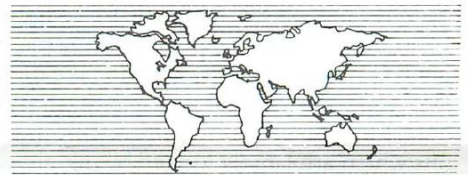


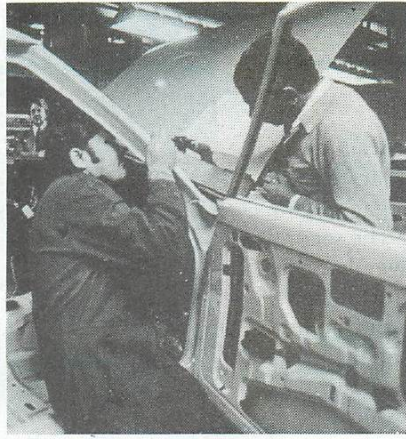
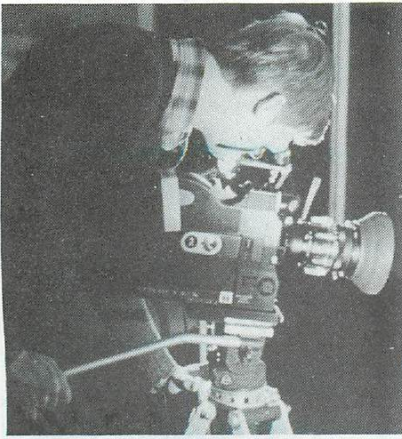
NEW WORLD NEWS

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Gifts come in many forms

TALENTS—NOT JUST A PERSONAL MATTER

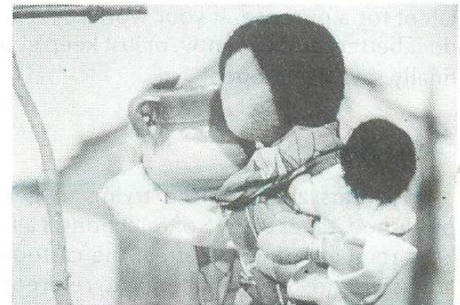
EINSTEIN, MICHELANGELO, Thomas Aquinas, Plato—such genius comes to the world but rarely. Yet each human being is given a certain 'capital' of gifts to invest as best he may. Life is largely about learning to make the best of our talents, and to manage without those we lack.

Talents can be taken too seriously, however. Some footballers, for example, aware that they have exceptional skills, hang around 'in space' hoping to produce a goal that will win the adulation of the crowd. Yet the game is never won without those who are ready to mix it in the hazardous midfield mire, where heads clash and legs are hacked, and talent is all too easily cut down to mediocrity.

Perhaps the gravest error is to be so conscious of the abilities you lack that you fail to make the best of those, however humble, that you do have. For most people have untapped potential. The Giver of gifts can reveal previously unsuspected abilities. For instance, a housewife who felt called to write a play produced a work of profound social relevance. Approaching God with a sense of need often produces that 'something extra' which lifts you over the seemingly too-high hurdle.

What you make of your talents is not only a personal matter. Humanity as a whole would have been poorer if Mahatma Gandhi or Chopin had failed to realise their potential; and how many undiscovered geniuses vanish into the Sahels, Gulags, abortion clinics and shanties because millions of people fail to throw their full weight into tackling the world's needs?

Nations, too, have a heritage of natural gifts. Britain has recently discovered rich deposits of oil and gas. Other countries have rain forests, fertile soil or fish-rich waters. Each of these 'talents' can be blown in a brief spree of indulgence. But, as with individual talents, that is to squander the heritage of all mankind. ■



Malik..... see p7



Karoo..... see p8

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The 'New World News' index for Volume 31 will soon be available. It can be ordered from: the Business Manager, NWN, 12 Palace Street, London SW1E 5JF, price £1 including postage.

FULL CIRCLE

by Margaret Gray

I STOOD ON THE BENCH with four others, awaiting my turn. The moment of recognition was nigh. The teacher struck a chord on the piano and the first girl began singing the opening line of *Once in Royal David's City*. The second girl took up the next line. The teacher smiled sweetly. So far so good! I could hardly wait for my turn. Unfortunately I had to deliver the fifth line which seemed wantonly to hurl itself up to an octave well beyond my reach. I squeaked in a vain effort to reach those elusive notes but was silenced by the teacher. Her pain threshold had been crossed.

