leave them all behind, and we hoped that our absence would only be temporary.

Turkey issued an ultimatum and threatened to intervene in force to protect Turkish Cypriots. To back up their demands, the Turks massed troops on the border separating Greece and Turkey and began assembling an amphibious invasion force.

Grivas resigned as commander of the Greek Cypriot forces on November 20, 1967, and left the island, but the Turks did not reduce their readiness posture, and the dangerous situation of two NATO nations on the threshold of war with each other

continued. President Johnson placed United States naval vessels between the mainland of Turkey and Cyprus and dispatched his special envoy to Turkey, Greece, and Cyprus. Turkey agreed to stand down its invasion force, Greece agreed to withdraw most of its forces on Cyprus, and the crisis passed.

Theri: We had left Nicosia feeling, as always, that we had unfinished business in Cyprus, in spite of all the difficulties. There were opportunities with individual people, and we always had the hope and belief that there could be a breakthrough in the political situation.

We kept in touch with our friends on the island, and some months later they said, 'Come back, come back. We can work once again. We can do something.' So we were able to return.

Marcel: In January and February 1968, in spite of ongoing discussions at official levels, still the separation between the communities was total. But we kept receiving short visits from guests from overseas whom we were able to take to meet friends in both communities.

For example, we received some French trade unionists from Nantes who had stopped in Lebanon first, on their way home from the opening conference of the new MRA centre in India. We took them to see the island leadership, to give them their message of reconciliation and of hope, based on their own industrial experience with some people in French business management.

Because we as Swiss were able to cross the dividing line we got them into the best Turkish hotel in Nicosia. The next day they came in a bit perplexed. They asked if we had *deliberately* put them in a hotel right next to the minaret of a mosque, where the day began very early in the morning, with the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer over the loudspeaker sited just a few metres away from their bedroom window. When the muezzin call began the French-



Vice President Küçük received a group of trade unionists from England and Scotland
(Cyprus Turkish Information Office)

men had leapt out of bed in shock, and they were sure that we had done it on purpose. My friend Maurice still talks about it today!

Another group of trade unionists came from Britain in 1968, from

Manchester, Sheffield and Bristol. Jack Carroll was a dockworkers' leader from the port of Bristol. He had been a militant but divisive trade union leader in his port, and had completely changed his attitude through meeting the ideas of MRA. A weatherbeaten face, the hands of a working docker, a rough diamond of a man and a man of great conviction.

When he arrived with his colleagues, he said to us that he had a message that Archbishop President Makarios needed to hear. So we arranged an audience and we took Jack and his friends there. Makarios received them very graciously in his office in the Presidential Palace, and the docker gave him his message. Completely unselfconsciously he told the President how he had found a new way of thinking, after 28 years of class war in his port. 'We pray for Cyprus, morning and night, Mr President,' he said. 'Our 48-hour visit has transformed our view of Cyprus from being a geographical spot that journalists write of to being a place where we know people.' The President responded to Jack, 'I would like you to consider me as a friend of MRA.'

Unexpectedly Jack got up, put his hands in his pockets and seeing an open door (not the door we had come in by),

in this palatial room which had many doors, he went over to it. He felt that the interview was over because he had said what he had to say!

I was a bit surprised and I said in an urgent whisper, 'Jack ...', but Makarios said to me in quiet delight, 'No, no, no, let him be, we'll follow him.'

So we all got up, Makarios as well, and followed Jack in single file trooping through the labyrinth that is the Presidential Palace, from one room to another, and finally we found ourselves at the exit and went out.

Theri: And we all laughed; Makarios as well. He had a good sense of humour. Another of the private encounters with Makarios which has lived in my mind.

Some time later my parents came to visit us in Cyprus, and we took them all over the island to see the many beautiful sights, and to visit friends. The warm-hearted hospitality touched my parents greatly. Dr Küçük was one of many who received them.

On the final evening of their stay we gave a reception for them in our home to which many of our Cypriot friends came, including the Archbishop's Minister of State. This man asked my parents if they had yet met Makarios, and upon hearing that this had not been the case he insisted he would arrange a date for them at the Presidential Palace at 8 am the following morning, shortly before their plane left.



Archbishop Makarios with Jack Carroll (left) and British trade unionists

(Public Information Office, Nicosia, Republic of Cyprus)



Theri and her parents with Dr Küçük

We duly presented ourselves at the Palace at the appointed hour, and waited with my parents, nervously consulting our watches as the time for checking in at the airport was fast approaching and there was

no sign of the Archbishop. The Minister of State eventually phoned the Archbishopric where Makarios had spent the night. We were standing at the top of the steps to the Presidential Palace when Makarios' official car sped in. The Archbishop rushed up the steps, apologising profusely for having kept us waiting, saying that it was the wrong timetable for the plane that had been consulted!

My father had carefully prepared two sentences in English to say to the President, of his vision for a man of faith at the head of his country. With great charm, Makarios acknowledged it and agreed, and then turned to my mother. She had previously been very critical of Makarios because of the violence on the island. He made her promise to return to Cyprus soon. To all our surprise, Mother promised him she would. And from that day on in her view Makarios could do nothing wrong! She returned twice to Cyprus, after my father died.

It is striking to note the steady access the Grandys had to Makarios over the years. It showed the Archbishop's appreciation for the ideas of MRA and his interest in its world outreach. That was the point of the successive visitations by German miners, Japanese students, Buddhist monks, Ameri-

can stage stars and French, Italian and English trade unionists. And simultaneously, despite the fact that they had no official position themselves, the Grandys had the same access and the same kind of relationships with Küçük and Denктаş on the Turkish side.

In 1968 Archbishop Makarios, faced with the Turkish Cypriot administration's plan to become better organised in order to govern, ordered Presidential elections in an attempt to take back the political initiative. 'A solution by necessity,' he said, 'must be sought within the limits of what is feasible which does not always coincide with the limits of what is desirable.'

For a long time the appeals from the UN to the Greek and Turkish Cypriot leaders fell on deaf ears. Rebuilding the bridges of collaboration and friendship which had existed in the past between the two communities became more and more difficult as time passed. The local Greek press, even though applauding the re-election of the Archbishop, insisted on the necessity of vigorous efforts being made to find a new way forward to reconciliation and peace.



'One of the elements which allowed the leaders to meet in a more relaxed atmosphere was the intervention in the press of our good friend Nicos Dimitriou.' (pictured centre with his wife on the right)

Marcel: One of the elements which allowed the leaders to meet in a more relaxed atmosphere was the intervention in the press of our good friend Nicos Dimitriou, who later became Minister for Industry. Writing under the headline 'We have got to talk', he reiterated the necessity for everyone to speak frankly,

‘putting all our cards on the table, opening our hearts, facing our problems without hesitation ... we must honestly acknowledge our past mistakes and look in all sincerity to not repeating them. Of course it is not easy but it is the only way. What is best for each one should be our constant reference point in these discussions.’

The next day the former President of the Turkish Chamber of Commerce of Nicosia, who had entertained *India Arise*, replied with a letter in the press to thank Mr Dimitriou and reaffirm that Cypriots needed to listen to and understand each other. ‘If not we will perish together. We must learn to respect each other. We have wasted four precious years in fighting each other. Isn’t that enough? In working together now we could ensure our joint future through progress and economic prosperity.’

Negotiations followed, to the point where there was an atmosphere of frankness and goodwill. It was not unreasonable to hope that after more than four years of fighting and threats of war, Cyprus was on the way to a solution.

But, as so many times before, this did not materialise. Intractable political positions and hardened personal attitudes are difficult obstacles to overcome.

In spite of the setbacks, we didn’t give up our efforts in Cyprus. Over the next five years we continued to work wherever and with whomever we could to try and bring openness and reconciliation. We used every new MRA publication, in Greek and in Turkish. We continued to show MRA films and we held regular meetings in our home for those who wanted to work with us for the future of the island, and for the region of the Eastern Mediterranean as a whole.

10

Istanbul and Izmir

From Cyprus the Grandys frequently visited neighbouring countries. Their first visit to Turkey was in 1965, with Michael and Margaret Barrett, MRA colleagues from Britain. The trip came at a time when Marcel and Theri were seriously weighing up whether their future lay on the island or not. The situation was tense. However, returning after 12 days in Turkey, the Grandys were touched to receive a VIP welcome from the Greek Cypriot airport manager in Cyprus. This visit was the first of many to Turkey.

