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FOR WOULD-BE MASTERS—THE KEY TO VICTORY

The dramatic scientific and technical advances of the last hundred years made many dream of a world where man was master of his fate. Such people pictured an age where machines would do all the work, and where medical science would extend life considerably.

Today such notions have been shattered by the abundant evidence of people's in-born selfishness. The abuse of technological prowess has created suffering and fear—fertile land lies uncultivated while expensively-equipped armies fight over it and people starve; state apparatuses use sophisticated gadgetry to suppress the people they claim to serve; nuclear technology in man's able hands threatens to destroy all life on his planet.

Easter, it is often said, reminds us of the costliness of sin. In 1982, few are fortunate enough to need reminding. What we do need reminding of—and Easter does this too—is that victory over sin has been achieved. 'The strife is o'er, the battle done; now is the Victor's triumph won.' The risen Christ has shown His power to vanquish evil and give each person a new nature.

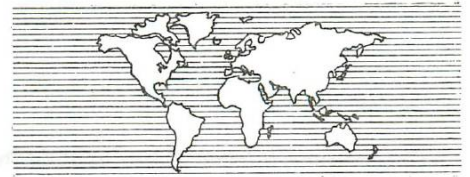
We need no longer compromise with evil—victory is available, as long as we have the will to accept it.

A victorious life is satisfying and purposeful. It can also fire others with a vision of a world set free from evil. The victory which Christ won at such cost is key to mankind's future happiness, and to his hopes of survival on this planet.

This issue of 'New World News' is about Easter and victory. ■

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ALTERNATIVE TO THE THEATRE OF THE ABSURD

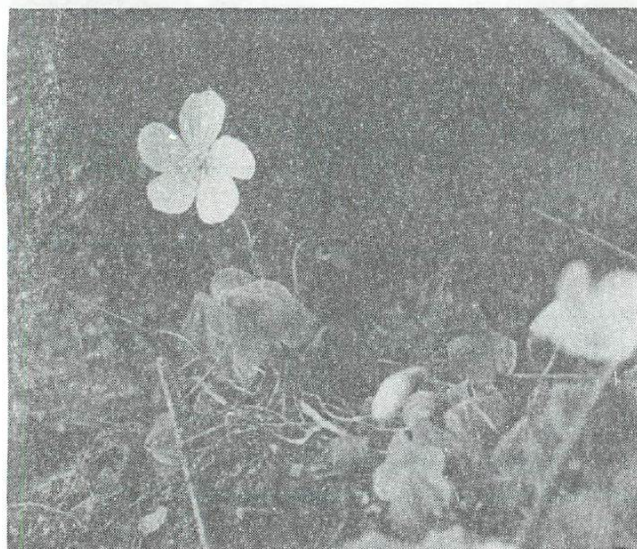
by H S Addison

WHAT HAS EASTER to offer to the men and women of today—and especially to those of us in the affluent democracies?

First, Easter opens up to us an almost forgotten dimension of life—eternity. Easter demonstrates that neither this life, nor history itself, is everything. It offers a realm beyond both this life and history which is a consummation of both. This realm is not merely tacked on to the present life as an afterthought to satisfy those who dread annihilation, nor as a consolation for the disappointments and sufferings of this vale of tears, nor as an opium dream to drug into submission the exploited and oppressed. The dimension of eternity gives both to this life and to history their final culmination and their ultimate meaning. Without this dimension they are unfinished business—a tale with neither end nor meaning, a fascinating but futile exercise in the Theatre of the Absurd.

Because we have either lost, ignored, or even denied that dimension, we have come to live in a one-dimensional universe. This has caused us to strive, first with arrogant self-confidence, and then with the frantic fanaticism which is born of despair, to create a heaven on earth. We have expected from this life and from history, not too much but the wrong things—a felicity and a fulfilment which they cannot of their very nature supply. So we have come very close to creating a hell on earth—and that not only in the totalitarian states, but also in the affluent democracies where millions seek in materialism and self-indulgence a satisfaction which these can never afford.

