



Fred Plant

MAKING THE MOST OF THE DAY

'LIFE FOR ME started at 72,' writes one of our readers, now aged 85, who began to travel the world at that age. With people in the West living longer and stopping work earlier, retirement no longer comes at nightfall but in the middle of the afternoon, with a good part of the day still to be enjoyed.

Of course how much stamina one has by then varies with the individual. The changes which come with age—physical limitations; new living arrangements, with other older people, with one's family, or alone; increased leisure—present the elderly with one of life's ultimate challenges. 'Life enters a new phase, one that needs to be tackled as intelligently as other changes have been in the past,' comments another of our older readers.

At the same time the age explosion is a challenge to the values of Western society. In Britain, for example, ten million now draw the old age pension. 6.3 per cent of the population will be over 75 in the year 2000. How do we provide adequate facilities for those who cannot look after themselves? More important still, what is our attitude to them? Do we lose interest in people when they are no longer obviously productive?

When Pope John Paul II visited Southwark Cathedral in London last year he made an 'urgent plea' to the British not to neglect their sick and elderly. 'Do not push them to the margins of society,' he said. 'For if you do, you will fail to understand that they represent an important truth. The sick, the elderly, the handicapped and the dying teach us that weakness is a creative part of human living. Without the presence of these people in your midst you might be tempted to think of health, strength and power as the only important values in life. The wisdom and the power of Christ are to be seen in the weakness of those who share His sufferings.'

This issue of New World News draws on the experience of people in their 'third career' and of those who look after the elderly. ■

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British Foundation for Age Research

Pushing back the frontiers of active life—pensioners in training for the London marathon. 82-year-old Alexander Munro (centre) completed the 26-mile course.

SECRET OF ETERNAL YOUTH

by Mary Lean

WHEN JOHN AND MARGARET NOWELL told me their ages were 90 and 96, I was suitably astonished – and so provided Mrs Nowell with her cue.

'Everyone says, "Oh, aren't you wonderful!" and I used to think, "Well yes, I am rather!"' she said. 'I was thinking about this one night when the Lord said to me, "That's perfectly ridiculous. You're no more wonderful than anyone else. You are just very old!"'

The Nowells married in 1919, just after the first world war. Both have lived active lives – Mrs Nowell as mother of three and a magistrate for 30 years; Mr Nowell as manager of one of Merseyside's largest sole-leather tanneries, and then, until he was 81, Chairman of the British Leather Institute.

A turning point in their lives came just before the second world war, when Mr Nowell, a pillar of his local church, came into contact with the Oxford Group (later Moral Re-Armament). He responded to the idea of taking time in quiet to discern God's will, and decided to try it out. But when he felt God was telling him to be honest with his wife about the things he was ashamed of in life and to ask forgiveness for his failure as a husband, he couldn't bring himself to do it.

'Then a young fellow who was a youth leader in our local church came to see me and said, "I don't know what's wrong with me, I've lost my faith, I've lost all affection for my family. Can you help me?" I suggested we should be quiet and see if God had anything to say to us. I don't know what he thought, but what came to me was that I would never be able to help him, or anyone else, unless I was honest with my wife and family.'

Move

When the visitor left, Mr Nowell went out into the kitchen where his wife was ironing. 'I knew he had something important to say,' she remembers. 'I was afraid that he didn't care for me any more. When he told me, I laughed with relief.' A new honesty and warmth replaced the 'frail bridge of politeness' which spanned the gulf of misunderstanding between them.

Mr Nowell tried out the same frank approach with his employees, with impressive results. He asked the workers to help him to operate on a basis of 'not who, but what, is right', invited the union to review wage rates and establish a just wage structure, and developed a highly successful works council. Productivity rose dramatically and sickness, accident and absenteeism rates fell. In 1979, some 20 years after the tannery closed, the Nowells were invited to a reunion of former employees. Person after person came up to tell them how much they had valued the unusual family spirit at the works.

'When you've made an irrevocable decision to accept God's will for your life – to look for it and obey it – it doesn't matter what situation you find yourself in, you mobilise it to that end,' Mr Nowell says. 'So there are no gaps in life, just



John and Margaret Nowell

minor changes. Your purpose continues.'

