

Papua New Guinea is one of the newest nations in the world. In one country—with 600 islands, 1000 tribes—you can see the sweep of mankind's history.

We print here a letter by Kumalau Tawali, reprinted from the 'Post Courier', the country's main paper. He is one of the first graduates of the University of Papua New Guinea, and has won two national literary awards.

The Melanesian Way

I AM A NATIONALIST. I want to see changes in this country. I am impatient with injustice and corruption, which now stretch out their fingers to squeeze life out of this nation. Corruption is to be found in whites. It is also to be found in Papua New Guineans.

Students and youth are meant to be the flowers of this nation. From them will come fresh insight into the crookedness in society. From them will come the new creative leadership spirit that may have been missing in the older generation of leaders.

From them will come the new style of selfless thinking and living that will make the material resources and manpower of the land available to all and for the exploitation of none.

I believe therefore that strikes, demonstrations, boycotts, etc are out of date. They do not go deep enough to the root of injustices.

We need something more original and revolutionary. Something more Melanesian. I am sorry to say that many of our students are not very original.

Some borrow slabs of Marxist phraseology as instruments for showing their dissatisfaction with the systems which they see wrong in society at present.

Some give their life to the Capitalist-Liberal philosophy of existence. Both, pursued to their logical conclusions, have been proved in many cases to be deadly to the essence and spirit of democracy.

To support my assertion, here is part of an article from a European paper:

'There is little difference between the materialism of communism, encapsulated as it is in a pitiless ideology, and our Western version, which hypnotises nations with the fantasy of sex, money and success.

'Both contemporary forms of materialism may even be manoeuvring at present for a link-up, as recently demonstrated in space by Soyuz and Apollo. The marriage between a ruthless ideology, with modern management techniques, the computer and electronic

surveillance devices, could have consequences that stagger the imagination.

'It is a fair assumption that freedoms we know today, even the memories of them, would vanish from the face of the earth, should this happen.'

Why should we accept like parrots dirty and materialistic philosophies dished out by some seemingly benevolent expatriates? Where is our dignity as Melanesians? Where is our philosophy for solving disputes?

If we accept, however, that there is no such thing as a Melanesian philosophy of living and healing divisions, then we are actually saying that we are nothing but instruments of foreign ideological manipulations.

Three things stand out that I treasure greatly as truly Melanesian:

- We are a people of feelings. This makes us sensitive to those around us instead of bulldozing through them.
- We are a listening people. The patience to listen to others for long hours is a sign of true greatness and unselfishness.
- Team spirit. We certainly have our fights.



Kumalau Tawali

Photo: Weeks

But also have the grace to sit down and use negotiation as a means to break deadlock in our disputes.

To me, these three aspects of our life and others made democracy permanent in our societies while in different parts of the globe dictatorial regimes rose and fell. If we then ignore these and enter 'the glorious lands of communism and capitalism' or even fascism, we are selling our dignity and liberty as Melanesians to foreign monsters.

Letter to a student
from 'Methusaleh' - Capt.
Loudon Hamilton, one of the
pioneers of MRA.

SEE INSIDE

**NEW
WORLD
NEWS**
FOR MORAL RE-ARMAMENT

Now is the time for the youth of this nation to reflect on these aspects of our peoples and see their relevant applications to modern Pacific nations. Now is the time to do such things freely, before it is too late! The following lines sum up my conviction:

*Not the thoughts of Chairman Mao,
Not the genius animality of Stalin,
Not the evil calculation of Marx's
dialectics,
Not the greed of capitalists' inhumanity,
Not the piousness of soft clergymen,
Not the rationalisation of scientists and
philosophers of immorality,
Not the nihilism of intellectuals.
Neither the brutality of fascism,
Nor the sentimentality of detente,
But the dynamism of quietness
In the hearts of our people,
Checking each fault,
Calming each fear,
Speaking soft as land breeze at sunset —
Of shedding greed,
Of shedding hate.
New men, new women,
Our latent might,
Pacific free.*

I take these lines as challenging us to be true patriotic revolutionaries rather than reactionaries.

Reactionaries are those who want to see others change, their nation change, but refuse to see the need for change in themselves and remain selfish, comfortable and indifferent.

Patriotic revolutionaries are those who put into action in their personal lives what they want their nation to live. They have learned to have a spirit of voluntary discipline and responsibility.

They are out to create a revolution in human hearts that will heal the wrongs in society rather than rebelling against them.

They will put their nation's needs and the needs of others before their own.

