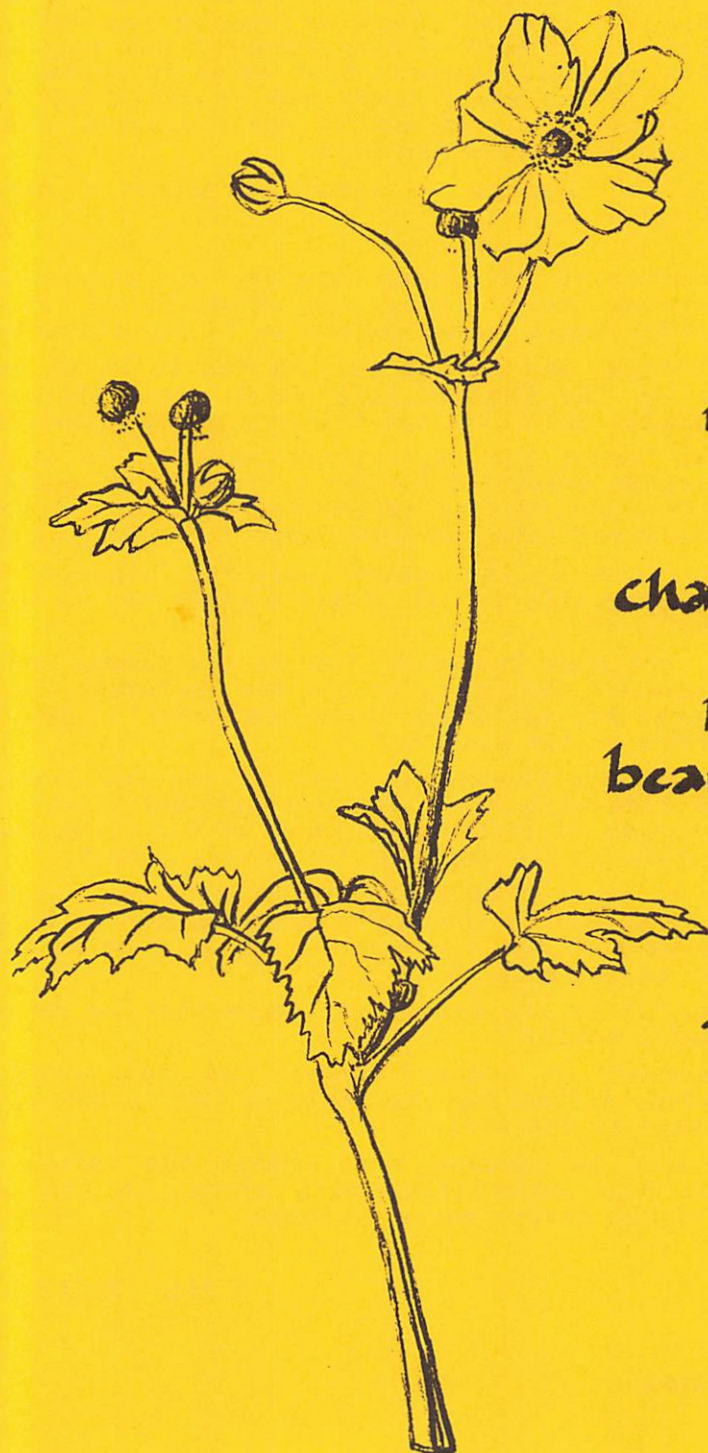


OCTOBER 1988

FREEMAN

Vol 3 No 1

"Why not let God run the world?"



"It
is
as
natural
for
a
character
to
become
beautiful,
as
for
a
flower."

Henry
Drummond

COOL, WILD, WEIRD

We live in an advertising society. We are sold images, as well as products; so we buy Romantic furniture, Cool sunglasses, Wild stereo systems, Weird music, Erotic orange juice and Tough Kid computers.

Sometimes, the image is more important than the product: "The feeling a man gets from being a Marlboro man is often more important than from smoking Marlboro cigarettes," writes Sid Hecker, of a New York advertising agency.

More and more wealthy, we seek satisfaction for our emotional and spiritual, as well as our material needs. Advertising seeks to respond to those needs; it stands at the forefront of the spiritual wars of our time.

The Christian Science Monitor reported the views of a pioneer in motivational research, Dr Ernest Dickler: "The challenge to advertisers in the expansive post-war years was not primarily to sell products, but rather a way of life that puts products at the centre. They must convince the typical American that 'the hedonistic approach to his life is a moral, not an immoral, one.'"

Jean Kilbourne, a noted American writer on advertising, comments on its effects on women: "We are all told we need a new face. Every single part of the body is in need of improvement." She suggests that the continual emphasis on bodily imperfection helps to explain why \$1 million is spent on cosmetics every hour; she is convinced that the impossible ideal of beauty found in ads is one influence behind the self-induced eating disorders, like Anorexia.

She also says that on average we spend 1½ years of our lives watching commercials alone.

Is there any alternative to being moulded by the values of advertisers? How can we avoid being the products of an amoral advertising climate which seeks to manipulate us to buy its products?

There is an alternative, and it was well expressed in an essay of the last century called The Changed Life which was written by the Scottish natural scientist and religious thinker, Henry Drummond.

Drummond wrote that "under the right conditions, it is as natural for a character to become beautiful as for a flower." He quoted from St Paul: "We all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory."

If we are not sidetracked by the rather religious language, it will be clear how extraordinary this is. It offers a clear way to a life of very different values.

"We are changed," continues Drummond, "we do not change ourselves. No man can change himself." Referring to the New Testament, he points out that wherever "moral and spiritual transformations [in people] are described, the verbs are in the passive."

The essence of Drummond's thought is that if you put yourself in God's presence, take time with Him, seek Him out and listen to Him, you will slowly be changed to reflect the image of God. Thus the image of God is the alternative to the image of the advertisement.

But it is a matter of choice. We are conditioned by our environment; the point is to put ourselves in the right environment. The Kingdom of Heaven is within; if we seek the inner world, we will be as free men, ready to live without as God made us to live.

Drummond also says: "It is the Law of Influence that we become like those whom we habitually admire."

Free from the slavery of false images, we can avoid being manipulated and moulded. Reflecting the image of God in our lives, we can introduce that image to the world.

The further task will be immense - to change the values of the advertising world so that advertising will appeal to the best in people, and be full of the divine sense of humour.

THE EDITORS

BRIDGING TWO WORLDS

by Naila Habiby



Edward Peters

THIS SUMMER I MADE one of the best decisions of my life - I trusted in God and went to Caux. I was curious about the centre where those who believe in MRA meet and rejuvenate their faith. I felt that going to the youth conference would give me the answers to many of my questions - questions about Moral Re-orientation, about myself, my future, and God's will.

When I arrived at Caux I was greeted with open arms and smiles. The warmth and beauty of Mountain House made it feel like home. For me, it was easy to get a sense of belonging, especially because everyone helped to cook, serve or clean. It was exciting to meet people of my age from around the world. For every question I asked my new friends - or myself - ten more came to mind!

I was surprised and a little apprehensive to find out that there were 12 Lebanese present. Although I also have Lebanese citizenship, my parents were born in Palestine and we will soon be Americans. Although I felt the pain that these 12 people shared, I did not know how to show them I cared. I was also afraid that they might not want to associate with me because of the tensions between the Lebanese and Palestinians. However they were very open with me and I was able to spend time talking with almost every one of them.

I learned a lot about the world and about my views. I also learned patience. So many times I wanted to give my opinion (and often did), but I also opened myself to the views of others. During the general meeting every morning we were given a chance to share our experiences on the chosen topic. Each day I wanted to get up, but I held back, not only because I was afraid but also because I was benefiting greatly by listening to the stories told.