Thus, at six, my fledgling career as a singer in the school choir was cut short. It did not matter that I had thought I *could sing*. A higher authority believed otherwise!

Fortunately, my attempts at drawing met more encouragement, enough to persuade me to take this gift to art college and then to work in design and illustration.

Encouragement is often vital to the development of those gifts which are largely judged by people's response such as acting, singing, painting and cooking. I find I depend a great deal on people's response to a drawing for my measure of its quality. The initial enjoyment of creating a drawing either grows or diminishes according to the effect it has on people.

Important as other people's judgement is, it is also vital to find and hang on to that delicate thread of your own belief in what you are trying to create. At some point you have to stop dithering about 'Am I any good?' and decide whether this is a talent to pursue. If yes, then you invest everything in it. Whatever the discouragement, you cannot give up, particularly if, as I do, you believe that God gives you a talent for a purpose. If your work is not accepted you must do it better, or differently, or just keep going until someone finally says, 'Whoopee!'

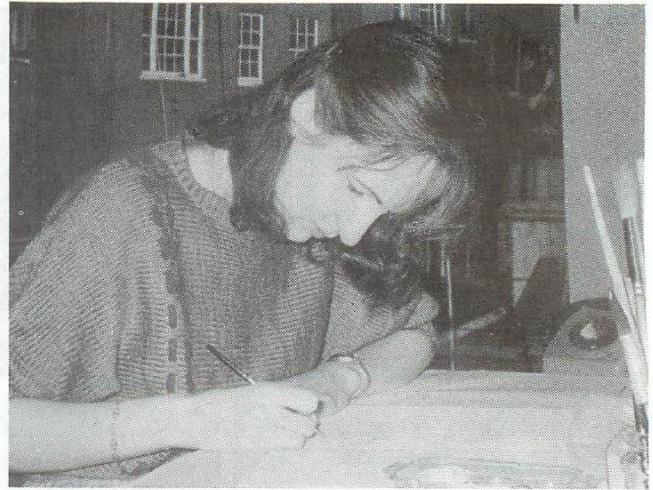
Allergic

Five years ago I started trying to get a cartoon book published. I met a wave of rejections. I all but gave up. But I kept remembering the effect the cartoons had had on an atheist friend. She was allergic to references to Christianity but she responded to the way God was introduced in my story. As one who was also turned off by the conventional teaching of Christianity at school, and who has since found a faith, I sparked to the idea of trying to pass that faith on to people like my friend in a way that would mean something to them.

So I returned to the fray feeling, tentatively at first, that however much the quality of my work needed to grow I must pursue it. I met a man who has since worked on my behalf to track down a publisher. Despite four years of successive hopes turning into disappointments as possible publishers bit the dust, this gut feeling of purpose steadily grew.

Then, one October afternoon, my sister-in-law rang to say that my brother Phil had just died after four years' brave fight against leukaemia. He was only 31 with a loving wife and two delightful young children. I was utterly devastated. I seemed to enter a dark pit of pain and emptiness.

Two weeks later I received a letter inviting me to meet a publisher who was keen to publish my book. I did not want



Margaret Gray

to see anyone about anything and was too numb to care about the future of the book. But then I thought that my brother, who had always encouraged me about the book, would want me to go. It seemed to me that the way he had so bravely lived with his illness was all about not giving up.

At the publishers I met people who completely understood my reasons for doing the book. They enthused about the pictures, the language and the humour. After four years of struggle I was quite overwhelmed. I felt that God's gift had gone full circle. He gave me the raw talent and purpose for it. I drew the book, tried to get it published and then gave up. He gave it back to me when I needed it most. ■

WHEN TALENT FALLS SHORT

by Ellen Ostero, Canada

'MY! AREN'T YOU TALENTED!' How often I have heard that, and wanted to believe it. Encouraged from childhood in my natural love for art, I have dabbled in film animation, macramé wall-hangings, portraiture, teaching arts and crafts, painting, and working as a commercial artist for a schools resource library. Creating was as natural for me as breathing, and the centre around which life revolved.