Easter points to a sane alternative—a world society of men and women who have accepted the sovereignty of an eternal God, whose purposes embrace both history and eternity: a society of people who labour with the passion which Christ gives to promote God's Kingdom on earth but also, in the words of the old English Prayerbook, 'look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come'. The last two centuries have witnessed a materialist



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and humanist utopianism which has lured and let down the progressives of the West, and of which Marxist Communism is just the latest expression. As one who has lived through the final phase of this utopianism, I have become more and more convinced that only a two-dimensional philosophy can restore to us the balance, the sanity, the perspective, and the selfless passion that we need to build something new.

Secondly, Easter brings us back starkly to the root disease in the world—the disease which is the cause of the problems about which we all feel so passionately yet often think so superficially—economic exploitation, social deprivation, racial discrimination, political oppression and the threat of nuclear war. Easter lays bare the fact that this disease is sin—individual and universal sin, the sin which consists of self-chosen rebellion against God, hostility towards Him, estrangement from Him. This is the disease which, unless it is cured, will continue to frustrate all our efforts to build a better world.

However, Easter does more than expose the costliness of sin. It demonstrates also the *promise of victory over sin*, now, in this life—the promise that all the power which God exerted in raising Jesus from the dead is available now in our daily battle against sin.

This power can raise up a generation of men and women who have found in their own lives the answer to all the forces which bedevil the world today—fear, hate, greed, the tyranny of sex and the lust for power.

Finally, Easter can kindle in every heart a passion which can never be quenched nor daunted and which, unlike the passion of human idealism, can never be perverted into its opposite—hate in place of love, lust for power in place of the desire to serve. As Saint Paul expressed it, 'For the love of Christ leaves us no choice, when once we have reached the conclusion that one man died for all and therefore all mankind has died. His purpose in dying for all was that men, while still in life, should cease to live for themselves and should live for Him who for their sake died and was raised to life.'

ELIZABETH BRADBURN was until recently a senior lecturer in education at the University of Liverpool:

INVITED TO WALK IN THE CITY

A RECENT EXPERIENCE has made the Easter message more real to me.

When I was 22 I decided, with a few friends, that nothing mattered in the whole world except finding God's will and doing it. Despite many mistakes that idea has governed my life ever since and made it infinitely richer than anything I could have organised for myself. But as retirement grew nearer, I drifted into thinking that I had a right to choose the framework within which I would serve during my remaining years.

I told myself that what I required soon was a prolonged holiday, then a slower pace of life in some idyllic village. As I drove home from the university along a route made familiar by 25 years' usage—through the tawdry streets of Toxteth,

past the regular beat of seasoned prostitutes, beyond the bulldozers and on to the rows of rundown shops full of women in their curlers and brightly coloured head scarves—I would conjure up pictures of the ‘fresh woods and pastures new’ which were shortly to be mine. By next May, instead of marking final examination papers, I might be wandering down country lanes gazing at hedgerows heavy with blossom. I might, like Charles Lamb’s ‘Superannuated Man’, be ‘perambulating at no fixed pace, nor with any settled purpose’. So I began to spend part of my week-ends looking at desirable country properties.

The very thought of a change of scene made my spirits rise but before long an unexpected letter dampened them. A friend abroad wrote saying he was not sure I should leave Liverpool at present. Shouldn’t I continue to live there? Furthermore, he thought I might consider postponing the trip to Australia I was planning for the autumn and advised me to discuss my plans with a mutual friend. I quickly catalogued the reasons why I should not accept these suggestions. The long list included 40 years’ hard slog on behalf of deprived children, indifferent health, a recent burglary and the need to move now or stay forever. So, thinking I knew what I should do, I replied promptly and concisely and considered the matter closed. To my surprise he wrote again. He reminded me of the importance of teamwork and urged me to discuss my plans with friends. By this time my self-will was fully engaged. I argued that I wasn’t seeking a change of commitment so much as a change of venue. However, it was a venue of my choosing. I started a dialogue with God and felt Him speaking to me through the lines of this poem:

*I said, ‘Let me walk in the fields,’
He said, ‘No; walk in the town.’
I said, ‘There are no flowers there.’
He said, ‘No flowers, but a crown.’*