Marcel: It was a wonderful encounter when Mike Barrett first took us to meet the Greek Orthodox Patriarch, Athenagoras. His seat was in Istanbul. The two men had first met in 1949. Athenagoras, born under the rule of the Ottoman Empire, had known Frank Buchman personally and had studied MRA. He was an imposing sight – he was over two metres tall, with



With Patriarch Athenagoras

a long beard, and then there was his towering black bishop's mitre on top. He had the habit of greeting his friends with a great bear-hug – and even a reasonably tall man like me would find himself enveloped by the black robes! This was the first of many meetings we have been privileged to have with the Patriarchs in Istanbul.

Theri: Marcel once went to Istanbul alone, I think he was travelling from Beirut, and he sat in the waiting room to see Patriarch Athenagoras. There was a couple sitting across from him in the waiting room. Marcel didn't say anything to them, but eventually the man said, 'American?' and Marcel said, 'No.' So the man said 'Spy?' and Marcel laughed, and they began chatting. Marcel told him what he was doing, and he said, 'Oh no, MRA? It's not possible! I am a friend of George Moissedes – we were together at Roberts' College, and I used to be a terrible bully, and after Frank Buchman had been there with his team in 1924 we started to apply the moral standards in our lives and I have never been a bully since.'

Marcel and I continued the visits to Istanbul. Once we visited Heybeliada (formerly Halki) Island where there was a seminary for the Orthodox priests. It was graduation day for the young priests and there were hundreds of people. All the parents were there. We were expected at the Patriarch's office later, but at that point we were just part of the crowd, with Judy Pearson from England who had been with us in Cyprus. The Patriarch came around and called out different names of people. We were quite far away in the crowd and all of a sudden we heard the Patriarch shouting 'Grandy'! He had known we were coming, but in spite of the fact that he towered over everyone else in the crowd he had not found Marcel's face in the vast throng. So Marcel went forward and the Patriarch blessed him and, as usual, gave him an enormous hug.

Marcel told him that I was there as well with a young Englishwoman, and so a priest was despatched to bring us to His All Holiness' office. He used to call me his spiritual daughter. When I introduced Judy to Athenagoras he said, 'This is my spiritual grand-daughter.'

Athenagoras was a man who combined great intellect with largeness of heart. He was a wonderful man. His books, his conversations – he really lived the life of a great churchman, believer and leader.

The man who translated for us, when we met Athenagoras – although he didn't need translation – was a monk who spoke seven languages. He met us at the airport, he translated, he looked after us on each of our visits. After each visit to Patriarch Athenagoras this monk, who became Patriarch Bartholomeos I, said to us quietly, 'Let's meet at the Sheraton Hotel for tea', and he came in civilian clothes to meet us there in the afternoon. We would have tea and he would tell us all about his parents on Imvros, an Aegean island which is Turkish now but which used to be Greek. Bartholomeos' parents lived there, he is from there, and his father had a coffee shop, in one corner of which he operated as the barber for the population.

Bartholomeos is today's Patriarch and still is a personal friend of ours. On his Christmas cards he always writes a personal word. He is very interested in young people and is also a great ecologist – sometimes known as 'the Green Patriarch'. He organises cruises to the Adriatic and the Black Sea specifically aimed to help publicise the environmental issues and needs.

Marcel: In 1967 Theri and I had received a message from Rauf Denktaş, the Vice-President of the Cyprus Republic. We were at Caux and the message said: 'My wife's uncle died recently, and his widow, Mme Fasiha Kantarcı, is greatly at a loss. I would be so glad if she could come to

Caux. She will arrive in Geneva on such-and-such a day; please would you go and collect her?’

Fasiha Kantarcı: I can never forget the peace of mind and soul I have found through MRA and the friendships it offered. When I lost my husband at the age of 53 in 1966 I was desolate with grief. The future looked hopeless. Rauf sent me the brochures of MRA and Caux and recommended that I attend the summer conferences there. I was met by Marcel at Geneva airport and driven to Caux.

It was not difficult to adapt to the friendly atmosphere there. I felt at home with this group of people from the first moment I met them. Before I left Caux, I extended an invitation to Theri and Marcel to come and visit me in Turkey. At the time I was living in Izmir with my daughter and her family.

I was delighted to learn that Theri planned to come the next summer. Before her arrival I informed all my friends that my



The Grandys have had a life-long friendship with Fasiha Kantarcı

Swiss friend was coming and drew up a programme for her stay. The Bilginer family were the first to invite us for dinner, to be followed by many others. How could we know this would be a life-long friendship?

Theri: Mme Kantarcı is a great lady. Her father had been a calligrapher as well as being one of the prominent collec-

tors of hand-written Korans. Her husband was Cypriot and she is Turkish. She brought and gave to Caux an original Koran written by one of the best calligraphers in Turkey, a very valuable book.

For her Caux was a new world. She said to us, 'You must come to Turkey.' She was the one who introduced us to our friends in Turkey, especially in Izmir, where I went the first time in 1968 without Marcel. I was received by Fasiha, her daughter Ayhan and her husband Levent Eđribozlu and their little two-year-old daughter.

Ayhan Eđribozlu: We were all glad when my mother went to Switzerland, hoping that a change of atmosphere would help her get out of her grief. She was not a different person upon her return, but she had found something in Caux which was very heartening – hope. Our first guest after her trip to Switzerland was Theri Grandy. She was like a breath of fresh spring air – so elegant, so light a presence in our home. She could find a positive point in every bad event, quickly changing from wet eyes to mischievous laughter. I felt I could trust her with my life. I felt free to tell her about my problems. She never judged. She told me overcoming problems was a way of



.... and with her family (here, her granddaughters)

growing together in a marriage which was very normal. She never betrayed my trust, and for that I am eternally grateful.

Later we met Marcel – a man with such an unbelievable sense of humour! We had serious moments too, exchanging views, discussing and making decisions. It was never boring. After our encounters we always felt enriched. We feel blessed to know them.

Theri: On that first visit Fasiha said to me, ‘We are going to go and see lots of my friends so that you can tell them about Caux.’ We took a horse-carriage, widely used as taxis at that time. We went around the town and went to see different people. At Karşıyaka, across the bay from the city of Izmir, I met a charming lady, Mihri Bilginer, the wife of a doctor. She said to me, ‘I don’t know what to do. My daughter has come home from her university in Ankara because the students are on strike and there are no classes.’ Some of the students had barricaded themselves in the university, as part of their anti-American and left-wing protests, and they even burned the American Ambassador’s car when he was visiting the campus. This Ambassador had previously been posted in Vietnam and the students reacted to him from the moment he landed at Ankara airport. The daughter was not one of the most militant students, but had given them her support, working in the ‘field kitchen’ which had been set up to feed the strikers.

Not long afterwards, June 1969, Marcel and I together returned to Turkey. This time we met Çiğdem Bilginer, the student daughter. She was searching, playing with left-wing ideas, loved arguing and discussion and we were quite lost. We spoke for hours. Çiğdem introduced us to some of her friends and came with us on our visits to different homes in Izmir because she wanted to continue the discussions with us and her friends. One morning Marcel and I said to each other that we ought to try and get Çiğdem to visit Caux, because she would be able to

meet people there from many nations and different backgrounds. We talked about this idea with her parents, who told us that their daughter would never accept to come. But to everyone's great surprise she said 'yes'.

So she came to Caux for a month that summer and talked a lot with all the high-profile people she could find at the conference. She caused quite a lot of upset! She was playing a marxist tune and seemed determined to take a different course in life from the one her parents' more traditional views would have suggested to her. We didn't know what to do with her.

On the tenth day of her visit to the conference, completely worn out and 'talked-out', she slipped into the back of the theatre at Caux where the film *Men of Brazil* was being shown in French, sub-titled in German. She neither spoke nor understood French or German. At the end of the film is a touching scene where a little girl paralysed from birth, daughter of one of the militant port workers of Rio de Janeiro, is suddenly able to walk. It's a miracle. The scene shows her going into the church with her parents, carrying a huge candle. Çiğdem saw this and began to weep. It came as the culmination of all her discussions and arguments. She ran to her bedroom, threw herself on her bed. Later she told us, "I knew there was Allah. That Allah was generous, loving, forgiving. As I cried and cried, I felt washed. People may not forgive me, but my Creator had done so. I felt different. I was not the centre of the universe any more."

