

THE ART OF REMAKING MEN

Also by Paul Campbell

MODERNISING MAN

With Peter Howard

AMERICA NEEDS AN IDEOLOGY

A STORY OF INSPIRED STATESMANSHIP

REMAKING MEN

THE ART OF REMAKING MEN

Paul Campbell



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FOREWORD

WE HAVE ALL WANTED, at one time or another, to see somebody else around us different.

Here is our chance. Dr Campbell has prepared a book that gives ordinary fellows like us tips on how to achieve the desired result. He claims that there is a simple way, which everyone everywhere can learn, of remaking men.

Dr Paul Campbell is a Canadian with a vigorous personality. His patients—for he is a medical doctor—feel that he has faith in their future, as well as the skill to prolong it. His speaking—he has addressed audiences on every continent—is pungent. His writing, readers will discover, is racy and absorbing.

More than other things, however, he is a trained practitioner of the art he so clearly explains in this book. He writes from experience, not theory. As a scientist, he is against attempts to preach purely subjective opinions. He has use only for beliefs and techniques that can be tested in experience and by experiment.

We all have our wills, and whether we make the experiments Dr Campbell prescribes is up to us. One thing is definite: anyone of us can try them.

The author refers to his friend, Dr Frank Buchman, the American-born initiator of Moral Re-Armament, who died in 1961 at the age of 83. Large numbers of men

and women of different races and nations have been helped by Dr Buchman, Dr Campbell and their friends. I am one of them.

Dr Buchman gave me generous friendship and expected far more out of me than I did. He also struggled hard to teach people like me greater discipline and selflessness. If I had the chance to learn under him all over again, I would be a less stubborn student.

He taught me to lean on God, not on man. In strong, almost fierce language he tackled me when he discovered that I had become fearful of losing the friendship and good opinion of a friend, and was, in truth, keener on pleasing him than God. Within seconds of delivering the onslaught, and as if nothing had taken place between him and me, he asked me to tell some guests who had joined him for tea of all that Moral Re-Armament was doing in different parts of the world.

Not long after I had first met Dr Buchman and others working for Moral Re-Armament, I had the experience of receiving Dr Campbell's attention. I was 21, had put a few things right, had apologised to some people for jealousy and bitterness and was quite pleased with myself. A meeting was taking place on Mackinac Island in Michigan, attended by statesmen from a key country. What they would imbibe, or fail to, was crucial. Others had prepared the meeting, but at the last minute I persuaded the chairman to give the mike to a particular gentleman who held it for what seemed an eternity.

"I have a thought for you," Dr Campbell said to me later. "You are conceited. You thought you could steer a meeting of which you knew little. We have perhaps failed some people as a result."

My descent earthwards from the pleasant if rarefied atmosphere in which I was coasting was salutary.

What an unclever world clever man has created! Many in affluent lands grope—and dope—for happiness. Mighty armies struggle for victory against little men in rags. Millions in nations that have “won freedom” suffer the tyranny of corruption and of cynical opportunism. And those who were resolved to banish exploitation, hate their fraternal comrades and threaten war on them.

Some lessons I have learnt. That right and wrong exist. That their being widespread does not make hates, lusts and fears right. That with honesty, God’s help and his own decisions man can find freedom from the passions that bind him. That temptations I receive can give me a good idea of what others around me are also facing, that the man whom I may be tempted to hate is the man who needs my help most. Finally, that not just individuals but communities and nations can be liberated from the driving forces of hate, control and revenge.

We are conscious of the shortcomings of those around us, but we fairly marvel, secretly if we are refined, at God’s handiwork in fashioning us. Total honesty about oneself is the first sign of a life that is being remade. In the future lies a new world.

Empty stomachs, sickly bodies and hearts that hate or are unsatisfied fill the earth. One burns for more people to take hold of the stirring and deathless truths this book contains and use them for the peace and health of mankind.

RAJMOHAN GANDHI

Bombay, 16 April 1970

THE RIDDLE OF OUR AGE

OUR WORLD is full of difficult people. Some appear to be not only difficult but impossible. Many blacks find the whites more than difficult, so the light-skinned must be given some of their own medicine and put in their place by force. Many whites find the blacks so difficult that they feel justified in their segregation and exploitation of the dark-skinned. The poorer nations find the rich greedy beyond measure and the rich find the poor demanding beyond reason.

We are finding increasingly effective ways to help the mentally ill. Modern drugs and operative procedures can render the mind of a mentally disturbed person more flexible and therefore more open to suggestion.

But how do we deal with the normal person whose mind is made rigid with selfishness? What medicine can free him? Selfishness runs our society, it sours relationships, pits race against race, colour against colour, class against class. Selfishness makes the mind inflexible to change.

The smile to the face and the stab in the back are

a commonplace way of dealing with the difficult person. We use sit-ins, lock-outs, paving stones, gheraos, water cannon, petrol bombs, burnings, shootings, and bribery; assassination of both carcass and character; apartheid and co-existence. We demote or promote the difficult, fire them, divorce them, anything to get them out of our way and leave us as we are. But it is fair to say that none of these methods can be called wholly satisfactory in dealing with human selfishness. The selfishness of man is the unsolved issue at the heart of all nations.

Many efforts are being made to understand man better, and how to get him to behave more in the general interest. We investigate his physical structure right down to his molecular make-up; we study the mechanism whereby his brain, muscles, bones and sinews function. We ferret out how he grows, how his body repairs itself, deals with injury, infection and disease. We delve into his brain structure and his psychological structure. Yet we seem to get no nearer to answering the riddle, how do we make selfish men unselfish?

Classes have found the way to replace personal selfishness with a class selfishness. They appeal to common prejudices and hate. They concentrate upon, but do not always cure, injustices. This method has had its rewards in better conditions and a new economic and social structure in some societies. But class selfishness and bitterness have left a legacy of attitudes and beliefs in millions of people which, though outmoded by the needs of our age, nevertheless still determine policy and cause misery and suffering for whole nations.

Nations have mobilised personal selfishness for

national interests. This policy has had its rewards. It has created economic, political and social strength for whole countries. Then this new strength, harnessed to nationalism, has been unleashed on the neighbours and the world with destruction and misery for millions beyond description.

The burning question facing every form of society in today's world, capitalist, socialist, communist, democratic and autocratic, is how to make men unselfish enough to make society work. The faith that a change in society would produce a change in men has proven to be false.

The ideologies of materialism come and go. But to our pain and peril we are prone to lose sight of the eternal ideological struggle of Good against Evil that runs through every heart, every generation and every nation.

Is there a way whereby the set beliefs, presumptions, prejudiced aims and motives of a man can be reset? Is there a force that can be generated in the human spirit which is powerful enough to enlarge a man's aims, control the overwhelming lusts of body and mind and forge in him an inner core of freedom and peace and confidence, enabling him to think, live and act in the best interests of the human family at large?

Most of us, if we are honest, would like to be different. We know all sorts of people, and many whom we don't know, whom we are quite sure could be changed with great benefit all round. The reason our desire for change in ourselves and others is so often frustrated is that we remain selfish in wanting that change. We get worked up only about the people whose selfish

ways and stubbornness cuts into our cash and comfort.

We want to change so we will be liked better, be more attractive, more successful. Parents want their children to change to relieve their anxieties about them and to bridge the gap between them. They want the children to reflect better upon them. Management wants labour to change so that the stockholders can be shown a more favourable balance sheet. Labour would like management to change so that they can have a bigger share of the cake.

The democracies want the dictatorships to change so that they can be left in peace to enjoy a selfish, soft and easy existence. At conferences our lot want the other lot to change so we can get more of our way.

Although it is true our motives are mixed, our basic drive for change in the other fellow remains selfish. We want the other crowd to change so that things will be easier for us and our crowd.

There are a great many who genuinely want the selfish ways of society to change so that the economically poor of the world can be relieved of their suffering, so the exploited can be free of their oppressors, so the innocents embroiled in senseless wars can be free of their misery and hunger and insecurity. But these people are often frustrated idealists. Between their high aims and reality is a missing drive shaft. We want others in their field to be humane and unselfish, while we retain the right to be selfish in our ways, to live as we please. If we want to see the other fellow change, the desire can be changed into effective power only by accepting change in ourselves.

The cure for selfishness does not lie in an under-

standing of how selfish we are, or of how selfish the other person is. It does not lie in being able to see the way problems would be successfully tackled if we changed and changed others. Knowledge is power. But it is not a power great enough to make us live unselfishly. That power lies in action based on faith.

Does man have a father in God and therefore is the object of a love that will not let him go? A love that has a plan for his life and a meaning for his existence? A love that has a work for him to do in caring for the needs of the human family and has the strategy for doing it? A love that has the power to enable a man to live forgetful of self?

Or is man a bastard of chemistry—created by a chance meeting of molecules and atoms at the temperature and pressure suitable for the building of proteins and the spontaneous igniting of life—with no more significance in this vast universe than has a bubble in the fizz of a glass of ginger ale?

Is man a son of the living God, worth living and suffering and dying for; or is he of no account beyond the few cents worth of chemicals in his brain, muscles, blood and bone? If the truth lies in the first question, then man can change and develop a new life on earth. But if man has no more significance than a fly on the wall, then we cannot crack into the unending cycle of his selfish ways. If men can be changed, men can change the world and the course of history.

Today no authority is respected or accepted. We are disillusioned by the obvious failures and hypocrisies of materialist ideologies of both Right and Left. Socialism is being used as a banner for winning the

people of Asia and Africa to political regimes, but it is not practised by its preachers. We see the faith which is acknowledged by some in the West used so often to soften the genuine desires for legitimate change and used as a pious cloak for impious motives and deeds. Is not change in the selfish men of the world and in the selfish world of men the universal programme for our time? It is the common need facing every race, class and nation. It is the one point on which we are all united.

This is the thinking, the aim, the commitment on every continent of those who battle for the moral re-
armament of the earth. Dr Frank N. D. Buchman, who initiated this programme and changed and trained a world force in every strata of life to carry it into the fabric of our nations, once said, "Human nature can be changed, that is root of the answer. World economies can be changed, that is the fruit of the answer. World history can be changed, that is the destiny of our age." He was a realist. He was clear you cannot make good omelettes out of bad eggs. More than once he quoted the English cabinet minister who said, "To expect a change in human nature may be an act of faith, but to expect a change in society without it is an act of lunacy."

Buchman spent his life battling for change. He believed that unless you changed man, you were, in the light of history, doing nothing. To him it was obvious that the skill and passion to meet man's need for change was basic equipment for the statesman, the industrialist, the trade unionist, the teacher and the pupil, the newspaperman, the playwright and the

actor, the man in the pew and the man in the pulpit.

To bring a revolution to man is not a job that can be left for specialists. It is the privilege and responsibility of all.

The civilisations of East and West acknowledge today that this change in man is the essential if their highest ideals for lifting the burdens of man are to be realised. For it is human selfishness, not human wisdom, that decides policies—personal and national.

The materialists of the Right and of the Left have accepted the reality of this truth and acted accordingly. With ideas of class and race, blood and colour, they manipulate the greed, ambitions, prides, fears, hates and lusts of men to gain profits, or power, or to win control of countries and continents.

Those who refuse to look at the fact that human nature can be transformed become cynical, opportunist and pragmatic in their leadership. Such authorities have forfeited their right to respect and trust. To answer the longings of the sincere millions who fight against the de-personalisation and the injustices of society and against poverty and war, the human heart must be changed from "get" to "give".

Some believe wishfully that the end to international wars has come. Intercontinental war waged with nuclear bombs is the unthinkable. But divorce is on the increase, strikes in industry are on the increase, violence in our streets is on the increase. Why should we expect violence to be rejected in dealing with the even bigger issues of national security and existence? Unless people change and live differently, there are no grounds for believing war has been outlawed. Change

in men alone can create a just society and produce the continuous changes without violence for which we long.

This change is the alternative to the insipid dullness that permissiveness has created. Permissiveness is simply everyone out for himself with the full approval of society. It is a way of life contrary to commonsense, the common good and the inherent nature of man.

Unless he aims for excellence, man degenerates. He pushes, propagates and snores in a pigsty of self and is not content until all around are wallowing in the muck with him and calling it heaven. It is the "freedom" in which selfish practices and division push up prices and taxes, and government imposes more and more restrictions on our economic, political and social liberties. As always when we throw out the Ten Commandments of God we are saddled with the ten thousand commandments of man.

It is not so much that Democracy, Capitalism and Socialism in its various forms have failed. Man has failed. We have not been honest enough, unselfish enough, loving enough, pure enough to make our systems work. It is not just a new system we need but new men.

In the past we have left the formation of character to the home, school, religion. Today that is not enough. Too few homes have any idea how to give character training. Schools have abdicated responsibility for training in how to live, and millions never go near a place of worship. A new skill needs to be mastered by men if society is not to be destroyed by our selfishness.

This skill to deal with selfishness is needed by statesmen and parents, by teachers, by the leaders of industry and of the armed forces, by all men everywhere. Other-

wise our century could well become the century in which we destroyed our civilisation because we were not wise enough or simply did not care enough to change.

THE ANATOMY OF PERSONALITY

THE PASSION in men of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to understand the world, created an age of reason. The passion of the men of the twentieth century to control the world ushered in the age of ideology. In his famous dictum, "Philosophers have explained the world, our job is to change it", Karl Marx noted the growing conviction of men on every continent.

The battle for change is a titanic struggle for the wills of men. Will man choose to be a brainwashed, anonymous, caged creature of his technology and of the system (or at the most to protest against his plight)? Or will he choose to be a willing comrade of the living God, effectively engaged in a strategy for transforming the condition of man's life on earth?

Human nature is a paradox. Man chooses soft, selfish, secure aims with alacrity and adheres to them with tenacious stubbornness. But also he responds to aims which demand forgetfulness of self, the sacrifice of personal comfort and desires. He hungers to be relevant and effective. Man is geared for greatness. He has within him the urge for revolutionary change.

The mature and complete man lives with a purpose, passion and plan to deal with the issues besetting the human family world-wide.

There was a time when the arts, science, industry, politics provided aims which satisfied. Today these fields of endeavour are in themselves too small. The world has shrunk and our awareness of man's situation has expanded. In this age we know that the world is threatened with catastrophe unless a new factor is introduced into our affairs.