That is my challenge to the youth of this nation. Take it and chew on it if you are man and woman enough!

**KUMALAU TAWALI,
Boroko.**

Dear Peter

Captain Loudon Hamilton MC who died in May was a pioneer of Moral Re-Armament. It was in his rooms in 1921 that what became known as the Oxford Group came to birth.

As one who had worked with Frank Buchman, and with him saw the relevance of revolutionary Christian living, he had a passion for 'training', for passing on his experience to his many young friends.

We print here part of a 13 page letter he wrote to Peter, a young man about to go to university.

Dear Peter

First, let me thank you for adding your signature to my 74th birthday card. Much appreciated. This must sound like Methusaleh to you.

The story goes that on Methusaleh's 700th birthday one of his friends congratulated him: 'Why, you don't look a day over 500!'

You have a great future ahead of you, and soon you'll move into a new and perhaps even larger world. Whether you live in a college or in a student hall, you meet the same people, or many of the same people, every day. You have a wide choice. You are probably one who makes friends easily and some friends at university become friends for life. At least it has been so for me, and I notice most of them (if not all) are men who had some touch, direct or indirect, with what is known now as MRA. They didn't all change — just like that. A few did. Others never forgot. Unknown to us, perhaps even to themselves, something stuck. One man told me that it was because of meeting MRA as a student he was able to lead his men triumphantly thro' some very tough 'commando' exploits in the Second World War. It surprised me. I would not have expected it of that particular man. But then there is a lot more in people than you think. It only needs a crisis sometimes to draw it out.

One or two men, I think of one in particular, began to change but went back to their old sins. Successful? Yes, he was — in a worldly sense. But his home broke up: he left his wife and two sons, and married again. I hadn't heard of or from him for years till one of his colleagues (also at the top of the medical profession) told me what Bob had said to him: 'The biggest mistake of my life was when I left Frank Buchman's side' — this, although in his biography, a successful book, he'd said some rotten (and quite untrue) things about 'F B' as he called him.

So don't worry. If you've got the right purpose — as I believe you have — you're on the winning side. The man who opposes you first may come to be your best friend when he changes. The point is he's *not* indifferent!

I think a purpose is the most important thing to have when you're a student or at any other time! Otherwise you waste time and get drawn off into such futile things (at least I did). By purpose, I mean a purpose for your life.

I had a hope when I went up to Oxford, but no real purpose. I entered whole-



heartedly into all the fun and games and had a whale of a time doing it — had heaps of friends — or so I would have said: but in my heart I knew I had *no* real friends. I was too scared someone would find out what I was really like underneath. So I set out to be popular and so on, but it was all bluff. The set I moved in were all much the same as I. So much was just 'posing'.

You have your musical gifts and that will take you into a circle where you'll have mutual interest and enjoyment. That is a great asset and you'll not lack for friends. Musical people are usually sensitive and they will soon spot that you have a purpose.

While human nature is very much the same everywhere, human beings as persons vary very much. What differences there are matter a great deal. There is a way to the heart of every man, even those with whom you have no natural affinity or common interest. It can happen you reach one man quickly, another it may take time. You have probably read how Dr Buchman got to know and win Blair Buck (in the Bill Pickle story, *Making of a Miracle*, in *Remaking the World*).

I also found that a lot of fellows were plain bored — bored with their surroundings, with their studies, with college meals, with the daily routine of life. So they have to blow off steam somehow — sometimes by 'ragging' — organised or just personal: then by violence or street fights or college vs college: sometimes raiding rooms, smashing windows, burning furniture thrown from upper rooms, etc.

When you're bored and purposeless, your

standards (if any) go and you 'fall for anything' as the saying goes. Pretty dirty stuff, sometimes, and you excuse it by saying, 'It doesn't matter' or 'Other fellows do it, so why not I?' Then of course you have the reaction of feeling worse than ever.

If you have a purpose, you're a marked man — people may say nothing, but they watch you. In a closed community like a university not much stays hidden. Some will laugh at you — at first — and try to get you down to their level. But you can sit easy to all that, and not fuss about it. After all, you're having a better time than they are. You can afford to laugh.

Wanting to be popular is one of the biggest snags in university life. So you go with the popular set (if they'll have you), do the things they do, talk the way they do and generally behave that way. You have to stifle your conscience to do it. You take refuge in cynicism, hoping to excuse everything. But it doesn't quite work. You conform but you still don't quite know where you are or where you're going. All you know is perhaps you've got mixed up with a lot of things you wouldn't tell your parents, for instance.