She asked us to go to Ankara to meet some of her university friends. So on our next visit to Turkey we did, and we stayed with her at her grandmother's home in Ankara, in a small basement flat with a tiny window. With her grandmother's help she lengthened her skirts, which had been precariously short hitherto. She had gone to the university and had said to her friends, 'I have found some-

thing new.' They came to the house, and we had memorable back-and-forth discussions with them. These were young people of high calibre.

For us it was an important encounter with some of the militant young people of that time, and it brought with it a glimmer of what it was going to take to communicate with young people like that. But we also knew that only our quality of life, not our arguments, could convince them that there was another way than the one they were then embarked upon.

Marcel: After that Çiğdem spent six years with MRA – in Britain, India, Canada and other places. After her first year with MRA, her father, a doctor, was concerned about what his daughter was doing and decided to go to Caux, alone, to see her and talk to her face-to-face, and in fact to bring her home with him. Once there he had the habit of phoning me in my room, or the office where I was working in another part of the building, and saying, 'Marcel, I am on the balcony.' And I went and joined him there and we talked. He had all sorts of philosophical questions and points of discussion. He was a Sufi, a man of the elite. I spent hours and hours on that balcony responding to his questions. But I often wondered if we were getting anywhere.

So I telephoned my friend Burnier in Lausanne. Edouard Burnier was a professor of theology and I said to him, 'I have this Turkish friend. Could I introduce him to you?' The professor said, 'Bring him.' As soon as Burnier's door opened the professor began asking the Turkish doctor questions. This was Dr Bilginer's preferred technique also: he questioned ceaselessly, squeezing every last drop out of the lemon! Dr Bilginer enjoyed his time with the professor.

The friendship with the doctor had its lighter moments also. In

Turkey Marcel had noticed that Dr Bilginer freely punctuated his conversation with the expression ‘inshaallah!’ – literally, ‘if it is the will of God’. It is a common expression, but Dr Bilginer used it more than most. Marcel, in comradeship, adopted the practice also and said it at every possible occasion. One day Marcel and Dr Bilginer were going out together in the car. Marcel suggested to the doctor that it would be a good idea to put his seatbelt on. The doctor didn’t like these newfangled things and said he felt it throttled him. However Marcel insisted that it would be better if he did, he would be safer. Dr Bilginer eventually concurred, but unhappily, and said to himself out loud, in Turkish, “Marcel, you are going to kill me!”

Marcel, blissfully unaware of what his passenger had actually said, chimed in ‘inshaallah’!

Çığdem: After Caux I came home to complete my BSc in Psychology. Caux was dreamlike: university was real. How was I to keep my new self? I felt I needed a deeper understanding and experience with MRA. As soon as I graduated I went back to Caux and after a year in Britain, living and working at MRA homes and centres, I went to India. There I was helping to create and then travelling with the musical *Song of Asia*, taking me to places, people and events I could not have dreamt of seeing, meeting, or being part of.

Of all the hundreds of lessons daily in our life together through that six-year period, what stands out is our secret of becoming a team, of decision-making and of conflict resolution. In *Song of Asia* we were 70 from 25, mainly Asian, countries. A percentage of our members circulated. In three and a half years we travelled thousands of miles, through three continents, 12 countries and many more cities, lived through a train accident, epidemics, war, some of our families becoming refugees. We were of very

different social, educational, interest and skill backgrounds. Looking back, to my amazement, decision-making, division of labour and responsibilities, handling and solving disagreements and crises, seemed to happen smoothly. All we did was to sit together in silence and be as honest as we could about our inner motives and thoughts. The rest happened so naturally. Trust in each other, inner freedom and a sense of adventure in faith were the outcome for us. In this practice there was no manipulation, no hierarchy, no status, no practice of power except that of the inner voice. We got better and better at it as time and trials went by.

One day, to my surprise, I felt strongly that I was due back to my roots, to the 'real' world. I had an idea it was not going to be simple. I had heard examples of 'best practice' where people went back to their locality and created ripples of change. I thought I needed to produce results like them. However I had no idea how or where I could begin.

The year was 1976. Turkey was divided between factions of left and right, and there were many terror attacks. Scores of people were killed each day. People around me seemed to show no interest in my stories, at best, and were suspicious of me at worst. All I said seemed too far-fetched in the context of the day. I was disheartened. I felt alone. Friends from my MRA comradeship, especially the Grandys, did their best, visiting me, staying with me (the author of this book stayed with me for months), writing to me. They and the publications of MRA became my lifeline.

The Grandys made one of their now regular visits to Turkey in March 1979, calling on friends in Istanbul, Ankara and Izmir. In Ankara they wrote to a friend, 'An early spring has come to Turkey, even to Ankara where the snowcapped hills on the horizon blossom, and fresh green added welcome charm to

this otherwise sober and grey government city. The colossal economic problems have now touched the ordinary man's life. For the sixth week there was no Turkish or other coffee to be found, neither in the shops nor in hotels and restaurants. A small packet of Turkish coffee brought from Cyprus was a treasure for a hostess. Every evening and continuing through the night there were mile-long queues of cars along the roads, waiting their turn at the petrol station. Oil prices doubled overnight.'

Theri: The hospitality of Çiğdem and the Bilginer family, and of Fasiha Kantarcı and other friends in Izmir made the four days in that lovely city a continuous feast. Çiğdem, at the time, was working hard to finish her thesis. She introduced us to a group of her professional friends, architects, engineers, and their partners. The discussions lasted until late into the night. They wanted to know how change works, how absolute standards apply to one's private and family life, and how to reach out into a nation. Their eagerness and earnestness made it into one of the most hope-giving times of the journey.

Çiğdem: Going back to my psychology practice and then to my academic career was no easy decision. Was I betraying my true calling in life mediated to me through MRA? Was I turning my back on my spiritual birthplace? Or was I fulfilling my potential and my destiny? The answer to this question will only be given when I encounter my Creator. I arrived at the conclusion that it was my Creator who intervened through MRA and that my service was due to my Creator. All that I had experienced in the years of MRA practice, combined with all that I was and would continue to gather, were now put to the test.

I can no longer discriminate what has had the greatest input in the harvest that I am reaping: the harvest being a

victorious marriage between two people of completely opposite cultural backgrounds; a grown-up son who is honest with himself and to those around him; a people-centred career where building up my students has been the priority, an ongoing attempt at building adequate human resources in industry.



One of many visits to the Bilginer family in Izmir – Mihri Bilginer (front centre), her son Seymen behind her and Çiğdem Leblebici, with her husband and son.

My husband, Zeki Leblebici, is an architect, but for years I had been the breadwinner. He managed the household accounts. Not long ago he told me that I had spent too much over the last weeks. I was furious and blurted out, 'Can't I be free to do something extra with my own money?' Zeki was quiet as we parted. I kept talking to myself self-righteously, continuing with justifying sentences, when I almost literally heard a knock from inside. 'You said *my own money*.' That was all.

In our next encounter, I noticed that Zeki was thoughtful. I told him I had something to say. After our conversation I was free and our relationship had moved a further step towards trust.

In our faculty we planned a training programme for municipal bus drivers of Izmir. We were asked to make the bus drivers behave better towards the passengers. As one of the leaders of the programme I felt that we ought to see what the bus drivers' life was like. We did a survey with passengers asking them to evaluate the bus services and drivers. The drivers passed the test, though not with high grades. In the process of observation, we discovered that their working conditions were difficult.

We reported our findings to their superiors. Improvements were made. We also found that the passengers were rough with the drivers. We focussed the content of our training programme not on changing their behaviour but on changing their view of themselves and on their interactions in general.

When we were planning the logistics of our training sessions I made sure that there would be quality sandwiches and drinks prepared for the trainees in plentiful amounts. I found sponsors for the fillings of salami and cheese. The bus drivers were resistant to the programme until time for food came. They said afterwards that it was the first time they were treated with respect as human beings. Many were helped in their relationships within their families as well as with their passengers, as our post-test revealed.

One disposition which I acquired through MRA is being teachable. We did manual work as well as intellectual work all together. I learned in MRA that the process, the means mattered as much as the result. I learned that details were an expression of caring for others. This has been a critical factor in my career.

Theri: From 1970 Mme Kantarcı kept an apartment in Istanbul, and once or twice we joined her there. I remember – and so does she – one visit where for several days

there was only running water in the early hours of the morning, and then only for two hours! Despite all Mme Kantarcı's protests, Marcel got up in the dark at two to collect what trickle of water came through the taps, to be used by all. On another visit, with our American friends from Beirut, Marcel and Harry Almond suggested that the ladies sit down after dinner. The men then put on aprons and one washed while the other dried the dishes while we ladies sat and chatted. This small gesture made a great impression on our hostess.