The only job which can give rest to a man's soul has to be concerned with man, world-wide in scope and revolutionary in effect. Materialism which is self-centred, class, colour or nation-centred is too small. Anything that is centred on a part of the human family is unlikely to satisfy modern man. These class, colour and national ambitions and hates are being fought out on our streets with violence and could result in nuclear disease and death for billions. Materialism by its limited nature cannot meet the needs of today's society.

Without a change in man, no system can answer our needs. Enlightened self-interest is too meagre a motive to provide the policy that will solve our problems. Man requires a selfless passion and plan to change the earth to be relevant in today's world.

An examination of the anatomy of personality will show why that is true. Like Caesar's Gaul, a man's life can be divided into three provinces—the mind, the body and the will. Each is a force in the personality, and so interwoven with the other two that it is difficult to say of a man's actions, "This is of the mind, this is of the body, and this is of the will." Nevertheless,

such a dissection can give us a working knowledge of the anatomy of human nature. We are concerned here with the forces which make us behave the way we do, and how those forces can be changed.

Most of us believe that our thinking is a lot saner than our living: that we can usually see the sensible course to take, though we do not always take it. But of course the fact is that our thinking is as confused as our living. The mind is a magnificent mechanism, but it is constantly subject to the forces exerted by the body and the will. A man cannot live crooked and think straight.

Pure reason and objective thinking are a pipe dream in everyday life. Even what happens at the breakfast table can determine a man's behaviour at the conference table. And a bout of indigestion can give him a mentally jaundiced view of people and issues.

Take for instance the way we so readily succumb to the temptations of thinking ourselves better and wiser than we are. We talk big and live small, mean well and do badly. It is as though each of us had three characters. There is the person we think we are—an imaginary character woven out of our ideals and ambitions but unrelated to our performance. There is the person our friends think we are—which may be equally far from reality. Finally there is the real person with all the pride, closeted skeletons, ambitions, indulgences, moods, feelings and temptations which are part of our character.

If we don't see ourselves clearly, we have little hope of seeing the world around us clearly. Pride in parents prevents them from seeing through their children.

The employer's and worker's view of the same industrial organisation are usually completely contradictory. Our ideas about our nation can be equally confused. Because we do not face honestly the forces at work in our own hearts, we are blind to the forces at work in our national life. The picture other nations have of our own usually leaves us surprised and indignant. We are convinced they must be wrong. And we further obscure the true state of affairs by blaming other men for the very things of which we ourselves are guilty. We call a neighbour selfish when he takes action which frustrates our own selfish desires. Then, fortified by a feeling of self-righteousness, we barricade ourselves still more securely in our unreal world and assume an attitude of impatience, superiority and judgement. Finally we crown the illusion by the comic belief that if only everyone was like us, everything would be all right.

No wonder communities, parties, classes, races and nations, like individuals, are divided by conflicting points of view. No wonder humanity is plagued by false philosophies and panaceas. No wonder our plans don't work.

Now consider the body.

The medical world is greatly exercised by the plague-like increase in the incidence of lung cancer. Clinical and statistical studies of the problem strengthen the suspicion that there is a relation between cancer of the lungs and the use of cigarettes. There is no doubt that smoking also has a detrimental effect on the heart and arteries. Many people ask those who are not addicted to nicotine, "Why don't you smoke?" It is even considered an unfriendly act to refuse an offered cigarette. A more

intelligent question would be, "Why is anyone so foolish as to smoke?"

Or take the problem of alcohol. We know only too well the cost in nations to health and wealth and family life of alcoholism. In Britain the cost to the economy is estimated at £250 million a year. In France, incapacitating mental and liver disease from the use of wine and spirits is a national problem. In fact, it is a matter of medical record that habitual light drinking causes even more harm than the occasional "bender".

Many drink to be sociable, from fear of saying no, or to escape from themselves or to escape from an intolerable situation. They may feel they can indulge in tobacco and alcohol or leave them alone at will. But there are thousands that are so in the grip of these habits that they would give their right arms to be free. Many are like the bishop who, when asked why he did not follow the doctor's advice to give up his cheroots, replied, "I can't". But the desire for cigarettes can be jettisoned overnight if we have an aim greater than our health and longevity in mind.

In many countries teenagers and their juniors are moving on from pot and soft drugs through the mind-stretchers, of which LSD is one of the milder ones, to hard drugs—morphine, cocaine and heroin.

Says Dr Donald Louria, a New York expert, "Within a couple of years every high school and college in the country will be inundated by heroin."

According to American government estimates, half the city high schools and a third of the suburban schools have a serious hard drug problem. One expert in America believes that half the elementary school-children in the

country will soon be using some kind of hard drugs.

It is estimated that only one in ten of heroin addicts are cured.

Why are young people maiming their bodies and brains for life? What has gone wrong? If anything can make nations rethink their aims and re-examine their priorities, drug-addiction in the youth should.

Could it be that today's youth feel they are not needed? Machines can do the work. Only highly skilled technicians supported by the wealth of the nation can find adventure in space—the only area left to be explored.

The people who answer the drug menace will be those who live for an aim that offers adventurous purpose and all-out costly effort to everyone in the nation whatever their age.

The average young man and woman must feel that with today's aims of affluence, comfort and security, their parents aren't going anywhere. Fathers hold down their jobs, mothers do their best to make a home. That is not a programme in which the children can find full participation.

Some parents may feel deeply enough to change and take on the task of changing the nation and the world, beginning with themselves. Such parents will move at such a clip in a direction of such a prize that the young are offered purpose and passion that gives life meaning and makes drug-taking dreary.

It is commonsense that we cannot cure moral disease in another person or in a nation, if we are part of that disease ourselves. Compromise with our conscience on any point reveals a callous selfishness towards the need of others. It is through such small compromises that

the power to meet the deepest needs of people seeps out.

In the case of statesmen and men in responsible positions the cost of compromise is paid for by millions. Such men are powerless to elicit the will to work, to discipline and sacrifice upon which the well-being of society depends.

In the case of parents, the cost of their petty aims and indulgences is paid for by the children. Violence, drugs, a steady diet of sexual stimulation are an attempt on the part of our youth to fill a vacuum in life—a vacuum created by an existence which has lost its meaning and which never demands complete devotion. Could it be that the inability of parents to offer a convincing revolutionary pace and programme is due to their own smallness, softness and selfishness?

Reason suggests the sane course to take in these matters. But the combination of bodily appetites and self-will conquers reason. When change comes to the will, the need for the stimulation goes, and purpose and meaning come to life. Habits once accepted as necessary, because without them life would be unbearably barren, lose their attraction, and contentment and sanity take over.

To enter an age of sanity in our mental and physical life, there has to come a mighty transformation in the inner compulsions that control us. The core of a man's life, the essential "me" that is the spring of all his actions, is his will. The will has a number of satellites: love, lust, hate, pride, greed, ambition, the fear of what people think. As the sun controls the movements of its planets, the will in our universe determines the course of our thinking and living.

The strength of the will is enormous. There is no such thing as a weak will. A man often says his will is weak because he cannot resist temptation. In fact he must be given credit for a will strong enough always to make him take what he wants without regard for any other considerations. Or a man is accused of lack of will-power because he does not follow through the work to which he sets his hand. On the contrary, he has such colossal will-power that he always follows his own inclinations, irrespective of the demands of the situation.

The will of a man always expresses itself in the form of a demand. In fact every demand in us is the voice of the will. Our basic selfishnesses are for sex, security and success. To some degree these demands hold each other in check. The compulsion for sex is modified by the fact that a man's security and success are endangered by unbridled fulfilment of his sexual desires. The demand for success is conditioned by the need for security. A man cannot shoot his way to the top and escape the penalties of society. Therefore the will, in its search to gratify these lusts, devises devious and subtle means of doing so.

SEX

There are many ways in which the will motivates a man's life through the sex drive. For example, there is flirtation. Basically it does not involve care for the other person at all. It is the game of winning a person to engage in mutual sexual stimulation. There is no consideration for what is in the best interests of the other person. It decides the use of time, energy

and money. It interferes with higher loyalties to family and friends. At most parties the men gravitate towards the attractive girl, an action which shows a striking indifference to the other relationships and loyalties to the other people present or absent and a complete thoughtlessness for the best interests of the girl. Incidentally, it displays considerable conceit on the part of the men. The business world capitalises on sex—in the selling of goods ranging from automobiles to cigarettes, from motion pictures to comics in the newspapers. Sexy picture magazines and novels are today's money spinners.

Consider the mistresses and adulteries which are accepted as normal in the ranks of political and industrial and labour leadership. Men who cannot say "no" to themselves in this selfishness can hardly expect the rank and file to say "yes" to their pious call for production, unity and sacrifice. A man's personal selfishness has everything to do with his public leadership. Whether we like it or not, a man's passions and prejudices colour his judgement and limit the range of his thinking and restrict the amount of confidence people give him.

Our youth have been told for years that masturbation is normal, harmless and necessary. But periods of silence and withdrawal, the depression and feelings of guilt, inferiority and shame, and the shyness and self-centredness which those in the grip of this habit experience, cannot be called normal or harmless by the most wishful apologists. This practice is a manifestation of self-will for which there is a simple and workable answer. The men and women freed from it have a

quality of quietness and confidence, of inner gaiety and peace, of openness and selflessness which is remarkable by contrast.

Perverted sex is practised in the most respectable quarters of the establishment and by the un-established. It often accounts for strange alliances which cut across political, social and cultural interests. People whose selfishness expresses itself in lust for the same sex, form coteries of loyalty stronger than the claims of job or country. Witness the inroads made by foreign agents through homosexual cliques through the government departments of many nations.

There is an idea abroad that the homosexual is condemned to be an eccentric for life—that there is no cure—and that therefore the community at large should accept homosexuality as normal.

At least ninety-six per cent of homosexuals take up perversion voluntarily. They are not born that way. They get hooked on the habit at school or by the practices of the society they mix with.

The practising homosexual, like the promiscuous heterosexual, is simply in the grip of lust. The good news is that people need not be controlled by their lusts. For the Power that made us has the power to control us—if we are willing. The task of society is neither to condemn nor condone but to cure.

SECURITY

The second great call of the will is for security. This drive for security determines a man's attitude to money and material resources. It is at the root of the passion for more capital, profits, income and wages. This is not

to say that an increase in wealth is neither necessary nor desirable in itself, but the fallacy of considering these as security is obvious. The more a man has the more insecure he becomes. The more he has the more he wants. If an increase in possessions actually satisfied the hunger for security, the appetite would diminish, but the contrary is the case.

The will is rarely rational. It is so much under the influence of its satellites of lust, fear and hate. The will possesses a blind lust for satisfaction and feeds itself on that which never satisfies. Money appears as an end in itself and it then becomes a binding and crippling force in the lives of men and nations. This demand for security results in corruption which is undermining our society and those societies struggling for economic viability. Political, economic and judicial remedies which leave men at the mercy of a lust for security may limit, but do not cure, this corruption.

Many of us seek security in the good opinion of others. Most people are hounded and driven by the fear of what others think. This lust to be well thought of may lead the schoolboy to cheat at exams or the adult to live beyond his means. It creates parents who never tell their children of the hidden corners of their lives, and children who are equally evasive with their parents about the things which trouble them most. The real problems never reach the light of day where healing can be found.

It is this same lust which has contributed to the breakdown of our democratic institutions and to the cynicism of the electorate. Far from presenting to the electorate honest convictions on what is right, the

average politician gives what he anticipates the public wants to hear. He plays on themes and supports policies calculated by experts to win the most votes, irrespective of the true interests of the nation. There are always exceptions. But we know they are exceptions. As President Lyndon Johnson once remarked, "To be a statesman you have to be re-elected."

Man-worship is the sure road to dictatorship. For the person in whom this selfish concern for the good opinion of others is unanswered is silent about his own conviction in the face of contrary opinions. He is taken over and run by the fast thinker, the loud talker and the bad tempered.

Again we find security in plans. Plans are necessary for the ordered running of a man's life and of society, but they can also be a determination to find security by trying to control the future. The degree of security we place in our plans is revealed when we are asked to change them or find ourselves without one. We cling to our pet projects, both public and private, with mule-like stubbornness.

Then there is the security we find in being right. This has become a fetish with most of us. We are blind to the fact that the most unpopular and lonely man is the one who is always right. The truth is that no one so quickly disarms critics and wins friends as he who is first to admit where he is wrong. Judging from current biographies and autobiographies, the remarkable thing about contemporary leadership seems to be that no one in high office has ever made a mistake!

The passion to be right goes hand in hand with the fear of being wrong. This creates in us a fixed reflex

action. We react in a predictable way to a given stimulus like a dog which can be trained to drool when a red light goes on. Whenever things go wrong we automatically blame someone else. That is why men and nations are much more skilful at blaming each other than they are at changing each other.

S U C C E S S

The third great pillar of our selfishness is the drive for success. Most people measure their own achievements by comparing them with those of their neighbours. Their standard of success is a well-dressed wife, a respectable job, an attractive house and a position in the community, and a good obituary.

In our pursuit of success, we seek to build a reputation for competence and good judgement. The head of a large bank, who began to face his life honestly, admitted that more than once he had himself made good his clients' losses on investments so as to preserve an untarnished reputation as a financial adviser. Men live in fear and tension lest they be found out that they do not measure up to what they pretend to be. In home, industry and politics, this bluffing makes it difficult to discover exactly what is the true state of affairs.

Even more significant for society is the success-centred compulsion a man feels to take responsibility only for the things he can do well; to apply himself to those projects in which the chances of failure

are at a minimum and the opportunities for credit at a maximum.

Materialism is the real enemy of a free society for it produces the indifference in the majority to the welfare of the community. Some of the most blind are those who are most proud of their success in the limited field of their own choosing, whether industry, science, arts or politics. Such men are among the strongest advocates of democracy while, at the same time, they often behave as dictators in their homes and work. They elect people to represent them, pay their taxes and consider their duty to the nation discharged. Then they feel free to devote themselves without further ado to their own sectional interest. Thus it is possible for minorities to rule and for militant groups to take over. Democracy is bled weak by the steely selfishness of the free before it is strangled to death by dictators.

There is a fallacy abroad that you cannot be both successful and honest in either business or politics. Men use these prejudices to justify going along with the popular way and not only tolerating what is wrong but exploiting it for their own gain. Little wonder that millions clutch at the use of force as the only realistic way to rectify the injustices of our society.