But I have always been plagued by the question, 'What for?' Why create? A sage once said that you cannot separate the artist from the man. I did not know 'what for' because I did not know what I was living for. An increasingly decadent life-style reflected itself in my work. Then an encounter with *Moral Re-Armament* opened up a new world. I saw that change in seemingly impossible people and situations actually happened. As I began to base my life on absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love, I gained hope and a purpose for life. Suddenly people rather than art, God rather than self, became the centre.

Recently I went through a painful but healthy test of where my life was centred. I was asked to illustrate a book, and soon discovered my limits—I could not do it. The realisation was crushing. Until then I had felt fairly confident that I could do anything I decided. God seemed to be wanting me to rely, not on my talents, but on His will. I have rarely felt so depressed but in the middle of it I discovered a deeper relationship with Him. Shortly afterwards, I was

invited to South America to apply my 'talents' to the needs there. I felt a clear call to go.

Immediately after I arrived my artistic abilities were called into action in several ways. One day I would be designing a pamphlet, another baking a peach cake with the wife of a former President of the Republic. But most important have been the hours spent listening to people in desperate situations and then helping them to find God's leading.

My hostess and I recently visited a friend whose husband had left her a year before. Her children needed psychiatric treatment as a result, and she was having to sell furniture to help pay the food bills. She began to be set free of her deep bitterness as we listened together for God's direction. Shortly afterwards, her husband asked to return home. Now they are reunited and making a fresh start. ■

TIME FOR NEW DEFINITIONS

by David Jaquith, Oregon, USA

I ENTERED ART SCHOOL at 17 in the mid 1940s, when many of my friends were in combat in the Pacific or European war theatres. School was a heady atmosphere of colour, form, line, mass and texture. With pigment and palette we explored the mysteries of the creative impulse, while remaining blissfully removed from the political realities of our times. I learned to draw and to avoid anything that threatened my steadfast devotion to my personal preferences. It was exciting. It was also imbalanced.

All too often the artist will find that he has become inordinately dependent upon his talents (real or imagined) for identity, self-acceptance and social standing. The real person gets lost in the costumes, rituals and trappings of his craft. I have many times felt that I must somehow 'produce' or 'perform' in order to gain sanctioned entry into the human race. In these latter times I am cultivating a less egocentric attitude towards my talents. I find I no longer need 'art' or other people's approval to give me validity.

Any man is truly handicapped who does not take time to discover what his God-given talents are, and prepare himself to put them to creative use. In order for this to happen, it is imperative that each person clearly know his primary life-objective. In attempting to clarify mine, I had this thought—my goal is simply to make soul-satisfying decisions, and act on them. Reaffirming this goal throughout the day accomplishes two things. First, it takes care of the irrepressible desire I seem to have to explore the mysteries of God, wherever it might lead, and secondly it ensures my own happiness in the process. Soul-satisfying choices are God-satisfying choices—and vice versa.

Now the question arises, what are my nation's talents, and how well are they invested? My country has been 'biggest and best' in many areas. Its abundance has often left other parts of the world envious, awestruck or outraged. As a people, we have not always handled this largess with humility and grace. In fact, the US is having to eat humble pie these days, as other nations with fewer available resources are stepping forward to claim the flag of excellence—a healthy sign. There is much overdue soul-searching going on in 'the land of the free and the home of the brave'.

Any talent represents a degree of power; it is a marketable commodity. If it can be said that the true measure of a man's character may be seen in the way he handles his talent, or his power, might it not also be said of a nation? My hope for my countrymen, and indeed for all peoples, is that we break free of the illusion that power is the equivalent of character, or cleverness the equivalent of inspiration.

Our times cry out for new definitions and deeper insights. Thus 'creativity' cannot be said to exist where extortion or exploitation of human weakness is involved; 'art' is not art if there is moral disintegration through compromise of values. A painting, a piece of sculpture, a dance, a nation or an individual—none is a masterpiece if any one of its components does not ring true to the whole.

In this late hour in nuclear history, it is required of each of us who share this planet that we become artists—master artisans in the the creation of wholesome, trust-charged atmospheres in which men can sit down together in peace to seek inspired alternatives to horror.

