

Mountain House, Caux

CAUX CONFERENCE 'TO FILL GAP BETWEEN WORDS AND DEEDS'

THIS SUMMER'S international conference for Moral Re-Armament with the theme, 'Urgent - Moral and Spiritual Re-Armament', opened 10 July in Caux, Switzerland.

Daniel Mottu, President of the Swiss Foundation for Moral Re-Armament which is responsible for the conference centre, outlined the specific tasks of Caux. 'We must work to fill the gap between words and reality,' he said. 'The world is athirst for authentic values, but it is hardened and sceptical towards great declarations of principle.' The only way to promote such values, he continued, was to apply them in everyday life, in the home and in the workplace.

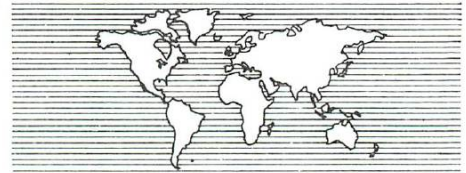
Caux, because of the informal and unofficial nature of the sessions, made meetings and exchanges possible which are increasingly impossible elsewhere, Mr Mottu said. 'Here we will live out the experience of a dialogue between the continents,' he concluded, noting that the summer conferences opened with a 'Symposium to explore fresh aims and larger concerns for Europe and North America'.

Jean-Jacques Cevey, the Mayor of Montreux and a Federal Member of Parliament, also spoke at the opening session. 'We complain that too often those of us engaged in political or economic action don't have the time to give ourselves to reflection,' he said. 'This solitary reflection is important. Collective thought is even more so.' Caux was one of the means by which busy men could withdraw from action and reflect, to lay down the problems and search for genuine solutions.

The Swiss, Mr Cevey said, felt that they were at the crossroads of the world. Were they there just for the sake of being at the heart of things, to be seen and admired, he asked. 'Or are we at this crossroads to open ourselves to the world, to stretch out a hand, and at the same time open our hearts - as all of you want to do?'

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THE ESSENTIAL TAP-ROOT

MORAL RE-ARMAMENT IS KNOWN for its part in resolving conflicts, sometimes at international level; for inspiring people to tackle urgent issues; for strengthening the forces of goodness at testing moments in the lives of nations.

How do such things come about? How does MRA work?

Moral Re-Armament is essentially a moral and spiritual quality of life which, when passionately lived by men and women with a concern for the world, bears fruit in many ways – some of them visible in political and social terms, others recognised only in the heart of one person.

The tap-root of this experience is the commitment in a person's life to be available to the Almighty for Him to use in bringing about His will on earth. Just as the micro-computer only functions because the electrons within respond to the programmer's signals, society only works without major malfunctions when people detect and follow the Creator's signals.

To make this practical, many people get up earlier than they otherwise would and listen for any thoughts God may give; write them down; and then do their best to eliminate those which come from an other-than-divine source – by considering them in the light of absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love and the teaching of the Bible, and by telling them to a friend with the same commitment who will not hesitate to point out any wrong motives he detects.

As people seek to obey God's will – preferably in team-work with others – aims and strategies unfold; more people find new life and begin to take inspired action; unexpected miracles are given; and a new, creative spirit begins to transform apparently hopeless situations.

For this issue we asked people to say how their commitment to living under the direction of the Holy Spirit works out in their daily lives. ■

JOHN LESTER is a medical doctor who gives all his time to working with Moral Re-Armament.

GRASPING THE THREADS

PEOPLE INCREASINGLY VALUE us by how busy we are. Many of the most able people are the most busy, denying themselves adequate time to listen to other people and to think. Yet some of my most effective moments have been when I was not busy. So I see my calling in terms of obedience to what I believe God tells me, and availability—that is time to see people and time to go anywhere.

My wife and I begin each morning by listening for any instruction God may give us. How does it work out in Birmingham, our present home?

