

Placed side by side with what is happening in the United States, it can be seen as the greatest test which democracy has ever faced.

And parliamentary democracy remains the best form of government yet devised by mature people for mature people in an imperfect world. If it fails now in its heartlands, the world may resign itself to the conclusion that there is no alternative but a dictatorship far worse than the old imperialism. That is why its enemies are making such determined efforts to destroy it. That is why its preservation is worth a good deal of sacrifice on the part of all who do not want to be slaves.

Grounds for hope

Above all, this is a moral crisis. If this is a platitude, it is none the less true and important; and it would be a waste of time to quote Milton and Burke, Acton and de Tocqueville in its support. After Lonrho and Poulson and Watergate and the 'call-girl' affair, a moral diagnosis can hardly be dismissed any longer as naïve and simplistic.

But if we do face it as a moral crisis, then there are grounds for the liveliest hope. For then it becomes entirely within our power, under God, to tackle it at the roots. That there are elements in the present situation which we cannot control is obvious enough. But the decisive factor is the spirit and temper of all of us. No one really doubts for a moment that, given a united nation, with a readiness to sacrifice and a will to work, we can pull through triumphantly, whatever happens to the world's monetary system, or the dollar, or the price of imports, or anything else. We did not doubt it in war-time. Why should we doubt it now?

In sober fact, this is a moment of opportunity. If we cure this crisis at its roots, we shall have passed a landmark in our history far more important than our accession to the European Community. And in doing so, we shall have learned lessons valid for every nation and for many years to come.

Facts that jolt

But we shall never do it if we insist on thinking only of our own standard of living, if every section of the community concentrates on increasing the size of its own slice of the cake. The other day I sat with a group who were discussing how a major British industry could be helped to compete more successfully with its European and Japanese counterparts. It was an important question. But one young man sat silent. He comes from Ethiopia. There was no need to ask him what he was thinking. Just a day or two previously, television had thrust into a million British homes the stark fact that every day people in his country are dying of starvation. Surely facts like these should jolt us out of our pre-occupation with

WE HAVE CHEERED the superb pageantry and shared the simple happiness of the Royal Wedding. We have stood in proud and sorrowing silence while the bugles sounded the Last Post in honour of those who died in two World Wars. And then we have turned, with weary resignation, to face the emergency which for months we have seen advancing upon us.

Anyone who tries to write about it is asking for trouble. If he pontificates, his readers will be irritated. If he attempts to assign blame, half of them will bridle with righteous indignation, while the other half will nod with equally righteous approval. If he exhorts, they will yawn. If he preaches, they will fall asleep. And of course they will be fully justified.

Right to speak

I do not want to do any of these things. But one who is just old enough to have lived under five monarchs, who has poignant memories of the first World War and served in the second, who experienced the economic depression of the 'thirties in one of the hardest hit areas of Britain, who has travelled widely enough to realise that what his country does is of concern to the rest of the world, and who has learned to love her with a realistic patriotism—such a one may have the right, and perhaps the duty, to say anything he can which may offer perspective and hope and inspiration for constructive action.

For this is no mere passing emergency, to be met by a few drastic short-term measures. It is the product of developments along many lines which have now converged. It is an economic crisis, but more than that. For it is political too, yet in no partisan sense. It is not the crisis of a government, or a party, or a policy. It is a crisis of democracy itself.

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FOR MORAL RE-ARMAMENT

profits and wages and the suicidal class-war in our industry. If there is any compassion, any sense of global responsibility left in our hearts, they must give us a sufficient incentive to move out into the spacious grandeur of a commitment to meet the needs of all men everywhere. Then we should have something worth working for.

Chance for all

There is one other consideration which may propel us into a larger dimension. It is the growing evidence that the world is groping for the secret which democracy could demonstrate if all of us who believed in it were prepared to pay the price. What a chance is here for the countries of the free and affluent world; and what a tragedy it would be if we should miss it.

Years ago, Frank Buchman gave us the vision of an inspired democracy, armed with a 'superior ideology', which might lure and enlist a hungry world. 'Change,' he said, 'is the heart of that superior ideology. As individuals change, a new climate comes to the nation's life. As leaders change, policies become inspired and the nation's life-blood flows again. As statesmen change, the fear of war and chaos will lift. The most difficult will respond to the firm, united but humble voice of inspired democracy.'