One person we met in Istanbul through a friend of Mme Kantarcı was a businessman, Emrah Özpırınçci.

Emrah: I first met Marcel and Theri in the mid-1980s. I was the managing director of the biggest bookshop in Turkey at that time and a friend at work introduced us.

I remember I had already had an intensive and stressful day and only reluctantly agreed to the meeting. I hoped to finish the conversation with the Grandys in five or ten minutes. However, something strange happened right at the beginning of our encounter. It must have been due to the positive energy that they spread and the big smile on their faces. I was not quite sure what was happening but something was telling me to forge a friendship and to pursue it. I decided to invite them to dinner.

I was impressed by their sincerity. Other meetings subsequently followed. They mentioned their work with MRA to me, and we spoke of the unpleasant happenings in the world and what needs to be done to make a difference.

These conversations, although full of idealistic dreams, did not wholly convince me at the time. What could ordinary people like us possibly do? I saw us as mere pawns in a world chess game where the main participants were the super powers. I felt that the things we were talking about were problems far beyond my capacity as a Turkish busi-

ness man. My own problems were different in nature, like how to earn more money. I was trying to earn in every possible way I could. The 'big picture' in the world was not of immediate concern to me.

Then I was invited to visit Caux. I had never been to Switzerland before. I imagined that it could be a nice holiday, but the conference meeting agenda was quite intensive and I was not sure if I would be able to see much else of the country. I accepted the invitation, planning to attend a few sessions for the sake of being there and then to go sightseeing as much as possible.

Something I realised might be an issue at Caux was my habit of drinking and smoking. When I heard that Mountain House was a no-smoking building and no alcohol was served there I was a bit worried. I decided I would go outside to smoke, and go down the hill to Montreux to eat and drink.

However, when I actually arrived in Caux I had to admit that I was thrilled by the location and the view: a magnificent building overlooking some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. I was impressed, and was also interested to discover that Caux was more than just the panoramic view. The people there seemed to have a positive energy of some sort.

To my surprise I found I didn't want to miss any of the meetings. I listened to every word uttered. I had a great hunger for learning. I no longer wanted to go out sightseeing or even drinking. I was eager to meet as many people as I could, gathered there from different parts of the world. The person who had the greatest impact was James Hore-Ruthven from Britain, with whom I shared a room. He was the person who helped me to quit smoking.

Over the course of time, my conversations with Marcel and Theri changed the direction of my life. I was already feeling that I was starting to see my life, and the things

around me, from a different perspective. At Caux I heard an expression which I found very convincing: if you want to change the world, change yourself first.

The biggest discovery I made on this trip was a new awareness of the divine, something that I wasn't made aware of before, or even cared about. I felt that I had just been trying to satisfy my physical needs for years and I ignored my spiritual life. Wars which I heard about, undertaken in the name of religion, and ongoing disputes among religions didn't only cause me to get annoyed with religion but also to be alienated from God. I was filled with anger and worry.

On my return from Caux I felt I was a totally different person. I seemed to have overcome the negative feelings of evil, aggression and selfish ambition. More importantly I didn't want to lie to anybody, especially in my business where it was part of our business culture. Being honest was regarded as weakness in the trade I was working in. The business system that we had at that time was very much concerned with personal benefits, ambitions, worries and lies. We believed these elements were making us successful.

Eventually, I was simply unable to continue with my old ways of working. I had already begun to experience some serious problems with my boss as a result of the changes starting in my life, and so I resigned.

Other trips to Caux followed the first one. My wife soon became aware of the changes in me and was very impressed. I wanted to take her to Caux too, so that she could be exposed to the same kind of changes and experiences that I had encountered. She had been pleased with a meeting that we held with a small group of people in our house in Turkey. The only worry about going to Caux was that she didn't like flying.

Eventually, we decided to go by car, arriving at Caux after a long journey through Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and

Italy. I had never seen my wife so happy and relaxed before. We had conversations on that journey that we hardly ever had in Istanbul because of our busy life, and these drew us much closer to each other. I have no doubt that our happy marriage today is a result of those days. The wonderful friendship with Marcel and Theri, and with James, will forever remain as one of the best treasures of Guzin's and my life.

Although I lost my job as a result of the initial impact of the sudden change in my life, I am now a managing director of a reputable international publishing company, as well as being a sales and marketing director for 30 countries. Even though I am working under heavy and intensive conditions, I greatly enjoy my job. I am able to work efficiently with people from different cultures in a transparent and honest way.

I am very much aware that I owe a great deal to the Grandys and their world views. I am proud to say I know to whom I owe my success in business life and happiness in my social and family life.

Theri: Emrah came with us once to meet the Greek Orthodox Patriarch. He introduced us to extremely interesting people in Istanbul, and each time he told the story of why he had changed his style of life. He has great courage.

Turkey remains very close to the Grandys' hearts. They have a strong belief in the role Turkey can play in the modern world, and of what individual Turkish people can do for their country and for society at large. As Çiğdem Leblebici wrote recently, 'Some values are more important to us in Turkey than life itself. One is our land. Another is our family. We see life on earth as a stopover where we have lessons to learn. The day we meet our Creator will not be an end; it will be a joyful reunion – especially if we have discovered our mission on earth and fulfilled it.'

11

Divided island

Back in Cyprus ... The Grandys and their Cypriot colleagues continued to try and reach as many people as possible on the island with the ideas of MRA, through publications in all languages, with film shows wherever they were invited, through private meetings and larger receptions. Archbishop Makarios and Dr Küçük sent messages of support to the Caux conferences in the early 1970s, and Spyros and Maroulla Stephou made visits overseas to try and bring their message of change and reconciliation to other conflict situations.

After 1970 came the escalation of inter-communal violence among the Greek Cypriots, with the rise of EOKA-B under Grivas who had secretly returned to the island. In this period Greek Cypriots were either for Makarios and Cypriot autonomy, or for Grivas and pro enosis: often clashing with each other.

So many different levels of conflict between and within communities, not to mention shifting alliances, in such a relatively short time has made it hard for a coherent history of this period to be written.

For some Greek Cypriots the period between 1960 and 1974 is a time when many, if asked, say, 'We used to live well with the Turkish Cypriots,' ignoring or ignorant of the inter-communal violence of the time. The view of this period as apparently peaceful also allowed Greek Cypriots to claim the Turkish invasion in 1974 was one of naked aggression.

Turkish Cypriots on the contrary recall all the events, in 1963 and 1967 in particular, when people from their community died defending themselves from the Greek Cypriots during intercommunal fighting. It is regarded by Turkish Cypriots as a period of unequivocal conflict with the Greek Cypriots. Turkish Cypriots claim that the military intervention of Turkey in 1974 saved them from the possible threat of extinction at the hands of the Greek-backed coup leaders.

And yet political negotiations were still going on between the communities and between Greece and Turkey, in an effort to reach a peaceful settlement.

What is fact is that in 1974, following the death of Colonel Grivas, the Colonels' junta in Athens took control of EOKA-B in Cyprus, still carrying hopes for enosis with Greece. There was even a near breakthrough in the talks: one of the Turkish negotiators came in haste to the Grandys in Nicosia in July, the day before they were leaving for Caux and said, 'I think we have a solution. It only needs the final Greek signatures.' But again the negotiations broke down.

Theri: There had been so many raised hopes over the years which came to nothing. Frankly, I had just about given up hope that we could achieve something lasting in Cyprus. Makarios had met the Turkish Cypriot leadership so many times in the past. But he treated them with such disregard. Denктаş, had come twice to Caux between 1959 and 1964. The second time when he went back to Cyprus he told us, 'I will try once more to find a solution with Makarios. I will ask for a meeting.' His colleagues told him he was a fool to ask for another meeting, that it would not achieve anything. In the event, when Denктаş received no response, Marcel went to the Presidential Palace, met one of the top officials and enquired of him, 'You know Denктаş has asked for a meeting with Makarios. What's happening?' The reply was, 'Yes, it's true. We don't say no to him. We just say nothing.'

Some months after the negotiations failed in July 1974 a Greek former Foreign Minister said to us, 'The Greek Cypriots have always refused a solution as they wanted to make no concessions at all. The result is that they have had solutions offered to them which have been less and less good over the years.'