I finally did get up to the microphone. On the last day I was given the chance to express my ideas on a subject that is very important to me - Arab unity. I spoke about my hope that we would continue to use the bond of understanding we had formed in the ten days at Caux. I also shared my feelings on being a bridge between the Arab and Western worlds. One of the Lebanese girls told everyone about how she had apologised to me for her mistrust of the Palestinians. A few of us then joined hands and sang a song in Arabic. Although I did not know all the words, I still felt as if I was part of the group.

Afterwards people thanked me for sharing my thoughts. It was wonderful to know that they cared. It was then that I realised that it was not me but God who had used my voice to send his message for peace and unity. I will continue to carry that message, as well as the spirit of Caux and the love of God, in my daily life. I am very thankful to those who introduced me to MRA and to those who encouraged me to go to Caux.

Help me never to forget this feeling
this feeling of harmony
Even though I can see the snow on the mountain
the trees are green and the water flows below
The sun is bright now but a moment ago
the thunder roared and the lightning flashed
It is all so beautiful

The birds sing
and people make music
Far away, tiny boats sail
inches away from tiny cars
I am so small compared to the mountain,
but I do not feel insignificant or threatened
I belong in this world

The train that brought me here
will soon take me away
I will leave behind the anger and the doubts
and instead take peace and trust
I will make changes in my life
and pray and share and care
I shan't forget this feeling

ON BARB'S AUSTRALIAN

by Clare Phillimore

ROUNDABOUT

IN THE LAST ISSUE OF *FREEWAY* you were all introduced to the idea of Aussie Action '88. Since then the ball has begun to role and will continue to roll until the end of the year and beyond.

Action '88 has two main aims: (1) to bring a new hope for the future to young Australians and to help them find something worth giving their lives to; (2) to try to create a new unity between black and white Australians.

The numbers involved in the action at any one time fluctuates, some come and some go, including the unexpected. Renate Assam - expected to come via Perth - appeared on the doorstep in Melbourne at 7 o'clock one morning, direct from Austria. At the moment, young people from Taiwan, Germany, India, Austria, Papua New Guinea, Cambodia and the UK - as well as Australia of course - are involved.

I arrived at the end of July after the group had spent two weeks getting to know each other better and looking at many of the problems that face young people today. The evening I came there was an international dinner at Armagh (the MRA centre in Melbourne) to raise funds for the group. It was then that I saw the now-famous sketch, 'Images', which has gained us access to many schools and helped us to put across our message to other groups. The sketch depicts an array of images guaranteed to succeed in 1988, from the headbanger to the yuppie, the religious to the deviant, none of whom turns out to be happy with the way of life he has built himself. A song encourages us to look for our real self and be true to our deepest beliefs.

Ten of us have been on two small radio stations. Eight members of the team went to Portland (South-West Victoria) and had four one-hour interviews on 'Barb's Roundabout'. In reality they had about eight minutes on the air and had to compete with 'Barb' to get their word in. I joined the group for the mini-Jungai just outside Adelaide. Jungai is an Aboriginal word, meaning "getting together and having fun". It was a wonderfully informal family weekend with plenty of time for reflection and discussion on the theme of "Exploring the visions and decisions we need". One young student was very moved by the sketch 'Images'. After a time of quiet the next morning, she shared how she felt that she had often been a friend to other people, but did not feel that anyone was a friend to her; she now realised God could be her friend. The same girl arranged an afternoon for us to meet 20 of her friends from the United Nations Youth Association and her college.

When we first arrived in Adelaide, we had no plans for the week, but within 24 hours we had three school dates and many other things to do, all as a result of the initiatives taken by the people we

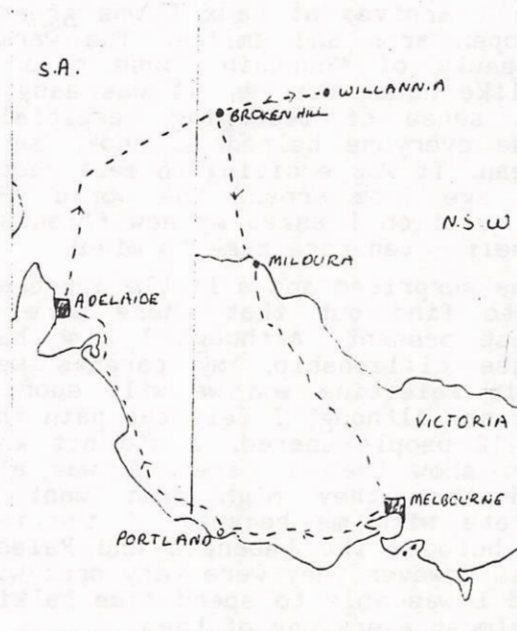
had met at the mini-Jungai. This really made us feel that God wanted us there and was honouring our commitment.

We had six school dates during our trip. It was the first time I had done anything like this and I found myself feeling sceptical about how our programme would go down with the pupils, but each time the response was worthwhile. In Adelaide I was particularly encouraged by the enthusiastic response of the teachers and one school sent us a generous donation of \$A100.

A trip like this made us realise the value of the groundwork done by a number of dedicated groups and individuals over the years, without which we would not have had so many openings. The Mayor of Broken Hill arranged for us to visit the Willyama High School where he teaches, on two occasions. After our presentations and discussions with the 15-17 year olds, many stayed behind to talk further. Some will also be coming to a five-day camp we are holding at the end of September entitled 'Days of Discovery'.

From Broken Hill, three of our group went with the 'Flying Padre' in a four seater plane, to take part in a church service in Menindee, a small town in outback New South Wales. The 'Flying Padre' has a parish the size of England, and visits the remote sheep stations, many of which have 60,000 acres!

Wilcannia was our next step. It is a small country town on the River Darling which was once a prosperous port. The population of 1000 is 60 per cent Aboriginal. Very few of the Aborigines have jobs and most live on the outskirts of the town in conditions not unlike the Third World. There are not enough houses



MAP OF ACTION '88'S TRAVEL.

Clare Phillimore (at the back) with members of Aussie Action and Broken Hill hosts watch an outback sunset.



for everyone, so some still live in corrugated iron shacks. Drink plays a major part in the lives of the unemployed, and many young men die before the age of 30, because of alcohol related problems. I felt scared of making a commitment to a place like this and to the people there. I did not know how to react to or cope with such conditions of poverty and despair, but in retrospect I realise that I need to face these things rather than run from them. I want to go back when another group goes and see the people behind the conditions.

Many groups have visited Wilcannia to try and help the situation, some to convert the Aborigines to Christianity, but it appeared that none of them had been back more than twice. As a group we feel that Wilcannia is a place we can care for and many individuals have made a commitment to the place and its people. Very few of the Christian groups seem to have made real friends with the Aborigines or tried to understand them as people and this appears to be what is needed if they are to gain their self-respect as a people. I don't want to paint too depressing a picture of the place, because although there is a lot of hopelessness, there is also a lot of hope. We met a number of people, both black and white, who care about the people and want to play a part in changing things.