Their latest 'minor change' took place two-and-a-half years ago, when they moved 200 miles south from Cheshire, to a flat within easy reach of their family in London. Looking back, they can see that they moved just in time. Mr Nowell now needs to nurse his wife all the time, but he has recently had to have a hip replacement operation himself, which was fortunately successful. 'We'd have been in an awful position if we'd still been in Cheshire.'

When the operation was suggested, Mr Nowell was anxious how it would affect him. 'Then I read an article by a woman who had been paralysed by an incurable disease. She wrote about accepting that she was helpless, so that, in serving her, people could serve Christ. I realised I wasn't willing to be dependent on other people. But I told God that if that was what He wanted for me, I would accept it.'

'Next day I hobbled to the shops and was waiting to cross the road when an elderly lady took my arm and led me across. On the other side she said, "I hope you didn't mind my helping you." To my surprise I was able to say, "No, I was delighted."'

Friends were afraid the Nowells would be lonely after their move, but this has been far from the case. They have had hardly a day without a visitor—friends of their children and friends of their own. And they've set about 'mobilising their situation'—getting to know the Japanese professors who have stayed in the flat below them, taking considerable delight in using their new video set to show MRA films to their visitors. 'When you've made that irrevocable decision,' Mr Nowell comments, 'you've hit on the secret of eternal youthfulness of spirit.'

Do they think much about the future? 'I had a dream the other day,' says Mrs Nowell. 'In it Jesus said to me, "You're on the last stage of your pilgrimage – you will soon reach your heavenly home. In My Father's house there are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." We went out to lunch with business friends that day and I told them about my dream. It's wonderful to be able to talk about such things in a natural way.'

'Do you worry about each other?' I asked. 'No,' they replied, 'Why should we?' But Mr Nowell had one comment for his wife on her dream: 'Remember, He said He was going to prepare a place for you. There's no point in getting there before He's ready!'



Resources we cannot afford to waste

NO TIME TO SHRINK

by Mary St J Fancourt, Kent

WHAT DOES THE TERM 'pensioner' bring to your mind? Pathetic old people living in sub-standard houses? Or, perhaps, jolly Derby and Joan couples enjoying an outing which someone has kindly organised for them? A sparkling old lady in her eighties has a different conception: 'Those who have lived through this amazing century ought to be the most interesting people alive!'

Thousands of elderly people, of course, work quietly in many capacities, in local government, church organisations and the great voluntary associations which do so much to fill gaps in social services. But there has been so much talk about the burdens of an ageing population and the unbridgeability of the generation gap, that many on the wrong side of it have come to accept an almost apologetic attitude for being around at all. So, at a time when all our resources are needed, the fruit of much experience is seeping to waste.

Each person, of course, who has been involved in this century's turmoil of events has seen it from a different angle. But, however varied our circumstances, most of us have come to a pretty clear conclusion that good and evil are realities, and that men and women are capable of reaching extraordinary heights and depths.

We were born into a world that believed wholeheartedly in progress. We were assured that we were splendidly on the march to an inevitably more civilised and enlightened

age. But in our hurry to use our bright inventions to build the affluent society we fell for the myth of the inexhaustible kitty and we took too little account of either nature or human nature. When, in Britain, the Welfare State was launched after the last war, many felt that this would finally give us all we had been fighting for. We forgot that 'man does not live by bread alone.'

How fully we can use the experience that has come to us depends largely on an attitude of mind not only of the senior citizen but also of the general public. It seems to me that our situation today resembles that of women in the nineteenth century, when it was generally assumed that they had little to contribute to the broader life of a country. As long as this pressure of public opinion continued and women acquiesced in it, the nation was poorer for the loss of skills and insights women could have brought into public life.

Men and women today are more and more reaching out for the imponderables, the basic qualities which create a durable spirit. In all spheres it is good to have folk around whose long experience enables them to separate the wood from the trees, and who have the leisure of spirit to understand and assess. We have seen the depths to which human nature can sink, but we have also glimpsed the golden threads woven across many an abyss by the inspired spirit of man and, very many of us would aver, the guiding hand of God.