It is to artist and visionary William Blake that we owe the conviction that it is only through this expanded concept of creativity that we can expect to 'transcend our addiction to selfhood and transform our fallen world'. ■



David Jaquith

Nitty-gritty

IF MY 'TALENT' is the brief span of life that I have been entrusted with, then I don't want just to save it and present it intact and untarnished to my Lord when accounting time comes. I want to spend it, invest it in the risky business of loving and building and growing and planting and reaping; in the nitty-gritty of daily challenges.

Let me not forget that those most uncomfortable times may be (probably are) the most crucial times, and how I handle them determines the essential quality of my life.

Dare I invite the Holy Spirit's examination? Dare I submit my 'writings'—my life—for close scrutiny and editing under the bright light of truth? Or will I cling stubbornly to every misspelt word and superfluous item of punctuation, presenting at last a poorly written story destined for rejection and the waste-basket?

To the Editor-in-Chief: Would you please help me write my life? I don't think I know enough to do it right.

Mary Jaquith

The following interview by Jean-Jacques Odier was done after the family session of the Moral Re-Armament conference at Caux, Switzerland last summer. It first appeared in the French-language paper, 'Changer':

CARTOONIST WITH A TRUMP CARD

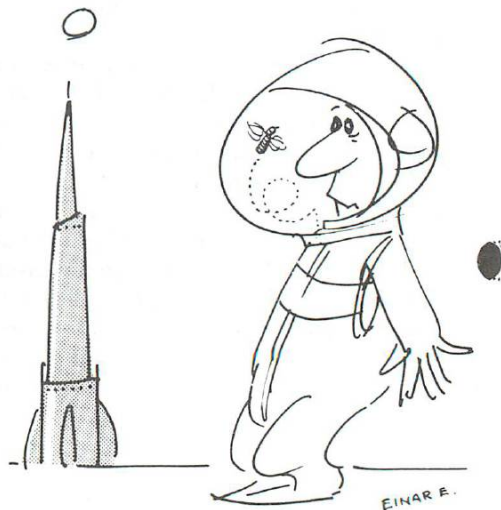
TO HAVE BEEN DYSLECTIC as a child—especially before that handicap had been properly identified and when there was hardly any cure—carries the risk of being scarred for life. The large Norwegian Einar Engebretsen seems, however, not only to have freed himself from this initial obstacle but to have relied on it to forge his original personality and sense of humour.

He is happy to tell of blunders when he said or wrote one word in place of another, but he adds: 'I did not really suffer from my early school difficulties although I fully realised that I would not make the grade. For two years I forged my father's signature at the bottom of my school reports, and when he expressed surprise at never seeing them, I told him that the system had changed!'

So what did he do during language or maths lessons? He drew little mannikins and, with a school-friend, created a paper called *The Frog in the Sahara*. Drawing had become a diversion: 'I could never be satisfied with just copying or repeating, the two activities which seemed to characterise teaching at that time.'

Later, Einar entered the Royal School of Fine Arts which suited his gifts better. There he got to know the painter Victor Sparre and, through him, Moral Re-Armament. Shortly after finishing his studies, Einar was offered a job as a cartoonist with the Socialist daily *Arbeiderbladet*, which wanted, according to Einar, 'to aerate its columns with some little, humorous bubbles'. He called on the manager of the paper and told him that he would like to spend a fortnight at Caux first. In fact, he was not to return to Norway till some years later. For, in the meantime, he decided to devote himself entirely to Moral Re-Armament, which was to take him to many distant lands.

'I was very impressed by the crowds I met at Caux and by the world-wide force that they represented,' he explains. 'I was offered neither salary nor security, but the chance to work in the spirit I saw in Caux on a basis of faith. I underwent a human experience which I trusted would grow. This did not stop me thinking of cartoons, but I felt that

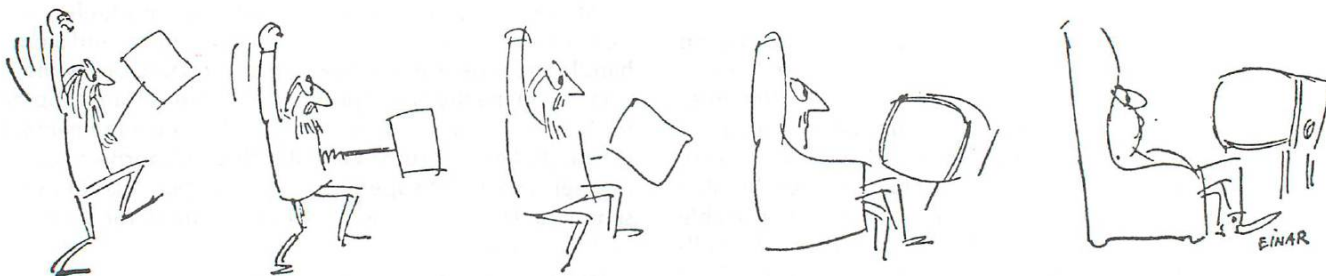


my personality needed to mature and my imagination did not immediately find expression. Those years working with Moral Re-Armament enabled me to live in an atmosphere which was creative from every point of view.

