

FORGED ON THE ANVIL OF FEAR

by Dr John Lester

FREEDOM IS A MEASURE OF A SOCIETY'S MATURITY. It has two components, the external and the internal. Millions now live under dictatorships where their external freedoms are curtailed. They cannot travel, associate or speak freely. Those who try are imprisoned.

Other countries have these freedoms, and are proud of them. Yet many people within such societies are not free. They are imprisoned by a variety of internal barriers of which fear is one of the most widespread.

Fear makes dictatorship possible to sustain and prevents free individuals and nations from achieving their potential.

In any dictatorship there are inspirers of fear—such as the secret police—who so breed mistrust that most people become afraid of stepping out of line or speaking frankly to any but their closest friends. This makes corporate action against the excesses of the State impossible.

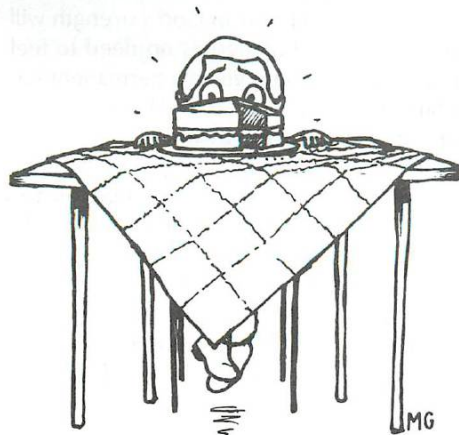
In what ways can fear cripple those of us who are privileged to live in a free society and who are spared officially inspired fear?

Fear is physiological. The body reacts to unpleasant stimuli by preparing itself to fight or for flight. What we feel we call fear. Sometimes fears loom so large in life that they become phobias. Fear gives way to panic. I have come across people who have deep-seated fears of being alone, being in a crowd, being in open spaces. Such phobias may dislocate life—for those who are afraid of open spaces are unable to leave home to work; one who was afraid of being in a crowd could not enter a supermarket. Whilst most of us are fortunate and do not suffer in this way, hidden or unrecognised fears may affect our actions.

Amongst the fears which I recognise in myself and see in others are fears of people—fear of the peer group, fear of the reaction of those closest to you, fear of what other people think, fear of one's bosses, or the reverse which is fear of those for whom one is responsible.



'fear of people'



'fear of being found out'

This group of fears is highly significant. How many stop-pages of work have occurred because individuals have been afraid to vote with their conscience against the apparent wishes of those next to them? In how many board-rooms have wrong decisions been

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CONTENTS	PAGE
Fear	1-6
Without a parachute	3
No loopholes to freedom	5
Sir Nicholas Garrow	6
News	7-8



Students visit Sudan...page 7

INDEX FOR 1982

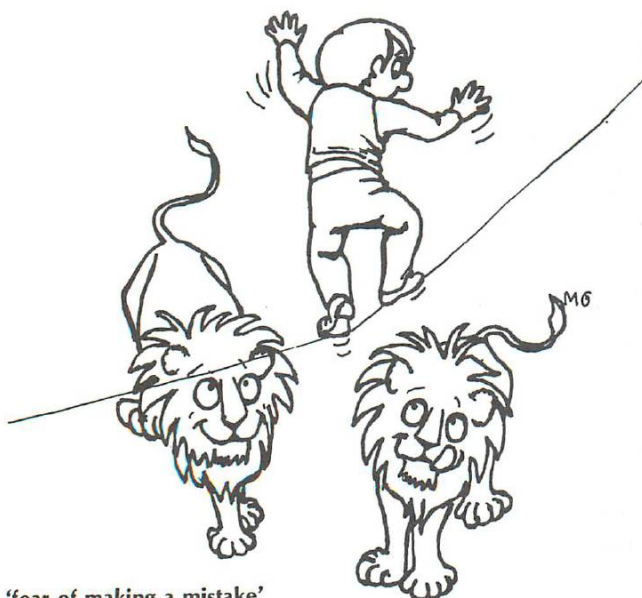
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taken because someone kept quiet? How many terrorists have been less afraid of shooting someone than of countering the pressures of their friends? How many political parties have been taken over by one false viewpoint or another because no one dared to speak the truth? How after all did Hitler come to power? How many politicians stick to their principles when losing favour with their leader spells an end to their ambitions?

