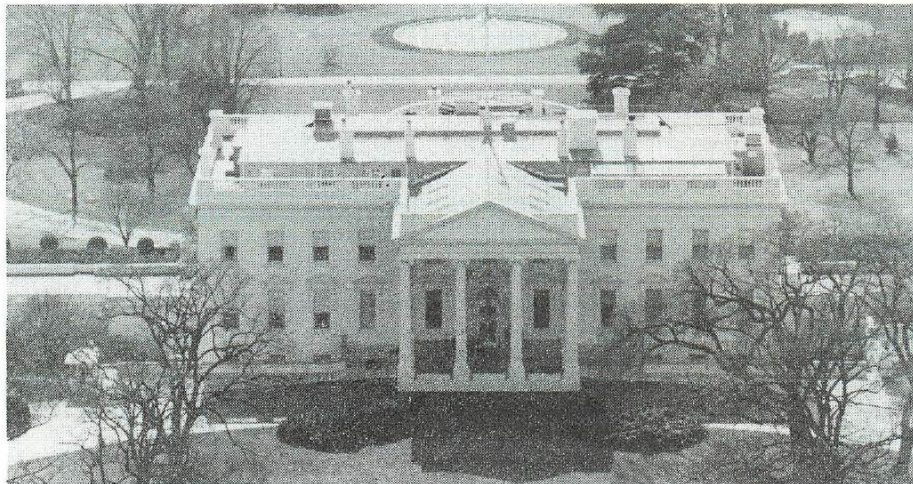


Little attention in America has been focused on the issues arising between the wealthy industrialised nations and the poorer nations, writes MARGARET SMITH in Washington. Is this because we Americans are unwilling to face a threat to our comfort? Is it because past experiences have caused cynicism about helping the Third World? Or is it simply that policy-makers, who face so many problems simultaneously, are tempted to set these pressing issues aside for attention at a later time?



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## USA

### TIME FOR THE LONG TERM

EARLY MAY on Capitol Hill is Budget time. The daily bulletin of congressional activities can list as many as 20 subcommittee meetings. Compounded with the demands of an election year and the strains of international crises, Washington's immediate preoccupations are considerable.

Into the middle of all this activity came 15 people from America and abroad, all connected with Moral Re-Armament. Members of the group had worked in the Middle East, Africa and Asia and had experience in the diplomatic service, race relations and industry. The purpose of their interviews—with Senators and Congressmen, members of the State Department, Pentagon, diplomatic corps, and others—was to introduce evidence of new factors at work in world affairs.

They found their hosts eager to talk—and listen—in spite of their hectic schedules. One example that aroused particular interest was that of 'committees of conscience': groups of people of opposing viewpoints meeting in different countries to seek God's inspiration on how to approach national problems. Such a group played a part in creating a climate of reconciliation and readiness to accept change in Zimbabwe before independence.

Nowhere was the search for new approaches more intense than among the 20 or so Middle East specialists who received members of the group. Southern Africa—and particularly Zimbabwe—featured in many discussions. Many emphasised the importance of the NATO countries finding a new basis for unity, and some reflected America's growing but belated interest in her southern neighbours in Latin America.

At a time when there is much talk of America's isolation, the visitors found considerable concern with world issues. Many policy-makers were searching for a new spirit in foreign relations, concerned that as America recognises past weaknesses, she does not lose her sense of responsibility. 'How do you take responsibility without dominating?' a senatorial aide asked one of the group. 'By accepting responsibility for what goes wrong,' he replied.

Talking to a Middle Eastern ambassador, one of the Americans in the group expressed

his sadness that he had not understood the genuine nature of Arab hospitality when he had been in the Middle East. The ambassador smiled, 'You were probably in a hurry.' At another interview a Congressman made a similar point: 'In our relationship with the Third World we are at a disadvantage. We are big and powerful and quick and we lack the sensitivity necessary.'

On arrival in America, one of the group was asked on a radio phone-in, 'What does the world expect of America?' 'I would humbly suggest three points,' she replied, '—a greatness, to match her power; an integrity, to match her resources; a leadership in the sphere of human relationships, to match her technical skills; and these qualities in her individual people, as well as her policies.'