'What struck me was how the life of Moral Re-Armament forms a whole—from the meal you serve to the part you take in a play; from the way you look after your neighbour to the way in which your mind is led to understand world issues. I was particularly inspired by three of the concerns that Frank Buchman, the initiator of MRA, was grappling with at that time, just after the war. First, he was already showing care for the ethnic minorities, long before their existence and aspirations were the major political factor they are today. Next, he was interested in the Muslim world—again, at a time when it was given far less importance. Thirdly, he was convinced that Marxists could rise above their ideology to find a more complete and universal one.'

A few years later, Einar Engebretsen and his wife Aagot returned to Norway to lead a quieter life for health reasons. Einar took up his art again; his cartoons appeared in several newspapers. He is especially proud of a whole page of drawings published in the Swiss satirical paper *Nebelspalter*. They show the Swiss landing on the moon well before the Americans, using Alpine horns as nozzles and engines in turn. What do the NASA astronauts find on the barren surface of the moon? Swiss, comfortably settled, ready to sell them cheese!

The little mannikins that Einar Engebretsen used to scrawl in his school exercise-books now took on a more definitive shape—short, slender legs carry a huge head in which the eyes seem out of proportion. 'Many cartoonists seem to neglect the eyes, as if they had no importance,' he explains.



Permanent revolution

'To me the eyes are the reflection of the soul, of the inward life. Through them joy, sadness, loneliness, worry are expressed. Through them relationships are built between people. That's what interests me—the way people see and look at each other.'

From cartoons Einar moved on naturally to puppets representing the animal world. His wife began making puppets to liven up Christmas evenings. Then Einar's sister-in-law with nimble fingers made him a whole set. A nylon shirt belonging to his industrialist father-in-law became a hen. Curtain rings linked by apple-green material changed into a huge caterpillar which, at the end of July 1983 at Caux, held hundreds of children and parents spellbound for three minutes on end, first with laughter, then with affection, while it insisted on pushing a large object in front of it, wiggling its tail and all the time nearly falling off the wall. Best of all is the dog which has to learn, like all those of its ilk, to say sorry (for Einar is also a ventriloquist at times) for the bites which it cheerfully distributes. A whole world of animals that learn to live together, look after each other and love each other—all with those big expressive eyes in which everyone can recognise himself.



Behind the mannikins with huge heads and the animals with human feelings lies a whole philosophy of life. Einar Ingebretsen's personality reflects this: 'Frank Buchman prayed for two years to acquire a sense of humour, knowing that it is a trump card in changing the world,' he says.

'Actually you have to know how to take God seriously without taking yourself seriously. People mostly do the opposite. Neither do I take my art too seriously; I simply feel called to live so that the people round me give the best of themselves. That is what the love of God means to me.'

'We live in a world of words and concepts which finally desensitise people. They need new angles from which to look at life.'

Then, remembering his difficult years at school, Einar adds, 'Above all, we were taught logic as if it were the supreme test of intelligence. But it is often divorced from human experience. Today creativity is one facet of intelligence. What can an intellectual do with a newspaper? He can only read it. What does a creative man do? He can read it, of course, but he knows how to make use of it to light a fire, to make a hen, to dry his wet shoes or, also, to swat flies.....'

Translated by William Stallybrass

ENTRUSTED FOR WHAT

by Alison Hutchison

I LIVE IN MASSACHUSETTS, near Harvard University. The atmosphere is young, lively and learned, with a great sense of striving and achievement. Many bring their gifts here and hone them to perfection. But what are they being used for?