A man in the grip of this demand for success bears the marks of it. He loves to work alone. He wants all the credit. To seek the counsel of his friends is to admit he does not know all the answers and is not completely self-sufficient. Such teamwork he considers a sign of weakness. He is a slave to success and is blinded to great aims by his small ambitions.

24 THE ART OF REMAKING MEN

The will can be likened to the brain and nervous system of the personality. The demand for sex, security and success are the arms, legs and body through which the will expresses itself. But there is a purpose a man can grasp and a power he can accept which change his appetites into a hunger for great living.

THE KEY TO THE ANSWER

HOW CAN MEN be made to think and act unselfishly? How can we change this intricate mechanism of personality? The problem crystallises into one essential—how to reset the will of man. There has to be a will. The whole personality disintegrates without one. Witness the moral and mental wrecks that are the end product of modern tyrannical ways of breaking the will by physical and psychological torture. The victim becomes entirely dependent on the ideas and suggestions of others. The intensity of pressure and the time required for such methods is direct evidence of the power of the will to resist change.

It is one thing to understand the forces that make us behave the way we do. It is another to redirect these forces. We have shown why intelligent understanding of the problem, and even insight that something needs to be done, is not sufficient to transform the human personality. The will can be made to conform by pressure. It can be transformed only by voluntary moral decisions. That is why relative standards are so popular and why absolute standards are so necessary. The relative moral standards yield before

the demands of the will. The absolute standard cuts across the will and demands change.

There is always resistance to change. For the will of a man is protected against change by pride, fear, ambition, desires and demands, bound to him in concentric layers like the skins of an onion.

A suggestion that change is needed raises immediate resistance in most of us. We hit back with criticism of the one who puts his finger on our need of change. The violence of our reaction indicates the degree to which our conscience has been stung. In fact, such criticism has become part of our daily life. Husbands with hangovers find fault with the breakfast coffee, and politicians attack other countries to prevent attention being focused on their own wrong policies. Such criticism is projection on to others of the things that defeat us.

This criticism is the aggressive weapon of the will. Pride is the giant, terrible in strength and delicately sensitive in nature, behind which self-will most often takes refuge. Pride builds up the self-esteem of a man in every conceivable way and so raises the defences of the inner citadel against admittance of failure. Pride is the solid fortress wall around the central core of the personality.

The wall crumbles when we see the cost of our self-willed living in the lives of others. The criticism goes when we take an honest look at ourselves.

Blame for the present economic, political and social problems of many Asian and African nations can in no small measure be laid at the door of the Western countries. The Western countries are guilty of acts both of com-

mission and omission in these countries which have left a chain of consequences. Change and restitution by the West are long overdue. At the same time division, nepotism and corruption are menacing the life of the nations of Asia and Africa and must be answered by the present generation of their leadership. Only so can the major national problems be solved.

To bring change to a man or a nation there must be genuine vision, sympathy and care for them. Most of us need an answer for the hardness and bitterness we feel towards men of other classes, races and nations and for our indifference to their fate and future.

Only the man who can himself change and can change others will give our age a fundamental answer.

To change men is an art as different from preaching and moralising as an operation to save a man's life differs from a classroom lecture on anatomy. The man with this secret in his life finds everything can be made a force for remaking men and society. All that is wrong, unjust and immoral then becomes a stimulus to change, not to bitterness. The poverty and suffering of the human family becomes a challenge to a man to find and live an answer instead of damning society and continuing to live as before.

Knowledge of what is right, glowing pride in a great moral heritage, are no substitute for doing what is right.

Ideals which we hold but do not live have no power to change bitter men, divisive men and greedy men. Idealism simply deludes us into believing we are better and wiser than events show us to be. We are so apt to judge ourselves by our ideals and our neighbours by their

actions. Moral principles which we profess but do not practise are in fact an "opiate" which can distort our vision of ourselves. They make us self-righteous, but leave us defeated.

But if we face absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love we begin to know exactly what we are like and where change is needed. To compare ourselves with the neighbours may give us a certain smugness about our condition. To measure ourselves against the yardstick of absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love is to break through into reality.

HONESTY

It is one thing to be no more dishonest than the next man. It is another thing to face up to the moral test of absolute honesty. It is a practical experiment worth trying. Take pencil and paper and write down where you have failed to be absolutely honest. It could be a false front you present to your friends, or dishonesty with money, or hidden habits, or secret indulgences. You may get a flood of thoughts or just one. It may be something you have stolen, someone you have cheated or lied to.

Absolute honesty will illuminate your life and bring into focus where and how to begin putting right what is wrong. There will be things beyond your power to put right, but there will be others and some only of yesterday which you can begin putting right today. Start there. It is an old trick of human nature to be so concerned with what we cannot do, that we avoid doing the things that we can.

PURITY

The lives of many people today alternate between the excitements and depressions of impurity in every form. But an increasing number are beginning to know the satisfaction, the peace and the power and above all the freedom of absolute purity. Impurity in a man or in a woman whether in the abuse of their own body, in indulgent relations with the opposite sex or in homosexual or in other perversions, is evidence of immaturity.

Indulgence by the married, while having the cloak of legitimacy, may nevertheless be the source of irritable tempers and of inability to answer the real needs of the children: Parents indulgent inside marriage need not be surprised if their children are indulgent outside marriage. A home union which could otherwise be powerful for remaking the nation thus remains a soft and uninspired association.

Perfect love casts out fear, and because it casts out selfishness it casts out impurity as well. Men who begin to live to change men and to remake the world find themselves possessed by the expulsive power of a new affection. Passion for the true freedom of man replaces the passion to exploit men and women for our pleasure.

The modern world is full of deliberate appeals to sexual stimulation. Here are a few simple aids to the man or woman who wants to break the chains of enslavement to their desires. If your danger is falling off cliffs, why walk along the edge? Keep wide margins. You know well enough the books, pictures and associations to be avoided. Leave one weak spot in the dyke and the whole land may be flooded. The steps from

temptation into sin are the look, the thought, the fascination and the fall. That journey is best interrupted after the look, the first one. If we don't look at the wrong thing, we may have a better chance of doing the right thing.

The anticipation of sex indulgence fascinates, but it is a much overestimated experience. It promises to be sweet, turns sour and often ends in bitterness. Purity really satisfies.

“Sow a thought, reap an act: sow an act, reap a habit: sow a habit, reap a character: sow a character, reap a destiny.”

UNSELFISHNESS

The fact that everyone is selfish may mean that selfishness is natural, but it does not follow that it is needful. The very evils it creates should be enough to make us realise it is not in the interests of the individual or of his society. In fact, the man who is completely self-centred has to be kept away from his fellow men in institutions provided for the purpose. Is it possible for the ordinary man consistently to prefer others to himself—to live to make the other fellow great? To be genuinely more concerned with the welfare of people than with profits? To consider seriously and intelligently the needs and feelings of other classes, races and nations as well as his own? Can men live above differences of party, class, race, point of view and national advantage? If the answer is “yes”, a new world can be constructed. If the answer is “no”, we are doomed to increasing chaos, division, regimentation, dictatorship, disintegration and wars. For history has shown that systems,

no matter how perfect on paper, or however rigidly and forcefully they are applied, do not change human selfishness. Human selfishness always beats the systems.

Frank Buchman, asked why he was so free from the pre-occupation with minor matters and the anxieties besetting most men, and so unusually sensitive to the needs and welfare of others, replied, "I once made the decision never to think of myself again." To live out such a decision requires a determined switching of thought every time the demands for security, sex and success tempt us to self-centredness. With such a decision comes an increasing care for people, which is a powerful help in breaking the magnetic force of self-love.

Some of us would like to change—which is necessary. Some want to learn to change others—which is good. Then we want to save a crumbling civilisation, and begin to care enough to share our new life with the millions. This is the normal progression of a heart and mind which expand under the power of a God-generated care for people.

LOVE

Many of us have a definite, enduring and to some degree selfless care for a few. Along with it we have a definite antipathy, coolness, superiority, bitterness or downright hatred for a great many more, some of whom we have never met. Propaganda has set whole classes, races and nations working for the destruction of other classes, races and nations. But the antithesis of love is not always hate, it is often indifference. A farmer's wife once explained, "I reckon I don't hate anybody, but I just don't neighbour."

Absolute love means that we hate evil, but love the evil-doer enough to change him. This is not a spineless co-existence with those who do wrong. That would be a short-sighted, selfish and naive policy, personally and nationally. That would only encourage apathy in the face of danger and stimulate the initiative of the unscrupulous.

Absolute love is redemptive. Lincoln was asked during the American Civil War, "When this war is over, and when the South has been subdued and conquered and has come back into the Union, how are you going to treat these rebellious Southerners, what are you going to do to them?" Lincoln replied, "I am going to treat them as if they had never been away."

Absolute love is not pacifism in the face of evil. War is evil but pacifism is not the cure. The cure is a militant care which mobilizes all the available moral forces to bring change to the man, the class, the race, the nation, which needs it. It is the dynamic drive behind the clean, hard, totally demanding struggle to remake the world. It means, as a wife said to her husband, "I love you as you are, but I will fight for you as you are meant to be."

Resentment, one of the deadliest forces, is readily tolerated because often it seems so justified. Yet nothing can justify my falling into an attitude which is every bit as wrong as the injustice which produced it. As the great Negro leader Booker T. Washington said, "No man shall drag me down so low that I will hate him." A resentful man will never change the object of his resentment.

Absolute love means an all-out effort to win all men and every nation to a way of life in which it is normal to care enough to put right what is wrong in our society.

Absolute moral standards accepted and lived are basic equipment for dealing effectively with selfish men and a selfish society.

Then we begin the process of annihilating our enemies by turning them into firm and trusted friends.

THE SOURCE OF POWER

TO APPLY absolute moral standards to life surely requires more power than we are born with. A superforce is necessary to achieve and maintain a basic transformation of the will. The horrors of modern war have not done it, nor have the sufferings of starvation, unemployment and poverty. Neither have the discipline and the coercion of totalitarian regimes succeeded. Goodwill, moral philosophy and sermons have been less than fully effective. Our much-vaunted educational methods and our increased knowledge and scintillating achievements have not brought to birth the unselfish man.

But what if there is a power capable of radically altering our motives, of giving freedom and direction to men blinded and enslaved by selfishness?

History is enriched by men and women who have been changed and thereby have altered the life of civilisation. Had they some peculiar gift within themselves denied to others? Were they given illumination and power beyond the reach of ordinary mortals? The evidence of Moral Re-Armament on six continents is that their effectiveness can be the normal life of every man, and that every

man can be a force for bringing a change of character to his nation.

As a man cannot add to his stature by thinking about it, neither can he change his character by a mere process of thought. Growth requires the assimilation of food from outside the body. Change in human nature requires the receiving of power from outside the personality. The turning point in a man's life comes when he decides to accept that direction and reconstructing power from outside himself.

The remaking of a man is not a matter of self-effort, of pulling on one's own bootstraps, of making New Year's resolutions. It is a matter of listening. To listen is to open the shutters of the mind and heart in a time of silence to a new direction and power. The process is simple. The explanation of it, as in the case of electric light, may be clearer to some than others and not fully understood by any. Yet, only a fool would refuse to turn a switch in a dark room because he cannot understand what makes the light go on.

To pull the switch is the operative act in lighting a room. To be silent and to listen is the operative act in revolutionising a man's character. Light and power come to men when they are silent.

It is by active listening that we first hear the voice of an aroused conscience. The four standards set us on our feet again from the headstand position where, with our conscience upside down, we have been full of indignation at the failures of others and astonishingly placid about our own. From our upside down position we mistake our ideals for ourselves. A time of quiet thought in the light of the absolute standards helps us to face reality.

Once we have given the voice of conscience a chance to be heard, our will is immediately faced with a crucial choice—will we make amends for what has been wrong? The first thought that came into the mind of a businessman was, "What about taxes?" He made his decision and wrote a cheque to the government. It may mean apology for the criticism of others created in us by our own ambition and jealousy. It may mean a new level of honesty with the family. As we put right what we can put right we begin to find freedom from the tyranny of self-interest and pride which have dominated us.

For those who can it is best to write down the thoughts we get as we consider the four standards. Pride can quickly erase from our memory an uncomfortable insight we have had into restitutions that should be made, and fear can just as quickly manufacture reasons why we should not make them. Fear is a liar and the worst kind of guidance. To write the thought down can strengthen us against the treachery of our own pride and fears. It is a matter of experience that thinking is facilitated for many if the first thought is secured in writing so that the mind is free to move on to the next.

As we take time every day to listen and to write down our thoughts we find we are beginning to think more clearly than ever before. Whenever self-interest is mastered we are free to consider other people and national issues with a perspective previously denied. We are given freedom to turn enemies into friends and our friends into a force for breaking the deadlock of selfishness in our society.

In addition to the voice of conscience and a mind working to full capacity, there is a plus given to men

who listen. It is this plus which enables the ordinary man to do the extraordinary thing. It is this plus of direction and power and grace which transforms character, which gives insight into the motives of men and nations, which makes clear the real needs of the people around us and how to meet them. It is a plus which brings a distinct addition to human wisdom.

The prophets of old and their nations experienced this plus and profited by it. It was this plus that gave them specific directions in national and foreign policy. Lincoln, one of the architects of a free society, experienced it. Said he: "I have so many evidences of God's direction that I cannot doubt this power comes from above. I am satisfied that when the Almighty wants me to do or not to do any particular thing He finds a way of letting me know it." This direction is available to everyone everywhere. Said a farmer: "I used to wonder when God stopped talking to people. Then I realised God had not stopped talking; people had stopped listening."

People of all classes, races and nations are learning to take unhurried time in the early morning, before the interruptions of the day, to listen for guidance. Sang St Patrick: "I bind to myself this day the power of God to guide me." Such guidance obeyed produces a radical change in character, relationships and environment. These changes are the evidence of a vast transformation in human society which has already begun.

Obviously we need reliable tests for the validity of the ideas we get. We can so readily persuade ourselves that our selfish desires are unselfish. And the world to its cost knows of men who, believing themselves divinely

appointed and inspired, would brook no contradiction of their will and have led and dragged millions to disaster. One test is the four moral standards made absolute. Is the thought absolutely honest, unselfish, pure and loving? If there is any doubt it is best to discard it. Another test is to lay the thought before one or more of those who are committed to doing God's will. The more windows in a room there are, the more light can get in. Any programme of action I am not prepared to reconsider on the mature conviction of such friends is a programme so wrapped up in unbroken self-will that likely it is not worth doing and may do harm.