Our thought one morning is to make a date with a man in another town who is deeply involved with the Health Service. My thought before going is, 'Express an interest in what he is doing, listen to him and then listen to God with him.' When I get there I find a man in trouble. He is worried

about something which happened at work the day before. Keen to talk, he does so for several hours, both about his industry and about personal matters. He is aware that his own nature causes him problems. He recognises that only an experience of God can help. We talk about this. He volunteers that he has no faith and doubts the whole concept of getting guidance from God. I point out that the thought I had in coming was to seek God's guidance with him. We listen together and his thought is, 'If God is there, He doesn't seem to be helping at present.' Mine is, 'The God you don't believe in has His hand on you.' He likes this. I certainly believe it—I had no way of knowing he was in trouble, yet I felt impelled to come.

I then have the thought to visit a surgeon and to tell him of the convictions of the first man, and to have a time of listening with him. This results in him wanting to meet my other friend. So I phone the first man who instantly says, 'Your prayers have been answered.' A much-feared threat has been removed. So he is now eager to meet the surgeon.

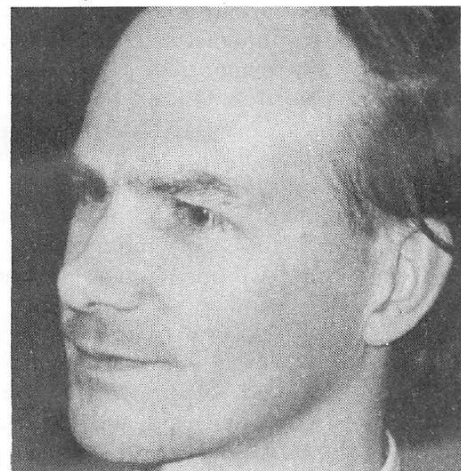
Caravan

Two of us go to see a trade union friend who wants to take a senior official for a day at Tirley Garth, the MRA centre in Cheshire. We find him discouraged that the official does not reply to his letters. He is on the threshold of giving up his initiative, and is about to go to his caravan. After a time of seeking God's guidance together, the man asks us to see the official on his behalf while he is on holiday.

When we call on the official we find that he has changed his address. Our friend's letters never reached him. Far from being uninterested, he is keen to visit Tirley Garth and include friends.

On our way home we have an intuitive 'tick' to return via the first trade unionist. He is amazed we have caught him since he has only slipped back from his caravan for a few minutes to pick up something. We reassure him that all is well and the proposed time at Tirley Garth is on again. Part of my calling is, I believe, to help nurture others' initiatives—and I am always fascinated by the accuracy of the little 'ticks' which can be vital in this.

A senior trade unionist comes to our home. He talks about his frustration with the Government, his daughter who is unemployed and his struggles at work. Many in his position fight hard for what they believe to be right, with meetings most evenings, while having little in the way of faith to sustain them. For them the struggle becomes wearisome. He says he abandoned the left because he did not believe that the end justified the means. But now he has



Dr John Lester

Weeks



Lester

Birmingham

found that the right use the same tactics. So the conversation turns to the need to fight for what is morally, not politically, right; how to find a faith which gives the strength this takes; the Pope's visit to Britain; the power of prayer, the need for God's guidance. He decides to take his wife to the occasion at Tirley Garth.

I feel I should see a young man, originally from Barbados, now in industry. To my surprise I find he has just been made redundant. He is keen to talk about it, and what he sees for the future. He too wants to come to Tirley Garth.

Another thought in my morning time of quiet is to see a friend who is seriously ill and talk about certain things. He seems much encouraged by this. The next day he lapses into a coma and dies. How thankful I am that I followed this thought immediately!

Meanwhile we have been in touch with many more in the medical world. We hold an evening to which come the two I have already mentioned as well as a hospital porter, the administrator of a large hospital, an accountant from another, the shop steward for the Royal College of Nursing for yet another, and several other doctors.