Another important group of fears are the status-quo fears—fear of making a mistake, fear of doing the wrong thing, fear of the unknown—which if allowed to be guidelines cause the play-safe mentality, which ensures that things are done the way they have always been done.

Then there is the skeleton-in-the-cupboard syndrome—the fear of being found out. This is the not unnatural anxiety of the corrupted. There is the fear of failure; or the fear of not being adequate, which causes those afflicted to underestimate themselves and under-perform. There is the fear of losing one's job, the fear of illness and death and the fear of being annihilated from which the nuclear debate draws much of its heat.



'fear of making a mistake'

If fears affect and control so much, is fear a bad thing? The answer surely is that fear is neither good nor bad but normal. As well as its survival value as an instinctive response to danger, fear has another role—to be one of the anvils on which character can be forged.

Each of us has the capacity to feel all these types of fear. How can we deal with them? At one level, with courage. If fear is a response of the body, courage is a response of the will. Some show extraordinary levels of courage—perhaps in war—which evoke a universal response. Yet day by day all of us have to decide whether or not we will do what we believe to be right. This is the anvil. If, despite our fears, we choose what is right our character grows and old fears drop off. If we don't, they expand.

For example, when I went to boarding school I had to decide whether to pray at night in the dormitory. That first night I knew fear but I did pray, and it was never so difficult again. The fear abated. Years later different choices came up in medicine. Would I for instance do as most people did and drink myself silly at the mess parties? It was easier to answer 'no' because of the action I had taken years before at school.

As a young man I had the inner conviction to spend more time at an MRA conference and not go on holiday with my parents. I found it difficult to tell them. In retrospect I do not think I achieved anything useful at the conference, but the decision was used to break in me a fear of what those closest to me thought. It was part of achieving a right independence.

I have often been afraid of people who are able, forthright and older than me. One day one such man asked me to see him. 'I am supposed to visit Africa. I am not well. I do not think I should go. Can you examine me to confirm that I am doing the right thing in refusing?' I examined him but could find nothing seriously wrong. Immediately I felt intense fear. Finally I said, 'I think you should go.' He went, and my fear of people began to be conquered.

Theft

Certain trade union men I know have had the courage to turn public meetings round when everything was going in what they regarded as a wrong direction. In so doing they have become men of far greater character and strength—and their fears have evaporated.

Yet this is only the answer to fear at one level. For fear and freedom are linked not only at a political level but also at a spiritual level in one of the great Christian paradoxes.

At the heart of the Christian faith lies the giving of oneself to a Person. This means a relinquishing of one's personal freedom, for it removes the ability to do what you want and replaces it with a commission to do only what pleases Him. I have always remembered meeting an Australian nun in India who was asked whether in her 32 years in India she had ever been back to Australia. 'Never,' she replied.

'Have you ever wanted to?'

'Often.'

'Then why haven't you gone?'

'Young man,' she said, 'When I gave my life to Jesus I gave it and I would regard it as theft if I took any part of it back.'

One can, of course, claim back one's freedom but only by breaking the bond. The paradox is that the individual who gives up his free will discovers a new level of freedom, for the old prisons vanish.

Total freedom

He has no need to fear being found out for he knows he is already forgiven. There is no need to fear failure—he knows that he is a failure by himself and only in God's strength will anything worthwhile be achieved. There is no need to feel afraid of losing his job—he has been given a permanent job which no one can take away. There is no need to fear illness and death—there is a reward beyond death.

Fear based on the material has been replaced by confidence based on the spiritual. Such a transformation releases us from untold barriers. It is most fascinating that such faith has given a sense of total freedom to many of those spending years of cruel imprisonment in the dictatorships—and that their freedom is such a challenge to us in the 'free world'.

The true choice for the world is not between the competitive materialism of the West and the dictatorship of the East, it is between the materialism of both and a spiritual renaissance. Without that spiritual transformation, political freedom is denied to the East and inner freedom is an illusion in the West. Fortunately it need not stay that way. ■

JUMPING WITHOUT A PARACHUTE

by Mary Lean

GROUP CAPTAIN PATRICK FOSS is no stranger to fear. Leafing through the memoirs he is writing, I came across story after story of brushes with death during the war—the first lesson he gave as a night-flying instructor, when the pupil forgot to pull up the flaps and nearly crashed the plane; stealing out ‘like a cat burglar’ on night-bombing raids into enemy territory with the flak bursting around him; living under constant attack in Malta; leading a daylight raid into North Africa which felt ‘as if we were walking down the high street with no clothes on’.