The inspired plan for the settlement of a problem, personal or national, may be given to one person, but it is to a group of people committed to obedience that the fullest wisdom comes. Guidance is a binding force in society, for it makes us more keenly aware of our need for each other than ordinarily we are.

What are the results of this experience? It is revolution and renaissance. Family life is revolutionised. "What is right, not who is right" replaces unilateral action and dictatorship by father, mother or children for it focuses the best thought and conviction of the whole family. Sons and daughters are being honest with their parents and parents with their children about things usually hidden for reasons of fear and shame. As a consequence understanding and unity in many homes and victory over moral defeat are becoming normal. Homes become centres of gaiety, interest, training, strategy and power.

Employers are giving priority to the task of remaking the world. For them this aim has become the major reason for being in business. Workers are discovering

that such men are allies in the world-wide struggle for justice and security. Management and men find they need each other to make the policy of "What is right, not who is right" the basis of industrial life. Both are learning in countless factories across the world that guidance takes them into a far more effective, revolutionary action than class-war. It is a revolution where the heart, brain and muscle of capital and labour is concentrated unitedly on building a new world.

Politicians from opposing parties are finding the road to unity as they seek God's will for government. Free from national points of view, they are working together with like-minded men of other countries for the solution of problems common to them all.

The press is realising that millions are eager to read the news of an answer. Men of every race, class and nation are finding unity through acceptance of the supernatural authority of God's guidance. The outcome is that today in factory, farm, home, parliament, school and office there is a world-wide network of rapidly multiplying cells of people. These cells are the growing points of a society that works.

Any man equipped with absolute moral standards and the deeper wisdom that is given through guidance will be a force for bringing change to men and nations. Let us now examine the tactics and strategy for effecting this change.

DEMONSTRATION

TO CREATE REVOLUTIONARIES a man must demonstrate two things: one, that he himself is committed and is changing, and two, that he is engaged in a practical strategy to change men, the nation, the world.

To be effective at the crux of national and world issues, a man must be able to meet the needs of people whether they are Right or Left, whether their faith is in God or no-God, whether they are in places of power and influence, or in places of poverty and insignificance. He must never judge himself or others. But he must live with the simple motive of winning all men from their selfish, small preoccupations to involvement in world revolution.

The Hon C. J. Hambro, as President of the Norwegian Parliament, described this new type of personality when he invited a group led by Dr Buchman to visit his country.

“These men and women had a quality of life which we were lacking: they had succeeded in forgetting their own egos, they were always eager to help and to serve, they could talk quite openly and naturally about things that we stored away in the secret places of the heart until we could not find them.. They could openly make restitution if they had wronged anybody. They

were liberated and were no longer besieged by the forces of egoism and selfishness: people who were living in a new spirit of fellowship and in complete freedom from fear, because they had nothing to hide, and—the most obvious thing of all—they were happy: there were no secret burdens weighing on their minds.”

This new type of personality has three characteristics:

1. HE IS HIMSELF

To be used in this most exacting of all human activity, a man must be genuine. He must be natural. The reason many people are unconvincing is that they do not live what they talk about. A man who is really honest about himself and readily admits his failures and temptations is never pious or unconvincing. He is the kind of man others feel they can talk to about themselves, because he understands.

Dr Buchman describes this quality: “This is an art that everyone wants to learn, and Heaven help us if we don’t learn it. We need to learn it for the sake of our children. Your own children must come and tell you about themselves and you will share your life with them because you know what a rascal you were yourself. That is the way to win your children and that is the reason why this crowd of youth flocks around. They will go to a man who understands them, but does not talk too good or appear too wise, a man who shares.”

2. HE CARES FOR PEOPLE

We all know the feelings of the philosopher who found individuals so difficult he decided to devote the rest of his life to humanity. Such feelings tend to explain why

people who are as selfish as hell in their personal relationships can be quite generous in their support of welfare agencies. To change human nature there must be an intense preoccupation with the individual. There must be a care which expresses itself not in seeking to please, but in so living that others want to be their best.

It is a care which never nags, loses patience or loses temper. It never makes demands on the other person. It puts the needs of the other person first. It is a care which knows that how a man lives is of more significance than who he is or what he has.

It is a sensitive care. It treats every being as a royal soul. It never seeks to ingratiate, but spares no effort to create the atmosphere which makes the person, whatever his background, perfectly at home. To create such an atmosphere requires meticulous attention to detail, whether in the arrangement of a room, the preparation and serving of a meal, the writing of a letter.

It means caring enough to know the interests and tastes of the person. It is a care so sensitive to the needs of the other man that when he has a hole in his shoe my foot gets cold.

True care fights to hold people to the highest whether they like it or not. Such battle gives them a chance to change. Many people do not change until they get angry. This anger is the flash point which throws sparks when God's way crosses my ways and my selfishness is exposed.

3. HE LISTENS

The reason many of us are powerless to help people is that we talk too much. We forget that we are merely agents, and that the way we live is more convincing

than what we say. The secret of changing people is to listen. We are most talkative when we have least peace of heart. We hold the conversation when we are least centred in others and most centred in ourselves. It is a method we have for getting into the picture and staying there.

When we talk too much it is in the erroneous belief that what we say is more important than what anyone else has to say. In meeting the needs of people, what they tell us is of infinitely more importance than what we tell them. A gossip can never be used to meet a person's real problem because no one with any sense will tell his real problems to a person with a loose tongue.

Dr Buchman, while training his team, put it this way, "Some of us are guilty of talking too much. That is not winning people or changing people. The best thing is not to say a thing. You may know all about it, but don't dare to say a word till they tell you. That's the secret. You can talk MRA till you are blue in the face and talk about big things, but they were not produced in the world in that way. They were produced in a silent way, and if we can get that across to you, I am grateful."

Listening gives insight into the other person's needs, the word to say, the thing to do that can win his confidence to the place where he begins to confide. It gives clarity on when to be firm, when to be masterfully inactive, when to exercise a nonchalant reserve; when to be unrelentingly vigorous and go at a person hammer and tongs. The secret of changing men is in getting them to listen, not to us, but to the still, small voice inside them.

On observing the results of the work of Dr Frank Buchman and an international force in India for several months in 1952, the Bombay newspaper *Bharat Jyoti* of 16 November of that year writes, "Capitalism is too small to unite the world. So is Communism. MRA is anti neither, but it is greater than both, because it gives what both lack—the revolutionary idea that changes human nature." Lenin, who did not think that capitalists could become as revolutionary as workers, said there is no ideology above class.

But Moral Re-Armament has demonstrated that change from "get" to "give" can be the experience of people of every class and race. Such change has the power to unite individuals, classes and races above their differences in order to reconstruct society in all its relationships. Buchman could see that until we deal thoroughly and drastically with human nature on a world scale, nations must continue to follow their historic road to violence and destruction. To bring change requires the exercise of unrelenting militancy and courage. Change takes place when we apply drastically absolute honesty, purity and unselfishness and love to every aspect of life—personal, family, political, economic, educational and cultural.

If our programme for peace and security and a new world is anything less than that it will not work. It will be too little and always late. We may promote reforms, but we will not bring in revolution. The world's passionate pursuit of materialism will be met only by a passionate pursuit of Moral Re-Armament. We may prepare to meet a military challenge or an economic or political challenge, but we will not meet the ideological

challenge on which the outcome depends.

Total commitment to the revolutionary programme—new men, new nations, a new world, is winning over revolutionary minds for it is bringing about a greater revolution. No person can be elected, paid or appointed to advance this revolution. It is a battle which each one of us can enlist in right where we are, every day, all day for the rest of our lives. It may be the swiftest, most drastic, most effective, most inexpensive revolutionary action ever undertaken. It is a revolution in which everyone wins, and no one loses.

DIAGNOSIS

IN BODILY ILLNESS there are symptomatic remedies which can produce cure without the physician ever knowing the cause of the trouble. This is not true in the realm of character illness. In dealing with human selfishness, generalities and encouragement to do better are no more effective than eye medicine dropped from a second storey window. It is essential to diagnose accurately. If the surgeon has not made an accurate diagnosis so that he can apply his skill at the precise point of trouble, there is little likelihood of his work being successful. The patient will know he has been diagnosed, but his pain persists.

On one of the first days of my association with Frank Buchman and his friends, I was at a reception given him by the people of a Florida city. I was standing quietly, not knowing any of the hosts, when Buchman suddenly appeared. He took me by the arm, led me across the room and introduced me to a physician.

It was more than an act of courtesy. He put me immediately to work. I was startled by his sensitivity to me in that crowd in which he was the chief guest. I soon came to see how characteristic of Buchman it was

swiftly to sense feelings and needs, and just as swiftly to act.

“You’ve got to learn to read people like a page of print,” he told an Asian head of state who came to see him in America. Buchman’s guest brought two aides with him. I thought one of them was too ingratiating, too polite to be sincere. But Buchman saw more. He was concerned about the danger he believed the Prime Minister to be in because of this man. Later he sent a man all the way to South East Asia to see this Prime Minister and warn him again about this aide. It later transpired that this aide was an associate of one of the most notorious perverts in Britain. It was also disclosed that he had been distributing money given by the Soviet Embassy for native agents in his country.

After the lunch we were having coffee with the Prime Minister. Buchman happened to look through the window and saw some men standing in the forecourt. On learning that they were his guest’s motor cycle escort, he sent us out to bring them in. Commented one of the police as he sat with Buchman and the Prime Minister, “The only time I have been in a circle like this has been in a crap game!” From then on these men voluntarily kept a watchful eye on Buchman’s home. He was their friend.

Life-changing for Buchman was a simple human activity. It was an expression of a responsible love for people, great and small. Diagnosis was for him an illumination into character which a practical knowledge of human nature and listening for guidance gave him. It was the prelude to fearless dealing with the need he had diagnosed.

Buchman knew that lack of enough care to get a specific diagnosis as to what was wrong would mean failure to come to grips with people's real needs.

We were having tea in a Calcutta hotel one day when an unannounced visitor arrived. He was well dressed. He introduced himself and said he had come to pay his respects to Dr Buchman whose ideals were just like his own. "In that case," said Buchman, "we will listen to God together." We were all quiet. "And what came to you?" Buchman asked his astonished visitor. "God is good," he said and voiced similar platitudes. "It is very strange," said Buchman, "the only thing that comes to me is 'Stop stealing'. Stop stealing, I don't know what it means. Stop stealing. Someone stole my watch today. Maybe that's it. Stop stealing." The visitor's crossed leg by this time was in rapid oscillation. He shortly excused himself and left.

It turned out that this man was at that moment being sued by the government for non-payment of taxes. He got straight. Two days later he returned to invite Buchman to his home to meet his friends. The party he gave was one of the highlights of Buchman's time in Calcutta. It had repercussions which reached millions of people.

On another occasion the Speaker of the Japanese Diet was visiting Buchman. He wanted to know what he should do for the situation between his country and South Korea. Buchman suggested listening for guidance. They did. "Very odd," said Buchman, "the only thought I get is 'art treasures'." The Japanese gentleman jumped. "I have an enormous stone lion in my garden," he said, "which was taken from a Korean palace."

Shortly after he returned to Japan, the South Korean

press carried the story of a stone lion arriving at the Korean Embassy in Tokyo, so large it could not be manoeuvred through the gates. It was an act of statesmanship that helped clear the way for political and economic agreements by helping to heal thirty years of bitterness and division between the two peoples.

Buchman diagnosed need by the way people did things. Soon after taking up residence in a house given him to rest in, the cooks presented him with an unsatisfactory soup. He sent for the two young ladies who were doing the cooking. "The soup is too thin. There is something wrong." It turned out when they were honest that one was dominating the other, and the one being dominated was resentful. They both changed. Buchman was alert to, real about and dealt drastically with the homosexual and lesbian tendencies in people which make them dominate or become dependent on one another. Such softness always prevents people being really straight with each other.

At an assembly the wife of a black American came to join her husband. I had forgotten her name and could not address her properly. That afternoon Buchman was giving a tea party to which he invited this woman and her husband. "You will not come," he said to me. I asked him why. "Because you hurt that woman's feelings by not remembering her name," he said. "Yes," I said, "but I have asked her forgiveness." "Yes," he replied, "but she will not have forgotten."

He was unpredictable in his reactions. On one occasion I told him of something I had done of which I was heartily ashamed. I expected a stern reprimand. "I am so glad you told me, I am so glad you told me," he said. And he

meant it. A young man's mother arrived to spend some days at an assembly. She was a woman of high character and principle. Her boy, she believed, could do no wrong, or at least very little. Buchman watched her. "That woman needs puncturing," he said. The son did it. He was honest with her as to what he was really like. His reality about himself broke through her unreality and she changed radically.

No matter was too small for his attention. On one occasion a couple were coming for tea, a second visit of this kind. Buchman remembered, where we did not, what food they had been offered the first time. He saw to it that there were no repetitions. As one of his friends commented afterwards, "Buchman leaves nothing to chance and then everything to God."

At an assembly a guest made advances to one of the young women in Buchman's party. Buchman asked a friend of the guest to deal with the man on the point and to change him. The man returned to report his conversation. It was all interesting, but he had not got down to the real point. Buchman exploded in wrath. "Go back and deal with that man. Be straight with him. And I don't want to see you again till you've changed." It was a transforming experience for the guest and his friend.

An Italian Socialist leader came to see Buchman in Rome. Buchman had been advised to steer clear of the Church and the aristocracy in his conversation as his guest held strong views upon both. For an hour and a half Buchman regaled his guest with stories of clergy and aristocrats becoming revolutionaries and taking up the battle for the Moral Re-Armament of the nations. His guest commented afterwards that the time with Buch-

man had been one of the most important of his life. He had begun to understand that there is an ideology for every class.

A plumber brought his son to help him in the house where Buchman was staying. This boy had been expelled from three schools that year. He had run away from home. He was an addict to drag racing and a member of a gang given to violence. Buchman asked father and son to lunch. He gave the boy an interesting time and the thought that he could be a voice for the youth of America. The boy changed. He went back to school. He started bringing his gang to Buchman's home. Usually they would arrive, unannounced, just in time for a meal! One day he had all the gang and their friends in a theatre to see an MRA film. The Chief of Police who was also at the film could hardly believe his eyes. When the Police Chief first met Buchman he asked him what he was going to do. Buchman had replied, "To so work that you can take a holiday."