After much fascinating 'toing and froing', in which we begin to understand each other's points of view more clearly, we have a time of listening for God's direction together. No one seems embarrassed. The administrator, whom we did not know before, says what an eye-opener it has been for him; how much we need to be a team; what it means to know that other people really care about the Health Service.

By this time, the occasion in Tirley Garth with the trade unionists and their wives has occurred, and greatly inspired them. Two of us will now visit the man whose idea it was in order to plan a further step before he disappears back to his caravan! So the following of these 'threads' continues, fascinating and never ending.

I am wholly inexperienced in my work as a 'fisher-for-men'. I long to do it better but it remains, nonetheless, the point of my life, as it does for many of my friends. In this task God's guidance is more than a useful optional extra. It is the basis of all that we do. The most effective times with people are those in which we can introduce them to seeking God's guidance.

The quality of our lives determines whether what we say and do is helpful or not. That quality involves decisions about standards, how I live my life, honesty about my nature and my failures. It involves taking time to read the Bible and other books to draw sustenance and knowledge from the wisdom of others. An over-busy life quickly becomes a superficial one.

One of the most important things I have learned through MRA is to listen to others, and to think about what I hear. Careful listening produces insights, not just about individuals but about the nature of man and society. It illumines, for example, our class-dominated society in Britain and our deep feelings about race. It has also led me to a sense of our need for repentance as a nation and within the nation.

For me, a personal calling to care for individuals has led to a calling to reach the leadership and the whole country with insights which are available to all but need special emphasis because few grasp them. This requires thought, and time to think is another essential commodity in my work. ■

Legal Opinion

by Arthur Wilmarth, Washington DC

IN A LARGE LAW FIRM there is often a wide gap of misunderstanding and mistrust between the senior partners and the younger associates. As a senior associate with several years' experience, I stand somewhere in the middle. I felt God telling me that I should make myself available to each of the younger associates, to listen compassionately to their concerns, complaints and suggestions, and to communicate their views to the senior partners. My willingness to do this seems to have given several of the younger lawyers a needed outlet for their opinions and has allowed me to make constructive suggestions to the senior partners. When a colleague asks me why I am willing to take on this role as an informal 'ombudsman', I have a chance to tell him about the faith and convictions which have led me to take responsibility.

At other times, I have been led to apologise to two partners against whom I felt anger or bitterness, and to express my views concerning the need for honesty and full disclosure in legal documents which we prepared.

Recently, I had to argue a case before a federal court of appeals while I was suffering from a severe cold. Realising that I was not in a proper physical condition to give the argument, I committed the situation fully to God in prayer and was then able to make my presentation without serious difficulty. I felt very grateful for God's help. I recognise more and more that I cannot genuinely ask for new miracles, large or small, before I accept and give thanks for the ones which He has already given. ■

ALL RIGHT ON THE NIGHT

by Mary Lean

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS before Harold Macmillan and President Kennedy arrived in Nassau in December 1962 for talks on Polaris, Peggy Metcalfe received a cable. One more Cabinet Minister had joined the Prime Minister's party and must be accommodated. She had a sleepless night – the only one she can remember in her career in the Foreign Office department responsible for organising governmental visits overseas and international conferences in the UK.

Peggy Metcalfe had been sent in secrecy to Nassau, when the Bahamas was still a colony, to find a suitable place for Macmillan and Kennedy to meet. She had 48 hours before the meeting was going to be announced. She posed as a wealthy tourist, looking for a suitable holiday spot for rich friends.

She found two possible sites, phoned London and received Kennedy's press secretary, Pierre Salinger, who had been sent to vet arrangements for the Americans. 'He nearly drove the Governor mad,' Miss Metcalfe remembers. 'He chewed cigars through all their meetings and left their yellow ends on the desk.'