*I said, ‘But the skies are black
There is nothing but noise and din.’
And he wept as he sent me back,
‘There is more,’ He said. ‘There is sin.’*

*I said, ‘But the air is thick,
And the fogs are veiling the sun.’
He answered, ‘Yet hearts are sick
And souls in the dark undone.’*

*I said, ‘I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say,’
He answered, ‘Choose tonight
If I am to miss you, or they.’*

Later, when I did confer with two friends they gave me such a clear account of the forces at work in the city that it was as if I put on a new pair of spectacles. I saw the strikes, riots and other events frequently described in the local press, not as isolated incidents but as part of a concerted plan to create anarchy throughout the country starting in Liverpool. The gravity of the situation stunned me. Knowing that if Britain fails to make democracy work other countries are less likely to go on struggling to preserve it, I realised that a major battle for the future of democracy was taking place on Merseyside.

When the wartime phrase, ‘No soldier worth his salt complains about his trench’, sprang to mind, I banished all



Dr Elizabeth Bradburn

thoughts of a quiet life in some pleasant backwater. All that seemed dross compared with the golden opportunity I was being offered. It was as if I, an ordinary, tired soldier, got a personal telephone call from the C-in-C. His conversation bore no trace of cold compulsion. He merely gave me a gracious invitation. He seemed to be saying, ‘I’m rallying my troops for what is likely to be a decisive battle in the war of ideas, doubtless it will be arduous, possibly dangerous, but I’d like you to have a part in it. I need you.

*Then into His hand went mine
And into my heart came He;
And I walked in a light divine
The path I had feared to see.’*

BREAKING THE LIMITATION-BARRIER

by Margaret Gray

Scene One. Take One.

When the publishers set eyes on my book, they gasp in amazement. What an excellent book, with its delightful drawings and perfect prose! A future best-seller lies in their trembling hands.

Scene One. Take Two.

When the publishers set eyes on my book, a deafening silence falls on the room as they stare in disbelief at the amateur illustrations and painful prose.

Neither scene had actually happened but if I was to take seriously the advice of friends, and try to turn my little cartoon anecdote into a book, either scene could happen.

The cartoon story was a simple one, which I had written for some friends. We had been invited to South Africa by 70 South Africans ranging across the political, social and racial spectra. They had invited us to pass on any experiences we had of the kind of change of attitude that they felt was needed to transform their country.

We were a motley group of students and young workers, and we all felt totally inadequate for such a task.

I appealed to God to make clear to me whether I should go. Perhaps because it was Easter, the picture of a donkey came into my mind—that stubborn creature that looks like a low-budget horse, making up for its short legs with its long ears. Jesus chose to ride on an untamed donkey to Jerusalem. The

BREAKING contd p7



LETTER-BOMB

by Pat Ducé

IT WAS CHILLY down there on that rocky outcrop from the beach, with the sea swirling around. She sat staring at the envelope in her hand, trembling a little, hesitating to open it.

Twelve months was a long time to have had no word. And now Easter had come round again—but could there be any of its hope and promise for her?

The postmark was illegible, the scrawled name and address smudged and just readable. On the back of the envelope someone had written, 'Found in street, posted April 3rd'.

How like Jake to have dropped it before he even got to the post-box. Always in a hurry, never at peace.

The letter was undated. 'Dear Mum, by the time you read this I'll have finished it all.'

Her heart gave a great lurch but she forced herself to go on reading.

'I know this will be one more thing to make you ashamed of me. But I can't go on, so I'm taking the coward's way out. I hope you won't feel too bad, really I do. I guess it was my fault really, blaming you for blaming me.'

She let her hands drop into her lap and sat very still. So he was gone. All that seemed to be left in the world was the plaintive crying of the gulls and the sullen sea washing over the grey rocks....

She thought back to that dreadful row when she'd discovered Jake was hooked. His hurt and puzzled look when he'd said, 'But Mum, I thought you'd want to help me.'

'Help you!' she had shouted, 'and what've you ever done to help me since your father died, may I ask? You're supposed to be the man of the house, not a snivelling wreck.'

Shame and fear had goaded her into saying other ugly things....