The grandfather of this boy was a militant atheist. He came to lunch with Buchman out of curiosity because of the miraculous change in his grandson. At the end of the meal Buchman, sensitive to the old atheist's attitude, said, "We usually say grace in this house, but today I suggest we all sing, 'For he's a jolly good fellow'. Each will know whom he is singing about." The grandfather kept coming back and was at the final dinner party just before Buchman left the city.

Buchman's insight into people was made possible, he once said, by deciding never to think of himself again. "Some people," he observed, "are so full of self-importance there is not much room for anything else." He was

always alive to those ticks of guidance, those arresting thoughts that come when we listen, which so frequently throw a shaft of light into a man's motives and needs.

A cleaning lady who had come for many years to Buchman's London home lost her much-loved sister. She told me how at the time Buchman asked to see her. He took her by the hand and said, "She is not gone, she is just out of sight." The cleaning lady burst into tears. "That is right," said Buchman, "it heals." She left in peace. At one time the outstanding Catholic layman of America was Joe Scott of Los Angeles, a prominent lawyer and citizen of California. His priest son died. Buchman went to Scott's door. "Joe," he said, "God knows best." It was the right word at the right moment. From then on Scott worked closely with Buchman in America and Europe and helped to prepare the Philippines for the visit of a Moral Re-Armament force. Joe Scott often described Buchman as the Saint Francis of our day.

Buchman went to people's hearts and they opened their hearts and found faith, comradeship and purpose.

Buchman gave people simple ways of remembering basic truths.

To GROW he would say, "Go Right On Working. Go Right On Winning."

FAITH meant, "Forsaking All I Take Him. For All I Trust Him."

When we know the forces at work in our own nature we need not be blind to the forces that control others. When we experience a deeply satisfying cure we have a

valid hope to offer. For underneath we are all the same, and the cure is the same.

“Only the very selfish or the very blind person is content to leave the world as it is today,” said Buchman on one occasion. “Most of us would like to change the world. The trouble is too many of us want to do it our own way.

“Some people have the right diagnosis, but they bring the wrong cure. They reckon without God and without a change in human nature, and the result is confusion, bitterness and war. Other people are quite sure they have the answer in theory, but they always want somebody else or some other nation to begin. The result is frustration and despair.

“When the right diagnosis and the right cure come together, the result is a miracle. Human nature changes and human society changes.”

HOW TO BEGIN

WHEN YOU WANT to change and to be free, what do you do? Freedom came to me when I was dead honest about myself and began to put right what was wrong. When I expressed to another the facts about myself I began to know in experience that "the truth shall make you free".

The man who helped me to cut through the swollen and sensitive pride which had kept me silent on all points of which I was ashamed, gave me hope that my deepest needs could be met, that there is an answer, that defeat even of long standing can be turned into victory. He was confident that men are recoverable at their worst. My faith was also encouraged when I was shown the revolutionary effect on home, industrial and political life of men and women who had changed. I was introduced to the people who best illustrated the answer to my needs. A person of similar background, responsibilities and problems who had changed was to me worth hours of theory and explanation.

The person who helped me most told me of his own failures. This trust and honesty was the key which unlocked my mind. It showed me I was not alone in

my problem, nor unusual—others were just like me and had found an answer.

Only God can remake a man. To demand that people change and to tell them what to do often has the opposite of the desired effect. To accuse a man with the diagnosis you have made will not help. He will find it harder to be honest about himself. The secret is to have guidance at every step as to what to say and do. You may be told to say something or nothing; to do something or nothing. At times you will be given a question to ask, or a story to tell which will help the person to be honest. We all need help—for sin blinds and binds, deadens and deafens.

There came a time when my friend talked over with me the cost to others of the way I had been living. It was surgery done with delicacy and skill and opened my mind as never before to a conviction of sin. Listening for God's guidance brought vision as to what I could be and made clear to me my real task in life.

I found that there are three major steps in change. The first was to apply the absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. To do this practically I wrote down the absolute moral standards on a piece of paper and then put down every thought that went through my mind as I looked at my life in the light of these standards. The first time I made this experiment pride stopped all but one or two ideas getting through. I realised there was only one condition for success—to be absolutely honest. Man's conscience is an evolutionary development. It is not a primeval organ to be excised or ignored. Conscience is an organ to be developed and used, for it is the means of our further evolu-

tion. Absolute standards sharpened my conscience and made its voice articulate.

The second step I took was to tell a person I trusted all that I had seen about myself. By this act of honesty my pride was crossed out and the shackles of self-will began to fall away. With me hesitation to be honest is usually due to the false fear of what others may think, or to a quiet determination to keep on doing some of the things in the future that I have been doing in the past. There must be nothing up the sleeve from the past, present or future. Every card needs to be placed on the table face up. Every back door needs to be shut.

My third step was to consider the cost to specific people of my dishonesties, impurities, selfishness and hates. I was then clear where I needed to apologise and make restitution.

When I am truly honest about myself I feel the need for forgiveness from those whom I have injured. Until I ask this forgiveness, seeking the forgiveness of God has little meaning for me. For those to whom restitution is made there is also hard truth to be lived out. "Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us."

I value the illumination that guidance brings on all of life. When I need to make restitution for a situation where I feel myself to be but ten per cent wrong and the other man ninety per cent wrong, I have to be sure I make it without resorting to finger-pointing. Restitution must be unconditional. When I complained that putting things right would take me the rest of my life the answer was sound: "How else can you better spend the rest of your life?"

I always find that guidance goes to the nub of the

matter. For example, although I had a bad temper I was never told to stop losing my temper. I was told to clean up impure and dishonest relationships. I did. Shortness of temper ceased to be a factor in my life. I learned that when I put right what I can put right God puts right what I cannot put right.

The act of restitution often brings conviction and change to others. It is the greatest weapon we have. Everything good or bad in a man's life and in the life of a nation, when used in this way, becomes a force for change. The whole of a man's experience can be mobilised. Men who thus start with themselves quickly begin to see where their class, race or nation needs to change. Honest apology, a new attitude and decision to put right what is wrong, breaks down prejudice and bitterness in people of other races, classes and nations. Thus one man's change begins to be a force for uniting a divided world.

"Unity," said Buchman, "is the grace of rebirth."

WHAT TO DECIDE

AFTER I BEGAN to be honest and to make restitution I knew I needed to make a decision.

The decision I made on my knees was this, that from this day forward my life would be wholly given to God to revolutionise the earth His way. It was a contract. It was just as definite a commitment as getting married or signing a cheque.

Like a triangle this contract had three sides.

One, it was a commitment to make absolute moral standards the North Star of my life for the rest of my life. This involves taking disciplined time each morning for an hour to write down the thoughts I get when I listen for guidance. It means seeking the strategy needed to bring personal life, family life, work life and national life into line with these standards.

Two, it was a decision to bring my life, the nation's policy and the world under the authority of the Almighty. This meant giving up my right to have the last word on family, work, money, time and energy. To find God's will most fully I have learned the value of including fellow revolutionaries on all these issues and of getting their minds upon them.

Three, I decided to go all-out to change the world whatever the cost. I know that to make any lesser commitment was to miss the point of change. I decided that my life would be lived at the heart of God's revolution. Morning by morning I accept to be responsible for my nation and the world. Today this commitment is lived and fought for by a united, dedicated world-encircling force. It is just possible that this commitment lived by a world-wide force which is steadily growing is meaning the birth of a new civilisation.

Making this commitment did not make me a trained revolutionary. But it was an essential enlistment. It put me under new authority. Everything became subordinate to one great purpose. I found new companionship and comradeship. I became part of a world-wide family.

Until I made that commitment I was never able to sustain my resolves to do better for any length of time. My best efforts were so ineffective and irrelevant that I gave up trying. I became cynical about ever being different myself, and so of course had no hope for anyone else. My will is like a steel spring. It can be bent to one side for a time.⁹ But the tension is still there and sooner or later I give up the unequal struggle, and the will springs back into a central position with uncontrollable force. Bending my will is a tiring and unrewarding exercise. For me, my will had to be cut through and replaced.

To surrender my will was like starting life all over again. One great revolutionary said of this experience, "I die daily". He could have added, "I am reborn daily". Doing God's will is not a morbid sorrowful renunciation of life. It is grasping life with both hands, and

in spite of fears, doubt, failures and inabilities, savouring the joy, the pain, the disappointments and the triumphs of leaving the world better than we found it.

My will is the real "me". It is the big "I". And if a higher will is to rule, the big "I" has to be crossed out.

The big 'I' is crossed out when I make "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth", the personate pursuit of my life.

This experience is essential for a change in human nature. It is the fundamental answer to our selfishness. It is the one force powerful enough to make men and nations permanently different. Mahatma Gandhi knew it. I understand why among his favourite lines were :

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God,
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

WHAT NEXT?

THIS COMMITMENT set me on the exhilarating road of living for a great purpose. To achieve this purpose I need to live a quality of life and develop the skill necessary to change people. I constantly need the miracle of caring for people so genuinely that the experience of change is made available to others. When I compromise on the moral standards I lose my way—and there is no health in me. Compromise thwarts and dwarfs effectiveness.

I know why I can get off the course set by the four compass points of absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness and absolute love. It is the gravitational pull of my own desires. I understand the man who wrote, "Everything I like is illegal, immoral or fattening." I have learned that there is only one sensible thing to do with my temptations—that is to capitalise upon them. Silence about my temptations is the sure road to moral breakdown. Honesty about them is the sure road to revolution. Like certain slugs and worms which live in the dark under rocks, exposure to light sends temptations scurrying for cover. To bring temptations into the light is a real aid to finding release from

their power. We cannot prevent the crows flying over our heads; we need not let them nest in our hair.

Temptations can be used. They can be an asset. If I am alert, I will meet someone during the day, at home or at work, for whom my honesty about a particular temptation will be arresting and faith-giving. It can be a help to him in his need.

It is necessary to recognise our temptations for what they are. We are apt to call unpleasant things by pleasant names and apply a soothing ointment where surgery is required.

What we name flirtation is actually exploitation. Masturbation is an expression of irresponsibility. What we call justifiable criticism is usually jealousy or self-righteousness. The feelings we have of being excluded or unappreciated are a mixture of hurt pride and frustrated ambition. Feelings of superiority or of inferiority are two sides of self-love. Feelings of being wronged are mixed up with resentment. When we are honest about the real nature of our feelings and motives, then we are on the road to victory.

I find my pride cautions me to keep silent at the time of temptation because "it is such a small matter", or I tell myself, "Wait till you have victory before saying anything", or "You are really not like that, honesty will give a false impression of your true nature!" These are cunning traps set by fear. They lure me on to the wrong battlefield. They can engage me in an inner struggle which is not only needless but renders me useless for effective work. I can be tempted to spend my time and energies on jobs, plans and schemes, all for a good purpose, but never meet the needs of the people

around me for an answer to the impurity, self-centredness and dishonesty which prevent the purpose being achieved.

To live the life convincingly and constantly is straightforward if we fight the right battle. It is the battle to be honest quickly and accurately. Freedom, victory and power follow as dawn the night.

A man's change and development depend on him standing firm for what he knows to be right. When he does, some people will oppose, but others will change. If he gives in to the pressures put upon him by those who do not like his stand, then the new life he has begun to find falters and he goes back to old habits and ways.

The power to live the life springs from a companionship. It is a friendship given to men who decide to do God's will and not their own permanently. Hardly a day passed that Frank Buchman did not quote these lines:

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within;
 Thou of life the fountain art.
 Freely let me take of Thee,
 Spring Thou up within my heart.
 Rise to all eternity.

"Make and keep me pure within" Dr Buchman sometimes used to call the greatest line in the English language.

Man's true calling is always bigger than his daily job. Some may feel they are so busy that there is no time to

take on another activity. But this calling is not one more activity. It is the way to do what needs to be done. It makes clear the priorities in life and releases us from entanglement with minor matters, which even when achieved do not solve the problems.

Materialism advances not by its strength but by the lack of an alternative compellingly lived. A passionate pursuit of evil can be met only by a passionate pursuit of good. Great science, developing technology and the growth of knowledge do not alter this issue. They underline it. We can choose. That choice decides the future.

WHY THINGS GO WRONG

THE MOSCOW or Peking Communist has one advantage in the modern world. He is told exactly where he is going and what shape of society he is out to build. Those who disagree with Peking and Moscow often lack this advantage. Many of them are decent people in their millions. But they are so drugged with the sense of their own decency, so satisfied with their own comforts, that they seldom accomplish anything effective.

If man's passion to explain the world produced the age of reason, and man's passion to control the world produced the age of division, then man's passion to change the world can produce an age of answer.

But until the secret of changing people is learned by millions, men who are bent on banishing God and His ways and enthroning man and his lusts are bound to make gains. The efforts of the pious and well-meaning are bound to remain ineffective. The needless sufferings of the human family are bound to continue unrelieved.

For the militant anti-Godders move with passion to impose their philosophy on our nations. Those who lack the passion and strategy to change men and the world sway to and fro in the wind of the latest fad and fashion.

They may protest at the godlessness, the pornography and the cheapening of human life—but they have no strategy for reversing the trend. They do not put God in charge even of their own lives. They may talk to Him, but do not listen to Him. They ask His blessing on their plans, but do not ask Him for His plans. In an age when an all-out bid is being made to drive God from the earth, we are often governed by some aim other than to put God in charge of the earth. We have created a whole scale of false values in order to justify to ourselves our self-centred way of life. We do not face honestly what we are guided by as individuals, classes and nations.

The fact is that every man, race and nation is either guided by “what I want” or by “what is right”. In every human heart there is a vibrant core which will inform a man where the difference between these two conceptions lies.

But human heads have for ages been occupied in inventing arguments to silence that core of conscience in the heart and to explain that “what I want” is in fact “what is right”. The success of the head over the heart is made plain by the state of society in the twentieth century.

Everyone is guided by something. It can be fear of what the neighbours think; of being a failure; of being laughed at; of being found out; of losing face. The fears of losing what I have, or of not getting what I have not, are the main cause of the power struggles today.

And man’s will to his own way is so powerful a force that his head does not believe, nor his heart accept, that fear is a liar.