The venue chosen, preparations went into full swing. A vast American advance team arrived. The British were hosts and anxious about security arrangements. There had just been an attack on Kennedy's life in Florida, although this was not publicly known at the time. Miss Metcalfe had three weeks to set everything up, during which the meeting grew from a 'tiny intimate meeting between the President and Prime Minister' to one which included four Cabinet Ministers. A rocking chair had to be found for Kennedy, whose back was so painful he could sit in nothing else, and a valet for Macmillan, whose usual man took ill 48 hours before take-off.

'The Americans had a large staff – one person for each function. During the visit, their food man would ring me up and say, "What are you going to give the President when he comes to dine with your Prime Minister tomorrow?" "Good heavens," I'd say, "I've no idea. That's 24 hours away!"'

Ancestors

The Kennedy/Macmillan meeting was, for Miss Metcalfe, the 'most traumatic' of many occasions, on similar or lower levels, which she set up in North and South America, Europe, the Far East, China, Russia, Africa and Australia during her years in the Foreign Office. Now retired, she told me about her work and about the experiences which prepared her for it.

She was born in India, where her father was in the army. His family had served in India for five generations. 'One of my ancestors was 16 when he was sent out to India to take up an opening in the East India Company in Calcutta,' she said. 'He was terribly unhappy. He wrote a sad letter to his mother saying he hated it and couldn't he come home. She wrote back a stiffening letter saying that when he felt unhappy he should take Gregory Powder and some horse-riding exercise!'



The Foreign Office Building, London

Like their forebears, Peggy and her brother Theo were sent home to school at the age of six. 'My mother never had a paid passage home from the British Government, so they had to save for her to come.' Their mother made it about every two years, father every five years. 'One's childhood was conditioned by wishes on wishbones and horseshoes that they would come home.'

It was in India that Theo contracted polio. 'Instead of giving him therapy as they do now, they immobilised him and put him in a steel frame.' The specialist in England assured Mrs Metcalfe that he would be all right at public school. 'When she came back a year later, he'd become a hunchback. He'd started to grow and the wasted muscles couldn't hold up his frame.' She got him to a specialist in Lausanne who improved his general health, but Theo was crippled for life. 'He was amazing – he never let it interfere with what he wanted to do.'

It was while her brother was still in Lausanne and Miss Metcalfe was at finishing school there, that they came into contact with MRA. 'I flirted with it slightly, but Theo became very active.'

Peggy Metcalfe spent the war in the army, where she was one of the first women to become a staff officer. 'When I joined up the only women officers were those who were administering other women, in clerical jobs, driving, anti-aircraft batteries, and domestic tasks.' Working for a 'fairly useless' captain at the time of Dunkirk, Miss Metcalfe found herself *de facto* in charge of the section issuing ammunition to forces on the South Coast, drafting letters during the day for the captain's signature. Later she became PA to a general. Twice during this period she was sent up to an army selection board to be considered as an officer, and twice turned down because she said she wanted to remain in her present job rather than administer women.

Eventually her general arranged for her to train as an officer, and then be loaned back to him, on his staff. Not very long after that the army was so desperately short of staff officers that regulations were changed. Miss Metcalfe became a staff officer at the 21st Army Group Head-

quarters, co-ordinating the invasion of Europe. When Montgomery came back from the desert to take charge he found he had about 600 women on his staff, and three women staff officers. 'He didn't care for women at all, but it was too late to get rid of us!'

After demobilisation, she joined the Foreign Office. 'I was in a fair old muddle in my personal life, after an unhappy love affair,' she says. 'I had had a Christian experience – a genuine conversion – through my church, but was looking for something more to gear it into.' Then her brother invited her to an MRA weekend in Le Touquet. 'I felt that it was the Christian experience in action for our time. I decided to throw my hat into the ring.'

Miss Metcalfe singles out three things in particular that Moral Re-Armament taught her. 'I had a tremendously strong prejudice against the Germans. I absolutely hated them. After the Allied victory we moved into a town, put barbed wire around it and the Germans were simply driven out. We took over their houses. Every day a certain number of them would be brought back under armed guard to clean for us. I saw nothing wrong in this, I thought it was what they deserved.'