He would not describe himself as a courageous person. ‘Did you ever totally lose your nerve?’ I ask him. ‘No, never, because I was so frightened. The frightened men are the brave men, because they will not give way to their fear—they’re more afraid of what their friends will think than they are of the enemy.’ He describes being under bombardment in Malta. ‘76 Stukas bombed in about three minutes. As we climbed out of the slit our new Adjutant said, “You look very frightened, sir?” “My God, I was frightened,” I said. “I never thought the CO would be frightened,” said the Adjutant.’

The end of active service, in 1941, was not the end of Foss’s need for courage. Back in London, he found himself in charge of organising air transport through war zones for VIPs. These included Winston Churchill and George VI. In the middle of the night, as the King flew to North Africa, the phone in Foss’s office rang. It was the Chief of Staff. ‘What would you do if this special flight came down in the sea?’ he asked. ‘I set about drafting a casualty signal about an accident that had not happened and whose details I could not possibly guess,’ Foss remembers.

Epic flight

When the war ended Foss felt he had been preserved for a purpose—‘to carry on the war of ideas which will bring real peace to the world’. As a result of this, he turned down various attractive job offers to work full-time with Moral Re-Armament, first in Africa, and later in the development and distribution of films and plays which showed how change in people’s lives could be the basis of a new world.

His African experience began with another hair-raising saga—an epic flight in a small plane from London to Johannesburg. His two companions were unfit and had no flying experience. The journey took two months and was made in 300-mile hops—‘We had to stop and ask the way.’ Over the Mediterranean, he recalls, he was speculating on what would happen if they had to come down into the sea when he became aware of an inexplicable clicking noise. He checked all the gauges, but nothing flickered. Then he looked over his shoulder. There was one of his companions typing away on a minute typewriter. ‘He never typed over the sea again!’

Asked what have been the most frightening experiences in his life, he does not talk about physical fear, but the times when he has needed moral courage. ‘All through my book



Patrick Foss

you’ll find a phrase about stepping out of an aeroplane without a parachute, a thing a pilot would never do. Various decisions in my life have been equivalent to this.’ As an example he gives his decision, when he became a committed Christian, to be honest with his mother about his past—‘she had a tongue which could take the skin off the end of your nose at a range of three yards’. The most frightening experience of all, he says, was getting engaged. ‘It was making a commitment to someone I did not even know I loved, because I believed God wanted it,’ he explains. Love followed hot on the heels of his proposal.

Death

What has jumping without a parachute meant in more recent years? ‘One of the biggest fears in my life has been fear of what other people will think if I don’t do what they expect of me,’ he says. Most people, he thinks, are governed by this sort of fear. ‘They re-insure, they cover-up, they do all sorts of things to make sure they don’t make mistakes. It took me years to realise that the only person I needed to fear was God—if someone doesn’t like what I do, they can say so.’

‘When I get a feeling that God wants me to go to Africa, for instance, as I am this month, I can see all the snags and how other people will do the job better than I. But now, if I feel God is telling me to do something, I just do it.’

What about the danger that he may not be right? ‘I think you’ve just got to step on water—take the risk and find out. In warfare you learn that there are always going to be casualties and you just have to accept that maybe you’ll be one of them.’

To those who are fearful, he says, ‘Fear is the most enormous liar. It makes you imagine all sorts of things that could happen and almost invariably don’t. What today is a colossal step of faith and fear, tomorrow you will do without a thought.’

The war left Foss with a fear of death. ‘Every time I had an ache or pain I was convinced that this was the end. I told my wife, “Don’t worry about marrying me, I’ll be dead before 40.” I was 38 at the time! It was a way of neutralising my fear.’

‘Recently I have become convinced that God loves me and that He’s seen me through some pretty extraordinary adventures and never left me. I am sure that He will take my hand and lead me through the adventure of dying too. When fear returns, I can remind myself of this.’ ■

BRIAN BOOBYER, a former England rugby international, gave the following talk in an Oxford college chapel last month:

DANGER OF SAFETY FIRST

I RECENTLY WATCHED England play France at rugby. The French opened up the game at every opportunity, even from the most unpromising positions. In doing so they made some mistakes but they got three splendid tries and were leading 19-9 with about 15 minutes to go.