In the uncertain situation in which the world now finds itself, we cannot surely afford to waste any contribution that might be of value to the spirit of mankind. If senior citizens sink back into small-hearted nonentity, and many expect this of them and are pressuring them into this mould, they too will be wasting resources which can ill be spared today. ■



Cummock

AFTER A HEART ATTACK

by Henry Bouch, Sevenoaks

AS I LAY IN HOSPITAL, after a severe heart attack, a pint-sized nurse stood over me and told me sternly, 'You are to do *nothing* for yourself. And if you cross your legs once again, I shall smack you!' Only then did I realise that the old life of physical activity was out.

What should take its place?

I had a faith and believed that God could guide me. But now I had to think about what I did in much more detail. I decided that I would only do the things which I felt God was asking me to do, and see what happened.

I found it difficult to slow down. I felt frustrated at the time the simplest things took and at the same time afraid of what might happen if I went too fast. As I began to get the pace right I found it suited me better. I was more leisured and relaxed.

For instance, one day I decided not to hurry to catch a particular train. Travelling in the next one I met a young man and our conversation led to a significant development in his life. Such experiences showed me that my time was not important. What mattered was being in the right place at the right time.

I started spending more time reading and thinking, which I had neglected through always being too busy. I thoroughly enjoyed it and found myself doing things I would not have done in the past for fear of being snubbed. I decided to ring up a local resident who had written an interesting letter to a national newspaper. Three weeks later he invited me to a meeting he was organising on the Brandt Report. As a result I got involved in setting up a link between our town and the town of Gweru in Zimbabwe.

One of the people I met at the meeting made the first contribution to a fund to buy a copy of the MRA film *Dawn in Zimbabwe* for local use. The film, made at the time of independence, shows the work of Zimbabweans of all races to build a new nation based on new attitudes. It has been shown over 40 times in our area, and has provoked considerable interest.

Recently a multiracial cast came to Sevenoaks to present an MRA play in a local school. I was eager to go, but the event coincided with one of my 'bad days'. I was bitterly disappointed. I spent most of the day resting on the settee, only getting up when the phone rang. However I was able

to go to the play in the evening and we gave some young people a lift home afterwards. They kept us in the car talking about the issues raised and we did not get home until nearly midnight. I learnt something about conserving my energy for the things that matter.

The release from the conflict between what I think I ought to do and what I feel I can do has brought a new peace into my life and a new understanding of God's love for each of us. St Paul wrote to the Corinthians, 'We even fight to capture every thought until it acknowledges the authority of Christ.' Now that every bit of energy is precious, I find this a great inspiration. ■

New career

Nellie Keightley, Cambridge

WHEN MY DAUGHTER LEFT after settling me into my first home alone, a few months after my husband died, the sense of loneliness was awful. I prayed about it and later contacted the church nearby and made a few friends. Slowly I began to see that life wasn't ended – I'd simply begun a new career.

My career as a teacher and later a headmistress had always meant commitment to people – staff, parents and children. It was demanding and fascinating. Could this third career prove as interesting? As I rather hesitantly set out on it, I found it could. There were still people around me, and I was still one of them. As I ceased to see God's assurance of His love as a crutch and saw it as a call to an active faith, He became more real to me.

Opportunities came thick and fast, with my family and friends, the people I met in shops or on the bus. I was even sometimes asked to speak to groups about what I was learning. My experience had not given me all the answers – but God could and does give me some.

Life is now less active. Aged 81, I need a stick and cannot use buses. But the same thought still applies – 'Take Thou my feet, I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step enough for me.' ■

For 70s and over

by Rodney Usher-Wilson who died earlier this year in the United States

*We need no more in excellence to strive,
In competition stern to win the race;
In us a new dimension comes alive—
Serenity, divorced from hectic pace.
No more do we have anything to prove,
To show the world we're either good or right;
In peace, along a better way we move,
Where, through our weakness, works Another's might.
God asks us do no more than plant His seed
Made fertile by obedience to His will;
By grace, our acts of faith He then doth feed
With heav'nly food, and makes them grow until,
Sustained and nurtured by His glorious Son,
The fruit is ripened and the work is done.*

BREAKING INTO THE PEACE PLAN

by Joan Buxton, London

WHEN YOU LIVE in a retirement home, life and death are closely intertwined. During the past winter four of my fellow residents died and a fifth, now wonderfully better, hovered for many weeks between life and death. I stood by the bedside of one of my friends as she was dying and felt utterly helpless as I watched her pain, distress and fear. I thanked God for prayer and that Christ, in His love, could do for her what I could not.