There is a saying about conformity: 'A old dead fish can float downstream: it takes a live sucker to swim up against it.' If you start swimming up against it, it's amazing how many other fish change direction and decide to swim upstream with you! At least that was what I found. Some of 'em really surprise you.

Soon you have a force with a purpose. The fur may fly, but it's lots of fun. You're never bored. You do three hours' work in two and you've always got time to listen to the fellow who comes to talk to you — rather shyly perhaps at first, but gradually he opens up. Then he's ready to answer direct personal questions — these are probably the real things on his heart he's never told anybody.

I used to be afraid a fellow would be angry if you asked him certain questions. I find they're not. In fact, often they're glad you did, they'd been too shy or afraid to say it themselves, but hope you will.

I find it pays to be bold. You've got to forget yourself and your 'reserve'. Mind you there are two kinds of reserve, a true reserve and a false reserve, where you hide something (or try to). 'Love is blind but the neighbours ain't' — I find I'll ask a fellow, 'Do you live a pure life?' There was a time I would never have dared to ask anyone a personal question like that. But it pays off. Even if he hadn't expected it, he usually tells you the truth. You can tell how you found victory. Don't talk too long about yourself — just enough so he sees you understand and that there is an answer. So many just expect defeat and stop fighting, and drift along.

Be natural with people. You don't have to pretend to be what you're not. Don't try to look too good or talk too wise.

Don't be afraid of people either. I always was, but it was my 'ego'. Fear is the worst form of guidance!

Take nothing for granted. You can get guidance as the two of you talk. I once had guidance to ask a very senior schoolmaster (he'd invited me to tea) if he would give his

life to God. I told God, 'Don't be crazy. It would close every school in England.' The thought persisted. Still I couldn't get the conversation off the weather, varsity cricket, Henley, etc. Finally I cleared my throat. 'By the way, would you like to give your life to God?' To my surprise and relief, he said, 'As a matter of fact, I would.' And we got down on our knees by his desk and he prayed. From that day, December 7, 1933, he never turned back. (Your father must have known him, or of him — Stephen Foot. He wrote several books about MRA).

So if you have guidance to do some original or daring thing, don't hesitate if it's something the other fellow needs.

You'll win men, Peter, not as a gifted fellow with a musical instrument: you'll win them as a man and as a person in your own right, with a commitment and something to say that's needed universally.

It's possible, is it not, for a musician to use his instrument as a shield or protection against life or against people of whom he may be afraid, like the Roman soldier carrying a shield into battle! And people come to associate him with his instrument and they never either think of him or meet him as a man, for his own sake, music or no music. His instrument may also be a means of winning praise or distinction for himself. No need to tell you that's the wrong use of talent!

Don't be discouraged if you fall into impurity. That statement can be misunderstood. It doesn't mean that to fall into impurity doesn't matter or is 'natural'. No fighting man (and every real Christian is a fighting man) will agree the enemy must win, that sin is inevitable, or that one form of sin is not so bad as some other kind, or that sin is not sin — a very popular argument. Sin is the disease — Christ is the cure — the result is a miracle.

Discouragement is the language of pride, because we want to think of ourselves as a success, till something happens which shows us we are not. God does not mean we are to achieve something to inflate our ego. What He asks is our obedience. Fellows say, 'Oh, I'd never live the four standards.' How do they know? Have they ever tried? In any case, living the standards is the fruit of something else and they are not ends in themselves for your own glory.

The answer to sex temptations I find is two-fold: 1. Your life, purpose, will are wholly given to Christ. So often impurity comes when you're frustrated. There is something you want and can't get. So you take what you can get (alas, all too easily). You try to compensate and find satisfaction for yourself ('gratification' is a good word

for it). But of course, it doesn't work. Sin never satisfies. It only leaves you wanting more.

The Devil wants you to fight the wrong battle (usually by an effort of repression which doesn't work). So many things, like impure thoughts, for instance, will go if you ignore them and let 'em go. It's not always easy — the look, the thought, the fascination and the fall. The break must come somewhere, say, between the thought and the fascination: otherwise the snake paralyses the rabbit. If evil thoughts do assail us (and which of us young or old don't have them at times?), understand that God may have allowed the temptation in order to prepare you for someone you'll meet that day who is defeated by impure habits and desperately needs your help. Use your temptations, make them assets instead of liabilities.