Money is another mighty guide in human affairs. Money as such is almost valueless. You cannot eat dollar bills nor build a house out of pound notes. But our attitude to money often shows what we are guided by. Some of the most vigorous men and nations devote all their strength to increasing their financial wealth because with it they hope they can obtain more of "what I want".

Likewise in the ranks of big industry you have some of the best brains in the world used solely in efforts to increase the wealth of partners and shareholders. While in the ranks of organised labour men struggle for years to multiply wages, forgetful of the fact that while employer and worker let greed guide them into bitter strife, real wealth is destroyed and an opportunity is given to ideologies which will end their strife forever with the silence of compulsion and dictatorship.

The human heart, however, will not normally bear being guided by something it knows is wrong and bad. So names, slogans and theories have been invented to justify millions being guided by the wrong things.

For instance, a man is educated to believe that it is his duty to succeed personally—to make money for his family and a name for himself. The fact that his aim is selfish and that the personal ambition of men hungry for success and recognition for themselves, their own class, their own nation, has done more to destroy the world than any other single factor, is being seriously weighed by today's generation. But no other motive in life is offered. That is why, in default of an alternative, millions of students turn to nihilism.

"Enlightened self-interest" is a phrase that has succeeded in making selfishness seem a virtue.

To put the interests of one's homeland before one's own interests is today considered foolish if not downright evil. Yet a love of home, homeland and humanity is the cement of sanity in our society and draws the best out of people.

The name "patriot" is sometimes given to the man whose philosophy in fact is helping to destroy the nationhood of his people. "My country—right or wrong" can become simply the slogan of those who defend with their lives and lips the wrong things in their national life.

It is true today that a wrong sense of values has men so utterly in its grip that those who try to change the factors in national life which are destroying a nation are often abused, derided and smeared by those who claim to act in the name of "patriotism".

False values have made it possible for those guided by "what I want" to live undisturbed and rise to positions of key responsibility in the nation. For example, fifty years ago in some Western countries, divorce, perversion and dishonesty were a bar to social recognition and public success. Today anybody who suggests that the morally loose who hold responsible positions are a source of national weakness is at once assailed with the charge that he is some sort of a fascist who wants to interfere with the right of the individual to a life of his own.

It is considered smart to be "liberal" in appeasing the wrong thing.

The fact that every life affects the life of the nation and that in any case the morally loose have always been the true fifth columnists in every nation is either unknown or disregarded.

One reason for this complete reversal of opinion in the space of two generations is the close-knit community of interest of the morally defeated on a world front.

In the press, the radio stations and the publishing houses of the world are men whose link is their moral weakness. For years they have made it a common aim and have worked in coordination together to smear those whose standards of life would threaten their security; to praise those who knowingly or blindly will go along with their ways of doing business; and to disregard or destroy if possible any moral ideology that could produce renaissance on a world scale.

Their aim on a world scale is degeneration—and the label they give it is Progress. With the phrase, "A man's private life is his own affair", they deny the truth and experience of history that, "As I am so is my nation. And as is my nation so is the world."

Moral Re-Armament has created on a world scale a force possessed of the secret of transforming the direction of the human will and gripped with the passion to usher in an age of renaissance by the one adequate answer to an age of materialistic revolution.

When William Penn said, "Men must choose to be governed by God or they condemn themselves to be ruled by tyrants," he summarised the choice that faces the world today.

FROM A MAN TO THE MILLIONS

THE MORAL RE-ARMAMENT man has two great advantages in the modern world. He knows exactly where he is going and what shape of society he is out to build. And his knowledge stems from experience, not from theory.

The great lessons of Frank Buchman's life began when, as a young man, he was in charge of a number of poor and under-privileged boys in the working-class area of a great industrial city. Money grew short. The six directors ordered Buchman to economise by cutting down the boys' food. He refused and resigned.

He felt his plans and his idealism had been smashed by the selfishness of those six directors. He felt so frustrated that he became ill and consulted one of the leading specialists of the day.

He was advised to take a hot bath, then a cold bath every morning. He did this for several months, but somehow felt no better.

All the time he was burning with a resentment which he felt was righteous. He had reached a condition which has thrown up many great revolutionaries—where men decide, through bitterness, that only the smashing of

another class or another nation or another race can bring justice to birth.

But one day Frank Buchman realised that his bitter feelings were as much part of the disease of the world as the actions of the six directors. "If they were wrong, then I was the seventh wrong man," he sometimes said. He saw that there is nobody more futile and reactionary than the person who wants to change the world but is unwilling to change himself. He wrote six letters of apology saying, "My dear Friend, I have nursed illwill against you. I am sorry. Forgive me?"

That same afternoon a friend of his, walking with him by the side of a lake, noticed the change in Buchman. He saw he had become a free man. He asked what had happened and then decided himself to change.

When Frank Buchman was at the Disarmament Conference after the first World War, a British general sent him a postcard. On it was a picture of a man's head. Underneath was written, "God gave a man two ears and one mouth. Why not listen twice as much as you talk?"

Buchman believed that the only sane people in an insane world are those guided by God; that adequate, accurate, definite information can come from the mind of God to the mind of man. And that to be God-guided is normal living for men and nations.

He was travelling one night in a train forty-eight years ago when the clear thought came to him, "Resign, resign, resign."

This meant resigning his safe, salaried position which he then held at a college, and giving the rest of his life to the remaking of the world. From then on he never had

a cent of salary. Nor have any of the MRA workers.

Moral Re-Armament was launched on a global scale in 1938. Since then its story has been that of the triumph of a God-given thought, which came to Frank Buchman as he was walking in the Black Forest: "The next great movement will be the moral and spiritual re-armament of the nations throughout the world."

Since the war some 114,871 delegates from 107 countries have come to the world assemblies for Moral Re-Armament at Caux, Switzerland, and elsewhere.

Of Moral Re-Armament, Frank Buchman himself said:

"MRA stands for a prejudice-free level of living. It stands for a common denominator of immediate constructive action for everyone, above party, race, class, creed, point of view or personal advantage.

"It is God's property—the new thinking, the new leadership everyone wants. It means God in control personally and nationally. It means the knowledge and exact information that God's guidance brings. It is God's gift to bring an insane world to sanity.

"MRA means honesty, purity, unselfishness and love—absolutely, personally and nationally. MRA means power to change people—our enemies as well as our friends—the other fellow and the other nation.

"MRA is good for everyone, but necessary for us. It will help other nations, but most of all our own and ourselves. It will re-arm people and nations against selfish and divisive points of view.

"The aim of MRA is twofold: first, to restore God to leadership as the directing force in the life of nations;

and then to work for the strengthening of morale within a country and so build a healthful national life.

“MRA must go to every heart and home throughout the world.

“MRA is a race with time to remake men and nations. It is the ordinary man’s opportunity to remake the world.”

Speaking of the ideological struggle in the world, Frank Buchman said:

“The battle of the ideologies was the granite of the Old and New Testaments. So many people today instead of giving the granite, give the sugar—and so we never cure materialism.

“MRA first of all goes straight to the fundamental problem—it recognises sin.”

Frank Buchman always said of sin that the four stages to be rid of it are to *hate* it, *forsake* it, *get honest* about it and *restore* for it by putting things right. “You may say, ‘Oh, I don’t like to hear sin mentioned’. Well, that’s too bad. It ought to be mentioned, but it ought to be enough just to give a quick picture of it and then move on. And you ought to be so sensitive that you respond immediately and change—and that’s one more miracle. That ought to happen today, just as in the old days your grandparents used to go to church on Wednesday night because they liked a good rugged sermon on sin. That’s fine if you have time enough for it—and possibly you need to take time. Make sure there is no minimum emphasis on sin. Make it maximum. But then quickly make the adjustment. Change, unite, fight. That is the natural sequence.

“You will find here the old fundamental truths—

but you get them with a mighty, moving crescendo. MRA restores absolute standards in a day when selfishness and expediency are the common practice of men and nations.

“Take the four absolutes—honesty, purity, unselfishness, love. Perhaps some of you do not put much stock in them any more. But to arm a people you must give them these simple, basic standards.

“Take honesty for a start. What do you find in the nation? What about men who have been dishonest, say in business contracts? Graft and the Black Market keep a lot of people busy all the time and cost millions of dollars. In the old days nobody said a good word for dishonesty. Now the successful chiseller seems almost at a premium.

“Take purity. You may say that it is just a personal matter. But what is happening to the nation? They tell you that in some factories impurity is so common that it is even organised among the workers, and especially among the subversive groups who use it as a weapon. They know that when people’s morals are confused their thinking becomes confused. People say, ‘That’s too bad’, and keep on going to church on Sunday, but nothing happens. Too few try to bring a great cleansing force to the nation. What is going to happen to a nation when nobody brings a cure any more? Broken homes, unstable children, the decay of culture, the seeding plot of revolution.

“As far as unselfishness and love go, people don’t pretend to be unselfish, and they don’t expect to be loving.

“People have written off the four standards as part of the horse-and-buggy days. So, naturally, they are

the last thing they have in mind for rations. That is why you have the condition there is in the world today. Now if you can get people who will live up to these absolutes and stand for them, then you have a force, a creative something in the community with a strength that nothing will gainsay.

“Then you experience the dynamic which is almost forgotten—the Holy Spirit, that gives the guided answer and tells you exactly what to do as a clear direct call from God.

“We haven’t begun to experience the spiritual revolution we need. You need revolution, and then when you come into the clear light of God’s Presence, you will experience a glorious renaissance.

“It’s one thing to know these realities. But there’s a further thing, and that is to make them national.

“The trouble with some of you is that you are so idealistic that your hopes never come to pass, even in your own families.

“Everybody’s job is to find the God-arched master-plan. The trouble is, we let the statesmen do all our thinking for us—and then we call it democracy.

“A nation’s thinking is in ruins before a nation is in ruins.

“People get confused as to whether it is a question of being rightist or leftist. But the one thing we really need is to be guided by God’s Holy Spirit. That is the force we ought to study. Then we will have a clear light that ends confusion. The Holy Spirit will teach us how to think and live, and provide a working basis for our national service.

“Just think, if we fail to give emphasis to a moral

climate, where will our democracy go? Some of us have been so busy looking after our own affairs that we have forgotten to look after the nation. Our destiny is to obey the guidance of God.”

FRANK BUCHMAN

MAN OF FIRE

WHEN I FIRST worked with Buchman he was at the point of death. He had suffered a stoppage in a cerebral artery which brought immediate paralysis to the left side of his face and to his right arm and leg.

He swiftly and completely recovered the use of his facial muscles. Eventually he regained enough strength in his right leg to walk. But he never enjoyed the full use of his right hand again. He was able to write only with the greatest difficulty. For the next nineteen years I was rarely far from his side. My wife and I count the years with him as the most rewarding of our lives.

Buchman was a big man—vigorous, swift and decisive. But from the time of his illness till he died he could not fully fend for himself. He always had to have someone with him. Perhaps more consistently than any other I was on call twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, in homes, conferences, hotels, ships, trains and planes on all continents.

By necessity and by choice he lived his life all day long, in the night too, as if on a screen for all to see. If ever a man lived a goldfish bowl existence it was Buchman.

He was continuously available. No matter who was with him, you knew the response you would get when you knocked on his door. It was, "Come in". His living was transparent, selfless, wholly dedicated.

I would be called upon at any hour of the day or night. During the last years of his life it was usually three or four times a night. Often his first words to me on entering the room, barely awake, would be, "And what is your guidance?" He had an unreasonable and to some a maddening expectation that you were as devoted to the Almighty, His ways and children, as he was himself. Some hated him for his single-heartedness, his constant demand for the humanly impossible. Some resented his unrelenting battle for them to shed the second-rate in their lives and performance—and their lukewarmness.

Buchman had fire. In that fire was his power. "Anything short of passion has no place today," was his conviction. "No heart is pure that is not passionate." And he would pray, "Lord, come with Thy trumpet call and awaken our sense of destiny." Whether or not they were on fire was the first thing he noted about people. If they did not burn he knew there was something wrong. "Shed every secondary allegiance for ever," he once said. "To do so is the mark of a normal personality." "Deal with the things in your heart that you want more than to help other people."

"I suggest you ought to be in touch with ten persons a day—but if that seems too much maybe you could find room for one person. Get time. Make time. I expect each of you without pay to do the most difficult work in the world. But it is the most natural. We must

have no comfortable, static relationships, no technical experts who leave the changing of people to others."

His aim was definite. In a notebook which he had used in Geneva in 1938, when he was meeting delegates to the League of Nations, I found this sentence: "You'll change the world by a plan I'll show you. It will be simple, complete, natural." "I'll show you. Have no fear." "One part of the plan," he wrote, "must necessarily make selfish people unselfish."

His motive was uncomplicated. I was standing with him once at Caux in Switzerland. We were in the middle of an assembly which had a daily attendance of upwards of a thousand guests. A cabinet minister approached him. He had been observing the work and thought that went into the meticulous attention Buchman gave to one and all. He asked, "Dr Buchman, why do you do it?" Replied Buchman, "Because I like people."

His concern was for everyone. On the last day of 1957 he wrote a letter to some children at school in Caux: "Tomorrow is New Year's Day. This is a very special year. I shall be eighty years old, a very old man, and MRA will be twenty years old. And you will be the ones who will follow on and see this old world change and obey God. I cannot run around the way you can, and I have to spend a lot of time in bed, so you will have to be the ones to carry on.

"God will tell you what to do. And the thing that gives me the greatest joy is to know that you are listening to God and bringing the answer in your own families. And then you will bring it to nations just the way your parents are doing.

"That will make this the happiest New Year and we

will go ahead together. Always your grateful friend, Uncle Frank."

"The world's greatest scientist of human nature and how to change it," was how one man described Frank Buchman to me recently. Yet Buchman said of himself, "At this work I am of all men the most inept." On one occasion a Scottish coalminer, Pete O'Connor, wrote Buchman after a talk with him, "My half-hour with you helped me more than any other living soul." Commented Buchman, "It was not my art. It is God's art."

Buchman spent his life without salary to enlist and train men and forge them into a world-wide organism. His experience was that where God guides, He provides. He was equally certain that if your needs were not being provided for you were not being guided.

Having enough money to carry on your work was for Buchman a test both of your carefulness in spending and more particularly whether or not you were changing people. He knew that when people who live by faith and prayer ran short of money they were somewhere being unguided.