Early in July 1974 Makarios wrote to the President of Greece demanding that the remaining 650 Greek officers assigned to the Cypriot National Guard be withdrawn. The reply came nearly two weeks later, not in the form of a letter but in an order from Athens to the Cypriot National Guard to overthrow the Archbishop and take control of the island. Makarios survived the assassination attempt by EOKA-B and fled the Presidential Palace for Paphos, from where a British military helicopter, responding to his request for sanctuary, took him to the British base at Akrotiri and then on to Malta.

Several days later he addressed a meeting of the UN Security Council, who recognised him as the legal president of Cyprus. Meanwhile the ex-EOKA fighter Nicos Sampson took power in Cyprus. It was obvious to Ankara that Athens was behind the coup in Cyprus, and major elements of the Turkish armed forces were put on alert. Turkish Prime Minister Ecevit tried without success to secure British help in a joint effort in Cyprus, as called for in the 1959 Treaty of Guarantee. Five days later, on July 20 1974, came the military offensive in Cyprus from Turkey, the Greek junta in Athens fell, and the Sampson government in Nicosia went with it.

Marcel: We were at Caux in July 1974, helping with the summer conference. We tried to make contact with friends in the island, but it was not easy, and we only heard the full story of what really happened several weeks later in the autumn, when we returned to Cyprus with two Swiss colleagues.

Spyros Stephou, by then a customs inspector at Nicosia airport, later told the Grandys his and Maroulla's experiences.

"At 4.45 on the morning of July 20, 1974, the telephone rang. 'What, are you still asleep?' said the very distressed voice at the other end. 'Turkish parachutists are landing in the Turkish sector!' We ran to the window and stood there stupefied, petrified: 12 enormous transport planes circling over the town, dropping hundreds of parachutists. Neither my wife nor I could say a word until the last plane had disappeared over the horizon. So it was true; the rumours of an imminent invasion had been right!

"A few minutes later Maroulla's brothers, their wives and three children arrived having brought nothing with them except some blankets. Some parachutists had landed just a few metres from their house, close to the border of the two communities. For two days and two nights we were all huddled in the corridor in the centre of the house, the place where we felt the least exposed to bomb blasts or artillery fire."

The situation quietened down. Clerides became acting President of Cyprus and very shortly a ceasefire was declared. The threat of war between NATO allies receded, but the Turkish army was on Cyprus and the atmosphere remained very uneasy.

The Foreign Ministers of the guarantor powers (Greece, Turkey and Britain) of the 1959 Treaty of Guarantee met in Geneva five days later to discuss the situation. The change of government in Greece was welcomed by Turkey, but Turkish forces continued to take territory, entrench their positions and build up their supplies on the island. A second conference began on August 10 in Geneva, with Clerides and Denktas as the Cypriot representatives. In response to Denktas' proposals

Clerides asked for a recess to consult Makarios in London and his government in Nicosia.

The request was refused, and early on the morning of August 14 the major Turkish entry into Cyprus took place. During this period it is estimated that 6,000 lives were lost, casualties on both sides, and many hundreds remain unaccounted for even years later. Up to a third of each ethnic community had to flee their homes and became refugees in their own country as Turkey took control of over 37% of the island. The island's economy was devastated.

Spyros told the Grandys what happened in Nicosia:

“Turkish assault troops progressed east from Nicosia towards Famagusta and west towards Morphou, destroying everything in their path. Planes continued their bombing of Nicosia. Our house was not far from the target area where the police station, the radio and TV stations and the water board were. For each bomb which hit its objective, it seemed as if another fell next to it, destroying someone's house and sapping our resistance. Two bombs exploded about 200 metres from our home, bursting the windows, and even destroying some furniture.

“At Famagusta the arrival of the Turks was preceded by violent bombardment, and it put the entire Greek population to flight. For quite a long time Maroulla and I had no news of our families and friends there. A little later we found our families were not far from the front, gathered under trees, thirsty, hungry, traumatised but alive. My nephew, my sister's son, didn't have the same good fortune. He was a soldier up in the mountains and we had no further word of him. Dead no doubt.

“This two-phase invasion completely disorientated us, putting an enormous strain on our nerves. Little by little we pulled ourselves together, but in all honesty to begin

with Maroulla and I were ready to follow those of our compatriots who placed the responsibility for these events on the Americans, the British, the CIA, the Colonels in Athens – ready to shout the slogans which would inflame the Cypriots so easily.

“At that moment we stopped and we thought of all that we had learnt with MRA. Henceforward, we said to each other, we would sincerely ask God what we ought to do.

“One night gunfire broke out, followed by mortar bombs. Of course there were rumours straight away that the Turks were preparing to take Nicosia itself. All our neighbours got up and were out in the street, near our home, meeting and talking and asking, ‘Shouldn’t we all run to the mountains?’ Somebody wanted to know what I was going to do. After a minute of silence I replied, ‘I’m going back to bed.’ Everyone else followed my example and they seemed quite at peace the following morning!

“Nicosia was soon completely encircled by the Turkish armies, with the exception of the road south to Limassol. More gunfire was heard in the middle of the night, as they shot up the cars which were trying to flee the capital. I knew that was a useless thing to try to do. With the help of a friend we erected a barricade on the road to stop people and to ask them if they wouldn’t be better off staying at home? Quite a few of them followed our suggestion, which contributed to easing the panic.”

Neophytos and Antigone Christodoulides, Spyros’ brother and his wife, lived in Famagusta with their two children, Stephanos and Helena. In July 1974, after the coup d’état against Makarios but before the first appearance of the Turkish armies, Neophytos and Antigone planned to go to Caux for the summer conference. Antigone’s father fetched the children to go and stay with them in their village in the Troodos mountains. Neophytos and Antigone were alone in

their home in Famagusta when the bombing started.

After July 20 Greeks in Cyprus had hoped that the Turks would content themselves with their first success in the north of the island. But in mid-August when the bombardment from the Turkish army started falling on Famagusta, the only big port in Cyprus, this was a crushing blow to the Greek civil population. People left everything and fled, carrying with them only the very barest necessities.

Neophytos and Antigone knelt down in their home and prayed for God's protection. They were not at that time unduly afraid and waited to see what would happen. A car stopped outside their house. An Englishman and a Greek Cypriot policeman were looking for friends who had already fled, and these men told Neophytos and Antigone that they should leave immediately with them, as the town was already practically empty.

Neophytos: We left our home in darkness and found ourselves with 2,000 others in a refugee camp, having left everything behind us, absolutely everything. We have never seen our house again, nor the plot of land we had bought near it in order to build our own home one day. At first I was full of hatred. But I decided that this was wrong, and I should give it up. Hatred went from my heart when I tried to give faith and courage to other people.

Antigone: Soon after this I left the camp and went to my parents' home and our children in the village. Although Neophytos had told me that hatred was wrong and that he was not going to be guided by it, I was still full of bitterness as I went to the village. I had lost my home! My grandmother, receiving me in the village, said to me, 'Praise be to God that you and your family are safe!' Her remark began to melt the fury in my heart, and I asked God to liberate me. I decided never to pass on bitterness against the Turks to my children.

Neophytos: While my wife went to take care of our two children in my home village 100 miles away, I lived for 13 months in a refugee camp near Famagusta in order to be able to continue earning money at my job as senior store-keeper at the British base. Every Friday night I took a six-hour bus journey, to be able to spend the weekend with my family.



Spyros in his office

Spyros: Each day, several times, we asked God to show us what to do to keep the Greeks united and to give to the thousands of Turks who remained in the Greek-controlled south of the island the assurance that they were not at risk. With the Minister of the Interior, who was one of

our friends, we took many initiatives in both those directions. Later he said that I had done more than anyone else to help him in his official and difficult task. But I wasn't there helping him by chance. All I had done was obey the will of God, as I saw it.

Our home became a place where people came to learn how to change. This personal conviction was in our hearts even though it was difficult to put into practice in some circumstances. But one evening we did invite in 25 well-known Cypriots for refreshments and a joint discussion about the situation. To our astonishment they all came! A Deputy and a judge from Limassol, who travelled 80 km by car, someone who had been a member of the Sampson government, a senior man from the Ministry of Education, the private secretary of another Minister – whether they

were for or against Makarios they all came together to search for what God wanted to give our damaged country.