'The most important thing I learned from MRA was to be deeply repentant of that sort of thing, and to see that there's only one possible future for the world – that we really do care for each other. I found a real sense that everyone is my brother or sister.'

No commonplace

In the atmosphere of post-war Europe this was no commonplace discovery, particularly for one who had grown up in an era when Britain ruled large parts of the world. Things, she says, are very different today. 'Although you say there was jingoism over the Falklands, I've been struck by the lack of a sense of "my country right or wrong" among the general public. There was a real questioning of whether we were doing the right thing.'

The second thing her visits to the MRA centre at Caux gave her was an ability to look before she leapt. 'I'm a tremendous activist. My job has been getting things done in the shortest time possible. But I get little warning notes in my head not to rush ahead to do something.' She gave a recent example. Since she retired, she had moved into the country, where she is looking after her mother, now 90 and infirm. 'I needed help in the house, but I had a strong sense not to rush into getting anybody. I knew of someone who I thought would be absolutely ideal, but who wasn't available. But I felt quietly sure I would get her help in the end.' After eight months, it worked out. 'This was quite against my normal instincts, which would have been to get myself fixed up forthwith.'

Finally, Caux taught her 'the care that needs to go into practical arrangements', an important quality for one who has been responsible for the smooth running of so many high-level meetings. She speaks of the difference a well-laid table can make to the atmosphere of a dinner and of her struggle to make the Ministry of Works supply mats to protect green baize tables from water bottles rather than pieces of paper which tend to degenerate as a meeting progresses.

The most difficult occasions to arrange, she says, are Prime Minister's or Foreign Minister's visits overseas. 'The Prime Minister usually remains in charge of the country

when he or she is away – so you have to set up a miniature Number 10 with all the communications.'

Miss Metcalfe's last major overseas assignment was arranging for the British party at the historic Commonwealth conference in Lusaka, which paved the way to Zimbabwean independence. There too, as one expects in all her jobs, there were alarms and excursions. 'On my first visit there was no transport, no communications,' she remembers. 'But the High Commissioner said to me, "I know Africa very well" – which I didn't – "and I am confident it will all be all right on the night"'. It was. They set up a new telephone exchange, imported 300 cars from South Africa, and they built a new hotel which opened the night before the conference!'

There must have been times when she thought it really wasn't going to work – how did she cope, I wondered. 'I don't know. I think I just prayed. I'm lucky that I'm a fairly optimistic person. The only time I really worried was at Nassau – because I had to fit four Cabinet Ministers in the space designed for one Prime Minister!'

Time for the desert in NY

by William Elliott, New York

I STARTED AN ASSIGNMENT with a new employer eight months ago. This meant learning new skills and improving others. I have found this challenging and often exhausting—New York is not exactly a quiet city!

How do you learn to live in a pressured situation? I like to be constantly active, seeing results. Sunday was a day to go to church and then come home for some productive work. Recently a friend suggested 'wasting time with God'. I felt I loved God but I realised that I love 'not wasting time' more. On Sundays, and even at other times, I can now be found wasting time—with God.

Cardinal Basil Hume, Archbishop of Westminster, UK, says in his book, *Searching for God*: 'We shall never be safe in the market-place unless we are at home in the desert.... It is only in the desert that you can learn to turn loneliness into solitude, and it is only when we have learnt solitude and freedom—the capacity to be alone—that we can safely be involved with others.' In trying to discern God's will for my life, my profession and in my commitment to building a new world, one thing I do is to take the time each morning 'in the desert' as Cardinal Hume describes.