He was against all waste in the cash box, the ice box and the brain box. Every cent that came his way was used in the battle to change people and their nations. And because people knew that whatever was given Buchman used for this purpose, people sacrificed to make his work possible. He himself exercised the most stringent economies. Every piece of string and scrap of usable paper was saved. In a train or hotel room he would order one meal for both of us. Then often to my apprehension he would invite all who came along

to share it with us. We always had enough. In most hotels he was more likely than not the guest of the management, who would put the reception rooms at his disposal for his meetings—a considerable saving.

At the same time he was generous in his hospitality. A British socialist, George Light, unemployed at the time, and later President of the National Trade Union Club, came to see Buchman. As he was leaving the room, Buchman called him back. He emptied his pockets and wallet on the table and gave half to George Light. They each had £9. "Now we are both socialists," said Buchman. Light had seen socialism put into practice and it changed his life.

Buchman hated negatives—not because he shrank from criticism, but he knew that a negative could close a person's mind and the mind of a nation to the truth. He yearned for men and nations to share his experience of God's power and control. "O for a passionate passion for souls, O for a pity that yearns, O for the love that loves unto death, O for the fire that burns," was one of the prayers he most frequently uttered.

Buchman was persecuted and still is. He expected it. He believed it to be both inevitable and necessary. If you were not being attacked you were not threatening the core of selfishness in men's lives. "If you join in this great crusade you will get the way of the Cross." Persecution he believed to be the fiery furnace in the heat of which real revolutionaries are forged.

Buchman fought man-centredness like the plague. "What you need is the independent touch with the Holy Spirit and then you need never defer to any man,

woman or group." Of himself he said, "I depend on the living God and my own discipline." "I am just an ordinary person with the same sins that I have heard everyone in this crowd speak of. I did not do them to the extent you did sometimes but I had a hold-back from my mother. Certain standards I got from my mother." "I do not want you to come along just because I am here—that isn't it. That would be a poor revolution. That would be a poor fellowship." And it would be a poor revolution and a poor fellowship if people left the battle or refused to take it up because they did not like him, agree with him, or felt superior to him. As a Christian his faith was not in his own perfection or that of his force. It was in the perfection of Christ and His power to cleanse, heal, restore, forgive and forge new men from old. He was sure that "when sin comes in, God goes out. We must give tempted humanity a complete faith."

Unlike many leaders he was unafraid of being wrong. He was once convinced that a certain member of his force was taking credit for the making of a film in a way which made her self-important and kept her from being effective. He made it clear that he did not regard her as being responsible for the film. I told him afterwards he had been unfair and inaccurate. He said nothing. Later I saw a telegram he had sent his friend: "I was wrong. Forgive me."

He sliced through the sentimentality of those who would rather talk than act. He had no patience for the soft relationships, those ingrowing attachments between men and men, women and women, which clog the arteries of thought and dull the edge of conviction.

His formula for life-changing was intense preoccupation with the individual. He would give unwavering attention to the man or woman in need. Nothing, no programme, trip, meeting or anything else was allowed to come between him and the person he was dealing with. He had no programme of his own other than the battle for people to be effective in pressing forward to the mark of nations guided by the spirit of the Living God. His love for people and what they could be, made him absolutely fearless in confronting them with their needs.

He often quoted St Ignatius: "Give me twelve men who are wholly surrendered to God and I will convert the world." Some refused to go all-out because of the pull in their own hearts of wives and children, career, possessions and position, comfort. Some lusted for a work which would receive appreciation, approval and support from family, friends and society. But Buchman pointed all to the revolutionary quality St Ignatius asked of all. "To give and not to count the cost, to fight and not to heed the wounds, to toil and not to seek for rest, to labour and not to ask for any reward, save that of knowing that we do Thy Will." "For the last forty years," he once remarked, "I have had to risk every relationship or we would never have been where we are."

Buchman burned. It was not with ambition for his work, although his voice would ring out with conviction, "It is the answer, it is the answer!" To statesmen at Geneva attending the League of Nations before the war he said, "People will give up for a crisis but they won't change to avoid a crisis, which is the only programme. If you don't rearm morally, someone else will

rearm because of you. You want the other fellow to disarm, but he counts it a necessity because you have failed to rearm morally. Constructive unselfishness is the root answer to war."

Buchman's fire was a passion for God and such a trust in Him that he would never begin a day or attempt anything without seeking God's mind upon it. He had such a concern for people and their nations and was so pained by their selfish aims and ways that he would go to the limits of his strength and to the ends of the earth to help them find freedom and faith. Buchman was convinced that only men ablaze for the right can ever hope today to win men who burn for the wrong.

His speeches breathe a genuine love for his country and for every country. "We must forge an irresistible force that will change the course of history. Is that America's destiny? Will America be the builder of the foundations for a new world? We have energy, we have resources, we have men. Our one need is the rise of a new spirit—a spirit above party, class, race, point of view or personal advantage."

"The State Department is advocating more study," he once observed, "but what use is that if you have no moral ideology?"

"My deep personal wish," he said, "is to have every American free under the direction of God to fight for America; so to fight that America really be free, free from the tyranny of sin, under God's direction—the unseen but ever-present power. I wish this no less deeply for everyone in every nation. Men must have a faith that will create the right revolution. If we can spread this revolution fast enough, we can save America

and the world. Unless we have this revolution there will be a revolution of chaos."

Buchman knew the world. He was at home in Latin America and Australia, in Africa, the Middle East as well as Europe. He knew Eastern Europe and China. Ever since his first visit to India, in 1915, he held an unshakeable faith in that country's part in reshaping Asia and the world. He gave his vision for that country in a message to the people of India in 1953: "Men are hungry for bread, for peace and for the hope of a new world order. Before a God-led unity every last problem will be solved. Hands will be filled with work, stomachs with food and empty hearts with an ideology that really satisfies. That is what Moral Re-Armament is out for. It gives faith to the faithless but also helps men of faith to live so compellingly that cities and nations change.

"A nation where everyone cares enough and everyone shares enough so that everyone has enough will pattern a new social and economic order for this and all future generations.

"A nation at peace within itself will bring peace to the world.

"A nation which makes 'what is right' regnant in personal, industrial, political and national life will pioneer the next historic step of progress and destiny for all mankind."

Japan he visited eight times. The Japanese people, he believed, were meant to be the lighthouse and powerhouse of Asia. He knew their leaders and had their trust.

Buchman was in Freudenstadt in Germany when he died. He had gone there for two weeks of rest and

thought to prepare for a visit from Mr Kishi, the Prime Minister of Japan, to Caux. He had given Kishi the idea which the Prime Minister announced to the press as his policy for his leadership: "Not left, not right, but straight." Buchman died before Kishi arrived. The last sentences he uttered expressed the passion of his heart, "Why shouldn't Britain be governed by men governed by God? Why shouldn't the whole world be governed by men governed by God?"

Buchman's epitaph could well be, "Fire of love burn in me, burn evermore, till I burn out for Thee." He did. He had an unfading goal, "The Holy Spirit will be the deciding voice in all the affairs of state. The Holy Spirit is the centre. I wouldn't run a meeting without guidance, or a day's work. Guidance is the greatest labour-saving device you ever saw."

There has been only one Frank Buchman. But his love for people and their nations, his intense preoccupation with the individual, his reliance on God and his steady listening for His direction can be the possession and passion of everyone. Buchman called it normal living. It is the locomotive for pulling humanity on to a new track.

THE MAKING OF A MIRACLE

Here is the story, told in Frank Buchman's own words in an informal talk at the World Assembly for Moral Re-Armament, Riverside, California, in 1948, of how he obtained his first laboratory experience in remaking men.

THIS AFTERNOON I want to take you back forty years to the time when the then Chairman of the Democratic National Committee asked me to come to State College, Pennsylvania, and see whether I could do anything to settle the differences between the faculty and the students who did not seem to understand each other. He was on the Board of Trustees and he was worried. And he ought to have been worried. There was a strike on, a students' strike. The atmosphere was antagonistic and he had an idea that I could find the solution. I had no such idea at all. I frankly told him I didn't think it was my job. But he kept after me and finally I consented to go.

The first night I got there, there were nineteen liquor parties. Someone said it was so wet you could float a battleship.

Nowadays students' strikes are nothing unusual.

I went to Lima, in Peru, and the first thing the British Minister told me was, "There is a students' strike on." The same thing in Santiago, or Cairo. Wherever you go now you find them, but in those days they were a rarity. One effect they had on the students was that they could never win at football. Their studies were anything but A's, and there was a sense of a fog surrounding that whole place. There was defeat everywhere. That's the product of some of our modern education. That's one of America's problems.

There were three men who were the focal points of the life of that university. One was a fellow with the name of Bill Pickle. I am going to tell how this message reaches the ordinary man. Bill Pickle was an important factor in the life of that university. He was the illegitimate son of a colonel. He had a wife and twelve children, and everybody called them the Pickles. His job in the daytime was to be hostler for the local physician. At night he worked for the students to whom he peddled liquor. I used to see his stealthy figure sneaking about the spiral staircases leading to the students' rooms at all hours of dark nights. He was a friend not only of all the undergraduates, but of all the recent graduates and the old Alumni. At football games and college festivals Bill was a busy man. There was a state law against saloons and he had to supply liquor for the whole place.

Bill soon knew of my arrival and he used to say he would like to stick a knife into me. He was strong, stockily built, with a furious walrus moustache and the looks of a roaring pirate. But he had all the charm of a wonderful sinner who could become a compelling

saint. I'll let you into the end of the story. He came to England with me and was at the Oxford house party. He went to the League of Nations with me.

Let's see how this story develops because this is the sort of thing you are going to do. It will mean a lot to you and it will develop you just the way it developed me. I learned many lessons in Penn State that are the foundation of what we are doing now.

Now the second character of the story was a graduate student who possessed every physical grace and charm. He was one of the most attractive personalities I ever met. He was the son of a Supreme Court judge and the grandson of the governor of a state. His name was B. At the moment he is in England, has spent the winter in London where he has recently been in my home. He came to Caux last year. We became friends. He was a Southerner, and every Southerner likes fried chicken and beaten biscuits for breakfast. I had a wonderful cook, Mary. She was a marvellous soul. I wish I had time to tell you her story, how she and her two sons were won. That's another miracle.

Now B loved to ride, and we rode together a great deal. I knew he was a type of person with whom you used intelligent restraint and nonchalant reserve. I didn't ever talk to him about the things that meant most to me. Never. We talked about everything else under the sun; and that is an art you need to learn. But B was getting more interested and intrigued with the atmosphere around me.

One day he said, "Let's ride to the Club." I'll never forget it. It was a sleety day, the sort of day that rain freezes on the telegraph wires. I thought to myself,

"Let's ride to the Club! Has he lost his senses?" I thought of the horses' legs. It was snowy. It was winter.

We walked those horses fifteen miles to the Club. We settled in for a good dinner. I was chilled to the bone and had several cups of coffee. Then we went to bed.

It was one of those nights when coffee does its work. I heard the clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, one. Finally, as the clock struck two, my friend said to me, "Are you asleep?"

"No. Are you asleep?"

"No. Would you like to talk?"

"Yes. What about?"

"I wish you would tell me what your faith means to you."

So I told him. We talked on and on for several hours. He told me he was a Confucianist.

So finally I asked him to tell me about Confucius. He didn't seem to know a great deal about him. So I told him about my visit to Confucius' grave and how I had been entertained at tea by the seventy-sixth descendant of the sage and seen his seventy-seventh descendant on a day that was so cold that he had to wear four coats.

Then I said to him, "Try your Confucianism on a chicken thief who is a friend of mine, on his wife and five children, and see how it works."

B agreed. And for the next few months he gave money to the chicken thief's wife to keep the home together, and paid for treats for the children. He spoke to the chicken thief himself. Somehow he didn't have much success. The chicken thief was soon in jail for

catching chickens by pressing a sponge soaked in chloroform under their beaks, and carrying them off unconscious. One of his sons, who was in the same business, accompanied him to jail. B worked with the family, did everything for them, and tried to behave as a true Confucianist.

Finally he came to me in utter despair, and said, "I give up. The more I give them, the more they want."

B was learning an important lesson. He was trying to solve the whole problem of social service without change, treating the immediate surface conditions without touching the root cause.

Now B was willing to try anything.

"What would you do, Frank?" he said. "Would you pray about it?"

So I suggested that since he hadn't got far with the chicken thief now in prison, we might pray for Bill Pickle. B agreed readily.

"You pray," said I. It is always better to get other people to do the praying when possible.

So B prayed, "O God, if there be a God, help us to change Bill Pickle, Mrs Pickle and all the Pickles. Amen."

Some of you would say it wasn't an orthodox prayer, but it soon brought an answer.

Next day Bill was playing baseball with a team of which he was the manager. In the evening B and I were on our way to visit some friends who had a lovely country place. They were a charming French family from Haute Savoie, just across from Caux, and the Chinese Minister from Washington was coming to stay with them in the country. They had invited us

to see some cows and lassoing of steers—which they thought would interest the Chinese Minister. As we went through the town, suddenly B said to me, “There’s Bill.” He’d been celebrating the victory of his team and was now challenging everybody to a fight.

Frankly I wasn’t too keen to meet Bill, but B said, “We’ve been praying for him, now’s the time to do something.”

Bill came in sight. Now, I have a good-sized nose. You’ve noticed that! I thought to myself, “What if Bill hauls off . . . !” I once asked a Chinese friend what he would do under these circumstances. “Approach him from his blind side,” he told me.

So I walked up to Bill and put my hand on his biceps so that if he did haul off he wouldn’t haul so hard! But what to do next? The thought flashed into my mind, “Give him the deepest message you have.”

“Bill,” I said, “we’ve been praying for you.”

To my surprise all the fight went out of Bill. Tears came into his eyes. He pointed to the church tower. “See that church over there? I was there when the cornerstone was laid. There is a penny of mine under it.”

I said, “Bill, your mother must have been a good woman.”

He said, “She was a great woman.”

Then I introduced B. “My friend’s been praying for you, too.”

“That’s decent of him,” said Bill. “He’s a gentleman.” Bill went on: “Why don’t you come and see me some time?”

I said, “Fine, but any time is no time. Make it some time.”

Bill said, "Come next Thursday night at seven."

No real duties in life ever conflict. You've got time for Bill when you are on the way to the Chinese Minister. You've time for B. And you make a date to see Bill next Thursday at seven.