Spyros had not lost his commitment for reconciliation. With one of his old EOKA friends, a Minister in Clerides' cabinet, he went to speak to the Greek majority population of Limassol. The Minister said, 'We must re-establish the peace between the Greeks, and then between the Greeks and Turks. We won't get anywhere by fighting. We need the help of people who won't exploit the things which divide us. You can belong to a political party but once in government you belong to all the citizens of the nation.'

The Stephous saw many tragedies among their friends. But while others had talked of their experiences with aggression towards the other community on the island, the Stephous told what had happened without bitterness.

Spyros: Maroulla and I believe firmly that the Cypriot problem cannot be resolved without the spirit of MRA. Changing the motives of people and their way of life must continue day after day, in freedom as well as when there have been outrages, in peace as well as in war. That is our only guarantee for a world of peace, security and liberty.

Marcel: Gradually, as the weeks went by, we began to receive news from others of our friends in Cyprus. A union leader wrote to me, 'Thank you for the news from Caux. It is encouraging to have true friends during these difficult times. Even though we are in the midst of these terrible dramas and Cypriots are suffering greatly, we don't lose hope. We have to create a new life for ourselves. It is difficult, but we keep the faith. We must also try and convince our compatriots to let go of their hatred and their bitterness. We want to stay in constant contact with MRA.'

Theri: We decided to go back to Cyprus that autumn after Caux. There were no plane links between the Greek part of Cyprus and anywhere else so we got places on a boat from Piraeus. We arrived at Limassol after a 38-hour passage, and there was Spyros waiting to meet us on the quay. When he saw us he wept.

We heard from friends on the other side of the border in Nicosia also. A Turkish couple, close friends of ours, had lost their son, a young man whom we had known since he was a child. They knew where he had been killed in fighting in Nicosia.

We also went to see relatives of Spyros and Maroulla living in tents in the refugee camp. A school in Geneva collected enough money to buy chairs and desks for some of the refugee children, so that they could continue their education. We were able to visit these schools – the gift of the desks and chairs had suddenly given them a sense of value, self-worth, identity.

That was an extraordinary year. We showed the MRA films in the camp where Neophytos was living. He had become the leader of the refugee camp. He went to the British colonel who was in charge and made suggestions for improving the conditions in the camp. He organised the government aid of clothing and other commodities. Each Friday evening after work he set off on the long journey to join his family in the village in the Paphos district.

Antigone told us about her life in the village, which wasn't an easy one. A single bedroom for six people. Winter came and the heating was both difficult and onerous. 'But when we had our house in Famagusta each month I thought of things we could buy for our home. Now we have lost everything my heart is at peace and I am thinking of my compatriots who have been less fortunate than us.'

After about 13 months of their difficult and 'divided' family existence Neophytos and Antigone decided to rent a home in Limassol so the children could go to school.

Neophytos: Eventually we found the flat where we live now. It is ideal. A year later Lebanese started coming to Cyprus in thousands, fleeing their own civil war situation. They offered to pay the landlords much higher rents than we could afford, as they were desperate for houses. Our landlord asked us to leave. But refugees are covered by a special law which forbids the landlord to evict them or raise their rent. In spite of that we gave him 40% more rent. But soon, through his lawyer, he again started asking us to leave. Every time I passed the landlord my heart was filled with hatred.

One day I decided I should talk to the man instead of just grumbling at home about him. I invited him to my house, and we had coffee together. I told him what I was trying to do for our country. Since then he has not made any request that we leave. There are 2,000 cases before the courts of landlords asking to be allowed to evict their tenants.

Gradually the Grandys picked up the threads of their many friendships again in Cyprus. A certain uneasy stability returned to the island, and the political negotiations at least in part resumed again and were to continue for many a long year.

Theri: After 1974 Archbishop Makarios was much less accessible, but once on the occasion of his birthday we said to ourselves that we would like to see him again. With the hundreds of other well-wishers we went to the Archbishopric and queued to congratulate him. We were touched by the way he really took time to greet us, personally and warmly, taking Marcel's hands in both his and letting the queue behind us build up and wait. After the events of

1974 one of Makarios' senior aides said to us, 'If we had followed the MRA principles, how different everything would have been!'

By July 1976 the Grandys and their Cypriot colleagues felt it was appropriate to hold a weekend conference in the Troodos mountains.

At that gathering Spyros said, 'We need people who are prepared to sacrifice their personal and family interests for the benefit of the country. We have a good number of these people in Cyprus. We more or less know who they are and we must get in touch with them.'

One of the Greek Cypriots present was a senior instructor in the Technical School, whom the Grandys had known since their first year in Cyprus. He said,

'In 1963 we, the Greek Cypriots, made our first serious mistake since independence. The Turkish Vice-President had been given the right of veto, enshrined in the new constitution, and he used it on the budget. In spite of this the Greeks raised the taxes. There was wrong on both sides, but that didn't excuse the fact of having unilaterally put an end to the constitutional rights given to the Turks. Even if the independence agreements were written in a way which favoured the Turks, the accords still represented a sincere attempt to live in peace between the two communities.

'Through the years which followed we went through a succession of crises which culminated in 1974. I dedicated myself at that time to my work as professor at the technical school of Nicosia, and I was also an elected delegate of the union of teachers.

'Arrested in Kyrenia in 1974 by the Turks, while I was on holiday with my family, I was transferred to Turkey, where I suffered a lot. But I didn't want to take revenge on the Turks. We each have our responsibility in this matter,

because each one of us, to different degrees, had refused to create the country according to the Almighty's design. I have learned to consider myself as a citizen of the world governed by God and not simply as a Greek or a Cypriot.'

In the summer of 1977 Neophytos Christodoulides and a delegation from Cyprus attended an MRA conference for the Mediterranean in Malta. The Cypriots led a session of the conference on reconciliation. They spoke frankly about the deadly confrontation in their own island, and Neophytos told how he and his family had lost their home and everything they possessed, but they had also been able to lose their bitterness against the Turks and had found a richly deeper faith during those months.

The Grandys were away from Cyprus from the late spring of 1978. When they returned to Nicosia the following January it was a chance to reassess.

28.1.79 Marcel to Swiss colleagues

"The first weeks here weren't always easy. After an absence of almost seven months one realises that people live a busy life here, and that it needs patience and persistence to catch their attention and interest again. But at the same time that in itself allows one to get out of certain ruts and find new ways.

"We had the UN Secretary-General's representative on Cyprus with us last week. He painted a picture for us of the current situation and the efforts which are being made at the moment to try and reopen negotiations and to get Denktaş and Kyprianou, the current President, to the same conference table. Each side finds excuses and puts up obstacles, and one notices above all a lack of will to bring this Cyprus problem to a conclusion.

"The Greeks grow richer and their economy is flourishing. Hotels are being built along the coast and you can't find

a free bed till the autumn. The Turks struggle in the financial realm. They export their citrus to Scandinavia and with that money they buy goods in Britain – which the hundreds of thousands of Turkish tourists to the northern part of the island buy in their turn and pay for with Turkish lire!”

Over 25 years later as this book was being prepared, the distinguished writer and commentator for *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* on Middle East affairs, Dr Arnold Hottinger, summed up his wide and intimate experience of the Cyprus conflict between 1982 and 1991 by saying, ‘The parties to the conflict tend to believe that they are 100% right, while their opponents are 100% wrong, and any blood flowing on one side or the other is taken as an inducement to revenge.

‘By insisting on looking at the Cyprus question in terms of right and wrong, both sides refused to see it in political terms and thus could not and would not envisage it as a political question that could be solved by reciprocal concessions and by focusing on the future rather than on the past and the present. What today is called “coming to terms with the past” has been utterly lacking. This in part explains the immense difficulties experienced by all intermediaries over the last 40 years: UN envoys, diplomats of the great powers, of NATO countries, neutral diplomats and well-meaning intermediaries of all stripes.’

Hottinger continued, ‘The present writer does not know exactly how Mr and Mrs Grandy proceeded in their difficult attempt to convince Greeks and Turks of the island to look at the situation with new eyes and to progress towards a peaceful solution. Their great discretion was entirely justified and indeed a necessary condition of their activities. Resentments and suspicions on both sides were of such magnitude that any widespread knowledge of the fact that a private person was attempting to maintain contacts with representatives or representative individuals of both opposing factions would have

caused great suspicion and sufficient resentment to compromise all further activities.