Perhaps one role of MRA is to help leaders to find priorities in the perspective of the long term. This was certainly the view of one Congressman. An overseas visitor opened an interview by emphasising the importance of long-term aims. 'You must be from Moral Re-Armament,' said the Congressman. After further discussion he said, 'Count me as one of your front-line troops.'

## THE WEST'S CHOICE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

**PETER EVERINGTON has worked in many parts of the Middle East, and was one of the group who visited Washington. He writes:**

FOR AN ENGLISHMAN invited to Washington to share insights on the Middle East, it was embarrassing to be there when the British TV film *Death of a Princess* was shown.

The film, which has so offended the Saudi Arabians, is an example of the deep insensitivity on the part of Britain, America and other Western countries which has fuelled the Middle East crisis.

So for the US Congressman who asks, as many humbly did, 'What can we do about Iran and the Middle East?', the first answer has to be: 'Forget the agonising short-term crisis for a moment. Take an honest look at where the feelings of the Muslim peoples have been hurt by us. Study their best values and aspirations and back them in these,

rather than just trying to get them into our camp. The evidence of MRA is that, with honest apology and a common aim, militant Muslims and militant Christians become each other's best allies.'

The second answer is that a breakthrough in the Israeli-Palestinian impasse would do more than anything else for the Middle East and the Muslim world. Increasing violence on the West Bank, and possible oil sabotage in the Gulf to follow, could lead to world war before the American elections.

Yet a breakthrough could be closer than many imagine. For there are Palestinian leaders, with respect for the three faiths of the area, who seek a solution through diplomatic, non-violent channels.

One of these men, who has to convince the Palestinian youth that progress can be made in this way, says, 'The choice is either

**WEST'S CHOICE contd on p2**

## WEST'S CHOICE contd from p1

you kill a man or you believe you can bring him to rebirth in all his attitudes.'

To brand the entire Palestine Liberation Organisation as Marxist terrorists undercuts such men of democratic principle. It is as foolish as people of the far right in Britain who think all trade union leaders are unpatriotic subversives.

There are many who would like to see President Sadat fail in his peace efforts. They have a right to their political reasons. Yet his initial gesture of willingness to go to Jerusalem had a flavour of divine inspiration about it which opened closed hearts far beyond the Middle East. Let credit also be given to Prime Minister Begin for initial concessions on Sinai, and to the US for being willing to undergird it all.

In the mind of the Almighty there is surely a further gesture of generosity waiting to be made which would break the deadlock. By whom? By some leader in one of our countries, inspired perhaps by a multitude of such new attitudes in us electors.

Those of us who saw the breaking of pride and forgiving of enemies which ended Sudan's 17-year civil war cannot doubt the genius of this part of the world to fashion its own instruments of reconciliation.

And what of Jews, Zionists, Israelis? In some influential sectors of American opinion, as elsewhere, there is a dangerous cynicism growing about their capacity for reconciliation with other races.

Yet the Jews could again surprise humanity. With their ancient discovery of the one God, who speaks to man, and guides, chastises and forgives him in line with a moral law, they are the founders of civilization for two thirds of the modern world. Their territorial state, largely made necessary by persecution in European countries which were supposed to be Christian, has to be maintained. But this is only a part of their calling. Their updated destiny surely includes, as some of them have stated, a spiritual and humane concern for the whole world.

I have observed one difference between some British and Americans in positions of authority. The British tend to say, 'I know, but remind me.' The Americans are increasingly saying, 'I don't know, so tell me.'

Many Americans say that they are ill-equipped for the strategic responsibilities thrust on them since World War II in areas like the Middle East. All the more reason for Europeans to be humble about our imperial and recent mistakes and to be ready, when asked, to pass on any perceptions for the future.

For America now faces the same hard truth that Europeans and others face: that you cannot both pursue materialist national policies and win friends in the Middle East. But if, as with the Zimbabwean settlement, you risk those interests to help fulfil the needs and hopes of the people of a region, you find true friends.