One Aboriginal man in his late 40's has recently drastically reduced his alcohol consumption, because he nearly died on the operating table and then saw two of his friends in their early 20's die of alcoholism. He was appalled at the waste of life and is setting up a craft workshop to give some employment to young Aborigines. We are returning in November to help with a camp for young people which this man wants to lead on

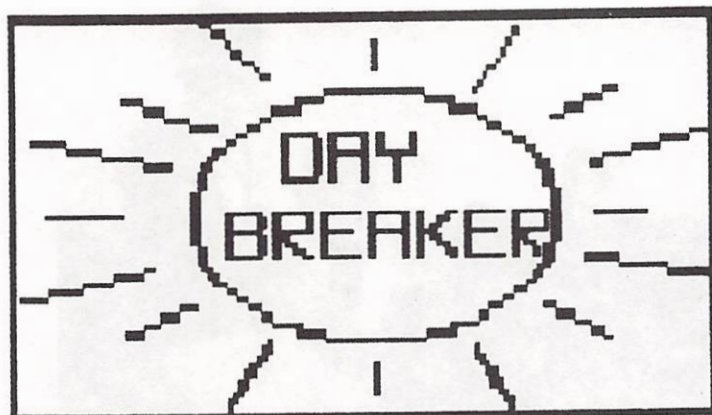
an alcohol-free station outside the town.

There is also a white couple who moved to Wilcannia five years ago to do whatever they can to help Aboriginal people. As a result of their friendships with Aboriginal people, they have been shunned by many other whites there. We felt that if all the people who cared for Wilcannia could work together, a lot could begin to happen there.

At first the local school staff were very reluctant to let us in, since they had had a couple of groups through recently who had been a total disaster. they warned us that the concentration span of the students was very limited. However, we gave 40 minutes of cultural songs and experiences to two groups of seniors and then 'Bert' the clown appeared for the infants. The pupils listened intensely for the whole period, much to the amazement of the teachers and us! We were grateful that we had followed up the thought to go to the school.

It was not always easy working together as a group, but we tried to meet together every day to share openly our ideas, reactions and feelings. There was sense of growing together as a team and solutions were found to the inevitable problems of living together as a group. I can think of one day in particular when we did not do this, we did not pull together as a team, and things were done half-heartedly, possibly hurting people around us.

Now back in Armagh we have had an informal cafe style evening to invite our friends to and are busy planning for the 'Days of Discovery' camp. Some people will be travelling again in October and plans are also afoot for visits to Melbourne schools. So look out for the next exciting instalment from down under.



During the youth training week in Caux in July, each day began with a DAYBREAKER session, led by Jean-Marc Duckert and Andrew Stallybrass. Here we publish the first of several extracts.

WHAT A MAGNIFICENT MORNING! Look at the peace and the beauty of that view. You'd wish that every day was like that - everything seems just right and radiant.

However, in just a few hours, everything could change; the sky become overcast, the thunder rumble, the lightning strike.

So change is part and parcel of nature - hot and cold, night and day, death and life.... It seems to me that it is only us, men and women, who would like things to be and to stay always fine. We seem possessed by a strange dream - that it is possible to arrive one day at the perfect state; at a kind of high plateau where the weather is always fine, where we have got beyond all the problems which day by day seem to prevent us from being what we feel we could and should be.

In fact, we dream of a great change, which once and for all would free us from the difficulties of living, and make us perfect and loved by everyone. There is no dream more widely held, and no dream that is more false.

In fact it is the dream of arriving at the state where there is no longer the need to change. Why? Because change frightens us and hurts us. We are afraid of the unknown and of suffering.

You only have to look at nature to be convinced that change hurts. But you only have to look at nature too, to be convinced that change is part of life, and that what does not change is dead.

The dream of arriving at a state where you don't need to change, to struggle, to suffer, is a dream of death. It is a dream which is an escape from life.

To live is to grow. To grow is to change. To change is to choose - to choose what develops life, and to say no to what kills it. To flee from change is to flee from life, and to choose death.

To dare to go to meet change, to dare to embrace the unknown and the pain, this is the central theme of these 'daybreaker' sessions.

But how can you tell what to change in your life? How can you know day by day, so that every day can be life-filled?

Each person, everyone in this room has his own route. And each is equipped to know what must change in you to live better and more fully. We are here to learn together this art of discernment; this art which is only learnt by practice.

JMD

WHY STUDY?

by Jeanne Bastien

I AM STUDYING at the moment at a business school in Rheims. Most of my fellow students chose this school for the salary that they could get afterwards.

Last year when I went to Caux, I was about to start my first year, and I realised that I also was attracted to this subject because I would be sure to earn a lot of money as soon as I left.

I wanted to use this money to buy myself everything I wanted.

Then I heard a young Lebanese say that when he had lost his house and everything that he owned, he had realised how ephemeral and futile possessions are. He added, 'Money isn't an end, but a means'.

Then I understood that God wanted me to take up this career because it would allow me to meet people, to understand them, to help them and also to learn from them. Once you possess something, it can't give you anything more, except if your relationships with people evolve constantly, teaching you more and more.

I am now very happy preparing for this career, since I have understood that through it I will be able to love people.

There were two sergeants, one of whom was not very bright. One day they were to be interviewed by the general with a view to possible promotion. The stupid sergeant was nervous about how it would go. "Don't worry," said the other, "Observe my replies to the general's questions, and then just repeat them."

Face to face with the general, the brighter sergeant stepped forward. "Sergeant," said the general, "you are in the jungle and a lion is charging you. What do you do?" "Well, Sir," was the reply, "I grab my rifle, aim between the eyes of the monster, and shoot!" "You are a hero!" cried the general. "Not yet, Sir," said the Sergeant, "but under your care I hope to be so very soon."

Next it was the stupid sergeant's turn. Feeling confident, he stepped forward eagerly. "Sergeant," said the general, "you are in the jungle and a large mosquito is flying towards you. What do you do?" "Well, Sir, I grab my rifle, aim between the eyes of the monster, and shoot!" "Sergeant, you are a fool!" cried the general. "Not yet, Sir," came the reply, "but under your care I hope to be so very soon."

GO FOR GOLD

THE WAY WE LIVE DECIDES what we see. We may only see people's weaknesses and not their strengths. We may see the world as a dreadful place and miss its wonder.

How many times I've been in a room and not noticed the pictures on the wall, or met interesting people and not heard what they said, or missed the birdsong in the morning because I was wrapped up in myself.

There is an old story of the drunkard who said to his friend: "You must be drunk, you've got two noses."

How easy to peer into the stable and smell the animals and miss the child in the manger.

I remember a student coming to Oxford who complained that the students around him were a rotten lot. This person changed his life and soon he was saying how lucky he was to be surrounded by so many first-class people.

Mother Teresa said: "If we really want to pray, we must first learn to listen, for in the silence of the heart God speaks, to be able to hear God, we need a clean heart, for a clean heart can see God, can hear God, can listen to God."

There was a great African 16 centuries ago called Augustine. A book of Cicero turned him towards faith when he was 16 and he began to read the scriptures, but apparently he found them clumsy. What in fact was clumsy was his own life. He wrote in his Confessions: I wanted impurity glutted rather than quenched. . . . My conceit was repelled by the simplicity of the scriptures."

Later, through the prayers of his mother, Monica, and the help of friends like Bishop Ambrose, he sorted out his clumsiness. One day he was in the garden and he seemed to hear a child's voice saying: "Take up and read." He did that. He opened the Bible and read this verse: "Not in riotings and drunkenness, not in chamberings and impurities, not in contention and envy. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh in its lusts."