The sea licked around her shoes. She got to her feet and began to walk along the shore, memories crowding in—the happiness of marriage; the arrival of Jake that had added so much.

Then the crashing shock of that coronary that had so cruelly snatched away her husband.

Dully she'd carried on—it was the only thing to do, though her world had broken up. She kept busy—and she had Jake. But as time went by, things began to

change. Jake seemed to want to be less and less at home, until the time came when she had to admit he'd become almost a stranger.

The point of no return had been reached that day just one year ago when she'd tried to persuade him to come to the Easter morning service. That did it. She could almost hear again the final slamming of the front door after their last shouting match.

Strangely, her first feeling was one of relief—now she could get on with life. 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.' But Jake had known very well what he was doing. How could she ever forgive him?

At first the house had seemed peaceful. Presently she realised it was emptiness, not peace. As the silent months went by, the knot of bitterness in her heart had grown tighter and tighter. 'How could he have done this to me, messing up his life and mine like this?' How easy it was for disappointment and hurt to become hate.

Now this letter had come. 'I'm not going to open it,' had been her first reaction. Left on the hall table, it caught her eye every time she passed; finally she'd given in, and taken it down to read by the shore.

A family group came towards her in the dusk, a small boy trailing behind, stopping to pick up pebbles. 'Come on,' called the mother, turning back to yank him along by the arm. He looked up at her as he stumbled past, hurt and puzzled, as if to say, 'What's the matter with grown-ups—don't they ever understand?'

She winced. That look in the puzzled eyes was the same that Jake had had. She half-turned, looking after the retreating figures; she wanted to run after the young mother and shout at her, 'You must understand, or you'll lose him like I lost my son. Long before he took his own life, I lost him.'

Suddenly the healing tears came in a flood to crack and melt the ice in her heart. She sank to her knees. 'Oh God, forgive me—and make Jake forgive me too!' she cried out loud. 'I don't know how you can, but please do it somehow.'

She knew the evening fishermen would soon be coming down to set up their rods and lamps, but she was past caring. The cool sand had a steadying effect and she stayed there till strength began to return. Then, stumbling to her feet, she made her way inland, drained and shaken but strangely at peace.

Approaching the house, she was startled to see the front door ajar. As her footsteps crunched on the gravel the door was pulled wide. Her heart turned over—it was Jake standing there.

She would have fallen but he caught her and pulled her unceremoniously onto a chair.

'What's wrong, Mum? Seen a ghost?'

She stared at him. He was taller, thinner, lined in the face, but his eyes and his hands were steady. Speechless, she pushed the crumpled envelope into his hand. The colour crept up his cheeks.

'So that's what happened to it,' he muttered. 'I wrote it months ago, before I went to the rehabilitation centre. Then I'd meant to destroy it but I couldn't find the thing. When I was clearing out my things the other day I must've dropped it.' He paused. 'What an awful shock for you. I'm terribly sorry, Mum—and for everything.'

She struggled for words. 'Well, Jake,' she said slowly, 'that goes for me, too. It's taken a bombshell to make me see it. Welcome home—and happy Easter!'

She kissed him quickly and escaped into the kitchen as tears of relief began to slide down her cheeks. Twice in one day is totally out of character for me, she told herself. But something had happened to her—perhaps she wasn't just the same person any more. ■

© P Ducé

WHAT EASTER MEANS... ...to a mother

EASTER IS MY favourite time in the gardeners' calendar. After weeks of the garden looking dead, it develops an enchanting freshness. Good Friday has something of that dead, despairing feel; Easter Sunday something of the newness breaking out of the bleakest situation.

Being a parent can be rather like this. I read somewhere that when you decide to have a child, you run the risk of *being crucified by that child*. Little did I know when I read it that this was about to happen to me. You willingly spend yourself to give to those you love, not only the best materially, but the most precious things—faith, purpose in life, the riches that God has given you. What do you do when your hopes and longings crash around you, when these treasures are ignored, pushed aside, trampled on? *Your world seems to fall apart and you want to crawl into a hole and lick your wounds. You rail at God, you blame yourself and your child. You become bitter and the temptation to judge is overwhelming.*

When I reached that point I had to ask myself, 'You call yourself a Christian. What does your faith mean to you now, when you're full of agony and and bitterness?' The answer came quite clearly, 'Christ came for us and offered us the most precious gift of all time—a love which took in everyone without blame or judgment, whatever they had done or not done. How did we respond? Ignored Him, kicked Him in the teeth and went our own way. He was despised and rejected but His love never faltered. He just went on loving us. This is what you must do.'