Over recent months, some friends and I were responsible for arranging two large dinners in the city, with the aim of introducing others to MRA. We took time together, seeking a united mind on how to do these occasions. Before the second one, someone suggested that we should not charge a fee but say on the invitation card that contributions would be welcome, so that people of all means could attend. This meant committing ourselves to about \$2,000 of expenses without knowing where most of it would come from. Yet as we considered the idea together, we became certain that it was right. We then told six other friends about this decision in faith and asked them to take responsibility with us. They agreed and joined us in praying for the expenses. I am glad to report that these were fully covered.

HOTTER SPOT THAN WILTSHIRE

by Miles Paine, Manchester

WHILE WORKING AS Production Engineer in a large engineering company in Wiltshire I began to try opening my mind each morning for God's direction. It affected my relationships at work, but I was also led to meeting and trying to help a number of people outside my normal circle of friends. With some of these we arranged a public meeting, presided over by the Mayor, to launch a new book about how to change society by living out the ideas of MRA. We also wrote articles for the local press; and addressed groups such as the Workers Education Association—all good and worthy activity, during which some people's lives were changed.

Then one morning came the uncomfortable thought, 'Resign your job here and look for another in a bigger city where the centre of the ideological battle lies.' I loved my job. Also, I had just been selected for a 'top hat' insurance and pension scheme which assured my future with the firm but meant that I would lose all my previous pension contributions if I resigned.

For a few days I resisted this thought. However, by this time, God's leading had become very real to me. So I started applying for jobs in Bristol, London and the Midlands, while working out my three months' notice. I received various offers but had not decided which to accept when the Works Director asked me if I would go to Calcutta for six months as adviser to the Managing Director of an associated company. This did not appeal to me at all—I had been unimpressed by a brief visit some years previously during the monsoon. Besides my father had just died leaving my mother on her own.

Seven years

However, another unexpected thought came, 'Discuss it with your mother and include a certain friend in the decision.' To my surprise my mother said she felt God meant me to go. My friend also applauded the idea. So a few weeks later I landed in Dum Dum Airport.

I had the names of two people who knew a little about MRA. One was a trade union leader and the other the son of a businessman. I called on both of them the next day and we became close friends.

The six months assignment extended to seven fascinating years. In addition to running the company's three factories, God's leading took me to the Himalayan foothills, accessible in parts only on elephant; coconut groves in Kerala; tea gardens in Bangladesh; military parades, weddings, festivals, mud huts and mansions; as well as steel plants, jute mills and cottage industries.

The company provided a car and driver, and many mornings on the way to work I would call by the home of my trade union friend to share whatever thoughts God had given—many of my visits were planned with him. In due course the neighbours got over their surprise at seeing my car arriving in the early morning and some of them would join us from time to time.

The docks were key to the life of the city and the country. In the dockyard the skilled 'baggers and stitchers', who transferred the bulk grain into sacks, often held the em-



Miles Paine

ployers and the docks to ransom through strikes. We got to know their union leader, a young well-educated lawyer. We also made friends with the president of the employers' federation. Both in their own ways found an experience of change, conditions improved and there were fewer stoppages.

There are over 700 names in my Calcutta address book. Some who were then students now hold responsible positions. A lecturer at the Law College who became a good friend was later India's Education Minister.

The company's fortunes fluctuated through the seven years, but constantly I had the thought not to be guided by success or failure but to live by daily obedience to those promptings that had led me thus far—a part of God's continuing strategy. ■

Recent refugees from Poland, youth from the Polish Hearth Community and retired Major-General K S Rudnicki were among those who last month attended an evening at the Westminster Theatre, London, on the theme, 'Whither Poland?'

They heard Rex Dilly, who during the Second World War was an officer in the British Royal Artillery under General Anders in the Second Polish Corps, express his sense of shame at Britain's part in the Yalta Agreement, which 'had dashed the hopes of the Poles'.