Inevitably I found myself challenged to consider how much my daily living mirrored Christ's. I had to answer that it did so very poorly. So often impatience, superiority and hurt pride were my instinctive and immediate reactions, *however much I deplored them.*

One evening I decided to stay on my knees until I did find freedom. As I knelt, Christ spoke clearly, telling me that the root lay in bitterness. With His help I had dealt with all the bitterness of which I was conscious, but now the thought came: 'You have never let me reveal and deal with the seed.' He showed me that this seed was planted at a very early age, when I was put into an orphanage prior to adoption and for the first time felt alone and abandoned. I couldn't remember this, so I just had to take Christ at His word, accept responsibility for what my bitterness had cost others and ask for a miracle of freedom. Next morning another thought came, 'I assure you I gave you a miracle last night. Now you have to work it out.'

From then on my reactions seemed to have a second's delayed action, so that I could choose. Their immediacy and instinctiveness were broken. As a result I found that chilly, though polite, relationships warmed into friendships. The struggle had gone.

Bitterness is not always easy to recognise in oneself. It produces apparently unconnected, but destructive, results. I have met many people who were patently bitter, but seemed quite oblivious of the fact, just as I have been myself.

As I wholeheartedly let God deal with these roots in my character he can help me to be part of an answer to bitterness in the world, beginning with those around me. That is God's peace plan – people becoming different. Those whose muscles and memory, activity and energy may be weakening have an important part in this. We have years of experience and a good deal of time. We can give a listening ear and an honest and faith-filled heart to those around us and to those who are brought across our paths. It is so often what they desperately need. ■

RANJU SHUKLA works in an old people's home in Newcastle upon Tyne:

ASIA'S EXPERIENCE

I GREW UP in the Asian tradition of respect and care for older people. On the day of her marriage an Asian bride knows that she will become part of a home of which her husband's parents will always be the head. She and her



Howard

Ranju Shukla with one of the residents of the old people's home where she works

husband will consult them on every major issue, as part of the respect due to them, and her father-in-law will make the final decision. Caring for old people is so important in our culture that if their needs make it impossible for us to attend the Temple, the time we spend with them is regarded as the equivalent of a prayer.

Everybody in the family gains from having the older people living with them. Children love to have their grandparents at home, for they have time to listen and talk. The husband and wife benefit from the advice and experience of their elders when problems arise.

When I started to work in an old people's home in England three years ago, my experience of Asian tradition meant that I had to treat the residents as though they were my own family. This was not always easy with people who had spent their lives in a different culture.

I decided that I would not make favourites of those who were comparatively easy to care for. One who could be difficult at times was Florrie. Not long ago she was rude to me in front of other people because of an unexpected change in her routine. I was angry and tempted to withdraw my care from her. *But when I was quiet and listened to my 'Inner Voice', I had the thought that I must get used to this type of incident and so let go of my anger and learn to care for old people whatever they might do.* Somehow this helped her to realise that I did care, and gradually we have become close friends.

I am learning to be patient and to give old people enough time, however busy I am. Jenny is 83, partly blind and deaf, and a little confused. It means a lot to her if I take the time to listen and talk to her. Alf is also over 80 and has to walk with a zimmer. He is very slow in his movements. It is important to treat him as a person and not to try to hurry or hustle him.

At the home where I work we have realised that it is possible to take away people's independence needlessly. At some meals we are trying a self-service system, which encourages independence. Some have begun to serve those who are more handicapped than they are. This is good, because everybody needs to feel there is somewhere they can serve someone else.

These three years have emphasised for me that old people need to feel they are important to their own families. I would like to see more of them cared for by relatives, rather than just being visited in an old people's home – however regularly. This would entail patience, time and a certain amount of sacrifice, but I believe God can give us the love we need. ■



Help the Aged education department

Alongside grandchildren

LIVING TOGETHER

by Kitty Thornhill, Sussex

AS MEDICAL SCIENCE PROGRESSES, more and more of us will live to a great age. How to care for the elderly has become one of the urgent questions of our time and a test of our democracy. Do we really believe every person is of priceless value?