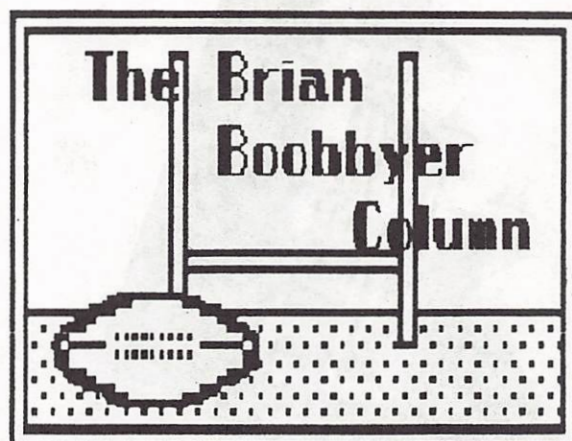
He accepted that and the old life dropped from him like a garment. So one of the great minds of history came into its own. And his books were a great light of civilization through the dark ages and beyond.

His classic The City of God gives a long but brilliant picture of why Rome fell. It is remarkably topical. In it he says: "We are all destined for the immortality for which purity of heart is the preparation Purity is a virtue of the mind. It has courage as its companion."

Perfection is very attractive.

We see it daily in the works of nature

Recently we have seen it in the Olympic Games, especially perhaps the



Gymnastics. All you can do is to cheer and wonder. Superlatives run out.

Perhaps the most heartening thing of all is to see the whole world doing one thing together: or almost the whole world. I appreciated a sporting editorial in the Times. "The opening ceremony in Seoul gave us not assertiveness or aggression but gentleness. The people are determined yet poetic: their pageant was a picture of history, colour and elegance. For 3 hours on a morning when the Gods graced Seoul with sun and an autumn blue sky, the emphasis was not on achievement, which is as much a part of the South Korean story as it is of the Olympic Games, but on harmony and friendship."

We see at the games what the all-outness and skill of people can achieve. And sports that I've never followed suddenly became fascinating because the highest level of things is always attractive.

Can we translate this same passion into life itself? Not to gain a medal or win fame but to follow the voice of one who says: "Be ye perfect." God spoke to Abraham in that language, and Christ spoke and speaks to us likewise.

Perhaps we accept a certain level of impurity as inevitable, but do not see the mediocrity which goes with it. Gandhi said: "Without purity the mind cannot attain requisite firmness. The impure person loses stamina, becomes emasculated and cowardly." So we look at the world through dark glasses and bleary eyes and miss its wonder.

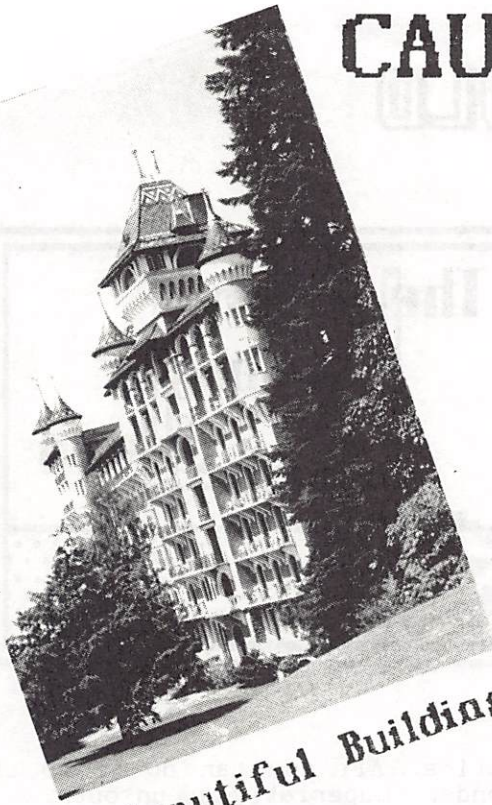
The alternative is to make Augustine's decision.

And go for gold.

And there is one great difference between doing that on the physical level and doing it on the spiritual. At the Games, only very few can get the gold. But in the spiritual dimension, we can all get gold.

And we may discover too that there is gold in every other person.

CAUX IS NOT JUST A



... The Beautiful Building...



... The Magnificent Church...



... The Peace...

... and Tranquility...

... BUT BECAUSE OF...



... The Welcoming Atmosphere...

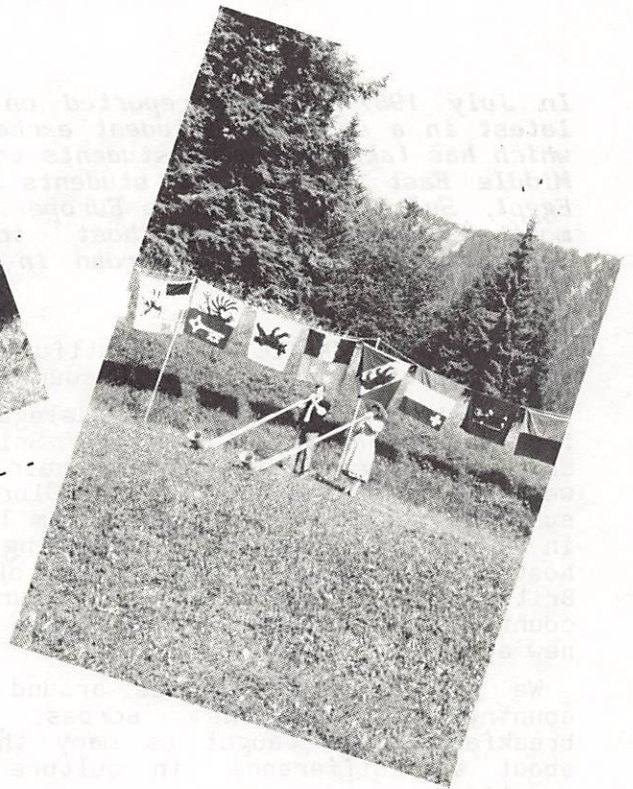
... The Community Spirit...



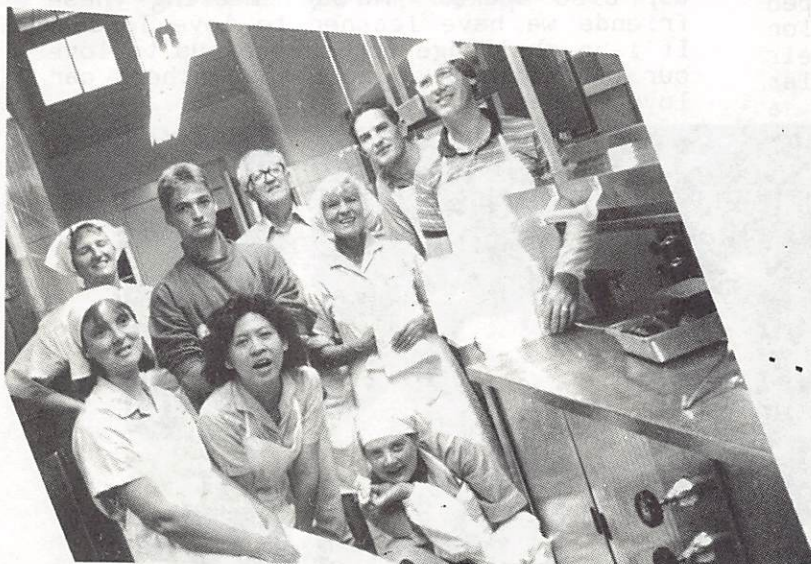
BRILLIANT PLACE BECAUSE OF...



... The Interesting Activities...



... of the Swiss Scenery...



... and the special friendships...

... The Willingness to help one another...

photos and text by JOY WHITE

JUST JORDANIANS

by Ian Healey

In July 1987 FREEWAY reported on the latest in a series of student exchanges which has taken European students to the Middle East and brought students from Egypt, Sudan and Jordan to Europe. Last month Britain played host to a delegation of six from Jordan in this continuing exchange.

"IT WAS A FANTASTIC and beautiful time that I spent with you in your country."