As one American profoundly put it, 'What is right for the world is in the national interest.'

**SAIDIE PATTERSON** was born in Belfast. Her father was a blacksmith in a local shipyard and her mother an out-worker for a textile mill.

'They brought me to my mother's room, just before she died in childbirth. She told me that she was going to be with the Master we had often talked about, and that I was to look after my new-born sister.

'As I stood in my dear mother's blood, I didn't shed a tear, but I felt a Cross being put on my back and, at the same time, I felt a strange warmth coming into the room. Looking back now I'm convinced it was the Holy Spirit.' Saidie was 12 years old. 'That night I became an adult,' she said.

A book called 'Saidie Patterson—Irish Peacemaker' has just been published. The author, David Bleakley, paints the picture of her background and traces her career as a trade union leader and Labour party activist, and, more recently, her work for peace. He devotes a chapter to her meeting with Frank Buchman at the MRA centre in Switzerland and her subsequent connection with MRA. We print extracts from this chapter and from a later one, 'Miracle on the Shankill':

Caux in 1946 was an exciting place to visit after a war-time stint in Belfast. The war was just over and with the mingling of the guests from all over the world the debates were good. Saidie, never able to resist an argument, made her contribution on the second day of her stay. It was a typical 'back to the barricades' speech in which she trounced the industrialists in the audience, as she retold a good deal of the industrial history of the Shankill Road.

## 'I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE THE DAY'



This was the style she was used to and she and her members sat back to await the expected counter-attack. But none came, and there was no protest. Instead, delegates from every corner of the earth congratulated her on her contribution and acknowledged their own responsibility for the breakdown in the industrial order. They suggested a united front to put things right.

'This was a new line,' says Saidie. 'What do you do when the old enemy nods his head and says there's a good deal in what you say! Opposition I could handle, but this was something different.'

Later that week Saidie was invited to meet Frank Buchman, leader of MRA.

## HOLLAND

### Whitsun earthiness

THE DAMP EARTHINESS of the forest pervaded the sleeping-bag snugness. Rain spat gently, the drops bouncing off the canvas above my head. The sounds of morning hung on the air. Deep in a Dutch forest seven of us from Britain were spending four days over Whitsun with 15 Dutch friends. This was one of a series of yearly camps where young people from Holland and other countries can learn more about faith.

Artificialities are quickly smashed when you are camping. When your home is a tent you view life from a different angle. Away from the clang and clutter of the city, perspective can be found again.

Together we considered certain questions: 'Relationships—on approval or for keeps?' 'What am I most afraid of?' Nuclear war, spoiling the environment, becoming old and lonely, making mistakes and missing our road in life—we shared each other's fears. 'Do we grip the future or does the future grip us?' Someone pointed out that the opposite to fear is faith, hope and trust: 'the

message of Whitsun is that God does not leave us to face the future alone. Just as the disciples were given a commission and also the courage to carry it out, we too must look for what is asked of us.' Another added, 'If we understood everything and knew all the answers there would be no need for faith.'

One English student who had lived most of his life in Holland admitted he had sometimes regarded religion as a safety net for when things went wrong. He decided to give his will—his right to do what he liked—to God. A Dutch girl spoke of the sudden liberation she had felt when she first gave everything to God. She said, 'I have sometimes tried to shield small parts of my life from God. But love is like a river. If it stops flowing it becomes stagnant. When I give everything I feel the certainty of peace like a rock.'

For myself, I realised I had developed very strong ideas about what I would and would not do. I found a readiness to accept whatever God asked of me whether or not it was what others expected of me. One boy who joined us for a shorter time observed: 'Here everyone is free to say what they feel and opinions are respected. In other groups I have seen individuals being pushed along a certain track, but you are moving together as one driving force.'

Jackie Firth

'It was the most important meeting in my life—all I knew and felt about John Wesley was being expressed in a twentieth century man.'

Frank Buchman's opening words to his Irish visitor were encouraging:

'I gather from your speech yesterday that you weren't too keen on the bosses.'