Then they decided to play safe and close up the game. In doing so, they made far more mistakes and let England back into the game. France eventually won 19-15.

It made me think how dangerous safety first can be. Of course, some teams do win with a defensive approach—but it's very dull.

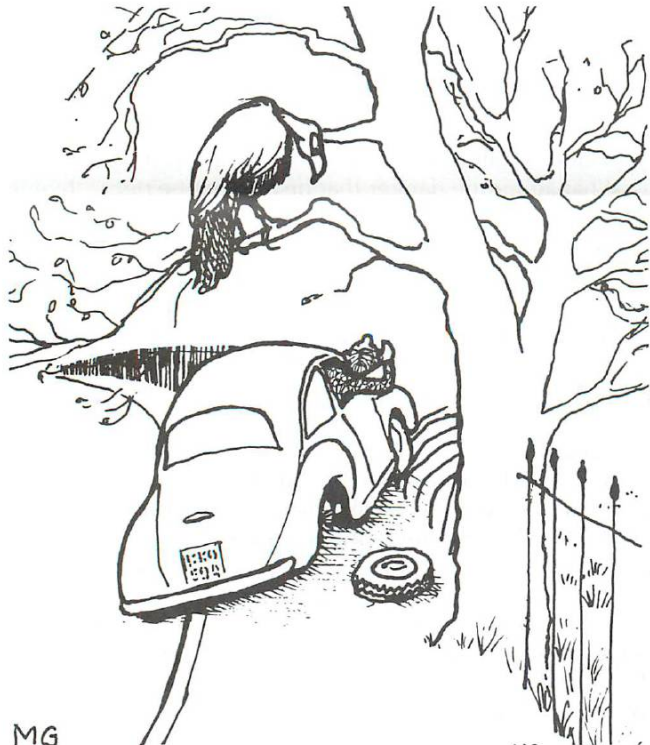
Safety first is essential on the roads, especially for a bird person like me who can easily be deflected by an unusual bird-call. But in the life of the spirit it simply shuts out God.

I spent a day recently with an old friend who typifies for me the safety-first approach to life. He is a convinced and committed Christian. But he does not give himself wholeheartedly to people for fear of rebuff, fear that his love may not be returned. Therefore he is lonely. He is determined to overcome this holdback.

It is dangerous to play safe with people because you may rob them of the bread of life which is their salvation.

I keep reminding myself of St Paul's saying, 'the letter kills but the spirit gives life'. I can be disciplined, efficient and morally straight, yet it kills. It is destructive. This is a strong statement. It means, I think, that I can do all the right things except lay down my life for others. Robert Browning talks about 'cold correctness'. Fear lies at the bottom of it.

In the winter most people feel low. 'Januaryitis' is a



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common complaint—and it can last until spring. Its symptoms are depression, fear and numbness of spirit. Andrew Murray's classic book, *Absolute surrender*, spells out the secrets of a consistent spiritual life. Let me mention one.

We are like the branches of a tree. The branch has no responsibility except to accept sap and nourishment from the root and stem. It means a life of absolute dependence. 'The sap does not flow for a time and then stop.'

The power of fears can be removed moment by moment if we let that sap flow all the time. Day by day we can empty ourselves of ourselves and let God fill the space. ■

Spartan drawback

George Stephens, Hertfordshire

MY BOYHOOD, as was common at that time, was pretty spartan. One quickly came to *obey and conform, or else...* Courage was greatly admired. Never, never should one show any fear or even admit its existence.

When I encountered Moral Re-Armament in my twenties I discovered that I could not only pray to God, but also listen to Him. And so an experiment and adventure began that continues into my seventies. I discovered that often forgotten heart of the Christian life—to trust quite practically in prayer for every need.

It took me years, however, to be realistic about fear. I remained a tremendous conformer. I put some of my colleagues up on pedestals—where no human being belongs—and then began to fear them, utterly unwilling to cross their opinion. In one case this went so deep that I acquired a physical pain and had to visit a hospital for three months as an out-patient. Only after this did I recognise my fear.

So bit by bit I came to realise that fear is like any other temptation. First I have to admit it exists. Then I can take it to God for His quick cure.