We all know old people with alert faculties, quick wit and a rich experience of life, who are a joy to be with. But what about those who have become helpless or senile and need round-the-clock care? I am constantly amazed at how much even the weakest in body and mind can give. It may be just a smile, or a quick flash of wisdom, or perhaps simply making someone feel needed. Is independence always such a virtue?

I think of two Egyptian students, who were visiting the English country home of a 90-year-old lady, during what seemed an interminable illness. Their hostess received them as honoured guests and put her last ounce of energy into their welcome. A few minutes after they left, she died. They were never the same again.

Or there was Jean, a delightful Scottish lady in her late eighties. Her memory of the day-to-day details of life seemed completely lost, and, though she loved to be a gracious hostess, she had an embarrassing habit of asking her guests irrelevant questions. But sometimes her lapses of memory turned out to be inspired.

One day in April, a young engaged couple came to supper. There was a pause in the conversation and Jean came up with, 'Did you have a nice Christmas?' 'Oh, yes,' said the young man. 'That was when we got engaged.' And

they launched delightedly into the whole story.

It makes a great difference to the old to live at home alongside children and grandchildren and to be able to help with simple chores. Living together can bring great joy to all concerned. But there is also a cost. For the old person there may be the difficulties of living in someone else's home; for the younger, the drudgery of heavy nursing, the fact of being tied and sometimes the lack of response and gratitude. With the best will in the world, situations can get desperate and devoted daughters reach breaking point.

One practical step is to accept the support of other people, when it is available. Regular visits by the District Nurse, or a neighbour who will 'granny-sit' are a great help. Two years before my mother died I had a serious illness and my family urged me to look for a companion. I resisted the idea for some time. I liked to run everything my own way even though I had to run everything.

Then I was introduced to Emily. She was a trained nurse but had had poor health and had been advised not to do any nursing for a while. My first reaction was to reject her help. My mother did not need a nurse and I did not want a health risk. How wrong I was! When I actually met Emily, I knew at once that it was right to invite her to stay in our home. Two of the happiest years followed. The pressure was off me. Neither of us was tied, and Mother and I thoroughly enjoyed Emily's company.

More recently I have done the same kind of job for one or two of my friends, who were finding the care of aged parents too much. One daughter, who had been completely tied, was able to go out with her husband and do some of the very creative work with people that God had called them to do. I began to see that we younger pensioners can often help to look after older ones. ■

KATHLEEN JOHNSON has composed the music for many stage musicals:

In a pint pot

MY MOTHER AND I live together in a small flat. Life is pressured for both of us as my outside commitments, plus the need for lengthy sessions copying music on our one dining table, are constantly conflicting with Mother's need to be helped with many ordinary things through the day and her natural desire for a clean, orderly home where she can entertain her many friends.

With give and take and a reasonable state of health on my mother's part, we've managed to fit a quart into a pint pot. But without the existence of love, I can't imagine our set-up ever being workable.

I have been grateful to be able to talk honestly about the fears and frustrations. It does not necessarily produce a solution to the practical problems, and it does not mean burdening my mother with everything on my mind. But where clashes and reactions have soured the relationship, where fears for my future, or hers, make me grudging or her demanding, it lets in some fresh air. And humour is often the great solvent—for instance when she says, 'You'd never be able to manage without my help in the house'; and I say, 'I prefer to be on my own in our tiny kitchen,' where we often have physical collisions. Result—a broken butter dish and burnt bacon! ■

What endures?

by Isabel Smith, London

'TAKE WITH YOU in the morning what you may need in the evening,' said the father when his small son asked why they had to take a torch when climbing a mountain in daylight. I have often recalled this warning for old age as my brother and I have cared for our mother, now 93, and incapacitated in many ways. We see in her the foundations enduring of disciplined habits and reverence for God and His laws.

When you cannot do much without help or turn to books, TV or radio for diversion, what remains? People and prayer. *Love of one's neighbour and of God.* It is our job to foster these, to share in prayer and worship, to keep communications open, to recall the neighbour and the need which are not automatically remembered. 'Do not make your home a fortress; keep the doors open,' was a thought to counteract total preoccupation with the invalid.