'Why should there be catastrophe again when, under God, renaissance is inevitable?' (*Remaking the World* p 169)

Make sure you know where your train is going!

by Ellen Ostero

I WAS RAISED in the pioneering Peace River country of northern Canada. Both my father and mother were jacks of all trades which was of great value in a young country. Life on the farm was beautiful. We had a motley selection of cattle which my brother and I herded with aid of an old 1921 jalopy, there were chickens, cats and dogs and squirrels and frogs, gardens and grain fields, and somewhere in between, contacts with the outside world through school or adult conversation.

To the big city

Following the path of many farm kids I eventually sought a career in the big city as an artist. I felt obligated to soak up the environment and then reflect it in my art. The evils of the city sent me into depressions I'd never experienced before. The art around me was not beautiful, or if it was, it was not real. There were so many ways to escape but so many of them did not agree with my moral upbringing. No one seemed to believe in morals any more—even the churches showed signs of uncertainty.

Conscience was soon drowned out by



the argument that I could not know right from wrong unless I had tried both. The lure of 'do your own thing' gained more and more precedence. I became a slave to my own desires. The result—I lost peace of mind. After five years I returned to the farm, back to my roots.

Many opportunities arose. I taught arts and crafts and eventually became artist for a school board office doing visual aids, etc, for teachers. I was illustrating world problems—the poverty, the pollution, the uneven food distribution. The job was rewarding but the subjects depressing. So many problems,

● Asked on television why so many people all over the world were interested in the Royal Wedding, Captain Mark Phillips said, 'Every day people pick up the paper and read about some disaster or some new scandal and I think they are really rather relieved to read about something that is genuinely happy and good.'

A valid point. And indeed the Royal Wedding did far more than provide relief for a day. It dramatized for 500 million people the nature and value of true Christian commitment.

● Joe Crawford, last year's Chairman of the Trades Union Congress and a veteran leader in the mining industry, said last week, 'The solution of our problems lies not in good machinery but in good men. Let us look at our problems with hope because we act upon them with faith. God has to be rediscovered in the age in which you and I live if we are to meet the eternal needs of men.'

● A similar point was made by the

Bishop of Coventry, Rt Rev Cuthbert Bardsley. 'The experts tell us', he said, 'that inflation is caused by this or that economic policy. It is of course much more comfortable to think ourselves the victims of economic forces than of our own greed and selfishness.'

Politicians make extravagant promises of what they will give if elected. 'But their promises are not only beginning to ring false; many people are sick and tired of being treated like children being promised sweets or a dog a bone.'

● Which brings us naturally to *Give a Dog a Bone*, Peter Howard's family pantomime that opens at the Westminster Theatre on 6 December. No simple children's entertainment this! Or rather it is, (and 9,000 schoolchildren are already booked in this year) but it's also a lot more. An industrial worker says he's no longer a member of the 'couldn't care less brigade' since seeing it. A top Middle East negotiator has spoken of the 'please, thank you and sorry ideology' which he experienced at *Give a Dog a*

Behind the scenes of

CROSS ROAD

so few answers. It was reflected in school dropouts, society dropouts.

I finally followed through an old dream—a three month trip to Europe for inspiration. After crisscrossing the continent and Britain for two months equipped with packsack, Canadian flags and a youth hostel card, I discovered people this side of the Atlantic just as disillusioned as we are at home. I lost hope and decided to finish my travels with a month Eurorail ticket. I was ready to seek a comfortable, routine, secure life at home.

Express to where?

Unaccustomed to train travel I climbed aboard a French-bound train in Mainz, Germany, ready to wake up for a day in Paris. Somehow I found myself headed for Holland (German wine is fantastic!), jumped off to reverse the mistake, lost my glasses and ended up the next morning in Munich. The following weeks were seen from behind prescription sunglasses.

I was by this time close to friends in Switzerland. The friends in turn were relatively near a Moral Re-Armament

Bone. So it may have more to say about the present emergency than many realise!

● Rajmohan Gandhi concludes his weekly article in *Himmat* with a question. We wonder if our readers would like to send us their answers. He writes, 'What is to be the future role of this country? The forebears of the British, living in a small island off the European mainland, influenced the life of a good part of the globe. They wielded a powerful oar in the boat of civilisation, and seemed ready to risk a good deal to keep it afloat and moving. What are they now going to say to the world?'

● Thirty years ago Norwegian journalist and Resistance hero Frederik Ramm died on his way home from a German prison camp. This week two Oslo dailies as well as regional papers carried an article evaluating his life and the results of his meeting with Frank Buchman in 1934.

Ramm, who was the only journalist to

conference I'd been invited to look in on. So I went to Caux, intending to stay half a day before going on to Italy and Norway.

Two weeks and a day later, I'd changed completely. My route became a mad dash to friends in Berlin before my Eurorail ticket expired. It also included back tracking to find people I'd influenced wrongly. There were many more changes – most important a closer relationship with God through Christ.