Saidie took what seemed to be the hint and launched out on another frontal attack on reactionary managements.

'But Frank's next words stopped me in my tracks when he said, "Well, suppose I gave you all the weapons you needed and suppose all your hard men were destroyed and gone—well, where do we go from there? Do you really believe that class hatred is the answer—when you're filled with it, where does it get you?"'

This for Saidie was a new approach. Falling back on her trade union experience she replied:

'Well, Dr Buchman, I think I'd need a Notice of Motion for a question like that.'

But back in Belfast what seemed logical and practical in the pleasant setting of Caux began to look less likely against the background of local textiles.

'I knew that hatred of the bosses wasn't the answer. And, of course, I had seen trade unionists and industrialists at Caux giving examples of how honest apology had changed their lives in situations every bit as difficult as Ireland. I thought when I came home I'd try it out. But it wasn't easy. I went to three meetings in Belfast intending to give it a try, but I couldn't find it my heart to make a fresh start.

'I'd been a fighter all my life and had never been afraid of the opposition. But this was different. What I feared now was the weapon of the ridicule that might be used against me. The fear of being sneered at as "a sanctimonious Sarah".'

## Linen lord stunned

'But deep down I knew that leadership meant being prepared to take the risk of being misunderstood, so at last I plucked up the courage to ring Belfast's biggest linen lord, asking him to meet me for a private talk.

'When I arrived we talked about every subject under the sun except the one on my private agenda.'

At last Saidie brought up the subject of Caux and told him about her decision to start personal 'fence mending' with him.

'You know, you are a difficult man to deal with. You've always been ninety-nine per cent wrong in my book. Well, I've come to admit my share of the problem. I remember, for instance, how I lost my temper at the last meeting and swept all the papers off the table. I want to apologise for the one per cent.'

Saidie regards that meeting as a turning-point in her career as an industrial negotiator.

'I think he was a bit stunned at first by what I'd said, but from then on barriers came down that had previously kept us apart. It wasn't a matter of one side or the other

selling out—there were still plenty of issues to argue about—but the beginning of a new relationship was born. A bloodless revolution took place in the textile industry, laying the foundation for better relationships all round.'

For the rest of her trade union career Saidie developed her theory of bridge-building in industry. Still an unequalled champion and honoured by her union for her work, she insisted that labour and management must find ways to co-operate across the class divide. For her, industrial war was just as destructive of human potential and resources as other forms of communal tension. Her pacifist principles did not stop at the factory gate.

**In 1969 the growing instability in Northern Ireland erupted into violence. Out of the determination of several women to bring peace, the organisation 'Women Together' was born. In 1973 Saidie became Chairman. But what she described as a miracle 'I never thought I'd live to see', happened later. Mr Bleakley continues:**

When the history of the present Ulster troubles comes to be written, Saturday, 28 August 1976 will be marked as a day when the people of the Province forgot their differences in an unbelievable gesture of unity. Protestant and Roman Catholic together, they marched through the stronghold of the Loyalist Shankill Road, and at a mass rally 50,000 people dedicated themselves to work for peace and reconciliation.

The possibility of such a demonstration was mentioned quite spontaneously in a moment of enthusiasm by some Protestant women who attended in support of their Catholic friends at an anti-terrorist rally at Andersonstown in West Belfast. The idea seemed a good one; all were agreed that Saidie Patterson was the person to organise such an event.

'This, I knew was going to be a real test, but at my age there was really no excuse for caution. I knew that I was taking on the biggest single task of my life and that I was literally responsible for the lives of thousands if anything went wrong. I knew that there was a danger of all hell breaking loose if things got out of hand. But what a bonus for peace if we got it right.'

'Quite frankly I decided to consult the "Boss" above. I believe that the good Lord will speak to you if you're prepared to listen. And this time I listened very carefully, for I knew that we needed something of a miracle on the Shankill to see us through.

'The thought came to me that it was essential to win over some of the 'hard-line' women from the Shankill streets so out I went on the door-knocker. The first visit wasn't very profitable. I was spat upon, and told in no uncertain manner that there would be "no bloody Fenian march" up the Shankill.'