So wrote one of the student delegation from the Jordanian University of Science and Technology (JUST) after their two week visit. What a time it was! Glorious sunshine welcomed our guests from Irbid in the north of Jordan, surprising the hosts as much as anyone. Many of us British were to learn much about our own country as we looked at everything with new eyes.

We stayed with families around the country. Discussions across the breakfast table taught us many things about the differences in culture and practice.

The first few days in London were rich in variety - the Thames Flood Barrier (especially appreciated by the civil engineer); Madame Tussaud's waxwork museum; a guided tour of the Houses of Parliament, as well as supper in the home of a former British ambassador to Jordan. But it wasn't all 'business'. On a trip to the Sussex countryside the Jordanians gave us a football lesson; we visited a farm and were welcomed by the whole village of Mark Cross - so it seemed. One student commented on how England was so different within a few miles - the built-up parts of London contrasting with the greenery of the countryside - but both had beauty and we were honoured by a poem on the return home.

In the more relaxed atmosphere of Tirley Garth there was a chance to open up. The Jordanians gave a presentation one evening, telling us of their country, their culture and in particular their university - illustrated by a

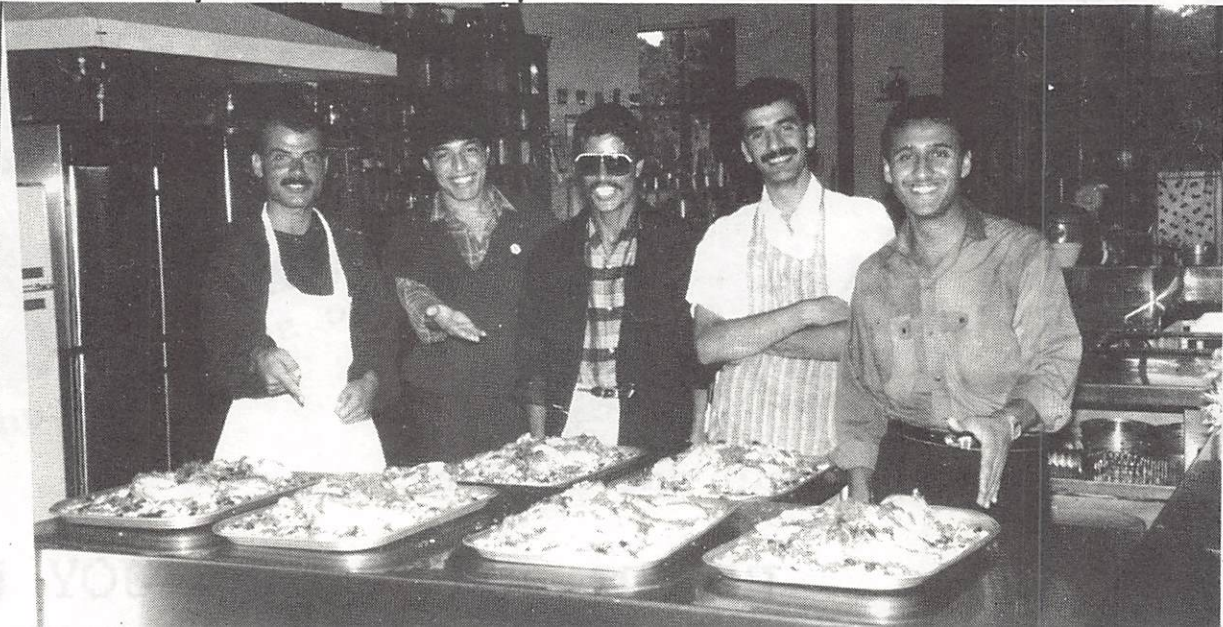
video they had brought! JUST is Jordan's newest university, opened in September 1986.

Tirley was also treated to a Jordanian meal - a Mansaf cooked by five male students working together, only one of whom had been in a kitchen before! I can say without fear of contradiction that it was extremely edible. The sight of this team working together with a love for what they were doing - and for each other - filled us with a love for them and their country. They gave a traditional Jordanian welcome to guests from around the area, and seemed to feel as much at home as any of us. The dancing, singing and games provided an unforgettable evening.

From Tirley we visited Fiddler's Ferry Power Station, which provides enough energy for the cities of Liverpool and Manchester; we went to the Vickers Oil factory in Leeds, and met the President of Bradford University Students Union. A day in Manchester was capped by the welcome of the Lord Mayor.

Back in London the trip finished with two quite different evenings. An informal gathering of 25 young Londoners showed that everyone had different levels of knowledge about the Middle East - and varying ideas of what should be done. Those on the receiving end of past British mistakes have feelings deep down. One Palestinian said, "the miles we have travelled on the roads are very small compared with the miles we need to travel inside our own hearts". He had "found the strength" to "tear the hate" from his heart and to forgive the British.

The final evening was a full reception, attended by the Jordanian ambassador. Each spoke about what the fortnight had meant to him. Philippe Odier from France who had travelled with us, also spoke: "Through meeting these friends we have learned to love Jordan. It is a challenge for some of us to love our own country so much that others can love it through us."



Peter Riddell

Q u o T e s

"The enemies today are moral apathy and selfish materialism. They are the source of all national ills. Only one power is strong enough to oppose them - the power of God-inspired men. Against these moral and spiritual foes we must launch a moral and spiritual offensive."

Frank Buchman

"Divine guidance must become the ordinary experience of men and women. any man can pick up divine messages if he will put his receiving set in order. Definite, adequate, accurate information can come from the mind of God to the minds of men. This is normal prayer."

Frank Buchman

"People believe that their leaders should be guided by God. But the rank and file must be guided too. A God-guided public opinion is the strength of the leaders. This is the dictatorship of the living Spirit of God, which gives to every man the inner discipline he needs, and the inner liberty he desires."

Frank Buchman

"When we choose deliberately to obey Him, He will tax the remotest star and the last grain of sand to assist us."

Oswald Chambers

"Everywhere we find lonely people who are at times known only by the number of their room. Where are we? Do we really know that these persons exist at all? Maybe next door to us there is a blind man who would be happy if we would be ready to read the newspaper for him; maybe there is a rich person who has no one to visit him. He has plenty of things, he is really drowned in them but there is no human touch and he needs that touch."

"Some time back a very rich man came and told me: 'This I give you for somebody to come to my house. I am nearly half-blind, my wife is nearly mental, our children have all gone abroad and we are dying of loneliness.'

"You in the West have millions of people who suffer such terrible loneliness and emptiness. They feel unloved and unwanted."

Mother Teresa

"Gradually it was disclosed to me that the line separating good and evil passes not through states, nor between classes, nor between political parties either - but right through every human heart - and through all human hearts. This line shifts. Inside us, it oscillates with the years. And even within hearts overwhelmed by evil, one small bridgehead of good is retained. And even in the best of all hearts, there remains...an unuprooted small corner of evil."

Alexander Solzhenitsyn

SAYING YES

by Philippe Odier

TO SAY 'YES' TO SOMETHING is to commit yourself. To say 'yes' to God is to commit yourself to God, to accept his direction in your life.

But we can ask ourselves, 'How do I measure my commitment?' For me, the reply to this question is, 'I measure it in the most difficult decisions I have to take'.

I would like to illustrate this through the hard choices I have faced in two areas of my life, where I have accepted God's will.

One of these areas is my relationship with girls. During the last year, I have felt attracted to a girl and discovered that this feeling was mutual. I have had to decide to say to her, 'To me, love is a commitment for life. Only God can tell us if we are ready to live out such a seemingly crazy commitment. I have decided that as long as He says nothing, I will wait'.