I now work along with many wonderful people who live not on salary, but on faith and prayer. I am doing research for the mobile version of *Crossroad* (the multi-media show on the life of Frank Buchman). This in itself is an act of faith, financed by donations from all over the world.

The reason why

I've found a purpose for my art – to let people know there is hope, there is an answer. I've found a purpose for life – to live as God wishes. It's no longer good enough to excuse that daily parade of mistakes with 'Oh well, I'm only human.'

I want to be home. I want to be comfortable. I want to be secure. I want a good salary. But in going through the picture research for the film, I see wars in Ireland or the Middle East, riots in Athens, destitute people everywhere, strikes, pollution, racial discrimination, and see all the reasons again and again of why this answer of absolute moral standards, of God's supervision, must be shown to people everywhere.

I'm still in Europe and I'm still a farm kid at heart but I've learned how anyone can care for the world.

Thank God I caught the wrong train!

accompany Amundsen on his flight over North Pole, had used his pen to stir feelings when the International Court of Justice favoured Denmark rather than Norway in a dispute over the Greenland fisheries.

After meeting the Oxford Group Ramm went to Denmark. Interviewed by *Dagens Nyheder* he said, 'The main thing I am here to tell you is that my greatest fault was the hatred of the Danes. My mind was poisoned with that hatred. I used my pen as well as I could in the service of my hatred and justified myself as an idealist. Then I met the Oxford Group with its challenging quality of life... Now I am here to put things right with my old enemies.'

At a meeting in Denmark on National Day Ramm called for the Danish national anthem. The audience spontaneously responded with the Norwegian national anthem.

What would the equivalent be today?

●Another anniversary strikes a different note – a musical one.



photo: Isaac Amata

Kano, Nigeria

Yanci, the Hausa version of the all-African film *Freedom*, was shown at the Id-el-Fitri, the Feast that marks the end of the month-long fast of Ramadan.

During the festivities the Emir of Kano (above) rides in state, with the pomp and pageantry of a thousand years, for a Durbar in front of his Palace, where the

Clan and District Heads from the whole Emirate pay their respects.

Part of the crowd (below) of about 4,000 watching the film in front of the Central Mosque on the last day of the Feast. The Magajin Rafi, District Head of Kano, spoke before the film and announced that it had been specially arranged by the Emir.



photo: Russell Carpenter

Surya and Nelun Sena, from Sri Lanka, pioneers in interpreting the music of the East to the West, had hoped to mark their golden wedding anniversary quietly. Their friends thought otherwise.

At a Thanksgiving Service in their parish church the Metropolitan Emeritus Bishop Lakdasa de Mel said, 'Man's daily tasks in the home, on the land or on water, give a common urge to song. How are these expressions to be collected? How could the maternal lullaby, the village courtship, the ploughman's or the reaper's song and the boatman's shanty be captured, compared and presented to people in many lands to show how similar are God's children, and yet how rich in variety? Surya and Nelun never forgot Tagore's great saying that "East and West are alternate beats of the heart of God".'

'Great and adventurous journeys lay before them, not only to distant lands, but in our own Sri Lanka where a great deal of our folk music lay in the memories of village exponents who handed it on orally with very little tran-

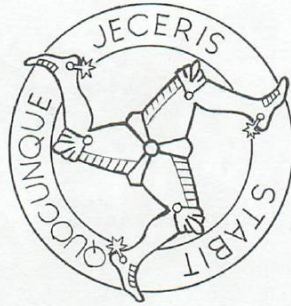
scription of the music. In the 1930's this work had to be done by hand, without tape recorders and required great patience. Imagine the immense pains they took, often in a distant village, to write down after frequent repetitions, words and music, line by line. They could tell you delightful stories of certain village performers suddenly discovering their muse had run dry, refusing to utter without the stimulus of internal irrigation with the fermented juices of the coconut palm!

'Later, international audiences heard with delight two people who would compare and interpret music and song in a way they had never heard before. Such concert work abroad meant incessant travel with its hazards, problems and disciplines. Back home we would welcome them from time to time after exhausting trips. But their work was of great importance in promoting human understanding and friendship.

'Possessing a deep love of Sri Lanka, they loved also people of all countries,

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Whichever way you throw him he'll stand



by Joyce Kneale

Miss Kneale comes from Peel in the Isle of Man and her family is well known on the Island. She has taught in East London and Liverpool, has written pamphlets on education and is the author of 'Religious Education for Today's Children'.

