

ADDRESS GIVEN BY T.C. (DICKIE) DODDS)

AT A THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR DR PAUL CAMPBELL
IN CHRIST'S CHAPEL OF GOD'S GIFT, DULWICH VILLAGE,

ON 13TH FEBRUARY 1995

My late wife Ann, son Michael and I shared the home in Dulwich with Paul and Annejet, Edith Anne and Digna for 16 years. Friends would, say, "How on earth do you manage, especially in the kitchen?" Well, Paul and I kept out of the kitchen as much as possible, confining ourselves to enthusiastic appreciation of what emerged.

Perhaps sharing a home can best be done if you have a common aim. Paul was once confronted with a couple who fought like cat and dog. They asked Paul's help. He said, "The only way to end a cat and dog fight is for both to chase the same rabbit." Paul's rabbit - his aim - was to seek the will of God and obey it and encourage all he met to do the same.

I suspect almost everyone here has heard of Vegreville. You could not know Paul for long without learning of the wonders of Vegreville, which is the small town in the Alberta prairies in Canada where Paul was born. Paul said he considered it inappropriate to ask people where they were from, because if they were from Alberta they would tell you and if they were not, why embarrass them?

Paul's father was the Baptist minister in Vegreville. He emigrated there from the Scottish island of Canna. His mother came from Yorkshire. They were of rugged stock and needed to be because life in the prairies was tough. Paul's younger sister, Edith, died when she was five in mid-winter. The frozen ground prevented burial and her body lay on the front porch till spring and the ground softened.

Paul decided to become a doctor when he was six. He liked to study, says he relished exams, and enjoyed all sport. He was 20 in 1932 when he graduated from the University of British Columbia. About this time he attended a service in a Baptist church to hear people known as the Oxford Group and their leader Frank Buchman. The idea he took away was that God has a plan and you have a part. Paul said it was the size of Buchman's aim that interested him - the idea that it was possible to affect the state of nations starting with individuals.

Two years later through the intervention of another Oxford Group man, Paul made the experiment himself of examining his life by the absolute standards of Christ, honesty, purity, unselfishness and love, and listening to the deepest voice in his heart. It resulted in him returning books to the University bookshop he had omitted to pay for. From that time he began to find a new authority in his life. In the next years as he moved up the medical ladder he kept in touch with friends in the Oxford Group.

In 1938 he went with a party of young people to a gathering in England. They took with them a film called *Youth Marches On*, in which Paul featured and which gave their new convictions.

For some time Paul had been on the staff of the prestigious Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit. In 1941, nine years after that meeting in the Baptist church, Paul made the decision which changed the course of his life and as a result of which we are all here today. Buchman had already challenged him that what was needed was not just one more good doctor but an answer to selfish materialism in nations. In a time of quiet Paul felt an inner certainty that God was calling him to quit his job and work with Buchman and his team. It was a decision made more difficult because he knew how disappointed his parents would be, but they later fully supported him.

Six months later Buchman had a severe stroke. Paul was summoned and helped him back to health, but Buchman from that time was partially paralysed. Paul became his personal physician for the next 19 years, scarcely ever leaving his side, and was with him when he died. During that time he travelled the world with Buchman and his team, bringing their message of change, starting with yourself, to statesmen and ordinary folk everywhere.

The major event in this period in Paul's life was his falling in love with and marrying Annejet. She and her parents, Frits and Sylvia Philips of Holland, were at the same conference as Paul in America. Paul went to see Annejet's parents to ask for permission to propose. Mrs Philips looked hard at Paul and then said, "I suppose he can make her happy". Dr Philips, on the other hand, was all for going off to fetch Annejet at once and getting the job done.

At any rate they were married. Years later, when asked what was the secret of their happy married life, Paul, whose gifts did not include languages and for whom Dutch remained double Dutch, said, "No fighting, no bluffing and no Dutch!"

But Paul had many other gifts. He was an accomplished actor and took part in NRA plays in Hollywood, New York, Washington, London. He once toured the British coalfields with an industrial drama called *The Forgotten Factor*, aimed at producing a new spirit in that industry. Paul was usually the tough union leader or the villain. "Typecast", he used to say.

He wrote books. One he co-authored with his friend Peter Howard was called *Remaking Men* and caused a great stir in many, including me, with its startling diagnosis of the human condition. His last book, *A Dose of My Own Medicine*, has had wide acclaim.