There is an advertisement jingle on American TV which goes, 'Be all that you can be'—and there is great emphasis on fulfilling yourself these days. We can use whatever gifts we have just for our own self-gratification. But we have a choice. My dictionary defines talent as 'a gift committed to one's trust to use and improve'. We can regard our talents as being entrusted to us for some greater purpose. As we seek and find that purpose, a much deeper satisfaction and fulfilment is given back to us.

Dreams

At a recent seminar on J S Bach I heard that he always felt himself to be God's craftsman and wrote his music to His glory. He felt that his talent was entrusted to him.

Music, particularly singing, has been and always will be an important part of my life. Music can sometimes speak to the heart in a way that other forms of communication cannot.

As a child, having discovered that I could make pleasant noises with my vocal chords, I drove family and friends mad by shutting myself into our sitting room, turning on *The Sound of Music* full blast, and emulating Julie Andrews at the top of my voice. I whirled around on an imaginary hilltop for hours on end. Dreams of musical fame were very real.

As I look back over the years since those heady days, I feel grateful that I have been able to *train my voice and use it* to sing songs, classical and otherwise, that build hope and faith.

Lark

At one point I had to stop singing for several months as I had been using my voice wrongly. I was devastated and terrified that I would never be able to sing again. However, it was as if God took one gift away for a while so that I could recognise and develop another. I discovered the joy of fine cooking.

The gifts we have are unearned and we have free choice how to develop and use them. If we find unselfish motives for our lives, it could follow that we would use the abundant natural gifts that God has poured on the world unselfishly, too.

Nature and wide open spaces have always meant a great deal to me. When I think of great natural talent, I think of an encounter one summer day with a skylark singing its head off in joyful song above a moor. To me, it was the perfect illustration of a gift poured out freely at a moment when one human heart needed a renewal and strengthening of faith. ■

TALENTS

*His hands move,
Mighty with Grace
And love.
Gently He moulds
Immortal form,
Endowing each new soul
In this moment of Creation....
With Angels.*

*Again He moves,
To put each soul
Among the molecules
And spiral super-spaces
Of mortal man,
Where each Angel,
His gift of skill and powers,
Binds herself, obedient,
No longer to the Maker's will
But as He wills—to ours!*

*Then as we go
Our wilful ways
We gradually spurn
The Godly call
Of Graces given
And gradually learn
A Pride—for each new skill.
We shame each Angel
Turn by turn,
And then each Angel kill.*

*Oh Lord! Oh Angels!
Forgive lost hours
Of chafe and sweat
For other powers,
Sent for other souls!
You gifted talents,
Angels with our name,
Express through us
Our Maker's will
And sing of whence you came!*

*Our hands He moves
And with them He reveals
Enough of brightness,
Angel given,
As is good for us to see—
Of Heaven.*

Erik Andren

In recent issues we have reported the tour around Britain of the play 'Clashpoint', by Betty Gray and Nancy Ruthven. GARY DENYER describes his contribution to the production:

SOUNDS WORTHWHILE

DURING THE SUMMER of 1981, my wife Carol performed the West Indian mother in one of the first readings of *Clashpoint*. I took along a reel-to-reel tape recorder to record *Clashpoint* in order to see what was needed in the way of sound effects.

A few weeks later a fully staged performance was planned and I was asked to produce some sound effects. I started with a rather comical BBC sound effects record. Many hours were spent with two tape machines and a splicer as I tried to jiggle effects about until they vaguely resembled what was needed. Trying to turn a small country cricket match with a crow calling in the background into a major test match between England and Australia was not the least of my problems. Eventually we bought a selection of effects from a private effects library.

All I had to do then was to decide which effects to use and splice them in—life should be easy!



Gary Denyer

Noble

I decided the time had come to make up the 'master' mix of the tapes in a better equipped studio than our living-room. So I booked a weekend in the sound studio at the Westminster Theatre. Chris Harding, an ex-BBC sound technician, offered help and we spent some 20 hours in the studio. Besides grabbing the odd sandwich for sustenance, we also grabbed passers-by for recordings of riot scenes!

For almost a year we turned up at performances with two reel-to-reel machines, a hi-fi amplifier and speakers. Then we decided to transfer to cassette machines. We purchased two cassette decks and I modified a stereo power amplifier and a pair of speakers which I had originally built for disco use. I vividly remember working with my brother through the night effecting those modifications. In the morning I went to my work as a telephonist and that evening produced the modified sound effects at another performance of *Clashpoint*.