Be on the attack — be changing people — be moving so fast that the dirt doesn't stick. Then you won't have much trouble with sex.

As regards girls, St Paul says to the young men, 'Treat the younger women as sisters, with perfect propriety.' They are fellow fighters in the battle with you. Keep your relationships on that level and see that the men round you do the same. No private relationships where you use each other.

A conclusion to this long screed:

When we started in Oxford, a few of us met daily at 7.30 to read the Bible, share and pray on our knees — breakfast 8.15 am.

This was basic. Soon other groups in other colleges were doing the same. Soon the university magazine got the news and had satirical editorials. This helped greatly and people's curiosity was aroused and we became known. The battle so hotted up that the London *Times* printed a letter from nine senior Oxford men (including three heads of colleges) in our support. You can imagine what that did, and not just in Oxford!

All the time men were coming for personal interviews to get cleaned up and find a real purpose in their lives. Henry Drummond, professor at Edinburgh University, whose books you may know, was sought in interview privately by scores of men. (He was all alone: we had a team later of up to a hundred in Oxford doing that work.)

Drummond said to a friend to whose house in Edinburgh we of the Oxford Group were often asked:

'I have been listening to stories of ill-living so vile and so loathsome I felt I wanted to change my very clothes. But to such I gladly gave the garments of righteousness and the robes of salvation.'

Do this, Peter, and God will do the rest.

Don't stop with a fellow till he is changing his friends.

AMAZING PHILOSOPHY

'THE DODDS' PHILOSOPHY' is the headline in the *Newsman Herald*, (Essex). Their reviewer writes: 'Dodds, well remembered Essex opening batsman of the 1940s and 1950s holds firm religious beliefs and is convinced they helped him in his astonishing cricketing career.'

'Dodds tells how and why in a most readable 120 pages. He doesn't preach. Just honestly tells his story of how he floundered in search of a purpose.'

'Eventually he committed himself to cricket and all in all it's an honest, amazing story, never lacking humour. I feel it's bound to lead to an influencing mark with most readers.'

'There are many previously untold stories in this entrancing book, which on reflection, left me pondering over how Dickie Dodds would have fitted into the present day cricket scene with its faster than ever bowling and the one day game.'

He would surely have been a tremendous one-day limited-over batsman and it's quite thought to envisage how he would have dealt with Thomson, Lilley, Roberts and Holding. For Dodds' inner belief was, after his early county cricketing days, hit hard and enjoy it. The county cricket crowds of England certainly enjoyed the end result. No less will they enjoy, I'm sure, this inspiring book.'

SWEDISH VILLAGE PLAY

VARNHEM IS A PARISH in western Sweden, beautifully situated at the foot of the Billingen mountain. The parish has only 600 inhabitants, but in the middle ages Cistercian monks, sent from France by St Bernhard of Clairvaux, built a monastery and a church big enough to hold twice that number. It has been well preserved until this day. The parishioners are proud of their church, and a couple of years ago they started study circles about its history.

The history turned out to be so interesting that a Varnhem housewife wrote a play about it. This *Play of Varnhem* has been performed several times in the church for big audiences. This summer 42 of the 600 parishioners made a pilgrimage to Citeaux in France where St Bernhard worked, and to Caux, Switzerland, where the play was performed for an audience from many nations. The cast consisted of workers from Volvo and other industries, farmers, teachers, civil servants and their families.

The author wrote in the programme, 'The conflict that comes out of the confrontation between radical Christianity and common materialistic thinking... is the point of contact with our time. Although many things in the pious life of the 12th century are strange to us, that conflict is the same today. That is the eternal battle between God and "the world". In this play a small sector of this fight is reflected.'

Thanks for your patience.
Sincerely yours
Loudon Hamilton.



Uhuru Park, Nairobi

A Kenyan evening

by Gerald Anderson

ONE LOVELY KENYA EVENING in 1974 Uhuru Park, which divides Nairobi almost into two, was lush and green with the last rays of the sun slanting over the hillside lighting up the sides of the massive buildings of the city. The hush of a Kenya evening was evident.

On the edge of the lake that skirted the western edge sat a despondent African young man, Lawrence. He was the eldest of a very humble family. His father worked as a labourer on a European farm. He had grown up in poverty. He had had to leave school early because his father could not afford to bear the financial burden of educating several children at a time.

The prospects of working in a great city attracted him from his village up-country. He had come with great hopes of finding work. It was at a time when unemployment was rising in Kenya at an alarming rate. Young men like him with very little to live on are often attracted to this bustling city but their hopes become illusions and their spirits broken.