This is what Easter Sunday means for me—to live with the pain, but to let it deepen and widen your love and understanding of the grief and suffering of others, whether they are in Poland, El Salvador or my neighbour down the road. ■

...to a secretary

MY HUSBAND was killed in a car accident as we were returning from an Easter conference which had helped us to find a new relationship, faith and unity. My immediate reaction was anger that God had taken my husband at that point. But God just as quickly answered with 'I have taken John but you still have the unity I gave you.' I then realised that I still had the free and victorious heart He had given me that Easter. Even though we may think in terms of couples as married people, God has a unique plan and purpose for each of us as individuals.

Since then Lent has always been a painful reminder. But the experience of my husband's death helps me to understand Christ's suffering *and glorious victory*. He allowed and accepted the crucifixion so that we could for evermore claim victory, not just at Easter, but at any time we were willing to admit defeat and turn to Him. Whenever I have been willing to accept the pain of the Cross, God has never failed to give healing and victory. Elizabeth McGill

...to a teenager

TO DO GOD'S WILL in a crowd is difficult. It is easy to be afraid about what other people might think. However, I find it is much more satisfying to obey God than it is to be ruled by fear. Making a stand for what you believe in is often hardest the first time.

Victory over temptation is not easy. One way I have found it is by praying for God's strength, especially at the very moment of temptation. The decision to think about other people can also help because temptation concerns self-satisfaction. Absolute honesty about my sins and failures with someone of experience in faith is very important too. It can give great encouragement and freedom.

God's road is very exciting. I found that life without Him was second best. One of the lessons of Easter is that victory doesn't necessarily mean success. Christ failed in the eyes of the world but conquered human nature. He enables us to do the same. Philip Boobbyer

...to a lawyer

TOWARDS THE END of last year I felt I had reached the end of the road spiritually. Life had become a rather stern struggle and I was becoming depressed as I tried to overcome self-will out of a sense of duty. I simply had to find a new approach. In desperation I turned to Christ. I admitted my failures and helplessness, the impossibility of living out His moral challenge without His aid. I expect He knew, as I did, that I was at the end of my tether—He did answer my call for help. Now when temptation comes I turn to Christ instead of wrestling with the devil. I invite Him to take my place in the ring with the devil while I bolt for the changing rooms. Christ wins—whenever I wholeheartedly seek his help.

This experience has made a world of difference to me. Life has assumed a fresh purpose and joy. Now I wish, more than ever, to be used by God in any way He directs.

Richard Caughey, New Zealand



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Bob and Lyria Normington

FROM HARDNESS TO HARMONY

by Kenneth Noble

BOB NORMINGTON is English, a music graduate from London. Lyria, his wife of one year, has an Irish father and a Welsh mother and was brought up in Aberdeen, Scotland. It sounds like a potentially explosive pairing. Apparently it is. As the three of us chat in a London sitting room they make no secret of the occasional rows that have punctuated their first year together.

What causes them, I ask. 'My driving, mostly,' says Lyria, 'or my map-reading.' An outburst of laughter shows that Bob recognises the truth of this—but it also tells me that they do not feel too downcast by these occasional storms. How do they settle them? 'Often we try listening quietly together to see what God might have to tell us,' says Bob. 'That helps us to get to the bottom of what caused the argument.' Lyria adds, 'It's often small things—some resentment which we've had for a few days which suddenly boils up.' Once the cause is admitted they can apologise and make a fresh start.