Sometimes kindly people express their concern about my 'restricted' life. It is no more restricted than that of a mother with a baby and young children. Since love is the greatest dynamic in the world, it is a privilege to have a share in giving it. Practical loving includes many things besides affection—gentleness, patience, companionship, serious consideration of the smallest things and strangest requests, imaginative planning, optimism and fun. Jesus has become more real to me as I turn to Him for wisdom and support, for His unlimited love to top up the weak human supply, and as I receive His unexpected warnings—'Drop what you are doing, you are needed' or 'Your will does not need to cross her will. Do Mine.' ■

Goodbye to a myth

by Margaret Hutchinson, London

FOR TWO PERIODS my husband and I have looked after elderly relatives. We discovered that one cherished belief about the old was not necessarily true. It is part of our folk wisdom that beyond a certain age people's attitudes are too fixed to be modified. This may even be why some are reluctant to include the old in their families. We have found that if issues are discussed in a straightforward way without a sense of grievance, they are often quite easily resolved.

For instance, when we came to live in my mother-in-law's home she was then in her early eighties. A certain awkward situation with a tenant in her house often cast a shadow over the household. Attitudes had hardened over 20 years, but my husband decided to talk with his mother about what a Christian should do under the circumstances. She saw the point and at once took steps to mend the relationship.

At that time our daughter was five. We felt that too many adult instructions, not always co-ordinated, might do more harm than good. My husband discussed this too with his mother. As a result she decided to leave correction to us—so it never became a divisive issue, as in so many families.

In the years since then we have acquired stronger spectacles, a hearing aid and other reminders of our own advancing age. As we grow older, we want to learn to practise the same readiness to change and adapt. ■

What people can't do

by Naomi Ecklin, Australia

OVER THE LAST YEARS many people have lived in my home, some out of the generosity of their hearts to take care of me in times of illness; others on a prolonged visit to this area. They have had to cope with a fairly crusty, self-willed customer, while I have had certain reactions to those who ceaselessly chatter and to the silent; to the hyperactive and to the immobile—'If only they would pipe down, speak up; stop rushing round, have a bit of get up and go.'

I realise now that even if the Archangel Gabriel, flanked by all the saints and angels came to stay, I'd not be wholly satisfied. As St Alphonsus Ligouri wisely concluded, 'Nothing can satisfy one whom God does not satisfy.' St Augustine explains why: 'Thou madest me for Thyself, and my heart is restless, until it repose in Thee.'

With His infinite patience, God has shed light on this seemingly intractable situation. What I feel He is saying is this: 'No other one, no other thing, no other circumstance can give you pure satisfaction and security, nor is it ever meant to do so. To demand anything from anyone is to cry to the moon. To react to the person or set-up that does not and cannot meet your demand is cruel. Into Jesus' presence is the one place to come when your own human nature gets out of hand, when other people don't come up to scratch, when you feel depressed and when life seems to be passing you by.

'This is not a last-ditch escape hatch. It is the normal environment of the soul, as air is to the body; the one place to reside permanently, fair weather or foul. When the inevitable split-second reaction does arise, turn to Jesus rather than turning against the object of your disregard. Reactions do not have to become entrenched in your heart. Hearts are meant to be available for Jesus.' ■

Definitions

DEPENDANTS are small babies, children, disabled persons, the homeless, hungry and unemployed, the sick, aged and dying and those who look after them. Dependence is conditional and dependants are at the mercy of their circumstances. These cannot always be changed, but as we face them and turn them around to a different angle, we learn the meaning of dependability.

DEPENDABLES are those who recognise that they are and have been dependants. This gives them a sensitivity towards others and a desire to take their needs into their area of responsibility. Dependables know that if they are to be depended on they cannot expect others to fit in with their raw human nature and they must turn towards the face of Almighty God and allow it to be transformed. This is the route to independence.

INDEPENDENTS rely not on worldly aids but on God. They take every step with His help and have received His wonderful freedom.

Elaine Gordon

NEWSBRIEF

GERMANY—*Un soleil en pleine nuit*, a modern setting of the life of St Francis of Assisi, was seen by some 1800 people in South Germany in March. The one-man show, which features French mime artist Michel Orphelin, was presented in Freiburg, Ettlingen and Tuttlingen.