‘For such reasons I never attempted to find out who they talked with and what were the results of their contacts. My impression was that they tried to find significant individuals on both sides who were open to the need of steps towards peace, or at least seemed to justify the hope of an open mind. Some such people they doubtless found.

‘In recent years there have been some signs of progress in Cyprus.... A trend leading towards compromise and a political solution has become manifest and seems set to gain ground in the future. The silent activities of people of goodwill such as Mr and Mrs Grandy have no doubt been fostering these positive developments.’

12

Hope never dies

In the late 1960s the Grandys made one of many short trips to Beirut, to visit Harry and Beverley Almond. In 1964 the Almonds, from the United States, had been invited by former President Alfred Naccache of the Lebanon to base in Beirut, to 'reconnect' Lebanon with the global work of MRA.

Among those whom Marcel and Theri met on this particular visit was a young Maronite Christian lawyer who came to the Almonds' home. This man, Ramez Salamé, remembers the impact made on him when Harry quite matter-of-factly suggested that Ramez should join himself and the Grandys in kneeling down and praying, there and then in his living-room, about a matter which was of concern to them all.

Ramez: I got to know MRA for the first time in 1968 and it produced a revolution in my inner life. God became a living reality for me. But then I gradually let go and took myself away from MRA because it was too demanding. Then the war in Lebanon started. Many of us spent many hours inside our homes, unable to go out, and it made me take time to reflect, to think about my life and its direction. I felt God telling me I would not grow in His calling for me by myself, and after some search I came to the conclusion that I needed to be in a group with other people committed to MRA. So I linked up again with MRA.

The Almonds' stay in Beirut ended in 1972. The 15-year Lebanese civil war began in 1975, and in 1977 the Grandys met Ramez again on a brief visit to Beirut. Two years later Ramez returned to attend a Caux conference for the first time in 10 years.

In Nicosia in early 1980 the Grandys, Stephous and others felt that the political situation in Cyprus had eased enough to allow an international gathering of MRA friends from neighbouring Mediterranean countries to take place. This naturally included Lebanon.

Marcel: Ramez was only *just* able to join us, and came alone because of the crisis situation in his country. Beirut is only 20 minutes by air from Nicosia. So close. It was a great encouragement to us every time we visited our friends in Beirut. We hoped the same would be true for him. Other friends came from Athens, Malta and Paris.

In effect we had a nomadic meeting, moving to different parts of the island during the six-day period. We had a reception in our home in Nicosia for personalities of the political and diplomatic world and the press to meet our friends from the neighbouring countries. At the invitation



Mgr Chrysanthos, Bishop of Limassol, with the Stephous and Ramez Salamé

of the Orthodox Bishop of Limassol, Mgr. Chrysanthos, whose guests we were for two days, the participants in the meeting went to the south of the island where we were received by the Orthodox Bishops of Paphos and Larnaca. A Catho-

lic priest, a member of the delegation from Malta, was received by Archbishop Chrysostomos, head of the Orthodox Church in Cyprus.

Mgr. Chrysanthos gave this note of hope to the meeting: 'I believe that the meeting you are having is in reality only the beginning of a great task which is ahead of us. This is only the preface of the book which has yet to be written.'

Ramez: This short visit to Cyprus was instrumental in my decision to re-engage fully with the work of MRA. I invited the Grandys to come with French friends to Lebanon for two weeks

shortly thereafter, which they did, and they returned again with the Stephous in the autumn of the same year, at my invitation.



The Stephous, Marcel, Roger Geara and Ramez Salamé

During those two visits I organised several meetings around the country where they all spoke about MRA, its philosophy and impact on individual lives, and what it could offer for a country like mine. It was then that the Lebanese MRA group started.

I remember Theri speaking at one of those meetings. I felt a special touch of the Holy Spirit, because in what she was saying there was such honesty and truth. Even when the civil war was still going on, the Grandys used to come over to give a hand to us in the Lebanon. I remember the way Theri spoke when we were together, as we talked about the loneliness she felt at times in Cyprus.

During the war I used to have to pass through a Chris-

tian militia command post which had fought with great bravery at times against the Syrians who were attacking it from their position quite close by. Because I had to go through this checkpoint very often, to leave or re-enter my home, I got to know the post commander, Emile, quite well. Then when his post was no longer necessary he disappeared from my sight, and I lost contact.

Then quite suddenly one day three years later I saw him again, sitting in his spare-parts shop. I went over and spoke with him, and began telling him about my contacts with MRA and what it had meant in my life.

When Ramez told Emile, 'I learned that you must change yourself first before you can change the world,' it started Emile thinking very deeply. He wondered how he would make ends meet if he ran his shop honestly; let alone if he began making restitution to his customers, or filing honest tax returns to the government, and stopped giving 'kickbacks'. But he did make that decision, no longer viewing the customers as his 'prey', no longer selling shoddy, counterfeit or under-the-counter goods, and – he told Ramez later – all the bad things that had come into his personal life fell away like the leaves in the autumn.

Theri: Once when we were visiting Ramez during the civil war, he said to us that he thought we should go and visit his MRA friends in the Bekaa valley, in Zahle. We were a bit perturbed and said, 'Isn't it dangerous?' And he replied, 'No, not today. Ten Christians were kidnapped on that road yesterday, and so now they have got their hands full!' So we went by car up the narrow mountain road where we were stopped first by Syrian soldiers and then by young men in jeans with rifles. They said to Ramez, 'Where do you live?' The answer to this question would show them, young Muslims, whether Ramez was a Christian. Ramez answered truthfully and there was an electric silence. Then they let us go on our way.

Ramez: There have been several exchanges of visits between Lebanon and Cyprus in the following years. A good and close friendship was born between the Grandys and me, and extended also to other Lebanese, Christian, Muslim, Druze and Maronite. One of our group in Beirut, a teacher, said of MRA, 'It changed me and helped me both to reach out and to reach in. It is sometimes hard to live in this way, and many situations make me halt or stop. But then, like a computer, I reboot, as long as the power is connected to the Source!'

Decisions like this helped us Lebanese as a people to move from the culture of violence to the culture of dialogue.

Since before 1990, the ending of the civil war in Lebanon, we have held MRA meetings in Beirut every Thursday evening. The heart of our meetings is having enough time together in quiet. Twenty minutes every meeting we spend in quiet together, learning to listen to the voice deep in our hearts.

Whenever I have met with the Grandys the time of quiet has always been central in our relationship. I admire Marcel's discipline in this, every morning of every day. He always reads the New Testament, St Paul's letters in particular, and notes down one or two phrases in his notebook. I am so grateful for his friendship which has allowed me sometimes to share with him the very deepest things of my life.

The two striking traits of the Grandys are genuine love and humility. To me, these reflect a living relationship with God. One might say that the Grandys view their lives as a service to others, and not first as service for the sake of an idea or a cause, however noble. The root of their lives has been a complete surrender to God and a total offering of their lives into His hands. This decision has remained as vivid and crucial all through their lives as it was at the

start. This explains also the centrality of the time of quiet reflection in the presence of God in their daily life. Observing the Grandys and their love for others, including me, I once had the vivid thought, 'Their love is limitless.'

Theri: Ramez took us to the office of Mrs El-Sadr, a prominent Muslim lady, a woman of remarkable courage, serenity and leadership. She has been engaged in social, educational and health projects for Lebanese Muslims. I asked if we could see her work and she said immediately, 'Yes, you must all come.' When we left her office Ramez in astonishment told us that in 20 years he had never been invited to the Muslim area around Tyre, in the south of Lebanon.

Ramez: All that we in Lebanon have experienced could not have happened without the precious care, help and friendship of so many MRA people who have kept links with us. We are ever grateful for them. MRA today is a small, vulnerable, but living tree in Lebanon.



An international MRA consultation was held in Cyprus in 1993 and delegates were received at the Presidential Palace by President Glafkos Clerides



Greeting President Glafkos Clerides at the Presidential Palace

at Caux by and with Cypriots and others from the Eastern Mediterranean continued to be a feature of their lives, as is still the case at the time of writing.

Throughout the 1980s the Grandys continued to base in Nicosia working with friends and colleagues, some of whom would meet regularly in their home, constantly seeking to bring unity, friendship and hope to even the most intractable situations. Visits to the annual summer conference

Theri: We left Cyprus at the beginning of the 1990s as Marcel had been called to the Presidency of the Swiss Foundation of MRA, the body responsible for all aspects of the conference centre in Caux. He held this post for ten years. Especially in view of the 50th anniversary of Caux in 1996, which was going to be a world event, it required not only our presence in Switzerland but also accepting invitations to other parts of the world. I remember someone from another country said once, 'Marcel, I



Marcel, as President of the Caux Foundation, receiving distinguished Asian guests at Caux



In discussion with Cornelio Sommaruga, who followed Marcel as President of the Caux Foundation (*E Stallybrass*)

feel that you are not just assuming a function as President of the Foundation, but you are living a life!