IN THE MIDDLE of the Irish Sea, almost equidistant from Ireland, Scotland, Wales and England lies a small island – The Isle of Man. It is thirty three miles long by twelve and has a population of fifty thousand people.

Families from all over Britain know and love this peaceful spot, especially many from British industry, who for two weeks of the year escape from the noise and clatter of the assembly line to find refreshment in the hills and glorious glens.

To thousands more across the world the Isle of Man suggests breakneck speeds and hair raising bends at the International TT Motor Cycle races.

Steeped in history this Island has its own language and its own parliament –

The House of Keys. This thousand year old democratic government competes with Iceland for being the oldest democracy in the world. At a time when the democratic structure of nations is being threatened, this small island could well model a government and citizenship that is sane, just and controlled by God.

This is the vision which spurs on many of those who lead the Island, including Miss Jean Thornton-Duesbery, Member of the House of Keys and Chairman of the Board of Education. It was one reason why she, along with the Director of Education, Frank Bickerstaff, invited a group of people trained in Moral Re-Armament to bring two films to the Island.

Primary School teachers saw *Give a Dog a Bone* with a view to the schools showing the film this Christmas. Then in the same week the matron of the largest hospital invited the nurses and hospital staff to see the film *Happy Deathday*. Later there were two further occasions when this film was shown to

representatives of the Island's leadership, and to Methodist Youth Clubs.

Mr and Mrs Firth are both teachers on the Island and have a lively sixteen year old daughter, Jackie, who goes to school there.

'Thinking in terms of the world is something new to me,' says Jackie. 'At first Moral Re-Armament was a nasty shock to our family as it made us look at ourselves critically for the first time. Mum felt that she had to stop smoking and both she and Dad have stopped drinking. There are no longer any rows in the family. Dad says MRA has revolutionised his thinking, and has given him faith in people. He knows now there are people who really care about injustices and are doing something about them, instead of just talking.'

Whilst on the Island with the films, two girls, one from Scotland and one from South Africa, composed a special song. It is based on the motto 'Whichever way you throw him, he'll stand'. These words encircle the 'Three Legged Man' – the Island's crest. In the words of the song is expressed what could be God's unique role for that island.

*Whichever way you throw him he'll stand
As a beacon of hope for every land,
No matter where the tides of crisis turn
No matter where the flames of hatred burn.
Whichever way you throw him he'll stand
To bring hope for which the millions yearn,
Answers, the continents to span,
Radiating from the Isle of Man.*

for knowledge and music transcend boundaries. Their warmth attracted friendships both at home and abroad. Grateful pupils in our land learnt more than music at their classes. Wherever they went they took with them feeling for peace and unity in human society. They adhered to the four absolutes, honesty, purity, love and unselfishness. They prayerfully maintained a robust faith in God Whom they regularly worship.'

Bishop de Mel particularly emphasized their contribution to Christian worship. 'Here is a work of God which in forty years has proved itself. The music has not only intrinsic excellence but has also encouraged the movement to enrich worship with indigenous music. Down the centuries in the Church of Sri Lanka it will give wings to the worship of Christian people before the throne of God. We, who are now singing to His glory, do not forget to offer our thanksgiving for what He has done through

these two dedicated persons.'

●News has reached us of a premiere in Singapore. *The Forgotten Factor* was put on in the Cultural Centre by the Singapore Trained Nurses' Association under the patronage of Mrs B H Shearer, wife of the President. The Chairman of the Play Production Committee 'discovered' *The Forgotten Factor* at the National Library. And the Association Secretary, visiting the Westminster Theatre, obtained permission for its staging, adapted to the local context, from its author, Alan Thornhill.

●Two years ago we reported the visit to Caux of a leader of New Caledonia, Yann Celene Uregei. Two weeks ago Uregei, Leader of the Autonomist Melanesian Party, was elected President of the Territorial Assembly of New Caledonia.

In his inaugural speech he said, 'It

is in the spirit of Moral Re-Armament that I will assume my duties as President of this Assembly. The true Caledonia of tomorrow will be built in the image of men free of hate, fear, dishonesty, selfishness, ambition, greed and impurity. These are our worst oppressors, who still live among us, preventing us from retaining freedom and unity in peaceful brotherhood. We will build a better Caledonia not through politicians, but through statesmen. The change of our country depends on our own change.'

●A Christmas gift suggestion: *A Mixed Double*, the exciting autobiography of Bunny Austin and Phyllis Konstam, now selling at £1. French tennis star René Lacoste writes, 'I found *A Mixed Double* so interesting that, having started it, I forgot about sleep and spent the greater part of the night reading it?'

The Editors