Another speaker was FELIX LISIECKI, Head of Music at Arras Teacher Training College in France. We print here extracts from his talk:

FORCE vs FAITH IN POLAND

BOTH MY PARENTS grew up in Poland. In 1914 my father was forced to join the German Army. He deserted and joined the Free Polish Army under General Haller. In 1919-20 he fought against the Russians to secure Polish independence. Then in 1921, like many others, he came to be a miner in the North of France.

Father always hoped that he would return home one day but, for political reasons, he never could. A few years ago I went with my mother to Poland. We returned with a small bag of earth taken from the village where my father was born. It is now in an urn on my father's grave.

Like all Poles living abroad I have closely followed the more significant events in my country since the outbreak of the war in 1939. I particularly remember the tragic night in 1945 when, listening to the BBC in enemy-occupied France, we learned of the crushing of the Warsaw rising. While my



Felix Lisiecki

father wept I seethed with anger thinking of the Soviets refusing to help the embattled Poles.

The events of the last two years have astonished and fascinated the world. One image stands out – strikers in their hundreds kneeling in working clothes at the gates of the Gdansk shipyard.

Frank Buchman, initiator of Moral Re-Armament, said in one of his speeches, 'The world is waiting anxiously to see what God can do through one nation wholly given to Him.'

As I looked at the photograph of those men, I thought Poland was perhaps that nation—a people guided through the difficulties of history by God; a part of His body, facing the challenge of an impossible geo-political situation; a people who are not saints but sinners, praying to God and putting their trust in Him.

Now the Communist Government has resorted to force. But has force ever triumphed over faith in God?

In France we often talk about being one war behind. For example, in 1939 we fought with the methods of 1914. Today I wonder if it is not the whole of the West that is one war behind with our material superiority and our empty churches. I deeply believe that the struggle being played out in Warsaw is the struggle for the destiny of all of us.

Lech Walesa has said, 'I fear no man but God.' Despite ceaseless harassment by the force of militant Marxist atheism, the Polish Church remains victorious.

Naturally we in the West ask, 'What can we do to help Poland?' Food and medical supplies are needed, but beyond that what? If our own freedom is being fought for in Warsaw should we not ask, 'Are we ready to share in the Polish people's battle?' Does not the same battle-line extend through Paris and London? The people of Poland have given themselves to God. Are we ready to let God direct our own lives? ■

NEW BOOK

'A simply turned book by an extraordinary ordinary woman' is how the 'Canberra Times' describes Alice Wedega's book 'Listen My Country', the first to be written by a Papuan woman:

LISTEN MY COUNTRY

IN THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY honours, Alice Wedega of Papua New Guinea was made a Dame. This climaxes the life of perhaps the most remarkable woman her country has produced. She has been a Member of the first Legislative Council, a Commissioner of Guides, and the founder of a training scheme to help the women of the villages. In her 77 years she has also travelled widely, fulfilling a prophecy made at her baptism by the missionary, Charles Abel – 'I baptise you in the name of the Lord, and some day God will send you to other parts of the world.'

From the age of six, Alice Wedega grew up at Kwato, a well-known mission station on the eastern tip of Papua. In 1927 she was invited by an Australian family to join them on a three-months holiday in Australia. During that time she was badly treated, and forced to sleep in a chicken house at one point. This made her bitter against white people.

Then those working in the mission, brown and white, spent a few days together in the hills seeking inspiration. A white missionary described how as a student at Cambridge he had heard about listening to God as well as praying to Him, though he had not yet tried this. Now he did so. As a result he told them honestly about certain sins in his life.

This led others to look at their lives in the light of absolute moral standards and to see if God would speak to them. 'Jealousies, resentments and impurities that had been



Alice Wedega DBE

holding up the work of the mission for years came into the open and apologies were made,' writes Miss Wedega. She herself thought back to the chicken house in Australia and all she had said about it. 'I had tried to make my people feel all white people were bad. Freedom from this resentment opened up a whole new life for me.'

They all returned to Kwato, with a new unity and readiness to follow wherever the Holy Spirit led them.