I should be foolish to boast that fear will never again come my way. But I am no longer aware of anyone I fear. And if I start fearing someone, I know where to go. ■

Promise for the anxious

Joyce Wolfe, Republic of Ireland

I USUALLY PUSH world issues to the back of my mind because I feel so helpless. But a few nights ago I decided that I had to face some of the more obvious terrors squarely.

I believe that if enough of us obey God, the course of history can be changed. But suppose there are not enough obedient people on our planet?

Will there be a nuclear holocaust?

Will a new dictator stride over Europe?

Will all the fish die in the sea?

Will our small country go bankrupt and our currency become worthless?

Will our family business join the daily quota of close-downs with loss for all?

Will evil be too strong for the new generation growing up? As I tried to look honestly at these dire possibilities a challenge became luminous for me from the New Testament book of Revelations: 'These are the people who have been through great persecution and they now stand in front of God's throne.' 'Pie in the sky'? But the implication that God will stand by those who are faithful to Him, through whatever ordeals may come, allayed my fear.

In personal matters I am by nature an anxious person with a vivid imagination. Every morning and night I find peace by giving all my friends and loved ones into God's protection by name, believing that He will care for them and wishes good towards them. I sometimes draw an imaginary ring of protection around one of them.

For example, when one of my grandchildren was a toddler, he took to dashing suddenly across the public road on his tricycle to see a friend who lived opposite. Placing him in God's protection at the start of each day gave his mother and me peace of mind at the times when we were not able to keep an eye on him.

Lately our daughter had a difficult time during the birth of her baby. At one point in her labour, as I was praying for her, I had an extremely powerful sensation of God's presence and His love for her. I discovered afterwards that this was the moment when she needed help most.

As a child in Sunday School I sang the hymn 'Jesus loves me'. But I was 60 before I believed it at heart level. When I finally experienced the love, compassion and care of Jesus in spite of all my sins, I was able to believe promises like 'I will never leave you nor forsake you'. Such promises undergird my daily life and dispel my fear. ■

Early warning

Terence Goldsmith, Dorset

LAST YEAR the conviction grew on me that I should retire early from the safe framework of my job in publishing. My fear of how my family would manage on a reduced income clouded my clarity of mind. A phrase in an American publishing magazine—'Feel the fear: then do it'—provided a timely endorsement of the decision to retire which I finally made last July.

To make matters worse, two months later I found myself in the Coronary Care Unit of a local hospital after taking my customary 'keep-fit' swim in the chill September sea near our home. After 12 weeks' enforced rest, I had only one month at work before I officially retired at the end of 1982. Fear about my health was added to my previous fears.

It is said that in war there is no one without fear, only fearful people who overcome it. The answer is to face one's fears—face the worst, maybe, but anticipate good outcomes. Letters from friends told of many people for whom 'early warnings' were almost a blessing in disguise, and helped to dispel my fears about the future.

'Apprehension', someone explained, originally meant 'lay hold on'. An answer to fear is to 'lay hold on life', to step out in faith along the road which God shows. Already God is filling my life with unexpected and fascinating opportunities to help people, an encouraging part of His complete healing of body and spirit. ■

The following article is taken from a talk by MICHAEL HENDERSON on KBOO, a radio station in Portland, Oregon:

NO LOOPHOLES TO FREEDOM

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT once said that the only thing to fear was fear itself. There's a lot in that. I have a lot of fears in my life, especially of finding myself on a platform before a large crowd not knowing what to say. But I have never found it a help to be run by those fears. Somebody once gave me a phrase which has been a great aid to me whenever I have had butterflies in my stomach at the prospect of being in some exposed situation. 'All fears are liars,' they said, 'and the worst form of guidance.'

Some years ago the Russian dissident Vladimir Maximov was staying in our home in London. Maximov is the editor and co-founder with Solzhenitsyn of the review *Kontinent* and the author of *The Seven Days of Creation*. He is regarded by some as one of the most important writers in the world today. He told me how on one particular day he received two articles for his review, one from the Soviet Union and one from the United States. The one from the Soviet Union was from Anatole Marchenko, who had been banished into exile. It was signed with his full name. The one from the US was from a member of the State Department. With it came a request that the article be published under a pseudonym, otherwise he might run into difficulties at work. 'Who do you think is free?' asked Maximov. 'You who live in the West or Anatole Marchenko in exile in the Soviet Union?' Referring to the tendency which he had noticed in the West of being afraid to speak and sometimes even to act, he said strongly, 'This is how the Gulag begins; all you need to find is the men to man the watchtowers.'