Whatever the storms, I get the impression that they enjoy each other's company. Normington, though quietly-spoken speaks with genuine conviction about the faith and purpose which he has found for his life. When you speak to Lyria, you get the feeling that you have her undivided attention. They seem to have a lot in common. A few years ago, both seemed set for professional careers—music for Bob, medicine for Lyria—and both suddenly changed course in response to what they perceived as calls from God. Both have since spent several years overseas, giving all their time to Moral Re-Armament. Though working in different countries, they both had the aim of inspiring people to seek God's way for themselves and their nations.

An experience some Easters back was decisive for Bob. He explains, 'I didn't have much of a faith then. I had rebelled against the whole idea of Communion and the church.' That Easter he walked into a little chapel one evening. His attention was caught by a cross, on which was a figure of Christ. Bob heard a voice saying, 'That man died for you. What are you going to do for Him?' God became real to Bob in a new way. 'A lot of my doubts flew out the window. The first sentence has stayed with me. I've often felt that I'll be answering the second one for the rest of my life.'

Bob Normington has been a passionate musician since the age of seven. A costly side of that Easter experience was

focused a few years later when he was invited to go to India for an indefinite period. 'Although I very much wanted to go, I could not help feeling that my piano-playing—the main skill I had been trained in—was bound to suffer considerably,' he says. However, he made a conscious decision to go and 'trust God and see what comes of it'.

Soon Bob found himself in Bombay, working alongside Indians who were committed to answering the needs of that country. 'They saw that true development involved strengthening the moral and spiritual as well as the material structures,' says Bob.

How did he get on in India? 'Initially, I found it very hard. You go down the street and little kids come up to you with a smile, and beg for money. I didn't know what to do. I didn't have much and even if I gave it all away it would not solve the poverty.' He became 'hard'—'If someone came up to me, I tried to pretend they didn't exist.' However, he felt bothered by this attitude. A conviction grew within him: 'I can't give much money, but why deny people my friendship? What hurts people most is to feel they don't matter.' He began to make friends with the children, teasing them and playing games.

That experience convinced Bob that poverty would only be answered when those who have enough become concerned about those who do not. 'You've got to break down a wall of indifference in people's hearts, whether they are Indian or European,' he says. He got to know many Indians and was encouraged that some of the wealthier ones were trying to help the needy. For example, some school-students he knew 'adopted' a near-by leper colony, giving items that were needed such as a radio.

Life was full of purpose and satisfaction for Bob, so much so that he 'learnt to enjoy life without a piano'.

Froid ou chaud?

Lyria, it emerges, cherished an ambition to be a nurse since she was six. Her mother is a doctor and Lyria was all set to start a medical degree at Aberdeen University when she felt led to give her full-time to Moral Re-Armament.

More recently she went to Paris to work with MRA as a bilingual secretary. Life was not always straight-forward. 'The taps were all marked "F" and "C". I love cold water first thing in the morning, so I would turn on "C" and invariably burn myself.' There were also moments of misunderstanding such as when the immigration official could not see why Lyria objected to her place of birth being recorded as Dublin, England.

Such problems could be laughed off but Lyria found living in France quite tough. This was partly due to the French approach to life. 'In Britain we smooth things over. The French don't mince their words. If they think you're wrong they'll tell you so bluntly.' In addition, Lyria felt burdened by the personal problems of a young woman whom she was trying to help. 'After a year and a half it was make-or-break,' Lyria went on. 'I was ready to give up everything and go home. I didn't feel able to do anything for anyone.'

She left France for a month, trying to see what to do. Her French friends wanted her back but she was afraid that her faith would suffer if she went. However, she decided that she was meant to be in France. 'I just had to trust that God would look after my faith for me. It was one of the most difficult things I've ever done,' she says.

She went to Lyon, France's second city, where MRA was

opening a new base. Did things change? 'Yes. I began to love France for the first time. I began to feel I was part of it.' She started to teach English to some local children and to get to know many people. Soon she was friendly with a girl who had similar problems to the one who had caused her such heartache in Paris. 'This time, instead of letting her throw her depression onto me, I stood up to her. I wrote and told her honestly what I thought she needed to face—that she was only thinking of running away from home to shock her mother, and that she only found home-life unbearable because her double life was such a strain.'