This was the beginning of a door-to-door campaign among local Loyalists that secured for Saidie the powerful grass-root support among women for the marshalling of the parade—and, just as important, it brought the support, or at least the neutrality, of the men of the district. With such guarantees

the firm base had been established.

'I got two of the peace leaders from the (Catholic) Falls Road and we walked over the proposed route. As we passed up and down the Shankill Road we came to many public houses and street corners with floral displays, marking the spot where people had been murdered. I suggested, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could get two children to carry a banner with that magic little word 'Sorry' written on it and to bring it to each bombed site".'

## Personal price

The tension was there, but there was good humour as well. It was a splendid August Saturday afternoon and the crowds were in festive mood as they began to line the route to Woodvale Park.

On the Falls there was similar excitement and also some apprehension as in thousands their contingent approached the point of no return at the bottom of the Shankill Road. Suddenly they arrived—a Catholic multitude inching cautiously into the waiting mass of Protestants, receiving them on ground which had seen seven years of communal strife.

But this time it was different: a miracle of reconciliation took place. To shouts of 'Welcome to the Shankill!', the crowds mingled—50,000 strong, with equal numbers of spectators.

Nothing like this had ever been seen on the Shankill before. Nuns, dressed in fashions unfamiliar to Loyalist districts, stretched out hands to clasp and be clasped by Protestant women; priests and Protestant ministers walked as brothers; and strangers from either side of the 'peace-line' linked arms as they had not done since the troubles began.

A short while later a group of courageous peace workers organised a parade on the neighbouring Falls Road. This time the marchers were stoned and abused by supporters of the IRA. Banners were destroyed and many marchers, including Roman Catholic and Protestant clergymen, were attacked and injured.

Saidie paid a personal price for the part she played in the Falls demonstration. In a little-publicised incident she was trapped in Falls Park when an anti-peace mob invaded the ground and locked the gates, wrecking the arrangements for the planned rally. Her story is a reminder of what being on the peace-line in Ulster can involve:

'Once I was recognised it wasn't long before I was badly beaten as the mob set about me; there wasn't much I could do to save myself. If it hadn't been for the courage of a group of local Catholic women who came to my aid I think I'd have been finished. I owe them an eternal debt of gratitude.

'I wear a steel support as a result, and I'm on crutches, too—but there's nothing wrong with my tongue.'

*'Saidie Patterson—Irish peacemaker', by David Bleakley, Blackstaff Press, available from Grosvenor Books, 54 Lyford Rd, London SW18 3JJ, price £3.95, with postage £4.30.*



Bishop and Mrs West

IF YOU WANT a book for a quick dip, a stimulating thought, a moving moment or a sharp challenge, you cannot do better than *The Penguin Dictionary of Saints*. There in alphabetical order are hundreds of short biographies—which show little of the priggishness, churchiness, sentimentality and fanaticism sometimes associated with sainthood.

Saints, according to the dictionary, are not faultless. They can be open to criticism or disagreement. But the key word that distinguishes them is 'heroism'. The saint is the man or woman who gives himself, herself, to God heroically. 'He holds back nothing,' says St Bernard. 'He looks on himself as every man's debtor, alike to friend and foe, to the wise and the foolish. Such a one, being wholly humble, benefits all and is dear to God and man.'

Three dear friends of mine have died during the last weeks; George West, former Bishop of Rangoon, his wife Grace, and Lionel Jardine of the Indian Civil Service. Pondering their lives and wondering what it was that they all had in common, apart of course from their common links with the East, I have come to the conclusion that the words that describe it best are 'called to be saints'. At a crucial moment in their lives, each of the three said a whole-hearted and absolutely unreserved 'Yes' to God.

For George West, a shy and self-effacing man, it meant taking up boldly the full role of a Bishop. It was not enough to care for the comparatively small Christian flock in Burma. It meant being responsible as a Christian statesman for the whole emerging nation, bigger than France and Switzerland combined. It led him to prime ministers and cabinets, and to the Karen people in the jungle mountain country far from Rangoon. It led him, as well, to the Buddhist monks who lived next door to the Bishop's House, but with whom there had never been any

## Three who upset the chess board

communication in the past.