So next Thursday we went to see Bill in his unpainted house on Pickle Hill which some wag had christened "Heinz Heights". It was very interesting. You felt that every knot-hole had an ear or an eye, but there wasn't a soul in sight. Bill had told the neighbours that we were coming, and Bill imagined we were coming to change him. That's just what we were out to do, but we didn't do it the way he thought we would. And Bill had shaved for the important occasion, though generally he shaved only once a week.

We talked about baseball. We talked about football. Of course he went to every game. Bill knew all about horses. We talked all the jargon of college life. Then the time came to go. Bill said, "I've enjoyed your visit." You see he could tell all his friends that we hadn't changed him. But it's amazing what that sort of an interview will do if it is backed by prayer. Bill began to hang about us. He enjoyed our company. He wanted fellowship.

A few days later there was a horse show and he went with B to see the horses. They spent the whole afternoon talking horses. Bill voted it the best afternoon ever.

Of course the effect on B was that he began to drop the words, "If there be a God . . ." He said, "There is no question that there is a God, because He is answering our prayer." So B felt himself more and more one of us.

He said, "There are a lot of things I don't understand, and I don't know anything about my Bible or prayer, and I don't know much about winning people."

So I said, "Let's spend the summer together."

We set off for the West. We learned the truths of the Bible every day, prayer and the fullest openness between us, sharing everything most naturally. That is how we spent the summer. Then it was just with one man; now it happens with five thousand, ten thousand people. But State College was the laboratory where I learned it.

I learned another thing at State College. When Bill peddled the liquor to these students I often saw them carried down at night. I have seen real catastrophe in the lives of students. There is only one thing which is adequate and it is someone who can change you, someone who loves you. If you have this power, men and women will come to you night and day for an answer. All sorts of people.

That French family who lived in the country had a Catholic chapel on their estate and a wonderful Irish priest, who also served the student congregation. He saw what was happening. We got people in the masses and then sent them back to Mass. Some had been pretty thoughtless about going to Mass, but when we got among the masses and prepared them, they went back to Mass with a real experience. We never had any trouble in that university between Catholic and Protestant. And the priest was all for it. He would come and want to know how to change people himself.

This is an art that everyone wants to learn, and Heaven help us if we don't learn it. We need to learn

it for the sake of our children. Your own children must come and tell you about themselves and you will share with them because you know what a rascal you were yourself. That is the way to win your children, and that is the reason why this crowd of youth flocks around. They will go to a man who understands them, who doesn't talk too good or appear too wise, a man who shares.

And then I learned another thing. I was so busy with people coming to make appointments with me that I had to have two telephones in my room.

But I had another telephone, one that brought me messages from the Living God. He told me what to do and I wrote it down. There is no virtue about writing it down, but I have a treacherous memory. It is just like a sieve. Everything goes through and I forget; so I write it down. If you have a memory that keeps things in a photographic way, you are to be complimented, but I am a stupid man and I have to write them down. Isaiah had this experience: "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary; He wakeneth morning by morning, He wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned." I believe there was a Church Father a long time ago who did just exactly what I do, who wrote down what the Lord said to him. And the Chinese tell us that the strongest memory is weaker than the palest ink.

I came home from my trip with B via New York. One of the things I did there was to buy a new beaver hat as part of my winter's outfit. I paid more for it than I should have. I wore it the first night we got back to State College. We were walking down the

street and who should we meet but Bill. Bill was an actor. He looked at my hat and then walked silently and admiringly around me. He didn't shake hands or even say he was glad to see me.

He said, "You know, I would do almost anything for you if you would give me that hat."

I said, "Bill, that hat is yours on one condition—if you will go with me to the Student Convention in Toronto."

He said, "I don't mind if I do; I'll be up to see you in the morning." And off he went with the beaver hat on his head.

Morning came, and there was Bill in the doorway.

"I can't go," he snorted through his moustache. "I've nothing to put my clothes in."

Bill was like a lot of people who say "No" and mean "Yes".

"Don't worry about that," I said, "I'll get you something."

"No," said Bill, "I'll get it. They'll give me something up on the hill."

Now I must mention the third of the men in the university, besides Bill and B, who was a focal figure for its change. He was the agnostic Dean. Everybody loved him, popular, easy of access, charming, hospitable. A man's man; but an agnostic. But he had a praying wife. He's the sort of husband that some of you women here have. You find them darned difficult, don't you? You are patient but they are difficult. They have their own ideas, about money, about the use of capital, about taxes. It's amazing how they've worked things out for their own satisfaction and com-

fort, but from the woman's standpoint they are not entirely satisfactory. The Dean heard about my invitation to Bill. You see, Bill's daughter was a maid in the Dean's house. She told Mrs Dean and Mrs Dean told the Dean, and so the Dean came to see me.

"I hear you are going to take Bill Pickle to Toronto."

I said, "Yes", not knowing what his reaction would be. I thought I would be regarded not as a fool for Christ's sake, but merely foolish.

But the Dean went on, "I think this thing is going to be a miracle. I wondered all along who would do something for Bill and I believe you're the fellow."

I said, "No. That's not my job. I think that's the job of the Living God."

"But I would like to have a part in it," said the Dean, "and pay for Bill's journey."

So we started out for Toronto with seventeen students, Bill Pickle and myself. I can still see that morning on that little station. Bill wore the beaver hat, leggings and a stock which made me think of a poodle's legs crossed. In his hand was a scuffed little imitation of an alligator-skin bag.

Now what were the reasons why Bill went on that trip? There were five: (a) he wanted the trip; (b) he heard the liquor was good in Toronto; (c) he wanted the fellowship; (d) he wanted to see what Toronto was like; and the fifth, which I didn't find out until we reached Toronto—he thought I would buy him a fur overcoat to match the hat.

On the train I suggested we might have something to eat. For some reason Bill was against food. He was planning how to get a drink when we got to the first

junction. Among the party of seventeen he recognised one of the students to whom he used to sell liquor. His nickname was Bonehead. He was one of those fellows who used to be a big drinker and really stood for something in the university. At the junction Bonehead, closely followed by Bill, made for the swinging doors. Then he saw there was no dining-room but only a bar.

"Say, Bill," said Bonehead, "this is no place for us."

Bill argued with him, but Bonehead resisted, and by being firm, as Bill later said, he laid the foundation stone of Bill's new life. Together they went to the dining-room. When I arrived there I found Bill sitting quietly having a full meal.

At the next junction point Bill knew the places where there was liquor but by now he felt everybody had their eye on him. Have you ever had that feeling? Everybody looking at you, but nobody is. Well, that's your conscience. The next meal was on the train. Bill and I had one of those seats just for two. One of the men who used to be an agnostic gave thanks for the food. When agnostics change, they do wonderful things. I would never have done it. Then Bill said suddenly, "That fellow spoiled my meal." At first I thought he meant the coloured waiter who had served him but Bill said, "That fellow thanked the Lord for his food. My mother used to do it, but I didn't know people did it any more. We never thank the Lord for ours."

We reached Niagara Falls and there the blow fell. He found we were going to spend the night in a temperance hotel. I hadn't arranged it. Bill dug his heels

in and said he would not stay at any temperance hotel. He didn't see how any man could make it pay without a bar. And what would Bill's friends say if they heard he had slept in a temperance hotel?

"Don't worry about a little thing like that," I said. "Let's go upstairs and turn in."

I suggested a bath.

Bill said, "A bath!" and glared at me over his walrus moustache. "Do you want me to catch my death of cold?"

"No, Bill."

"Don't you know," he went on, "down our way we sew up in November and don't unsew again until March?"

I didn't press the point. He put on his nightgown over his red flannel underwear. Unfortunately he had to sleep in a folding bed. He was a little suspicious of it, but finally got in.

I came back into the room again and said, "Bill, we've forgotten something. We've forgotten to pray."

"I can't do them things," said Bill.

"I'll help you," I said.

Bill got slowly out of bed and on to his knees.

"You begin," said Bill.

"Our Father," I began.

"Our Father," said Bill.

"Who art in Heaven," I said.

"Who art in Heaven," continued Bill.

All of a sudden Bill said, "I used to know that."

"Of course you did," I said. "It's a prayer a great many people pray."

Bill said, "You lead along and I'll follow."

So that's the way we managed the Lord's Prayer. And we went to bed.

Next morning to my intense surprise on the railroad platform what did I see but B's luggage plastered all over with "Niagara Falls Temperance Hotel" stickers. There were even five on the handle. B accused me. I said, "No". Bill played possum. Later he owned up. Bill was feeling at ease with the students so much that he could play with them. The wall which separated Bill socially from them was already breaking down. And Bill used to say that was the only money he spent on the trip. "I gave the porter twenty-five cents to put those stickers on."

We got settled in our hotel in Toronto. I proposed we go to the meeting in the afternoon. The Governor General was presiding and six thousand people were going.

"No," said Bill.

"What are you going to do?" I said.

"I hear that fur is cheaper in Canada than in America," said Bill, "and I think I want to go out and look at fur overcoats."

"That's a good idea, Bill, but I think we ought to go to this meeting first."

"I'll go on one condition," he said. "I'll sit in the back seat if you'll sit with me."

The second speaker was a coloured man. That interested him. Bill said, "Why, that man was so black that charcoal would have made a white mark on him."

He told a story of foster-parents and a foster-child and a foster-grandchild, and how the grandchild disowned the parents. Bill was nodding or vigorously

shaking his head all the time. Every word was hitting him between the eyes because that, too, was the story of his family. Bill left the meeting with me.

"Frank," he said, "did you tell that speaker about me?"

I said, "No, Bill."

We went back to our little sitting-room and the nineteen of us had a little gathering, and Bill said to me, "I want to say something."

"Go ahead, Bill," I said.

He got up as if he had been shot out of a cannon. "I'm an old man of sixty-two, and I've decided to change my life. I have grandchildren, and I can't bear to think of them turning on their grandfather like that foster-child, because all my life I've been disobedient to my Heavenly Father. Old Bill will be a different man."

Then he went out, beckoning me to follow him.

"Frank, I want you to sit down and I want you to write to the old woman," he said.

The old woman was Mrs Pickle and she was a wonderful soul, a heart of gold, and what a cook!

Soon after we set out for home. We got back to the station where Bonehead went to the right door. It's amazing how fast news travels. We were just getting off the train, Bill was still on the steps and I was just back of him, and there was a liquor missionary. Bill's old friends had heard what had happened, and had brought along two bottles of the best. Whatever else happened, they wanted to take Bill home drunk. They handed Bill the first bottle. Bill took it and let it slip through his fingers on to the brick floor. The

next attempt was more subtle. They pulled the cork of the second bottle and held it under Bill's nose so that he could smell it. Bill gave a quick tap to the tempter's wrist, and again the bottle crashed.

Now I've been reared in circumstances where I could have liquor all my life and whenever I wanted it. But there's one reason why I don't touch a drop. It is because of fellows like Bill Pickle. You don't win them if you touch a drop, just that cocktail. I don't tell anybody else not to drink. Anybody can do anything he wants. Everybody has the liberty of the Spirit, but for my part I think of fellows like Bill. It's exactly the same with smoking. I don't smoke, but I don't say it's wrong for you. But I couldn't do it, because Bill in the old days was a regular chain smoker. When he changed, everything just dropped off. No smoking, no drinking. Although I never said anything to him about it. It is amazing how these—I won't call them sins, I just call them nice little vices—can sometimes be the key to a man's whole life.

Bill was the talk of the town. But not everyone was enthusiastic. One clergyman told me he did not want Bill in his church.

"Don't worry," I said. "He likes a church where he can take part and talk back if necessary."

The next Monday Bill came in.

"Have you heard about it?" he said. "They don't want me in church."

I felt as if I'd been stabbed. I thought this would be too much for Bill.

"Don't worry, Bill," I said. "We'll have a church

of our own.”

Bill said, “That’s the funniest thing. I had the same idea.”

We didn’t have a church but we had nineteen of the local janitors who knew Bill well and we used to meet every Saturday night.

Bill said, “We want you to come and talk to us.”

I said, “Well, it’s your show, what would you like me to talk about?”

Bill shook his walrus moustache. “Tell us about the Apostles’ Creed.”

I said to myself, “The Apostles’ Creed!” but I agreed.

Saturday night after Saturday night we met. They were always there. We never had to coax those fellows to come. We reached the passage, “And Jesus Christ went down into Hades or Hell,” and Bill said, “Now, now, that’s one thing I don’t believe. That was no place for Jesus Christ.”

So we cogitated on a way out.

At last Bill said, “I’ve got it straight. I guess He went down there to ‘redd things up’. (That is a colloquialism in Pennsylvania meaning to clean things up.) Let’s go to the next point.”

From that time Bill’s influence in the University was a modern miracle. When the graduates came back at Commencement, they didn’t get tight. Bill was their favourite guest and he refused to grace their parties if there was liquor. They preferred an interesting character, so they had their parties without liquor, and Bill was the life of the party telling his old-time tales with new zest and on a new plane. After three years’ work it was no longer good form to hold drinking parties. The

college began to win their games, and scholarship improved. Dr John R. Mott came and people from all corners of the earth to see the wonders God had wrought.

As for the Dean, he became such a great soul. Bill gave him the thing he said he always wanted but was never quite sure existed, the certainty that these things worked out as a living reality in the lives of people. He saw it work out in Bill's life and in the maid in his home. He saw that whole family change and become a veritable dynamo in the life of the university.

I hadn't any part in all this other than that I let God use me.

Bill was buried ten years ago. It was just after the great meeting in the Constitution Hall in Washington where the world took part in the launching of Moral Re-Armament in America, when statesmen and leaders everywhere hailed MRA as the one hope of humanity. Bill's funeral was worthy of his life.

O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

In Bill's train and Mrs Pickle's train—who is lovingly and affectionately called by her own name, Mrs Gilliland—and in the train of those children.

I have come to the conclusion that there are only two classes in the world: the changed and the unchanged. It is the changed who will give us the ideology of an inspired democracy.

"Behold how these brothers love one another." So, in closing, I want to leave with you the lines of a poem:

Father, forgive the cold love of the years
While here in the silence we bow;
Perish our cowardice, perish our fears,
Kindle us, kindle us now.

Lord, we believe, we accept, we adore,
Less than the least though we be;
Fire of love, burn in us, burn evermore,
Till we burn out for Thee.