Promotionitis

What holds us back? Sometimes it is simply our desire to get ahead. I recently read a biography of Lord Mountbatten, one of the most colourful characters of this century. Early in his career there was a mutiny in the British Navy at a Scottish base which might have spread to the main fleet in the Mediterranean. Although he was only a lieutenant-commander, Mountbatten went to the Commander-in-Chief to brief him on the real state of events and the fact that the officers too were in sympathy because of the low rates of pay for the men. The Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Chatfield, was upset. 'If what you say is true,' he asked, 'how is it that I've never been told?'

'Perhaps,' replied Mountbatten, 'because they're scared, sir.'

'Scared?' he said. 'Why should they be scared?'

Mountbatten explained to the admiral that the navy had suffered from what he called 'promotionitis' ever since postwar cuts had forced two out of three junior officers to retire. Nobody could afford to say what they thought any more. 'Imagine, sir,' said Mountbatten, 'HMS X. A mutiny on board is feared. The Officer of the Division, if he knows, is going to pretend to himself that things aren't really that bad and won't say anything to his commander. If the commander does suspect it, he won't risk his promotion by telling the captain—he'll be too busy sucking up to him. The

captain's in the zone for promotion so he's not spilling the beans to you because he thinks you may be the next Commander-in-Chief.'

'This is a terrible condemnation,' said Admiral Chatfield. 'How is it that you've had the courage to tell me when nobody else has?'

'That's very simple, sir. By a pure fluke I was allowed to stay on in the Navy. I had private means. I don't need to buy my promotion by silence. What I do care about is the truth and that you should know it.'

Well, we can't all be cushioned by wealth like Mountbatten. Our choices may be less dramatic than those of the Russian dissidents. Solzhenitsyn has put the issue squarely, 'There are no loopholes for anybody who wants to be honest. On any given day any one of us will be confronted with one of the choices: either truth or falsehood, either a choice towards spiritual independence or a choice towards spiritual submission and servitude. On that choice hangs the freedom of man.'

So perhaps this morning you might pause and consider what it is that you are fearful of doing at the moment. Reflect on what you would do if you were not fearful, then go ahead and do it. If each of us does so we may be surprised by the results. We'd put content into the words we're so familiar with and take for granted—'the land of the free and the home of the brave'.

H S ADDISON writes of his friend, Sir Nicholas Garrow, for 15 years Chairman of Northumberland County Council, who died recently:

EVERY INCH A FIGHTER

SIR NICHOLAS GARROW was a big man in every sense of the word—tall of stature and massively built, unshakable in his integrity, of rock-like faith. His vision embraced both the civic leadership and the handicapped and underprivileged throughout the land.

A miner's son, he lived all his life in Bedlington, along the main street of which, year by year, the miners march with their bands and banners on the Northumberland Miners' Picnic. He left school at 13 and got a job as a bricklayer. Later he worked on the railway, first as a porter and finally as a guard.

Always a dedicated Christian, he became a national leader in the Church of Christ. He quickly developed an interest in local politics. At 30 he was elected to Northumberland County Council where he served without interruption for 49 years, 15 of them in succession as Chairman.

An article in the *Newcastle Journal*, marking his retirement, described him as 'the fighter who took Northumberland out of the workhouse age'. He was one of the generation in the British Labour Party who saw socialism as the means to the building of a wholly Christian community—Christian in its social structures and in the personal living of its citizens. He also gave much time to the Royal National Institute for the Blind; and his work was recognised with a knighthood in 1965.



Sir Nicholas Garrow

He mastered every subject which he tackled, and was formidable in debate. His prowess in this direction did not always win him friends; and when through Moral Re-Armament he met the challenge of absolute moral standards he apologised to his political opponents for scoring debating points. The leader of the Tories was Lord Ridley, a landowner, and, in his early days, a pioneer of motor racing. He responded immediately. In 1975, Garrow told a gathering of civic leaders and others, 'Through teamwork we were able to build two new towns, 100 schools, ambulance depots, baby clinics and the rest. When I retired the leader of my opposition presented me with Lindisfarne silver.'