This decision does not prevent feelings but rather it makes them pure. This has truly been one of the most difficult decisions I have had to take in order to accept God's will, but afterwards, I really felt I was walking close to Him.

My other illustration concerns the difficulty I experience in expressing my beliefs to my friends - beliefs which they don't necessarily share.

One day last year, I thought that my class owed an apology to a teacher for a wrong committed against him and I felt ready to go and do this as a representative of the whole class. But the second thought I had was that first of all, I should go and speak to my class about it, in order to have their agreement and their support.

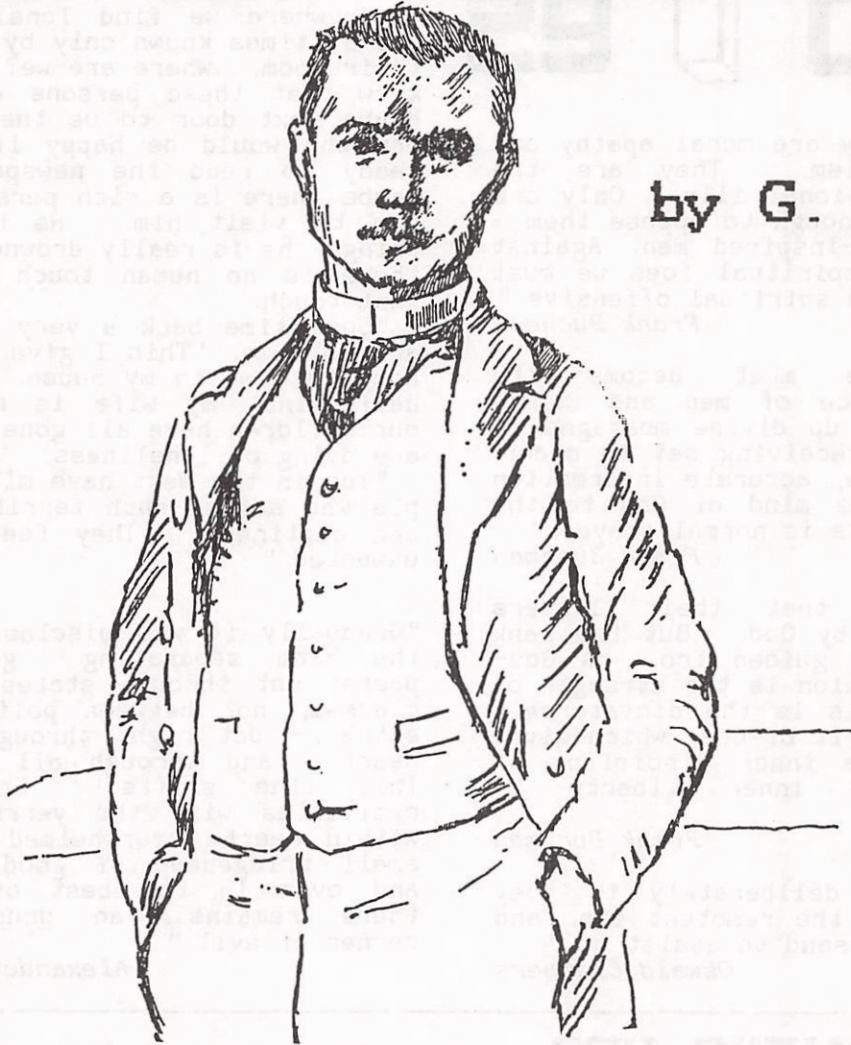
Obedying this second thought was a great deal more difficult than obeying the first. There were two things to do and it was only by doing the one which cost me most, that I fulfilled my total commitment. I was tempted to content myself with just obeying the first thought, which would already have made me feel good.

A picture came to my mind while thinking about this question of the depth of our commitment. The task we have to accomplish on this earth can be compared to a line of people passing buckets of water from hand to hand to put out a fire. Each person in the line represents an element in our personality. If just one of these people passes the buckets much slower than the others, the fire will be fought at the speed of this person, no matter how efficient the others are.

Likewise, my 'weak points', which make me face the most difficult decisions, are the determining factor in my desire to say yes to God.

HISTORY AND THOUGHT: CHARLES

by G. d'Hauteville



Charles Péguy was "one of the ten essential Christian figures, since Jesus Christ." So said the great theologian Hans-Urs von Balthazar.

This great French writer's struggle reflects the ferment of the political, intellectual and religious world of his time. It was later, during that dark period of defeat and occupation from 1940-45, that he was recognized as the prophet, profound thinker and wonderful poet that he was. For us young people, plunged at that time into uncertainty and confusion, he had clarity, conviction and the experience of a man who had fought without ever deviating, and a spiritual element as well.

His father was a carpenter, and his mother a chair-mender. Ever since primary school, his masters recognized his brilliant qualities. In 1894, he entered the Ecole Normale Supérieure of Paris, that prestigious school through which a number of our great intellectuals and politicians had passed. There, all current ideas have their champions - from monarchist to anarchist. Péguy quickly became the leader of the socialist group.

As a child, he had done his catechism; then, meeting socialism and its fight for justice, he had turned away from the church. He was to write that "Social destitution has a universal importance for us", and he dedicated his first work:

"To all the women and men who will have lived,

"To all the women and men who will have died, [in order]

"To try to bring a cure to the universal sickness."

When he was 24, he married the sister of his best friend, who was also a socialist and revolutionary. Impatient to get back into action, he left the Ecole Normale.

It was at that moment that the Dreyfus Affair blew up. Three years earlier, an obscure Jewish official, Captain Dreyfus, had been condemned for high treason. The truth came to light: the document which had defeated Dreyfus was false. A retrial was called for, the army and the government was opposed to it for reasons of state. In January, 1898, the celebrated writer Emile Zola, in a famous article accused the government of prevarication. The country exploded - dividing into two camps. The unrest grew with strikes and street-fighting.

Péguy threw himself into the melee, and organized the defence of the Dreyfus professors who had been attacked in their offices by right-wing groups. In drum-beat articles, he castigated the nerveless "temporizers and schemers" of his own party.

The retrial was finally voted on, and the republican left triumphed. Very quickly, the popular flame foundered in party intrigues. Péguy, with his concern for the truth, was soon considered an embarrassment. He found himself isolated.

To continue his fight, he founded, with a small nucleus of friends, an independent publication, The Notebooks of the Fifteen. These "were instituted, in particular, to safeguard liberty of thought, and sincerity of action in the socialist movement." "The social revolution will be moral or it will not be," he wrote in one of the first notebooks. Taken as a whole, Péguy's work constitutes a totality of thinking in regard to political events and intellectual movements. For him, the Dreyfus Affair remained the model of both the good and the bad: "Everything begins in mysticism and finishes in politics. The essential concern and question is in which order, in which system, the mystical element is not devoured by the politics to which it gave birth."* But he saw further. He attacked what was for him the essence of the modern world: the rationalism of the 19th century, the rationalism which produced historical materialism and scientific determinism.

During the series of struggles which he was conducting, Péguy arrived at a more fundamental understanding of human suffering and became reconciled to the figure of Christ. Eventually, he found a faith. He took a number of years to reveal this and he would never explain

it. He didn't disavow what he had been doing previously. Witness of the change, came in 1910 with the appearance of the brilliant Mystery and Charity of Joan of Arc,** followed by a rush of poetical works where Péguy expressed his experience of the divine, of grace, his sense of the immense tenderness of God, and a profound understanding of the passion of Christ and the pain of his Mother.