In 1933, with a few others, Alice Wedega went into the Papuan hinterland without police protection, determined to win the head-hunters there. The head-hunters were impressed by the evident change in Miss Wedega and her friends, and the fact that they went unarmed. The chiefs began to teach their people a new way of life and head-hunting ceased in that area. Miss Wedega started a school

and spent some years there before and after the Second World War.

She has always been concerned about conditions in the remote villages, especially for women who needed to learn basic skills like hygiene, cooking and sewing. She set up a women's welfare training centre in Milne Bay, to which women have come from all parts of the country.

In 1952 Alice Wedega represented Papua New Guinea at a Pan Pacific Women's Conference in New Zealand, the first of many conferences she attended in different parts of the world. In 1971 she went to Kiruna, beyond the Arctic Circle, and to Northern Ireland. Wherever she went she told her experience of how personal change was linked to change in society.

Listen My Country gives a glimpse of Papua New Guinea's human potential, which is not always recognised by other nations.

'Listen My Country' by Alice Wedega, Pacific Publications, available from Grosvenor Books, 54 Lyford Road, London SW18 3JJ, price £3.60, with postage £4.00.

JM and LT

Building Bridges in Croydon

WHEN SHE HEARD OF RACIAL CONFLICT in Britain, Croydon housewife Christine Cadnam used to say, 'They should be grateful they have a country'. Then her neighbours introduced her to the Bridge Builders, a group inspired by MRA which aims to build bridges between neighbours and communities of different cultures and to make 'our community a demonstration of a multicultural society that works'.

Mrs Cadnam's attitude changed, and she helped arrange a bridge-building party. Her husband was one of 34 from 11 countries at the party, and his attitude also changed. 'For him, "That Indian student next door" has now become Deepa and "those Indians across the road" have become the Georges. A small, insignificant pinprick, perhaps, in this needy world, but multiply that by millions. If everyone here in Britain opened their hearts and homes, we could set examples for the world to follow.'

Mrs Cadnam was speaking on 5 July at an MRA meeting at the Westminster Theatre, London, on the theme, 'Whose job to care for a needy world?' The student she referred to, Deepa Nagi, also spoke. 'Had I not met MRA I would have been part of the bitter new British,' she said. 'But my family and I have made a definite decision. Instead of being part of the exclusive Asian community in Britain, who feel threatened by hostilities and language barriers, we have opened our hearts and home to everyone.'

'White men and women have sown seeds of bitterness and hate, which have grown in the hearts of people and go on from generation to generation,' commented Margaret

Jackson, a white Councillor from the London borough of Southwark. 'We don't know when they will flare out, maybe centuries later. Bridge Builders give us a chance to make a start now to put these things right.'

Speakers from other areas of British life included Dr A Sanyal, chief fuel technologist in a major firm. In 25 years in industry he had found that 'human relations come before technology', he said. He gave examples of how honesty towards his superiors and concern for those who worked under him had improved relationships and efficiency. 'Personal ego, fear, selfishness and, at certain levels, lust for power are the key to failure,' he concluded. 'Absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love are guides in my life, at industry and at home.'

Other speakers spoke of developments in Latin America, the Middle East and Japan. ■



JACK HOWSON, THE MAYOR OF MELVILLE, Western Australia signs the visitors' book to mark the official opening of a new home there for the work of Moral Re-Armament last month.

Mr Howson, who was manager of the Australian team at the Montreal Olympics in 1976, quoted Frank Buchman the initiator of MRA: 'It needs a hurricane of common sense to bring men to their senses... and in the midst of the hurricane, the still small voice of the living God, an unseen but ever-present guide.' Mr Howson commented, 'If ever there was a message, that is one as far as I am concerned.'

The home was given to MRA by Mr and Mrs Ken Waldron who will continue to live on the ground floor. 132 people contributed the finance to build a new storey giving increased accommodation and reception facilities, and the architect gave his services free. ■

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