I have a disability, being classified as partially-sighted. It has been difficult to prove my abilities and doors have often been closed in the field of electronics. So I have been happy to be able to use my talents in such a worthwhile venture. I feel honoured to play a part in this international fight for better race relations. ■

TOOWOOMBA WAY

by Agnes Warrington

I HAVE OFTEN REACTED against bad trends in the media. I have also often neglected to send my appreciation and thanks for excellent and uplifting programmes. More often still, I have wondered what an ordinary person could do to improve the media output—and then passed quickly on to the next task at hand.

Eventually, however, I asked God to show me what could be done. A series of clear and concise instructions came to me: 'Don't waste time and energy in reacting—create your own radio programmes instead. Use items about ordinary people doing extraordinary things which will give encouragement and enjoyment to the listeners—stories of people being responsible, taking initiative, healing hurts and reconciling differences, of people listening to the Inner Voice.' I could involve my friends and people I would get to know.

It was a fascinating proposition which demanded an instant answer. Yes, I was willing to do the planning and presentation but, I quickly pointed out, I did not know how to use the recording equipment. A few days later I met Margaret Cushway who is experienced in using the sound studio at our local FM radio station, 4DDB Toowoomba. We found we had similar ideas and she was only too willing to take over that side of the job.

Toowoomba, an inland city of 76,000 in South-East Queensland, is known as the 'Gateway to the Darling Downs', one of the world's richest grain areas. Our broadcasts on 4DDB are monthly and reach out far into the countryside as well as to the heart of the city.

We start each programme with a few lines from a song:

'What the ordinary man can do,
perhaps this is the missing clue.
For most of us on earth are ordinary people,
living our lives the same thing every day.
But ordinary men can do extraordinary things,
if only we would let God show the way.'

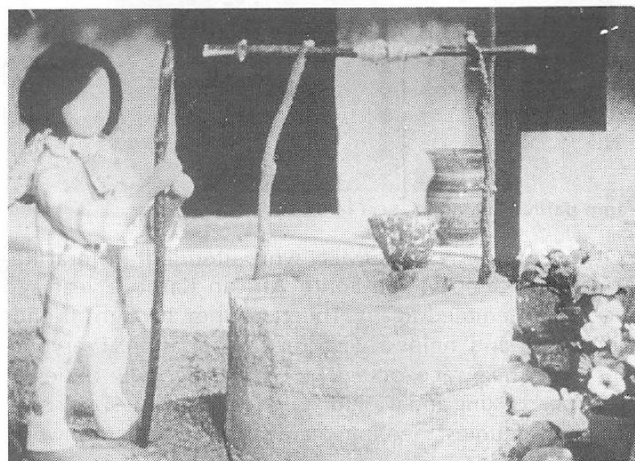
Topics have included 'The family', 'Ecology and environment', 'Art and its impact'. For December we took the theme, 'Christmas hot and Christmas cold' which included stories from both sides of the Equator.



Agnes Warrington

Most of the material comes from *New World News*, the educational paper *Polestar*, from Grosvenor Books and also from local people. We are building up an appreciative audience and the station selection committee is keen that we continue. A growing circle of story readers are enthusiastic and readily respond when called to the studio. To me, it is simply a case of 'letting God show the way.'

MALIK'S WELL



F. Hodel

One of Vroni Hege's figures alongside Malik's well

A STORY FROM INDIA has appeared in the form of a slide-tape show from Berne, Switzerland.

Malik's Well was first seen in Europe on stage as part of a review called *Song of Asia*. In an Indian village after a long drought, only the rich man Malik still has water—yet he will not share it with the poor villagers. They are furious and on the point of resorting to violence. However, the wise Suresh helps rich and poor to overcome their selfish demands and they find a way to live together.

Swiss housewife Vroni Hegi went to arts and crafts school and is passionately keen on painting, sewing and craftwork. Five years ago she started making model figures, about 30 cms high, using authentic material for their clothing. She felt that the story was universally relevant and decided to make the slide-tape show using her figures for the characters. 'My husband and I wrote to a number of young people to ask if they would help,' Vroni Hegi explains. 'We met at weekends and worked on the manuscript, built sets and made test photos. None of us was a professional. A student, an electrical apprentice, my husband who is a teacher, and two of our children who still go to school all helped.'