In Nairobi the frustration of finding a job had reached its limit for him. For six months Lawrence had lived off a friend and shared his humble home. He had no money. For those six months his day started at dawn. He walked six miles into town and began his search for work and walked back each day covering some 20 to 25 miles on foot. As day after day went by tramping from one place to another his hopes began to fade. Frustration and bitterness against the rich class set in. He was tired, weary and without hope. He reached a point where he told himself, 'What is the point of living, this world has nothing to offer me?'

That evening by the lake, he had decided that he could endure life no longer.

He had decided to end it all by drowning

himself in the lake after dark. He had found a heavy stone, arranged it beside him and a piece of rope to tie it to his waist so that the weight of the stone would ensure that his body would be held down in the water. So he sat by the lake-side waiting for dusk to change to dark and for the strollers who come for an evening walk to go back to their homes.

That evening amongst the strollers was a young Asian man and his father who used to take a daily walk in the Park after a long day tied to their desks. This young Asian, Ashwin, had the problems of the nation much on his heart. He had learnt the secret that 'when man listens, God speaks; when man obeys, God acts'. He had committed his life to God and became one of a force of people who had decided to put right what was wrong in the world.

This particular evening in the park he and his father, having left their car, walked past the sitting figure of Lawrence who was a complete stranger to them. The inner voice inside him, which he had learnt to trust, said, 'That man is in need of help.' But he did not stop in his walk.

A sorry tale

As the two strollers retraced their steps and passed near Lawrence again Ashwin felt more uneasy and said to himself, 'If this man speaks first, then I will speak with him.'

As he was nearing the place, Lawrence turned round and said, 'Can I have a shilling, I am very hungry.' Ashwin started off by saying, 'I do not have a shilling. Can I help you, you seem unhappy?' Lawrence replied, 'No, I am all right.' Ashwin, 'Are you sure I cannot help you?' Lawrence, 'I am out of work. I cannot find any work. No one seems to want me and I am going to kill myself. I have nothing to look forward to.' Lawrence unfolded the whole sorry tale leading to his decision to commit suicide.

Ashwin, who himself had found the answer to hate, bitterness and frustration as a militant university student in India, told Lawrence it was possible to change and let God rule his life and follow God's plan for his life. The conversation ended with praying together, and Lawrence committed his life

to God in full view of all the other strollers in the park, wondering no doubt what a black man and a brown man were doing in public together.

It was an unusual scene, for Africans and Asians do not usually mingle in this way. Amongst the astonished watchers was Ashwin's father. Lawrence prayed, 'God, if you want me to suffer give me the strength and courage.' They separated when Lawrence decided that suicide was not the answer to his problem, nor was it the right message for millions suffering like him.

Ashwin found a job for Lawrence guarding the house of a friend of Ashwin's who was selling up. When the short job ended, his employer recommended him to the purchaser, an Asian proprietor of a hotel where Lawrence became a waiter. This second job was an unjust job. He would start work at eight in the morning and carry on to three in the following morning. The salary was small but made even smaller by a series of fines for small offences as well as large ones, so that some of his fellows only ended up with 30 shillings for a month's work. But Lawrence refused to be bitter about the exploitation.

When Ashwin told his father the whole story that led up to the prayer in the Park, which had captured the father's imagination, and of Lawrence's change of heart, the father of his own accord offered a job to Lawrence in their accountancy firm.

Since then Lawrence has had exhaustive training for two years in spite of his previous inadequate education. He is a man of responsibility. He is not ashamed to do the menial jobs of the firm as well as the more sophisticated typewriting and book keeping aspects. Ashwin's father, who did not believe that it was possible for human nature to change, has seen it happen and has had to re-think his ideas and beliefs. Lawrence, now a married man, has used his experience and his personal story to bring help and hope to his brother and others of his family as well as his friends and acquaintances, to discover the reality of God for themselves and to become a focus of putting right what is wrong.

TURKISH PREMIERE

BUILD ON SOLID GROUND, the multimedia presentation of how poverty and corruption has been tackled in the slums of Rio de Janeiro, has had its first showing in Turkey. This was at the Notre Dame de Sion High School where many of Istanbul's leading women were educated.

This was one of a number of events arranged by two Turkish women when women from Switzerland, France, Germany, Holland and Britain recently visited the country.

Following the visit a number of people from Turkey plan to attend this summer's MRA world assembly in Caux, Switzerland.