For Lionel Jardine it meant taking Frank Buchman's challenge seriously, 'Why not go back to India and live differently?' It meant breaking with a traditional conception of the British Raj, and pioneering a new kind of administration that eventually so convinced Gandhiji that he said, 'If men's motives and values can be changed, like those of the Revenue Commissioner (Jardine), then the whole chess board is upset. We can begin again and anything can happen.'

### Heroic

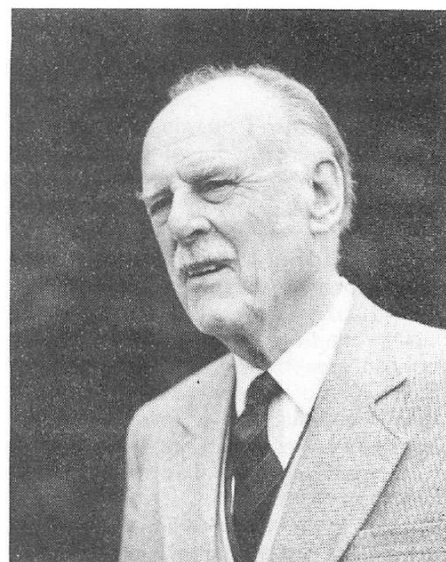
After retirement he was invited to Nigeria to play the part of the British resident in the African film, *Freedom*. A tribute to him in *The Times* wrote of this, 'With courage and honesty he brought to it a convincing portrayal of his own change in real life. He won the hearts of the Africans and the film has gone round the world, with the part of "Mr Roland" immortalized by Jardine as the British official who is not afraid to admit his own mistakes.' The film, written 25 years ago by Africans who believed independence could be built on reconciliation and new attitudes, is still much in demand, particularly in Zimbabwe.

For Grace West heroism took a different form. She gave up a life of ease to become Frank Buchman's secretary—available for work at any time of day or night, packing and travelling indefinitely at a moment's notice, constantly rushing to catch the

### Paperback coincidence

'THERE ARE FEW things as "ex" as an expolitician,' wrote former Australian Navy Minister Malcolm Mackay of his state of mind after losing his parliamentary seat in 1972. His experiences since that time give the lie to that statement, and can be read in his book *More than Coincidence* which has just appeared in paperback.

Within weeks of the election defeat Dr Mackay, also a Presbyterian minister and broadcaster, came to a dramatic rediscovery of his faith. His book tells the story and



Lionel Jardine

post with a pile of freshly typed letters. As George's wife for 36 years, she was his beloved companion, his fellow revolutionary, his constant inspiration, and latterly his memory and support.

Only three years ago, when both were well in their eighties, the Wests set out at a few days' notice to accept an invitation to Burma. Visas were impossible. They went as far as India in faith. There George broke two ribs and cracked another. With Grace's help, he recovered in two weeks, the visas were miraculously obtained, and the two of them carried out a tumultuous Burma journey, that reads in Grace's own account like the Acts of the Apostles.

It is not for us Christians to distribute haloes. It is our job to respect in others, and accept for ourselves, that quality of heroic all-outness that characterizes our calling from Christ, remembering always that we have not chosen Him, but He has chosen us.

**Alan Thornhill**

*Lionel Jardine's autobiography, 'They called me an "Impeccable Imperialist"', Himmatt Publications, is available from Grosvenor Books, price £1.50, with postage £1.85.*

examines some of the pressing problems of our times in its light.

'The book clinched my own personal decision to give my life to God,' a young woman wrote recently to Dr Mackay. She had just been going through a traumatic emotional experience. 'I realised that I was completely out of control of my own life...and it was then that I said "Your will, not mine"—and miracles have been happening to me ever since.'

'*More than Coincidence*' by Malcolm Mackay, *The Saint Andrew Press*, available from Grosvenor Books, new paperback edition £2.95, with postage £3.55.