The result is 90 colour slides, a cassette and a booklet of the text in German. A cassette in English is now being completed.

Peter Hegi showed the production to a class of 14- to 16-year-olds. The pupils had never been so quiet during a lesson. Afterwards, a girl spoke of the difficulty she had in getting on with her brother. The story was discussed again with the class later. The show has also been well received by adults.

Enquiries should be sent to Mr and Mrs Peter Hegi, Augsburgstr. 8, CH-3052 Zollikofen, Switzerland. The purchase price of the German-language edition is 250 Swiss francs.

Karoo struggle



Camp participants help local farmers

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN who attended a Moral Re-Armament camp in the South African Karoo a year ago recently assembled again. This time they brought friends with them and helped with the organisation. Everyone, whatever their race or age, took on the daily duties of cleaning, cooking and washing up as well as the 5.45 am rising, daily Bible studies, meetings, games, discussions, farmwork, visits and sports.

Local farmer Neil Sheard and his wife, Idil, kindly let us use a vacant farmhouse. Some participants came ahead to smoke the bats out of the roof and to remove the layers of dust accumulated since last year's camp.

There are many parallels between the Karoo and the Holy Land in Christ's time. The farmers are sheep farmers; there are dry treeless hills with the occasional green oasis; and in the early morning the hills provide the solitude where you can go for times of quiet reflection.

Lion

In this setting, with our diverse cultural and racial backgrounds, we struggled on issues of the will—of giving our lives to God, and of deciding to bring change in our homes, schools and society.

One young man decided to make restitution for cheating the school tuckshop of which he is chairman. Another spoke of the 'lion' he had to kill on his return home. A young person from Capetown, who wants to be responsible for next year's camp, said that the biggest 'lion' he needed to kill was in himself. Others voiced similar decisions. Two teenage brothers who had travelled from Brazil spoke about a similar gathering they were helping to arrange in their country.

At the end of the eight days, local farmers attended a meeting to hear the young people's convictions.

Graeme Cordiner

March Clashpoint

'CLASHPOINT', Betty Gray and Nancy Ruthven's play about a community under the shadow of impending race conflict, will have a season at the Westminster Theatre in March as part of the 'Day of London Theatre' programme for schools.

There will also be five public performances of *Clashpoint*. These will be at 6.30 pm on 8, 13, 22, 27 March and at 2.30 pm on 17 March.

Box office opens 23 February, tel: 01-834 0283.

Schools bookings now being taken. Enquiries to: Educational Programme Director, Westminster Theatre, Palace Street, London SW1E 5JB. Tel: 01-828 6591.

The public are welcome at the schools matinee performances of 'Clashpoint' when space allows. ■

NEWSBRIEF

'CHURCH AND NATION', the paper of the Uniting Church in the Australian state of Victoria, last month carried review of *Coldly the night winds winging* in its 'Hymns we should sing' column. Dr Harold Wood wrote, 'We owe this modern Christmas carol to the Oxford Group and Moral Re-Armament. I find its packed lines full of penetrating suggestions relevant to present-day needs.' The author is Morris Martin and the music, entitled *Workers' Carol*, is by Paul Petrocokino. ■

EIGHT WOMEN from four European countries recently travelled at their own expense to be in Strasbourg during a four-day session of the European Parliament. They told Members of the Parliament that they held different political beliefs yet shared a concern for Europe. This had developed ten years earlier at a Moral Re-Armament conference.

'We went because we felt that economic questions tend to dominate the media coverage of Strasbourg and Brussels and we want to see the nations also brought together on the level of the heart,' they said. They had been building links through visiting each other's homes and countries, they said, and wanted to find new ways of strengthening friendships between European nations.

The women also attended a reception, given by the Mayor of Strasbourg in the town hall where the coal and steel agreement between France and Germany was signed in 1950. ■

'RECONCILING PEOPLE AND NATIONS' was the theme of two recent public meetings at Armagh, the MRA centre in Melbourne, Australia. On each occasion a full-house audience heard some fifteen speakers. Reg Blow, adviser to the Victorian Government on Aboriginal Affairs, a trade union leader, a senior industrialist and a former Prime Ministerial adviser, spoke of the impact of a change in people's motives on some of Australia's thorniest problems. ■

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