Invitation

Garrow's commitment to Moral Re-Armament was public and unqualified. On one occasion, chairing a luncheon at which Peter Howard, who at that time led the world work of MRA, addressed a hundred leading figures in the area, he declared, 'With every inch of my six feet-two, and every ounce of my sixteen stone I am all out for Moral Re-Armament.' In particular he made it his business to introduce the civic leadership of the country to its philosophy and programme, and he conceived a plan for doing so. Every year the Queen gives garden parties for the mayor and council chairmen of England and Wales in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. For several years, along with a group of civic colleagues, Garrow sent a personal invitation to each one to attend a reception in one of MRA's homes in London, followed by a visit to whatever MRA play was being performed at the Westminster Theatre. It is reckoned that in this way some four thousand civic leaders and their wives and husbands met MRA at first hand.

When Garrow died in December at the age of 87, the present Lord Ridley, son of the man with whom Sir Nicholas had worked so fruitfully and Sir Nicholas' successor as Chairman, told the *Newcastle Journal*, 'He was a marvellous person.... Although we were politically as far apart as we could be, he always respected everybody's views, and he was a great personal friend. It was a privilege to work under him and eventually to succeed him.'

There are indeed many for whom it had been one of the rarest privileges of their lives to work with Sir Nicholas Garrow and to enjoy his friendship.

STUDENTS VISIT SUDAN

'WE HAVE BEEN IMPRESSED to meet people from the West who are absolutely different from what the books say. As we look to the future with all its problems this gives us hope,' said Ali El Qadi, economics student and executive member of the student union of Gezira University, Sudan. He was speaking at a farewell dinner for a group of British and French students who had been guests of the university for two and a half weeks. They were taking part in the latest in a series of exchanges between European and Arab students organised over the last ten years by the Association for British-Arab University Visits. The Association was formed in response to an appeal to Moral Re-Armament by Arab university authorities for their students to meet European students with a faith in God and a commitment to living by moral standards.

The hosts arranged an extensive programme designed to give insight into a wide range of aspects of Sudanese life. Among the highlights were a visit to the two million acre cotton-growing scheme at Gezira, which earns 60 per cent of Sudan's foreign exchange and which has brought many social and educational benefits; a luncheon given by the Deputy Governor of the Central Region, Sayed Saad Awad; an invitation to a traditional wedding; observation of an Islamic festival; a talk by a Department of Labour expert on the problems of the half million refugees from Eritrea, Ethiopia, Uganda and Chad in Sudan; and an interview for local TV, in which they answered questions about why they had come and about MRA.

All developing

The Europeans stayed on the campus of the newly-established university at Wad Medani, 120 miles south of Khartoum on the Blue Nile. Despite acute petrol shortages, they were taken everywhere by minibus. Members of the Gezira Students Union accompanied them on each visit. This enabled the visitors to learn what their hosts were thinking about the future of Sudan and her economic and development problems. They also talked about personal



Chief Engineer Osman El Tom explains the working of the Sennar Dam on the Blue Nile. It irrigates the two million acre Gezira cotton scheme.

issues and beliefs, and shared experiences.

For example, one of them told the Student President, who had had to handle serious student unrest the previous year, of his own experience as a member of his Oxford college student executive. He had aimed to build trust with the administrative staff. As a result agreements beneficial to the student body were achieved rapidly and amicably, in contrast to the results achieved by the previous executive who had an antagonistic approach.

The authorities at Gezira University, encouraged by the Sudanese Foreign Ministry, plan to send a delegation to Britain this year in conjunction with the Universities of Khartoum and Juba.

'The time in Sudan made me think about who is developed and who isn't,' commented one of the delegation, Peter Riddell, on their return. 'Before God we are all developing people and peoples. As well as technological and economic development, perhaps there are other criteria of development which might identify areas of underdevelopment in the "developed" countries: is our sense of community growing? Are we becoming more outward-looking? More generous? How do we treat foreigners? How do we treat the disadvantaged? Are we closer to treating all others as equals before God?' ■

An hour in time...

A DAY'S WORKSHOP on how to create 'teamwork based on care' in the British National Health Service brought together 20 professional health workers last month. It took place at the Westminster Theatre, London.

The emphasis was on the practical. Many participants described how they had sorted out problems and difficult relationships at work. They also discussed how to help answer the materialism which keeps people's wants ahead of resources.

A Birmingham general practitioner told of establishing a relationship of trust with a cleaner whom he had previously looked down on and suspected of stealing. She later handed in some money he had forgotten.