Lyria got a phone-call from the girl the following day. 'I don't agree with what you said but I've kept your letter in my handbag and I keep pulling it out and reading it and wondering whether you're right,' said the girl. Lyria does not know whether her letter lay behind the girl's decision not to run away but the fact that she had taken the letter seriously strengthened Lyria's faith.

From then on, Lyria became more and more attached to France. The bluntness which had worried her at first, she now saw as a challenge to her British reserve. 'It helped me to be more down-to-earth.' Bob and Lyria have spent time together in France recently, supporting the tour of a play about the life of Francis of Assisi. They say that the French and British get on better when together they help others, rather than when friendship is an aim in itself.

The Normingtons are now living in South London. Bob operates a computer at MRA's administrative headquarters, where Lyria does some secretarial work. What are they aiming to do in London? 'I lost my heart to India and there are many of Indian origin living in Britain,' says Bob. He wants to build friendships with people of other races. 'Many of us white British would find that we really enjoyed other people's cultures if we got to know them. But, to do this, we may need to stop worrying about losing our British identity.' He feels that 'mistrust builds up where friendships and respect for other cultures don't exist'.

Bob has taken up his music again and is now practising regularly. But his motivation has changed. He says, 'Music used almost to run my life. In India I found that life could be fully satisfying without it. Now, rather than using music to glorify myself, I feel it can be a way of opening people's hearts so they respond to the needs in the world, and to God.' When he gave up his music in order to serve God, he got it back in a richer way. 'Perhaps, in a similar way, those who are willing to risk losing their identity for the sake of our multi-racial society will refine their identity in a deeper sense.' ■



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BREAKING contd from p3

crowds must have been expecting the inevitable moment when the donkey would refuse to move or would kick out. They must have had quite a surprise. A greater force than the donkey's character had taken it over, and used it to bring Jesus to the people.

I felt like that donkey and I knew that my inadequacy for the task was the one thing God wanted. As long as I felt utterly dependent on Him, He might be able to do something with me.

I tried to convey this feeling to my friends but we had all had so much advice that we had reached saturation point, at least as far as words were concerned. Yet I could see this donkey quite clearly in my head. So I tried drawing him in a cartoon strip so that he could make his own point. Somehow this made sense to my friends, and it helped some of them decide whether or not they were meant to accept the invitation—independent of any sense of inadequacy.

Have a go

This was when I first realised that cartoons could help people understand what God wanted of them. People suggested various ways in which I could develop this ability but I resisted their advice. I had a mental picture of myself plucking up the courage to have a go, approaching various publishers and risking having them judge my effort as worthless. I had strong doubts about my ability. I didn't need my inadequacy confirmed by experts.

However, God didn't seem to accept my complex. He got at me in such a way that I felt compelled to try. A physically-handicapped woman told me how useless she had felt, and how she had been heartened by the donkey cartoon as it echoed her own experience. I felt ashamed of my own cowardice when confronted by this woman's courage. So I set to work to develop these crude drawings into a book which I then sent to six publishers.

One by one the rejection slips arrived.

The sense of destiny I had begun to feel in developing this kind of book now evaporated. When three close friends suggested that there was no value in the cartoons, I felt shattered. So I had a big despond in which I complained to God how unfair and pointless it was. After a while, it occurred to me that this was also pointless. So I shut up.

In the empty silence I felt a certainty that God intended that I should pursue this kind of book. I went for a walk to consider this 'certainty' and nearly bumped into a big notice outside a theatre saying 'Book now'.

Scene Two (two years later)

This scene is the happy conclusion where I reveal that the book is a resounding success and we realise I wasn't crazy after all!

This is how it should end but it doesn't. Three more publishers, including one last week, have rejected the book.

When you have no evidence what you are pursuing will succeed, it is easy to fall prey to the notion that you have well-defined limitations and should confine yourself within them. I'm too young, too old, only a woman. I didn't go to college. These and many other 'reasons' can rear up before us, posing as insurmountable obstacles between us and the thing we long to do.

Countering such doubts is the certainty I felt two years ago which has never left me. It assures me that God has no limitations and will give us all we lack to fulfil his intentions for us. ■

Brixton meeting

SOUTH LONDON BRIDGE-BUILDERS, a Croydon-based group seeking to develop understanding and co-operation between people of different races and religions, recently held a public meeting in Brixton, London.