Looking through the rare disclosures which he made, one senses how real all this was for him: "I have the treasures of grace, a superabundance of inconceivable grace. I obeyed my promptings. One should not resist them... I am a sinner, I am not a saint, but a sinner with treasures of grace and a marvellous guardian angel."

From 1905, Péguy felt the war coming. On August 1, 1914, there was a general mobilization. On the 3rd, the declaration of war. On the 4th, he rejoined his regiment, and took command of an infantry company. September 5th was the first day of battle - the Battle of the Marne outside Paris. On the 15th, while leading his men in an attack, 22 kilometres from Paris, he was killed by a shot in the head.

* John Paul II said on his recent trip to southern Africa: "I preach ethics in order to save politics."

** This play was performed for the Pope in Castelgandolfo last July, in thanks for his visit to Lyon.

NOT POLES APART

"OUR MEETING WITH THE GERMANS at Berlin has been very thought-provoking. On the questions of the reunification and reconciliation of the peoples of Europe, stereotypes were broken. Before the problem can be resolved on the political level, contacts on the personal level must prepare the way.

"It is important to emphasise that it is the French who have helped us, Poles and Germans, to meet and talk. It is plain that this reunification must be on the basis of values which are absolute and unshakeable. It will be the fruit of the thought and commitment of people of all the European countries."

This terse report, written by the young Poles at the end of two days of discussions with young Germans in the home of Heinz and Gisela Krieg in Berlin, nevertheless gives a glimpse of the depth and frankness of the conversations.

On one hand the Poles spoke of their fears of a reunited Germany that was no longer neutral - what would be its borders, for example? On the other hand the Germans expressed their personal

responses to the questions of their identity as Germans, the reunification of their country, their attitude towards the territories given up to Poland after the war, and their attitude towards an eventual proposition coming from the East for a reunified and neutral market.

All these feelings were shared, understood, and clarified. The result is that a united team was formed which wants to work for the reunification of Europe, and to reflect on the basis on which this should proceed.

Claude Bourdin and François Bergouignan, the French intermediaries, were present throughout the meeting. The trust that the Franco-German reconciliation has created was a source of inspiration and stimulation for the Poles.

In turn the Poles challenged the Westerners who enjoy freedom, to take an interest in politics. In spite of difficult conditions in Poland, they are very active, and have invited the Franco-German group to continue the dialogue at Poznan in November.

REVOLUTION IN THE RUHR

The MRA Story - 11

by Rex Dilly

IN JUNE 1948 eight Minister Presidents of German Laender (states) declared that Germany is ready for the message of Moral Re-Armament. It is, they said, "the indispensable foundation for peace, and the reconstruction of Europe".

Four months later a force of 260 arrived in Munich with the musical 'The Good Road' which dramatised the spiritual basis of freedom and democracy. Twenty thousand crammed into overflowing theatres in Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Dusseldorf, Essen and Munich.

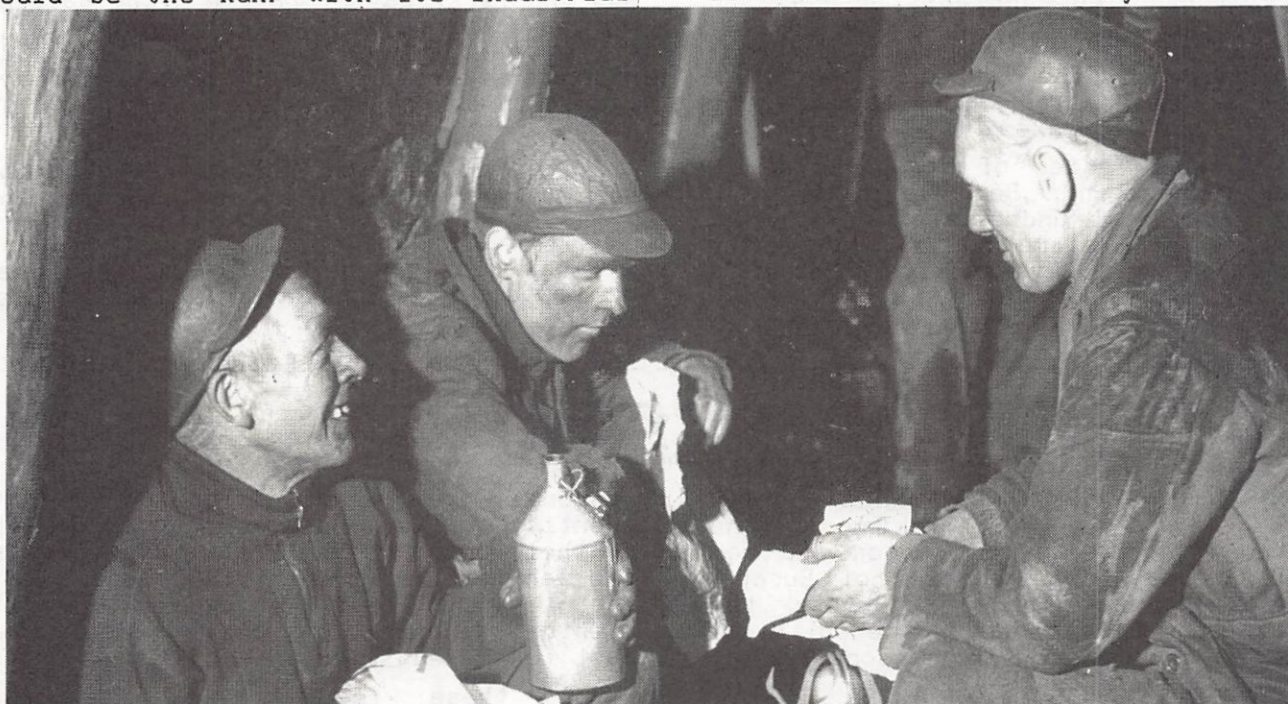
As the run ended, the Minister President of North Rhine Westphalia, Dr Karl Arnold, and his ministers pleaded for a major action to be continued in the Ruhr. His Minister of Labour added, "On every lip is the question whether the ideas of Washington or of Moscow will dominate the region." He began to see a further way. "Moral Re-Armament," he said, "is our one big hope."

A secret Cominform document, Protocol M, issued in January had outlined Soviet objectives. It stated that one of the centres of mass struggle in Germany would be the Ruhr with its industrial

Victor who had been a Marxist for 47 years, addressed scores of meetings.

One cold winter night Max Bladeck, the Chairman of the works council of one of the largest collieries in the Ruhr, called a meeting. A member of the Communist Party for 24 years, he was every inch a fighter. He had packed the meeting with some of the most skilful debaters. "Their aim," says Leif Hovelsen, a young Norwegian resistance fighter who had been imprisoned by the Nazis and who was now with this force in Germany, "was to sink us with all hands, and six of them opened fire one after another. Their basic theme was: 'The West European countries are preparing for a new war. Every capitalist is a fascist at heart. The system must be changed.'"

Then a Clydeside shipworker got up. "The working class has never been so powerful as it is today, yet it has never been so divided," he said. "We have learned to split the atom but we have not learned to unite men. People must be changed all over the world. Only so will a classless society come."



capacity. "The coming winter," it asserted, "will be the decisive period in the history of the German working class."

Already 72 per cent of the works councils in the coal and steel industry were in communist hands. This confirmed the strategy outlined in Protocol M.

A German cast of the play 'The Forgotten Factor' and an international team of fifty moved into the Ruhr in November 1948.