Lillian Cingo, the sister in a neurosurgical ward, described her inner struggle to care whole-heartedly for a girl who had taken an overdose of drugs. 'I had so many patients who could not help being ill that at first I thought, why should I look after her?' However, she decided to do all that she could. When the girl was better Mrs Cingo told the patient what she thought, and the girl apologised. Another workshop participant asked, 'Doesn't it take too much time to try and deal with patients' personal problems?' 'If someone had spent one hour talking with her earlier, it might have meant that the seven people who resuscitated her in hospital would have been free to care for others,' Mrs Cingo replied.

A retired doctor's wife spoke of the temptation to be over-protective of her husband—and he recalled how the challenge to 'go as far as a patient's needs take you' had made him more effective as a doctor.

Such experiences were pointers to how the NHS could 'set a pattern for industry', in the words of Daphne Horder, the community dietitian who chaired the occasion.

During the afternoon, smaller working groups discussed such issues as unemployment and early redundancies, and further plans were made. ■



Portland, Oregon

Greater Portland Convention and Visitors Assn., Inc.

Oregon Governor welcomes conference

THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE of Oregon, USA, and the Mayor of Portland have issued statements welcoming delegates to an international conference for Moral Re-Armament in Portland, in May.

'In the face of crises at home and abroad, the development of resources in people and the removal of barriers between them must be a priority,' Governor Atiyeh writes. 'The challenges of creating jobs for everyone, of securing a sound financial system, of eliminating poverty and discrimination, of assuring a just distribution of world resources and of bringing peace between the nations require a new spirit of trust and co-operation between people of *different views*, backgrounds and nations.'

'Moral Re-Armament seeks to create such a spirit by encouraging an attitude of responsibility rather than of blame. It calls on citizens to seek those changes of attitude and motivation in themselves that will open the way for a wave of constructive initiatives which will make the work of governments easier.'

The Mayor of Portland, Francis Ivancie, welcomes MRA's 'emphasis on the need for absolute moral standards as yardsticks and God's guidance as a directing force in *private and public life*'. He continues, 'Its challenge to individuals to demonstrate in their own living the leadership qualities they want for their city and country could help reduce tensions among people.'

The conference, 'Towards the future we long for', will take place from May 13-15, at the end of a fortnight's MRA action in Portland. The invitation includes quotations from Ethiopian, British, Afghan, Indian, American and German speakers at last year's MRA conference in the city.

The action will coincide with the visit to Portland of *Poor Man, Rich Man*, the one-man show based on the life of St

Francis of Assisi featuring French mime artist Michel Orphelin. Public performances of the show in the city will be co-sponsored by the umbrella organisation of churches in the State, Ecumenical Ministries of Oregon, and Moral Re-Armament. It will also be presented at the conference. ■

Karoo camp

CARLOS PUIG, 14, is the first Brazilian to climb Compasberg, at over 8,000 feet the highest peak in the Cape Province of South Africa, twice in a morning. The Rio de Janeiro student achieved this while attending a Moral Re-Armament camp. (Eighteen of the 20 other teenagers reached the summit as well—also something of a record!)

The camp was held midway between Johannesburg and Cape Town in the semi-desert Karoo. Local farmer Neil Sheard and his wife, Idil, gave us the use of a disused farmhouse in a lush valley of poplars, willows and lucerne fields—an oasis surrounded by the dry, rock-strewn kopjes of the Sneeuberg Mountains.

Among the teenagers taking part were students from an all-white school in Johannesburg, an all-black school in Soweto and an all-Indian school in Durban.

As we talked honestly together *about the pressures at school and home*, we found that they were similar for old and young, Brazilian and South African, black, brown and white.

'My decision is to stand firm by my convictions,' said a 14-year-old from Cape Town, referring to the pressures from her friends to conform. Another teenager decided to recommit his life to Christ after spending time alone in the *veld*. And someone else decided to be honest with his father about lies he had told.

One night some of us slept out in the *veld* under the bright African stars. As the fire died down we prayed in our own languages—Afrikaans, English, Portuguese, South Sotho. Someone prayed to be shown God's plan for his life and asked for the strength to stand for what he believes to be right. Does not the hope for Africa lie in God answering such prayers?

John Burrell



On top of Compasberg

Horn

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