The performances in Freiburg received wide support from church and educational organisations. 'This is the Good News for modern man,' commented one of the play's supporters, Sister Agnes-Maria Schwärzler, Superior of the Convent of Jesus-Maria in Freiburg. The play showed that man 'is not alone in the world, that God speaks, acts and gives security'. She commented on the international group of musicians and technicians who stage the play, 'The performances are a reflection of the unity and solidarity of its members. That is the Gospel lived out.'

The play's company was received by one of the mayors of Ettlingen and by the Lord Mayor of Tuttlingen. Crowds of young people came to see the performances, as well as people with responsibilities in the church and community. 'I am grateful for this spiritual bugle-call, which we need so urgently today,' commented church councillor Dr Reinhard Wever after one performance. 'The play has given me a new impetus to take my faith seriously, to really live it out rather than sticking to theory.'

The play, which was written by Hugh Steadman Williams with music by Kathleen Johnson, has just completed a tour of the Canadian province of Quebec. We will report on this in our next issue. ■

UNITED STATES—a recent industrial seminar in St Paul, Minnesota, focused on the human factor in industry. Sponsored by local people who want to apply their faith and the concepts of Moral Re-Armament to local and national issues, the seminar's theme was 'What will it take to get things going again?'

Opening the seminar, John Morrison, senior partner of Associates for Technology Transfer, said, 'We frequently neglect the part that trust between people and vision for one another can play in finding solutions. We need an unselfish motive and freedom from fear.' He asked the participants—businessmen, managers, trade unionists and industrial consultants—to consider 'What change may be needed in me, or my group, to make the economy of the future work?'

In the past, when there was no competition from overseas, American industry could 'get by with the attitude of confrontation, poor management leadership and indifferent work standards,' said Harry L Sweatt, an executive of Honeywell Information Systems. This was no longer the case. He called for a 'grand transformation' of American educational philosophy and tactics, so as to 'capitalise on the brain power of our people', which was often wasted through lack of discipline.

Michael Kodluboy, financial secretary of the United

Steelworkers of America Local 7263, described the resurrection of Northern Malleable Iron Company of St Paul, the foundry in which five generations of his family have worked. Closed by its parent company because of large losses in 1980 and 1981, the company was purchased by its management, with the help of the banks and co-operation of the unions. The workers had decided, in the interests of rescuing jobs, to accept wage cuts, suspend pensions and to work at nights so as to use cheap off-peak electricity, thus saving \$300,000. In exchange the unions were allowed to see the foundry's books and a profit-sharing scheme was devised. 'It would never have happened under the old set-up,' commented Leonard Kodluboy, President of Northern Malleable Local.

Other speakers included Amos Haynes, President of Convergent Systems Inc and a national leader among businessmen from minority communities, and Lawrence S. Clark, formerly executive director of Twin Cities Hard Wood Lumber Company. ■

BRITAIN—*Songs of Praise*, BBC television's Sunday evening programme of hymns and interviews, came from Jersey in Channel Islands on April 10. One of those interviewed was a Jersey senator, Ralph Vibert, President of the island's Finance and Economic Committee, who spoke about the work of Moral Re-Armament.

Moral Re-Armament was launched just before the second world war, when military re-armament was 'in vogue', Senator Vibert explained. The name was chosen because 'the greater, deeper need is always moral and spiritual re-armament'.

'We believe that national change will result from personal change and lead to international change,' he said, giving the example of the part played in the revival of Llanwern steelworks in South Wales by a trade unionist motivated by a change of heart. ■

BRITAIN—In an article in *The Times*, April 30, on the difficulties of applying Christianity in public life, Arthur Burrell emphasises the contribution that ordinary people can make 'in providing a pattern of statesmanship'.

'There is a growing awareness that the problems that are defying solution are basically more moral than political, more spiritual than economic,' Mr Burrell writes. 'The issues of peace and war, racial disharmony, the exploitation of natural resources and the plight of the Third World fail to respond to solutions that cannot provide adequate alternatives to bitterness, hatred and greed.'

'An African Anglican bishop recently stated: "Man is achieving the conquest of outer space, but our failure to conquer inner space—the minds and emotions of us all—means that the world is littered with smashed homes, maimed bodies and wounded spirits."

'The new statesmanship that is needed is one that can be tested and proved in the field of reconciliation in personal relationships.... Could it be that it is the lack of the spirit either to forgive or to be forgiven which delays so many deliberations from ever starting in the right frame of mind? ■

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