In the next two years 120,000 saw the play. In countless union halls and homes decisive decisions were made. British miners and managers whose motives and practice were changed went in relays to help. Irène Laure, a former French resistance leader, and her husband

A worker from East London followed. "If we British had lived up to what we talked about after the First World War, you men would have been spared the suffering you have gone through. God help the party or the nation which does not change these conditions. But we need the full dimension of change - new social relations, new economic relations, new international relations all based on personal change. To have any lesser aim is reactionary."

The next speaker was a Canadian employer. "What has created injustice in the world is selfishness and moral compromise in men like me." The story of his own change, told with frankness and humour, carried everyone with him. The meeting lasted for four hours.

After seeing 'The Forgotten Factor' Bladeck began to realise the implications for himself. When his daughter said that he spoke a lot about freedom and democracy from platforms but was a dictator at home, he admitted it and began to change.

At the same time Dr Heinrich Kost, the head of the German Coal Board, called a meeting of 190 leading industrialists to hear a panel of Moral Re-Armament speakers in Essen. "Gentlemen," he began, "it is not a question of whether we change but how we change. It is not for us to wait for labour to change. Change is demanded of us."

In the summer of 1949 Bladeck went to Caux accompanied by his friend Paul Kurowski who was conducting the training of Party functionaries in the district.

Rumours of the change in Bladeck and Kurowski reached Party headquarters in the Ruhr. Willi Benedens, a Party Secretary in Moers, was sent to Caux to

bring them back. Instead he joined them. All three were united in Kurowski's declaration, "For 26 years I have sung *The International* but this is the first time I have seen it lived."

These men were expelled from the Party. The order was given to expel any comrades who sought contact with them. It was a desperate attempt to maintain communist influence in the forthcoming works elections, but all three and others connected with MRA increased their majorities. The same was the case in other districts.

By 1950 the percentage of communist representation in the Ruhr dropped from 72 to 25 per cent, and it kept dropping. '*Neue Zürcher Zeitung*' wrote in 1959: "The Ruhr, instead of being the apple of discord in Europe, has become the growing point of international agreement... Without the Ruhr, no Common Market, no far reaching plan for European integration."

GREENHORNS AND BICYCLES by J Gunning

THE OTHER NIGHT I looked up at the night and saw one tiny star twinkling bravely amidst the numerous clouds. It made me think of the way life often is. There is one little spot of hope and light and the challenge is to follow that and not be distracted by the dark clouds.

It was a deep dive, from highly-inspired Caux into highly turbulent Delft life. The new students had come, and the two weeks of bullying, shouting, throwing beer, in short 'teaching' those greenhorns to be students had begun. Lots of this teaching is done late at night and it is normal to sleep all day, hang around and get rid of that terrible headache. That is the surface but underneath there are lots of guys searching for a purpose in life. Together with my friend Arend and a new chap who had joined the revolutionary ranks, we decided to have breakfast together every morning at eight, to share guidance and to pray for the day. This was such a help to keep looking at yourself in the light of absolute standards instead of the increasingly relative ones you have when you don't share. We managed to keep up the right spirit and we had some very good talks with the greenhorns about a life guided by the inner voice.

Since I heard someone say this summer how he had learnt to pray "Lord, make me unable to do the things I want to do" my life has taken a different direction. I realised I had been compromising too much, fitting God in when I liked it. Last year I told many friends about Caux and my ideas but I never dared to relate those ideas to my friends personally. I never challenged them to try listening to the inner voice. All because I was afraid that they would not hear any inner voice. But isn't that illogical? I have decided to obey it and am convinced it talks to all. So why would it fail my friends when it has told me to challenge? It has been a new experience

to feel like an instrument, used by a skilful specialist. I am still a stubborn, blunt instrument but nevertheless I am glad to be used in order to become sharp and willing.

Two experiences: in Caux one day I had the thought to have a talk with a friend who would be leaving the next day after lunch. We were to be on breakfast service and I planned to prepare the cafeteria with him in order to have time together. But next morning I overslept terribly, my alarm clock lying at the far end of my room, looking bruised. I rushed down, feeling a complete failure, thinking I had missed my last chance to see him. So after breakfast wash-up, I sat down on the terrace instead of going to the meeting, badly in need of a quiet time. And who walks out of the door, sits down next to me, lighting a cigarette? The very fellow, asking me how I lived those funny moral standards in 'real' life outside Caux. We had a wonderful conversation. He left and the next day I got a card, saying: Thank you for this talk. Do keep in touch!"

The second one: I am going to India by the end of September. When I was getting my vaccination I met a friend who appeared to be going to Nepal. He asked me to have a cup of tea together. We chit-chatted a bit and I told him I was going to an MRA event in India, briefly explaining its aim. We were just about to leave the coffee-shop when he said he actually wanted to know more about MRA, hinting I might drop a booklet or two one day. I then clearly felt that I should forget about my plans for the next hour and tell him all about the inner voice, the plan for us all and how I tried to live it out. On our way back to the bicycles he said he thought it fascinating that people lived that way. He added that he himself had lived rather haphazardly without any clear aim. "Here's the challenge," my little voice said. So I told him the only way to see whether it works is to try it out and I promised that there wouldn't be a lot of haphazard aimlessness if he obeyed that voice. I don't know what happens next. That is not in my hands.

GET COOKING!

THIS IS NOT ONLY FOR YOUR INFORMATION but something worthwhile to consider if you are interested in it. During the last summer conferences at Caux while heading up a cook shift I often wondered how to run the kitchen in a different way. An idea grew in me to give a chance to some who are in a job or studying, to get a fascinating training in the Caux kitchen during the coming New Year conference - December 27 to January 3.

The programme will be to cook a meal a day, through which we will learn the arts and ways of producing delicious food, and also how to run a shift and organise the kitchen. Along with this of course will go the basic knowledge of nutrition, menu-planning, balanced meals, etc.

I believe that the Caux kitchen is the most fascinating and interesting one in the world. So these New Year days will be surrounded by fun, work, laughter and everything you bring with you.

Please let me know if you are interested (before Dec 15).

Ulrike Bickeböllner
Mountain House
CH-1824 Caux
Switzerland

Here is an extract from a letter from LES DENNISON, a life-long British trade unionist who was for 26 years a member of the Communist Party (CP). A television interview with him is available on video.

A question I'm often asked is: how and why I kept up the class struggle for near on a quarter of a century in the CP, in the light of all the rebuff, setbacks and exposures. It was the unquestioned acceptance of the materialistic historical doctrine of Marx, of the "inevitable" course of history" - no matter what, or who, intervened. My ideological commitment to the daily class struggle was a necessity, in order that history could evolve the quicker.

The impact of the disciplined ideology of MRA on my thinking, the evidence of its application, and my subsequent finding a faith in God, replaced the materialistic historical inevitability of the ideology of marxist socialism with the crowning truth of the "inevitability of God's Plan" prevailing when man is obedient to His law and promptings. In the battle for hearts and minds this is one key idea that must be nurtured if a person is to be motivated with a passion and a vision that rarely need stoking up or recharging.



Ivan Heliofsky

Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev is presented with a copy of FREEWAY on a recent visit to London.

SUBSCRIPTION NEWS: If all who subscribed to Freeway last year renew their subs, we will have a total of over 250 subscriptions.

A year's subscription (5 issues) costs £5/US\$9/Sw.Fr. 12.50 or equivalent. Payment may be made by International Giro to: GIROBANK ACCOUNT NO (Postgiro/CCP) 29206 0807

Why not get a friend to subscribe - or give one as a Christmas gift?

DEADLINE FOR MATERIAL FOR THE NEXT ISSUE: November 30th

FREEWAY

69 VICTORIA ROAD, OXFORD OX2 7QG, UK