Paul later spent much time in Canada with Annejet and Edith Anne and Digna, who had now been born, when school permitted. Paul worked closely with his Canadian Indian friends. He was also concerned with the divisions between the French and English speaking Canadians. At the same time he was involved in Northern Ireland. Paul thought all three groups might help each other, so parties from both sides of the divide in Ireland went to Canada and vice versa. All three got fresh perspective on their own problems as they tried to grapple with the problems of others.

In recognition of their regard for Paul, Chief John Snow of the Stony Indians presented him with a ceremonial Pipe of Peace and gave him the name *White Cloud*, a rare honour for a white man. When Paul proudly told his mother-in-law of this event, she regarded him for a moment and then said, "Excellent! *Thunder Cloud*. The name suits you."

A stream of visitors came to the home in Dulwich, where he and Annejet loved to entertain: dockers from Rio, industrialists from Japan, black nationalist leaders from South Africa, personalities like Wimbledon tennis champion Stan Smith, whom I once found knocking up on the back lawn with the girls, King Michael and Queen Anne of Romania, opera singer Muriel Smith, refugees from Vietnam, Catholic priest and Protestant Orangemen from Ireland. What drew them, I believe, was the scope of his vision for peoples and countries. This often came out in an unexpected turn of phrase.

Paul's ability to say something that went straight to the heart of another person often puzzled me. When I asked him how he did it, he said, "I don't know. I try to ask God what to say and then say it."

He did this once with a nationalist leader from Morocco. The man had a bitter hatred of the leader of the French installed government. Paul said to him, "I find I am as near to God as I am to the person from whom I feel most divided." The nationalist leader said later, "I thought I was a good Muslim, but if I was only as near to Allah as to this man I hated, I was a long way from Allah." He apologised and that played a part in changing the history of Morocco at that time.

In his later life Paul's sporting passion was golf. Much time was spent practising his swing in the Dulwich garden. Paul sometimes admitted to the sin of pride. I think God invented golf as an antidote to pride, especially if your skill does not match your ambition. When Annejet told her father of Paul's death, he said, "He'll be playing golf in Heaven already and, since it's Heaven, he'll always win."

Paul was a vigorous gardener. The Dulwich garden has a wonderful fence of rambler roses that need a good annual pruning. Paul was given a gift of secateurs by his wife - I notice wives do this sort of thing - and each autumn he would attack the pruning with enthusiasm. I watched aghast as it was done in accordance with no gardening manual. To my surprise the roses thrived and I concluded that either the books were wrong or else the roses decided the pruner's heart was in the right place and decided to respond.

Once I let Paul loose on my allotment to do some digging. Afterwards he said he had a job removing some deep-seated weeds in one corner. That was the end of our rhubarb.

When you share a home with someone for 16 years, you see them in all seasons. The source of power of Paul's inner life was no secret. Morning by morning I was aware of him coming downstairs at 4 or 5 am with Bible, notebook and coffee, and he would spend the next hours with the God he loved, praying, studying, listening and surrendering again and ever again the selfwill we are all born with, that God's will might have a chance.

Many messages have come in from round the world. I quote one from an artist in Canada:

"When I heard the news, I wanted to shout "Free at last! Free to soar home!" Thank you, Lord, for the life of this man. What made Paul so special? He was inspired. He was inspired because he loved God. And obeyed God. His obedience to God bore fruit in thousands of others. I was one of them. I was a rebellious young hippy when I first met Paul. I was rather in awe of him, but awe turned to surprise when he didn't seem to care I was a hippy. What he cared about was what I thought and felt. He valued my opinion. He seemed to believe in my future more than I believed in it myself. His respectfulness helped to draw me to God and a lifechanging experience of Christ."

She goes on: "I marvelled at the love between him and Annejet - so fresh it renewed one's belief that Matrimony is indeed Holy."

Referring to his final illness, she says: "The last years of Paul's life were hard for me to understand till I reread the life of St Paul. Both suffered imprisonment at the end of their lives. What they never lost was their love of God and that is the most precious thing anyone can have."

We think especially of Annejet, Edith Anne and Digna at this time and I would like to say a special word of thanks and deep gratitude for the way Edith and Digna shared their Dad with so many down the years. It could not have been easy. He fought for a godly heritage for our children and grandchildren and that fight will be honoured.

When Paul was 21, his mother wrote to him: "God has signally blessed you, my son, and I believe he has a great task for you to do. Never let go of God. He is."

Paul accepted that great task. He never let go of God. Now he is gone to be forever with the God who is. One day soon we shall meet again. Meanwhile for his love, friendship and comradeship and for his life's work we give thanks.

Amen.