Hari Mungol from Guyana, who is Secretary of Brixton's Consortium of Ethnic Minorities, welcomed the 70 people who came to the meeting.

Bridge-Builders started at Mr Mungol's home in response to the suggestion of a chief inspector of police.

Subbiah Kistasamy, head of the Geography Department in a South London comprehensive school, said that he was now proud to be a British citizen. It had not always been so. When he had first come to Britain, he said, 'it was a shock to experience rejection here. Housing and employment were hard to get and we were socially not particularly welcome.'

He had discovered a faith in God through MRA, he went on. 'Through asking God, I could get rid of the anguish embedded in me emotionally and intellectually.' He said that Britain gave him an opportunity to work for a society free from racial, religious and class prejudice. 'We are part of a nation that could be a beacon for the whole world.'

Open eyes

Russell Carpenter from London responded, 'I will go to any lengths to put right what is wrong, so that people can find a new attitude, spirit and motivation.' He said that his countrymen had taken over many countries. 'We built the prosperity of our industrial revolution on the markets and products of a great part of the world which we ruled to our advantage. We still like to think we know best and to run things.' He recognised these things in himself, he went on. 'We have to open our eyes to the things that are still wrong and work to change them.'

Young people from six countries spoke of their experiences of working together on a 10-month programme of action with MRA.

Two of them told of combating fraud and theft. Rachel Wai from Hong Kong, a travel consultant, said she had swindled on her expense account in order to get money for travel. It had been hard to tell her boss and pay back the money, because he had trusted her. Dean Colpitts, a Canadian, had 'relieved his firm of tools which he felt they didn't really need'. He had returned these and was now in a better position to answer corruption in any country he visited.

Alan Faunce, a member of the Council for Racial Equality in Hammersmith, West London, told of plans for a dramatised reading of the play, *Clashpoint* by Betty Gray and Nancy Ruthven, in Shepherd's Bush 17 April. This initiative was aimed to break down barriers and promote unity and understanding, he said. ■

Wales in the Eighties

'WITH ALL THE TALK of water rates and the water from the Welsh hills providing supplies to Midlands cities, is this not the moment to draw on our immense reservoir of faith and talent to feed into the bloodstream of the nation?'

This was the question posed by Margaret Barrett, a granddaughter of Lloyd George, in a message to 45 Welsh men and women who had come together over the weekend 12-14 March for a 'Dialogue on Wales' Role'.

'What the country needs,' Mrs Barrett continued, 'is fresh mountain water, not polluted with bitterness and greed, but living water which gives faith to people in these times of doubt and uncertainty.'

Those meeting at Tirley Garth, the Moral Re-Armament centre in Cheshire, included leaders of Welsh political life—active members of the Welsh Liberal, Conservative, Nationalist and Labour Parties were present—educators, ministers, trade unionists, doctors and scientists. Their political views reflected the diversity and division of Wales today. What they had in common was the conviction that God was, in the words of one delegate, 'awakening Wales to the possibility of its contribution'.

Opening the dialogue, Rev E H Griffiths referred to a small nation's special peril—disunity. He quoted Ifan ap Owen Edwards' conviction that Wales could only make a contribution towards 'the welfare of the world' if she 'adhered to everything that is characteristic of herself at her best'.

Different views were expressed on how and when Wales could make its contribution. Some felt Wales needed institutions to ensure she was fully herself before she could contribute much. Others felt pressing world needs called for a more immediate contribution of moral leadership. ■

Stage-light

'MICHEL ORPHELIN on stage in St Maurice. A sun which sets the stage alight'. *L'Est Vaudois* used this headline for its review of *Un Soleil en plein nuit*, Hugh Steadman Williams' play about the life of Saint Francis, portrayed by M Orphelin. The play has just completed a 2½-month tour of 13 towns in French-speaking Switzerland. The last two performances took place in St Maurice, site of the famous abbey. One was attended by 890 people from the region and the other by 700 school pupils. ■

Owing to Easter holidays, the next issue of 'New World News' will come out on 1 May.

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