In the years after we left Cyprus we travelled three times to China, as representatives of MRA and Caux on a semi-official reciprocal

exchange. Delegations from the Chinese Association for International Understanding have visited Caux and other parts of Europe annually for well over a decade. In our turn we visited more than a dozen Chinese cities and had countless exchanges in China in schools and industries, with university students and women's organisations, priceless opportunities to meet families and get to know the culture and rich heritage of that vast country. Similarly we went twice to Russia, returned to visit the Orthodox Patriarch in Istanbul twice with friends, and visited the United States.

The official responsibilities in Switzerland and other countries meant that Marcel and Theri had to be absent from Cyprus for lengthy periods in the 1990s, and on top of that Marcel developed a muscular deterioration which precluded further travel for a time.

Theri: We returned to Cyprus twice. The first visit was during the Orthodox Easter in 2000. With our hosts, on the night of Good Friday we joined the procession from the cathedral through the streets of old Nicosia, with the choir singing the haunting lament. It is an abiding memory. Then



On a reciprocal exchange in Beijing between MRA and CAFIU

we joined Neophytos and Antigone Christodoulides in their village and celebrated Easter with the whole village, first at church and then with all the Easter specialities in the open space outside the house.

Our most recent visit in 2003 was made with British friends – Ambassador and Mrs Archie Mackenzie. Archie has had personal and professional links with Cyprus stretching over 50 years and has been a lifelong friend of ours. His brother was at one



CAFIU representatives visited the Grandys' home in Switzerland



Meeting the Mufti of Xian in China

point editor of *The Cyprus Mail*. Archie and his wife Ruth have also been important contributors to the international work of MRA.

In 2003 we found a new generation in charge of the life of the island. It was good to find many of the children of our old friends were assuming responsibility in the administration, in education, in industry. A hard-working, committed generation with the important element of a strong family life. We were received by them as warmly as we were by their elders. At a reception for many friends, old and young were with us to renew our common vision for and belief in the future. It felt like a home-coming for us, and filled with such hope.

Ruth and I were invited by the wife and daughter of a former President of the island to their home, while Archie and Marcel visited her husband, who many years earlier had received an international MRA group at the Palace. We were given a private lunch by Rauf Denktaş, the former and long-time President of the Turkish Republic of Cyprus. I was glad also to be able to phone his wife in Istanbul – we had been great friends in earlier years in Cyprus.

We went up into the Troodos mountains and experienced again the perfume of the pines, the light among the trees and the views to the far-off blue sea. Friends came to see us there – one who had been a Cabinet Minister twice and had visited Caux with his wife, and who is still active in politics today. Another was a Swiss who has worked for many years in the UN framework in Cyprus. To be able to talk at length with such friends was precious.

This latest visit to Cyprus had special meaning for us. Two years before Marcel had suffered serious health problems which left him with difficulty in walking. So to return to Cyprus with two sticks but otherwise in good health was a gift.



Easter 2000 in Antigone Christodoulides' parents' village in Cyprus

Marcel: Today, as the whole world knows, the situation in Cyprus is far from promising. Yet as we talked and renewed our friendships fresh rays of hope became evident. We know how difficult it is in a politically stagnant situation to keep hope and belief alive. But, as we ourselves have known, and as so many of our friends have experienced, with a change of motivation and direction in a person's life, hope never dies.

Many people are conscious of a responsibility for the future of their country, without really knowing how to go about fulfilling it. There are those who want to commit themselves to bridging the divides that exist. We heard of Greek and Turkish Cypriot students in the United States who are talking together about how to bring a new unity and fulfilment to their island. There are many small beginnings. The Christodoulides told us they want to invite Turkish friends to their home to talk. Greek and Turkish women have been meeting for years, in the past outside

Cyprus but are now beginning to meet on the island itself. They have given themselves the role of trying to heal bitterness and blame between their communities and pass on a new outlook on life to their children.

Theri: Humanly speaking we can ask ourselves, ‘What have we accomplished in all this time?’ We believe that success or failure are not in our hands, even though we sometimes wanted to measure the results of our activities. Even though Cyprus is still not close to a solution, we never regret having sown the seeds of hope as best we could. We have great gratitude for the unquestionable evidence of hope for a solution that exists, in people and in attitudes.

We recently had a phonecall from a Greek lady who has just returned to Cyprus after many years abroad. She and her husband were well acquainted with our way of thinking and supported our activities on the island. Her husband had written a booklet, *Our Destiny*, soon after the island became independent, which his grand-daughter now wants to re-edit and publish in English, Greek and Turkish, as it outlines a vision for a united Cyprus.

What Cyprus needs for the future is statesmanship – men and women with unselfishness and vision for the whole island. At the beginning of independence in the early 1960s there was vision and hope. Will the young generation of Greeks and Turks unite for the good of the whole island? It is not what any individual does that counts so much as what God uses that individual to do. Cyprus today needs people with the same inner motivation as some of those we have known from an earlier generation – outsiders can never do it, in the end.

The Grandys moved home while we were preparing this book, to a residence where others of similar years also live. In their

new apartment they still have an office each, with computers, and find that e-mail and the telephone help them keep in touch with friends far and near. Many of their friendships have lasted a lifetime, while new ones are being made all the time.

One morning recently they had phonecalls from Shanghai, Cyprus and Australia. Not a day goes by without a message from somewhere. Former neighbours from their last home are close by still, as they only moved just down the road – a Japanese couple, a Swiss former diplomat and a family on the floor below who adopted the Grandys as a third set of grandparents.



Marcel: The word ‘friendship’ appears often through our lives. It is worth examining one’s motives. If friendship is for what I want to get for myself from the relationship, it carries the destructive germs of ‘self’ in it. If on the contrary I want the best for the other person, it may only become apparent a long time afterwards that something of

lasting value has been given in the relationship.

In any event, I know that whatever has happened that is good has never been because of me, but thanks to the grace of God who touches our lives and leaves His marks.

Theri: These last years as we faced ill health and very difficult times it seems to us that old age is a great teacher of patience and trust. We are aware with gratitude that, in spite of our failings, our lives have been woven together with countless others.

Though less active, e-mail and the telephone keep us in touch with friends far and near. Friendships with people keep you open and involved in the world. They give

purpose to your thinking. Once the world has walked into your life it will stay there. In our prayers at night our hearts go to these friends and places. And we are delighted to keep making new friends all the time – people of our own age and people young enough to be our grandchildren.

As our minds' eyes look around at all the friends and places we care about, we watch the workings of a creative minority transcending what is reported in the headlines and pointing towards a better future. It seems as if strong threads are being woven, like darning through a thin cloth here and there, not just holding the fabric together but creating something new. This is not just our hope, but our firm confidence.

In spite of many setbacks, disappointments and discouragement, we know that our individual and seemingly weak efforts join the eternal spiritual battle. To be part of such a large world family, linked by that commitment to a divine plan and purpose – wherever we are and in whatever circumstances we find ourselves – is one of our greatest joys.

Old as we are, we are part of an ongoing enterprise. It is like an ancient tree. We consider the old strong roots, the mighty branches, the young twigs moving with every breeze, and the tiny new shoots all over that reach for the sun.

In recent years MRA has changed its name to Initiatives of Change, to reflect today's world and its needs. The philosophy is unchanged. It is the same challenge as the one Marcel and Theri accepted individually and together: to live the sort of quality of life which could make a difference to the people and world around them.

In Cyprus the Grandys were engaged in the struggle for a nation's future, not merely promoting a movement. That is not

something you ever get to the end of – it goes on. And, from their story, it is clear that this requires constancy and a total commitment, so that a life put at God's service can be used by Him. The life they chose to live has encompassed the world, not just Cyprus. It has a quite simple rule: you never let people go – you keep on caring for them wherever and whoever they are.

Marcel: The world today is very different from the one I 'woke up' to when I was young. Activities, political situations, experiences and expectations have changed a lot but the eternal things haven't changed at all. And our approach to those things hasn't changed at all – our hope is still the same.

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